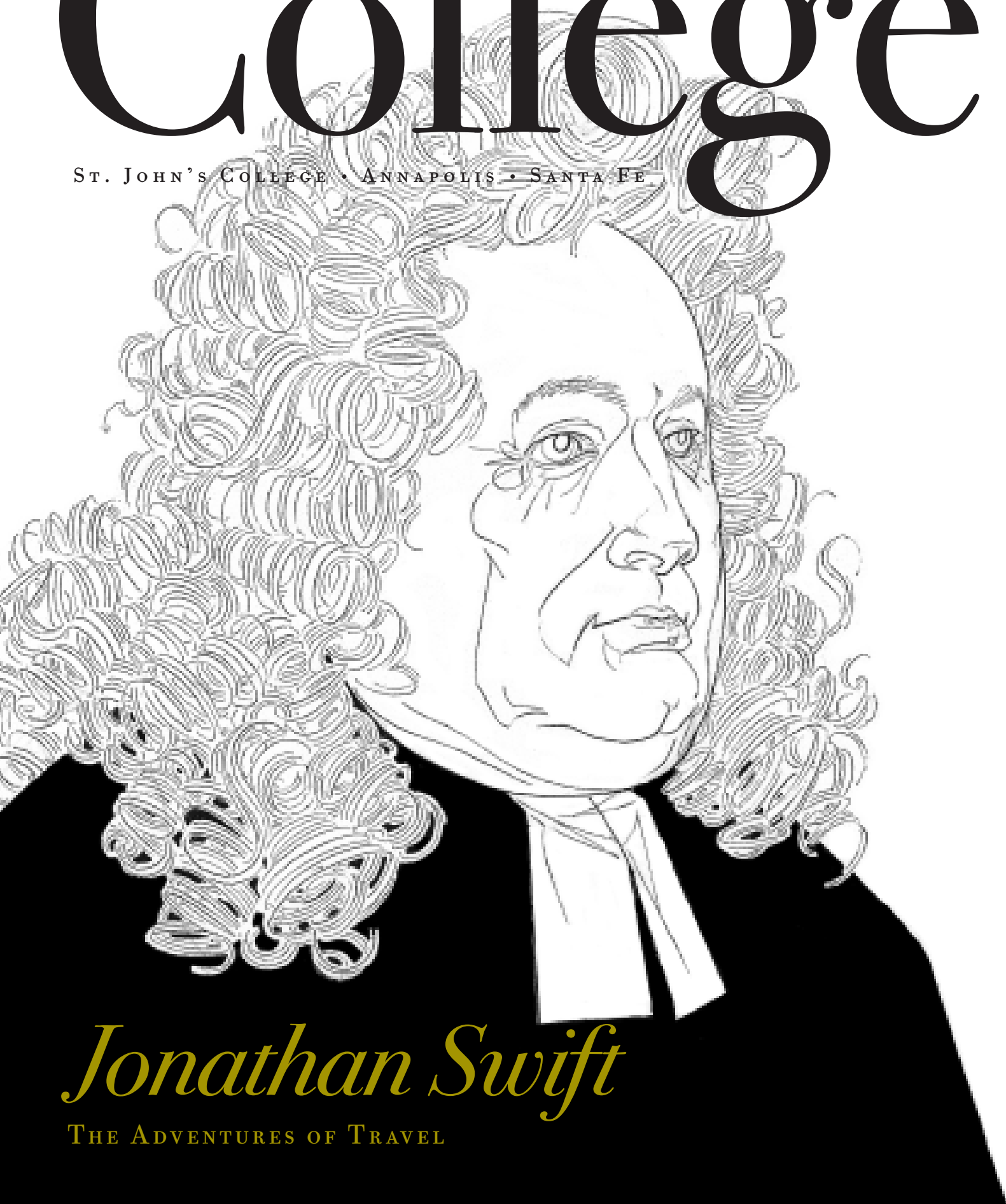


# THE College

FALL 2004

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE • ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE



*Jonathan Swift*

THE ADVENTURES OF TRAVEL



hat does it mean to be human? is one of the questions often discussed in St. John's seminars. In a seminar on *Gulliver's Travels*, the question could be expressed in this way: Are human beings good and rational creatures, or just a step above wild beasts?

Gulliver's odyssey begins among the tiny Lilliputians who fight with their neighbors over whether an egg should be broken on the small end or the big end. Finding himself a tiny being among giants in Brobdingnag, he suffers the indignity of being carried away by a monkey. Among the ridiculous scholars of the Academy in Lagado, he learns of a scientist's eight-year attempt to draw sunlight from cucumbers. By his final stop in a land where horses are gentle, rational beings, and men are vile, greedy brutes, he has seen enough to conclude bitterly that man falls far short of the ideal.

Swift was born of English parents in Dublin on November 30, 1667. His father died shortly before Swift was born, leaving him dependent on the generosity of uncles. (He feared poverty throughout his life and was quite a penny-pincher.) Swift studied at Kilkenny Grammar School and at Trinity College in Dublin, and later received an M.A. from Oxford. At the age of 22, he went to live at Moor Park in Surrey, where he served as a secretary to Sir William Temple. There he began a very close friendship with Esther Johnson, the daughter of Temple's housekeeper, that lasted until her death. (Swift had another long relationship with a woman, Esther Vanhomrigh, but he never married.)

In 1695, Swift was ordained in the Church of Ireland in Dublin. During the reign of Queen Anne, Swift was a celebrated figure in the literary and political life of London, becoming editor of the Tory journal *The Examiner* in 1710. He harbored great aspirations for a political career, but when Anne died in 1714, and George I came to power, the Tories lost their influence and Swift found himself outside the political power structure. He reluctantly returned to Ireland, where he was dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Though he felt like an exile in Ireland, Swift identified with the poverty and misery of the Irish people. Few anthologies of satirical literature fail to include Swift's "A Modest Proposal," written in 1729, which sets forth a logical argument for ending Ireland's poverty by breeding infants for food.

Swift suffered from Ménière's disease, which left him dizzy—a "giddiness" as he described it—that he feared was madness. He was declared senile in his last years, and died on October 19, 1745.

In many ways, Gulliver is a model traveler. He endeavors to understand the local customs and the native language of his captors and companions, and he is patient and diplomatic. In describing his culture to others, he gains insights into his own. Because he recognizes that Yahoo qualities persist in supposedly civilized men, Gulliver returns from his last voyage with a profound disgust for humanity. He can no longer tolerate the sight of his fellow man—even his own wife and children: "[M]y memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror."

In this issue of *The College* magazine, intrepid Johnnie travelers share their perceptions about living in a new and unfamiliar culture. Their observations of interesting sights and sounds and experiences are made richer by the questions they pursue about themselves in other cultures.

—RH



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ANNAPOLIS · SANTA FE

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# THE College

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ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE

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*Jonathan Swift*  
Illustration by David Johnson

## THE CALIFORNIA PROPERTY: *A Happy Ending at Last*

Standing on a hill high atop what used to be the Marks Ranch, it's hard not to feel a twinge of regret at what might have been—a cluster of picturesque dormitories here, an academic building there, a playing field bordering the state park. The view from these golden hills is of a scenic valley, and beyond that the city of Monterey and the Pacific Ocean. More than 30 years ago, the Marks family, enamored of the St. John's program, donated this spectacular 850-acre property to the college for possible development for a California campus. The ensuing decades saw extensive studies—topographical, geographical, seismographical, political—followed by a decision by the college that the property was less than an ideal site for a campus. Most of the property was too steep to build on, and infrastructure would be too expensive.

A report issued in 1990 by the Monterey Campus Feasibility Committee of the Board of Visitors and Governors, chaired by Warren Winiarski (class of 1952), concluded that a Califor-

nia campus was not in the picture. That led the college to investigate selling the property to a developer—a decision unfortunately timed to a groundswell of opposition to growth in Monterey County. For years, several Annapolis and Santa Fe presidents and other college officers, assisted by members of the board, weighed the need to make the best business decision for St. John's with protecting the college's good name in the face of opposition from well-organized conservation and citizens' groups.

The resolution came last summer, when St. John's sold the property to the Big Sur Land Trust, a nonprofit organization that conserves the lands and waters of California's central coast. The agreement also included California State University, which claimed a 22 percent interest in the property through one of the many legal actions and settlements that evolved over the years. (CSU was to get the land if St. John's didn't build a college.) The Big Sur Land Trust—which is paying off the \$4.5-million purchase price of the property in install-

ments over the next three years—will draw from neighboring communities to seek a vision for the property as well as the financial means for carrying the vision out.

Susanna Danner, conservation project manager for the Big Sur Land Trust, took time last summer to offer a tour of

*“It was an excellent resolution.”*

ROBLEY LEVY, CLASS OF 1956

what used to be one of the most productive chicken ranches in the county—a family business led by matriarch Nisene Marks, whose children deeded the property to St. John's. The land is still leased for cattle grazing, and a geologist initially hired by St. John's, and now employed by the Trust, runs his business out of the Marks Hacienda and helps keep intruders away. Over the years, the ranch has attracted illegal campers and lots of debris: an abandoned bus, old appliances, barrels of some unidentified fluid.

Up on higher ground, Danner points out the boundaries of Toro County Park and the hiking trails that extend into the canyon and the back country. Dotted with coastal live oak and chamise chaparral trees, the area offers a habitat for wildlife including mountain lions, bobcats, foxes, and many different species of birds, including golden eagles. Part of the Marks property may be eventually joined to the park. “On three-day weekends, the park routinely turns away visitors, and there's no money for new park development in the

county,” Danner says.

On one border of the property is a visible sign of why the college faced fierce opposition to selling the land for development: luxury houses in the Las Palmas subdivision that are wedged into the hillside. St. John's had a contract with the subdivision's developer, the Fletcher Company, that gave the company a 20-year option to develop the property. A combination of forces emerging at the same time would have made development difficult, says Robley Levy (class of 1956), a former Santa Cruz County commissioner who served on the college's Board of Visitors and Governors until recently. But the cut-and-fill development near the Marks Ranch was probably the biggest reason the issue became an emotional one.

“People were happy with the first phase of the (Las Palmas) development,” Levy says. “But the cut-and-fill development of phase two, that's what drove the neighbors nuts. It's classical for Southern California, but for people in this area, it's not the accepted way to develop property.”

A conservation group called Land Watch made the Marks Ranch one of its major issues. The group capitalized on ideals of the St. John's Program—truth, justice, integrity—in its campaign rhetoric. Levy says the board anticipated some resistance, but never such a vituperative attack. Alumni were among those who wrote letters and signed petitions in opposition to development.

“It might have been possible before all of the bad news got out to have a compromise where a portion of the lower part of the property could have been developed—if St. John's had been willing to wait,” Levy says. “But I don't think the college is really suited to be a developer.” Levy was co-chair of the



THE ROLLING HILLS OF THE MARKS RANCH WERE TOO STEEP FOR A CAMPUS.

*continued on p. 3*

## GILLIAM HALL: A NEW DORM OPENS IN ANNAPOLIS

On November 11, when the college officially dedicates its newest dormitory, some special guests will join the St. John's campus community in celebrating this milestone. Among them will be the family of James H. Gilliam Jr., for whom the building is named. Mr. Gilliam was a member of the Board of Trustees of The Hodson Trust from 2000 until his sudden death last summer at the age of 58. Generous funding from the Hodson Trust helped the College build the dormitory, which houses 48 students. A second group includes the entire board of The Hodson Trust, particularly its chairman, Finn Caspersen, who will speak at the dedication.

A third group comes to honor Mr. Gilliam as an African-American businessman and civic leader, a man who was devoted to public service and to improving higher education opportunities for minority students. They are the first seven African-American graduates of the college: Martin Dyer (class of 1952), Leo L. Simms (class of 1956), Everett Wilson (class of 1956), Joan Cole (class of 1957), Carolyn Baker Brown (class of 1958), Jerry Hynson (class of 1959), and Charlotte King (class of 1959). All seven are expected to attend the dedication ceremony.

Mr. Gilliam's widow, Dr. Linda G. J. Gilliam, and his father, James H. Gilliam Sr., will be present for the dedication ceremony. James H. Gilliam Jr. graduated from Morgan State University in 1967 and earned a law degree in 1970 from Columbia University's School of Law. After

practicing law in New York, he joined a law firm in Wilmington, Del. He joined the Beneficial Corporation in 1979 as vice president-legal, rising to executive vice president and general counsel. He was appointed to Beneficial's Board of Directors in 1984 and to its executive committee in 1987.

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JAMES GILLIAM WAS A PHILANTHROPIST, BUSINESSMAN, AND FRIEND OF THE COLLEGE.



DAVID TROZZO  
A CLASS-ENCLOSED COMMON ROOM IN GILLIAM HALL OFFERS SPLENDID VIEWS OF COLLEGE CREEK.

An attorney and private investor, Mr. Gilliam served on a number of nationally recognized boards, namely, Household International Inc., T. Rowe Price Group Inc., Howard Hughes Medical Institute, and National Geographic Society. A longtime resident of Delaware, he also served as chairman of the Governor's Judicial Nominating Commission of the State of Delaware, chair of the Administrative Enhancement Committee of the Delaware Supreme Court, and as a member of the executive committee and board of the Medical Center of Delaware.

"Jim Gilliam was a particularly good friend to the College, and we are pleased that in this way he will become a permanent part of our community," says Christopher B. Nelson, president. "Having the College's first seven African-American graduates present for the ceremony honors both Mr. Gilliam's memory and the College's decision to open its doors to them at a time when segregation was the rule rather than the exception in Maryland. They have remained devoted to the college and its ideals," he adds.

The addition of Gilliam Hall allows the college to house 350 students on campus. In addition, the College reduced the number of triple dorm rooms from 18 to 13 and created a new common room with a kitchen in Humphreys. Construction begins this fall on a second dormitory, which will house 32 students and should be ready for students by December 2005. ❀

(continued)

California property committee with another former board member, Stephen Feinberg (HSF96), and their time and expertise were instrumental in getting St. John's out of the Fletcher contract and into negotiations with Big Sur. Board members Thomas Stern (SF68) and Robert Bienenfeld

(SF80) were also involved at one point. "It was an excellent resolution," says Levy.

Annapolis President Christopher Nelson (SF70), whose many years as a lawyer were an asset in negotiations, was relieved to see the college's days as a California property owner coming to a close.

Proceeds from the sale will go to the Santa Fe Initiative, a

project to address some of the critical needs—from new science laboratories to funding for student internships—of the college's Western campus.

Just days before the agreement was announced, Nelson was still getting e-mails from Californians urging him to "Save the Marks Ranch." He was clearly pleased to be able to write back with the news of the

Big Sur agreement. "Some 13 years ago, our board determined that the property be put to its highest and best use. That's just exactly what we see this to be," Nelson said. ❀

— ROSEMARY HARTY



## NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

### NEW TUTORS

**CHRISTIAN HOLLAND (A84)** joined the faculty in Annapolis. After graduating from St. John's, Holland went to Rome, where he earned a degree in theology from the Pontifical Gregorian Institute and a degree in biblical studies from the Pontifical Biblical Institute. He has taught at the Monastery of Chevetogne in Belgium, at the Greek College in Rome, and at Emory University, where he earned his Ph.D. in comparative literature. In his research and teaching, he has specialized in biblical and patristic studies, postwar French philosophy, and theology.

In Santa Fe, **TRAVIS COOK** joined the faculty. He earned bachelor's and master's degrees in political science from the

University of Maine and Boston College. He is currently completing a doctorate in political science at Loyola University in Chicago. His dissertation is titled, "Shaftesbury and the Ancients: the Enduring Concern for the Noble and the Just." Before joining the St. John's community, he was the assistant director of the Social Philosophy and Policy Center at Bowling Green State University.

### AALE ACCREDITATION

St. John's College in June joined a select group of colleges to receive accreditation by the American Academy for Liberal Education, a national organization dedicated to strengthening and promoting undergraduate liberal education through accreditation of liberal arts insti-



**JOHN AGRESTO (RIGHT)** NEEDED FLAK JACKETS AND ARMORED BODY GUARDS FOR HIS WORK IN IRAQ.

tutions and programs.

The AALE joined the Middle States Association in a review of the college's self-study, and the two accrediting bodies made a visit to the college together last fall. At its June meeting, the academy granted the college in Annapolis full institutional accreditation. The AALE's standards for accreditation center on "a program's demonstrated ability to instill and develop in its students the characteristics of liberally educated persons," characteristics that include "an ability to reason clearly and effectively about important questions and issues, the acquisition of a rich fund of meaningful knowledge, and an inclination for seeking out and acquiring knowledge and skills."

### AGRESTO AND IRAQ

"We've been bombed two nights in a row, and I expect more of the same tonight," **JOHN AGRESTO** wrote from Iraq last November. The former president of the Santa Fe campus was just a few months into his post as senior adviser to the Iraqi Ministry of Higher Education, and in the e-mail to his colleagues back in the states, he wrote about how the war affected his daily life. "To go to the Ministry or to a university I have to travel in a secure car with at least one shooter—usually my driver has a pistol in his lap. I'm both preceded and followed by two

armored humvees with two gunners in each and a soldier with a machine gun on the roof."

Once the most modern in the Middle East, Iraq's institutions of higher learning withered under Saddam Hussein, and after his regime fell, they were further weakened by looting and vandalism. Agresto determined that the universities needed \$1.2 billion to become viable again, but the reconstruction package approved by Congress last year allocated only \$8 million for higher education, which Agresto directed to the construction of new science labs. He attempted to raise the remainder himself from the international community without success.

Nevertheless, when he left Iraq in June, Agresto could report that some goals were achieved. These included reopening the universities; decentralizing the ministry and empowering the academic community through an academic bill of rights; removing admissions restrictions on female students; reestablishing Fulbright and other scholarship opportunities; and establishing three "American universities" in the Kurdish region of Iraq. ❀

— BETH SCHULMAN

## IN MEMORIAM

The college lost three members of the Annapolis campus community late in the summer. (*The College* will publish complete obituaries in the Winter 2005 issue.)

- On August 17, former assistant dean and tutor emerita **BARBARA LEONARD** died. Leonard—an honorary member of the class of 1955—came to St. John's in 1951 with the first class of female students. She had the important role of counseling, guiding, and supporting students throughout the years. She retired in 1987 after serving the college for 36 years.
- Tutor emerita **BEATE RUHM VON OPPEN (HA01)**, who was a tutor at the college from 1960 to 2003, died at her home in Annapolis on August 10. Born in Switzerland, she was raised in Germany and left the country at the age of 16 as the Nazis were rising to power. She earned her degree at the University of Birmingham and during World War II worked for the British Foreign Office. She moved to the United States in the late 1950s. Her book *Letters to Freya*, which captures the story of Nazi resister Helmuth James von Moltke, won the Scholl Prize, a prestigious literary award in Germany.
- Former tutor **ALFRED MOLLIN** died at his home in Philadelphia on August 22. Mollin taught at St. John's in the 1970s, but many more Johnnies know him from the Greek manual he co-wrote with tutor emeritus **ROBERT WILLIAMSON (HA02)**. After leaving the college, Mollin earned a law degree from the University of Maryland School of Law. From 1978 until his retirement in 2001 he was an appellate lawyer with the Civil Division of the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington, D.C. ❀

## SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

ELIHU DIETZ (Ao6) and CHELSIA WHEELER (SF03) are among the true believers in the value of the Career Services offices on both campuses.

Dietz spent the summer at a castle in Italy after spotting an advertisement for an internship in the Annapolis Career Services newsletter. Wheeler gained a lead on a graduate fellowship program, including a Capitol Hill internship, through the Santa Fe office. Here are their reports:

### READING RETREAT

I found "Reading Retreats in Rural Italy," a utopia for the socially awkward and artistically driven, last March through the Career Services newsletter *Praxis*. The notice was a laconic plea for anyone interested in performing remedial tasks for the upkeep of a 14th-century castle in exchange for cheap room and board and good conversation with international artists, book lovers, and travelers of all ilk. Believing it was too good to be true, I was determined to get in touch with the owner, Clark Lawrence.

Five days later, I received a request for my resumé from Clark; six weeks later, I was on my way to Italy, to the Castle of Galeazza, where I lived for the next three months.

There were four guest rooms and up to ten guests staying at the castle at a time. The first few days, my chores of watering and weeding the gardens, making up the rooms for the new arrivals, and feeding the cat were accompanied by the echoes of

the two pianists practicing their program for the upcoming concert on the following Saturday.

About every two weeks, the castle hosted a classical music concert (sometimes followed by tractor rides through the woods) and an open gallery displaying the works of six or seven painters from Moscow, Berlin, and Athens.

On my two to three days off a week, I was just as likely to sit with a book or talk with guests as I was to take an overnight trip to Venice or Ravenna. While the daytime was usually spent awing over the Alexandria Quartet or Cide Hamete Benengeli's masterpiece, dinners were always time for all the guests to come together and to tell stories or listen to Clark's amusing antics.

People listened to each other, drank with each other, and lived art (in all kinds of mediums) with one another. Every guest who came, like every student who comes to St. John's, was a member of a community by the simple fact that they came willing to share their own thoughts and humor. All Johnnies love a great book but along with that they value a community of

people willing to learn from others. It was lovely to experience a place where people took time out to enjoy life and simply live.

Early this fall, yet another Johnnie will be there, Anna Schall (Ao7), who will take my place as an intern for three months.

—ELIHU DIETZ

### SERVING THE PEOPLE

"Well you see," said the woman on the other end of the line, "I am 64 years old, and I don't have a lot of money. I fly my plane down to the Virgin Islands a few times a year to stay in my house there. But I have some business to conduct with the timeshare company, and I can't afford to call them. Could you please call from your office and represent me?"

It was a typical day in the office of the Hon. Donna M. Christensen, U.S. Virgin Islands delegate to Congress. But, as a St. John's College graduate, I have excellent skills in diplomatically avoiding the direct request. After hearing a long, unsolicited medical history of my caller, I agreed that if she sent information to our office, we would write a letter. She never sent the information.

Margaret Odell of the Santa Fe Career Services office

pointed me toward this wonderful opportunity last winter. I was teaching English in Korea as a break from academia after graduation. The Charles B. Rangel International Affairs Fellowship Program provides an expenses-paid Summer Enrichment Program for six weeks at Howard University, then an internship for six weeks on Capitol Hill; then tuition, room, and board for two years of graduate study; then a summer internship at a U.S. embassy abroad; and finally, a five-year contract as a Foreign Service officer in the State Department. It fit perfectly my passion for traveling and learning. I can never thank Margaret enough for pointing me in the right direction.

The congresswoman's office contained a colorful mix of people, mostly from the Virgin Islands. One man argued on the phone with his girlfriend for hours on end. Another smoked out of the window of the federal building. And another spoke passionately of his readings of Kant and his search for the greater Good. (A Johnnie at heart.) I was amazed that I could find such a wonderful mix of people even in a congressional office, not to mention the constituents who called and wrote with strange requests every day.

Now I am off on another adventure. I have just started graduate studies at American University to earn a master's degree in International Affairs. The experience should prove another interesting new endeavor for a Johnnie. ❀

—CHELSIA C. WHEELER



AT LEFT, ELIHU DIETZ'S SUMMER CASTLE. AT RIGHT, CHELSIA WHEELER MEETS COLIN POWELL.

## A \$4 MILLION VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

Texas businessman Stephen Feinberg (HSF96) was spending a lot of time in Santa Fe and Albuquerque in 1977, when a good friend told him about a small liberal arts college in Santa Fe that deserved his attention. Richard Weigle, president of both campuses at the time, and vice president J. Burchenal Ault (HSF83) were successful in persuading Feinberg to serve on the college's Board of Visitors and Governors.

