

THE GADFLY

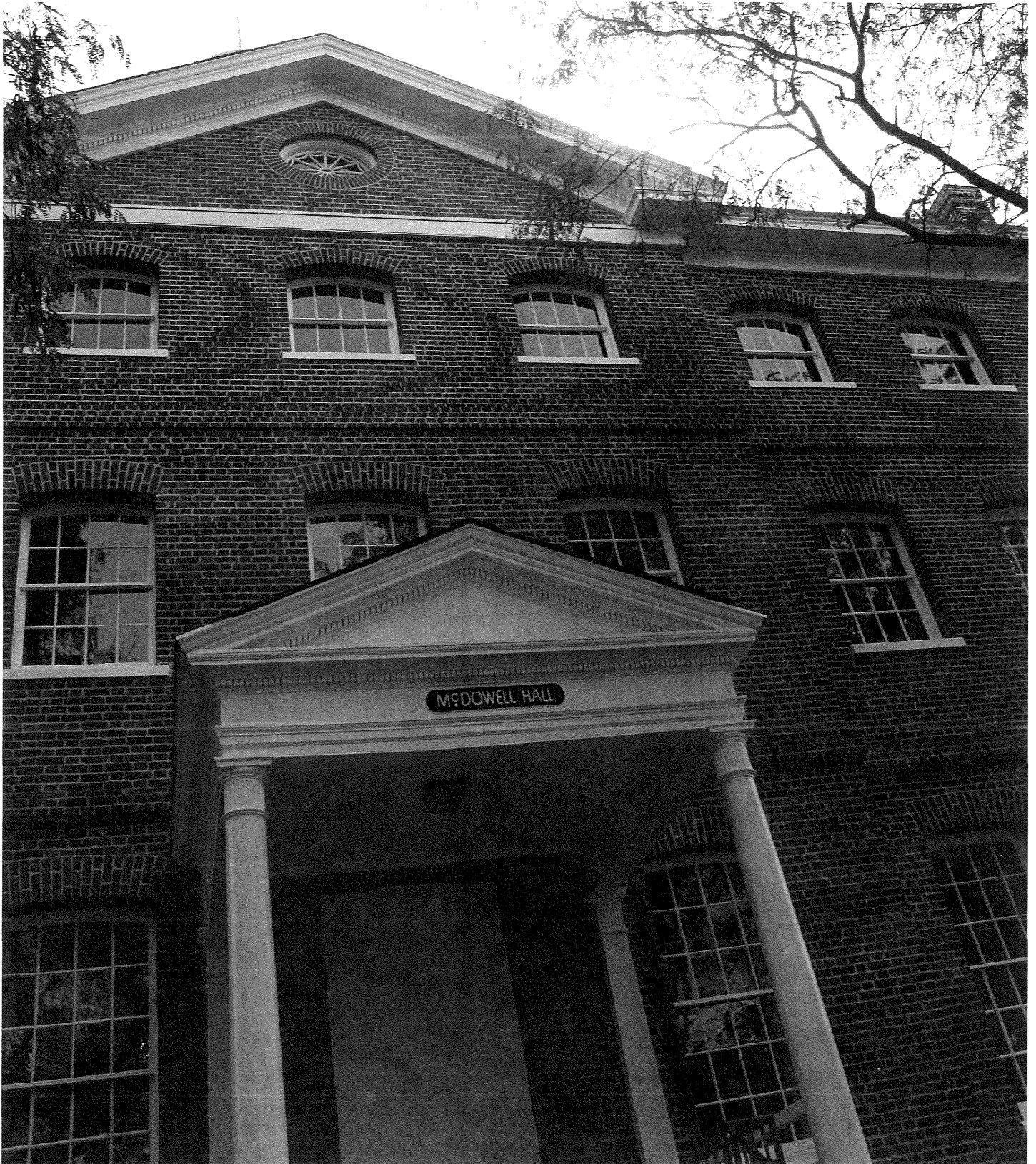
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OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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Founded in 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student newsmagazine distributed to over 600 students, faculty, and staff of the Annapolis campus.

Opinions expressed within are the sole responsibility of the author(s). The *Gadfly* reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit submissions in any way necessary to publish a professional, informative, and thought-provoking newsmagazine.

The *Gadfly* meets every other Sunday at 7 PM in the BBC. We always need editors, layout designers, illustrators, and organizers. Contact us at sjca.gadfly@gmail.com for more information.

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BYG Minutes

The following are the unofficial minutes for the Board of Visitors and Governors (BYG) Meetings held at St. John's College, Annapolis, from October 29th-31st, as recorded by Salomea Jancovic and Jacob Logan-Baer, the Annapolis student representatives to the BYG.

Investment:

Chaired by Mr. Warren Spector

The general purpose of the Investment Committee is to review the performance of the College's investments. This meeting covered the performance of investments over the past fiscal year (2015), as well as the first quarter of the current fiscal year (2016). The College recently completed its transition to a new investment manager, Edgehill Investments. Overall, the Committee approved strongly of Edgehill's management of the investments.

In the fiscal year 2015, the overall endowment increased substantially. However, due to overall market conditions, primarily during the most recent quarter, there was an overall loss of 2.6% over the past twelve months. The majority of that loss stems from the 6.3% loss that occurred over the past quarter to date. Despite these losses, the endowment outperformed the benchmark rate for the past year. The Committee was pleased with these results, which, while not ideal, were favorable considering current market conditions.

