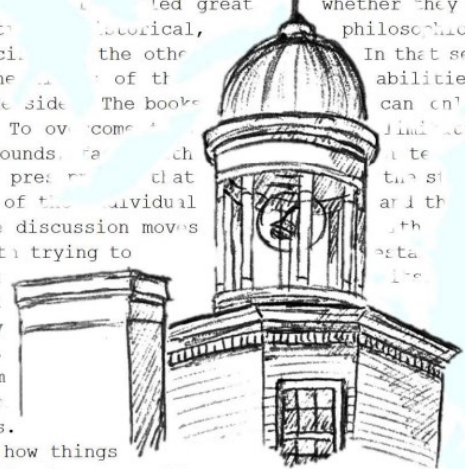


October 17, 2024
Vol. XLVI, Issue 3

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public spirited individuals, from an ea



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Letter from the Editor

The question of what it means that we are a single college with two campuses is one that we in Annapolis do not ask often enough. When we do think about our sister campus, it is too often merely in comparison: “our music program is better than theirs, they are more artsy, we take our classes more seriously,” etc. However, this comparison doesn’t have to be superficial. It can be a starting point for an examination of the ways that our College really is held together, and I hope that this issue will be exactly such a starting point. Within, you will find humorous thoughts and serious reporting on our sister campus, which I hope will spark the usual thoughtful Johnnie conversations.

I would also like to take the space that remains to thank Vivian Miyakawa, who did an excellent job filling in for me for much of the editing work this weekend. This issue could not have come together without them.

Your ever faithful editor,
El’ad Nichols-Kaufman

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Santa Fe Students Attempt to Form Labor Union

Reagan Bottomley, Campus Leadership Correspondent

Over this past year, you may have heard rumors about controversy at our sister campus in the west. Whispers of “student workers union” and “underpaid assistants” may have reached your ears, and maybe you aren’t really clear what’s going on. Or perhaps you’ve heard nothing of the kind, and this article is your first introduction to the headline news over in Santa Fe. Whether or not you’ve heard of them, the rumors are true. Our fellow Johnnies of the desert have become members of a labor union, and the history is not a simple one.

The original goal of the Student Workers Coalition (or SWC) is a matter of some confusion even among many of its members. Ty Hammer, a now-senior who spent his junior year in Santa Fe, admits that it “might have been a project to stir the pot”, but there’s no clear picture of its origins. It was begun by a then-senior named Gabe Slidders, along with some of his classmates. Many of the justifications for the union’s existence were introduced after it started, and one might even say that it did not begin with a clear public telos.

Certainly, there were reasons to start a union. Wages for student workers are one example, which at \$12.30 an hour sit well below the Santa Fe city minimum wage of \$14.60. Because the school pays student wages partly out of federal grant money, it is tied to the minimum wage of the state and not the city. Another issue was the official job descriptions or lack thereof. The responsibilities of many workers seemed unclear, and they often felt pushed to do things beyond their responsibilities. This created a sense of overwork and confusion, compounded by the difficulty in getting these issues addressed. According to student Reese Matthews, speaking to the Santa Fe Reporter, students with past issues “had brought them to the administration and tried to talk... and the admin was always willing to have a conversation, but then nothing would happen – it would just be the same as it always was.” These were all possible seeds for the union’s formation, although the reasons that made union leaders actually start the project were never really clarified.

Originally, the union was the brainchild of several seniors. It began as a club called the Student Worker’s Coalition (or SWC), which began collecting signatures last August. Members of the club would sit in the coffeeshop asking student employees to sign union authorization cards, until eventually 116 of the 170 student workers joined – or about 68% of the total number. On December 14th a unionization contract was formally presented to President Roosevelt, right as students were leaving campus for winter break. What had begun as a student club was slowly turning into a full-fledged legal body.

Legally, an employer presented with a request to unionize must do one of two things within two weeks of the request. Either they can recognize the union officially, or they can dispute that the union represents the majority of its employees. In the latter case, they would call for an election among employees to prove the union’s validity. However, the Santa Fe administration did not officially respond until well after the 14-day period had expired. With winter break having just begun, President Roosevelt requested and was given a “grace period for response until the community and the college’s Board of Visitors and Governors [or BVG]...could discuss the financial and cultural implications of such a significant change at the February board meeting” according to an official Polity-wide email from their president’s office. The administration apparently wanted to let the situation develop on its own; they seem to have believed or hoped that there was enough anti-union sentiment in the Polity to end the union without an official response.

Despite the grace period lasting until February, it was later discovered that President Roosevelt had called an emergency BVG meeting on December 21. As a later memo stated, there was “No agenda, no action items, no meeting notes, no extensive conversation;” this was only to inform the BVG of developing events. The student union was neither invited to this meeting nor informed of its existence until after it had happened, and the BVG was still set to not act

until its meeting in late February.

On January 29th, President Roosevelt met with representatives of the SWC to discuss a possible public conversation. The students were asked to sign waivers forfeiting their right to file unfair labor practice claims (ULPs) over anything that was said during the meeting. Officially this was to allow open discussion between both parties, but the students were frustrated by their inability to hold the administration accountable under the waiver. The student union's later open letter to the BVG stated that they were "coerced into signing away our rights to file ULPs on grounds of allowing the admin to 'speak freely.'" The administration's request for union members to sign the same waiver for the public meeting was ultimately denied after a union vote, and in response the administration canceled the meeting.

In the wake of this, the Student Worker's Coalition filed two unfair labor practices with the National Labor Relations Board. According to their file, the counts included that "St. John's failed and refused to either voluntarily recognize the Union or file an [election recount] within the mandated 2 weeks. In addition, the College has interfered with, restrained and coerced employees...by seeking waivers of employees' rights to file unfair labor practice charges."

In response to the administration's refusal to hold a public meeting, the student union decided to hold one of its own on the Santa Fe campus Quad. By all accounts, the meeting was a complete and utter disaster. President Roosevelt and Union president Gabe Slidders "yelled at each other for over an hour" according to witnesses. The entire situation was heated and aggressive, and nobody in attendance liked the outcome. The meeting increased the anti-union sentiment among the Polity, with Polity President Aidan Shannon telling the Santa Fe Reporter that he withdrew from the SWC after this because "it became clear that no efforts would be made to survey the broader body of workers." Frustration was growing on all sides, and a resolution did not appear imminent.

During the entire unionizing process, some level of anti-union sentiment had existed on campus. Frequently cited by the administration as grounds for not recognizing the SWC, anti-union students doubted whether such an organization belonged in a Johnnie space. Part of their difficulty seemed to be a lack of knowledge about what it would mean for

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BEFORE THE
NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD

St. John's College

Petitioner,

and

Communications Workers of America,
AFL-CIO

Union.

Case No. 28-RM-337949

**EMPLOYER'S REQUEST FOR SPECIAL LEAVE TO FILE
ITS REPLY IN SUPPORT OF REQUEST FOR REVIEW**

St. John's College requests special leave to file the attached Reply in Support of Request for Review. [Exhibit 1.] A reply is necessary because the Union's Opposition to St. John's Request for Review is a fabrication designed to mislead the Board in an attempt to negate St. John's arguments that the RM petition should be processed. As argued in the attached Reply, such matters should be developed in and addressed by a full investigation by the Region.

*St. John's Filing with the National Labor Relations
Council*

**COMMUNICATIONS WORKERS OF AMERICA, AFL-CIO's
OPPOSITION TO SJC REQUEST FOR REVIEW**

Pursuant to Section 102.71(d) of the Board's Rules and Regulations, Communications Workers of America, AFL-CIO ("CWA" or "the Union") opposes the St. John's College's ("SJC" or "the Employer") request for review of Region 28 Regional Director's March 25, 2024 Decision to Dismiss the RM-Petition filed in the above-named case. For the reasons set forth below, the request for review should be denied.

Letter of Opposition from the Union



United States Government
NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD
Office of the Executive Secretary
1015 Half Street, SE
Washington, DC 20570

Re: St. John's College
Case 28-RM-337949

ORDER

The Employer's Request for Special Leave to File its Reply in Support of Request for Review is denied.

Dated, Washington, D.C., April 30, 2024.

By direction of the Board:

/s/ Farah Z. Qureshi
Deputy Executive Secretary

Decision by the National Labor Relations Council

them to be part of a union, and they often did not feel included in the debate. During some open forums held during the spring semester, students debated the usefulness of a union and whether it conformed with union law. Some students appeared to feel uninformed and unsure of what was really happening, making them uncomfortable with supporting the endeavor. Most frequently cited and encouraged by the administration was the feeling that St. John's is a "talking school", not a political one. The Santa Fe administration claimed that "student confusion and disillusion with the SWC's efforts were pronounced" at the open meeting on January 31st, a disillusion they encouraged. The BVG in its own open letter to the Polity stated that "our position on unionization efforts remains what it has always been: St. John's College is about open conversation and the sharing of diverse perspectives on difficult questions." Whether this echoes the overall sentiment of the Polity is still unclear, as another official election among the student body had yet to happen by Commencement in May. Certainly, there was some disillusionment and frustration among Polity members, but whether this constituted a reversal of the original 68% majority vote will perhaps never be known.

This lack of knowledge about the Polity's overall stance highlights the administration's main response to the union; no response at all. The 14-day time limit on either accepting the union or calling for an election came, went, and faded away with no action. The entire spring semester was spent in limbo, making the SWC "extremely concerned with and disappointed" according to their open letter to the BVG. Student opinions on the administration's handling of the whole affair were very poor, with Ty Hammer stating, "it's hard to stress how historically disastrous it was, other than they could not have done worse if they tried." By failing to respond to the initial attempt to unionize even after the grace period had expired, the school very likely violated union law. In all their handling of the affair they appeared desperate, apparently hoping that the Student Workers Coalition would just graduate and go away if they ignored it. Originally, they did not want to call for an election, instead hoping "that it becomes clear that the students do not support this" according to President Roosevelt, who cited concerns about dividing and antagonizing students. Eventually, the administration changed its approach and attempted to call for an election. This was opposed by the SWC and also denied by the National Labor Relations



Former Santa Fe President Mark Roosevelt in his office

Board, which would have to conduct the election. Meanwhile, the administration kept pushing the argument that St. John's is not culturally a place for a union. This aggravated union members, with one member stating, "what was most heinous to me outside of what was blatantly illegal was weaponizing the discourse about whether this was a good place for a union." The administration continued to support anti-union sentiment while claiming that it was already too strong to allow a union.