Feinberg joined the board at a time when the young campus

was still experiencing growing pains. "I was somewhat concerned when I attended my first board meeting, and the president said he didn't know if the college had enough funds to make the payroll," recalls Feinberg. "I wondered if I'd gotten myself into a situation that I really didn't want to be in."

Feinberg's concerns about the campus turned out to be short-lived, and in July he expressed his unqualified confidence in the management of St. John's College by announcing a \$4 million gift to

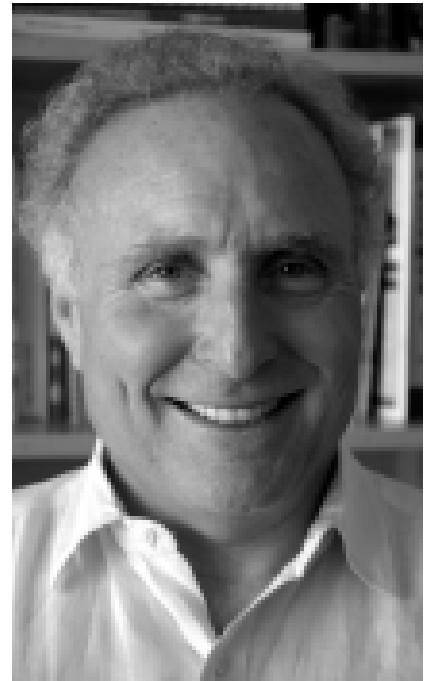
the endowment. "I have seen the college evolve into a very well-managed organization, a strong and stable organization," he says. He hopes that his gift will spur additional investments in the college.

"We, as community members, have a great responsibility to this college," says Feinberg, who lives part of the year in Santa Fe and part in El Paso, Texas.

He finished his fourth term on the board earlier this year. It took him several years to get "fully engaged" on the board, says Feinberg. When the board began to tap his expertise in real estate and finance—with tremendous results—his involvement grew. In turn, he became more aware of important issues facing faculty, staff, and students at St. John's. He became more involved in the intellectual life of the college as well, attending Executive Seminars, community seminars in Santa Fe, and rarely missing a session of Summer Classics. His admiration for the tutors helped inspire his gift, which he would like to see help support improved faculty salaries.

"The college's mission is more important than ever," Feinberg says. "With a global economy and all the conflicts and the terrorism, the ability to be open, honest, to question, to search, and to think about important issues—this is especially important to mankind right now. St. John's stands out in the world of academia because this type of searching is the college's core mission."

Christopher B. Nelson (SF70), president in Annapolis and



STEPHEN FEINBERG'S GIFT TO THE COLLEGE EXPRESSES HIS CONFIDENCE IN THE SANTA FE CAMPUS.

## SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE



DAVID TROZZO

MAKING THE COLLEGE'S ANNUAL FUND GOAL IS NO SMALL FEAT, BUT THANKS TO MORE ALUMNI PARTICIPATING, AND MORE GENEROUS GIFTS FROM ALUMNI, THE COLLEGE REACHED ITS \$2.3 MILLION GOAL FOR THE 2003-04 FISCAL YEAR. THIS YEAR, 35 PERCENT OF THE COLLEGE'S ALUMNI MADE A GIFT. TUITION PAYS ONLY 70 PERCENT OF THE COST OF A STUDENT'S EDUCATION. DRAW FROM ENDOWMENT, FEDERAL AND STATE GRANTS, AND THE ANNUAL FUND MAKE UP THE REST. STUDENTS IN PARTICULAR HAVE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE: THE LARGEST PORTIONS OF FUNDS COLLECTED THROUGH THE ANNUAL FUND GO TO SUPPORT INSTRUCTION AND FINANCIAL AID.

interim president in Santa Fe, said Feinberg's gift is particularly welcome during this time of rebuilding in Santa Fe. The college is still seeking a president to replace John Balkcom (SFG100), with the goal of bringing a candidate before the board at its meeting in November. In the meantime, it's important that the college continue to draw the confidence and support of its Santa Fe community.

"Steve's gift shows that the community understands our work here, and that the 40-year bond between Santa Fe and St. John's College will continue long into the future," says Nelson.

Mr. Feinberg is the third board member to publicly announce a gift to the college in advance of the official start of the next capital campaign, expected to begin in the fall of 2005. Alumni Ronald Fielding (A70) and Sharon Bishop (A67), board chair, have also announced generous gifts to the college. ✨

-ROSEMARY HARTY



FREE THOUGHT AND REASON

I was left scratching my head over Steven Brower’s letter (Spring 2004) in which he recalls Douglas Allanbrook responding to the absence of Eastern authors with the claim, “the only good thing that has come out of the East was the Sun.” Brower takes Allenbrook’s statement as evidence that free thought thrives at St. John’s. In fact, it shows the opposite. Not only is Allenbrook’s statement laughably false, but it also helps confirm the worst stereotypes about St. John’s: namely, that the college is provincial, self-important, and dismissive toward ideas that do not fall within a particular conception of the Western canon.

I tend not to agree with this stereotype since I also believe that St. John’s teaches the importance, above all, of giving reasons for what one believes to be true. Evidence of free thought requires more than saying something controversial or unpopular: it also requires the capacity to give reasons. Perhaps Allanbrook had reasons for his view. If so, it is regrettable that he chose to respond with a fatuous quip. Likewise, perhaps Brower has reasons for lauding Allenbrook’s expression of “free thought” –but he, too, has given no reason to support his choice of words. Fortunately, Santa Fe now has a program in Eastern Classics.

I always enjoy reading *The College*, but I am not sure what you hoped to accomplish by printing Brower’s letter.

JOHN CAPPS (A91)

MISTAKEN NOTIONS

I am writing to correct some mistaken notions expressed in the letter from Erin N.H. Furby (A96), in *The College* (Winter 2004). She was commenting on an article, “Admissions and Diversity, East and West,” published in the previous issue. Her response suggested that she misunderstands the “diversity initiative” under way on both campuses and the importance of diversity for the life of the college community.

I agree that the word “minority” is ambiguous, and its meaning often must be clarified. The “diversity initiative,” which we refer to as the Opportunity Initiative, addresses different minority groups on the two campuses. In Annapolis, it is directed primarily toward black students; in Santa Fe, Native Americans and Hispanics are the primary focus. Why? As easily might be guessed, it is because the recruitment problem differs on the two campuses. That is largely a product of differences in the demographics of the areas

from which the campuses recruit students. Hispanics and Native Americans, although the largest minority groups in the area from which Santa Fe draws most of its students, have applied in small numbers. On the East Coast and in the large urban areas from which the Annapolis campus draws most of its students, blacks, although the largest minority, have applied in even fewer numbers. This does not mean, of course, that both campuses are not seeking or would not welcome students from other minority groups.

Why should St. John’s make this determined effort to recruit more minority students? Because seminars and classes

*“In attempting to diversify the applicant pool, [admissions officers] hope to recruit a student body that reflects the racial and ethnic diversity of this country.”*

MARTIN DYER, CLASS OF 1952

achieve greater profundity and richness when students of different races, ethnicities, and backgrounds bring their life experiences and individual perspectives into the conversation. Students benefit. As fellow learners, tutors benefit. The entire community benefits.

I agree also that skin color means nothing – in itself. Blacks, like whites, are a rainbow of colors. Variations of hue, however, are not the concern of this initiative. The cutting edge is racial difference, however defined, which creates for most blacks in American society unique life experiences and social and economic status quite different from other groups. In some situations, a different culture has evolved.

Ms. Furby acknowledges that “religion, age, home state, and economic background influence the perspective of students.” Why is she reluctant to acknowledge that race and ethnicity are equally important parts of an individual’s conditioning and development? Being of one race, however, does not make blacks a monolithic group. Like whites and others, they are of different religions, from varying states, cities, and neighborhoods,

and of diverse economic backgrounds. These differences, plus the common conditioning their race provides, produce the “individual perspectives that [individual blacks bring] to the class.”

As appalled as Ms. Furby may be that “the Annapolis campus was mentioned ... only in terms of having a small number of black students each year,” that is the unfortunate fact. Last year, three of the approximately 450 students were black.

Admissions officers are not being “pressured” into seeking “students of one race over another.” They seek black students, Native Americans, and Hispanics not as an alternative but an addition to white students. In attempting to diversify the applicant pool, they hope to recruit a student body that reflects the racial and ethnic diversity of this country. They do this also because they believe that it is the “right thing” to do for parts of our society subjugated for more than 300 years and which, even now, still suffer from it.

Just as the college is richer for having voluntarily added blacks and women to its student body many years ago, the reading list is enhanced by the inclusion of black and female authors. If the college is derided for this, it is because some erroneously believe that these authors cannot express ideas that are “universal and applicable to all thinking people.” As to “the unwise who looked only at the race and sex of [these] authors,” I respectfully defer to the collective wisdom and integrity of the college deans and faculty who serve on the Instruction Committee.

MARTIN A. DYER, CLASS OF 1952

**Editor’s Note:** Mr. Dyer was the first African-American student admitted to St. John’s.

*The College* welcomes letters on issues of interest to readers. Letters may be edited for clarity and/or length. Those under 500 words have a better chance of being printed in their entirety.

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Letters can also be sent via e-mail to: rosemary.harty@sjca.edu.

## EASTERN CLASSICS AT TEN

*Enrollment Grows in Santa Fe Program*

BY ROSEMARY HARTY

In 1968, Scott Buchanan explained in an interview with author Harris Wofford why he and Stringfellow Barr excluded Eastern works when they selected the great books of the New Program. “I think in ’37 reading Oriental books when then we had so slender a grasp on our own tradition would have led to the kind of phoney stuff that has happened often when Westerners have become intoxicated with Zen Buddhism or something,” Buchanan said. However, in a later interview Buchanan added, “We ought to have gone at the oriental books simply and hard and we’d have cracked them.”

“Cracking” the great texts of the Eastern tradition—simply and hard—is exactly what students and tutors do together in the Eastern Classics program in Santa Fe. It is an intense, full-time program leading to a master of arts degree. Each student studies Sanskrit or Ancient Chinese to read original texts in those languages. Two of the five preceptorials taken by each student are mandatory and involve two weighty books, books worthy of a lifetime of study: the Mahabharata and the *Tale of Genji*.

When a group of Santa Fe tutors proposed a program geared to the study of Eastern works, the idea met with strong disapproval from some in Annapolis and Santa Fe. Tutor Krishnan Venkatesh, now director of the Graduate Institute and a long time tutor in the program, was among those who weren’t sure the college should take on such a program. “I didn’t know if we would be able to teach it, and teach it well,” says Venkatesh. “But my fears were allayed rather quickly. I’ve seen how successful the program is. And I should have had faith all along that the books can teach us how to read them.”

The texts may be different, Venkatesh says, but students in Eastern Classics ultimately embrace the same questions as undergraduates do: “What is it possible to know? What is a human being? What is ultimately real? What is the relation of pleasure to happiness? What is a good person? What does it mean to be free?”

The Eastern Classics program is more similar to the undergraduate program than the college’s graduate program in liberal arts, says tutor Frank Pagano, who was GI director in Santa Fe from

2001 to June 2004. “Everybody starts at the beginning and everybody ends at the end. It’s a full-time program and it really has the sense of commitment, the structure, and the continuity of the undergraduate program.”

After a yearlong pilot program funded by the Bradley Foundation, the Eastern Classics program began formally in the fall of 1994 with an enrollment of 23 full-time students. It struggled to build enrollment during its first years, but interest continued to grow over the years. This fall, 33 full-time students, including

15 alumni, enrolled in the program—enough for two full seminars.

Students read and discuss the books of China, India and Japan—the classics of Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism—in chronological order. In choosing books for the program, tutors initially consulted a comprehensive list assembled by Columbia University’s, but ultimately, the same standards for works selected in the undergraduate program guided the list. “You ask yourself what books work in seminar, what books are absolutely necessary even if they don’t work in seminar, and which books talk to each other,” Pagano says.

Tutors like Pagano gradually migrated to the program when the time was right for them, he explains. He began by leading a preceptorial on the Grand

Historian, Sima Qian. “That was my entryway to China. I started doing more Chinese works, then audited the Chinese language tutorial,” says Pagano, who by now has taught everything but languages in the program. “Jim Carey, who loves language, taught Sanskrit. Other people began teaching because they were interested.”

In marketing the program, the college takes out ads in *Yoga Journal*, some of which have featured testimonials from Tias Little (EC98), one of the country’s leading yoga instructors. “Each year we have people interested in yoga who want to know more about the books behind the practice, people interested in Buddhism,



JOHN HARTNETT

SANTA FE GI DIRECTOR KRISHNAN VENKATESH WAS INITIALLY DOUBTFUL THAT A PROGRAM IN EASTERN CLASSICS COULD SUCCEED.

and people interested in religion,” Pagano says, adding that most students simply seek to broaden their knowledge.

Ronalie Moss (SFGI91, EC95), a recently retired teacher from Los Alamos, N.M., was among the students in the pilot program. She enrolled right after completing the liberal arts graduate program because she was still eager for intellectual challenges. “I fell in love twice at St. John’s—you know how you read something and you just discover a mind that you fall in love with? It happened for me in the liberal arts program with Aristotle and the *Nichomachean Ethics*. And again in Eastern Classics with the *Analects* of Confucius,” she says.

Because the program was noncredit when she took part in it (those who completed it were awarded certificates), Moss wrote her papers and took an oral examination to complete requirements for the degree. Over the years, she integrated both sides of her graduate program into the high school Advanced Placement and World Classics courses she taught. “Of course we should study the Eastern classics,” Moss says, “how could we ignore half the world?”

One of the program’s strengths is that it’s the only program of its kind. Nowhere else can a student interested in the Eastern texts find a comprehensive, discussion-based program, Venkatesh says. Many colleges offer programs with majors such as Asian studies, but these generally emphasize contemporary culture. Other programs focus on traditions and practices instead of original texts.

Among the biggest objections to overcome were those voiced by tutors who believed the program would weaken the college by overburdening tutors, or disturb the unity of St. John’s by creating a “department” within the college. But during the last three years, more than half of the members of Santa Fe’s Instruction Committee have taught in Eastern Classics, Venkatesh points out. He argues that the program has less of a “department feel” than sophomore music or senior lab.

The fear that tutors would be overwhelmed was a reasonable one, Venkatesh acknowledges—the Program already requires so much of tutors. “Instead, tutors who have taught in Eastern Classics have been invigorated by the experience,” Venkatesh says. “It’s given them new ways to enter the conversation,” as well as “clearer focus and commitment, and a richer sense of what the questions are.”

Pagano wasn’t surprised that alumni would be among the first to apply for the program. In the first years of the program, up to

half of the program’s students were Johnnies; more recently, that’s dropped to about a quarter. “During their undergraduate years, many develop a pent-up desire to take on the Eastern Classics program,” he says.

Alexis Brown (SFO0, ECO3) took a year off after graduating before she enrolled in the program. It’s intense and difficult, but well worth the hard work, she says. “The whole time I was an undergraduate, I’d see the reading list for Eastern Classics and knew that I wanted to do it,” she says. “I knew I would gain a much fuller picture of human thought. Some of the best seminars I’ve had at St. John’s were in Eastern Classics.”

Brown didn’t struggle as much with studying and translating poetry in ancient Chinese; plunging into the unfamiliar imagery and new concepts of Hindu texts, particularly the Upanishads, gave her trouble. She saw a few students drop out

because the St. John’s approach of analyzing and discussing texts did not fit with their personal beliefs. “I met a few students who couldn’t understand that this was not a spiritual endeavor,” she says.

In nurturing the program during his years as the GI director, Pagano has come to better understand the college’s mission as a whole. “I can imagine people arguing that we really don’t do Eastern Classics well—that the program really is a dilettantish affair. But if this program is dilettantish, I’d say the [undergraduate] program is. We’re after liberal education at St. John’s, we’re out to discover things.”

Annapolis tutor Eva Brann is an admirer of the Eastern Classics program and is satisfied that it has

added to the mission of the college. “This has done us no end of good,” she says. “It adds a new dimension to what we do here. And it shows that our way of doing things is universal.”

However, Harvey Flaumenhaft, dean in Annapolis, told a group of the college’s Board of Visitors and Governors reviewing the program last summer that he would continue to oppose introducing it in Annapolis. “We already spread ourselves too thin,” Flaumenhaft said. “I don’t think that we can do all good things for practical reasons. And there are a lot of good things we don’t do in our undergraduate program. It’s unthinkable, for example, not to study Maimonides. The danger of taking on more is not that we don’t go broad enough, but that we don’t go deep enough.” ❀

*“I should have had faith all along that the books can teach us how to read them.”*

KRISHNAN VENKATESH



JOHN HARTNETT

STUDENTS IN SEMINARS IN EASTERN WORKS WRESTLE THE SAME UNIVERSAL QUESTIONS THAT UNDERGRADUATES TACKLE, SAYS VENKATESH.

# ADVENTURES ABROAD

*“My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.”*

Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver’s Travels*.

J O H N N I E S ARE THE KIND OF TRAVELERS WHO approach a new culture like an unfamiliar text, ready to have their prejudices challenged and their horizons broadened. In these short essays, alumni who have spent an extended time in other countries write about the discoveries, disappointments, surprises, and delights found in the manners and dispositions of different cultures. Several went abroad to teach English: Mike Crawford in Colombia, Paul Obrecht in the Czech Republic, and Meredith Smith in Spain. Ryan Rylee spent a year in China and India during a break from the college to pursue his interest in the East. John Hartnett traveled to India and Lauren Sherman to Africa, both on volunteer medical missions.

Recent dispatches or distant reminiscences, these aren’t typical travelogues.

## A WOMAN WHO DANCED WITH FANS

by Ryan Rylee (A04)

Beijing is hidden under a cloud, but it’s not the mystical kind. The cloud comes partly from the taxis and buses, of which there are more every year. As more Chinese get rich while auto import tariffs come down, those taxis are joined by private cars. One still sees, in outlying Beijing, modified tractors, smoking and jittering along the road. And it becomes less and less rare to see a coal-laden cart being pushed alongside a Mercedes Benz.

The cloud over the city also comes partly from the coal-burning stoves some people still use for warmth and cooking, and a little from the industrial plants. A lot of sand blows in from north of the city, where for hundreds of miles farmers are causing desertification with unsustainable grazing and farming practices, cultivating every inch of remaining land around the city. It has gotten so bad that some of them are now being paid by the state not to work.

The cloud over the city is, more than anything else, the dust raised by development at what is certainly one of the largest construction sites in the world. Stand at the window of a Beijing skyscraper and try to make out the number of construction cranes across the city. Nimble giants stand stock straight in flocks that stretch out much farther than the eye can see, vanish into the smog, and seem beyond counting.

The city—and a lot of the country—are trying, fast as they can, to be as modern and Western and capitalist and techno-



*“The city—and a lot of the country—are trying, fast as they can, to be as modern and Western and capitalist and technological as possible.”*

RYAN RYLEE, AO4



MODERN LIFE IS CROWDING OUT THE TRADITIONAL IN CHINA, WITH STARBUCKS, MCDONALDS, AND OTHER AMERICAN FRANCHISES MOVING IN.

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*The woman was in labor. “I immediately understood her pain and terror without comprehending the words.”*

LAUREN SHERMAN, A05

logical as possible. There is a Starbucks now inside the Forbidden City. McDonald’s and KFC abound in Beijing, along with unlicensed imitations of everything American, from Levi’s to DVDs. And with Hollywood movies come the imitations of them, in appearance and behavior, the cars and bravado, the high heels and discotheques. Where is the Chinese soul?

The blue suits and caps of the Cultural Revolution are still worn by a lot of the 60-and-older people. They amble slowly about the streets and gawk at the thousands of foreigners who have invaded the capital. A woman told me about growing up in her family’s Chinese-style, four-sided garden home: parents, grandparents, and children all eating together in the central courtyard, in the shade of trees and trellises, grape vines growing overhead. She showed me, with a mix of words and gestures, how her brother would reach up, pick the ripening grapes on the sly, and put them into her mouth. They taught her, in that kind of place and time, how to dance with a fan held in each hand, and she still remembers, even performed it for us, rhythmically folding and unfolding the fans, ephemeral butterflies hiding her face. That house, like so many old ones, has been demolished, and different generations packed off to apartments high above the city. Some of the old folks speak fondly of the days of yore, the lousy plumbing, leaky roofs, coal-burning stoves, and drafty rooms of their charming, crumbling traditional-style slums. Some of them also, in a frustrated moment, will speak fondly of the days of Mao, but no one wants to go back to those days. And anyway, Chinese have become used to making way for progress, used to sacrifice.

Mao campaigned to destroy anything ancient or traditional. I even heard one Chinese student reference, in a casual aside, “Mao’s mission to destroy China.” Was the mission successful? Tai Chi is still practiced in the public parks. Peking Opera goes on, now performing a mix of Mao-era and pre-Mao songs. And kung fu soaps, set in the days of emperors, are the most popular kind of show on television. The magical ancient China we sometimes see in

movies is only available to most Chinese in just the same kind of medium, usually minus the effort and expense of making flying through the air and breathing fire look real. Chinese mystique, as we know it, is something only perfected in the movie studios and new-age bookstores of California. Perhaps the real mystery is how “China”—if such a thing persists—continues to be reflected through the industrial smoke and mirrored high-rises. As the opening lines of Lao Tzu’s Tao Te Ching read, “*Dao ke dao, fei chang dao.*” The way is a becoming way, not a fixed way.

#### DEATH IN THE NIGHT

by Lauren Sherman (A05)

In the summer of 2003 I went to Africa with Operation Crossroads Africa, a nonprofit organization that sends young people to various countries on the continent to work on different projects. There were six of us, and our assignment was medical-related. I was there for two months in a rural section of western Kenya.

We lived about a mile and a half from the hospital at the family compound of our group leader, Josephine, a Kenyan nurse who has been working in the U.S. for the past couple of years and wanted to bring a group of young people back to her home to help in the community. The houses were no frills, just concrete floors and walls, and the bathroom was an outhouse about 20 feet from the house. There was no toilet, just a hole in the floor, and showers were taken with a bucket of water and a cup.

During one week of our stay we traveled to Mfangano Island on Lake Victoria to operate a free clinic for the islanders. This clinic was much needed because the closest hospital is three hours away by motorboat and very expensive.

On the second day I was to be working in the pharmacy, but by chance I stumbled into an empty room where a woman, maybe in her late twenties, was in labor. As she called out to me in her native language, Luo, I immediately

understood her pain and terror without comprehending the words. I approached to comfort her, and placed my hand on her swollen belly as she moaned in pain. I looked into her eyes and felt utterly helpless. How was I, a 20-year-old student of the “great books,” going to stop her pain?

PAUL OBRECHT



THE CZECH PEOPLE ARE SLOWLY REBUILDING TRADITIONS, SUCH AS THIS WINE FESTIVAL PROCESSION, LOST IN THE COMMUNIST ERA.

helped me far more than any remedies or medicines I could have given to her. She helped me to realize the power of the human heart.

For over an hour I stood with her, rubbing her belly in silence. The doctor reported that her condition was stable and that she had hours before she would give birth. He then left to see other patients. After some time, I followed suit and returned to the pharmacy, but throughout the day I frequented her room. More than once I again demanded the doctor’s attention, but he always reported the same. Her pain may have been steady, but was it normal? Without a better foundation for concern than my feelings, I trusted the doctor’s judgment and left for the evening. Soon I was overtaken by hunger and fatigue, and the woman’s suffering was pushed to the background of my thoughts.

The next morning when we arrived at the clinic, the doctor told us that this young woman had experienced complications and was rushed to the mainland during the night. She and the baby both died.