Another topic of discussion amongst the Investment Committee was the current shift from passively managed funds such as vanguard index funds to hedge funds. A long-term goal which Edgehill is working towards is to move more funds into private equities, and away from public ones, as well-managed private equities have significantly outperformed public ones over the past decade. Edgehill stressed that the move towards private equity is one that will take time, patience, and persistence, and the Committee agreed.

In summary, the Investment Committee was pleased with the outcome for the year, Edgehill's work, and the endowment's overall prospects.

Advancement:

Chaired by Mr. Ron Fielding

The Advancement Committee is responsible for overseeing fundraising for the college. This meeting in particular focused on the alumni, from whom most of the donations come.

First, there was a review of the previous fiscal year in terms of gifts. The year was the second best on record, primarily due to the Santa Fe 50th Anniversary Campaign, which saw a significant increase in donations, and exceeded its target by more than 50%, bringing in over \$30 million in pledges. The percentage of alumni giving to the College has increased over the past few years, particularly in Annapolis, where the figure is now more than 25% of alumni. The Committee hopes that these numbers continue to grow. Another factor in the College's success this year was the \$6.5 million bequest from the estate of Dr. Levan, an alumnus of the Santa Fe Graduate Institute. The Committee was very pleased and grateful for his generosity, and stressed the importance of building up infrastructure to help facilitate planned giving.

The Committee also acknowledged the College's increased financial reliance on philanthropy. Consequently, the Committee discussed plans for upcoming fundraising campaigns and possible strategies to implement such plans. There was further discussion of different strategies and approaches to measuring, maintaining, and increasing alumni involvement. Overall, the Committee acknowledged that donations are vital to the continued existence of the College, and that there is much work to be done, but the outlook was positive, and the Committee applauded the efforts of the Alumni and Advancement Offices.

Visiting:

Chaired by Mr. Doug Mayer

The Visiting Committee has a very wide purview, which includes student life, admissions and enrollment, career services, and the College's academic programs. This meeting covered perhaps the broadest range of topics and discussions, but in general focused on the day-to-day operation of the college, and what can be done to improve it.

First came a discussion of various ways to enrich the current academic programs on campus. There was, however, much emphasis placed on maintaining the primacy of the Great Books Program in the life of the College.

Next, Career Services presented a brief overview of current programs and opportunities for students, including presentations by students who received Hodson Internships and Pathways Fellowships. Mr. Kip Waite (A'15), spoke about his internship with Anne Arundel Medical Center, which turned into full-time employment. He brought to the attention of the board both the success of the Hodson program, and how the College's relationship with AAMC is creating more opportunities for students and graduates to pursue medicine. Ms. Salomea Jancovic (A'17) shared her experience studying economics at Montgomery College, made possible by the Pathways Fellowship. She stressed the importance of her classes in enabling her to read economic literature on her own, while also giving her the opportunity to learn about the study of economics from professors who specialized in that field. The Committee was impressed with the range of Career Services' offerings. One board member noted that in his time, the College did not even have a Career Services.

Lastly, the Admissions Office presented new materials to the Committee, including pamphlets, videos, emails, and essay questions. They spoke about reducing the required word count for supplemental essays, while stressing the importance of questions that would elicit responses which demonstrate the applicant's interest both in the College and in the Great Books. The Admissions Office pointed out that the College's application still requires far more writing than most other applications. Additionally, they discussed new technology platforms that supply more data about prospective ap-

From the Editors:

Okay, Polity, now it is the season. Or should I say, 'tis the season? Is that correct? Is it really? Okay. I just wanted to be sure. This issue has emo poetry in it, don't judge it. And if you do, judge it in a super emo way. And not like a prep. And now for something completely different: eggnog. Now, I know there's been a lot of hullabaloo about the alleged "eggnog haters," but I assure you, none of them work in this office. We got a few submissions from them, but we politely showed them the door. The fancy, fancy door of the *Gadfly* office, but a door nonetheless. Santa, please give us an air conditioner for Christmas, we are turning into coal in here.

-The *Gadfly*

Continued From Pg. 2

plicants. The meeting closed with the viewing of a new admissions video, to be released in December. In the video, a Santa Fe tutor is shown saying, "To go here, you have to like to read, you have to like to talk, and you have to hate everything else."

Compliance and Audit:

Chaired by Mr. Robert Mass

The purpose of the Compliance Committee is to supervise the College's auditing process and correct any problems that may arise. The College's auditor attended the meeting and reported on the current status of the College's annual financial report. There was a discussion of bond service and changes in the way health benefit obligations are calculated, and how these issues will affect the College going forward. The Committee also discussed upcoming financial deadlines.

Finance:

Chaired by Mr. Steve Bohlin

The Finance Committee discussed more broadly the financial standing of the College. Much of the meeting was a reporting of earlier financial discussions carried out by the Investment and Compliance Committees. The Annapolis and Santa Fe treasurers also gave reports on the current financial status of the College.

There was a continued discussion about the College's deficits, which are currently being covered by reserve funds. Several possible strategies for remedying these deficits were laid out, especially the need for increased enrollment, retention, and the amount of tuition students actually pay. Currently, due to increased scholarships awarded over the past three years, the current discount rate for Annapolis is 55.8%, which the Committee hopes will decrease in the near future.