With a new year starting in Santa Fe, the question remains; what will the Student Workers Coalition do now? The answer is unclear. Most of the students that originally led the SWC graduated in May, leaving union leadership open. The SWC has quasi-official recognition as a legal entity purely because of the school's inaction, which ironically helped to legitimize the effort. However, it is unclear if a bargaining phase will ever open between the administration and the SWC. Although the union legally is here to stay, it may drift into the vague and undefined void of so many college entities after their archons graduate. Between the confused beginnings of the SWC and the disastrous response by the administration no one is satisfied with the situation. As things stand now, they may never be satisfied unless someone steps forward to resolve it.

Interview with Darkroom Assistant Cass Desmond

Natalie Goldman, Arts Correspondent

An underutilized but highly valuable artistic resource on campus is the darkroom. I sat down with darkroom assistant Cass Desmond to learn more about her personal connection to film photography and the ways in which Johnnies can get involved with it. Ms. Desmond holds open hours for the darkroom on Tuesday evenings and Friday afternoons, where anybody can visit the darkroom to develop, print, or just hang out. She also publishes an annual photography magazine, 814. Submissions will be due in February.

NG: What's your name?

CD: My name is Cassie [REDACTED]* Desmond.

NG: How did you get started with photography? What drew you to the darkroom?

CD: I've always loved taking pictures. But I think I really wanted to be like my big sister when I was, like, fourteen, and she started taking film photos, so she got me a film camera, and it made me feel really cool. And then it turns out that I actually really like doing it. What drew me to the darkroom? A little gay man named Daryl. You can quote that. I mean, well, the fact that I already liked photography is one thing, but it's just a very cool space. Yeah, it's just kind of a place where you can, like, not think for a while, you know? Do what you want. It's really nice.

NG: Yeah, my next question was, "What's so cool about the darkroom?" Or why should people want to go?

CD: 'Cause I'm there, and I'm sexy, and uh...we have a really comfy couch! And some nice seating areas, and occasionally people will bring snacks. Other than that, people should come because I think it's important to learn a new creative process, and the darkroom's a really cool thing to learn. And it's a

very easy skill to learn! Like once you know it, you're just kind of hooked, you know? It's really exciting. It's really exciting to get to produce something that you've taken, a photo you've taken, from beginning to end, and see the whole process. I think that's really important.

NG: What should people expect if they come to darkroom hours?

CD: They should expect some really good music. They should expect to learn about how to use a camera, and how to develop their negatives and then print their photos. And they should expect to...have fun! And perhaps meet a lover while they're down there. I don't know—it's a possibility. And you can quote that. Put that in there.

NG: Tell me what you love about working with film.

CD: I really like the idea of getting to hold my own photos in my hands. I like that they're stored on something physical, like a roll of film negatives, rather than something kind of in the ether, like the cloud or whatever else. I think digital [photography] is fine and great, but it just feels like there's this middleman that's, like, not real, you know? The thing is, anybody can take a good photo, and especially anybody can take a good digital photo, because digital cameras have been wired to allow us to do that. But I think it's important that, with a film photo, you have to be much more selective. You have to really think about what you look at. I think that's probably the main reason I like film photography. When I first started doing it, it made me really pay attention to the world in a way I think I wouldn't have otherwise. I was always looking for something to take a photo of, so I had to be really choosy.

NG: What's the origin story of 814?

CD: So, throwback to my freshman year. Daryl Locke, previous darkroom archon, called a meeting together, and he said, "Guys, we're going to start a magazine." There was a big group of us there, and we were like, "Great! That sounds awesome!" We were

all on board, and then it comes around to second semester and everyone's like, "Should we make this magazine?" And I was like, "Yeah, I think we should. I think we should still make it." And they were like, "Cass, why don't you do it?" And then I was like, "No, I don't want to." But I ended up doing it by myself, basically. And then it became a thing since then. I think it's gotten better every year.

NG: Why's it called that?

CD: It's called 814 because 8, 1, and 4 are the minutes it takes to develop a roll of film in each chemical. So, it's 8 minutes, 1 minute, and 4 minutes in each different chemical.

NG: What are you looking for in 814 submissions?

CD: I'm looking for photos that were really thought about. I'm looking for portraits of any kind. Photos that express thoughtful composition and creativity. And photos that prove that somebody's thought outside the box about their photos, you know? Like you can send me a photo of a bridge or a car on the street, whatever it is. You can send me photos of anything. But you can tell a difference in the photo of a bridge or a car in the way that a photo is composed and shaped and framed—and how creative you were with the printing process, too. You can get really creative with that.

NG: * mouthing* Poetry.

CD: And poetry! We're looking for poets—for original poems from students. And translations of poems. We've had some pretty successful translations of Rilke and Baudelaire. Even better if the poem goes well with a photo.

NG: Are you planning any events for this year?

CD: Well, we'll always have the 814 release party at the end of the year. For the darkroom specifically, I'm brainstorming ways to get more people down there, because I think it's the best space on campus, and I think there are a lot of people that would love it that are sleeping on it. I don't know exactly what that would be. Maybe some kind of workshop or

something.

NG: I feel like it's kind of hard—if you don't own a camera—to have to wait to borrow a camera. Because sometimes it takes a really long time for your name to be the next on the list. Do you have a solution for that? Or is that just how it goes?

CD: Well, you could always buy a camera—but we will be getting more cameras. Another solution for that is to borrow a friend's camera.

NG: Like find someone who has a camera, take your pictures on their roll, and then develop and print together?

CD: Right, because they're still your pictures.

NG: I have one more question—why won't you let me drink the chemicals?

CD: Who said I wouldn't let you drink the chemicals?

NG: You did.

CD: Well, that's just ridiculous. Go for it. That's a darkroom ritual. Drink the chemicals. Take a shot.

*Ms. Desmond requests that those who wish to know her middle name come to darkroom hours and ask.



Portrait of a man with a camera

Johnnie Lore

Vivian Miyakawa

Have you ever stood before an upperclassman, wide-eyed, enraptured, and slightly horrified, as they told you the story of the “Paca Pooper”? Have you ever hailed them, this modern-day collegiate Herodotus, and begged them to give you the full account of the Yeezy shoe candle incident?

I certainly have. I am nothing if not nosy, and I’ve got a knack for getting people to tell me things. Therefore, with the enrichment of the Polity (and my own entertainment) in mind, I set out on a singular mission: for the remainder of Alumni Weekend, I would gather as much Johnnie lore as possible.

My noble quest all started in the art room, where I ran into Anne Louise Merrill from the class of 1994. Known for her penchant for pottery and ability to spend hours in the ceramics room, I had a lovely conversation with her about fine arts in the college, but I couldn’t let her out of my grasp without spilling some shocking Johnnie secrets. I, your humble archivist, will make sure her story is not forgotten. As a sophomore particularly enjoying Ptolemy, it would be an understatement if I said I was baffled when Merrill told me that the Ptolemy stone had moved. It hadn’t always sat in front of Mellon, in fact, it used to be on the quad. I found that reality hard to imagine. Why, you might ask, was the Ptolemy stone moved? Well, the answer is ridiculously on brand for students at St. John’s College. When the Ptolemy stone was on the quad, so many people used it as a beer opener that it kept having to be recalibrated to function properly. Beer opening became its primary use, to the point where freshmen new to Ptolemy were surprised to see the “beer opening stone” become useful in the curriculum!

After my lucky run-in with Merrill, I found myself on the quad amidst a boisterous crowd of alums from the



Students and tutor David E. Starr smoking in seminar

class of 1984. I asked them if they had any St. John’s lore they were willing to share, and immediately, these former classmates began reminiscing about shenanigans from over forty years ago. 1984, the year they graduated, was the very first year the college stopped allowing smoking in seminar. Johnnies being Johnnies though, they followed the rules to the letter and no further. Legend has it, that every seminar day at 10pm exactly, one of the tutors would stop whatever he was doing and pull out a cigarette, as, at that time, seminar was technically over, and he would not be breaking the rules by smoking in seminar. Along with nicotine, alcohol is another substance rife with stories. Back in the 80s, the DC elected a position called “The Son of Bacchus.” His school-sanctioned role was to be in charge of the stereo, but unofficially, his job was laundering money for alcohol. Every club had a checkbook, and they knew to leave the last few checks blank, as the Son of Bacchus would come by and collect beer money. Once the money was acquired, a beer truck was driven onto the field and students lined up, red solo cups in hand, to get drinks from the beer truck. Decisions made by Johnnies when sober are questionable at best, so it just makes sense that after one fateful night of kegs on the quad, someone threw a flaming rotisserie chicken (wrapped in toilet paper and doused in lighter fluid) from a window on the

third floor of Pinkney.

Fun fact about Johnnies from forty years ago: they like to fight. Sure, verbally sparring in the classroom may be somewhat enriching, but the tradition of Reality holding a creek battle to represent the battle of Salamis goes absolutely unmatched. In past years, students have clung to the shells of crew boats, slapping each other with cured sausages or fighting over a greased watermelon. Far from the elegant naval battle deftly described by Thucydides, but still a struggle for glory, nonetheless. Similarly to the epic battle of Salamis, Spartan Madball used to have even less rules than it does now. The only rule was, if someone needed an ambulance, you had to stop playing until they were safely in the hands of the paramedics.

Even wilder than the dangerous sports and reckless battle recreations was the fact that these Johnnies still remember every essay they've written, even after all this time. The funniest part is, the stereotypical "Johnnie Essay" hasn't changed a bit. One alum remembers the title of his freshman year essay as being "Sparta- Not a Utopia?" I couldn't help but laugh as I recalled some of my classmates who wrote on the exact same topic for their freshman essays. The essay drama doesn't end there, as a different alum tried to write his senior essay to use mathematics and proofs to explain how there was a god. The kicker? He had written his sophomore essay about how it was an impossibility to prove the existence of a deity such as God. Esoteric accounts of religion and the misuse of mathematics are niche but integral aspects of a Johnnie's journey through essay-writing at the college.

If you've ever run into a creepy guy at a waltz, or danced with someone who can't seem to keep their hands to themselves, just know that back in 1984, there was a club for that! Aptly named the "Woman Haters" club, freshman boys would gather and complain that freshman girls would always go for upperclassmen, and that they were never the preferred choice. The men would hype each other up

before parties and waltzes, talk about "manly" things, and share strategies on how to "pick up chicks." Tragically, the "Woman Haters" remained baffled as to why (despite their best efforts) they just couldn't seem to find a woman who liked them!

On the topic of terrible ideas though, another alum told a story recounted to him by his friend in Santa Fe. Apparently, there was this one couple who roomed together and tried to raise a pig on their balcony. They wanted to raise their own meat for a barbeque, but as the pig became larger and larger, it grew into a rather enormous problem. Finally, the outrage came to a boiling point, and one hero took action. This mysterious individual broke into the couple's dorm, stole the pig, and released it into the wilderness. Hopefully that takes the cake for the strangest pet you've ever seen in a dorm...