For a time I allowed the suffering and inequality that I experienced in Kenya to saturate me with helplessness. Then finally, a few days before our departure, I realized that this woman knew that somebody cared about her and wanted to ease her pain, however inexperienced and unable I may have been. Even though we didn’t know each other’s name, I felt a searing love for her. I realized that the world is filled with nameless individuals, and it was my responsibility to show them this love. In a way, this nameless woman

## MARCHING TO THE RIVER

by Paul Obrecht (SF02)

In the middle of March, having been in the Czech Republic for nine months, I was invited to participate in a traditional springtime procession in a tiny village in southern Moravia. A straw man was to be carried from the village square down to the river, set on fire, and then tossed into the water; newly green branches would be gathered, decorated with ribbons, and returned to the square. All of this was in the name of dismissing winter and welcoming the return of spring. When we arrived in the middle of the cold, gray afternoon, we joined a small group of parents and children and began marching to the river, singing Czech folk songs all the while. But I was misled about this being a traditional procession: At some point it was admitted that Czechs haven’t enacted this ceremony for a hundred years or more. I was part of a re-creation, an attempt to resurrect an old tradition that had died out generations ago. I discovered later that the people marching down to the river were Waldorf School moms and dads, and that this was a Waldorf event. (Waldorf schools were imported from the West in 1995 or so.)

I was tremendously disappointed, but I couldn’t quite say why. Was it just the tourist in me, disappointed by the lack

of quaint costumes? I recalled a wine festival I had stumbled upon the previous autumn in the village where I live, when the participants had been dressed in the traditional Moravian lace-and-embroidery-embellished garb. They started performing traditional songs and dances, parading through the streets of the village joined by a small marching band

and a group of men pulling a red wagon that held a big decanter of *burcak*, an enticingly sweet midpoint on the journey from grape juice to wine. They poured glasses for the folks watching along the sidewalk or from their lace-curtained windows. I noticed that I was the only foreigner there, in fact, probably the only person not from the village itself, and this produced a wonderful feeling of satisfaction at the authenticity of it all.

So why the disappointment at those real Czech folks marching down to the river, trying to resurrect some bit of their heritage, even if many could not remember all the words to the songs? The urge to resurrect old traditions is here, as everywhere, a reaction to the ever-accelerating pace of life and the fear that one's own way of life is being consumed by the global behemoth of instant glitz, pop culture, and convenience. In a country that just 15 years ago was dominated by secret police, closed borders, and banana lines, things are changing quickly and people are in a hurry to make up for lost time.

My disappointment, it turns out, was at being confronted with my own naivete. I had moved to the Czech Republic in hopes that I could learn something from a people who had had no choice for so long but to define themselves by other means than what they could afford to buy. Instead I found



PAUL OBRECHT

GLITZ, POP CULTURE,  
AND CONVENIENCE  
THREATEN AUTHENTIC  
CZECH CULTURE.

many of them eager to acquire as many as possible of the vices of the West. The march down to the river was a response to that, the unglamorous act of real people trying to do something real for themselves, trying to create meaning where

meaning is in danger of slipping away.

On my cynical days, the growing Czech hunger for the consumer lifestyle suggests to me that human nature longs for little more than cool stuff to buy; real and meaningful traditions seem only to survive as long as people are prohibited, whether by circumstance or design, from having enough shopping opportunities.

On other days, however, I catch glimpses of an entire nation rallying to redefine itself after centuries of being ripped apart and re-sewn by the hands of various would-be empire builders. They are hard at work rebuilding their social institutions and public infrastructure, trying to purge the last whiff of totalitarianism from their souls. In effect, they are redesigning their society from the bottom up, and a necessary part of that is to resurrect old traditions. How else to remember who they have been? The enthusiasm and success of their effort suggest far more convincingly that the fabric of human nature is truly resilient and durable stuff.



*“The guerillas put a price on his head and would kill him and his family if they could find him.”*

MICHAEL CRAWFORD (A87)

## THE GUERILLA’S WARNING

by Michael Crawford (A87)

Graduation called, but South America beckoned. In the spring of 1988, my knowledge of the city of Cartagena consisted of exactly two items: it was 80 degrees year-round and it was full of cool Spanish colonial-era architectural remnants. My knowledge of Colombia in general was a bit more extensive, having followed the *New York Times* stories of Marxist guerilla fighting or drug-related massacres that took out three or four dozen people at a time. (In one story, the blood was literally running out the front door of the tavern afterwards.) Almost no U.S. citizens wanted to live there. This fact, plus the thought of the anxiety I would cause my parents if I went, appealed to me in a way that such things can only appeal to a 21-year-old. I went.

The first few weeks did nothing to dampen the sense of the exotic. Yes, those are wild monkeys in the trees alongside the river. Yes, that is the beautiful but deadly black-and-yellow viper (no known antidote for the venom) slithering across the schoolyard while we are trying to play pick-up basketball. Yes, the discos throb with salsa and merengue until six in the morning. Yes, she likes you because she thinks you have American dollars.

The height of this giddy new-ness came during a retreat the school organized for my 12th-graders. We were at a ranch in the middle of nowhere. The school’s forward-looking rector wanted the students to talk about democracy and violence, and I was asked to lead a seminar on the Bill of Rights. The talk went well—back then it was not ludicrous for other countries to look toward America’s government as a model with real moral authority. My efforts in rudimentary Spanish were appreciated. But as the sun went down and the oil lamps were lit, I realized that I had only been the warm-up band for the evening’s main act: two hours with a real, live South American ex-guerilla.

As we sat in a circle around the table, he was brought in flanked by two military guards. He told us to call him Alberto. The bandana covering his face only added to the

mystique. For 12 years, he had been a foot soldier in the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), the oldest and most hard-line of Colombia’s five armed Marxist insurgent groups. He joined because he believed in social justice, but after only one day he realized it would not be found among his guerilla comrades. Daily life consisted of endless making and breaking camp, or sitting through Marxism indoctrination classes in the middle of the jungle. Stray from the straight and narrow, and they would shoot you. In 12 years he had walked every sparsely inhabited inch of Colombia, shaking down farmers for the “tax” on coca and skimming profits on drugs that got shipped north to undermine bourgeois society. Fund-raising, it seems, is a big part of every job, even if you are a South American revolutionary.

They made him a bookkeeper, and then wanted to eliminate him because he knew that the leadership was partying at Bogota’s best hotels while the rank and file were swatting mosquitoes in the Amazon. When he got sick they sent him to a sympathetic doctor in the city, and there he defected to the Colombian army.

We were mesmerized as we listened. The guerillas put a price on his head and would kill him and his family if they could find him. Later I recognized him as the night watchman at our school. As he was picking up his paycheck, our eyes met, but he was unflustered. He knew his secret would go no further.

I would see and do many other fascinating things while in Cartagena, but none left the same impression as hearing Alberto’s story. Hyped by Clash lyrics, I had come to South America dreaming glitzy, shallow dreams about the glamorous revolutionaries. Now I was getting the real story. “If you want adventure,” he warned the 12th-graders, “sign up for the merchant marine. Do not join the guerillas.”

## THE PIERCING FESTIVAL

by John Hartnett  
(SF83)

From the moment you step out of the airport you are confronted by mass—a writhing, noisy, stinking mass of crumbling concrete pillars and gritty floors; tangled elec-



YOUNG MEN PIERCE THEIR CHEEKS AND DANCE FOR RUPEES IN KERALA.

trical wires; flailing arms and legs; voices of every conceivable pitch, tone, and key—all asking for something. It is at that moment that most Americans make up their mind about India. You either see nothing but the grit, nothing but the three-year-old living on the highway median begging for change, or you see past it. If you're lucky, something helps you past your prejudices, some glimpse of the majesty of India. It might be the beaming smile of a man threshing rice by hand or a wrinkled old woman in a bright purple sari stooping to sweep the streets.

By rights, my moment should have come at the clinic. I spent three weeks working in a clinic in Andra Pradesh next to all that mass: the hustle of the street vendors, the cacophony of honking horns, and the belching fumes of the three-wheeled moto-rickshaws that we called “tripods.” Working in the city, I was nearly blinded by the poverty and the grinding crush of everyday life.

Toward the end of my trip, I had a chance to visit a distant state called Kerala. Almost every Indian I told about my plan called it “God’s Own Country.” On my first day in Kerala, I hired a driver to take me to Kumarakoum to visit the canals and waterways where people lived. As we turned a corner of the highway, I noticed a throng of people gathered by a side road. I stepped out, camera in hand. A festival was in full force, with young men and boys dancing to a capti-

vating beat. Older men waved peacock feathers and circulated amongst the crowd, prodding the onlookers to notice the young men. It was then I noticed the piercings. These young men had

pierced their cheeks with long skewers. The skewers were held in place by balls of fruit. As they danced, someone would approach and slide a rupee onto the skewer. The more these boys danced, the more hypnotic the effect as the drums thundered, their skin glistened, and the rupees collected on their skewer.

For the rest of my time in India, I asked about this festival, but no one had ever heard of it. No Hindu or Buddhist, Jain or Muslim, Sikh or Christian I encountered had ever heard of anything like it. It was a completely local custom, this painful, intense festival. This devotion would not have found me had I not found it. Someone else might have seen only the rupees or the old men sidling for donations. But they would have missed the bright peacock feathers, the concentrated look on the boys’ faces, the intense focus on the divine in their bodies.

## EVERYONE IS BEAUTIFUL IN MADRID

Meredith Smith (AG103)

The streets have been washed in daylight for hours when the waking sounds of the neighborhood begin to pass over the balcony and into my room in the heart of the Madrid shopping district. Below my window, the cherry vendor

bellows invitations to sample fruits that are so delicious she can't believe it herself. Driving her calls louder are the building traffic and the accordion player's rendition of "*Besame Mucho*." Each morning this city melody mingles with the metallic, salty aromas from the seafood stalls to awaken me to another day in Madrid.

In obedience to the Spanish morning ritual, I mix a strong espresso off the stove with hot milk and sugar. A staple of café life and social invitations, the *café con leche* has become an indispensable part of my mornings. Without it, I can't imagine how I would brace myself for a day composed of exhausting attempts at communication. The robust, bittersweet brew seems perfectly fitted to the air of the people who lay their claim to it. If I am to have any prayer of matching their inexhaustible gift for gab, my first cup will not be the last.

Properly caffeinated, I can embark upon the day. While it is easy to get lost in the graceful architecture of curling garlands and wrought-iron balconies overhead, it must be cautioned against. The Spanish pedestrian is considerably more focused on a conversation or a shoe in a storefront window than on the other people on the sidewalk. As a result, a certain nimbleness is required on the part of those who don't want to be the victims of collisions and scowling faces. Perhaps the most abundant and treacherous obstacle is the ceaseless flow of little old ladies pulling their grocery carts. Prone to sudden stops and nonlinear trajectories, they served as my first introduction to the importance of staying alert. To tangle with one of these seemingly harmless teetering forms can mean bending under the force of one of the sharpest and quickest tongues in the country.

In Spain everyone is beautiful. At the neighborhood market, indiscriminating greetings from the men behind the rows of hanging hams and pyramids of vegetables are bestowed upon their patrons in praise of their beauty. "Hello, beautiful," is reciprocated with, "How's it going, handsome?" And perhaps this familiarity is part of the shadowed Spanish tradition. For in the new super-

markets, frequented more by the youth than the traditional markets, the reserved dryness typical of modern business has replaced the intimacy that is prevalent in neighborhood shops and cafés. But it is this intimacy that allows one to experience a sense of belonging in a culture that is built upon secrets and mysteries inaccessible to foreigners.

Work takes a back seat in this country, where recovery from and preparations for the next social engagement are the priorities. Leisure and pleasure are held in the highest regard, and the evidence is apparent each afternoon. Between two and three o'clock, the shops lower their metal gates and they will not raise them again until the late afternoon, giving everyone an opportunity to eat and nap. I am actually somewhat suspicious if the lunch hour ever ends, or if it just blends into the evening. For when I return from teaching a few English classes, it seems as if nothing has changed. All public spaces remain occupied, from badly lit fluorescent cafeterias displaying wide arrays of mayonnaise-drenched salads on stainless-steel counters, to park benches, and elegant umbrella-topped tables attended by uniformed waiters.

In the evening, groups of friends that have gathered for after-work cocktails spill out of the bars, restaurants, and cafés and occupy the table-lined avenues. As the streets buzz with chatter and activity, the sunlight that has blazed throughout the day is replaced by a bluish haze from the cigarette smoke in the air. And when dinners come to a close right before the morning hours, and those who will continue their visits have moved indoors, the city begins its resistant farewell to the day. Everyone's cheeks are kissed, everyone's backs are patted, and we return to our homes to gather the energy to make it to lunch tomorrow. ✨

# THE STORY-TELLERS

## *Johnnies in Museums Make History Tangible*

BY SUSAN BORDEN (A87)

**A**t the Smithsonian Museum of American History in Washington, D.C., a pair of shoes with sparkling red sequins and snazzy bows—the “ruby slippers” worn by Judy Garland in *The Wizard of Oz*—draws visitors from all over the world. Although not “real” items of history, like Mr. Rogers’ cardigan or Indiana Jones’ hat these artifacts of popular culture mean a great deal to the people who came to know them through movies and television, says Smithsonian curator David Allison (A73).

Just a few blocks away, different shoes tell a different story: a heap of 3,000 shoes—dress shoes, tennis shoes, children’s shoes—turned gray by time and tragedy. Left behind by Holocaust victims at a concentration camp in Majdanek, Poland, the shoes are part of the permanent exhibition at the U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C., where Steven Vitto (A85) works as both a researcher and a public reference librarian answering questions for visitors.

What man creates, museums preserve. Shoes, documents, furniture, tools, art, weapons—all can be found in museums around the world. If these artifacts tell the stories of our past, the curators are the authors of those stories. What artifacts a curator selects, how he or she arranges them, and the context in which they are presented all combine to make the experience mean-

ingful and evoke a sense of connection to history—even when we can’t understand it or would prefer to look away. Alumni who work in museums, historical societies, and other interpretive venues come to their work with specialized training, but also with a sense of how to draw disparate things—a Vietnam-era helicopter and a Civil War chair, for example—together to create a whole.

Allison, a curator at the Smithsonian’s American History museum since 1986, is at work on a new permanent exhibit for the Smithsonian titled, “The Price of Freedom: Americans at War,” scheduled to open in November. There’s more to an exhibition than just the idea or the narrative, Allison explains. “It’s also about putting people in touch with original objects and helping them see history through these objects. How do you get people to feel that they are in a different place and at a different time?” he asks. The answer requires a thoughtful balance of design, content, and artifactual considerations, he says.

At the Smithsonian, exhibition planning for major exhibits usually begins three years before the opening with a design charrette, several intense days where experts in the three-dimensional presentation of ideas meet with the people who have a story to tell. During the charrette, the rough outline of the exhibit’s content is mapped to the space allotted.



AMATEUR GENEALOGISTS AND PROFESSIONAL HISTORIANS ALIKE CAN FIND RICH RESOURCES ABOUT AMERICAN LIFE FROM LORI WILLIAMSON (A94) AT THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



From the charrette, says Allison, all else follows.

Although each exhibit is designed with a logical structure (large labels, secondary labels, then object labels), the visitor is not expected to follow that structure, Allison explains. “Usually there is a personal connection that draws you into the particular and you go to the general from there. If you see an object that interests you, that evokes nostalgia, curiosity, anger, love, you go and say what is that? Why is it here? Then you read the object label and if you want to know more you go backwards up the hierarchy. Museum behavior is much more like being in a shopping mall than reading a history book. In a museum it is the visceral connection with objects that people come to seek out and that serves as a guide for how they work their way through an exhibition.”

In his upcoming exhibit, for instance, the logical structure is the chronological presentation of 16 major U.S. conflicts. The largest single object in the floor plan is a Huey Helicopter, an icon of the Vietnam War. “Helicopters were used in the Korean War,” notes Allison, “but in Vietnam it was the first time they were used to provide mobility and remove wounded, as well as perform other missions. [Vietnam] was the first helicopter war.”

Another significant group of artifacts is the chairs that Robert E. Lee and U.S. Grant sat on at the surrender at Appomattox and the table on which Lee signed the surrender document. These articles of furniture have been in the Smithsonian’s collection for a long time, and are often exhibited against a painting of the surrender. But for the new exhibit, Allison will place them in a context of discord rather than harmony.

“This was, in some respects, our country’s most divisive war. But these two men knew each other, they had fought together in Mexico. When you show the meeting of the two men sitting in a room signing the surrender document, you capture their familiarity and the simple nature of the surrender. But you have not captured the meaning of the war.” To remedy this, Allison will exhibit the furniture against a collage of battle scenes to give visitors a greater sense of the cost of war.



LIVING HISTORY: EMILY MURPHY MADE AN 1840S-STYLE DRESS TO WEAR FOR THE NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN SALEM, MASS.

Allison’s bold departure exemplifies the power of the curator as storyteller: no illustration, no captioned photograph, no chapter in a book could convey both the violence of the war and the brother vs. brother intimacy of its context with such visceral immediacy.

That powerful connection isn’t as strong in other media, says Emily Murphy (A95), a longtime student of the elegant use of artifacts. Murphy is a Ph.D. candidate in American studies and a park

ranger at the Salem (Mass.) Maritime National Historic Site, who recently completed an internship with the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem. Many people are content with surfing the Web to learn about history or art, says Murphy—a “terrible loss” in her view.

“Seeing something in real life is a very personal interaction that I just don’t think you get with an image on a computer screen,” she says. “Being able to go to the National Gallery and see the Leonardo da Vinci portrait there, to see the depth of color, the brushstrokes, and the slight three-dimensionality of the layers of the oil paint—no matter how well-photographed something is, you don’t really get that.”

In addition to the level of detail a real-life museum visit grants its visitors, there is another advantage to beholding the real thing. “The actual piece creates a connection,” Murphy explains. “All of us in our own lives have artifacts that we consider valuable. To be able to say, ‘this was my great-grandmother’s’ is very important to an individual. Museums are doing that on a larger scale. Instead of saying ‘this was my great-grandmother’s,’ they’re saying ‘this was a part of history.’”

Original artifacts are most valuable in creating a connection, but Murphy also works as a living history interpreter, and she is quick to acknowledge that reproductions also have their place. “Reproductions are valuable because they allow people to handle artifacts. Clothing is a great example of this. You do not want to wear antique



DAVID ALLISON (A73), STANDING BEFORE A SHROUDED HUEY HELICOPTER, RECENTLY PREPARED A SMITHSONIAN EXHIBIT THAT EXPLORES THE MEANING OF WAR.

textiles, they're simply too fragile. But when you put on a reproduction dress, it suddenly changes your whole idea of how people functioned in that period."

Murphy recently made an 1840s-style dress for the Nathaniel Hawthorne bicentennial in Salem. "This dress has four layers of petticoats, it's got almost 500 feet of clothesline in the petticoats to give them stiffening. The corset is very long so that you really cannot bend at the waist, and the shoulders are dropped so you can't raise your arms very far.

"When you see the actual 1840s dress you can look and think it must have taken that woman weeks to sew something like that by hand. When you put on the reproduction you realize that once she spent six weeks making the dress, she couldn't move very much in it." The reproduction, it can be said, helps bring the artifact to life.

For Lori Williamson (A94), acquisitions coordinator at the Minnesota Historical Society, sometimes "my great-grandmother's" and "part of history" refer to the very same thing. "They greatly inform each other," says Williamson, who works mainly with books, manuscripts, and photographs in the Society's library. "When people begin work on a family genealogy, they often start out with a list of who bore whom. It sounds kind of biblical and it's not helpful to them or to us; they need to add a narrative and a context." To help them do so, Williamson directs

them to the Society's collections, rich in local and national history, to provide the large-scale backdrop against which the family history was played out. When a researcher is successful in thoughtfully filling out the family genealogy within this larger context, the resulting narrative can be added to the Society's collections, and will be, in turn, used by other history writers to give detail and texture to their broader focus.

While Williamson helps amateur and professional historians to integrate the personal and historical, Murphy says that, for many Americans, a museum's collections in some way stand in for a family's personal history. "Unlike people in other parts of the world, there are comparatively few of us who can say 'my family has lived in this house for 10 generations.' So we honor generally the pieces that belonged to our ancestors, real or imagined," she says. "My family is Irish and showed up here in the 1860s and 70s, so I personally have very little connection with the aristocratic merchants of Salem, but the things they surrounded themselves with are beautiful and it would be a huge loss if we didn't have these pieces to give all of us a physical connection with the past."

To Vitto, the very design of the Holocaust Museum demands a reflection on the relationship between artifact and reproduction.

*“The Nazis tried to wipe them out. The registry brings them back.”*

STEPHEN VITTO, A85

“The building itself is an artifact,” he says. “It’s made of the brick and steel of industrialization, with jagged lines of lights. There’s a lot of gray and black and an emphasis on poignant photographs. There are false doors, some parts are dark, some are cramped. Its layout is meant to be confusing, to give you some sense for the experience of the Holocaust: once the knock on the door came, people didn’t know what was going to happen to them.”

The Holocaust Museum is an exemplary work of museum craft, says Murphy. “You hate to say it’s your favorite museum, because of the subject matter, but in terms of a museum that gets its point across, the Holocaust Museum is the finest museum that I’ve ever been to. It tells the story without devolving into mere voyeurism. It involves you from the minute you walk into the door. The skill of the people who put that together is unbelievable.”

Vitto considers himself fortunate to have witnessed that skill first-hand. He began working at the Holocaust Museum three years before there was a Holocaust Museum, after answering an ad at George Washington University (where he was working on a master’s degree in history) for entry-level library work. At the beginning, he did a lot of cataloguing and answered reference questions. Early on, he says, the library staff was uncertain of how the collections would be used: by historians? scholars? for personal research? As library use grew, they learned that about 90 percent of visitors were survivors and their families, a group that often formed lines of 20 to 30 people at the reference desk looking for personal information.

By the time the library opened in April 1993, Vitto and a colleague had developed an expertise in finding historical information particular to the needs of survivors. Vitto, for instance,

developed a reading knowledge of Hebrew, Yiddish, German, and all Slavic languages. As the librarians learned to find their way around ghetto lists, transports, and work details, they began to focus their work on building a survivors’ registry, using as their foundation a registry started in 1981 as a project of the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors.

Today, the registry database contains information on approximately 180,000 Holocaust survivors and their family members worldwide and handles 34,000 requests annually. Vitto’s work at the museum is what he describes as a perfect mix of researching documents for the registry and working with survivors and their families. He talks about the registry’s relationship to one of the museum’s most poignant exhibits, the Tower of Faces. This three-story tall exhibition shows 1,500 photographs taken

over a 50-year period in Ejszyszki, a shtetl in Lithuania. The photographs capture the everyday lives of Ejszyszki’s 4,000 Jews before the Holocaust, with pictures from weddings and family reunions, school and the beach, graduations and bar mitzvahs. On two days in September 1941, all but 29 of the 4,000 Ejszyszki Jews were killed by German death squads.

For Vitto, the photographs run seamlessly into his work with the registry and explain why he finds his work so fulfilling. “This is completely what my work is about,” he says. “The Nazis tried to wipe them out. The registry brings them back.” ❖



GARY PIERPOINT

AT THE HOLOCAUST MUSEUM, STEVEN VITTO HAS A DAILY REMINDER OF THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS WORK: THE FACES OF JEWS FROM A SHTETL IN LITHUANIA WHERE ALL BUT 29 OF THE 4,000 JEWS WERE KILLED BY GERMAN DEATH SQUADS IN 1941.

# COMMENCEMENT 2004

**I**nspired teachers always leave their students with something intriguing to dwell on. The two commencement speakers at St. John's last spring shared that quality. Annapolis tutor Chester Burke (A74) spoke of the value of genuine conversation, and Danielle Allen of the University of Chicago spoke to Santa Fe graduates of the lasting gift of wonder that a liberal education can impart. Both left students with an assignment: Burke asked students to ponder Pascal, and Allen asked students to think deeply about a Greek poem.