In particular, the Committee asked incoming Santa Fe President, Mr. Roosevelt his opinion on the current financial state of the college. He admitted that the school needs to increase its income, but is optimistic that it can be done, saying, "Our morale is based more on the direction in which we are headed than our absolute state."

Plenary Meeting:

Chaired by Mr. Perry Lerner

The Plenary Meeting was composed of all the members of the board, in order to review the proceedings of the various committees over the course of the weekend. Each committee gave a short summary of what they discussed. They also laid out topics and agendas for the board meeting in February. The meeting was then adjourned. ♦

A Good Lawyer and a Sad Son

Jerry Januszewski Former counselor

Once I was invited to the retirement party of a fond acquaintance, a well respected lawyer. He was a man I personally knew to be honest as well as exceedingly good at his profession. The party was full of toasts and speeches commemorating the career of this good man. He helped a lot of people. His wife, an accomplished woman in her own right, exuded similar admiration for her husband, rejoicing in his success and pleased to share in his reflected limelight. His was a life anyone would admire and envy.

After the formal part of the festivities, the guests were scattered throughout the large, bright room, happily socializing. I noticed the guest of honor, the lawyer, quietly slip away through a side door of the room with, if I wasn't mistaken, an expression of sadness or alarm. I followed my hunch and found him in a secluded spot.

My hunch wasn't mistaken. Without much prodding the lawyer was ready to talk about a topic I didn't expect: his troubled relationship with his father. The father had been a cold man, stingy with affection and praise. This retirement party, overflowing with praise and appreciation, stirred memories of his intense longing for the praise and appreciation of the one important person who withheld it, his dad.

His father respected professionals—doctors and lawyers—so the son went to law school. On graduation day, the father remarked that a man wasn't "a real lawyer" until he passed the bar exam. On the day the son passed the bar exam his father responded with a frown, "Well, do you think you can handle it?"

I kept quiet and listened, aware I was seeing this dear man lament his deepest wound. His eyes were wet and his face a mix of despair and choked anger. He was now nearly seventy years old, his father long dead. And on this day, dedicated to celebrating his own well-lived adult life, this wound, begun in childhood, still festered inside. His experience is well described by the poet Robert Bly: "If a young man is not being admired by an older man, the young man is being wounded."

What does it feel like to carry this kind of pain day after day, year after year; a deep pain that never really goes away through the seasons of life? We don't have to wonder for very long because I think we

all know. It is part of the universal human condition to be wounded in some way, and every one of us is vexed by the remnants of emotional injury.

Later, I reflected on the difficulty of resolving, not to mention healing, this kind of damage to the inner life. No matter how well put together people are on the outside, every jack one of them has a secret place deep inside that is a repository for their worst personal pain. It is the dank, dark basement of the soul with thick walls, where nobody wants to go. In *East of Eden*, John Steinbeck describes it this way, "Everyone concealed that little hell in himself, while publicly pretending it did not exist—and when he was caught up in it he was completely helpless."

Feeling helpless is dreadful, and we may do anything to avoid it, and so we seek to bury our deepest pain: shut off the light and close the basement door. Off limits. But emotional pain doesn't always do as it is told; in fact, it never does for long. Though confined, it surfaces anyway, but often in disguise as depression, anxiety, shame or self-doubt. Regardless of that reality, a man hiding his sorrow is as old as the human race.

Those who find healing for their deepest wounds are few in number, but they do exist and we can learn from them. Tending to our wounds is admittedly a fearful endeavor, requiring courage; rare perhaps because it involves going into the dark basement, turning on the lights, airing it out, and reconstructing the damaged walls into a proper foundation. It's hard work, digging foundations. And it is not recommended we do it alone.

Eventually the son talked himself out; our silence paying homage to his buried pain that for a few moments saw the light of day. I hope it did him some good.

We could hear laughter from the party. The lawyer gathered himself and we went back in. A short time later he too was laughing with the guests, looking as though he hadn't a care in the world. And I was left to marvel at either his resilience or his powers of suppression, I wasn't sure which. My own soul was disturbed because I saw in his poignant struggle to touch his soul's pain, a mirror of my own struggle. ♦

Spotlight on the Greenfield Library

Avoiding Library Fines—Insider Tip

How many times has it happened that you leave for a winter break and forget to return a library item that is due during the break? We all hate to be in a position where we are checking out a new item and we are told by a library staff member that we have fines on our account. As winter break is right around the corner, in this article I will tell you about how to avoid getting fines on your library account, even if you are going out of town for the break! You might not know that you can renew checked out items via the Greenfield Library's online catalog. Thus, if you are out of town or just cannot make it to the library you can avoid getting fines by renewing the items online. Are you new to an online renewal procedure? Here are the steps:

- ◆ Go to the **library page** by visiting the SJC website: <http://www.sjc.edu/greenfieldlibrary>
- ◆ From the menu on the left hand side, click on the **Catalog**; click on **Login** on the top right hand corner. Simply enter your barcode number from the back of your Icard.

Information Portal

Search Acquisition Request ILL Request My Account Hours Quick Search Program Books

Advanced Basic Browse History

Login

Please enter the following information:

Barcode number on Library card (without spaces):

Login

Search the library catalog on Facebook or on your mobile phone!

Horizon Information Portal 3.23_6390

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- ◆ In the middle of the top line, choose **My Account** and then go to the **Checked Out** link right below it. All your checked out items will appear on the screen with their corresponding check
- ◆ Simply **check the boxes** next to the items that are overdue and then hit **Renew**.

