

THE GADFLY

St. John's College
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CHAMPION

GUARDIANS 1962-1963	GREENWAVES 1963-1964	SPARTANS 1964-1965	GUARDIANS 1965-1966
HUSTLERS 1967-1970	DRUIDS 1970-1973	HUSTLERS 1973-1975	HUSTLERS 1975-1978
GUARDIANS 1978-1979	GREENWAVES 1979-1978	DRUIDS 1978-1979	HUSTLERS 1979-1980
GUARDIANS 1981-1984	HUSTLERS 1984-1985	GUARDIANS 1985-1986	SPARTANS 1986-1987
GREENWAVES 1988-1991	DRUIDS 1991-1992	SPARTANS 1992-1993	GUARDIANS 1993-1994
DRUIDS 1997-1998	GUARDIANS 1998-1999	SPARTANS 1999-2000	HUSTLERS 2000-2001
GREENWAVES	DRUIDS		

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THE STRUCTURE

Logos typically holds news reports and narratives of immediate relevance to the Polity. The purpose here is to develop a shared reservoir of information relating to campus life and the community.

Symposium offers the opportunity for our readers to thoughtfully consider contrasting opinions regarding a particular topic.

Polis serves as a platform for elevating voices in our community. Here we find letters to the editor, columns, cartoons, and submitted pieces.

THE COVER

Photo of Mr. MacFarland at Marathon, taken by Meliha Anthony '25

From the Editor's Desk:

Dear polity,

The marathon has been run and the time for rest is at hand! In this end of the year issue, we look back at the course that we've run, the legacy of Chris Krueger, the opinion pieces that have warranted reply, and the accomplishments of our various clubs and activities. We also enjoy several lasts: the last of restaurant reviews, the last of the senior's words, and the final results of the last Gadfly contest.

It's been a pleasure to be your campus newsmagazine through this year, and our staff looks forward to being so for you again next year.

Enjoy your summers, and be ready to run again come August!

Sincerely,
Craig Koch

THE STAFF

<i>Bibhu Chapagain</i>	<i>Luke Briner</i>
<i>Catherine Elizabeth Greer</i>	<i>Lysithia Page</i>
<i>Connor Shin</i>	<i>Meliha Anthony</i>
<i>Cooper Ussery</i>	<i>M. Elwell</i>
<i>Craig Koch</i>	<i>Michael Jeramaz</i>
<i>El'ad Nichols-Kaufman</i>	<i>Nat Martin</i>
<i>Isaac Vail</i>	<i>Rose Zhang</i>
<i>Josephine Dowd</i>	<i>Zara Brandt</i>
<i>Liz Dowdy</i>	

SUBMISSIONS

<i>Alicia Bravo</i>	<i>Joseph Richard</i>
<i>Brandon Garcia</i>	<i>Louis Rosenberg</i>
<i>Caleb Dutton</i>	<i>Madelyn Minor</i>
<i>Cassie Desmond</i>	<i>Michael Jeramaz</i>
<i>Daniel Han</i>	<i>Noah Jones</i>
<i>Dante Perotto</i>	<i>Rei Osmani</i>
<i>Elsa Risgin</i>	<i>Rose Zhang</i>
<i>Gen DeMajistre</i>	<i>Sheba Delaney</i>
<i>George Kalandadze</i>	<i>Tom Ni</i>
<i>James Beckwith</i>	<i>Tuyết-Nhi Nghiem</i>
<i>Jonah Donis</i>	<i>Will Payne</i>
<i>Joseph Padgett</i>	

Making Memory at the Marathon

A Farewell to Heroes

by El'ad Nichols-Kaufman '25, photos by Meliha Anthony '25

It is appropriate that we, as students of the past and scholars of the present, end our perennial intramural pursuit of athletic arete, excellence, in what may loosely be called a Marathon. I do not mean this in the sense of the common conception of the myth of Marathon: Pheidippides never ran from Athens to Marathon. There was no shout of “Joy, we win!” There was no dramatic death before the archons of Athens. The myth of the marathon materialized from writings of Lucian and Plutarch centuries after the battle of Marathon or the legendary run of Pheidippides passed into the misty mires of the marches of memory, obscured by the clouds of forgetfulness.

The truth, or at very least the version of the happening in Herodotus' History, is rather different, and perhaps seems superior in its suitability to the style of farewell that this year's Marathon entailed. Before the break of battle, with the fate of Greece still in the balance, Pheidippides bid his first farewell to his city's citizen soldiers setting off to their own efforts for the polity, and ran from Athens to Sparta, an even further length than those marvelous 26 miles to Marathon of myth, in just a day and a half, to spur the restive Lacedaemonians into action. The Spartans were moved by his message, and with his mission completed, he bid them his second farewell and ran back to Athens, but was met along the way by the god Pan, primordial prince of pasture and woodland. The god challenged the Athenians impiety: “Why do they not worship him, when he has helped Athens so much?” With this warning in mind, he bid a third farewell to Pan and proceeded homeward, hopping across Hellas to Attica. Upon arrival at Athens, he shared the message of Pan, and the pious polity proceeded to build a shrine to the god of the wild.

As sportspeople, we do not push ourselves to death, as in the supposed first running of the Marathon, for a cause already won. We push ourselves to victory, whether it be against the Persians or for the will of god, or for honor and fame, or for pious love and passion, and if it requires speed or endurance beyond human capability, only then do we undertake the superhuman task set before us. This passion for victory is what Mr. Macfarland, our noble Dean and Guardian (in more ways than one), addressed in his lecture. In the end, we need an arbitrator to reconcile the fundamental pretext of sport, which in Macfarland's words is: “that you define the goal as simply as possible, so that the prize can go, without ambiguity, to the one who is best

at that single action,” and the passions of sport, that “let our bodies show themselves forth—the passions of love, shame, fear, spirit, anger,” all for victory. What makes our sports different from the crisis of chaotic conflict is the presence of this judge, “our Aeneas,” who in a divine role helps our city stay strong with its own competition by balancing these passions and pursuit of the best. In our case, the third farewell, from the god Pan, comes first, as our judging divinity, Chris Krueger, was given a noble salute. It is difficult to overstate Krueger's contribution to the competitive college athletics of our polity, and far more capable hands than mine have written his praises, so I will not attempt any further here.

If we, a Polity of Pheidippides, have begun with the legendary third farewell, it is only appropriate that we proceed to the second. Unlike Pan, whose farewell is a final one, the Spartans do not disappear from the text, but their future presence is precipitated by a noble goal, the glorious goal of gaining glory in defense of Greek liberty. Our dispersal of honor and glory need not await the end of a Spartan superstition about the moon: the heroes who receive college blazers may participate directly in the ultimate contest of the marathon. At this marathon, our most committed athletes attained their goal, and stood as examples to the rest of us Johnnies who seek athletic excellence, and provided us our own reason for pursuing the passion of sport. This is the last game of the year, so it is a temporary farewell of sorts, but this recognition of athletic achievement motivates us to eagerly await the next season.