## "MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD"

Annapolis, May 16

As a student, Chester Burke thrived on conversations in the classroom, the Coffee Shop, and the gym; as a musician studying in Paris, he found how much he missed those conversations; and as a tutor for the past two decades, he has seen students discover themselves in those conversations. In life outside the college, real listening is rare, and "conversations too often consist of isolated outbursts of speech which rarely meet up with one another, and even more rarely build upon one another," he told the Class of 2004.



TERI THOMSON RANDALL

"Such speeches are lonely endeavors which end when the participants have run out of words," Burke said, adding that what happens at St. John's is very different.

"Your words, responding first to ours and now your own questions, have grown from tentative but honest beginnings, nourished by the active listening of your classmates, into vessels through which the world may be displayed in its fullness. During the past few months, I have been watching not only your faces, but your entire bodies come alive while you strained to respond both to texts and to

## CELEBRATING IN SANTA FE.

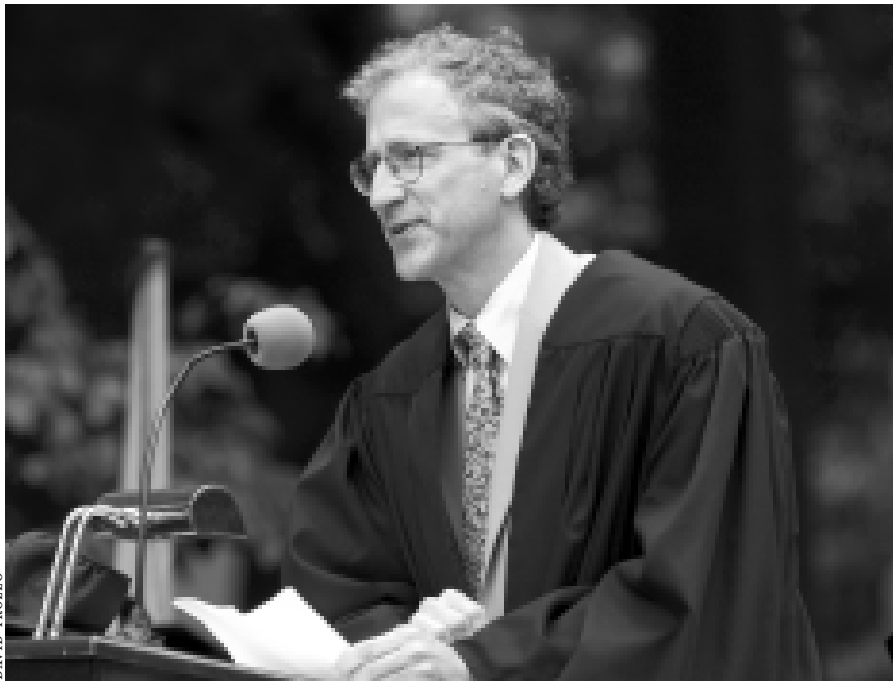
one another."

Some of the college's veteran tutors, Burke said, including himself, may sometimes expect a conversation to take a certain shape in seminar, but students at their best will refuse to conform to it. "Our words rebound from your stubborn surfaces, and leave no indentations. You punish us with your silence and your glazed looks when we deliver beautiful speeches, continually reminding us that speech is not a rehearsed performance,



but a way of responding to a genuine question. When you are at your best of bests, you slowly build an account with one another, which though it may have the fragility of a sandcastle, resonates as an image of the soul itself—not some abstract soul, but your particular souls.”

This development can be witnessed in class, and also in senior orals, said Burke. “All of us have something to say and we become who we are by attempting to articulate it,” Burke said. “It’s overwhelming to be in the presence of someone telling this story, whether it be Odysseus or a stranger on a long bus ride. It’s tremendously difficult to say what dwells most deeply in us, and we are rarely satisfied by our utterances. Sometimes we are embarrassed by these moments. Dostoevski was painfully aware of this.



DAVID TROZZO

*“You are able to listen, not without judgment, but with passion and fairness, with an openness that will encourage others to seek you out.”*

TUTOR CHESTER BURKE, A74

His characters expose themselves in the most outrageous situations, expressing themselves in ways which often appear ridiculous and even monstrous. It’s very difficult to say the things which need to be said.”

This fall, tutors will greet a new group of students, and the voices of students who have moved on will be somewhat lost. Students will also forget many details of their time at St. John’s, but Burke is certain, he told them, that “all of your lives will be spent remembering and nourishing the words that you have spoken with us and with one another...

As he closed his address, Burke read a passage from Pascal’s *Pensees*: “Man of

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CHRISTOPHER NELSON CONGRATULATES BRYSON FINKLEA, WHO WON A PRIZE IN MATHEMATICS. PRESIDENT NELSON PRESIDED AT CEREMONIES IN SANTA FE AND ANNAPOLIS.

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REAL CONVERSATION CAN BE HARD TO FIND OUTSIDE ST. JOHN’S, TUTOR CHESTER BURKE SAID.

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the world. We must be in a position to say, not: this person is a mathematician, a preacher, or eloquent, but that he is a man of the world. This universal quality is the only one that appeals to me. It’s a bad sign if, on seeing a man, we remember his book; I should prefer not to be aware of any quality until we actually meet it, and the moment comes to make use of it (nothing in excess), for fear that one quality might be preponderant and give a man a label; we do not want to

feel that he is a good speaker except when it is the right moment for good speech; but let us be sure to recognize it then.”

Burke challenged the graduates to consider the meaning of *honnête homme*, which he translated as “man of the world.”

“In Pascal’s century, an *honnête homme* referred to a cultivated man of the world, graceful and distinguished by his comportment, his spirit, and his knowledge,” he explained. “All of this, though interesting, is not essential to my intention, nor is the fact that Pascal indicates in another *Pensée* that one cannot learn to be an *honnête homme*.

“I want you to supply your own translation, as I believe that all of you are men and women of the world, abundantly endowed with diverse qualities, but fundamentally human beings, respectful and in awe of the world, and overflowing with the desire to engage the world. You are able to listen, not without judgment, but with passion and fairness, with an openness that will encourage others to seek you out.”



DAVID TROZZO

### “USE AND WONDER”

Santa Fe, May 22

University of Chicago classicist Danielle Allen told graduates and their families in Santa Fe that her address would not touch on the usual commencement topics: a tally of where graduates are headed, a celebration of future careers, and laudatory remarks on how well-prepared graduates are for success. “Such details are supposed to answer the twin questions: what has college made of this particular group of students; what does the future hold for these particular young people?” Allen said.

Instead, Allen offered to share with graduates a gift “of real value” in the form of two poems by Simonides of Ceos (c. 556-468). The first, Allen said, was a gift with no strings attached, Simonides 567:

Countless birds, all his  
in a way, fly above his head  
and from dark water  
up fish leap true,  
sounding the song.

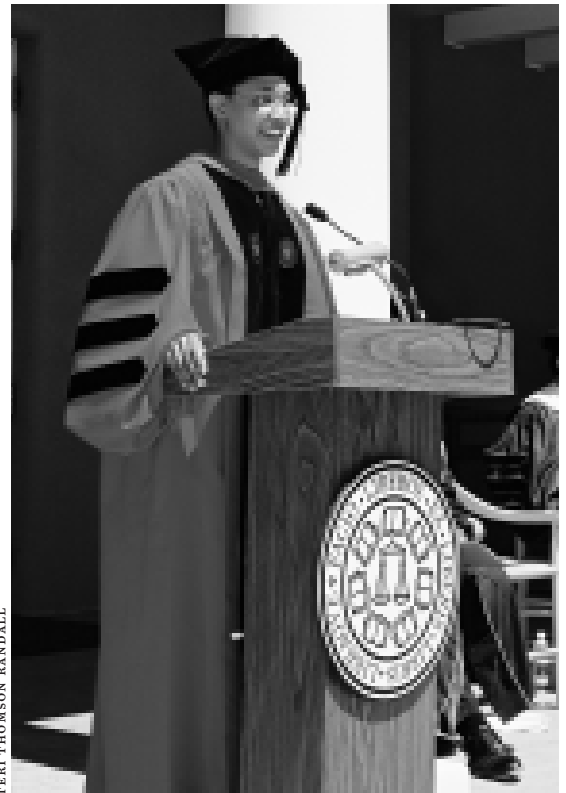
Allen told graduates she would ask for something in return for her second gift, Simonides 521:

Since you are mortal,  
don't prophesy the quality of tomorrow's dawn,  
and when you meet the man of the year,

don't try to read his life line,  
for swifter than a dragonfly,  
*pfift*  
a change.

“You have all studied Greek, here, so perhaps you recognize the argument in the poem,” Allen said. “Simonides repeats what the Athenian legislator Solon, one of the Seven Sages of antiquity, had already said ‘Call no man happy before his death.’”

“Herodotus treated us to that bit of Solonic wisdom as part of the story of the travels that Solon undertook after completing the heroic work of resolving class struggle in Athens and establishing institutions that had in them the seeds of democracy. He left Athens in order that his personal authority would not interfere with the working of the new legal system and stopped in his voyages in Lydia (modern-day Turkey) where he visited the great king Croesus, a wealthy and powerful man entirely confident of his life's success.... Croesus put to Solon the question, ‘Who is the happiest man you have ever seen?’ Solon answered, ‘Tell us the Athenian.’ Flabbergasted, Croesus asked who was the second happiest man. He was expecting to hear his name at least this time. But Solon said, ‘Cleobis and Biton.’ Angry, Croesus demanded an



TERI THOMSON RANDALL

AT ITS BEST, LIBERAL EDUCATION ENDOWS A GRADUATE WITH THE ABILITY TO WONDER, DANIELLE ALLEN SAID.

explanation for why he didn't rate. Solon answered:

“My lord, I know god is envious of human prosperity and likes to trouble us; and you question me about the lot of man. Listen then: as the years lengthen out, there is much both to see and to suffer which one would wish otherwise. Take 70 years as the span of a man's life: those 70 years contain 26,250 days [on the Greek way of counting], and not a single one of them is like the next in what it brings. You can see from that, Croesus, what a chance thing life is. You are very rich, and you rule a numerous people; but the question you asked me I will not answer, until I know that you have died happily.... Often enough, god gives man a glimpse of happiness and then utterly ruins him.’ And indeed, Croesus eventually lost his empire and his children. He couldn't in the end be called happy.”

AFTER THE CEREMONY, A FAMILY CELEBRATES.



TERI THOMSON RANDALL



DAVID TROZZO

No college can ensure the future happiness or success of its graduates, but it can endow them with something of immeasurable value: the ability to wonder, Allen said. To illustrate her point, she told about inviting a colleague, a biologist, to a meeting of a Chicago parks and recreation advisory board on which she serves—a group often rent by contentious arguments. The biologist’s presentation on birds and other wildlife in the park gave the group “an opportunity to pursue knowledge for its own sake,” along with a chance to discuss something that didn’t require a vote or a stance.

“The pleasure of knowledge is as real as the pleasures of the body,” she explained. “I saw it there in that room, in a group of argumentative people joined in a variety of expressions of pleasure from wonder satisfied. This pleasure was much easier to identify in

that meeting than in a college classroom, because of the palpable difference from what we council members were accustomed to in our exchanges.”

Practical matters such as food, clothing, and shelter can overwhelm us, but the “cause of wonder” has a restorative



effect that will see us through crises and lead us to new sources of strength, she said. “Wonder sets us back on our heels and helps us turn in a new direction.”

At the conclusion of her address, Allen returned to Simonides 521 and read the poem to her audience again. It is not a poem of despair, she noted. “In the midst of reflecting on the alarmingly unpredictable nature of change, the speaker of the poem marvels at the speed and beauty of dragonflies,” Allen said. “The poem is itself an example of what it means to draw on the resources of wonder to sustain oneself even as one confronts necessity.” ❀

ABOVE, ANNAPOLIS GRADUATES JACKSON O’BRIEN, KELLY O’DONNELL, JOHN OKRENT, AND ERIN PAGE.

AT LEFT, ANNAPOLIS GRADUATE SARAH STICKNEY AND HER FATHER, SANTA FE TUTOR CARY STICKNEY (A75), CELEBRATE.

# PLANTING MEMORIES

*Alumni Make Time “For the Trees”*

BY JOHN HARTNETT, SF83

**M**ost college reunions are for trading snapshots, bragging about children’s accomplishments, and comparing hairlines and waistlines, but for the nearly 200 Johnnies who came to Santa Fe for Homecoming July 1-3, this gathering was for the trees—the fragrant and elegant piñon trees that help define the Santa Fe landscape.

The weekend theme was “For the Trees.” In addition to the usual lunches, parties, and award ceremonies, the weekend provided alumni with an opportunity to cultivate new memories while re-planting piñon trees. The trees nearest the classroom buildings were planted when the campus was built in 1964; however, many of the trees on the surrounding college land are over 150 years old. Since 2002, the Santa Fe

campus has lost over a thousand trees to drought and devastation from the pine bark beetle. In the immediate campus vicinity, the college has lost over 150 trees.

Replanting lost trees and tending to healthy ones is an urgent project for reasons other than preserving the beauty of the campus—the college is keenly aware of the need to head off future fire hazards and to work to prevent soil erosion.

About 15 alumni and five current students spent a day tending to healthy trees that had been reseeded in the spring. Marni Hamilton (SF05) was one of the students working outdoors with alumni. “Interacting with the alumni made me think about my class and where all of us are going,” she says. “It made me think about life after St. John’s.”



TERI THOMSON RANDALL

Roxanne Seagraves (SF83), director of alumni relations and parent activities, said that working together helped the alumni interact in the present as well as the past. “At a reunion, sitting in seminar with the same people you sat in seminar with years ago affirms the past,” she says. “But this weekend was also about creating beauty in the present. When you replace a 300-year-old tree, you are replacing a legacy and making a tangible commitment to the future of the college.”

Besides planting trees and digging up memories, reunion classes also enjoyed a full weekend of fun including a Saturday waltz party, alumni dinner and fiesta picnic, awards from the Alumni Association, dance lessons, a President’s brunch, and, of course, reunion seminars with retired tutors William Darkey, Don Cook, and Robert Sacks. ❀

*More on Homecoming can be found in the Alumni Association report, pages 46-47.*



TERI THOMSON RANDALL



OPPOSITE TOP: FUTURE JOHNNIES JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES. OPPOSITE LEFT: MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1984 SHARES MEMORIES AT THE FIESTA PICNIC SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

AT RIGHT, KEVIN (SF90) AND KHIN KHIN GUYOT-BROCK (SF88) FIND A SHADY SPOT BETWEEN ACTIVITIES. BELOW, CLOCKWISE, MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1979 BLUR THE LINES OF TIME AND SPACE. GLENDA EOYANG (SF76), STEVE THOMAS (SF74), AND JOSEPH TOOLEY (SF69) ENJOY THE PICNIC. MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1969 AND 1979 JOIN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BOARD MEMBERS AT SUNDAY BRUNCH.

PHOTOS BY TERI THOMSON RANDALL



## THE WRITER IN NATALIE GOLDBERG

**A**uthor Natalie Goldberg (SFGI74) found immediate success with her first book, *Writing Down the Bones, Freeing the Writer Within* (Shambala, 1986). Now in its 33rd printing, the book has sold more than a million copies in 10 languages. Goldberg's other books include *Wild Mind, Thunder and Lighting, Long Quiet Highway, Banana Rose*, and *Living Color*. This fall, she published her newest book, *The Great Failure: A Bartender, a Monk, and My Unlikely Path to Truth* (Harper San Francisco). A poet, teacher, writer, and painter, Goldberg has studied Zen Buddhism for 24 years. She teaches writing workshops based on the clear-mind, clear-heart methods presented in *Writing Down the Bones*.

Goldberg recently made time to sit down and discuss her books, her studies at the Graduate Institute, and the writing life with *The College* contributor Andra Maguran.

### I'm curious about why you chose to attend St. John's College.

I had gone to undergraduate school at George Washington University....I majored in English lit. And I had had wonderful high school English teachers, but George Washington was very disappointing....I had heard about St. John's in Annapolis, Maryland, and it had always intrigued me. I was very interested in philosophy and literature. So when I heard about the graduate program in Santa Fe, and that it met in the summer, I decided to come [right after graduating from GWU]. That's how hungry I was and how disappointed. And it was very scary for me to come to Santa Fe—I'd never been farther than Ann Arbor, Michigan! I had no idea what the West was like, and I probably would never have come if I hadn't gone to St. John's.

### But was it the Program itself, the great books program?

Yes, it was definitely the great books Program. I'd heard about it when I was in Washington. And it's amazing to me, I don't really know where it came from, but I just took a leap and said that I'm going. It wasn't very much like me. But I think I had heard about it all during my undergraduate years, and it intrigued me, so

when I heard about the graduate program I was ripe.

**It strikes me as interesting that you, being such a creative person, would come to a graduate program that focuses very heavily on critical or analytical thinking.**

I didn't know I was a creative person then. I was just like a St. John's person in that I was very analytical. I was actually an atheist, and I was sort of an intellectual. I loved books, and I think I didn't know it, but I was terribly intrigued by ideas and thoughts. So it was only after I graduated from St. John's that I took a huge leap into another arena of my life.

**At that time, the college had only been here for a few years. Did you have a sort of pioneering sense?**

It felt very fresh...I just loved it. It was really exciting to sit and just talk about a book directly, without reading any other sources, to have a conversation. And I loved the teachers; the tutors were wonderful. It was so intriguing that you could have a Ph.D. in physics, but you had to teach Greek. You couldn't just be frozen any place. It was just a wonderful concept that you called them tutors and that the classes were so small. The tutors were so alive. And during that time, Rockefeller had given a grant to St. John's for high school English teachers from the inner city. So there were a lot of African-Americans. My class was at least half African-Americans, people who had really lived their lives. They didn't just read Socrates and just mouth it. They kept referring to their own life experience. It was very vital, very exciting.

**So you spent time studying Western philosophy—Western culture—and then you made this headlong leap into Eastern leanings?**

Yes. I have a new book coming out called *The Great Failure*, and I write about St. John's in it—the fact that I studied Descartes: “I think therefore I am.” Later the man who ended up being my Zen teacher, a Japanese Zen master...said, “I've been reading your



DISSATISFACTION WITH HER UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE LED NATALIE GOLDBERG TO ST. JOHN'S.

Descartes, ‘I think therefore I am.’” And I perked right up. I thought, “He's reading Descartes?”

And he said, “Descartes probably remembered, but forgot to mention: ‘I don't think, therefore I'm not.’” And in all those hours in the seminar on Descartes, no one thought of that angle. So it was sort of like Western civilization dropped off a cliff at that moment. But what I realized in writing this new book was that St. John's prepared me for that. Because the other friends and students who practice with [Zen Teacher Katagiri] Roshi don't remember that lecture. But for me, it was totally a lecture, because I'd been studying Descartes at St. John's so I really paid attention. So, I went into the Eastern world, but I think I got my foundation in the Western world that let me lead into the Eastern world.

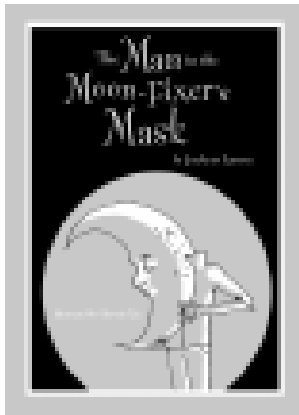
**Do you think that the Program influenced your writing life?**

Yes, I think it did, because it taught me to trust my own mind and to believe in what I think, saw, and felt. You didn't go to secondary sources, you met something directly and that's what writing is. That's also what Zen practice is. And now that I'm living right near the St. John's campus, it's really fun for

*continued on p. 29*

**THE MAN IN THE MOON-FIXER'S MASK**

by JonArno Lawson (Agt)  
Toronto: Pedlar Press, 2004.



In part, his diverse interests explain JonArno Lawson's two most recent accomplishments in the publishing world. Not long after his chapters on Chechen literature and proverbs appeared in *Chechens: A Handbook*, Lawson's third volume of poetry, *The Man in the Moon-Fixer's Mask*, was published by a Canadian press.

The other explanation is a relatively new audience for his work: his son, Asher, and daughter, Sophie. "We had our first child, Sophie, about three years ago and were reading a lot more children's poetry," explains Lawson (Agt), who lives in Toronto. Asher joined the family in January 2004.

Lawson and his wife, Amy Freedman, were reading books such as Shel Silverstein's *Where the Sidewalk Ends* to their daughter, and Lawson found the musical style of children's poetry infectious.

Writing for children, Lawson adds, is distinctly different and a little more difficult than writing poetry for adults. "In adult poetry now in English, most of the time you don't worry about rhyme, and

meter isn't as important. When you're writing for children, all those things become very important again—word play, timing. I guess it's the same with an adult poem in that you want the images to be surprising."

Children are a tough audience to write for, he adds. "Children are very honest when they don't like something. We tried out all the poems on Sophie first—she was my first editor for this project."

Lawson began writing poetry as a teenager, and by the time he got to St. John's, he was taking his craft seriously. He published his first book of poems and aphorisms, *Love is An Observant Traveller*, tackling themes such as families and relationships, in 1997. "One of the first poems I wrote was when I was at St. John's," he says. "It was based on the *Odyssey*. It hasn't made it into a book yet, but it has promise."

Since poetry doesn't pay well, Lawson also does freelance editing and teaches poetry workshops in schools as part of Ontario's Artists in Education program. He continues to explore other types of writing, such as the chapters on Chechen literature. "It all ties together because it's all language, and how people use language

**HORSES IN CITIES**

Good and iniquitous,  
they were ubiquitous:  
Horses were everywhere  
anyone looked.  
But with cars, numbers dwindled,  
and sightings diminished,  
and then one day horses in cities  
were finished.

**I SPUN**

I spun  
where I was told to spin  
and while I spun  
grabbed hold of him  
who told me  
where I had to spin.  
I could tell  
it startled him.

as a tool to say things in different ways and as clearly as possible," he explains, adding, "I probably am a better writer than a talker."

Lawson has two volumes—one of children's poems and one for adults—nearly complete and ready for a publisher. "Children's poetry is the most fun of anything I've done," he says. "It's the most fun, I guess, because there's a better chance people will read it." ❀

(continued)

me to walk around. The other thing for me was, when I came here I was blown away by the architecture of St. John's. Like, wherever you are you know people take it for granted, there's all this glass and light. We all know about the doors being painted different colors, but in 1970 that just blew me away. One wall would be blue and another pink.

**Some people think writing can't be taught. How do you feel about that?**

A lot of those people who think that writing can't be taught are people who can't write themselves and have given up. Writing can be taught, just like anything else. When *Writing Down the Bones* came out, across the culture, people wrote me letters: Quarry workers in Missouri. Blue-

collar workers in Nebraska. Vice-presidents of insurance agencies in Florida. Everybody has a deep desire to write. And that doesn't mean they're all going to become Faulkner, but people have a need to express themselves.

**How did you make the transition to being a full-time writer?**

I just made enough money and I could just make a living as a writer, so I quit doing other things. Before that I was teaching. My last full-time job was teaching fifth and sixth grade, at Rio Grande. *Writing Down the Bones* came out. It still sells, and is taught in colleges and high schools, and so I was able to just leave. After *Writing Down the Bones*, I started a novel, *Banana Rose*, and then I wrote *Wild Mind*. This book, *The Great Failure*, is a memoir about my

father, who was a Jewish bartender, and my Japanese Zen Master Katagiri Roshi, the two most important men in my life... looking at the wonderful things about them, and also their darkness. I think it's the best book I've ever written. I'm very excited about it.