While these stories are absolutely hilarious, it's important to realize that sharing Johnnie lore is more than just a good laugh. One alum from '84 remarked that, "every Johnnie back then, I see again today, there's all the same archetypes." She went on to show me pictures of her friends in the 80s, and we paused on a picture of some students on the quad, sitting in the exact same place we were speaking to each other now. History repeats itself, especially in a place as unique as St. John's College. During our earlier conversation, Merrill touched upon those same feelings, saying, "I look around and everyone is neurodivergent. We didn't have the words to describe it at the time, but it's so comforting to know you're not the weird one here." As ridiculous as our antics are, they are what forms this community. Our college fosters a specific culture that's probably not found anywhere else. It's a haven, a diaspora of misfits from all over the world. There is something truly special in being a Johnnie, so please, share the silly stories. Talk to your classmates! Pass along your wealth of oddities to the next generation of Johnnies. Our culture is a tapestry formed by conversation and time, and it's up to you to be the next thread in something both beautiful and completely unique.

Interview about DC Budgeting

By Seohyun Lee

What is the DC budgeting process?

As time has passed, many clubs have already had their first meeting and are continuing their club activities. Where does club money come from? Today Reagan Bottomley will walk us through budget procedures in our Delegate Council.

Lee: Can you explain what DC budgeting is?

Bottomley: Yes. Budgeting is one of the biggest things the Delegate Council does. Every semester we have a total budget for all clubs which is given to us by the Assistant Dean's Office, usually around \$30,000 a semester. This year we have a little bit of a surplus from last year, so we're budgeting around \$42,000. We have around 48 clubs that are looking to divide the funds this semester. The budgeting process can be divided into charters, training, budget submission, pitching at the DC meeting, and reimbursement.

L: Let's learn about them step by step. What is a charter?

B: So, nobody can get a budget from the DC unless there's a charter granted by the DC. You can reach out to the officers, and they'll have a template you can fill out. Basically, the form asks what the purpose of your club is.

L: What is training?

B: Xander Paden, our treasurer, hosts a training every semester, which runs you through the steps to create a budget. He's going to show you the items you need to fill out on your budget list, the process of submitting it and how you get reimbursed.

L: Then what are the items?

B: So you're going to have a table that Xander gives you to fill out and you're going to divide your budget by the kinds of things you buy. So, you're going to have one line item on a spreadsheet for each kind of thing. For example, a line for decor for approximately \$400.00 or food for around \$60.00. So, each line item is the inventory price of an item.

L: Are there any tips for budgeting for items?

B: Yes, I'd say the more specific you are the better so that the DC can understand what you're doing; even better, we can help you with that because we are here to help you access your budget. So, for example, baking clubs are good examples because they figure out what they need, like flour and eggs. And so, they figure out what the exact bill would look like. And they put that on a spread sheet. You don't have to be exhaustively specific, but if you help the DC understand what you're doing and try to show responsibility in how you're going about it, the DC will be very happy to give that to you.

Also, if you have a club that requires some specialized understanding, such as 3D printing or knitting, try to explain in your budget what each item is for and how you use it to help the DC understand and approve your budget.

L: Then what does pitch at a meeting look like?

B: When you submit your budget, eventually you will come to a DC meeting. You're going to come in and explain what you're doing with the money and then we'll look it over and see if any changes need to be made. Meetings are on Tuesdays at 7pm and Sundays at noon.

L: What does reimbursement look like?

B: So, whenever you buy something for your club it will be with your own money. Keep the receipt and turn it in to the treasurer. He will write you a check for the amount you spent.

L: Any last word for readers?

B: Yes. I'd like to say, reach out to your delegates. If you want to know how the budget process works, we're happy to explain it to you. We've walked

through many questions you might have but the more communication there is between the DC and the polity, the better we will know how to help you.

Congratulations! And many thanks to every archon who went through the budgeting process to run the clubs. I hope this article helps potential archons who are interested in starting a club next semester. I hope everyone thoroughly enjoys their student club life!



Student Council

ONE of the most active signs of St. John's liberal arts policy is the Student Council. In matters not related to the curriculum the College grants the students a large measure of self-government. All questions arising under this arrangement are referred to the Student Council. Particularly this council has supervision over questions of student conduct. Its members consist of three Seniors, two Juniors, one Sophomore and one Freshman. The fact that the Student Council works quietly and efficiently has led to the belief that it is extremely inactive. This is not true, for since its establishment it has met and overcome many difficulties. At present, with no petitions, no arrests and less misconduct on the part of the students, the future of the Student Council appears rather uneventful.

College Student Council, 1929

Sock Hop

Sadie Lewin, Student Life Correspondent

If you were to stumble into McDowell Hall on the evening of September 21st, you would find Johnnies putting on their dancing socks and twisting the night away! Everyone was in their brightest colors, and there was no shortage of polka dots.

As for decor, this waltz has set expectations high for the year. Bubblegum pink and teal streamers were strung across the balcony in true 1950's style, a huge poster reading The Soda Shop hung in the back, and to top it all off, one of the most amazing pieces of decor of all time: the balloon arch.

The midshipmen from next door showed up an hour or so into the waltz. It's always nice to see them, all huddled up in a corner until some brave Johnnie asks them to dance. They slowly warmed up to the environment and began to blend in with the crowd. Many of them even participated in the limbo competition.

Speaking of which, this year's limbo competition had a great turnout. Johnnies crowded the balcony to watch as the line that snaked around McDowell Hall got smaller, and the stick got lower. There was impressive competition, and it ended up in a tie between freshman Yunseo Jang and sophomore Sofia Aragonés. Sofia was spotted on the quad later that night beaming at her victory and proudly holding her prize: leftover crackers. The crowd was thrilled for our two winners, and everyone celebrated the rest of the night. It certainly was a swingin' party!



*Dancing away
Photo by Milena MacLaurin*



*Yunseo Jang's Limbo Victory
Photo by Rachel Hauben*



*Limbo Champions with their Crackers
Photo by Millie Ransohoff*

1 Year or 50 Years of Amplifying Student Voices?

The Surprisingly Long History of the Committee on Student Life

Helen Felbek

Over a year ago, the Delegate Council voted to reestablish the Committee on Student Life (CSL). The one-year mark offers an opportunity to reflect on the past, present and future of the committee. The CSL is a sub-committee of the DC. It consists of up to two representatives per class, with the freshman representatives only being appointed in the second semester. According to the committee's charter, the purpose of the CSL is to serve "as a forum for discussion of matters concerning the non-academic life of students. It seeks out student opinion of non-academic topics at the request of the Delegate Council (DC) or any member of the Polity." Further, the CSL "strives to empower individuals to strengthen the community through open dialogue about issues on campus and to utilize resources for positive change." This year, the forums are held every Thursday at noon in the private dining hall.

Since its reconstruction, the CSL has faced one major challenge: student interest, specifically in comparison to the more-established Student Committee on Instruction. I am deeply convinced that these committees should complement, not compete with each other. So, tabling the comparison to the SCI for the most part, I hope to address the issue of student interest by exploring the CSL's history and relevance to campus culture and the polity as a whole. Having overseen the re-establishment of the CSL during the last few months of my DC presidency while also serving as its first secretary, I must admit a certain bias regarding this matter. I would like to urge the reader to consider attending at least one forum a year as an exercise in democratic participation and an expression of care for the community.

Both as CSL secretary and now as polity attorney, I interface with candidates for the CSL. In other words, I help search for suitable candidates. Oftentimes this

The Student Life Committee needs a new member (so what else is new?). Come to next week's D.C. meeting if you would like to be selected.

Randy Holbrook, from the Collegian, February 3rd, 1979

includes conversations on the quad, during intramurals and before class. Many of my unassuming peers seemed slightly irritated by my relentless attempts to talk to them about self-governance. Oftentimes these conversations would include statements like "I'm not really sure what the CSL even does." "What can we even achieve? What is the point of talking about (insert issue)?" There is also a level of skepticism regarding the merit of the CSL's existence: "Do we need another student committee?"

The DC has indeed created several new student positions in recent years. Beyond the DC delegates, the BVG and Alumni association representatives, and the members of the SCI, there are representatives to the Coquet Planning Committee, the Campus Planning Committee, as well as the CSL. From a current student perspective, this might seem like a lot, but for the history of the college, this is rather minimal. Students used to have many more opportunities for self-governance. Depending on the decade there used to be committees such as the Student Activities Committee (SAC), Weekend Trip Committee (WTC), Polity Court Justices, the Steering Committee, the Food Committee, the Recreation Committee, the Student Coordinating Committee, or more recently student representatives to the Diversity and Inclusion Task Force. Some of these roles have disappeared, others have shifted to paid administrative positions, indicating a broader move away from student self-organization to a more

service-oriented structure. While this professionalization has brought reliability and freed up time for students to focus on academics and extracurriculars, remembering the history of student governance at the college might help us to imagine more effective ways of student involvement.

The challenge of student interest materializes itself in multiple different forms: firstly, the struggle of finding students willing to dedicate their time and creativity to the CSL by serving as a class representative. Secondly, polity attendance at the weekly forums. Interestingly, the administration seems to have embraced the CSL. Many staff members including Ms. Lico, Mr. Abbott, Ms. Fawcett, and Mr. Bell have attended past meetings. They seem to view it as an opportunity to seek out student sentiments regarding specific issues pertaining to their work. I would briefly like to point out that the CSL does more than just listening and talking. Over the past year, the conversations helped create positive change relating to specific student issues, notably, a change in break arrangements.

The material pertaining to the history of the CSL and student committees in general is fairly sparse. Fortunately, I was able to at least find mention of the CSL in multiple DC minutes and other articles published in old Gadfly and Collegian publications to assert that the CSL's history has always been turbulent.

Most of the articles do attest that when the committee was functioning, it was organizing events. In 1975, for example, the work of the CSL included helping to organize Parents Day. In addition, the committee worked "with the deans, arranging trips to the Folger Theater and possible to the Ford's theater and/or the Arian Stage."¹

At some point, the committee was rather powerful. According to a rather dramatic Collegian article (1974) that references plenty of intriguing events lost to history such as "the Quad Affair trial" that turned

"into a circus," "Delegate Council party allocations," and a referendum on a proposal "to abolish the pressnt (sic.) student government and replace it with a finance board whose sole function would be to allocate those funds made available to use (presently \$4000 annually). " The author Stephen Chew suggests that by endorsing the proposal, the CSL played an important role in executing this reform that would establish a student government structure akin to the one students know today. However, they later rescinded their endorsement of the referendum.²

Unfortunately, the CSL at also seemed to suffer from lack of student interest from time to time. In 1979, DC secretary Randy Holbrook writes: "The Student Life Committee needs a new member (so what else is new?). Come to next week's D.C. meeting if you like to be selected."³

3. Talking moved to the D.C. budget. Intricacies of budgeting. Questions, answers. Biblical allusion by Mr. Booker. Money to SCI and Collegium Ensemble (road trips!) Mr. Henry disclosed his plan for a revived Committee on Student Life consisting of head of clubs (murmurs of approval); to be called Round Table? Ellipsoid? More discussion on name later. D.C. rests.