Chris Krueger prepares to present a deserving student with an intramural blazer

After blazers were awarded to Aidel Townsley, Ian Howell, Sofia Martin, and Peter Boersema, the race itself, the great run, took place. Each of our intramural teams had to run 30 laps of approximately a third of a mile, alternating runners each lap. Students and tutors alike raced around the winding course across the expansive lawns of back campus. For over an hour and a half, the teams traced this track time and time again, until all thirty laps were completed. Rather ironically, considering their conspicuous absence from the battle of Marathon, the Spartans finished 29 laps first, only about 20 seconds before the Druids, with the Hustlers, Guardians and Greenwaves giving equally spirited attempts. The atmosphere at the end was generally celebratory- all the teams, regardless of placement in the race had a full year of victories to rejoice in, but before they could break off to celebrate individually, one final farewell was called for.

The first farewell of Pheidippides was to his fellow citizens setting out on their own quests, striking their own paths. This, in turn, was the last farewell of our marathon. Our seniors, our beloved leaders and elders of our community, must take leave of us, and we take leave of them. On the final, 30th lap, all of the seniors set out together, departing from the cheering crowd on one last wandering walk. Of all the farewells that naturally come with the end of the year, this most constant and most certain is yet the most bittersweet. In setting out on this walk, they are bringing to an end one world, their world as students, and student athletes, at St. John's, and opening another larger, more wonderful and frightening world of possibilities.



Participants engage in group stretching before the race begins



Intramural captains and Mr. MacFarland finish the first lap of the race in leisure



Christopher Ford distinguishes himself



Cynthia Wu shows off her newly acquired blazer

The Legacy and Achievement of Chris Krueger

An interview with Chris Krueger

by Craig Koch '23



You are now a well-loved staple of the college, but how was it when you first arrived as Athletic Director in 2016? What was the state of the Athletic Program like then?

When I returned to the college in 2016 to run the athletic program, the people participating in the program were as passionate and engaged as any Johnnies I have known. In that way, it was the same as now, but beyond that important and encouraging observation, my other immediate impression was that there were far fewer people participating than I expected would have interest in the program. For context, in 2015-2016 (the year before I returned), 205 people enrolled that year had participated in some aspect of the structured programming during their time at the college. As of today, 342 students who are currently enrolled have participated in some aspect of the program while they have been enrolled, including over 260 this year alone. This is important because so many Johnnies over the years have said some variation of “If it weren’t for the athletic program, I wouldn’t have stayed here.”

These numbers don’t really paint a picture, though. When I arrived, students told me that the student

participants had been doing quite a bit of the work to get games running, to referee games, and get club team practices running. This seemed too burdensome given how demanding the academic program is and how complicated it can be to play your peers over and over again and then go have to live so closely together. Moreover, it seemed to me that the students had disagreements about direction and tone of the program and these disagreements were holding the program back.

During your time here, how has the Athletic program changed? Are there any changes, additions, or new initiatives that you enacted and are especially proud of?

Bryce Jacobsen, athletic director and tutor from 1958-1986, said that nothing generates excitement like a close race, and when I returned, I tried to tune the program a bit more toward an emphasis on competition. I didn’t necessarily want people to focus on winning as the only—or even as the primary—aim, but it did seem important that there be a venue for pushing oneself and one’s peers to work as hard as possible to improve. Competition encourages that.

I think that it is easy for many people to shy away from trying as hard as they can—maybe because it can seem self-important or silly, or maybe because it can feel futile or scary—but I believe that competition can lead to many rare and wonderful things. The most significant of these things is that competition often yields great bonds of friendship, which is always a kind of growth. It’s also simply fun for most people to compete, and I tried to emphasize the fun, or at least whimsy,

of the program, too. Competition doesn’t have to mean training or aggression, necessarily, and early in my time here I tried to encourage the program toward a competitive balance that served as many people as possible.

As for changes that I am most proud of, I will take an easy way out. I know that some of my decisions are occasionally controversial, and it is undeniable that under my leadership we haven’t always been balanced perfectly. But one thing I think no one would argue with is that while I have been here the physical infrastructure of the athletic program has been dramatically improved. Some examples are that the court was refurbished (a project 20 years overdue), there are two new crew shells and a new coach’s boat, there is a ton (maybe literally) of new equipment in the weight room and cardio room, we have vastly improved volleyball systems, and we have nice new soccer goals. And that’s not even the whole list. Obviously, this is a team effort from college leadership—especially the treasurer, the assistant dean, and the entire B&G crew. I can’t possibly say enough how absolutely essential their support has been generally and especially with regard to these physical improvements.

Oh. Also Stringfellow Ball. Stringfellow Ball forever.

Intramural captains and gym assistants do a lot to ensure that the athletic activities of St. John’s are well-attended homes for exercise, healthy competition, and socialization. What has the host of captains, gym assistants, and athletic participants who have passed through the College under

your guidance meant to you?

What a hard question. The students here are all inspiring. I am so grateful to have gotten to work so closely with so many exceptional people. How much people care about what they do here is really rare. You're right to note that the gym assistants, boathouse stewards, and the captains are especially significant to me. So many people give so much of their time and their heart to the athletic program—the captains especially—and I feel so honored and humbled by their willingness to not only have me along for the ride, but also to trust me (sometimes) to guide a program that means so much to them.

St. John's is often quite bookish and can sometimes be so to such an extent that there is hardly anything left in student's lives but books, dust, and vague ideas. How have you understood the role of athletics and exercise within such an institution? What role do you take athletics to have in liberal education?

Broadly speaking, I just think physical activity is good for people. For one thing, our bodies can be so demanding and distracting, and it is useful to tire them out and quiet them down—especially when we want to be thoughtful, attentive, and maybe even studious. That's not the whole story or role of athletics at St. John's, though.

I have often thought of our athletic program as Seminar's Long-Lab. Through athletics, we can test out what has been discussed in class—we can explore in practice what we have been thinking about virtue and justice and truth, and we can wrestle in real-time with tyranny and explore the essence of friendship.

True liberal education seems to me to require a kind of depth-finding exploration of the way humans interact in the physical world. We need to know how far we can go with the ideas we have and systems we use.

I think athletics generally, and team sports in particular, provide a terrific microcosm in which to explore the scope of human freedom.

One of the great things about intramurals is the opportunity for glory. Are there any feats—either your own or others—that stand out to you as especially glorious during your time here?

Every day in our athletic program someone overcomes something. They hit a personal record in their deadlift, or they row their fastest 2k on an erg. Or maybe they score their first basket of their first goal, or they go on a three-ball run or execute their first cap-size recovery. Maybe they make a crucial tackle in Reasonball, or maybe they win their first bout on the fencing strip or just hit that pesky golf ball reliably. Maybe they lose their temper and foul someone and apologize and maybe they are forgiven. Every single time someone overcomes, it is delightful and glorious. The greatest and most glorious feat is when someone does the hard work of being better.

Are there any parts of the Athletic program that you're especially going to miss or that you would like the community to pay special care to maintaining in your absence?