**Do you still have dark periods where you hate everything you write or can't write? What do you do when that happens?**

Yes. And you just keep your hand moving. Writing is a practice, and you do it whether you like to or not, whether you feel good about it or not. You're in a good mood, you go write. You lost all your money, you go write. You just won the Nobel Prize, you start a new book the next day. ❀

## “FROM HOMER TO HOMICIDE”

*A Love for Language Led Carole Chaski (A77) to Forensic Linguistics*

BY ROSEMARY HARTY

Carole Chaski had worked long and hard to earn her doctorate in computational linguistics and by 1992, was nicely settled in an academic career. She was conducting research on reading, setting up literacy programs for factory workers, and teaching at North Carolina State University in Raleigh.

One day she took a call from a homicide detective investigating a suspicious suicide, and her life took a completely different turn—for the better. Chaski went on to help solve a crime in which the prime suspect might have otherwise gotten off scot-free.

Today she is a leading expert in forensic linguistics. It turned out to be a lot more exciting than teaching the History of English to glassy-eyed engineering majors.

Between her teaching days and her 15-minutes of fame as the expert who cracked the case on a recent episode of Court TV’s *Forensic Files*, there were years of research and study of the structures of language, beginning with a deep fascination with the puzzles of ancient Greek.

“If I ever wrote the story of my life, I could call it, ‘From Homer to Homicide,’” Chaski quips.

Chaski’s work today involves analyzing language, finding patterns in syntax, and determining when a piece of writing departs from a pattern. Her ability for this work stems from the study of languages, especially ancient Greek, in reading and linguistics. Chaski left St. John’s after her freshman year to pursue a bachelor’s degree in Greek and English at Bryn Mawr College. After graduating, she spent a year teaching in an impoverished school district on Virginia’s Eastern Shore. The dismally high illiteracy rate there fed an interest in

how children learn to read, and Chaski went on to earn a master’s degree in the psychology of reading at the University of Delaware. While working on her degree, she assisted two computational linguists in their research. That subject took hold of her imagination, and she went on to Brown University for master’s and doctoral degrees in linguistics, with an emphasis on syntax, computational linguistics, and how languages change over time. At Brown she returned to ancient Greek grammar for her dissertation topic and settled on the historic changes in the syntax of Greek.

“The verbal infinitive had been very prevalent in classical Greek and started to be less prevalent in Hellenistic Greek until finally by early modern or medieval Greek, it was essentially gone,” she says. “My question was, what caused Greek to lose the infinitive?”

Examining long-distance anaphors (a word or phrase that takes its reference from another word, most often within the same clause) gave her a lead. “When you look at classical Greek you see two things: long-distance anaphors and case mismatches—case agreement mismatches in that you expect the case to be genitive but it comes out accusative, you expect dative and it comes out accusative. Both of these phenomena that were attached to the infinitive were odd because they went back past the boundary of a clause for their antecedents.”

She cites an example of a long-distance anaphor from Thucydides: “Oerestes persuaded the Athenians to restore himself.” Expected to refer to the Athenians, *himself* refers instead to Oerestes. Chaski went through hundreds of lines of Greek works from ancient times to modern, assigning the terms “marked” and “unmarked” to phrases. Unmarked followed the usual patterns; marked were in some way remarkable. Examining those patterns allowed Chaski to study one narrow aspect of how a language changes over time. “When the condition that allowed these phrases to go outside the boundary—that is, the infinitive—disappeared, these oddities instantly died out,” she said.



SCOTT SUCHMAN

FROM CRIMINAL CASES TO CIVIL LAWSUITS, CAROLE CHASKI’S EXPERTISE IS IN DEMAND.



This painstaking research was what Chaski went back to when a homicide detective named W. Allison Blackman brought her a computer disk with suicide notes allegedly written by Michael Hunter, a young man found dead of a lethal combination of drugs injected into his arm. Blackman didn't have much to go on when he came to Chaski and asked if she could examine the note and other writing samples from Hunter to determine if he had really written the suicide note.

"I know how to analyze syntax and I know how to find patterns," she told Blackman. "I'll try it and we'll see."

Chaski looked at writing samples for Hunter and his two roommates, including a young medical student named Joseph Mannino, who had easy access to the drugs in Hunter's system. Chaski found that patterns in the suicide note—particularly the use of conjunctions—were strikingly similar to those of Mannino, who was involved in a three-way affair with Hunter and a third roommate. The suicide notes were marked by conjunctions between sentences. Samples of Hunter's authentic writing included more conjunctions between non-sentence phrases.

Police eventually arrested Mannino. After a three-week trial, he was convicted of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to seven years in prison.

After consulting with the local district attorney's office on another case (identifying the author of an anonymous threatening letter), Chaski knew she had found something more satisfying and more challenging than an academic career. "At St. John's, we talk a lot about the examined life. I just wasn't happy as an academic. It seemed that the primary role of professors was to get away from the students," she says.

She secured a fellowship at the National Institute of Justice (the research arm of the U.S. Justice Department) and set about fine-tuning a method to distinguish one author from another based on syntactic patterns. "I was the only one doing any research independent of litigation," Chaski says.

As part of her research, Chaski set about examining every method already employed in language identification. She demonstrated that analyzing language based on the spelling, punctuation, and grammatical errors was not good enough to determine individuality in writing. "I'm really against the prescriptive, stylistics method because what pops out to people as odd is not a pattern, it's just what's popping out," she explains. "It's like Plato's cave—you can't know the light until you know the shadow, and you have to have them both. In DNA

analysis, if you're looking for a chromosomal anomaly, you have to have the whole pattern. That's where you start in syntactic analysis. Every document is analyzed for every syntactic pattern and nothing is left out. That way you can find out if something that seems unusual in a piece of writing really is unusual."

Similarly, the type of analysis scholars undertake in trying to determine the authorship of something like a Shakespeare play or a Biblical text (content analysis, vocabulary

*"It's like Plato's cave—  
you can't know the light  
until you know the  
shadow, and you have  
to have them both."*

CAROLE CHASKI, A77

richness, the complexity of sentences) is not suited to forensic linguistics, where documents conveying death threats or ransom demands are usually short and to the point.

Chaski has spent the last decade or so refining and applying a scientific method for syntactic analysis that is rooted in linguistic theory and validated by statistical testing. Each analysis begins with taking texts apart and labeling each word for its part of speech, then taking phrases within the sentences and parsing those. "Once the phrases are all determined, I categorize them into two types: marked and unmarked. Unmarked are phrases that are so common, they don't stand out—'it's in the car.' Marked are those that are more infrequent or more remarkable—'it's in the car, in the garage, attached to the house.'"

Next, Chaski determines the frequency of marked and unmarked phrases in the writing samples. Those numbers are fed into computer programs that yield three different statistical analyses. The first two methods, discriminate function analysis and logistic regression, seek a clear division between the questioned document and the other known writing samples in her pool. The third test, hierarchical cluster analysis, seeks similarities by "clustering" similar samples into the same pool.

"Everybody starts out in a pool of potential authors. If the statistical procedures show there's a significant difference, people

are excluded. If I can't find any difference between a suspect's writing sample and the evidence document, that's what my report will say," Chaski says, adding, "I never claim that only one person in the world could have written something."

Several years ago, Chaski left Washington for Georgetown, Del., where she founded the Institute for Linguistic Evidence, of which she is executive director. Along with continuing research, lecturing, and writing about her methods, Chaski has served as a consultant in a number of intriguing cases where her research influenced the outcomes. In one Annapolis case, the founder of a firm that developed environmental technology was sued by a former employee who wanted a significant share of the profits reaped from the company's product. However, the company's owner suspected the man had written damaging letters to potential customers.

"The lawyers for the defendant came to me and they were already convinced that it was this engineer. In this case, the pool was limited to those who worked for the company—only they had the technical knowledge to write the letters," Chaski explains. Her analysis proved the defendant correct, and on that basis, the judge overruled the jury verdict to give the fired engineer the small sum the jury had agreed upon.

In another recent civil case, Chaski determined that a woman claiming sexual harassment in her workplace was the author of e-mails that indicated the relationship between her and her supervisor was consensual. Chaski also showed that a federal employee who was fired for writing racist e-mails was very probably the author of those missives. In other cases, Chaski's work has taken her into state and federal courts, where her testimony has passed successfully through the scrutiny of evidence hearings.

Chaski believes it's possible for someone to succeed in imitating another's writing to a degree, but that it's impossible to suppress one's own style completely. "Language is meant to be meaning-centered, not syntax-centered. Syntax is fundamental, it's what makes language efficient. But it's very abstract, very automated. If we thought about it, we'd go nuts—'how many prepositional phrases did I just write?'—and not actually be able to communicate."

Given her St. John's education, it's not really odd that Chaski was drawn to forensic linguistics. "That's because Johnnies learn to think about, and talk about, language as language," says Chaski. ❀

## 1937

**HAROLD L. BROOKS** just celebrated his 90th birthday with a big party in Sebastian, Fla.

## 1941

**HENRY M. ROBERT III**, who lives in Annapolis and has been a regular at Annapolis campus homecomings, is co-author of the seventh, eighth, and ninth edition of his father's well-known parliamentary manual, published in 1970, 1981, 1990, and 2000 respectively, all under the title of *Robert's Rules of Order Newly Revised*. And now in response to widespread demand by those who feel daunted by that book's complete treatment of the subject, he and the same authorship team have now produced a brief introductory work published last May entitled, *Robert's Rules of Order Newly Revised in Brief* (Da Capo Press). "And, oh yes," Henry writes, "nowadays you have to make is something called 'user-friendly.' We hope we've passed muster on that score."

## 1944

**ARTHUR HYMAN** serves as Distinguished Service Professor of Philosophy and Dean of the Bernard Revel Graduate School of Jewish Studies at Yeshiva University in New York.

## 1945

**LAWRENCE L. LEVIN** writes, "Just had my first grandchild—a boy!"

## 1950

**TYLDEN STRETT** is still completing sculpture commissions and teaching an advanced figurative class once a week at the Maryland Institute College of Art. "I am enjoying one of many slack periods and am able to return to work on my presentational

busts of Barr and Buchanan that were begun in '02," he writes. "Barr is approaching a casting date but Buchanan is more difficult. I have received some critical help from John Van Doren and may have both cast by year's end."

## 1951

**L. DONALD KOONTZ** points out that members of the class of 1951 are featured on the cover of this year's Philanthropia calendar. The students peering into their microscopes were members of his freshman lab class, working diligently in the spring of 1948.

**GEORGE WEND** is still active with the book discussion group of the Alumni Association's Baltimore chapter. He took a trip last summer to Peru to visit Machu Picchu, the Andes, and the Amazon; this summer he embarked on a two-week river cruise from Moscow to St. Petersburg.

## 1954

To mark the 50th anniversary of his graduation from St. John's this year, **RICHARD BURNETT CARTER** sent *The College* two poems celebrating former dean Jacob Klein and one of his most memorable tutors, Simon Kaplan. Kaplan still influences Carter after these many decades. He wrote: "That man's teachings,/Spoken quietly as dawn breezes sighing through pine forests;/They sing in my heart after 50 years,/Still forbidding any meanness to enter there."

Of Klein, he wrote: "That falcon sought eternity in Nimrod's dense thicket,/But once there, he found poems bleeding on the thorns of Mind's mindless veiling./So, he sheathed his dream-rending talons,/And nursed those verses back to their long-hidden splendor."

## 1959

**ROBERTO SALINAS-PRICE** has been an avid Homeric scholar for the past 30 years. He has published *Homer's Blind Audience* (1984) and *Atlas of*

*Homeric Geography* (1992). The reader may visit his Web site at [www.homer.com.mx](http://www.homer.com.mx).

## 1962

**JOSEPH J. BRENNIG** retired from the Foreign Service in 1997, but was called back to serve in Karachi, Pakistan, in 1998. Currently, he is working in the Department of State on the Pakistan Desk.

## 1964

**JUDI WOOD** writes: "No new news—except to say that we are traveling in May 2004 by car to East Lansing, Mich., to visit grandchildren while their dad, our son John, is working on his master's degree in business. We will be in Fort Smith, Ark., and Nashville, Tenn., on our way."

## 1965

A busy summer and second-career plans for **CAROL JEFFERS**: "I will be participating in a build with Habitat for Humanity in Durban, South Africa, in July and traveling with friends to Capetown after that. In August I return to the U.S. and retire from my federal job. In September I enter Lancaster Theological Seminary, pursuing a Master of Divinity degree. My long-term goal is to be a community minister in my Unitarian Universalist faith."

## 1966

"After spending 17 years rehabbing a shell in South Philadelphia, we finally finished last December, at least enough to move in," writes **JUDY (MILLSPAUGH) ANDERSON**. "I am sure we will be upgrading and improving for the next 10 years. I am still doing house calls exclusively, in the greater Philadelphia area. The practice is thriving. I have two part-time physicians, a full-time nurse

## BLUEGRASS ON THE BAYOU

Some retirement careers are more fun than others. That's **LARRY SCHLUETER** (A67) in the back of the boat in this promo picture for his band, New Orleans-based *Hazel and the Delta Ramblers*. Schlueter recently retired from the U.S. Customs Service after "32-plus" years and spends much of his time recording and performing in and around The Big Easy. The band's latest CD, *Pickin' on the Bayou*, features 16 cuts of bluegrass tunes and original compositions. That's Larry's wife, **HAZEL** (A69), standing in the front of the canoe, holding her mandolin. ❀



practitioner, an office manager, a business manager, and two office workers to share the work (and the money). None of us will ever get rich doing this, but it is certainly more fun than punching a time clock with the Commonwealth of PA.

“Step-kids are doing fine; all out of the nest for a while now, and I have a multitude of grandchildren, ranging in age from 3 months to 15 years. My dad passed away last year; I don’t know if there was a notice in the Annapolis paper. There was one in the *Baltimore Sun*, and a few people wrote that they had seen it. He went the way I want to go when my time comes: peacefully and painlessly in his sleep, after a pleasant evening spent reminiscing with family and friends.

“My sisters are doing well. Both had surgery last year, one for breast cancer, the other for a thyroid nodule. Both recovered and are currently in good health, as am I. Well, except for arthritis, but nobody ever died of that.

“My husband Joe is also doing OK. He closed his business a couple of years ago and is back among the salaried masses, and hates it with a passion. His inner entrepreneur is itching to be in business for himself again.”

## 1967

**THE REV. CLARK LOBENSTINE** will be part of the Assembly of Religious and Spiritual Leaders meeting and then participating in the much larger Parliament of the World’s Religions in Barcelona. He will be one of just 350 leaders selected worldwide to be at the assembly. He was thrilled and humbled to be one of just 51 people internationally nominated for the first Paul Carus Award to be given at the Parliament. It is the most prestigious award in inter-religious work. The nomination was based on his 25 years as executive director of the InterFaith Conference of Metropolitan Washington. **MARK LINDLEY** (A67) is active with the InterFaith Conference.

## THREE BOYS IN COLLEGE

**S**HEILA **BOBBS ARMSTRONG** (SF70, SFG195) writes: “My son Ian will be a sophomore at the Annapolis campus this fall. He loves St. John’s, having spent three years at the University of New Mexico. Eamon, #2 son, is at Occidental College in Los Angeles. Quinn, #3, is at Idylwild Arts Academy in California. I am still with Mike and splitting time between Santa Fe and Perth, and traveling. Love to all.” ❖

## 1968

A story that ends well from **JONATHAN AURTHUR** (A): “I was a member of a group of 70 bicyclists (and one skateboarder) who were arrested at the Democratic National Convention in August 2000 for participating in a Critical Mass bike ride that was part of a week of protests against globalization and related matters. (Critical Mass is an informal international movement that advocates for more bicycles and fewer cars.) We were held in county jail for a day and a half, and the female members of our group were illegally strip-searched. A couple of weeks after our release, all charges against us (most having to do with ‘reckless driving’) were dropped. In late 2000 we sued both the County and City of Los Angeles for unlawful arrest and strip-searches. Last year we settled the County case (strip-searches and related matters) for \$2.75 million, and this past March we settled the City suit (unlawful arrest) for \$875,000.”

**MARY HOWARD CALLAWAY** (A) writes that her daughter, Hannah Boone, will be graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Carleton College and traveling to France on a Fulbright teaching award next year. “She was grateful that when she was growing up, ‘dinner was always a seminar, where I learned to hold my own in heated discussions.’ Ah, the St. John’s legacy runs deep!”

Some recognition for **BART LEE** (A): “Not a Nobel Prize, but an academy award in History of Technology: I received the Houck Award for Documentation in Radio History from the Antique Wireless Association largely for the papers “Radio Spies” 2002; and “Marconi’s Transatlantic Leap”

(1999). The Antique Wireless Association is an organization of some 4,000 members linked by a common interest in the history of electrical and electronic communications.

**CHARLES B. WATSON** (A) is still at work as an anesthesiologist and part-time physician administrator of a 50+-person department that provides care for more than 18,000 people a year: “Rising elderly population and shrinking health care dollars create problems most alumni have or will experience, sad to say. Happy to report Ivan Watson, of NPR, is back from Iraq and going elsewhere until August. Masha, my wife of about 30 years, is abroad with a high school group and recently managed costumes for 125 youngsters at a superb high school production of *Les Miserables*. Anya, age 20, is at Connecticut College (no basketball), pursuing Marine Science, while Misha, now 26, builds things on Martha’s Vineyard. Y’all call or stop by: 203-372-9586; CBWMDCT@aol.com or optonline.net.”

## 1969

**DAVID E. RIGGS** (A) sent his regrets about missing Homecoming this year, but it’s too far to come from Kyoto, Japan, where he is a research fellow at the International Research Center for Japanese Studies. Here’s his news: “I received my Ph.D. from UCLA in 2002, writing about the reform of Soto Zen Buddhism in 18th-century Japan, and after a teaching stint at the University of Illinois and UC Santa Barbara, I am now halfway through a post-doc at this research institute. My wife, Diane, is doing her dissertation research on a different aspect of Japanese Buddhism, and we are living in a house on the edge of

Kyoto, where I still can indulge my passion for cycling. My best wishes to you all.”

“I decided it was time to bring you folks up to date,” writes **RACHEL HALLFORD TREIMAN** (A). “I divorced in 2001, and after my son entered college, sold the house in New York and returned to Lewistown, Mont., where my brother lives, last December. My new address is 19 W. Brassey Street, Lewistown, Montana 59457. I am now coordinator for the Retired and Senior Volunteer Program covering Fergus County and Judith Basin County. Since that is only 30 hours a week with no benefits, I also work online 20 hours for benefits. My oldest, Grace, is now 21 and a senior at the University of Pennsylvania majoring in history. My son Andrew is 19, a sophomore at the University of North Dakota majoring in Air Traffic Control and is on an Air Force ROTC scholarship, planning to go career Air Force. I love being back in Montana. I was born in Lewistown (left when I was six) and therefore, for many of the older folks I identify myself by my grandfather, mother, and her siblings. That slots me in the scheme of things. I’m fortunate my family was liked back then—people have long memories out here!”

## 1971

What has **THOMAS DAY** (A) been reading? “I recently read Churchill’s *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*. Very topical and readable. I’m currently going through his *The River Won*. If the situation in the Sudan doesn’t stabilize, it may turn out to be equally topical.”

## 1972

“We lost our first-born son, Ari Cody Sherr, June 7, 2003, in a bicycling-racing event to raise money for the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society,” writes **LAURIE SUSCO-SHERR** (SF). “He’s now with his dad, Doug Sherr, who died June 7, at the same age. Twins: Jesse Doug Sherr graduated from UNM’s architecture school, and Dante Gabriel Sherr is to graduate in



## THIRTY YEARS GO FAST

**E** LLEN (USNER) LEITNER (SF73) left the college to study music after being inspired during concerts of the Moscow Trio, Czech Chamber Orchestra, and Natalia Gutman at St. John's: "I studied violin with Renata Skoberne, then went to Austria, where I played with several orchestras in Vienna, The Innsbruck Symphony, and the Graz Philharmonic. After that I moved back to New Mexico (my native land) with my Austrian husband, Johann (Hans), and together we raised six children in Chimayó. All of the children were home-schooled for the greater part of their education, and two girls are now studying guitar and voice at North Carolina School of the Arts, our son is studying architecture at UNM, one daughter has a degree in psychology and is married, one daughter is married with two children and one on the way, and the youngest is still at home. Whew! That's it in a nutshell! Thirty years go by so fast!

"As a stay-at-home mother I started doing art, and since 1988 my children and I have participated in the annual Spanish Market on the Santa Fe Plaza with our retablos. I have also been in the St. John's College Spanish Market since its inception. I enjoy donating a piece of my work for the auction, checking out the book sale, and spending a little time at the college.

"I have always been active performing in northern New Mexico and Colorado in symphony orchestras, chamber groups and as a soloist. Recently I have been working with classical guitarist Roberto Capocchi, with whom I have made a CD, *Duo Guadalupe, Music for Violin and Guitar*. You can hear samples from it at [www.cdbaby.com/cd/guadalupe](http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/guadalupe)." ❀

religious sciences and computers next year. Proud Mom and Dad. Much love to all my fellow students, teachers, and compatriots."

### 1973

**DAVID ALLISON** (A) is busy as curator of a new exhibit on military history at the National Museum of American History, which will open on Nov. 11, 2004. His wife, **YMELDA MARTINEZ-ALLISON** (A74), is teaching art to children in Alexandria, Va., as well as serving as teaching director of community Bible study in Alexandria. They have two children: Camilla, 22, and Gabriel, 20.

Many people love collecting, but **ROBIN CHALEK TZANNES** (A) has taken it to another level: "I am delighted to announce the online appearance of my little Greek museum— now known as the Kythera Museum of Natural History. Since 1977, my husband, George, and I

have lived part-time on the beautiful and remote Greek island of Kythera. There, with the help of my sons, **JOHN** (SF00) and **PETER** (SF04), I've made an extensive collection of seashells, rocks, fossils, pressed flowers, feathers, and skulls. Last summer, Peter and another photographer documented my collection, which can now be viewed at [www.kythera-family.net](http://www.kythera-family.net) (scroll down the left-hand menu and click Kythera Museum of Natural History)."

### 1974

**TOM BYRNES** (SF) graduated from the University of Kentucky School of Library and Information Science with an MLS on May 8. He is now library manager of the Lexmark Information Center, a unit of the University of Kentucky Libraries. "Lexmark may be the only corporation that outsources its Library/Information Center to a

university," he writes. "At least we know of no others. In June, UK picked me to run it for a while."

**ROBERTA (RAZAFY) FAULHABER** (SF) has been living in Paris, France, practically since graduation. She is married to a man from Madagascar and is the mother of two girls, one a painter and the other an ambassador.

**RANDY O.** and **MARTHA (MACKEY) PENDLETON** (both SF) celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary this year, Martha writes: "We have two children, one of whom (unlike his parents) graduated from St. John's College and is also attending his class reunion this year. At various times we've written short stories (R), drawn portraits (M), folk danced, swing danced, and sung in a choir (both of us). Randy has mostly been working in pharmaceutical manufacturing (Syntex, Genetech). I was lucky enough to have been able to stay home and raise our two children. Currently we are following Voltaire and cultivating our garden."

**LARRISON** (A). "I have the best resumé for those jobs, but what I really need is a seminar. The opening question is **G. KAY BISHOP's** (A75) impression of John Wayne "Ta be or not ta be."

"I was baptized on January 11, full immersion, but don't want to see sports banned on Sunday, so I have trouble with my latest church. My fiancé is a trustee of a Baptist Church in Washington, D.C. We met in the park in front of the White House (he was taking a nap). He stopped at Freud—but I'm a Jungian. Figuring things out—didn't know until recently that logos translates to tao in Chinese. The tao, the truth, and the light are making ME lightheaded.