Delegate Council minutes taken by Adrian Trevisan, from the Gadfly, January 18, 1983

By 1982, the function of the CSL was put into question due to a lack of activity. James Hyder points out in an opinion piece regarding another constitutional reform that the CSL, which is "supposed to 'develop and propose legislation to the Delegate Council'" has "not met in the past few years." However, the possibility of reactivation is important, as the committee might "be just the thing needed to solve some particular problem. In fact, now might be just the right time to reactivate this Committee, to discuss the questions about life on campus which were brought to the fore by the dean's

¹ St. John's Collegian. September 28th, 1975

² St. John's Collegian. September 23rd, 1974

³ St. John's Collegian. February 3rd, 1979

recent meetings with the D.C. and the Junior class.”⁴

Not only membership, but the role of the committee itself also seemed to have been in flux. In 1983, DC Secretary Anastasia Kezar reports that “Mr. Henry wants to revive the Committee on Student Life, which consists of all the heads of all the committees getting together to see about saving money, cooperating on joint trips, etc. He offered to be chairman in the beginning and then see if the Student Activities Committee would want to take over.”⁵ In the same year, a proposed polity reform included the following language: “The Committee on Student Life shall be composed of the Archons of all student organizations and shall meet from time to time to coordinate all student activities. They shall make recommendations to the Delegate Council regarding possible improvements in the quality of student life”⁶

Due to a lack of documentation of the mid 2010s in the digital archives, it is not possible to faithfully and reliably reconstruct the end for the CSL. While I have heard theories about its demise, these are merely of anecdotal nature. A Gadfly article from April 17, 2012, indicates that the CSL was still a fixture of campus life.⁷ In the DC archives the last signs of activity can be dated to 2018.

These snapshots of student debate over the past fifty years show that the purpose of the CSL has never been entirely clear. That lack of clarity, however, should not inhibit its usefulness. Questioning how student government should work at the college has a long history that we should continue. Even a conversation about the CSL’s form (should we return to one of the historic versions of the CSL?) would be better than no conversation at all. As a college of thinkers, it is tempting to disregard the body (campus life and activities) and solely focus on the mind (academics). But as many have pointed out before,

we do not exist in this neat binary and neither does our community. When we do not take care of our bodies the mind suffers. Thus, if we neglect campus life and community (which in my opinion includes student self-government), the academic experience suffers too. Most people already engage in critical conversation surrounding campus life issues. So, why not have some of these conversations in a formalized setting so that action can spring from them more easily?



David Igbeare at a DC meeting, from the 1992 yearbook

⁴ St. John’s Gadfly. November 16, 1982

⁵ St. John’s Gadfly. February 1st, 1983

⁶ St. John’s Gadfly. March 8th, 1983

⁷ St. John’s Gadfly. April 17th, 2012

Correspondence: Letter from Santa Fe

Dear Annapolis Johnnies,

As I wake up here in Santa Fe, percolating coffee on an open campfire, shaking the scorpions out of my boots, and taking in the sunrise over the rugged mountain peaks, I can't help but wonder about the other St. John's, the one over that horizon. St. John's Annapolis is sort of like our big brother. He's more successful, mom's prouder of him, but everybody seems to like us better. Sure, Annapolis has the history, the traditions, cro-kay, and some love hate relationship with the navy, but Santa Fe has sun, smiles, and a good time. When I (a self made man) look out over the wind-swept horizon (which defines the American sense of freedom and individuality), and think of you east coasters, all these troubling stereotypes float up too my mind. Pretentious. Frigid. Humorless. Aesthetic Focused. Depressed. No! This won't do! It shouldn't – it can't – be that we here in Santa Fe have such an uncharitable view of our brothers and sisters over in Annapolis. (And on that note, it can't be that you have such an uncharitable view of us – hippies, stoners, burnouts, unserious, Justin Kelly stealers, etc). So here's what I want to do. I am the editor of a little paper called Tumbleweed, which is a good deal like (i.e. partially stolen from) The Gadfly. I am sending this note to Annapolis via pony express in order to express some questions and stereotypes that we here have of you there. I would like you to respond! And if you have and questions for us, well we'll just do our best to answer you back, and I'll put all this in the paper. Our questions are as follows:

1. Are you really all mean? And don't smile, ever? This is what our transfers tell us :(
2. Are there any non-Catholics? Or is that not allowed?

3. What is "croquet with the navy guys"?
4. Are you offended by us calling you Annapoloids? (Note to self, is "oloid" offensive?)
5. Is Old Fox good? Or just there?
6. Is Eli Zitler doing okay?
7. Do you ever stop singing the Sicut Cervus? Or is it 24/7, with, I guess, breaks for classes?

Best,

Miles Barth



Correspondence: Letter from Annapolis

October 6th, 2024

Annapolis, MD

Dear Mr. Barth and the rest of the Santa Fe Johnnies,

I received your missive this afternoon, as I was disembarking from one of our campus dinghies along the wine-dark waters of college creek. Examining it in the lamplight of my office, it prompted me to reflect on your remote mountain campus as well. We rarely think of it much on a day-to-day basis, except

to occasionally note your lack of music, intramurals, or your superior axolotl care, and at the beginning of the year, when the transfers who have escaped from Santa Fe are flocked by Annapolitans, who flood them with many questions. Only then do we remember you exist, and we sit around the fireplaces in our crumbling colonial buildings amidst the pouring coastal storms, in the overwhelming shadow of history and traditions, hypothesizing as to how your lack of a quad causes Santa Fe to be so... Santa Fe. We don't really think of you often, but when we do, it is as "hippies, stoners, burnouts, unserious, Justin Kelly stealers, etc.". You inspire me, however, to reach beyond those stereotypes, and remember how we come from the same origin, read the same books, and share whatever the form of "Johnnie" may be. Thus, from the metropolis to you in our apoikia, I will respond to your questions and send some in response.

1. Are you really all mean? And don't smile, ever? This is what our transfers tell us :(

We're not mean most of the time, only during Delegate Council budgeting meetings. We also do smile sometimes; I think I can recall grinning at a rather witty Hegel pun just a month ago.

2. Are there any non-Catholics? Or is that not allowed?

Other than the shrines in the fishbowl and dorms, the "keep the St. John in St. John's" stickers, the opulent monthly feast days, the crowds returning from mass on Sundays, the Gregorian chant singing, the random monks wandering around at lectures, etc., Catholics aren't really that visible on campus.

3. What is "croquet with the navy guys"?

Exactly what it sounds like.

4. Are you offended by us calling you Annapoloids? (Note to self, is "oloid" offensive?)

I have never heard that before, and now am both offended and deeply disappointed in Annapolis for not coming up with a more offensive nickname for

Santa Fe students.

5. Is Old Fox good? Or just there?

The coffee is meh, but the atmosphere is very nice, and there's a dangerously intriguing eclectic collection of books. I feel like this question says something about the relationships of our campuses: I couldn't name a single business frequented by Johnnies in Santa Fe, but you know our local bookstore/coffeeshop somehow.

6. Is Eli Zitler doing okay?

I wish I could tell you.

7. Do you ever stop singing the Sicut Cervus? Or is it 24/7, with, I guess, breaks for classes?

No, it's pretty much constant. It would be okay if we did it well, but to hear the tenors go flat for the twelfth time this week is rather painful.

1. Here are my questions for you:

2. How do people not go crazy if they don't have a car, trapped so far from civilization?

3. Is it true that no one wears blazers to seminar? If so, are you even Johnnies?

4. Do intramurals really exist up there, or does the high elevation keep you from running?

5. As a southwesterner by birth, I must ask: red or green?

6. Is the Eastern Classics GI program real? Has anyone ever seen it?

7. Do your rabbits actually have the bubonic plague?

Who do you spend your time hating if you don't have the Naval Academy?

On behalf of Annapolis Johnnies,

Yours, &c.

El'ad Nichols-Kaufman

Contrapasso

By Anna Dayton

For the past three years, I've been very disappointed and disgusted with the way some Johnnies treat our common living spaces such as the bathrooms and kitchens, as well as other disrespectful behavior that seems to be sadly commonplace. I think this behavior warrants a polity-wide reckoning- for eternity. Here is a contrapasso canto to air my grievances, courtesy of Mr. Dante Alighieri:

1.

Who are these who swim in the muck,
All filled with dishes and the reek of old cheese
With paper towels floating wherein they lay aruck
Tell me dear master, what is this disease?

2.

My teacher, with wisdom gentle and endless
Pointed to one who groans in a bowl of egg grease
“Go ask him now and find him defenseless
The wretched sin this froth must appease”

3.

And so I walked to the slippery sinner
I winced as a paring knife caught my eye
I did not cry out, though my resolve grew thinner
As I saw the knife sliced through the man like a pie

4.

“My name is Invictus Von Schmidt” the poor fellow
wailed
I cooked a roast beast in the dorm before seminar
In my spare time, my chef skills were hailed

But cleaning was second to weed and guitar

5.

For when I was finished, I dumped my mess in the
sink

All oil and bones and meaty remnants

The paring knife too, vanished into the opaque stink

I didn't care, it could be cleaned by other tenants

6.

But soon in my ear a sharp cry rang surprised

From back in the kitchen a feminine shriek

That knife through Ms. Bragg's hand now sliced

When into the grease she withdrew her dropped leek

7.

So now I am pinned with that knife ran right through
me

To swim in this sea of this oil and fouled dishes

Abuzzing above flies the gnat and kitchen flea

With me and my fellows the most unhappy fishes

8.

Now reeling from the scent of the Lazy River

I turned to my master who pointed outward

To see a woman in another current aquiver

On a giant bloody maxi pad, a horror encountered

9.

Who are you who wallows in the sludge

In this huge toilet bowl rolling like a whirlpool

How have you insulted heavenly judge

To earn a smelly punishment so cruel?

10.

My name is Ms. Knowles of St. John's College

I never learned respect of common spaces

So in the dorm bathroom I dispersed my knowledge

And left my unflushed products in the toilets without
graces

11.

I sometimes vomited drunk on the toilet seat
Should I wipe it up? No, that's for the janitor
My menstrual blood adorned wall and shower suite
My hair clogged shower drains, and the floor's
parameter

12.

The bathroom trash can was just a walk too far
My paper towels always ended up on the floor
My hallmate on her forehead still dons a scar
From when she slipped on my discarded Dior

13.