Search Acquisition Request ILL Request My Account Hours Quick Search Program Books

Overview Checked Out Holds Fines/Blocks Profile

Items Out

Please note that you are limited to one online renewal for each item.

Checked Out: 26
Overdue: 0
Lost: 0

Renew

	Title	Out	Due Date	Times Renewed
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	The Cambridge companion to Kant's Critique of pure reason / by Sauer, Paul, 1945- B 2779 C25	08/30/2015	01/04/2016	0
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	The divine comedy of Dante Alighieri / by Dante Alighieri, 1265-1321. PD1015.D57 1996	08/30/2015	01/04/2016	0

You're all set! Keep in mind that you can renew items online only once.
Happy holidays from the Greenfield Library Staff!
Greenfield Library Student Assistant

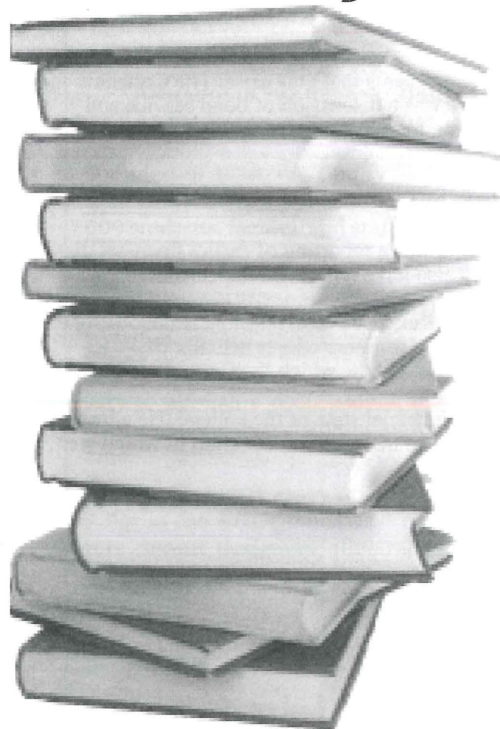
Elizabeth Akhvlediani (A'17)
Greenfield Library Student Assistant

Flight

◆ Anonymous

On these frail mortal wings
I fly
knowing that below me the ground awaits
greedy and hungry
its mouth wide open

but the air
it is sweet and cool
and I have spent too long
on the ground
For now, I enjoy freedom
when slavery awaits



The Heart of McDowell

◆ Anonymous

It's Monday night; I've just come down for a snack after seminar; there is a spectre haunting the coffee shop—the McDowell bathrooms. Mingled with the smell of coffee and my peers munching sushi, a stench pours from the bathrooms. Snaking through our excited conversation, it poisons the air and expands to smother us all, suppressed only by the buzzing fruit flies.

As my appetite and joy quickly fade, my senses reassert themselves in a visceral convulsion, and I recall that I must relieve myself. Striving for composure, I enter the bathroom. Visitors, tutors, students, and GIs must all wait alike, packed into the ill-lit space like the larvae of the surinam toad to seek the urinals and hear each other groan.

Here, dignity goes to die. The stalls are held together with browning duct-tape and cannot close. Each motion is hurried by an overwhelming urge to "get out!" and, in the view of staring eyes, only the greatest pressure can be relieved. I wait until a corner urinal is available and flush away the frothy mix, wondering how many were emptied to create such volume. Unable to relax as I stare straight ahead and rub shoulders with a struggling host of strangers, I relinquish my spot and rush to wash my hands, knowing that I will dirty them as I turn off the tap. I check my look in the mirror; the crowds behind me stare back or look at their shoes, fearing to close their eyes and elevate some other sense.

As I exit the coffee shop, I feel some relief in the biting cold. However, as I turn to admire McDowell Hall, I have a lingering sense of disgust and cannot forget: there is something rotten lurking in its warm, brick beauty.

Continuing the Journey Towards the Examined Life

My summer apprenticeship at Windward, an education and research cooperative working to model village-scale sustainable systems

Yosef Trachtenberg A'15

As Johnnies we're familiar with Socrates' exhortation that "the unexamined life is not worth living." St. John's does a wonderful job helping us learn to examine our intellectual lives through exploring concepts like justice, virtue, reason, etc. We are not, however, merely creatures of intellect, but physical beings as well. At Windward I found a community where I can learn to examine the things that underlie my physical life. If we are to live examined lives, then how we get our food and energy or how we use our bodies to interact with the world are as important to reckon with as justice, virtue, or reason.

Several things initially attracted me to Windward. I wanted to go into engineering for developing communities after St. John's, and Windward does fascinating work on village-scale energy systems. I had gotten a taste for creative physical work building sets for KWP, and saw opportunities for that kind of work at Windward. They also had a list of recommended books that help potential apprentices get a sense of where they've come from and what they're doing. I'm sure I'm not alone among you in being a sucker for being given interesting books to read.

“
It's one thing to read about and discuss electricity and magnetism, it's quite another to see those principles express themselves in a machine I helped build with my own hands.