"Missing **CAROLYN WADE LORING** (A77) and **GRETCHEN BERG SAVAGE** (A75) with pains that would frighten a midwife. Also **TEMPLE WRIGHT** (A75), **TINA SADDY BELL** (A75), and **KAREN BENT SALEM** (A76). Trying to remember my additions to the Seminar Songbag and the Seminar Jokebook, as life can be pretty grim, as in the Brothers G. (Bruno Bettelheim).

"Doing pretty well with my stage fright—but I still probably would be a SILENT student. Fondest regards to all."

### 1975

**DENNIS J. JOHNSON** (A) writes: "Ann and I moved back to Newnan, Georgia, two years ago, after a 15-month stretch of employment in Charlotte, N.C. I wear a number of different hats at work here, including those of training coordinator, 'machine vision' system guru, and product trouble-shooter. Our grandchildren are now five in number, ranging from seven months old to ten and a half. We had planned to make a trip to Virginia and Maryland to see them this spring, but Annie cannot travel right now due to health problems. We were hoping to be able to visit with some of my Johnnie friends in that area as well, but for now we will have to make do with e-mail and phone calls. The online alumni register contains all of my updated info, so please feel free to use it and contact me here in the Sunny South!"

"I'm half Jack-of-all-Trades and half Jack-in-the-Box, living in Madison, N.J., and trying to come out of retirement as an artist's model or as a psychiatric caseworker," says **SUZU**

### 1976

**MARIE CLARK AVERY** (SF) has been nominated to the Wall of Tolerance for her work as a founding member in the National Campaign for Tolerance. Marie teaches Special Education in Espanola and is working on her master's degree. She also raises four sons, Justin, David, Josh, and Tyrel.

**VICKY HANLEY** (SF) published her third novel, *The Light of the Oracle*, in the U.K. in August; the book will be published in May 2005 in the U.S. "You can visit me at [www.victoriahanley.com](http://www.victoriahanley.com)."

**PHYLLIS HUFFMAN HERMAN** (SFCGI) writes: "I have been involved in the study of the work of two great thinkers: Moshe Feldenkrais and Virginia Satir. I am a Feldenkrais practitioner (i.e., I work with people exploring thinking/sensing/feeling/moving in order to bring



more efficiency, congruence, grace, ease, and satisfaction to their lives). I am currently training in the Human Validation Process Model, based on Virginia Satir's work, which I find complementary to the Feldenkrais method of somatic education. I live in Arlington, Va., with my husband, Michael, and our younger daughter, Amy. Our older two children are in college. The nest is emptying."

As a postscript, she offers these lines from Adrienne Rich: "Anger and tenderness: my selves./And now I can believe they breathe in me/as angels, not polarities./ Anger and tenderness: the spider's genius/to spin and weave in the same action/from her own body, anywhere-/even from a broken web."

## 1977

**BILL MALLOY** (SF) retired in December 2003 and spends his time writing and working on photography, in addition to volunteering four mornings a week holding babies in the (NICU) at Texas Children's Hospital. He plans to get ESL training soon in order to teach English as a Second Language. "Other than that, I am blessed to have both of my parents, ages 88 and 83, who've been married an amazing 63? years (so far)," he writes.

**JUDY KISTLER-ROBINSON** (SF) recently visited classmate **ELIZABETH (COCHRAN) BOWDEN** (SF) at her home in Marblehead, Mass. The two celebrated their birthdays and being friends for more than half their lifetimes at the Kripalu Yoga Center in the Berkshires. Judy also watched the cows changing pastures while visiting **LYNNE GATELY** (A) in Randolph Center, Vt., where Lynne is a librarian. Lynne and her husband, David, run a dairy farm and a maple sugar business. Judy also visited **KEITH HARRISON** (SF) at his home in New Hampshire. Keith teaches law at Franklin Peirce Law School. Judy has been enduring Minnesota weather for more than six years now and is longing for a temperate climate with mountains. Anyone with job leads in New Mexico, please contact Judy!

## 1979

Poetic entry no. 3 for this issue of Alumni Notes, from **QUINN CUSHING** (SF), an ode from Brooklyn: "Winter's cold blues chase/The summer's heat/through the city's sewers./They meet and rise./Coiling about my feet--Steam rising from the street/after the promised thunderstorms/have passed."

## 1980

**LISA LASHLEY** (SF) writes: "I'm married to Santa Fe attorney Ron Van Amberg. We have two children, Alex, who will be attending CU Boulder in the fall, and Virginia, who is a sophomore at St. Michael's High School. I am teaching algebra at St. Mike's where I am head of the Math Department and advisor to the National Junior Honors Society. I'm still involved in Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and plan to accompany my son on a two-week back-packing trip to Philmont this summer!"

**BOB NESLUND** (SFCG) was named "Latin Teacher of the Year" by the Classical Association of Minnesota in November 2003.

## 1981

**JIM PRESTON** (A) and **ELLEN MINERVA** (A80) "are happily raising their girls in Silver Spring, Md. Call anytime: 301-585-8554."

## 1982

**MARIAN BETOR BAUMGARTEN** (A) writes: "My husband, **JONATHAN BAUMGARTEN** (also A82), was ordained a Deacon in the Episcopal Church in February 2004. Jon continues to work as a systems analyst in Chicago, and I continue to work in human resources administration. Martha will be a sophomore in high school this fall, and Peter will be entering 7th grade."

## 1983

**JOHN HARTNETT** (SF) has been named communications director on the Santa Fe campus of St. John's.

**ANN WALTON SIEBER** (A) is currently living in her hometown of Houston, where she's working as a "bohemian freelance journalist." She recently coordinated all the media for Houston's Art Car Parade. On a more serious side, she's involved in starting a halfway house for men released from prison.

## 1984

**PETER GREEN** (A) has finally left Prague and finished a year at Columbia Business School as a Knight-Bagehot Fellow. He expected a return to journalism this summer. "I'm in New York now and reachable at [petergreen@pobox.com](mailto:petergreen@pobox.com). See you all at the reunion!" Peter is compiling the virtual yearbook for his class reunion. Pictures and updates can be mailed to: [sjc84reunion@hotmail.com](mailto:sjc84reunion@hotmail.com) or to Peter personally.

**TRISHA (FIKE) HOWELL** (SF) is pleased to announce the publication of her fifth book, *The Adventures of Melon and Turnip*, a children's picture book. Trisha would love to hear from former classmates and can be reached at [Trish@Howell-CanyonPress.com](mailto:Trish@Howell-CanyonPress.com)

**NATASHA WALTER-FISK** (SF) writes, "I'm going to the Institute of Transpersonal Psychology, studying for a degree in counseling, planning on being licensed in 2008. Getting divorced from Peter. Gioia, 8 years old, is a joy. When a plant moves to a bigger pot, breaking the roots hurts, but then it flourishes. Sending kindest regards to all."

**JOHN C. WRIGHT** (A) sends an update on his literary career: "My fourth novel, *Last Guardian of Everness*, came out in August. The second two volumes of the previous trilogy—a work of science fiction—made the *N.Y. Times* Recommended

Reading List for 2003. The titles of that series are: *The Golden Age*, *Phoenix Exaltant*, and *The Golden Transcendence*."

## 1985

**MARY WALLACE** (SF) and Eileen Lynx were married in April in Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Their marriage "is recognized by the civilized nations of the world," writes Mary.

## 1986

**ELIZABETH BARNET** (SF) writes: "Spring of 2004 finds me 14 years married to Rufus Blunk, whom I met working on a building project in Nicaragua in 1987. We have lived as land stewards in Marin County on Tomales Bay with a big garden, wood sculpture, and sustainable living projects. I have taught yoga here for 12 years and home-school my children: son Jasper, nearly 11, off to performing arts camp on a piano scholarship; son Silas, now 8; and daughter, Savilia, just 5. I am reading Catherine Clinton's biography of Harriet Tubman and collecting signatures for a petition to make Marin County GMO-free. Hello there to old friends. E-mail me at [lizbar@svn.net](mailto:lizbar@svn.net), or P.O. Box 636, Inverness, CA 94937."

**STEPHANIE RICO** (A) and **TODD PETERSON** (A87) welcomed their second daughter, Sasha Gabriele, to their family this past November. "She joins her sister, Tia Linda Rico Peterson, who is 2 years old and loves her new baby sister. You can reach us at [srico@mail.sandi.net](mailto:srico@mail.sandi.net) or [boredout@concentric.net](mailto:boredout@concentric.net)."

## 1987

News from **BOB HOWELL** (AGI) and his wife, Lynn: Bob is the head of the English Department at the O'Neal School, and Lynn is the director of the Southern Pines Public Library. Their daughter Emma graduated as the valedictorian of O'Neal's class of

## A TASTE OF NEW ORLEANS

*Sara Roahen's Restaurant Reviews Capture all the Flavor of The Big Easy*

BY SUSAN BORDEN, A87

**W**hen is smoked meat not just smoked meat? When it's barbecue, the emblem of Southern food culture and the subject of a cover story for the *New Orleans Gambit Weekly* by SARA ROAHEN (SF94).

Still, despite barbecue's stronghold on Southern appetites, the story was not a natural match for the *Gambit*. New Orleans, although rich in food culture, is not much of a barbecue town. As Roahen points out in her article, an informal study published in the spring/summer edition of *South at the Center* puts New Orleans dead last among Southern towns in barbecue-restaurants-per-person. Nevertheless, Roahen managed to turn this low-priority topic into a vibrant story, weaving history, statistics, sociology, oral history, regionalism, race, and politics into its 4,000 words.

"Writing about food isn't just about writing about food," Roahen says. "It's also tapping into something everybody can relate to. There's a lot of room for social commentary. Discussions of race, wage issues, values—those came up a lot while I was researching the story."

Roahen's articles capture all the flavor—historical and social as well as gustatory—of New Orleans' food culture. She has won a number of awards for her work, most recently first place in the critical review category for the New Orleans Press Club Awards 2004 and first place in the food writing category for the Association of Alternative Newsweeklies 2003. In addition to the food news, restaurant reviews, and feature stories she writes for the *Gambit*, she is also a contributor to *Wine and Spirits* magazine and *Tin House* (a literary magazine), and has been published in *Gourmet*. Her essays can be found in 2003 *Best Food Writing* and an upcoming anthology, *Cornbread Nation II*.

Roahen brings a solid background of restaurant work to her job. As a Johnnie in Santa Fe, she was a cocktail waitress at La Posada and worked after graduation at Cloud Cliff as a waitress and assistant manager. She was a line cook at restaurants in Wisconsin, San Francisco, and Wyoming. In 1999, she moved to New Orleans where her

then-boyfriend, now husband, MATHIEU DE SCHUTTER (SF94) began medical school. Burnt out from cooking, she decided to resuscitate an old love, writing.

"I knew I wanted to make the move to writing, but I didn't know how to do it," she says. "I feel like luck was on my side, because the weekly paper ran an ad for a restaurant critic, and Mathieu pushed me to apply."

The ad asked applicants to submit published clips but Roahen had none. Undeterred, she wrote a restaurant review, a recipe feature, and an autobiographical essay and sent them in. Three months later she was offered her first in a series of assign-

*"I can count the number of truly mind-bending meals I've eaten on two hands."*

SARA ROAHEN, SF94

ments that lasted six months before she was officially offered the position.

"I found out that I got the job in part because I went to the trouble to make up clips and in part because the editor of the paper, Michael Tisserand, went to St. John's for one semester and wanted to see what a Johnnie looks like," Roahen says. "I certainly never anticipated that St. John's was going to help me get a writing job, but it did."

Roahen's work as a food writer gives her an unusual relationship with food. For her weekly column she eats at the restaurant she's reviewing at least three times. Research to find new places adds a few more restaurant meals, and occasionally she eats out for pleasure.

"I love dining out. Sometimes I get physically tired of it, but there are a lot of great moments to be had in dining out even if you do it for a living. I've given up looking for the end-all-be-all meals, those are always rare. I can count the number of truly mind-bending meals I've eaten on two hands. But I've gained an appreciation for certain piv-

otal moments or dishes or mouthfuls. I can find something exciting in more than you would think."

On her list of mind-bending meals is a dinner she ate at a cider house in the Spanish town of Astigarraga near San Sebastian. Cider houses can be found throughout the Spanish countryside, each serving the same traditional menu. Meals are eaten standing up around tables and the food is brought in courses: first, a *tortilla de bacalao* (a sort of omelet made with salt cod); then, *bacalao* (salt cod) smothered in roasted peppers; next, rare ox grilled over an open fire; and for dessert, *Idiazabal* (a slightly smoky sheep's milk cheese) with quince paste and walnuts.

"Throughout the meal everyone at your table walks up to big casks of cider and fills their glasses with just an inch of cider, drinking it quickly before it oxidizes." As the meal continues, Roahen says, the fun escalates. "You're standing up digging into hunks of meat, getting tipsy, and everyone around you is doing the same thing. You start talking to people at other tables. Then, every 15 minutes or so, the owner walks to a secret door in the back and unlocks it. That's where the really good cider is. Everyone leaves their table and stands in line to get a spot of cider. They toast each other, slam down the cider and go back to their tables."

Roahen, who was eating with her husband, his father, and his father's wife, says that the meal had all the elements of a great restaurant experience: great food, great ambiance, and people you love.

As for great moments and mouthfuls, Roahen says they often come during meals in New Orleans' many neighborhood restaurants. "In New Orleans, neighborhood restaurants generally serve the same menu," she explains. "There's always going to be a gumbo, very likely there will be raw oysters, always red beans, especially on Mondays. They serve po boys, smothered pork chops, spaghetti, fried chicken, and probably a shrimp remoulade. In these restaurants they'll do a couple of dishes really well and the rest will be mediocre. You end up going to these places just for those couple of things they do well." ❀

2004 and will be attending Rice University in the fall.

## 1988

**ELAINE PINKERTON COLEMAN** (SFGI) sold her World War II suspense novel, *Beast of Bengal*, to Polocl Press. Publication date is spring 2005. She completed a children's book, *A Hat for Emily*, written for her granddaughter Emily Clementine Pinkerton, age 20 months. Visit her Web site: [www.booksbyelaine.com](http://www.booksbyelaine.com)

**LAURIE COOPER** (A) lives in rural Chaplin, Conn., with her husband, Dov Kugelmass, and their two children: Carrie, 4, and Cyrus, 2. She is a clinical social worker in a community mental health center.

**DIANA SHAW-MCCARTHY** (A) has graduated from the Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service and is working as a data coordinator for Project Renewal, a nonprofit organization in New York City that works with chronically addicted homeless individuals.

## 1989

News from **JEANNE BLACKMORE (DUVOISIN)** (A): "We welcomed baby Samantha on September 12, 2003. She was born two years to the day after her brother Benjamin. Ben and Sam often get together with (A89 classmates) **GARFIELD GOODRUM**'s daughter Cecily, and **ERIKA GAFFNEY**'s daughter Cara."

**EDWARD P. EAGAN** (AGI) lives in Ipswich, Mass., with his wife, Camilla, and three children: Grace, 8; Eloise, 5; and Charlie, 2. He is a practicing clinical psychologist in Newburyport, Mass.

**BRAD STUART** (A), **SARA LARSON STUART** (A90), and Eleanor welcome Phoebe Sophia Stuart, born November 4, 2003, at 1:42 p.m. EST. "Brown of hair and blue of eye, Phoebe has a crooked smile and a ready laugh. What a girl!"

## 1990

"After spending last year living in San Francisco attending Circus School (I fly on the trapeze), I have found my home in sunny Los Angeles and couldn't be happier," writes **DAVID JOHNSON** (SF). "No plans for the big top—just enjoying the ride."

"Martin and I are moving to Phoenix," writes **ELAINE (REISS) PEREA** (SF). "I am finally going to grad school. I start a Ph.D. program in evolutionary psychology in August. I'd love to hear from classmates and other area alum. My e-mail is [meperea@hotmail.com](mailto:meperea@hotmail.com)"

**ELIZABETH SPAETH STOLTZ** (SFGI) reports that her daughter, **MEG SPAETH** (A01), married **TIM FREEMAN** (A01) on September 20, 2003.

## 1991

**PATRICK CHO** (A) writes to announce the arrival of his son, Nicholas, on New Year's Eve, 2002. Nicholas gets along well with his big sister, Samantha, he adds.

**MAGGIE FARLEY** (SF) reports: "I married a Peruvian mathematician named Renzo last December and received a master's in statistics from UNM in May. I am currently in the doctorate program in education psychology at UNM, where I am interested in studying ways to teach abstract reasoning so as to improve mathematical ability. I have been teaching undergraduate math at UNM for the last three years and before that taught high school math for two years at Santa Fe High. I value my time at St. John's for how it encouraged me to believe in my own ability to inquire into the meaning of things as well as for all the times I got to dance throughout the night."

**LAKE (JAMES) PERRIGUEY** (SF) hosted Nancy Buchenauer for an alumni seminar in Portland, Ore., on Jeanette Winterson's *The Passion*. Lake is a litigator, civil rights lawyer, and community-based legal counselor in Portland.

## 1992

From **CATHERINE BARRIER** (A) and **JIM DUGAN** (A93): "We'd like to announce the birth of Lucy Eleanor Dugan on December 10, 2004, in Los Angeles. We are, of course, convinced she is the most beautiful and smartest baby in the world. We just hope we can keep up. If anyone is rash enough to ask for pictures, they can contact us at [ceb@mnemonides.net!](mailto:ceb@mnemonides.net)"

**ELYETTE KIRBY-BLOCK** (SF) has just moved near Paris with her husband, Jonathan, and children: Benjamin, 3, and Elyse, 18 months. "I'm home with the kids and expecting again in September," she writes. "I'll be visiting family this summer in Minnesota and Nova Scotia but will be back in France the rest of the time and, as always, would welcome visitors! E-mail [elyette@hotmail.com](mailto:elyette@hotmail.com)."

**LISA HOLLIS-BROWN** and **DAVID BROWN** (both SF) have moved to Colorado Springs. "David is a shiny new math professor at that other wacky liberal arts college in the mountain time zone, Colorado College. Lisa is finishing off her dissertation, and making plans for lots of long weekends in Santa Fe. Drop us a line at [dbrown@colorado-college.edu](mailto:dbrown@colorado-college.edu)."

**PHIL HOPKINS** (SFGI) just received the award for teaching excellence as a philosophy professor at Southwestern University. **LISA (KALLMAN) HOPKINS** (SF89) begins graduate studies in library science at Texas Women's University this fall.

**PRAXADES RIVERA** (SFGI) has lived in Venezuela for the last eight years and is now embarking on a year sabbatical, using her summer home in New York as "headquarters." She intends to study, read, and travel.

## A COMMUNITY IN COTATI

**W**hat is it like to live in a co-housing community? "Wonderful," writes **ANNE LEONARD** (A89): "Last November, after several years of planning and many meetings and work, my family (me, husband Adam Hill, son Benjamin Leonard-Hill, 2 cats) finally moved into our co-housing community in Cotati (Calif.). We live in an intentional community, legally a condominium, with shared common space, community meals several times a week, lots of kid-friendly play areas, private houses that were designed with 'green building' principles, and of course fabulous, intelligent, interesting people. All our [Homeowner's Association] decisions are made on a consensus system, rather than voting. I can hang out with people and have either a frivolous or an intellectual conversation without going farther than next door. At its best, it's like post-seminar hanging out in the Coffee Shop, with a short trek to your house when you get tired. "A couple of weeks ago, a dozen of us were hanging out in the 'gathering node' by the swale, when the talk turned as it often does with this group to wordplay, language games, and mnemonics. A new resident, who had only moved in a few weeks before, said that she still remembered her Greek conjugations and conjugated "luw." I joined in, and asked her why we both knew the same thing. It turns out she was **SUSAN WELCH** (SF89). We're still trying to figure out who we know in common. "I'd love to hear from any other Johnnies who live in co-housing, or from anyone who's interested and wants to know more." ❀



## 1993

"Yes!" writes **JAMES DI PROPERZIO** (A), aka James Propis. "My short story, 'After the Fall,' was published in a new anthology called *Toddler: Real-Life Stories of Those Fickle, Irrational, Urgent, Tiny People We Love*, edited by Jennifer Margulis, Ph.D. The book just won an award for #1 Best Parenting Book of the Year from the Independent Publisher's Book Association."

**NANCY MARCUS** (A) writes, "After serving as the National Abortion Federation's State Public Policy Director since 2002 (See pages 139-143 of Molly Ivin's *Bushwhacked* for some of my recent work), I am leaving the D.C. activist world to rejoin the academic world in true Johnnie style. For the next two years, I will be in Madison earning my LL.M. at the University of Wisconsin's Law School."

**PENNY SINONE** (SFGI) is currently working on "Leftovers," part II of a project called "The Dump Chronicles," a collaboration with Sonoma artist David Povilaite.

"In August 2003, I left Philly and my work at Project HOME (the best experience of my life!) to move to Santa Fe and begin teaching here," writes **J. WALTER STERLING** (A). "So far, so good."

"Hi! I am living in Dumfries, Va., with my parents. I hope everyone is good," writes **ERIKA SUSKI** (A). She can be reached at P.O. Box 1133, Dumfries, VA 22026.

## 1994

**WILLIAM J. KOWALSKI** (SF) and his wife, Alexandra, welcomed a daughter, Kasia, into the world on July 3, 2003.

**SARAH** (LIVERSIDGE) and **MIKE AFFLERBACH** (both A) are still enjoying life in New Bern, N.C. Writes Sarah, "We've been doing a lot of

sailboat racing and some cruising to the Outer Banks. Mike's radio business is growing, and I should have my architecture license this year."

**JULIE MEADOWS** (A) writes: "I am finally ABD in the Ethics and Society program in the Religion Department at Emory. My dissertation director, **MARK JORDAN** (SF73), is also a Johnnie! I row on weekends on the Chattahoochee River with the Atlanta Rowing Club, while my sweetie Steve, a veterinarian-turned-epidemiologist, goes kayaking. Best wishes!"

## 1995

**GEORGE ERVING** (SFGI) is enjoying a tenure-track position as assistant professor of Humanities, Honors and English Lit at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Wash., where he has been since the fall of 2003. "It's a great fit for me and my courses are substantially influenced by my time at St. John's," he writes.

**ZENA HITZ** (A) is finishing her dissertation on the critique of democracy in Plato and Aristotle. This fall she will have a temporary teaching appointment in the philosophy department at McGill University in Montreal, and in January, she will take up a tenure-track position at Auburn University in Alabama.

"Greetings from the greater Boston area!" **EMILY MURPHY** (A) writes. "Still in grad school—still working part-time for the National Park Service and helping with the 200th anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth here in Salem."

## 1996

**ELIZABETH BUCHEN** (SF96), daughter of **JERRY (GERALD) BUCHEN** (SF72), just earned her medical degree from the University of New Mexico School of Medicine and starts her residency in Ob/Gyn ("another four years!") also at UNM: "I live in Albuquerque with my husband, Chris Lopez, and our four dogs

and two cats. Anyone wishing to contact me can do so by e-mail at elizsb@unm.edu."

**SONIAH KAMAL** (A) will have her first novel, *An Isolated Incident*, published by Penguin in the fall of 2005. "A short synopsis is 'East is East meets Osama Bin Laden,'" she reports. Kamal has had a lot of short stories published, writes a column for a periodical in Pakistan, and is working on a movie script. She lives in San Francisco.

**DANIEL SILVERMINTZ** (AGI) has accepted a position as assistant professor of Humanities at the University of Houston-Clear Lake. He can be reached at silvermintz@cl.uh.edu.

**SHANNON STIRMAN** (SF) writes: "**KELLY** (SF97), Henry (who is now almost 3), and I have moved to Menlo Park, Calif., where he's working for a software company, and I'll be doing an internship in clinical psychology. I defended my dissertation in February, so this is the last step before I finish school. We'd love to hear from other Johnnies who are in the area!"