This is another really hard question. I will miss most the raw energy and the deep, serious care. I hardly ever have a conversation with someone who doesn't care deeply about our shared project. It is continually astounding how much people care. And this isn't just true about the athletic program. It is true about the college.

As for special care...I will share what may be my most controversial opinion about St. John's. Here it is: the academic program is not, in itself, what really makes St. John's special. I think what really makes St. John's exceptional is how careful and coherent the college is and how the curriculum permeates

the life of the college. This happens largely because of how seriously the students and tutors take their time together, how much time the students and tutors spend together, and of course because everyone reads the same books, but it also happens more generally because of the things we choose to engage in as a community outside of the classroom and that fact that so many of these things could "scale up" easily to involve everyone at the college. It seems to be an essential aspect of the college that so much of what happens here is intended for the entire community and that so much of what happens relates back to the academic program.

Of course, what I just said is also one reason it can be really hard to be here: the life of this college is rich and complicated and challenging and sometimes infuriating because the scope of what we do together is so broad, and we all arrive here with different experiences and perspectives. There can be so much pressure. In this context, one critically important thing about the athletic program is that it brings the community together in new ways, and it provides a way to blow off some steam, but not via something that is quite rightly thought of as a divergence or distraction from the essential life and work of college.

I guess what I mean to say is this: I hope care is taken that the college remains coherent, that people continue to share their lives with each other freely and deeply despite the difficulty and imperfection of doing so, and that the community continues to choose not to let St. John's become like everywhere else.

I believe I can speak for the community at large in saying that you will be dearly missed. Before parting, though, I wanted to ask you if you had any last words or advice that you'd like to leave in the minds and hearts of

those reading this interview. Do you have any such words?

Thanks so much. I will miss being here and sharing so much of my life with all the wonderful people here. But I am reticent to offer advice so broadly and without knowing who is reading this.

I'll share a story. When I was in freshman chorus, toward the end of the spring semester, one of my classmates was reading Aristotle instead of

singing. I mean he was clearly and definitively not even pretending to sing. His head was down, and was emphatically mouthing the words to himself because there was so much noise and distraction in the room. It wasn't even the seminar reading. The tutor noticed this classmate of mine wasn't singing, and the tutor slammed the lectern with a fist—in time with the beat, of course—and pointed the baton at the student. As if casting a

spell, while the rest of us kept singing, the tutor shook the baton at the reading student and bellowed, their voice rising over the whole chorus: "SING, DAMN IT!"

I think that's great advice. Just sing, damn it.

Ok, I'll take that advice. Here's a kind of extended corollary to that tutor's exhortation: take advantage of the opportunities before you, and don't let a little disharmony stop you.

The Polity, on Chris Krueger:

Simply "Best Boss Ever". I gained a lot of self-esteem and confidence from him. He always encouraged me to participate in athletic events where I overcame some of my fear. As my boss, he was slow to anger. I'm pretty sure he's an anointed saint in disguise. I will miss him very much and words will never explain how much I adore him.

—John Sori

Chris has been such an incredible mentor to me, especially during our planning of the Annapolis Cup. We all know that he has his thoughts about croquet, but he worked tirelessly to make sure students could experience this event. We have had conversations about how I can be an effective leader and I know his advice comes from a place of genuine interest. He is always open to chat during my Gym Assistant shifts and offers fresh perspectives (they're very much needed when I get in my head about stupid things). I think Chris sees the value of student leadership in a way that other admin figures often do not. He involves students in the planning, execution, and reflection stages of projects. He makes you feel like your voice matters. He makes it known that he cares.

—Mia Kobylski

Chris always had the answers to any questions I had for him, and his calm and patient demeanor really helped me settle into both intramurals as well as working as a gym assistant. When I first started refereeing, I viewed it as a painful chore, but with Chris's guidance, it became something I looked forward to. He will be greatly missed by the polity and we are lucky to have been able to get to know him during his time here.

—Oscar Miller

Chris Krueger is the last good Johnnie
—Devin VanGorden

I just wanted to say that I really enjoyed all the interactions I had with Chris Krueger. He brought a great attitude to intramurals and really made me feel like we were playing to have fun. His casual attitude and fun humor really broke through my nervousness to participate when I went to play intramurals for the first time.

—Gabriel Fernandez-Ramsey

Chris threads the leadership needle perfectly. He is authoritative, prepared, and assertive without sacrificing an ounce of casual friendliness. It's a tough line to walk, and a skill that proves essential in keeping intramurals as open and unintimidating as possible, while providing a space for challenging and competitive athletics.

—Max MersmannJones

Which brings me, finally, to the secret and real subject of my speech: the loyal prince who presides over our games, our Aeneas on the fields and in the temple [Iglehart]. For everyone who knows him knows that he has, truly, a pious love for our community, for all of us here. For we, too, in the heat of the moment, driven by love of victory or fear of shame, driven by inexplicably strong friendships with our teammates, and by deep, if temporary, antipathy for our opponents—especially the Hustlers—we, too, are liable to confuse bad luck with injustice, or good luck with the blessing of the gods; we, too, discover unseen strengths in ourselves and, at the same time, become foolishly forgetful of our frailties. For which I, for one, am enormously grateful for Chris's considerate, compassionate leadership for the last six years. It is no exaggeration to say that all of the championships, all of the laurels, which you, we, have striven for, and occasionally won, are truly his.

—Mr. Macfarland from his "On The Body" Lecture

Creepy? Crawly? Cool!

SJCA's New Bug Club Provides a Space for the Entomologically Curious

by Zara Brandt '25, photos by Louis Rosenberg '25

Louis Rosenberg (A25) has been fascinated by insects since he was a child.

"I've always been a bug person. I used to catch carpenter bees...and pet them in my hands. I would catch millipedes and pill bugs," he said. "They're just so cool."

Shortly before winter break of 2023, Rosenberg approached his classmate Tabby Rutledge (A25) about forming an insect farming club at St. John's. His idea was met with enthusiasm, and the Bug Club convened for the first time in early February. Currently, he says, over two dozen Johnnies receive regular Bug Club emails, and meetings have a consistent turnout of five to ten people.

Club meetings involve caring for and observing the insects, as well as insect-related activities which have ranged from crafts to bug pinning. Rosenberg described a recent symmetrical painting project.

"We would paint on half of a sheet of paper, so you would fold it in half, and then when you open it up it would be sort of mirrored on the other side. Which works really well with bugs, because they're symmetrical," he explained.

The club is currently raising two species: Halloween Hissing Cockroaches and silkworms. Though the community of bug breeders is tight-knit and supportive of hobbyists like the Bug Club, the niche interest in insect breeding can make insects difficult to source. Rosenberg purchased the Bug Club's insects from sellers on Facebook and Ebay. He believes that there ought to be more acceptance and interest in insects, which are both inherently interesting

and valuable to science.

"There is something really neat about the animals that people hate," Rosenberg said. "And there's not really a good reason...it's just the sort of ingrained, 'those things are gross.' But they're not, they're really cool, and useful...a lot of insects are valuable pollinators, or they help out in the ecosystem."