Now I float in this sludge of excrement and blood
From what I left to my hallmates when I was
careless

My college behavior was to my life but a bud
These disgusting habits have left me heirless

14.

My master led onward to a thunderous speaker
That threw bodies up in the air with each beat
Which then fell and crashed with the force of a
breaker

Now limp and dismayed by exhausted defeat

15.

"Father, who are these who flop so wearily
Against the base of this tremendous subwoofer?"

"My son," said he who knew me so verily

"These are the partiers who should've stopped
sooner."

16.

As I opened my mouth to address the throng

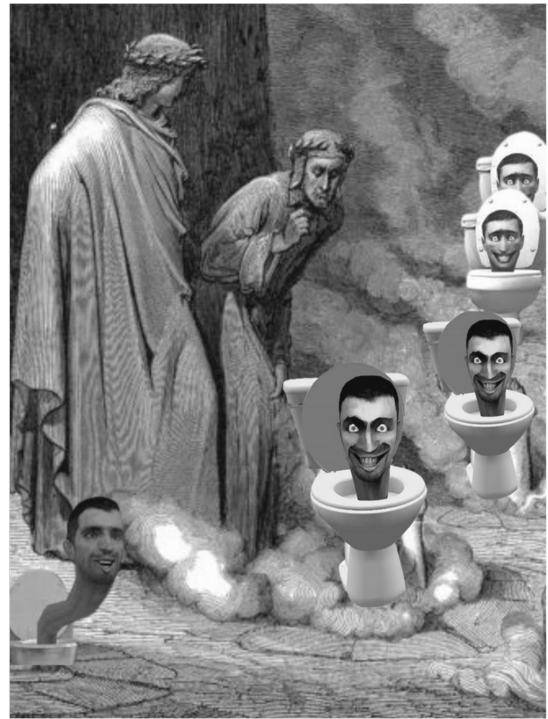


Illustration provided by the author

My master stopped me from moving my tongue
"They won't hear you, the din is too strong.

If you try to yell above it you'll burst a lung.

17.

These fools stayed up till 4 AM partying and
drinking

With a loudspeaker blasting their tunes

They partied near to those who tried sleeping

Screaming and howling like maddened buffoons

18.

Now they will never sleep, their tunes blast on repeat

Their minds ache for rest their souls cry for slumber

Their inconsideration, their selfish conceit

Towards those who their refusal to move
encumbered

19.

We now entered a cavernous auditorium

With grating lights and creaking floorboards
 Rows of smirking masks made as if in memoriam
 Plastered across in the stage in dense hoards
 20.
 “Master, whose faces are these who lay on display
 Each clay impression in a scowl of condescension
 All across this stage in a frightful array
 I see no faces that warrant a notable mention”
 21.
 “Ask the mask in the corner, why it is here
 Why it is embalmed in a plaster of paris
 Frozen to stone like a headlight beamed deer
 With a face so smug like its thoughts are the fairest”
 22.
 As I addressed the mask with great curiosity
 The lips began to sputter to animation
 The smug smirk cringing with great ferocity
 The clay plaster shape taking no desecration
 23.
 “I am Thaddeus Thuddleton, an ideal Johnnie
 The smartest in show, a brilliant philosopher
 When peers don’t understand, it’s beyond me
 I sigh or giggle, the sound like gossamer
 24.
 Sometimes in class, I disagree with a statement
 I turn and look shocked, or softly snicker aloud
 So the fool will feel the weight of their debasement
 My subtlety covers my tracks like a shroud
 25.
 In disgust I pick up the mask at arms length
 “You are an insufferable square, all pride at the core”

I hurl the mask at the floor with great strength
 The pieces once shattered fused again once more
 26.
 “Come along to the next section,” my teacher
 beckoned
 We entered a room full of degloved donkeys
 Dear reader, this was a strange sight to be reckoned
 Their furry skin growing to be ripped away by
 jockies
 27.
 “These are the ones who act like experienced experts
 If you talk to them in class they’ll start interrupting
 They cut off other students and preach till their neck
 hurts
 In language class their accents are auditorily
 disrupting”
 28.
 “Dear teacher, I will not talk to these
 Their braying is relentless, the sound is endless
 I think that attention is what they will please
 Against their interruptions my voice is defenseless”
 29.
 “Very well,” said the Old Sage, “let’s exit this
 section”
 I jumped out the window to escape the braying
 I didn’t care that I had no sense of direction
 My sense of patience was fast decaying
 30.
 My leader jumped after falling into the ether
 We escaped the worst Johnnies without any scars
 Falling faster and faster into supersonic fever
 Until we landed on earth and beheld the stars

THE A.M. RADIO PRESENTS: In Favor of Social Dancing at St. John's brought to you by Starman by David Bowie

AM

Imagine a room full of laughter and light. Music—lively music—is being played. People are talking, they're joking around, eating snacks, dressed up a little on a Saturday night. And people are dancing. Not an uncommon sight at St. John's. Roughly speaking we have at least one official dance a month, usually swing, occasionally polka, waltz, Latin, or—what I'm here to discuss now—contra dancing. These contra dances, a form of Appalachian and Northeast folk dance with roots in European country dance, are organized (as of now) twice a semester by the Folklife Club and the Assistant Dean's office. For the sake of full transparency in this article, it should be noted that I am one of the archons of Folklife, along with Jordan Kammeyer, whom you may know as the wonderful caller at our contra dances.

Folklife, in its current iteration, is a relatively new club, but contra dancing at St. John's is not. Before swing took center stage, and even when the most common dance at SJC was a waltz, there were times when contra dancing rivaled and even exceeded other dances in popularity and attendance. And those days are not just of a bygone era! Contra dances have proven to be well received and popular these last few years as well. It makes sense: contra is an easy to learn dance, it does not require the commitment of one partner or any prior experience or knowledge, the music is joyful and light, and perhaps most significantly, it speaks to a part of us that desires a fun and easy way to socialize. Folk arts in general are like that. They bring a community together to celebrate the ephemeral beauty of our lives, to ring in celebration, to remind ourselves that we are alive and well and enduring.

Our beloved program tells us this. The careful social games and lessons mirrored in dance in *Pride and*

Prejudice, the joy of music in *War and Peace*, the ringing out of Miriam's timbrel as the Israelites escaped Egypt. King David danced for the Lord and the ideal Guardian is brought up with music and gymnastics married together. Make no mistake, dance is as much a part of our intertwined social, athletic, and academic lives at St. John's as any other beloved activity. But something else that we are taught in course here is to engage in community and with the greater world around us. To welcome the stranger at our door. And I see no greater "door" of St. John's College than the Great Hall of McDowell. We enter it upon Convocation and exit it at Graduation. It serves as the gateway between us and the larger Annapolis community. There we have welcomed speakers, weddings, public seminars and more as part of our larger community engagement. It's fitting then, to have our dances there as well. A cornerstone of our campus community, and one that we open to Middies, our families, and alums. But for all of that, these dances, even the contra dances, are not truly open to our wider community.

I understand the practical reservations that people have: how can we keep our college community safe? How should logistics be handled and by who? These are fair questions that have answers rooted in precedence. Social dances exist in every major and minor city across the country, countless colleges and universities host dances. Even St. John's has a history of welcoming people from the town to join in for contra dances. I would love to see a return to that. There is a small but thriving traditional dance community in Annapolis, musicians, dancers, teachers, elders that we could benefit to learn from, who have expressed a desire to see open dances at St. John's. We are centrally located, and McDowell Hall

not only serves as the threshold of the college but happens to be a gorgeous and well-suited venue for this sort of event—as anyone who has attended a dance here knows.

These dances, their history, the music, the stories of the people who teach and who have honed their skills are passed down from generation to generation. We live and learn in a place with a rich tapestry of history and customs that should not be allowed to fall by the wayside. A folk-dance needs folk to perform it. As a new generation of residents in this region, as a part of the broader community around us—even if that community outreach extends only as far as McDowell—I think we would be remiss not to continue this legacy of celebration through social dancing. There are many times and places in this school that I would hesitate to open to outsiders. I value the “Johnnie-bubble” as much as the next person, but I also recognize that we do not really live in a bubble. I would even argue that it does our campus community a disservice to forget that. And I see no place in our lives, in the social aspect of the program, and on our campus where that broader community outreach would be better fulfilled than in social contra dancing. A celebration of the traditions of this region, where people are invited to meet each other as equals, to leave burdens at the door for a few hours, to come together in music and movement and merriment, already stationed in the “doorway” of the college seems the perfect place to engage with some of the town.

This ties into a larger ongoing conversation of how much we should be connected to and reaching out to the broader Annapolis community. Whatever your opinion be, I ask you to consider the merit of more open social dancing. As a connection to our past, to the present that lies beyond our walls, and to preserve a dying tradition of gathering for future generations, it could be a great good for us. Even if you still have reservations, I implore you to heed the words of the great Ziggy Stardust and “let the children boogie!”

Dorm Cooking: Apple Crumble

Marit Hendrickson

Let's get into the Fall feel of things with a delicious apple recipe!

Apple crumble crisp

For the apple filling:

- 1 small apple (any variety) peeled and thinly sliced
- 1/2 tablespoon of melted butter
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon flour

For the crisp topping:

- 2 tablespoons of softened butter not melted!
- 1 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons old fashioned oats
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

Instructions

1. Mix apple filling ingredients in a small bowl.

Mix together crisp topping ingredients. Work in the butter with a fork.

2. Layer half the apples in a microwave safe bowl, mug, or ramekin. Top with half the crisp mixture. Add another layer of apples and then the remaining crisp mixture. Place in the microwave and cook for 3 minutes.

3. Careful, it will be very hot when removing from the microwave! Serve warm with whipped topping or vanilla ice cream.

Μουσείον: “Grendel” as a Footnote to Plato

Gabriela Forte

Every year, when the leaves start to change and the wind picks up, when the sun starts setting before 8 PM, I find myself drawn to the same book. As the air flowing through the drafty window reminds me that it is finally autumn, I am also reminded of an intellectual struggle that seems universal; among men, and, in the case of “Grendel”, monsters as well.

I came across this novel during a very formative part of my life as a quiet student in a public high school fascinated with philosophy. As I have continued with my education, the story becomes richer and deeper, rife with literary value and philosophical inquiry.

John Gardner’s “Grendel” is a novel derived from the Old English epic poem “Beowulf”. The original poem follows the journey and victory of Beowulf, a Geat (modern-day Swedish) hero, who travels to the aid of the king of Denmark to slay the monster Grendel, who is wreaking havoc on the people. While Beowulf eventually kills Grendel with his bare hands, Gardner’s story starts earlier than this, depicting Grendel’s childhood and adolescence, his relationship with his mother and with humans, and his battle with philosophy.