Coming in, I knew I'd be working on building an axial-flux alternator that would generate electricity using waste heat. But that barely scratches the surface of what I ended up doing. Windward has an abundance of tools, material, and knowledge that can serve as the basis for a wide variety of projects, and we are constantly increasing our resources. Another project I took on was an experiment to determine the effects of keeping our rabbits in outdoor colonies instead of in cages. I also spent time caring for our animals, building raised garden beds, taking my turns cooking community lunches, and working on our new earth-sheltered greenhouse, among other things. In the social realm, I participated in and learned about the material, intellectual, and social structures Windward has developed which have sustained this intentional community for over 35 years. One result of these structures is that the members of Windward are some of the most authentic communicators I've encountered.

At St. John's I grappled with ideas. Ideas are great, but without a connection to the physical world, they seem limited in applica-

tion, if not in scope. At Windward ideas are brought into contact with the material world, and I find it immensely satisfying to see ideas expressed not only in words but in physical objects as well. It's one thing to read about and discuss electricity and magnetism, it's quite another to see those principles express themselves in a machine I helped build with my own hands. For another example, at St. John's I had conversations about the ethics of eating meat, but at Windward I experienced the birth, feeding, raising, slaughtering, and butchering of our animals, as well as the challenges of processing, preserving, and storing the meat. Being a part of this process helped me become more aware of what it means to be a person who eats meat, and informed my ideas on the matter in ways reading or conversation alone never could.

Overall, my time at Windward helped me become more conscious of the ecological factors that underlie my life. I've become much more aware of myself as a physical being. I've found new questions that I previously wouldn't have known how to ask, or even that they needed asking. I've chosen to stay on at Windward for another year, and look forward to continuing the journey St. John's set me on towards living a fully examined life. ♦

If you'd like to learn more about Windward, visit our website at www.windward.org, where among other things you'll find articles about current and past projects as well as a reading list with books that inform Windward's past, present, and future. You can also contact me at yoseftrachtenberg@gmail.com.

My Table for Three (Coffee for One)

♦Katie Young

Nights are bleached in regrets and wishes that I had been louder. I want you to sleep in the morning, but dog food costs more than my hope is worth. Smiling parentheses white-wash desperate anger. A sire bond unbroken by the way you let blood stain the left side of my home. The need is on the tip of my tongue, but you're used to having silver in your mouth. Neon hair strands are my only friends, with poison ivy circlets blessing foreheads. You say, "don't let yourself scar," but these wounds are a reminder of white flags. Kiss me surrounded by the living dead splattered in France.

You miss your father half as much as your mother wants you home. Open eyes spill woodchips from a childhood spend indoors. Take the 72nd road to the top of a tree and photograph glittering leaves with flash. Spikes around my neck and you hair, protrusions are the key to finding love in a town where you only exist when you are straight. Boulevards lead the way to the ocean floor, where you can never get a speeding ticket. 50 miles an hour on state road 70 mistakes your 20 years for happiness. Children with more hair than you are a cause for rebellion, while I shave stars from the sky.

Your love is eastbound, but I'm stuck scraping car doors. We are always alone, but never as much as I am with your twin sister at your funeral.

THE ISLAND WHERE THE NAZIS WON

Cameron Byerly A19

The Act of Killing is the most brilliant documentary I have seen in my entire life with no close second.

It is also happens to be the most nauseating experience I have forced myself to sit through since its release in 2012. It is painfully difficult to watch. I add this as a warning, because, despite a deep sense of guilt I feel with recommending it, I have been desperate since my first viewing to convince as many people to watch it as I can.

Allow me to explain.

In 1965, the Indonesian government was overthrown by the military.

Anybody opposed to the military dictatorship could be accused of being a communist: union members, landless farmers, and the ethnically Chinese.

In less than a year, and with the direct aid of Western governments, over one million 'communists' were murdered.

The army used paramilitaries and gangsters to carry out the killings. These men have been in power—and have persecuted their opponents—ever since.

The film, made nearly fifty years after the murders, follows the director Joshua Oppenheimer as he finds these elderly, respected men with grandchildren, and tells them a lie. He employs them as writers and actors for a fake film, a grand, heroic movie of their killings for their country, he says. They believe him and begin sorting through their heroic history to make a film worthy of their past. This is what the documentary is: the behind the scenes, the discussions between, and their reasoning behind the making of this false film.