Rosenberg was happy to share information about the Bug Club's current insects. The Halloween Hissing Cockroach—a flightless, striped insect, one of about twenty hissing cockroaches native to Madagascar—probably creates its distinctive hissing sound as a defense mechanism and as part of the bug's mating ritual.

"There are a few theories...it's a way of being scary to predators," he said. "They have different spiracles, (what they expel the air from to make the hissing sound)... if you block [one set of them], the female doesn't mate with the male cockroach."

The variety of silkworm which the

club is raising is *bombyx mori*, a highly domesticated species with its origin in the traditional silk industry of China. The species has been cultivated by humans for so long that it has lost its ability to fly, a fact which Rosenberg finds uniquely fascinating.

"I like to tell people they're really screwed-up bugs... You know we don't think of bugs as something that can be domesticated, but these really are domesticated...to the point that they can't even fly anymore," Rosenberg said.

John Hollowed (A25), who has been a member of the club since its inception, emphasized the historical and economic importance of silkworms.

"Caring for insects has been a part of society for a long time. That's why silkworms have been such an important choice," he said. "Silk has shaped so much culture and impacted trading."

Hollowed indicated that part of the value of raising silkworms lies in developing understanding of the resources and effort that goes into the production of silk.

"People often overlook how much work goes into acquiring silk, they just know it's expensive," he said. "Getting to work with silkworms, you really see that it's an insane amount of time that goes into acquiring a very small amount of silk."

The silkworms require regular care as they are growing, and they're finicky eaters: Hollowed explained that the silkworms can only survive on mulberry leaves. Members of the Bug Club can sign up to be part of the bug care schedule, and they check on the insects twice a day in rotation



according to their availability.

“A lot of [the work] is going to be continually feeding... And this whole time we’ve been keeping track of the number of molts, because they molt a certain number of times before they spin [their cocoons],” Hollowed explained. He added, half-seriously, “harvesting the silk...is going to be an absolute nightmare.”

The traditional method of silk production involves boiling the silkworm cocoons with the caterpillars still inside them, and unspooling the cocoons in a single strand. But the club plans to harvest the silk once the moths have hatched. This will compromise the quality of the silk since the moths excrete enzymes which damage their cocoons in order to hatch.

“With the piece-silk method, you

have to spin it, so it’s less strong and generally less soft as well because it’s lots of little pieces,” he said. “We are considering doing the normal silk [harvesting] method in the future, but we want to let these silkworms breed, so that we don’t have to keep buying eggs.”

Rosenberg plans to continue expanding the Bug Club in the Fall of 2022. He hopes to do more outdoor insect-trapping, including moth-trapping using food bait and lights, to observe wild insect behavior.

“We also are planning to branch out, and get...a lot of interesting beetles and mantids,” Rosenberg added. “So it just depends on what the club as a whole plans to do. But we’re definitely planning to sustain our current colonies, and hopefully branch out to

new ones.”

Hollowed admits that Bug Club isn’t for those who fear insects or don’t have any particular interest in interacting with them.

“But if you enjoy looking at insects, and remark every time you see anything interesting outside,” he added, “we’ve got interesting bugs, and there will continue to be more interesting bugs that you can care for, and...watch.”

Rosenberg extends a wholehearted invitation for members of the Polity to join the Bug Club, or at least drop by and look at the cockroaches and silkworms, housed in Mellon 210.

“We’re very fun, it’s very chill and low commitment,” he said. “If you don’t sign up to care for the bugs, it’s no pressure and you can still stop by any time.”



St. John's Club Summaries

Report writer in order of appearance: Elias Christian, Conor Flynn, Alayna Raymond (x2), John Teague, Troy Brown, Your Imperial Wickets (Mia Kobylski), Conor Flynn, Craig Koch (x2), and Peter Boersema (photo by Tim Mewmaw)



Energeia

This year Energeia, the long-time on-campus literature and arts magazine, produced two issues as usual – one for each semester. With a general focus on generating more awareness for Energeia this year after the break in campus culture during the online era, we made an effort to be loud about who we are and actively engaged with the Polity. The year saw the emergence of a Twitter and Instagram presence (in conjunction with the rise of SJC Twitter Campus) for Energeia, as well as many ever-present signs and posters that urge submissions. We hosted one open mic, one holiday jazz release party (courtesy of a partnership with the Jazz Coalition), and one sticker contest, as well as a Shakespeare read-along and a rolling call for audio-visual submissions for our Instagram (while we work on a website and a reliable archiving process.) We also produced two sets of our popular stickers, again one for each semester. Between essay writing periods, the COVID-19 outbreak, and budgeting difficulties, we were not able to host as many events as we would have liked in the second semester, but we are confident that Energeia is very much alive in the Polity as a force for platforming poets and artists in as many ways as we can. We hope that it will continue to grow its presence on the Annapolis campus and to develop as a trusted venue for creative expression, whether through our issues or our events, in years to come.

Food Recovery Network

We have worked within the student body and local community to build infrastructure for the systematic and team-based recovery of food surpluses—both from campus and local venues—resulting in the distribution of over 1,500 pounds of surplus to Johnnies and people in the Annapolis community!



Project Polity

Project Polity had been somewhat dormant over the past two years due to the pandemic. Aidel and myself had reached out to the previous club archons separately over the summer with the hope of bringing it back into campus life. In doing that, we were able to revive the club and run an incredibly successful canned food drive led by our dear intramural captains. We also had a steady turnout for tutoring at the Stanton Center, where we helped children with the homework and building academic skills. There are many other events that we weren't able to accomplish this year, but we will certainly be pursuing next year (reach out to me if you have particular service projects you'd like to do!)

Our club slogan is 'The Program in Practice.' It is our belief that when one receives a liberal education, and are consequently impressed with the notions of what it means to be a good person, we ought to be practicing these ideas. We serve each other in the classroom through listening and considering objects of virtue, friendship, and happiness. By helping the greater community, we can share these ideas beyond ourselves. A liberal education is not a solitary one; it requires community. Project Polity is meant to be a vessel through which students can practice the human good and share in a greater sense of community. Please consider coming out to tutoring and volunteering next year.

"Compassion and love give meaning to our activities and make them constructive" — The 14th Dalai Lama

Student Jazz Coalition

The Student Jazz Coalition rose from the dead this year. As last year and the year prior's graduation proved devastating to the continuation of club, the Coalition had to be refounded almost from scratch in the Fall semester, and what a time we've had. After a month of preparation, our first performance was at Collegium, where we played "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "Chim Chim Cher-ee" for the Polity. As archon, one of my favorite memories was an audience member's exclamation that "wow, jazz is awesome!" The Coalition has always been an important access point for the Polity's experience of an incredibly large and sophisticated genre of music.

Second semester came around with big plans. Since the beginning of the Coalition's renewed life, I've had a conception of a "Jazz Lounge" after lecture, a way for me to share with the Polity the genre of music I love as a way for them to relax and wind down after a tough week of class. We wound up putting on two of these wildly successful events. There was massive attendance and we played for hours. Looking out on the crowd, I could tell everyone was having a lot of fun. Other than that, we played at the Croquet Waltz, at Lola's, and during Admitted Student's weekend.