## 1997

**DOMINIC CRAPUCHETTES** (A) recently graduated with an MBA from the University of Maryland.

Happy news from **LORI FREEMAN** (A): "I'm too excited not to write *The College* and let everyone know that I've gotten engaged! Wes Smedley and I will be married in Philadelphia this October. This is the funny part—he's an Episcopal priest, which is actual proof that God has a sense of humor. Anyway, we're being married at Christ Church in Philadelphia on Sunday, October 17, during the regular 11 a.m. church service. If you're around, come and join us! My e-mail address is lorifreeman25@hotmail.com; Johnnies and friends are always welcome at the house I share with **KEVIN GARDNER** (also A97), who, in addition to being my Maid of Honor, just completed his second year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

and is working on a huge, beautiful mural project this summer. I'm still working for a women's literacy program in the Kensington area of Philadelphia."

**KIRA HEATER** (SF) and her husband, **RUSSELL DIBBLE** (A92, EC97) are living in Missoula, Mont. Kira is finishing a master's degree in mathematics, and "Russ is on a BLM hotshot wildland fire crew based out of Salt Lake City. If you're in Missoula, look us up. Johnnies are always welcome."

**BRENT HINRICHS** (AGI) is now working as the Upper School Head at Hillbrook School in Los Gatos, Calif. In addition, he and Evie Schneider got married last August and purchased their first home in San Jose. "We would love to hear from GIs from '94-'98! Where are you, **BILL BUYSSE** (AGI96) and **PATRICK WAGER** (AGI96)?"

**ANNE KNIGGENDORF** (SF) reports: "**TONY LAGOURANIS** (also SF97) is serving in the Army and is currently stationed in Iraq. I think he will be there until early 2005. If you would like to send Tony something, I have his address and would be glad to give it to anyone interested. Please contact me at [anneknigs@cs.com](mailto:anneknigs@cs.com). My family is well—still in Georgia. Stephen and I have TWO little boys now!"

**INYA LASKOWSKI** (SFGI) has been invited to be art educator in residence at the Museum of Contemporary Art at the Luther Burbank Center in Santa Rosa, Calif. She has shown her monotypes in nine exhibitions in the last two years. Her work can be seen at Hand Artes Gallery, Truchas, N.M.

**KIT LINTON** (A) and **SONYA SCHIFF LINTON** (A00) are happy to announce the birth of their daughter, Viola Mae Linton, on June 3, 2004. Kit heads up the New York City office for a small consulting firm, and Sonya just finished her first year at law school. They would love to hear from friends at [Kitandsonya@hotmail.com](mailto:Kitandsonya@hotmail.com).



After graduating from Yale Law School in May, **RICHARD SCHMECHEL** (A) plans to move to Washington, D.C., in the fall. He will be working at the Public Defender Service on a two-year project funded by the Open Society Institute. DNA, memory reliability, and other forensic issues are the subject of the project. He would love to hear from Johnnies, "indicted or not," at richardschmechel@aya.yale.edu.

## 1998

An announcement from **DAWN BORCHELT** (A): "Wolfgang Guy Borchelt was born at home Feb. 24, 2004." He was 6 lbs., 11 oz., and 19 inches long.

**JESSICA COVITZ** and **ALAN PICHANICK** (both A) are excited to announce the births of their second and third daughters, Katherine and Elisheva, this past January. Along with their 5-year-old daughter, Sophia, they are living in Philadelphia. They would love to hear from old friends and can be reached via e-mail: jcovitz@uchicago.edu or adpichan@uchicago.edu.

After finishing a master's degree in Divinity at the University of Chicago, **ALEXANDRA MUDD** (A) moved to Cambridge to work on a Ph.D. in History and Philosophy of Science. "Any Ag8 Johnnies in England should look me up!" she writes.

"I am living in that Johnnie haven, Brooklyn," writes **FELIX S. LESLIE** (A), "practicing law across the river in Manhattan and enjoying life. I can be reached at felixleslie@hotmail.com."

Santa Fe alumni looking for long-lost alumnus **MICHAEL OLSON** (A99) can find his classmate among entries for 1999.

**TIM POMAROLE** (A) has graduated from Duke University School of Law and will be working for the Appellate Division of the Suffolk County DA's Office in Boston. Last summer, Tim worked at the International Criminal

Tribunal in The Hague, Netherlands.

## 1999

**MICHAEL BAAS** (SF) married Megan Bello on January 2, 2004, in Galisteo, NM.

**RUTH BUSKO** (SF) graduated from the Tai Sophia Institute for the Healing Arts in March 2004 with a Master of Acupuncture degree. She is living in Baltimore, Md., and practicing acupuncture in Ellicott City, Md.

**GREG KOEHLERT** (SFGI) married Merrie Schlein in August 2003; their first child is due at the end of November. "Of course, we're still in NYC," Greg writes.

**MICHAEL OLSEN** (A) checks in after a long absence: "Almost immediately upon graduating five years ago, I lost my way on the path to law school and never arrived. Instead, this fall I begin my fourth year of teaching English and Social Studies in grades six through eight at a private middle school in Chicago. Although this career began unexpectedly, I'm having a great time teaching and cannot think of anything else I'd rather be doing right now. I will probably continue with it well into the future, although it is likely I will leave Chicago again once I complete the masters degree

I'm starting to work on. Not a day goes by when I do not miss the college. I occasionally attend Chicago-area alumni events but regret that I have kept in touch with only a few classmates. I am fortunate to be doing a fair amount of traveling and generally living the life of leisure during my summer vacations. All are welcome to write, e-mail, or telephone: 1354 W. Argyle Street, Chicago, IL 60640; michaelolsenr23@hotmail.com; 773-989.8491. I am interested in hearing from anyone I knew, whether in Santa Fe or Annapolis."

"It's funny to think that it's been eight years since I last saw most of you, writes **BEN THORNER** (A). "I have just gotten an M. Div. degree from Earlham School of Religion, a Quaker seminary located in Richmond, Indiana. I am now looking for work as a pastoral minister at a Quaker church, having become a Quaker two years ago. I'm largely looking at Quaker churches in the Midwest but I am also talking to a Quaker church in Tennessee. I value the time that I spent at St. John's and the friendships I developed there. I hope to hear from you. My snail-mail address is: 824 SW A Street, Richmond, IN 47374, and my e-mail address is thornberbenjamin@hotmail.com. I hope things go well with each of you."

## 2000

**JOHN HUNTER** (AGI) and his wife, Lisa, would like to announce the birth of a son, James Elias Brinton ("Jeb") on Oct. 3, 2003.

**ANNE MCSHANE** (A) expects to begin studies at New York University's School of Law this fall, and offers to coach others thinking about a similar path. "I have taught and am teaching Kaplan's LSAT course and am happy to advise on the law school application process. I can be reached at annecarolmcsbane@yahoo.com."

**NICOLE NELSON-JEAN** (AGI) is enjoying her time in Tokyo. "Last year I accepted a position as the director of the Department of Energy Asia office and also became the Energy Attache to the U.S. Ambassador of Japan. I have had a fabulous time here. The food is wonderful and the art, historical sites, and people are even better."

**DEBERNIERE TORREY** (AGI) was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship to Korea. Torrey is pursuing a Ph.D. in comparative literature at Penn State University. A Korean instructor at Penn State, she's also active with the university's International Languages and Literature Student Organization, the Conversation Partners Program, and the Ballroom Dance club. The fellowship will allow Torrey to spend a year in Korea studying 19th-century Korean literature in preparation for her thesis proposal and further research. The topic of her research is the effect of modern/western thought imported from China.

## 2001

**LANCE BRISBOIS** (A) recently joined the editorial staff of Hackett Publishing. He works and lives in Cambridge, Mass.

**PAIGE POSTLEWAIT** (A) and **MICHAEL MAGUIRE** (AO2) were married in 2001, "and have a beautiful son, Daschel Auden,"

## NEW VENTURES FOR JOHN BALKCOM

**F**ormer Santa Fe President **JOHN BALKCOM** (SFG100) joined the board of directors of IMCO Recycling, Inc., in December 2003 and became the chairman of the board in April 2004. He participated in the announcement of a merger with Commonwealth Industries in mid-June. "Carol and I are pleased to be back in Evanston and looking forward to hosting our second reception for prospective students in June," he writes. "I'm also excited about co-leading a seminar in Summer Classics with tutor Michael Rawn on Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* We send our gratitude to the Santa Fe class of 2004 for their warm welcome at commencement." ❀

Paige writes. "Michael is currently serving our country in the Army, and we will all be relocating as a family in the fall to Berlin, Germany. I will teach English and attend school while we are there. I have recently started a Web site for Johnnies from the Annapolis campus to use. It is located at [www.youthriot.co.uk/sjc](http://www.youthriot.co.uk/sjc), and includes photo galleries and message boards. We are also looking for links to Johnnie homepages. I'd encourage anyone who wants to get in touch with me to help with the site or suggest links! It is a work in progress but we're very excited. Feel free to contact Mike and me at [sizeofthoughts@hotmail.com](mailto:sizeofthoughts@hotmail.com)."

**SUZANNAH SIMMONS** (SF) expects to be in law school this fall.

"Hi, everybody!" writes **ERIK STADNIK** (A). "I'm one of the growing number of Johnnies who has settled in the DC area for the time being. I've lived in the Alexandria, Va., area for the past two years or so, and I just started a new job at the Library of Congress Law Library. So, if anyone is in the area and would like a tour, get in touch! [Sjcaustenite@yahoo.com](mailto:Sjcaustenite@yahoo.com).

## 2002

**LUCAS FORD** (A) is pining for certain aspects of the Johnnie life: "I miss vacations, breaks, and long week-ends and all that sweetness."

**SHELLEY ROSE WALKER** (SFGI, ECo3) is enjoying life in the East: "Since graduation, Doug Saxon and I have been teaching English at a university in South Korea. We live about an hour from Seoul, which allows us a primarily relaxed, quiet lifestyle within a short jaunt from the cultural and culinary advantages of the capital city. We spent two months last winter traveling in India and we can't wait to go back. This summer our adventures will lead us through China, into Tibet, and then boating down the Yangtze River before we head back to our East Asian abode come September. Our tentative plan is to hold down the fort here for two to four more years. One of the great perks of our jobs is the enormous amount of free time we're given, during which you can usually find us gleefully occupied

with reading and continuing our conversations. We'd love to hear from you: [swalker\\_@hotmail.com](mailto:swalker_@hotmail.com) or [dougsaxon@hotmail.com](mailto:dougsaxon@hotmail.com)."

**RACHEL AVIVA POLLACK** (A) spent the summer studying at the American Academy of Rome.

## 2003

**KATHY CHRISTIE** and **JOHN ANDERS** (both SF) were married in Houston, Texas, in August 2004.

**LAURA DABNEY** (SF) writes that **JUSTIN "GUS" HURWITZ** (SF) has made it into the Chicago School of Law. "Go him!"

Another new law student: **SEAN MCLAIN** (A) will be beginning studies at the Columbus School of Law at The Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., this fall.

## 2004

**SEAN MADDEN** (AGI) will embark on the Eastern Classics program in Santa Fe in August. ❖

### WHAT'S UP?

*The College* wants to hear from you. Call us, write us, e-mail us. Let your classmates know what you're doing. The next issue will be published in January; deadline for the alumni notes section is November 1.

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## { OBITUARIES }

### EDWIN LEROY LOTZ, CLASS OF 1931

Edwin Lotz, whose skill as a lacrosse player at St. John's during the days of intercollegiate athletics won him a place in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame, died May 25, 2004, at the age of 93. Born in Ellicott City, Md., Lotz earned his degree from St. John's in 1931. He received the college's Allgerson Sidney Sullivan Award for Outstanding Leadership.

In 1934, Lotz earned a master's degree from Johns Hopkins University, where he conducted research on the effects of electrical shock to the heart. His basic discoveries later led to the development of the defibrillator. He received his doctorate in electrical engineering from Hopkins in 1938, and went on to a career in research. He retired in 1975 as vice president of research and development for the Glass Fabrics Company, a division of Burlington Industries. He held numerous patents on the treatment of glass

fabrics. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences and a fellow in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

With his brother Phil, a member of the class of 1932 who also is in the Hall of Fame, Lotz was among the most accomplished athletes in the college's history. He played football, boxed, and played baseball. When the baseball team was disbanded, Ed Lotz and his brother picked up lacrosse sticks. Lotz



played on three national championship lacrosse teams (1929, 1930, and 1931) that beat much bigger schools, including Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and Maryland. He was

EDWIN LOTZ

named to the All-American Lacrosse Team in 1930 and in 1931. In 1966 he was inducted into the Lacrosse Hall of Fame, as "one of Lacrosse's all-time great defensemen." The December 1999 issue of *Sports Illustrated* named Edwin Lotz one of the top 50 greatest sports figures from the state of Maryland in the 20th century.

In a letter he wrote to *The Reporter* in 1998, Lotz said that he once believed that his participation on the St. John's championship teams and being named to the Hall of Fame would stand as his life's greatest achievements. "However, something happened to me shortly after my 86th birthday that changed all that," he wrote. Lotz described how in the midst of the Great Depression, unable to find a job, he decided to attend graduate school at Hopkins:

"During the research work on my thesis... I discovered the basic principle of electric countershock as a means to stop the fibrilla-

tion of the heart. Using dogs as subjects, I found that a very small electrical shock of 1 milliampere would cause the heart to go into fibrillation and a countershock 100 times stronger would stop the fibrillation.

"This basic discovery in 1934 led to the development of the defibrillator that is now used worldwide in all hospitals and doctors' offices to stop fibrillation of the heart, saving many lives every day. About the size of a portable typewriter, the defibrillator sits over in the corner of the room awaiting its turn to save another life."

It was his life, Lotz noted, that was saved by a defibrillator when his heart stopped during the implantation of a pacemaker. "This remarkable story illustrates the importance of basic research, because you never know where the discovery of new facts or information will lead."

Lotz and his wife, Kay, had four children. After his wife died in 1991, Lotz lived with his daughter and her family in Charlottesville, Va., until his death.

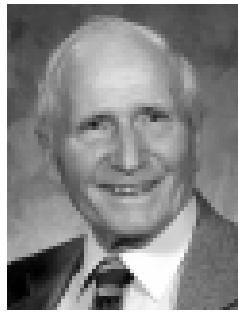
**CALVIN BAUMGARTNER, CLASS OF 1944**  
Calvin Baumgartner, a member of the class of 1944 who survived the sinking of the Merchant Marine ship on which he served during World War II, died in May at the age of 90.

Baumgartner was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, and received his first education in a two-room schoolhouse. During high school at Baltimore's City College, he delivered telegrams for Western Union. He attended St. John's before the war interrupted his studies.

After the U.S. entered World War II, he joined the Merchant Marine Army Transport Service. In April 1945, he was assigned to the S.S. Black Point, which on May 5, 1945, was off the coast of Rhode Island, carrying coal to Boston. A lookout at Point Judith heard an explosion and saw the ship come to a stop: a German U-Boat torpedoed the Black Point just eight hours after the U-Boat command was ordered to stop attacks on Allied ships.

The torpedo blew off the last 50 feet of the nearly 400-foot ship. Minutes after the last survivor was rescued, the Black Point rolled over. Twelve men lost their lives in the attack; 34 men were saved. Baumgartner was the last crew member to be rescued.

A program assembled by his family for a celebration of his life spoke to Baumgartner's enduring pride in his military service. "He felt that World War II was America's finest hour and the most outstanding event of his lifetime. He was so proud of how the



CALVIN  
BAUMGARTNER

country came together and the troops rallied."

After the war, Baumgartner went on to several different enterprises:

managing an apartment complex, converting coal furnaces to natural gas, and operating a grain hauling company on the Chesapeake Bay. With a partner, he hauled grain from Norfolk to Baltimore until his barge, the B.S. Ford, sank in 1960. Baumgartner retired in 1980 from a job as stationery engineer for the Maryland Training School for Boys. Baumgartner and his first wife, Dorothea, had four children. After her death, he married Violetta S. Bateman, who died in 1996.

His goal, his family said, was to live to be 90. He celebrated that milestone on April 22, 2004.

**RICHARD "WOODY" WEST, CLASS OF 1961**  
Richard W. West, a long-time Washington journalist, died in May at his home in Hagerstown, Md. He was 70.

A high school football star, West was recruited to play for the University of Missouri, said Annapolis attorney Darrell Henry, also a member of the class of 1961. West served in the Marines in Thailand and Japan for three years before enrolling in St. John's in 1957. "We used to kiddingly call him the 'Old Marine,'" Henry recalls. "He had both feet firmly on the ground, he was very bright, an excellent manager. He was a good athlete, and a very intelligent guy."

John Pekkanen, class of 1961, shared all his classes with West for two years. "He was five years older than me, and he was very much a big brother to me," he says. "He showed me the ropes of life."



History, especially the great battles and heroes of the Civil War, and literature were West's great interest, and he left St. John's to complete

RICHARD WEST

a bachelor's degree in history at American University. His first newspaper jobs were in Nebraska, at the *Lincoln Star* and the *Omaha World-Herald*.

After moving to Washington in the early 1960s, West worked first as a reporter and later as an editorial writer for the *Washington Star*. When the *Star* folded in 1981, he moved on to the newly founded *Washington Times* as an editorial writer and quickly climbed the ranks, becoming managing editor in 1983 and later executive editor, the newspaper's chief editorial position, from 1985 to 1986. West decided to step down from that stressful position because it consumed all of his time. "Now I'm going to sit on the porch and read, go out and scare a few geese in the winter," he told the *Washington Post* in 1986.

Since 1986, West worked part time as the associate editor for the *Times*. He edited the weekly Civil War page and served on the committee overseeing the Sunday book pages, choosing books for review and matching them with reviewers. He was also a frequent reviewer himself for the *Times*, *Insight*, and the *Weekly Standard*.

"Woody saw life a little off-center, and I mean that as a compliment," says Pekkanen, adding that West encouraged and helped him when he was starting out in journalism. "He was a skilled and perceptive writer and a great thinker. He was a newspaper man."

West is survived by his wife of 43 years, JoAnn Wochos West, of Hagerstown. ❀

**ALSO NOTED:**

**GEORGE BONIFANT**, class of 1939, died in March.

**CHARLES HYSON**, class of 1937, died in March.

**JOHN LOGUE**, class of 1950, died in June.

**ALEXANDER MORSE**, class of 1945 and SFG173, died in September 2003.

**LESTER H. PALMER**, class of 1930, died in February 2004.

**ROBERT SNIBBE**, CLASS OF 1937, died in June 2004.

**WILLIAM JOHN RICHARD THOMAS JR.**, class of 1935, died in June 2004.



# CRUISING TO ANOTHER CROQUET VICTORY

## *Santa Fe Seniors Join the Party*

BY ROSEMARY HARTY

With *The College's* veteran croquet correspondent Suszan Borden (A87) taking on new duties in the Advancement office this year, this editor planned to capture the action at the 22nd annual croquet match against the Naval Academy, held on the customary date of the last Saturday of April. But I was recruited for champagne-pouring duty in the Alumni tent, where in an attempt to weed out impostors, would-be imbibers were quizzed on senior essay topics. ("Um, something about...Homer," was a typical response.) The sound of cheering reached the alumni tent, but we had a hard time following the action, like most of the estimated 1,200 spectators who crowded onto the campus for a great party on a spectacularly sunny April day.

Good thing the press was there. The match brought out the local papers, the Associated Press correspondent, and a shamefully biased correspondent from *The Trident*, the Naval Academy's newspaper, who again blamed the loss on the allegedly rigorous Naval Academy schedule.

The most interesting development this year was the participation of 28 Santa Fe students who came to Annapolis on their own dime to see for themselves what croquet fever is all about. Most caught a red-eye flight from Santa Fe after seminar Thursday

night, but a couple of determined Johnnies of the West drove all the way to Annapolis and back.

"Most of us had never been to Annapolis, so we wanted to see the campus," explained Chris Coucheron-Aamot (SF04), who organized the outing. Being an honest fellow, Coucheron-Aamot readily acknowl-

edged that the contingent came first "for a fabulous party" and second for a show of solidarity.

"The senior class in Santa Fe really believed in the 'one college-two campuses' ideal of St. John's," he said. "We don't feel like there's a big difference between Johnnies in Santa Fe and Johnnies in Annapolis."

The visitors understood "parts of the game," and were particularly taken by the contrast in traditions between the rivals, he said. "We liked the way the Mids had Plebes in white jackets carrying around water bottles for them, and Johnnies had their girlfriends carrying around bottles of Colt 45."

Johnnies put their Western classmates up on couches and floors in their apartments around town. Sarah Stickney (A04) and John Okrent (A04) organized barbecues to feed them. The campus community out West would welcome an Annapolis contingent out for one of its best parties, Oktoberfest.

"We usually bring snow down from the mountains because it hasn't snowed on the campus yet, and we have a snowball fight," he explained.

Why not include a croquet match in Oktoberfest festivities? "Have you seen our soccer field?" Coucheron-Aamot asked in reply. ❁



IMPERIAL WICKET SAM  
SPALDING LINES UP A SHOT.





CLOCKWISE: JOHNNIES ADOPTED AN ARMY LOOK TO INTIMIDATE NAVY THIS YEAR. A GROUP OF SANTA FE JOHNNIES ENJOY THE PARTY; RONALD FIELDING (A70) STRIKES THE FIRST BALL.

PHOTOS BY DAVID TROZZO

## HIGHLIGHTS:

*Score: Johnnies 4, Mids 1.*

*Record: 18-4.*

**Team:** Sam Spalding (Ao4), imperial wicket; Nicholas Whittier (Ao5), vice wicket; Ian Morochnick (Ao4); Kabe Erkenbrack (Ao4); Justin Berrier (Ao4); Aurora Cassells (Ao4); Jackson O'Brien (Ao4); Nick Garklavs (Ao4); Riley Ossorgin (Ao5); John Gerard (Ao5); Shunji Matsuzawa (Ao6); and Matt Mangold (Ao6).

**Dramatic moment:** Dressed in camouflage outfits, faces smeared with grease paint, Johnnies emerge from Woodward Hall to the *Top Gun* theme.

**Ceremonial first ball:** Struck by Ron Fielding (A70), a member of the college's Board of Visitors and Governors.

**Press highlights:**

*The Capital:* "Tim Kile, a St. John's junior, wore a straw hat, a sleeveless orange T-shirt and suspenders and held an acoustic guitar—the 'wandering cowboy minstrel look.' 'I don't know anything about croquet, but my roommate made ice cream—that's the best part so far,' he said."

*The Baltimore Sun:* "Before the 1 p.m. start of the 22nd Annapolis Cup, Naval

Academy player Brock Zimmerman got in some last-minute practice shots. The first-year mid hoped to make a dent in St. John's series advantage of 17 victories to the academy's 4. 'I think we have the best chance to bring one back to Navy in a long time,' he said."

*The Associated Press:* "Special attire—much of it harkening back to the days when croquet was played on grandma's lawn while everyone sipped lemonade on sultry days—is popular at the annual croquet game.

"Elizabeth Durham, a St. John's junior, was a little more inventive, wearing shimmering gossamer wings and a saari-like cloth draped over her long white dress. 'Honestly, I just threw it together in 10 minutes,' she said." ❀

## ONE LESS CAR ON THE BLOCK

### *Santa Fe Graduates Go Car-Free*

**P**aul Cooley (SF90, EC98) and Laura Hunt Cooley (SF92) were married in 1996 and live in Santa Fe. Paul is a writer and an at-home dad to Sadie, 4, and Zebediah, 2. Laura is a librarian at the Meem Library on the Santa Fe campus.

The two have been dedicated bicyclists for many years, but last spring they reached a point of no return: On May 5, 2005, they sold their only car and committed themselves to getting around by bicycle, bus, and other means. Here's how they coped with the first few days of the transition.