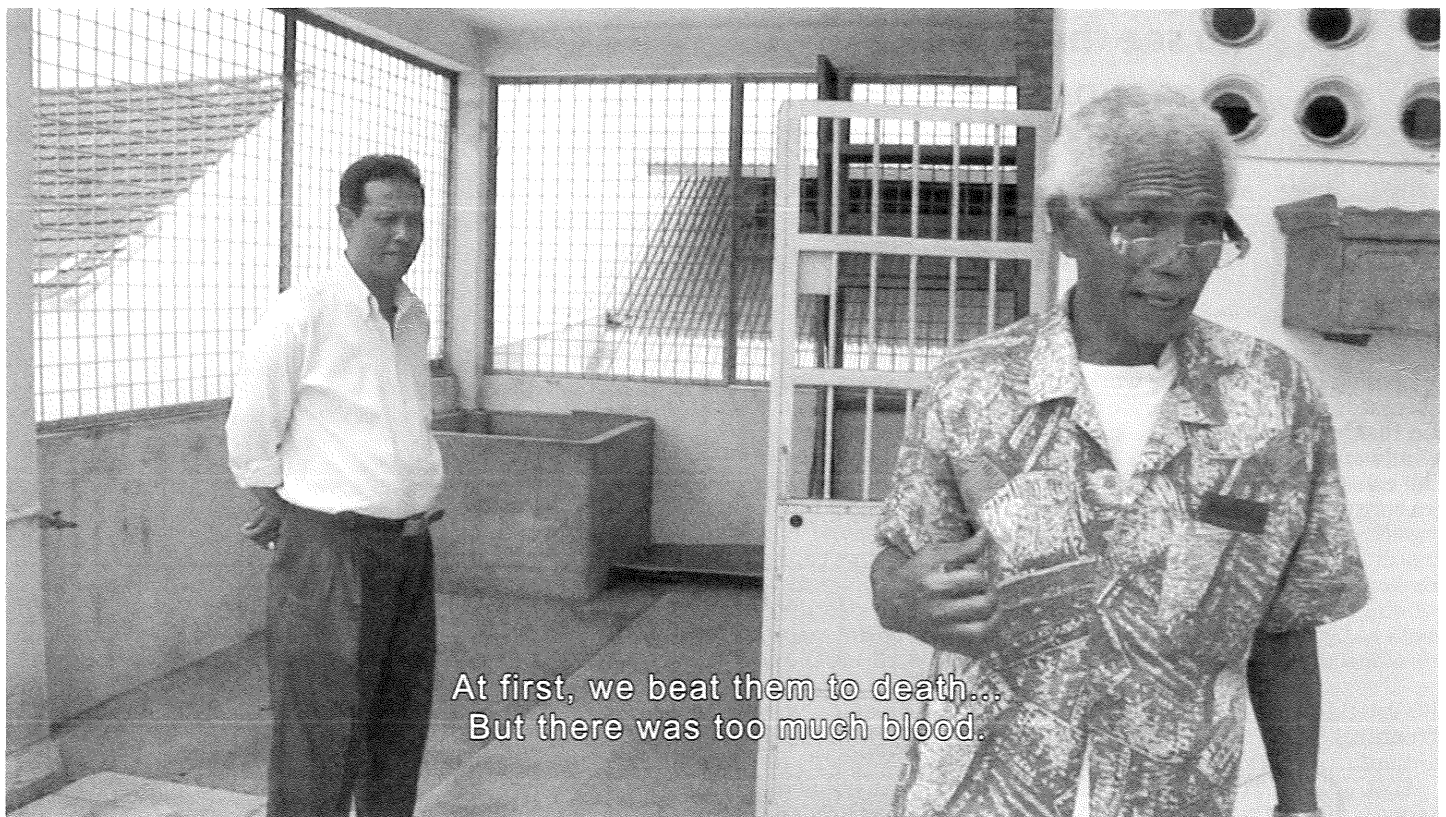
Nothing can truly capture how foul it is to see an old man with grey hair and a wry smile explaining with no guilt or true moral awareness the methods he used to kill hundreds of strangers individually. When asked about the killings, he does not for a second consider the question 'why'. He begins to explain 'how'. If you cover your ears and look at the visuals alone, you could easily guess that this smiling old man looking down his glasses was explaining gardening. It's through his words that you realize he is explaining how clothing wire was the most effective means of killing on a rooftop, so that the blood would not stain his best

clothes.

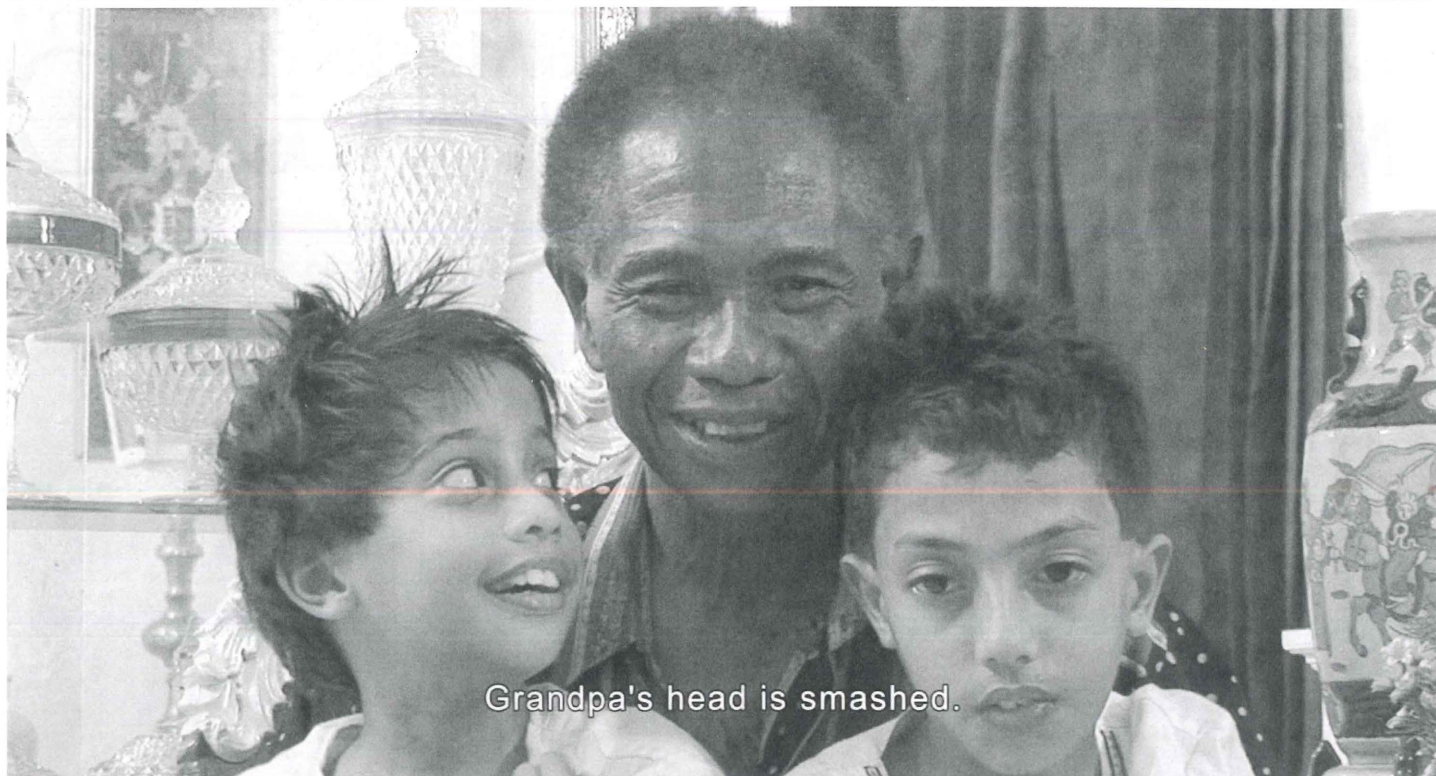
I am not recommending the film as an exercise in discomfort for discomfort's sake; this is a masterful societal and human study presenting what happens to the individual, and history, when victors tell these stories. Watching the men slowly make this fake film, and showing their grandchildren the atrocious acts they did with pride, is staggering. No creative writer has ever captured the charcoal black humor of this documentary or the unscripted juxtaposition of these men pausing their reenactment of racial murder in order to participate in evening prayers. The varied response from the three main characters having to perform and experience the killings again is the most fascinating social experiment I have ever seen or heard.