As the most senior members of the Coalition are Sophomores, this group has a long time to achieve any long-term goals we set out for. Expect more lounges, waltzes, and live sessions in the future! Here's a running playlist of every song the Coalition has played so far:



KWP

KWP has experienced enormous success during this school year. Despite the lack of an auditorium, we were able to put on six different productions with incredible polity involvement and reception. There are many talented and passionate Thespians on this campus that help imbue meaning, humor, and beauty into the art of theater. Special thanks needs to be extended to graduating senior Ellie Laabs, whose dedication to this craft has inspired so many students. She has been an impressive archon for this club, maintaining its health over the pandemic, directing many successful shows, and keeping the love of theater alive and well. It has been an honor and privilege to learn from and work with her as well as everyone else involved in our productions.

As a final means of commemorating our work, here is a list of our productions, along with their talented directors.

Exit the King by Eugène Ionesco
Directed by Joseph Richard
Our Town by Thornton Wilder
Directed by Ellie Laabs and Birdi Mueller

Pride and Prejudice adapted by Jon Jory
Directed by Alayna Raymond

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind
Directed by Wyatt Sweeney

Antigone by Sophocles
Directed by Enkh-Od Batzorig, Ann Burke, and Levan Kiladze

Almost, Maine by John Cariani
Directed by Benjamin Kay, Natalie Kreppner, Ian Howell, Jordan Kammeyer, Birdi Mueller, Allegra Hall, Aviel Honey, Nick Rabalais, and Ellie Laabs



Juggling Club

Juggling club meets every week to practice and perform juggling, all skill levels are welcome from expert to absolute beginning. We have also gone to juggling-related events off campus and we hope to do more of this in the future.



Croquet

2021-2022 was a building year for the team. We went from only having four members at the end of last year to about fifteen. The fresh talent shown by the underclassmen secures a bright future for this game on campus. Having the Annapolis Cup return in any way possible was the main goal. Although the trophy went to Navy, every player gave it their all on the court. We hope that the Cup will draw more interest in the club and keep the tradition alive after its hiatus. Our lone senior, Connor Shin, showed incredible leadership and spirit. He will truly be missed by all on the team.

Christian Fellowship

A welcoming and open space where Johnnies can gather in faith, mutual support, dialogue, and encouragement in areas of student life, mental health, and in a life of self-giving and service.

Athletic Tournaments

Ray Matsumoto helped to host two tournaments this year with an experienced and less-experienced bracket for each tournament. The sports were ping pong and basketball and each event drew over 40 participants. Albert Yang took the ping pong crown in the experienced division, defeating Craig Koch 3-2 after a reset of the bracket. Hannah Beversluis won the honor of first in the less experienced bracket. In the 2v2 tournament, Craig Koch and Mike Mayo took victory in the A-team bracket after going down 8-0 in the finals and Jacob Lees and Brock Neese took victory in the B. The events were a joy, and they were a good opportunity for Johnnies to flex their competitive selves.



*A-team 2v2 Champions,
Craig Koch and Mike Mayo*



*Ping Pong
Champion, Albert
Yang*



The Gadfly

The Gadfly has had a very successful year. The paper has consistently featured interviews, reporting, serious reflection, tenuous opinion, photography, poetry, fiction and artwork. Though we were not able to release as frequently as we would have liked to, the issues were consistently well-received and read throughout the college community. We were able to publish 12 issues in print during this year, and, since we print about 200 copies each time, that means that we've published and distributed around 2400 copies. Oftentimes, these copies can be spotted on the desks and tables of Johnnies throughout the land, and such a sight, to me at least, is always a welcome and warming one.

A new feature of the Gadfly this year was the addition of regular columns and contests that rely on submissions from the polity for their life. *Songs Sung, Songs Loved*, started by myself (Craig Koch) and Nate Talbutt, was the longest running of these and saw 9 articles through to publication by 9 different authors. *The Black Box*, a column for all things film, television, or otherwise inside of a black box, saw an inaugural submission by Ranger Kasdorf that inspires confidence for the future of the column. And Mx. Anthon, in the last issue, announced the beginning of a new column (*What Does This Mean?*) that aims to bring the Gadfly back to its roots as a home of communication by offering translations and poetry that the community can read and reply to. And, on the side of the contests, we saw two contests through to the end, awarding \$150 in gift cards and receiving an impressive array of talented and thoughtful submissions. The hope is that opportunities like these help to make the Gadfly common and exciting in a way that it is not if it is always the same people writing their same things.

A few ideas I have planned for the year ahead are these: the addition of intramural correspondents, the addition of a dedicated editor and designer for each section of the paper, a continuation of tutor spotlight, a greater commitment to

covering campus activities (especially Friday night lecture), and a dedication to making the paper bi-weekly so that it can serve as a reliable home for announcements and communications.

I'm very excited for The Gadfly's future, and I look forward to sharing it with all of you.



Crew

This year's crew seasons, as with so many things this year, were in some ways gratifying and in some ways frustrating. Returning to the boathouse in the fall for the first time since 2019, there were only a handful of veteran rowers, and none with experience as coxswains. The team was blessed, however, with an unusually large crop of novices. Although the work was not always easy, it was a great deal of fun to watch their improvement. Unfortunately, due to a convergence of factors, we weren't able to compete in any regattas.

We returned in the spring with a smaller group of rowers, who had the opportunity to learn sculling and try out some smaller boats. We also enjoyed holding the Ritter Cup, an intramural regatta on College Creek. The team and I are looking forward to next fall, when we'll likely be able to compete in some regattas against other schools and clubs.



{ACTIVITY}

Sailing Trivia

Madelyn Minor and Jonah

1. What does FJ stand for?
 - A) Fast Jumper
 - B) Facetious Jester
 - C) Flying Junior
 - D) Fraudulent Juvenile

2. Which is NOT a position you can hold on an FJ?
 - A) Helm – In charge of the tiller, the main sheet, navigation, and strategy; sits in the back; may or may not be skippering (barking orders).
 - B) Crew – In charge of jib sheets, centerboard, hiking, wing on wing, watching the helm's blindspots, bailing, and other odd jobs.
 - C) Second Crew – In charge of staying out of the way, and sometimes the music.
 - D) Powder Monkey – In charge of the artillery. Probably a hostage. Expendable.