#### *May 6*

*Paul:* The Saab sold yesterday. We priced it at \$4,200 based on its book value, but knew a few things were not working well. The prospective buyer took the car to the dealer, and the cash value of the repairs came to over \$2,000. We settled on \$3,600, which seemed fair.

Getting rid of the car is not all about the money, but the money is certainly one of the things I focus on. Gas is almost \$2 a gallon and seems to be going up. The repairs and constant maintenance are irritating. There was a time when I felt extra responsible, changing the oil, rebuilding the engine. But now it doesn't seem to be that important to me—the cost and the waste of oil and time are not repaid by enjoyment of the vehicle. The cost of insurance every six months threw our financial balance off kilter. I cancelled the insurance this morning. The company is sending back \$140, and we will not get billed again.

The empty driveway stirs up a variety of emotions. There is something strange about it, in spite of the fact we haven't used the car for over a month. I feel as if I am waiting for someone to come home.

The fact the driveway was built specifically for cars, and now there is no car there, makes it seem like an unneeded appendage. I plan to go out there later in the morning and do some chalk drawings or something. I fantasize about building a deck out there or putting out some lawn furniture.

*Laura:* We are now officially car-free! We'd been thinking about it for a while, but only got serious whenever the car needed an expensive repair. Usually this was in the fall or winter, when it's harder to get motivated to use the bike and bus to get around. I'm extremely sensitive to the cold and have to bundle up in crazy ways to stay warm in the winter on my bike.

Once we had made the decision to sell the car we had to figure out an asking price for it. To us, it was no longer valuable—we were through with it. In fact, it felt stupid to sell it because we weren't stopping it from contributing to the sick automobile culture in this country. We ended up selling it to a girl who didn't already have another car, which was a relief.

The kids have started using the driveway for their chalk art. We all started writing each other little messages that we could see

when we swung into the driveway on our bikes. Today, Paul proudly wrote, "One Less Car!"

#### *May 7*

*Paul:* Today there is a complicated situation with Sadie's nursery: everyone is going over to the big Waldorf school for their Maypole and carnival. Laura has an acupuncture appointment in the morning, and I am supposed to help with a commuting workshop at the Runnels Building at noon. One of the changes that we have noticed now that the car is gone is a growing impatience with other people imposing "running around" on us. It is certainly possible to make it out to the school, but we are irritated that we are expected to do so. There are several possibilities: I can bike Sadie and Zeb over, and Laura can come join them after her appointment; we can keep Sadie out and do something fun with her; or we can take her car seat over to the nursery and hope someone will give Sadie a ride there and back. The first two options are what we are considering.

With the children doing so well with the bicycles, I am not as worried about feeling trapped anymore. I don't know if there will come a time when they are too big for the trailer and will not want to bicycle as far on the tandems and triples. We will deal with that when we come to it. Perhaps we will use the bus more often. Of course there are always rentals, and I suspect that we will rent a car a couple of times a year. We will probably need to in order to get to the airport for our trip to the beach, or maybe we can use the Park and Ride and spend the night in Albuquerque. I hope we can begin to use the train more often. The airplane is the only transportation



JOHN HARTNETT

NOT HAVING A CAR MEANS KEEPING THE DRIVEWAY FREE FOR PLAYING.

method less fuel-efficient than the private automobile.

I hope that we never have to resort to buying another car.

*Laura:* At first I felt a bit nervous about not having a car. I didn't really have any good reasons—it was just unsettling. We had heard, and answered, many of the arguments against getting rid of the car altogether. What if there's a medical emergency? Call an ambulance. What if you're in a hurry? It can't be helped, even with a car. What if you want to haul something big and heavy? Get a heavy-duty bike trailer or rent a car for a day. What if you want to go on a trip? Rent a car, or take public transportation, trains, or planes.

I think what was behind most of my unsettled feelings was the big step we had just taken outside of mainstream culture. We're already a little outside mainstream culture. We don't own a television, dishwasher, clothes dryer, or microwave, and we went to St. John's College. But something about the car seemed so essential to the American identity. And we were abandoning it.

Now we have to think through each trip to see if it is worth the effort. I like having to be creative about how we're going to get places. I like the freedom of traveling outside the main stream of traffic. I like providing a respectable role model for my kids. I've even stopped impulse-shopping at thrift stores and yard sales. Now I wait until there's something I really need before I go on a shopping trip.

The other day, Paul expressed exactly how I felt about the car. He said he changes his behavior when he catches himself doing something that makes him feel like an idiot. Like using the plastic produce bags at the market, rather than some of the hundreds of bags we have stuffed in a drawer at home. Once he reaches the idiot point, he changes his behavior. I realized that the car enabled me to do idiotic things—things for which I could not summon any self-respect. I was adding to pollution, road rage, the economy of cheap plastic crap, and I was getting no benefit from it.

### May 9

*Paul:* Yesterday, I ordered the Bike Friday Family Triple bike. I think it is going to be a good bike, but it is costing us quite a bit of money, almost \$700 over what we received for the car. We are getting the



JOHN HARTNETT

THE COOLEYS FOUND A BETTER USE FOR THEIR GARAGE.

### May 18

*Paul:* It's been almost two weeks since we sold the car. I am working on a book on being car-free, focusing more on the difficult-to-describe social impacts of the reliance on automobiles. Ivan Illich's *Energy and Equity* contains many of the ideas I would like to focus on and which I am still struggling to understand. He speaks of the growth of time and space scarcity as vehicles begin to pass 15 miles per hour. He also points out that our freedom to travel is restricted by industry once we begin to rely on motor vehicles and transportation engineers for our means to get from one place to another. We make a fundamental shift from travelers to consumers of transportation. Has the ability of our intellect to wander over vast and shifting fields of imagination been influenced by the restriction of our physical wandering to well-laid roads and clear destinations?

Behrman's *The Man Who Loved Bicycles* captures some of the spirit of what I would like to say. How can I express the freedom I feel at not being restricted to driving when so many people would look at the same thing as a deprivation? We do have more friends taking to their bicycles, if only for short rides.

*Laura:* We just got back from an overnight camping trip to Hyde Park. I never thought I'd spend three hours riding up, hauling kids and camping gear. It's amazing to see how my perspective is changing. It's very empowering to know that we can take our family on a self-supported bike tour—even one that includes mountains.

Lately, we've found ourselves drawn to bike activist meetings, trying to get more rights for bicyclists in our city. If we don't do it, who will?

Paul's wondering again what to do with the driveway. He's mentioned digging up the concrete and putting in a garden. He's talked about putting in a bike shed for storage, or a bike rack to encourage visitors to bike over. But for now, I'm enjoying the new open space and the satisfaction of one less car on the block. ♣

suitcases and trailer kit, so we will be able to bike to the train station when we get to that point in our lives. In the afternoon, we bicycled out to Eldorado for a baby shower. I wanted to mention that we sold the car, but I was somewhat uncomfortable, almost apologetic about it. Getting rid of the car is a bold move, but if it works out, it is, in a way, an indictment of others' behavior. And people are apologetic about their own car use when I talk about getting rid of ours. I suppose that's a good thing, but I wouldn't want to lose any friends over our decision.

*Laura:* Yesterday, Paul ordered us a triple bike. We already own a tandem bike. Paul rides on front and Sadie rides on back. Together they haul Zeb in a bike trailer that we refer to as "the Chariot."

We now have nine bikes and one on order. I have a backup in case mine needs repair. We own three tandem bikes, two of which we ride a lot. The first one we bought has sentimental value (we got it for each other as an anniversary present). Paul has three bikes. He's a collector at heart, but he tries to ride all three. And we have a kid trailer and a bike trailer for stuff (not people).

Everyone seems to think Santa Fe is not a safe town to bike in, mostly because there isn't a good trail system. Personally, I feel safer on the roads. As long as I follow the traffic rules and act predictably, I get to flow easily with the traffic. I think Santa Fe is a very bikeable town, only seven miles across, and most rides within city limits can easily be done in less than an hour.

## FROM THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

Dear Alumni,

Exciting things are happening with the Alumni Association and for alumni around the world! Here is a quick update on what's happening in your Association these days.



It was great to spend time with friends old and new at Homecoming in Santa Fe the beginning of July. It is always intriguing to make connections with others who share the passion for books and talk and to see where their paths have led them since they left the college. Consider joining us next year to enjoy seminar, sun, and

sunsets that grace the campus! Though I wasn't able to attend the Summer Alumni Programs this year, I understand that they were stimulating and satisfying. Art, music, philosophy, and fun—what more can one ask?

The annual Alumni Art Fair was a raging success thanks to Santa Fe staff member Maggie Magalnick and Liz Jenny (SF80). The range and quality of the work were amazing. As a bonus for alumni, the college hosted a special breakfast for the artists with a presentation by an art consultant about how to build and maintain their passion for art as a business.

We are planning again this year to host a picnic and reception for incoming freshmen in Santa Fe in August. We introduced this event last year. It welcomes new students into the SJC community, gives local alumni an opportunity to meet new alumni-to-be, and begins the bond-building process that is part of every Johnnie's experience.

Another new event was added to the alumni calendar last year when seniors on the Santa Fe campus invited alumni to join them for Fasching Ball. For you Easterners,

this is a celebration that takes place in February. Istvan Fehevary, long-time friend and director of the Student Activities office in Santa Fe, brought this tradition to the college from his native Hungary. The party gave another opportunity for students and alumni to get to know each other, practice their dancing prowess, and raise a glass in farewell to the long days of February.

Of course the Alumni Association Board continues to pursue the more serious and business-like aspects of our work. We're updating our operating resolutions to reflect changes in technology, policy, and practice. We recognize members of the community with prizes and awards. We select members for work on the Board of Visitors and Governors, and we explore new and interesting ways to help alumni stay connected to each other and to the college.

If you have suggestions, questions, or requests, please feel free to give me a call or drop me an email. Until then . . . see you at seminar!

Glenda Eoyang

## ASSOCIATION HONORS THREE AT HOMECOMING

A New Mexico educator who brought the Socratic method of teaching to many schools was honored with an Award of Merit, and a retired faculty member and staff member in Santa Fe joined the ranks of Honorary Alumni during Homecoming 2004.

Michael Strong (SF84) received his merit award during the Homecoming banquet July 3. Strong is the author of *The Habit of Thought: From Socratic Seminars to Socratic Practice*, the definitive account of how to implement Paedeia, a teaching approach emphasizing Socratic questioning, academic coaching, and interactive learning.

Strong is the former director of Moreno Valley High School in Angel Fire, N.M., a charter school. Over the years, he has worked as a Paedeia/Socratic Seminar consultant for dozens of schools and organizations. He has worked with the Alaska

Paideia Project, and served as the director for the Center for Socratic Practice at the Judson Montessori School in San Antonio, Texas, as the founding headmaster of The Winston Academy in Fort Lauderdale, and as the founding director of Middle School Programs for the Early Learning Institute in Palo Alto, Calif. He attended Harvard University in addition to St. John's College and earned his master's degree in Social Thought from the University of Chicago.

Glenn Freitas, who retired in 2003, touched the lives of many members of the St. John's College community in his 34 years of service to the college.

Freitas attended St. Mary's College in California and received his undergraduate degree in classical languages, a Th.L. in theology from Laval Universite in Quebec, and another licentiate in sacred scripture from The French Biblical and Archaeological School of Jerusalem.

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MERIT AWARD RECIPIENT MICHAEL STRONG (SF84) HAS DEVOTED HIS CAREER TO BRINGING THE SOCRATIC METHOD TO EDUCATION.

Ginger Roherty, who recently retired as director of the Annual Fund in Santa Fe, was a devoted member of the St. John's College community from 1989-2004, one noted for her warmth, energy, and skill. She shepherded the Library and Fine Arts Guild into a healthy membership, with more than 400 participants. She also nurtured the growth of the Philos Society and its seminar program, "Inviting Conversations." ❖





# PASSION FOR PROUST

BY KEVIN R. JOHNSON (A93)

At a bookstore, I saw a posting for a reading group. This gave me a romantic idea. If I put up a posting to read all of Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, perhaps I could find a mate. I never carried out this absurd plan, but it would sometimes haunt me. And so, when Jason Bielagus (SF98) proposed that our local alumni should create a group to read the magnum opus, it seemed fate was knocking at my door. I was more than eager to answer. Little did I know that one of Proust's central objectives was a comprehensive critique of the romantic imagination.

The pace that Jason set for the readings was harrowing. He wisely considered the importance of finishing before we had forgotten the beginning, and relentlessly held us to our schedule. We had to find time to read several hundred pages of dense prose every three weeks. Casualties were heavy for even the second and third seminars. By the end of the second volume (of six, in my edition), we were left with a hardy band whose passion for Proust alone could have given the stamina to withstand the pace of our schedule.

None of them were single contemporaries, and Proust was delivering devastating blows to my romantic sensibility. My hopes had been dashed completely. Or had they? On the train one morning, I looked across to see an attractive woman who was also reading Proust. It turned out that she was leading a discussion of the first volume at the Boston Athenaeum, a private library of which I am a member. Unfortunately, none of these synchronicities could outweigh her sour personality, which became apparent all too quickly. Now, even my resurrected hope had been dashed to the ground.

I attended the Athenaeum discussion, but it only served to give me greater gratitude for the company of my fellow alums on my journey through Proust. These were people who knew how to talk about books. The fellowship of these companions proved to be just as enriching as the book itself. Through our dialogue about Proust, we came to know each other well, and I think dearly. And, of course, we came to know Proust very well and very dearly.

We emerged from the seminars as different people. We had absorbed to some extent the world that a great genius had created and lived. New images and themes had woven themselves into the tapestry of our inner lives. My own romantic life would never be as innocent as before; I would suffer less as a consequence. The time had been well spent, but it was lost. Writing this has won back some of the experience from the shady realm of oblivion. If I ever read Proust again, these 10 months of my life will be evoked and live again. Proust's memories had become mine, and a time in my life will forever be linked with *In Search of Lost Time*. ✨

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

All alumni have automatic membership in the St. John's College Alumni Association. The Alumni Association is an independent organization, with a Board of Directors elected by and from the alumni body. The Board meets four times a year, twice on each campus, to plan programs and coordinate the affairs of the Association. This newsletter within *The College* magazine is sponsored by the Alumni Association and communicates Alumni Association news and events of interest.

*President* – Glenda Eoyang, SF76  
*Vice President* – Jason Walsh, A85  
*Secretary* – Barbara Lauer, SF76  
*Treasurer* – Bill Fant, A79  
*Getting-the-Word-Out Action Team Chair* – Linda Stabler-Talty, SFG176

*Mailing address* – Alumni Association, St. John's College, P.O. Box 2800, Annapolis, MD 21404, or 1160 Camino Cruz Blanca, Santa Fe, NM 87505-4599.

The intrepid members of the Proust Reading Group began their journey on February 17 2003, and, meeting once or twice a month, completed their discussions of the work on December 14, 2003. They met in January 2004 to view and discuss *Time Regained*, a film based on the final installment of Proust's masterpiece.

"Johnnies are attracted to Proust not only because of what he talks about, his choice of themes and books, but also because of the way he talks," says Jason Bielagus(SF98). "Proust states the Johnnie appetite for articulating ideas. Proust's language is superlatively articulate and

precise. There is little that is vague and ambiguous. A common seminar question is something along the lines of, 'Could you clarify that?' or 'What do you mean by that?' Proust obviates those questions; he anticipates them and addresses them without needing to be asked."

Bielagus had tried to read the work on his own, but "there was too much to keep up with. In the group, each person naturally gravitated to one theme, so when we met, each could share his observations on the theme he tended to follow. Our discussions were like culling the fruit of several reads of the text."

## CHAPTER CONTACTS

Call the alumni listed below for information about chapter, reading group, or other alumni activities in each area.

<b>ALBUQUERQUE</b> Bob & Vicki Morgan 505-275-9012	<b>BALTIMORE</b> Deborah Cohen 410-472-9158
<b>ANNAPOLIS</b> Beth Martin Gammon 410-280-0958	<b>BOSTON</b> Ginger Kenney 617-964-4794
<b>AUSTIN</b> John Strange 210-392-5506 Bev Angel 512-926-7808	<b>CHICAGO</b> Amanda Richards 847-705-1143

**DALLAS/FORT WORTH**  
Suzanne Lexy Bartlette  
817-721-9112

**DENVER/BOULDER**  
Lee Goldstein  
720-746-1496

**MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL**  
Carol Freeman  
612-822-3216

**NEW YORK**  
Daniel Van Doren  
914-949-6811

**NORTHERN CALIF.**  
Suzanne Vito  
510-527-4309

**PHILADELPHIA**  
Bart Kaplan  
215-465-0244

**PITTSBURGH**  
Joanne Murray  
724-325-4151

**PORTLAND**  
Dale Mortimer  
360-882-9058

**SAN DIEGO**  
Stephanie Rico  
619-423-4972

**SANTA FE**  
Richard Cowles  
505-986-1814

**SEATTLE**  
Amina Brandt  
206-465-7781

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**  
Elizabeth Eastman  
562-426-1934

**TRIANGLE CIRCLE (NC)**  
Susan Eversole  
919-968-4856

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**  
Jean Dickason  
301-699-6207

**WESTERN NEW ENGLAND**  
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**ISRAEL**  
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boazl@cc.huji.ac.il



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES/GREENFIELD LIBRARY

JOHN GAW MEEM (LEFT), SHOWN WITH THEN-PRESIDENT RICHARD WEIGLE AND SHAKING HANDS WITH FORMER ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOOTON, WAS A FOUNDING BENEFACTOR OF THE SANTA FE CAMPUS. HIS GIFT OF 225 ACRES OF LAND MADE THE FOUNDING OF THE CAMPUS POSSIBLE.

## AN ACCIDENTAL ARCHITECT

One of the most important men in the modern history of St. John's College was also one of the preeminent figures of 20th-century architecture.

John Gaw Meem was born to missionary parents in Brazil, earned an engineering degree at Virginia Military Institute, then went to New York to work for his uncle's construction company. After World War I, during which he served as an army captain, Meem chose a career in international banking. He had just begun a new job when he developed tuberculosis, and to regain his health, went to the Sunmount Sanatorium in Santa Fe. His interest in architecture and the culture of the Southwest was

kindled during the five years he spent at the sanatorium, and after he recovered, he took a job with the Denver architecture firm of Fisher & Fisher. From 1924—when he designed a home for a fellow patient at the sanatorium—until his retirement in 1959, Meem was one of the most influential architects of the West. He was credited with creating the Territorial Revival style of architecture. In addition to his professional accomplishments, he was a civic leader in Santa Fe and a major figure in the preservation of the city's historic architecture.

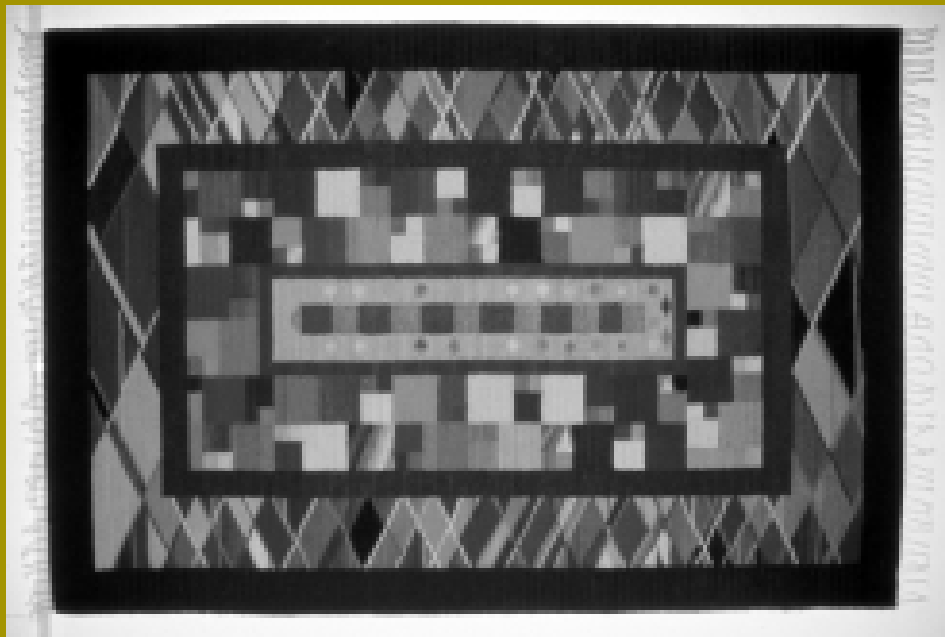
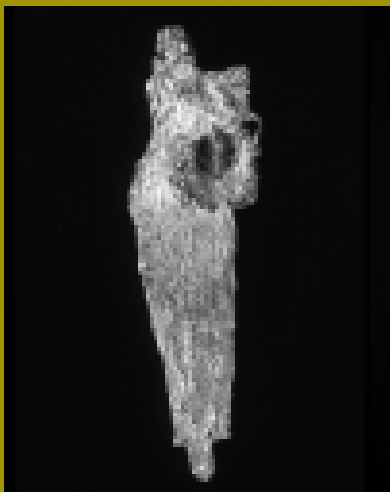
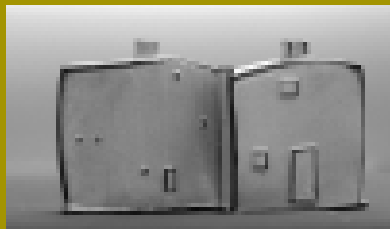
The idea for an expansion campus of St. John's initially came from a citizens' group in Monterey, Calif., but though the interest was there, the funding was not. In 1960, then-president Richard Weigle was corresponding with California backers when a group of Santa Fe citizens came forward to make their bid for the college. Meem and his wife, Faith, donated

225 acres northeast of their home for the college. Meem later assisted with his successor firm, Holien & Buckley, on the design of the college.

In *Facing Southwest: The Life and Houses of John Gaw Meem*, the architect is described as someone that any Johnnie would welcome at the seminar table: "Meem knew how to ask questions and then be quiet and listen, how to identify common interests, and how to allow imaginations and enthusiasms to mingle."

In 1990, the college named its newly completed library in Santa Fe for Faith and John Gaw Meem. ❀

## { ALUMNI EVENTS CALENDAR }



CLOCKWISE TOP: *PARALLEL UNIVERSE*, BY BETSY WILLIAMS, SF87; *REDUCTION*, BY DONNA LORAINÉ CONTRACTOR, SF82; *SILVER BARK BROOCH*, BY NANCY KAHN DEMULDER, SF80.

### SANTA FE

#### Whitewater Rafting Trip

**June** (details on date and location pending)

#### Homecoming 2005

**Friday July 1-Sunday July 3, 2005**

Join the classes of: 1970, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, and 2000, celebrating their reunions, at Santa Fe this summer.

#### Summer Alumni Program

**July 4-8**

A special Eastern Classics Alumni Seminar week will be offered with two additional seminars.

### ANNAPOLIS

#### Third Annual Alumni/Student Networking Reception

**Sunday, November 21, 4-7 pm.**

*Check the Alumni section of the Web site for updated calendar information.*

### Alumni Art Show A Success

This year's Alumni Art Show featured paintings, drawings, photographs, sculpture, jewelry, video, textiles, and glasswork from 22 Santa Fe and Annapolis alumni. Opening over Homecoming Weekend July 3, the show was on display in the college's Fine Arts Gallery through August 30. In addition this year, the Alumni Association Board's Events Action Team sponsored a breakfast and meeting for alumni artists seeking some guidance in

turning their art into a business. Geoffrey Gorman, from Advisory Services for Artists, offered a presentation on how to put together a professional portfolio and how to approach commercial galleries.

Interested in including your work in next year's show? Contact Maggie Magalnick in Santa Fe: [Maggie.magalnick@sjcsf.edu](mailto:Maggie.magalnick@sjcsf.edu)

*Back cover: Photo by Peter Howard, 1998*

# ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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