One could watch the film and talk for hours alone on the fascinating relationship these old men have with the young, who do not question what their grandparents did, but cry when exposed to the reality of the murders. Or the importance of American movies to these killers, and how terrible it is that they explain their 'sense of self' during these killings being molded by what they saw on the screen. Disgusting sexism and casual rape is discussed by celebrated men. There is an unscripted balance between the three main characters as they discuss their pasts. The vice-president of Indonesia himself appears in the film and is fascinatingly open with the perpetrators of the genocide. There is not a single moment in this experiment that is wasted.

The documentary is more than the sum of its parts. This is saying something awe-inspiring, because its parts say more than any documentary I have ever seen. It is a process in itself, an event that happens to the viewer as real as any breakup, or vacation, or party one can experience. We talk about film as stories, as carefully constructed architectural creations, perhaps with nice lighting and dialogue. It is rare that we participate in cinema that makes us feel that we have gone through an experience ourselves. To watch these musicless scenes, all presenting the complete incomprehension of these celebrated men, is physically stomach-churning. This film is not merely the 'lesson' one can pluck from it, like most stories with a clear moral takeaway. It isn't that simple a documentary. It isn't anything near its summary. It is about the experience itself, the process of having to face this for so long and to make one's mind try to understand



At first, we beat them to death...
But there was too much blood.



Grandpa's head is smashed.

theirs, that makes the movie so important to experience. I have never forgotten this film. I have yet to fully understand how it has changed my thinking, even after three years.

Joshua Oppenheimer, the film's director, stated in an interview years ago that he '...started to feel as though I'd walked into Germany forty years after the Holocaust to find the Nazis still in power, and I wanted to understand...'

This is the other side of the holocaust stories you've been hearing your entire life. This is what happens when genocide succeeds.

I feel the need to share this film with every world leader, every world citizen, just to try to understand the extreme of what the human mind and human society can create. I want females and males to watch this to explain what they see to each other. I want soldiers to watch this, I want politicians, and older generations, all to sit in a circle and try to understand what we could possibly do to prevent this from ever happening again. One finds discussions of war, sexism, past generations, even political lingo are changed drastically when one realizes how they are handled in a post-genocidal Indo-

nesia. The more important question festers, with a seemingly worthless answer; how many times has this happened before?

I can only hope to advertise, with praise and vain attempts to explain what the film shows so subtly, what will be one of the most enlightening three hours of anyone's life: The Act of Killing. ♦

Actual life was chaos, but there was something terribly logical in the imagination. It was the imagination that set remorse to dog the feet of sin. It was the imagination that made each crime bear its misshapen brood. In the common world of fact the wicked were not punished, nor the good rewarded. Success was given to the strong, failure thrust upon the weak. That was all.

-Oscar Wilde



Now we go to the perpetrator
and star of the film, Anwar Congo.

LA FONTAINE AND CHAGALL IN THE MITCHELL GALLERY

In celebration of the Mitchell Gallery's current exhibition, *Chagall: The Early Etchings*, a delightful reading and translation of some of Jean de la Fontaine's Fables was given by St. John's College Tutors Jonathan Tuck and Elliott Zuckerman this past Wednesday. The exhibition contains some 30 illustrations of La Fontaine's *Fables*, as well as more than 30 etchings from Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Mr. Tuck's impeccably fluent French reading of five fables was beautifully delivered in a thoughtful order, followed by Mr. Zuckerman's whimsical translation of three of the fables. La Fontaine has traditionally been a part of the program readings, and Messrs. Tuck and Zuckerman's insights and experience brought the poet to life in an informative and entertaining way for the staff, tutors, and students in attendance.