3. When you ____, you turn the stern of your boat across the wind. (Choose all that apply)
 - A) Jibe
 - B) Gybe
 - C) Jybe
 - D) Gibe

4. Maximum speed of any displacement monohull – commonly called its hull speed – is governed by which simple formula?
Hull speed in knots equals...
 - A) $1.34 \times$ the weight of passengers and cargo in pounds
 - B) Centerboard length in feet \times squared mast height
 - C) $1.34 \times$ the square root of the boat's length at its waterline in feet
 - D) Moon phase \times skipper's zodiac

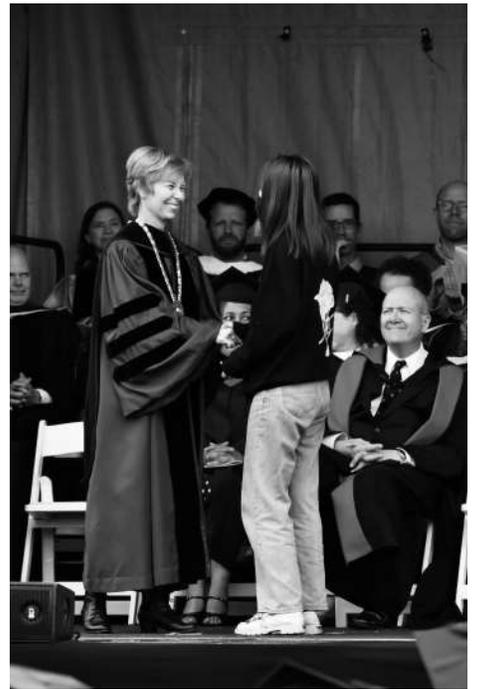
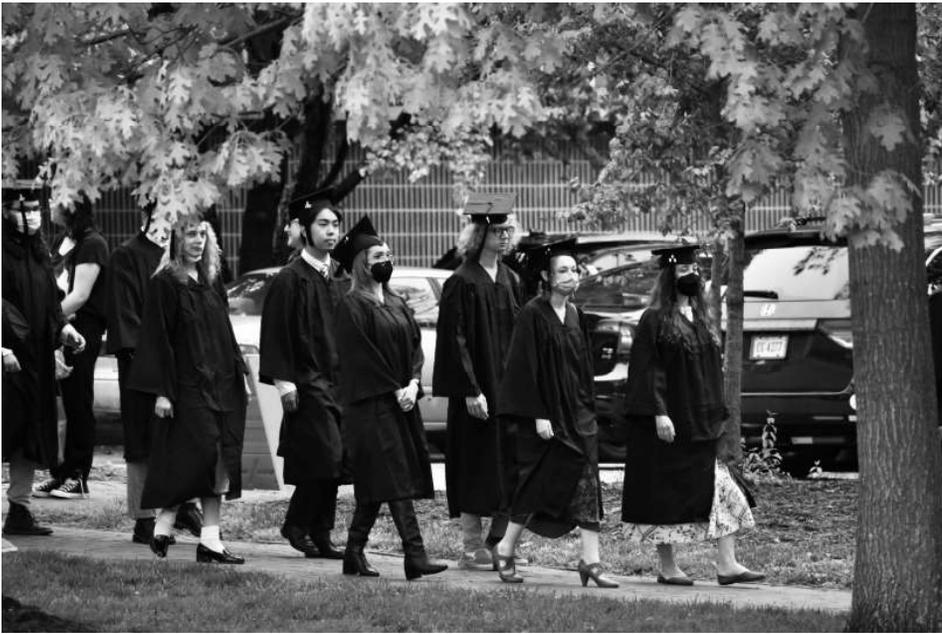
5. Why is the horizontal spar attached to the mast called the boom?
(Choose all that apply)
 - A) It was named after Charles Boom
 - B) It's derived from the Latin bombus
 - C) Back in the 1600's, sailors smuggled gunpowder across the Atlantic in their booms
 - D) Boom goes boom (you go splash)

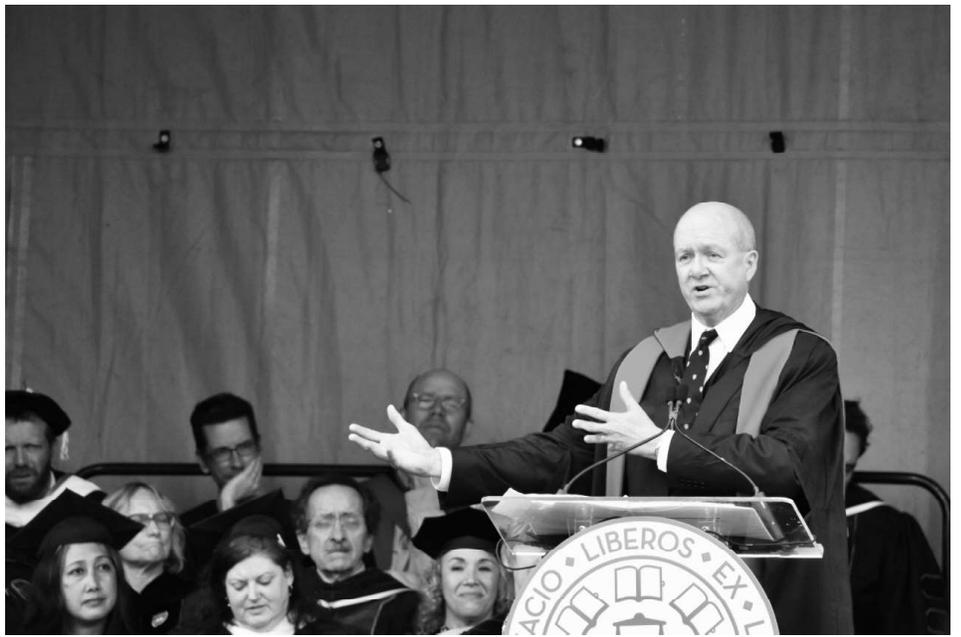
6. Which colleges have hosted the regattas SJC competed at this year?
 - A) William and Mary, University of Delaware, Washington College
 - B) Princeton, Navy, Loyola
 - C) University of Hawaii, Columbia, Queen's University
 - D) Virginia Tech, University of Pennsylvania, and the last one we hosted



7. What kind of “look Mom, no hands!” sailing is actually doable (and fun!)
- A) Boomless Sailing
 - B) Rudderless Sailing
 - C) Sail-less Sailing
 - D) Sailor-less Sailing
8. Which is the correct response to your boat capsizing?
- A) Make like Dumbo and roll that baby back to the docks
 - B) Contemplate the nature of perfectly circular rotation. If nothing is being displaced, is it still a type of motion?
 - C) Repent
 - D) Climb over the gunnel as it heels until you’re standing on the centerboard in fully-capsized position; use your weight to pull the boat back upright, scooping your partner up into the boat in the process; as it rights, climb back over the gunnel and flaunt your perfect absence of moisture to your drowned rat of a partner
9. Which is NOT a creature the SJC sailing team faces when sailing in the Severn?
- A) Navy boats
 - B) Disarmingly beautiful sunsets
 - C) Herons
 - D) Boredom
10. Three of these are generally advised against during a regatta. Which of them should you totally do?
- A) Do penalty spins around your least favorite team
 - B) Steal your opponents’ wind
 - C) Port-tack the fleet
 - D) Feed the seagulls
11. What does the sailing team do when the weather’s too bad for sailing?
- A) Sail anyways!
 - B) Chalktalk in the Boathouse!
 - C) Hiking tournaments!
 - D) Walk-the-plank tournaments!
12. Red Right Returning is used to remember what?
- A) That you keep red markers on starboard when entering a channel from an open body of water
 - B) That gingers are always correct, so take back what you said about them
 - C) Which color is the opposite of green, which direction is the opposite of left, and what Penelope thinks Odysseus has been taking his sweet time doing, husbands amiright
 - D) Nothing. I made it up

Answers located on the back cover of this issue!