Desperate for meaning, for some state of mind to cling to in such an isolating and confusing life, Grendel faces what Gardner describes as “the main ideas of Western civilization—which seemed to me to be about...twelve?”, from a purely sensible understanding of the world (as exemplified in Grendel’s mother) to the suggestion that the world exists to the extent that Grendel has a perception of it (in Beowulf’s opposition to the monster’s “lunatic theories”). Yet through all this grappling for significance, Grendel seems to possess a different voice—one of existential nihilism—inspired by Gardner’s struggle with Sarte’s philosophy: “What

happened in Grendel was that I got the idea of presenting the Beowulf monster as Jean-Paul Sartre, and everything that Grendel says, Sartre in one mood or another has said, so that my love of Sartre kind of comes through as my love of the monster, though monsters are still monsters? I hope.”

While there is certainly a more complex web of philosophy woven in Gardner’s novel, what struck me as so fascinating was the presence of certain Platonic imagery. The poet, known as “The Shaper”, constructs exaggerated tales—lies in speech, in a way—to the people, inciting them against the beast. Grendel’s mother bides her time in her cave, blind and careless to the world around her, incapable of communicating with her own son. The dragon, who believes he is to enlighten Grendel, lives in a cave of his own. And it seems that the only way for Grendel to even get close to figuring out what in the world his life means is to burn his eyes in the light, exiting the cave and its shadows. Yet, by clinging so strongly to the “lessons” learned in the cave, Grendel still dies. The light was too much to handle in his state.

When I was a freshman reading this novel during the fall break, I was astounded at the richness of such a text, at the amount of philosophical value I could pull from it after just one year at St. John’s. And the book still baffles me in some places. But I ultimately believe that this novel and its value are a testament to the beautiful work done here—the depth that can be found in a book, the philosophical truths that are interwoven into texts, and the level to which we can engage with someone else’s literary invention.

So—I heavily encourage you to pick up a copy of “Grendel” over the coming fall or winter break and give it a read. Especially now that everyone on campus will have read “The Republic”, it feels fitting to recommend a work of modern literature that demonstrates how deep the value of this program goes for its students. This book solidified my love for St. John’s and the academic discipline that we practice, and I can only hope it will ignite the same excitement in you that it does for me.



Restaurant Review: City of Pigs-Preserve

Molly Sprout

Annapolis, for being a tourist town, is a city lacking in creative food. While most restaurants fall within the same high price point (around 15-20 dollars for an entree and 10-15 dollars for a drink), you will be hard pressed to be wowed by a dish. Walking along main street, you will find many people eating brown to orange mush. The pizza mush is subpar, the Irish mush is even worse, and the sushi mush's only upside is it being different from the other mush. So, when I come across a dish that leaves me thinking about it for a week, I know I have found an anomaly. Preserve's burger has had me in a headlock since I ate it and here's why everyone should consider trying it, even considering its price (19.06 post-tax):

The dish is simple; two burger patties, pickles, some ambiguous orange sauce, cheddar, and lettuce on a butter-toasted brioche bun. On the side are house made fries and a malt vinegar aioli (I heard about this aioli and ordered it separately). The presentation is pretty humble. Just a big-ass burger and fries. But the minute you put that big-ass burger in your hands, everything changes. The buns are soft and warm and smell deeply of butter. I take a bite and feel like I am being hugged by my grandmother. The fullness of the flavor is all-consuming. The pickles hit me in a similar way to the sauce. They are tangy and salty and refuse to let the bun's butter overwhelm your mouth. The burger patties are sincere,

honest and fatty, leaving most of the taste to the toppings. The burger was messy and huge but was so good I couldn't help but finish it. When I ate this burger and even as I recall it, I am reminded of the good in the world. I am brought back to being cuddled to death by my mother and being kissed 20 times by my boyfriend. Preserve's burger is like being suffocated by love.

I recommend that everyone consider getting this burger. It is a better use of 19 dollars than a vape, an Uber Eats McDonald's order, or dare I say, most books. Try this burger and lean into the love you have once known.



Main Street, Annapolis, ca 1870. The second building from the front on the right currently is the home of Kilwins, while the buildings on the left have been replaced by the building now occupied by CVS. Preserve is located further down the street.

THIS MONTH IN HOROSCOPES (OCTOBER 2024)

Madame Quiznos

BY FOLLOWING THE TRAJECTORY OF THE THREE CARDINAL PLANETS AND MAPPING THEM OUT THROUGHOUT A PERIOD OF 35 YEARS, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO VIEW YOUR EXACT LOCATION, TIMES AND MEANS OF DEATH! Admittedly, all of these grisly events have already played out, but we all know history repeats itself. ISN'T ASTROLOGY COOL?

YOURS,

Madame QUIZNOS

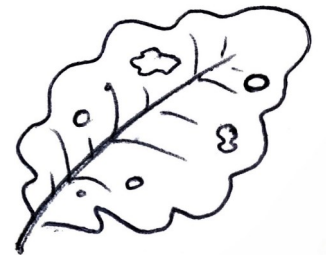
ARIES (March 21-April 19)

March 22. Rawlins, Wyoming. You've lived a turbulent life, Aries. There's always a struggle, always an injustice, but you know very well that sometimes you must do what is wrong to survive. What's wrong with that? Is self-preservation a crime? Apparently, it is, as you find yourself back in the clink. Two previous escapes have turned the law and the townsfolk against you, as in your last daring dash for freedom you ended up in a scuffle with a sheriff, which ultimately cost him his life. The distant rumble of a crowd shakes the foundation of the county jail, you can hear the mob approaching. Oh Aries, how are you gonna get out of this one? The mob enters the small jail, tossing the guards aside. Yanking you from your cell, they holler obscenities at you as you're dragged to the hanging tree at the edge of town. Noose around your neck, you're strung up as they kick the support out from under you. In their excitement, someone has tied the noose wrong. You slip through the rope; it's a tight fit. Your ears are torn off your head as you fall to the ground, bones crunching as you land in the dirt. They string you up again, once again you fall, more bone breaking ensues. Finally, the third time, you beg the townsfolk for mercy, bleeding profusely from the sides of your

head, unable to stand on two shattered legs. Finally, the third time, they let someone else tie the noose. You're once again strung up on the tree limb, feeling the rope tighten, your windpipe is crushed, and finally it's over. So much for self-preservation. Personally, I find what happens to your body post-mortem the most interesting part, as you are fashioned into a series of macabre accessories, but that's a story for another time. I suppose if preservation is the goal, you do ultimately get what you want.

TAURUS (April 20- May 20)

April 20. Brazilian Territorial Waters, Atlantic Ocean. Loyal but luxurious, Taurus will do anything to secure the creature comforts they seek for themselves and their loved ones. When



hard times hit your parish, you decide to take drastic steps to raise the money necessary to produce the pleasures you deem them worthy of, a noble pursuit. It's an idea so crazy it just might work. News outlets from around the world come to interview you, you're the talk of the town, cameras flash as you dawn your priestly attire and settle into your seat. 1000 helium balloons are tied to your small plastic throne. The bag at your side supplies you with a thermal suit, 5 days of food and water, a GPS and a small two-way radio. Your ties are cut as you ascend into the heavens, your parish cheers you on as they grow smaller and more distant. Good winds carry you far, far away, 35 miles if your GPS is to be believed. Hindsight is always 20/20, but you're starting to think maybe there were smarter ways to earn money. Good winds carry you upwards, too. You try to call your colleagues on the ground but receive no answer. You're 19,000 feet above the sea, drifting along endless blue nothingness. You make out waves below, small white crescents cut up the dark carpet below you. It's cold

up here, your fingers ache. Maybe it's nice for a while, meditative even. You have about 25 sandwiches and time to think about your relationship with God, what more could anyone need? The following week, citizens report hundreds of deflated balloons washing up on the beaches. A rainbow of latex coats the shores, and eventually, your bloated, waterlogged corpse turns up too. At least no one can say you didn't try.

GEMINI (May 21- June 20)

Cursed with immortality, forced to constantly lose any and everything you form an attachment to with no end in sight, etc etc. Suck it.

CANCER (June 21- July 22)

Date unclear, a bit drunk at the time of study. Rome, Italy. Emotional and loving, Cancer is a bit of a social butterfly. Who can say no to a party? It's a den of debauchery, but it's all in praise of Bacchus, baby! Wine-drunk and entangled between a number of other unknown party goers, the air is hot and heavy. You hear the enchanted gasps of those around you as hundreds of delicate little rose petals begin falling on the writhing mass of bodies that swallow you up like an ocean. Pink little petals continue falling as you offer your body in praise, raining down gently. Eventually, everything and everyone around you is painted with petals. They keep falling, creating a thin blanket around you. The music of the flutes grows faint as the roses keep falling, you look over towards your emperor, laughing jovially at the party goers who adorn his throne. It's unbearably cramped among the Bacchantes on the marble floor with you. The roses curl around your bodies, clinging to every nook and cranny, pulling you down, down, down deeper into the orgy. You can't tell if others are feeling the anxiety that fills your chest. Breathing is hard, you're seeing double, and you can't tell if it's the wine or something more urgent. It's a muffled

chaos as you try to claw your way out of the sea of bodies and rose petals, but it becomes too much; you choke as your breathing sputters out, as you're consumed further down into the flowery pit of panicked partygoers.

LEO (July 23- Aug 22)

April 5. Cairo, Egypt. It's an archeologist's wet dream, they're calling it the discovery of the century. Over 5,000 items, all perfectly intact, housed deep within the walls of a tomb that's been left untouched for hundreds of years. The hieroglyphics plastered across the door of the tomb mention something about a curse, but you assume it's a sign meant to deter graverobbers, not brave explorers and noble researchers such as yourself. After all, academia is notorious for always being ethical. It's perfect, mountains of treasures, supplies for the journey throughout the afterlife, and the perfectly mummified body of the Pharaoh, his organs lining the wall in their neat little jars. You technically know what's in the ornate clay urns, you're an archeologist! But you can't help yourself, you sneak a little peak at the ancient kidneys, just a little one. The day continues, hauling endless treasures out of the tomb so they may be appreciated just as God intended- solely by the English in a museum thousands of miles away from their country of origin. The next morning, you prepare yourself for the day. You comb your hair, brush your teeth, wash your face and shave off the stubble poking through your skin. You slip a bit, nicking your cheek with the razor. No matter, you've got treasure to import! Do you know how long it takes to die from blood poisoning, Leo? I always assumed it was a slow process, but I'm just an astrologer. Apparently, the answer is eight hours. You die in your tent, face infected and oozing some sort of clear, viscous liquid. After you, the rest of your expedition begins falling ill, too. One by one, all who entered the hidden tomb drop like flies. There are no survivors. A small price to pay for the pursuit of knowledge and excellent museum curation.