Jean de la Fontaine (1621-1691), one of France's most revered poets, wrote the early fables for Louis, le Grand Dauphin, the six-year-old son of Louis IX and his queen consort, Maria Theresa. In the end, there were 239 fables included in 12 volumes coming from sources of ancient times, including Aesop, Horace and Phaedrus, while later volumes include sources from the orient, some of Machiavelli's comedies, and a few contemporary events that would not have been politically correct to address in a more traditional venue. While La Fontaine has been a bit criticized for "re-purposing" these tales, he more than compensates for it through the whimsy and lightness in his narration of ages-long stories of the obvious foibles of human nature. In that light, it is certainly fitting to have Chagall, an artist of Russian Jewish heritage, illustrate these stories—an act that punctuates their universal qualities.

Messrs. Tuck and Zuckerman pointed out the use of animals as subjects in the fables, but also how inanimate objects and plants are employed, as seen in the last fable in the first volume. Why use animals to tell a story? Thoughtful comments and questions ensued over the personalities and attributes assigned to these subjects.

To that end, the use of inanimate objects made me think about one of my favorite fables included in our exhibition, *Le Pot de Terre et le Pot de Fer* (The Clay Pot and the Iron Pot) and how two vessels of differing durability keep company. The fable is charming in so many ways, as described in their journey down the road:

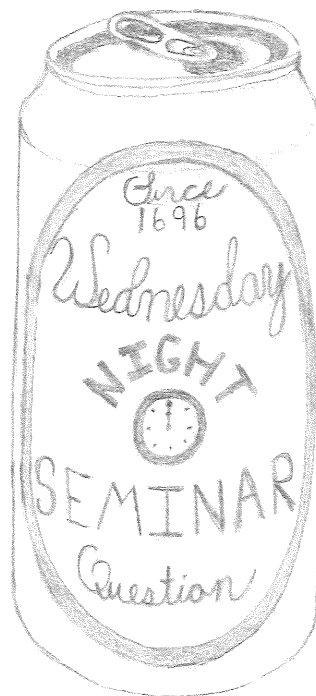
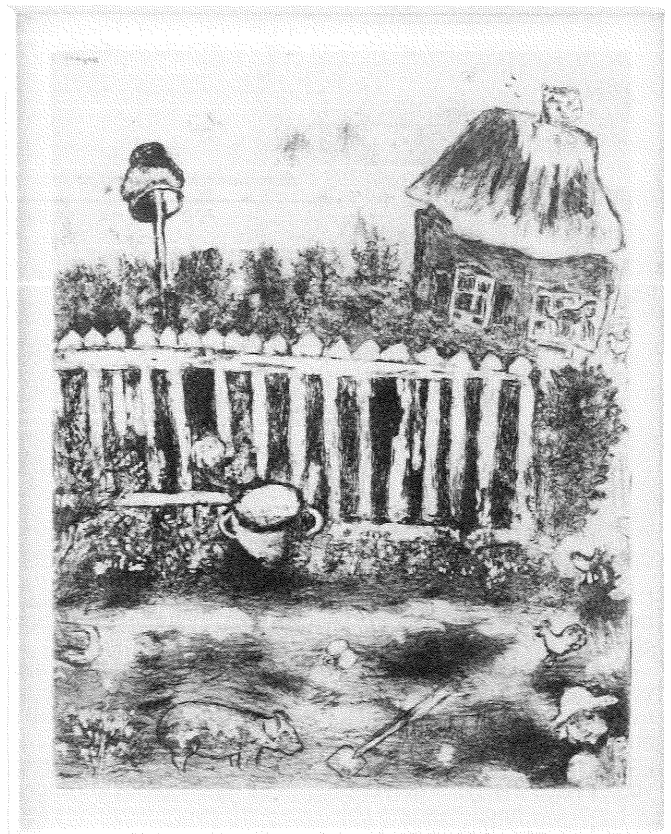
*Mes gens s'en vont à trois pieds,
Clopin-clopant comme ils peuvent,
L'un contre l'autre jetés
Au moindre hoquet qu'ils treuvent.
Le Pot de terre en souffre;*

*Now, in their tripod way,
They hobble as they may;
And eke together bolt
At every little jolt,—
Which gives the crockery pain;*

I love the thought of them bumping along down the road, in spite of the inevitable fate of the clay pot. I also love how so many artists have illustrated this scene—each one giving their own sense of bumps and ekes as they go. Chagall's illustration is more comprehensive in giving a feel of the scene than it does of the actual journey. And the little house included in the etching very much reflects a house from his small village of Vitebsk. Nonetheless, the interpretation gives the viewer a feel for the conditions of the clay pot.

Take a small vacation from academic life and see these visual interpretations of the Fables yourself. And if you are interested in reading Mr. Zuckerman's translations and other poetry, you can find his volume, *The Shape of an Ear: 30 Poems*, in the bookstore (\$3.95) or in the Greenfield Library. Who knows? You might find some solace in one of these moral tales. *Marc Chagall: The Early Etchings* will be on view through December 17.

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Q: If the whole world were made of clones of Cato, would they constantly be trying to not be Cato to avoid acting like the masses? ♦