PHOTOS BY LIZ DOWDY

Things United and Unities

Luke Briner

Proposition VI of Proclus' *Elements of Theology*¹ attempts to prove that "Every multitude consists either of things united, or of unities":

It is evident that each of things many will not be itself multitude alone, and, again, that each part of this will not be multitude alone. But if it is not multitude alone, it is either united or unities. And if indeed it partakes of The One it is united; but if it consists of things of which that which is primarily united consists, it will be unities. For if The One itself exists, there is also that which primarily participates of it, and which is primarily united. But this consists of unities: for if it consists of things united, again, things united consist of certain things, and this will be the case to infinity. It is necessary, however, that what is primarily united should consist of unities. And thus we have discovered what we proposed at first, [viz. that every multitude consists either of things united, or of unities.]

Let's break this proposition down, so that we might better understand the point being made. First and foremost, what is the distinction between the "things many" and "multitude" he sets out with?

Since Proclus begins by positing the "things many" and only then proceeds to clarify that such things do not belong *solely* to multitude alone, it is evident at the outset that things such as these are constituted *partially* by multitude, and are thus a whole of which multitude is only a single part. Proclus explains this nature precisely in the very first proposition of the *Elements*, enunciating that "every multitude partakes in some respect of The One." This is itself evident by the fact that all things can be understood as a *one*, that is, as a single, comprehensible being or entity, due to their participation in *The One*, just as things which possess the quality of beauty do so by their participation in the Beauty that presupposes and presides over each and all of them². If, then, there was some multitude that participated

in no respect whatsoever in The One, then such a multitude would necessarily possess no oneness, no unity of its own. But a multitude entirely divorced from self-unity by its non-participation in The One, and thus being "in every respect indeterminate," will be either pure nothingness or pure manyness; it must be either one or the other, since it is again prevented from any middle ground, being barred from any sort of defined or determinate quantity or limit to itself. If it had a certain limit to itself, some clear quantity, then it would, for that very reason, have to be participating in some respect in The One, which the multitude we are entertaining does not. But neither of these possibilities—pure manyness or pure nothingness—can be right. For "if each is many, each will consist of infinities without limit," since a limitation implies a determinateness to quality and being, which comes only through participation in The One. But this would mean that each and every multitude in the world would be infinite, extending indefinitely throughout the entire universe and beyond. But this is absurd, since the multitudes in the world in every case possess a certain limit and dimension. Likewise, any multitude being a pure nothingness is obviously absurd, since it would contradict its own existence ceasing to anything at all. Thus it is necessary to admit that all multitudes participate in The One to a certain yet not perfect degree, since that which participates perfectly in The One is not a multiplicity at all, but is in fact simply The One Itself. This is, in fact, what Proclus proves explicitly in his second proposition, affirming that everything "which participates in The One is alike one and not one." Hence Proclus' assertion at the

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(1) Translation by Peterson.

(2) As Proclus goes on to prove explicitly in *EoT* props. XXI-XXIII.

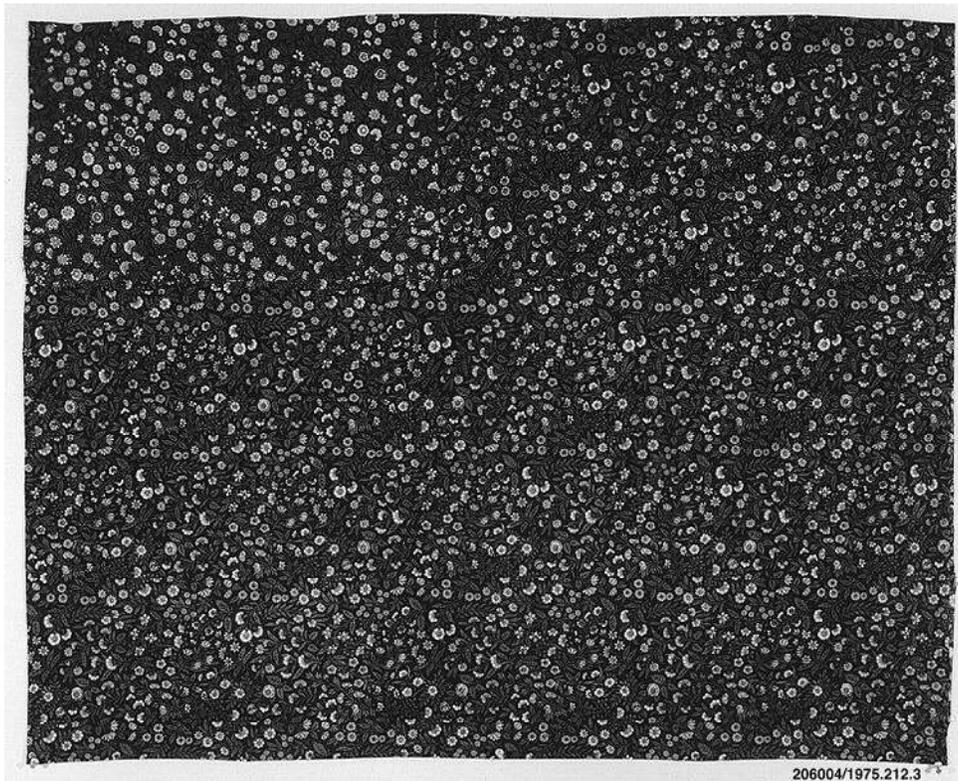
outset of proposition VI that “each of the things many will not be itself multitude alone.” If by “things many” he simply means those beings which possess some multitude—which is every being that is not simply The One—then clearly each of those things must also participate to some degree in The One, and thus will not be only multitudinous.

We thus proceed to the other distinction which the main body of the proposition is constituted by. When Proclus argues that “every multitude consists either of things united or of unities,” how are we to understand the one as opposed to the other, so that we can suppose all multitudes to consist either in the one or the other?

All beings are made determinate by virtue of their participation in The One (props. I, III), and “if indeed it partakes of The One it is *united*” (prop. VI). But since they each derive their particular oneness and thus their determinacy from The One, then necessarily the multitude that they also possess along with their oneness—since they participate in The One only partially—can only be constituted by *other* things in the same way participant in The One. For if the constituents were not participants in the same way, then they would participate perfectly in The One, or in other words simply *be* The One; but this is impossible, since The One cannot make up the multitude of something else. Or otherwise they would be nothing at all, since they would not be The One nor a participant in It; but this is also impossible, since nothingness cannot

constitute any existent thing. Thus, every determinate thing has its multitude constituted by things of the same nature as itself. Take, for instance, a tree: the tree is understood as a thing, that is, as a single, determinate being possessing its own identity and distinctness from other things, by virtue of its participation in The One. But while this is the case, we are simultaneously able to analyze the tree and divide it into different parts such as the branches, leaves, and trunk, and understand the tree to be constituted by each of these parts. The multitude of the tree, then, consists *in things united*, insofar as each of the parts we know the tree to be divisible into are understood primarily in their identity as constituents. But we can think of these parts in a different way; instead of thinking of them simply as constituents of the whole, we can also think of them individually as their own determinate thing, that is, as their *own unities*. This is the meaning of our claim that the multitude of a determinate thing is made up of other determinate things; our very ability to recognize the branches and leaves and trunk of the tree as distinct and unique things in themselves is proof of this fact.