VIRGO (Aug 23- Sept 22)

September 13. Erwin Tennessee. A life in bondage is hardly a life to live, Virgo. The homeless man they've made your keeper sits atop your back, waving as children and townsfolk alike cheer. It's too loud here. Someone throws a bag full of peanuts at you, but acknowledgment means punishment, so you continue your march, resigned. About three miles in, it becomes too much, your hunger takes over, and you veer off course to eat some of the snacks so generously tossed at your gray, leathery face. Master hates this. His cane is plunged into your ear canal, snaking its way deep into your head. Enough of this. You toss Master off your back, crushing him under all 5 tonnes of your kitschily decorated body. Oops. The audience screams, running around in a panic, Master's master runs over, too. Your once adoring fans turn on you, calling over to the men in blue with those awful whistles that line the parade route. The men with whistles shoot into you, emptying their guns into your body. It proves futile, you've always had thick skin. You can't remember what happens next, you don't think you particularly care to, either. The next day, you're set to perform again, but they don't dress you as they usually do. This is a strange stage, too. You're ordered to a platform next to a train track, but the audience cheers, so it must be correct. The children squeal in delight as your neck is shackled, and a large hook connected to it. You ascend the heavens, pulled up slowly by your neck. Snap. You fall to the ground, spine contorting and hips buckling as you feel your body break under its own weight. The audience is silent as you let out a pathetic little sound. Master's master looks confused but assures the audience that everything is fine. Another chain is placed around your neck, the cycle repeats as you once again ascend the train yard. The



audience chants and cheers, and as your vision fades you can hear a man talking to his wife, "For six cents, what better way is there to spend a weekend?"

LIBRA (Sept 23- Oct 22)

June 4. Elmont, New York. Charming and creative, Libra loves adventure and cannot stand being bored. This leads to those ruled by the sign of the scales to be prone to picking up new and bizarre hobbies. You've never ridden a horse before, but how hard can it be? Why stop at simply riding? When taking on a new hobby, one must aim to be the best at it; if you're not immediately good at something it was a stupid hobby to begin with. This is what brings you to the racetracks. All bets are on, and you, the promising new jockey, are raking in the dough. Today's game is the steeplechase. All you and your trusty steed, Sweet Kiss, need to do is jump over a series of hurdles and small moats, no big deal. In an effort to stun the crowd, you've spent all month losing 20 pounds to show off your tight little butt in those weird white pants. The gun fires and the race is on! You're taking the lead! This is all so exciting! So exciting, in fact, that you suffer a heart attack and promptly die in the saddle. Luckily, you're strapped in tight, and Sweet Kiss pushes on, winning by a head. You did it, Libra! Your friends and family come over to congratulate you on your victory, only to watch you fall from Sweet Kiss' back and into the dirt below, dead. Your horse is promptly renamed "Sweet Kiss of Death". Technically, you did still win. You're buried with your first-place ribbon. Congrats, I guess.

SCORPIO (Oct 23- Nov 21)

November 19. South Papua, Indonesia. Congrats on getting into grad school, Scorpio! You've worked so hard; unrelated to your father being one of the wealthiest men in American history. You are studying archeology and anthropology, noble pursuits. Your quest for knowledge brings you to the

shores inhabited by the mysterious Dani and Asmat tribes. Rumors of cannibalism and headhunting run wild. Surely, they can't really be true. You approach the island in a small, wooden canoe, worried that a large, motorized boat will agitate the locals. 3 miles from shore, a wave knocks you into the shallow, cool waters. It would be pleasant if not for the sharks and saltwater crocodiles. Your colleagues watch you bob up and down in the water, unclear on if you made it to shore. Legally, you die here. If you survived the ocean and the sharks and the crocodiles, you'd be decapitated and eaten upon arriving on the beach. Sacrifice is a sad but necessary part of research; your professor says somberly. Your poor mother can't accept this fate, however- there's too much room for error, too much speculating to be done. After 15 years, she snaps and sends a private eye to follow in your footsteps. Sadly, he reports back to your bereaved mother that upon arriving at the island, he entered a trade deal with the natives. For his boat's engine he received "the skull of the only white man ever killed on the island"- case closed, I suppose. Let's say you drowned. Let's ignore the pictures published 15 years after your disappearance depicting a bizarrely Caucasian man, blue-eyed and towheaded, fishing and laughing alongside the cannibals of Dutch New Guinea.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22- Dec 21)

October 24. Buenos Aires, Argentina. I must admit, I am unclear which soul is yours, Sag. You are known to march to the beat of your own drum, so I understand how difficult it is for you to lose the spotlight at the end of your life, but I am simply the messenger. A boy's beloved poodle plays with him in their small apartment on the 13th floor. Slipping through the bars of the balcony, the dog plummets to the concrete below as his owner watches in abject terror. On the bustling sidewalk below, an older woman is taking her daily walk, when, suddenly, her skull is bashed in by 6 pounds of toy-poodle hurdling toward the earth, who also dies as its spine is snapped

over the woman's head. Another woman takes notice of this horrific scene, stopping dead in her tracks. Unfortunately, her tracks happened to overlap with those of the trolley, and she is struck by a streetcar, crushed between its wheels. At this point, the block is in chaos, and many residents have taken to calling emergency services. The man who owns the local pharmacy leaves his post, running out into the crowd, attempting to take in his surroundings. Engines and sirens blaze, the boy can be heard crying for his poor puppy 13 floors above, the people on the trolley are in hysterics, most of all the driver, who is attempting to pull the woman's mangled remains from under the street car, and it all suddenly becomes too much. The pharmacist keels over, clutching his chest, his heart gives on the concrete before paramedics can get to him. Business as usual.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22- Jan 19)

December 21. Tokyo, Japan. Money-minded and goal oriented, Capricorn works hard for their finances. Taking a job in a nuclear plant has never been a very advisable career path, but it pays well and is allegedly the future of clean energy- why stop progress? Inevitably, as in all workplaces, something breaks. Poor Capricorn just happens to be the person closest to the reactor. You're rushed to the nearest hospital, dazed and confused as your skin burns from the inside. Miraculously, you're alive! They tell you you're the most irradiated person in all of human history. Wow! Isn't that interesting? They use that word a lot... Everything about you is 'interesting'. The days pass as you hope to recover, but you find your condition worsening. Your breathing stops no less than five times in the first week, but doctors work tirelessly to keep bringing you back. As the days turn to weeks, a number of tests are done on you. The thirst is unending. The doctors learn that your bone marrow has somehow evaporated and keep trying to give you transfusions. With every attempt at transfusion, they find that whatever marrow they give you turns into a thin, black paste. They also tell you,

with an air of academic euphoria that only scientists can carry about them, that your chromosomes have broken. No one knows exactly what this means. Weeks turn to months, and as they perform more tests, your skin begins to fall off, shedding like paper at the slightest touch. Your exposed muscles blister as if still burning once they make contact with the air. Eventually, eating becomes too painful, they feed you intravenously. The thirst continues. Your breathing stops too many times to count, but they keep bringing you back. After 83 days, your family convinces the doctors to realize how inhumane this is. They look at each other, lips drawn tight, sort of shrugging and nodding among themselves, acknowledging the savagery of it but hesitant to stop their research. Finally, the plug is pulled, your saviors are merciful, they allow nature to take its course, and you are free from your eternally burning body.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20- Feb 18)

Date unknown, sky not visible due to clouds. Nishapur, Iran. You are a holy and devout man. You are studious and passionate and have dedicated your life to



preserving your native Arabic, painstakingly individually handwriting over 40,000 entries into your dictionary. Nothing is ever as calm as it seems, though. In your writing you often find your mind wandering. There is a bird in your chest. It's growing bigger every day, and soon it will be your exact size, pushing out your bones and muscles and organs to make room for its own feathery body. Its thoughts are your thoughts. It yearns to fly with its brothers. In your down time, you've been building a fantastic set of wings. Intricate and thin wires trickle down leather-like veins, articulated like great, nimble fingers. You climb to the roof of your Mosque, shaking with anticipation as you tighten the harness around your chest. The bird is taking up almost all the space in

your body now, frantically hopping around, giddy to take flight. You take one long look at the city that sprawls out below you, and you allow the bird to grow into your brain, flinging yourself from the roof. For a brief moment, the wind catches under your wings, carrying you through the sky. In your infinite wisdom, you didn't account for other buildings, though. Thunk.

PISCES (Feb 19- March 20)

September 11. London, England. Sensitivity is often seen as a criticism of those under the fish, but it can also be a blessing. Offended by injustice, Pisces lives to speak their truth and call out inequality where they see it. After having to leave your homeland, you've built up an illustrious career reporting on the crimes of the government that destabilized the region. You're an acclaimed author but have taken a liking to your radio reporting position at the BBC. You're a brutally honest critic, and your native Bulgaria isn't too happy with all the negative press you've been giving them. It's a typical rainy day, your commute is nothing out of the ordinary, but today on the tube, you run into someone. It's not a long interaction, but they do accidentally poke you with the rather sharp tip of their umbrella. They apologize to you profusely, but you assure them it's alright, it's a very crowded train. The day continues normally, though you must admit, the studio is unusually warm today. Your fellow radio host mocks you for being so sweaty, but with the ringing in your ears you can't really focus on what he's saying. You try to stand, to grab a glass of water or open a window but are met with the carpeted floor of your studio. They rush you to the hospital, where your health seems only to decline. No one can figure out what's wrong with you, but your kidneys and liver are failing rapidly. This is the highest honor a journalist can receive. After 4 days, your body finally gives up, overworked. Yet another win for the KGB.

Two

Nick Jordan

Do not recede like the tide
You human being that the sun has struck
green like leaves in brightness

For you of all must know
The world is a rose
Its thorns prick
Its growth ensnares
Its flower crimson like the blood it brings

But I beg you stop to scent them
Nonetheless
To not recede
Not to flee
To the sea
Amongst the shells
Between the reeds
For you are loved
Held to the breast of the wind
In deepest green
Loved with dappling forest lights
With rolling waters
Let the tide roll you in
Clothed by the weeds
Rolling
with the wind and water

Starcows

Ella Jacky

Lucretius (trans. Esolen)
"Or maybe, from somewhere beyond the World, a
wind
Impels the fire to turn; or the stars themselves
Mosey to where their grazing lands invite
them." (Book V, v521-524)



The stars themselves mosey
Forever always
Seek spatial star pastures
In which to stargraze
With fresh ripened stardust
And rolling dark plains
Spackled with starflowers
And waves upon waves
Of tender lush comets
With trailing gray maize
A vast blossoming void
For starcalves to play
And glowing green meadows
For starry black days
A good space for starcows
To happily graze

Reluctant Optimist: Which Campus is Sillier, Annapolis or Santa Fe?

Tamar Pinsky

“Annapolis is collegiate; Santa Fe is weird” is what Nate Burke told me, Burke being a junior who did his freshman year in Santa Fe, and myself being a proud Annapolis-er ever curious about our sister campus. Seeing as Burke decided to stay in Annapolis after the trial Sophomore year, I expected to be validated in my baseless view of Annapolis’ superiority.

Maybe not entirely unbacked, in that I do have plenty of reasons to like the Annapolis campus. But having never been to Santa Fe, it would have been unfair to assume that the grass here is greener, or that the grass there is.

I had to find out more, so I continued to badger Burke, as well as junior Seohyun Lee, who transferred to Annapolis this year, about their experiences in Santa Fe and Annapolis.

“Dead poets society, 80s vintage, Ralph Lauren polos, dark academia – that’s what I mean by collegiate. The people here are so serious,” Burke elaborated. “The Santa Fe campus does not have the same level of cohesion – anything could happen at any time. Santa Fe has much more of an original creative spirit; beseeching people to go against the grain, establish their identities, and be loud about it.”

(I had thought that the Annapolis campus had this quality already, but according to Burke, in Santa Fe it is more intense and apparent.)

For Lee, the eminent word for Santa Fe is “freedom.” Lee started her freshman year in January (an option only available in Santa Fe) and so she spent her second semester on campus with only 18 people including herself. With nowhere to traipse off to, they had a blast being alone on campus.

“The remoteness makes people so silly – more remoteness, more freedom, more silliness,” Lee told

me. She told me of their “dancing on the roof” shenanigans that were never shut down, because “the police never know what’s going on on the mountain.”

Burke and Lee relished relating aspects of weirdness and freedom in Santa Fe. They told me that even the proceedings of class displayed the strange and unconfined spirit of Santa Fe, and not just in that students would show up with the wackiest of outfits.

Lee admitted that in Santa Fe classrooms, “sometimes, I just immediately don’t like when people say something, I know it to be wrong.” She clarified this to be a good thing -- “but it is interesting to see how their world works, and exciting to try and combine their ideas with my own.”

Burke agreed, saying that the crazy diversity lent itself to just about any thought being put on the table. Both Lee and Burke found Annapolis classes to be a bit more straight-edge and daunting; feeling that there was less space for unsure questioning; everyone was so prepared with definite statements.

“Annapolis needs a little bit more silliness,” posited Burke. Annapolis lacks the outlandish characters of Santa Fe, the diverse opinions, not to mention the crazy Santa Fe events of Symposium and the Funeral Games. The main source of silliness in Annapolis, Burke remarked, is finding absurdity in seriousness. Taking a soccer game way too seriously because others consider losing as “it’s all over,” sitting in on a DC meeting because it is hilariously serious, etc. Whereas, in Santa Fe, everything is already, on its face absurd.

Lee thought that the ideal situation would be a mix of Santa Fe and Annapolis – “we need to find a healthy balance.” I wanted to agree, and yet I could not help

but feel intrigued by the Santa Fe campus. I want to go to Santa Fe, played over and over in my head.

Of course, I know that “the grass is always greener.” I had told myself that I would not fall for the shiny new toy of the unknown, but it turned out I was even more susceptible to it because of my sour grapes attitude – with so many reasons not to transfer, Santa Fe became out of reach, and I reassured myself that Annapolis was just as good, if not better. It is no wonder that upon hearing Burke and Lee reminisce, I wanted that which was praised. Now I just have to see if it can fit into my plans... Or maybe I ought to go no matter what, seeing as Burke’s final words of advice were “if you’re interested in the other campus, GO.”

Unexpected Dual/Group Halloween Costumes

Tamar Pinsky

Raccoon and Trash

Hot [water knob] and Cold [water knob]

Carrot and Stick (the donkey is tacit)

Neapolitan Ice Cream and Napoleon

Man, Van, and Tan (they “go” together)

A Black Dot and Fish (two pupils)

Two Halves of a Mustache

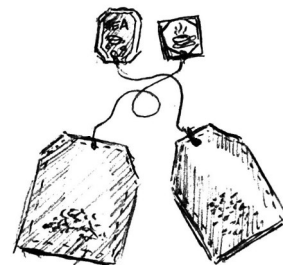
Pound of Feathers and Pound of Bricks

Bell Pepper and Black Pepper

Fireplace and Chandelier



President Richard Weigel with his wife, Mary boarding a plane to attend the groundbreaking ceremony in Santa Fe. 1963



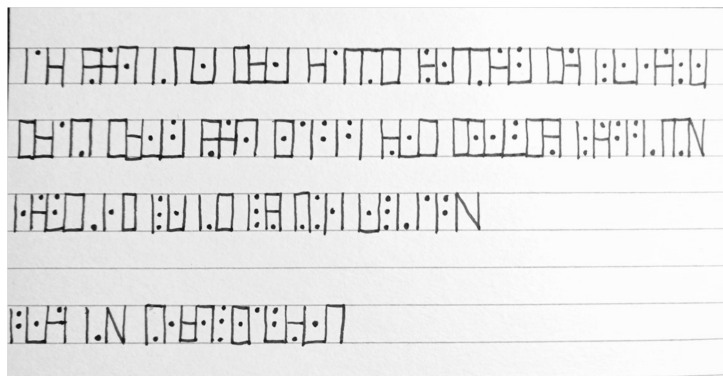
cut from that cloth

By Natalie Goldman

There are only so many days
Left, and write is all I did,
Making good of an evil prospect,
I guess. We were friends
In the way a nail befriends a hammer—
By settling into its rhythm,
Metal driving metal.

Waiting is a sin,
But I'm not sure what else to do
With the time that remains.
Someday, there will be something
Else.

Summer nights are thin, but not light,
And I am cut
Was cut from that cloth.
So I shall need a new coat.
I am no longer protected
By my own.



A Code

Your Campus This Week

Friday, October 18th:

- ♦ Friday Nigh Lecture, 7:30 pm, FSK Auditorium.
Pursuing the Tiniest Bits of Matter: The Legacy
of Democritus from Quarks to Cancer by Cynthia
Keppel

Tuesday, October 22nd:

- ♦ Internship Funding Information Session, Hodson
Conference Room, 3:45

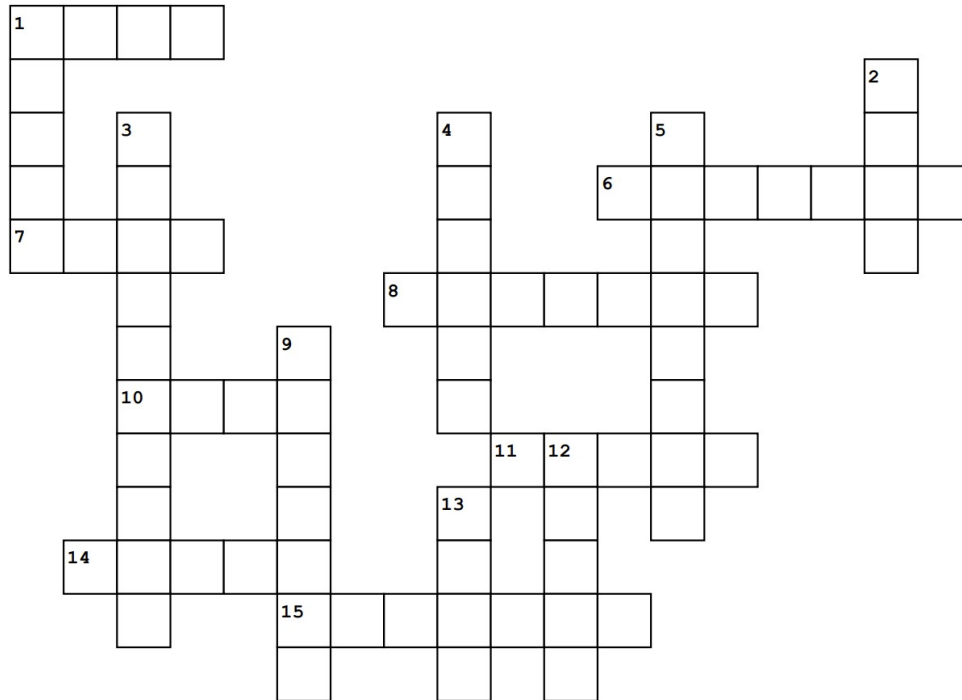
Seminar Readings

	10/17	10/21
Freshmen	Plato: Republic, I–II 367E	Plato: Republic, II 367E–IV 427C
Sophomores	Tacitus: Annals, IV–VI	Epictetus: Handbook
Juniors	Leibniz: Philosophical Essays, see official list	Leibniz: see official list for essays and selections
Seniors	Kierkegaard: Philosophical Fragments, I–III	Kierkegaard: Philosophical Fragments, IV–end



The Mysterious Doctor Sajoco, by Sean Stickle.
Originally Printed February 7th, 1995

Biblical Characters



Across

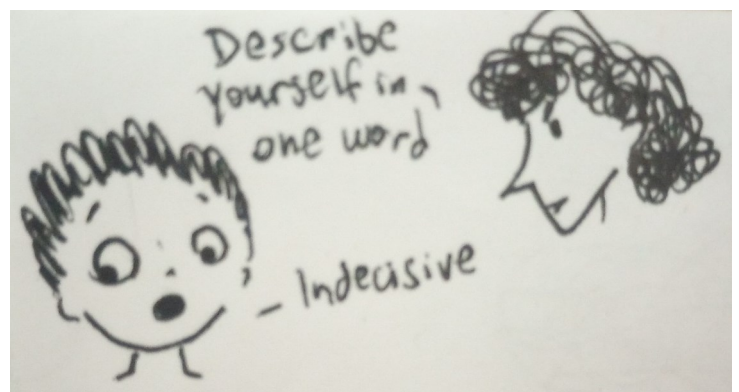
1. avid letter writer
6. only weakness is a slingshot
7. daughter-in-law of Naomi
8. wife to Isaac
10. father to 5 down
11. mother of Ishmael, concubine of Abraham
14. notorious laugher, mother of Isaac
15. son of David and essayer of a coup d'état

Down

1. denied Jesus three times
2. lesser known son of Adam and Eve
3. son of Enoch, oldest person recorded in the Bible
4. owner of a beautiful rainbow coat
5. close friend and love of David
9. the first of Job's friends to mistakenly intervene
12. due to Moses' trouble speaking, he functioned as his 'prophet'
13. ship builder and zoo keeper



Cartoon by
Polina
Vatralskaia, left.



Scary Question
Tamar Pinsky



*Hot dog! Jackson Green grilling post-seminar.
Photo by Helen Wagner*

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