We have, then, three distinct modes or levels by which we can conceive of each determinate thing. There is, first, the thing’s primary identity, which it attains by virtue of its participation in The One. Second, there is the multitude underlying and constituting the thing, which the central identity of the thing may be dissolved into. Third, there



Cotton Panel, ca. 1800, artist unknown

is the determinate identity of each part of the multitude that the first thing is in that way constituted by. In this way the primary thing can be thought of *either* as consisting in “things united” or in “unities.” If we conceive of the primary thing simply, then its constituent multitude will simply be things united in it; however, if we consider each part of the constituent multitude in themselves, then we realize them to be just as determinate as the primary thing, and thus unities in themselves. To use our earlier example, there is first the tree itself, then the branches, leaves, trunk, and so on, and finally there are each of those parts taken in themselves as their own unities.

Plotinus concurs with this view of the relationship between unity and being at the outset of his tractate “On The Good, or The One” (VI.9.1)³:

It is in virtue of unity that beings are beings. This is equally true of things whose existence is primal and of all that are in any degree to be numbered among beings. What could exist at all except as one thing? Deprived of unity, a thing ceases to be what it is called: no army unless as a unity; a chorus, a flock, must be one thing. Even house and ship demand unity, one house, one ship; unity gone, neither remains thus even continuous magnitudes [which] could not exist without an inherent unity; break them apart and their very being is altered in the measure of the breach of unity.

In order to be a being at all, it is necessary to possess a self-concentrated unity which aggregates all constituents into a single identity; if there was not this centrality, then there would be no one being, but only an indeterminate multitude. This is, as Plotinus emphasizes, just as true for things which we commonly understand as more explicitly an aggregation of multitude as for anything else. Since all things can be divided into the diversity of their multitudes, since all things must, by participating in The One, possess such a multitude along with their primary oneness, then it doesn't matter whether we're talking about an army, or a flock of birds, or a tree.

But what is also clear from this formulation is that these three “levels” we have established are indefinitely repeatable. We know that this must be the case by virtue of what has been established concerning the impossibility of an indeterminate multitude. Since all things having multitude can be understood as unities in and of themselves, or as a part of a greater multitude with the same determinate nature, then every being can be divided into unities. And each of those unities can be subsequently themselves be

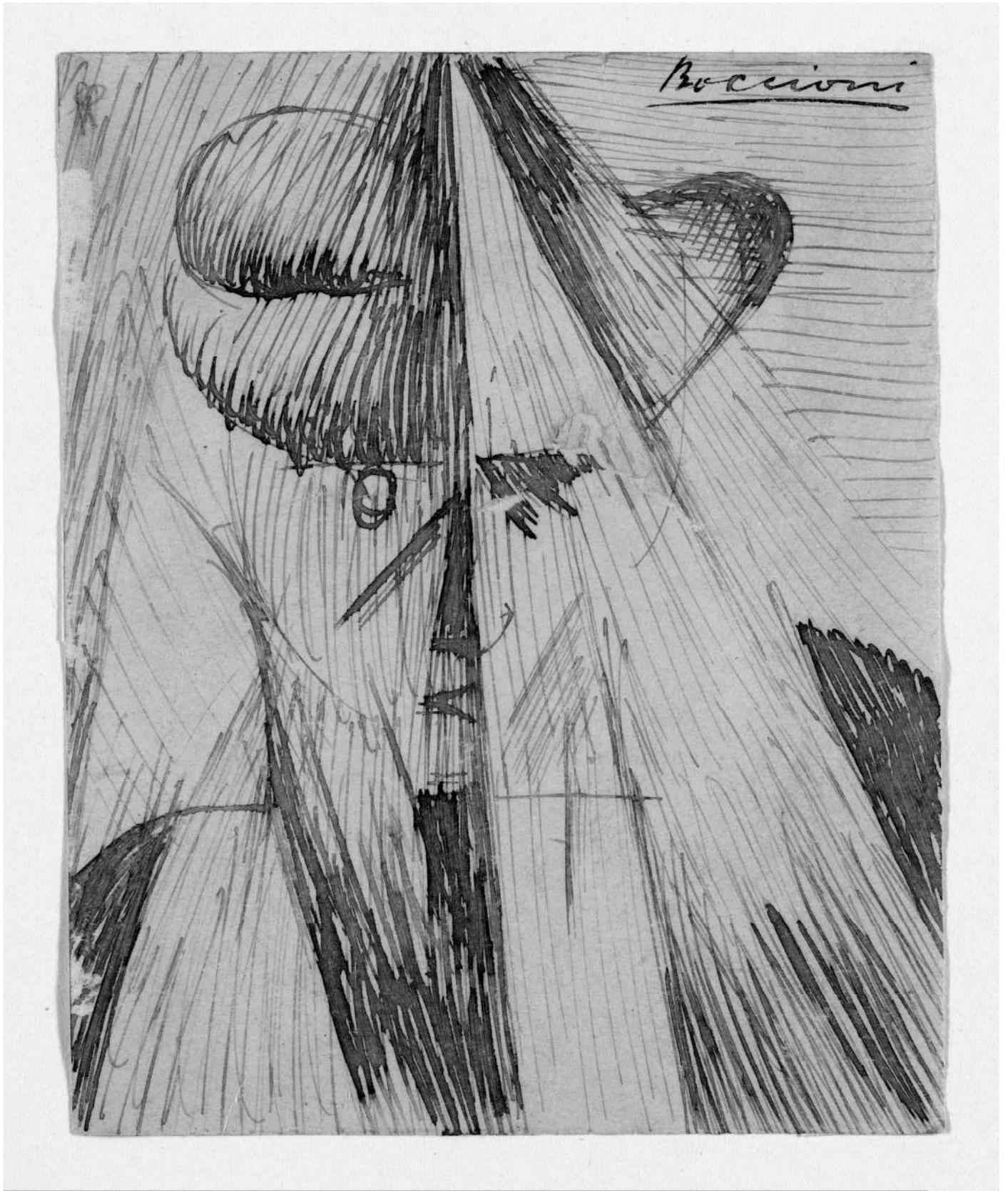
divided in the same way into things united, which can be in turn thought of as their own unities, and so on *ad infinitum*. While a branch of the tree can be isolated as its own unity independent of its part as constituting the tree, the branch can also be divided up in the same way.

But since each thing can be divided to an infinite degree, then it seems that the thing would in a sense be constituted by a kind of infinity, at least in potentiality and within its multitude. But if it's true that “there is no being constituted of infinities without limit” (prop. I), then how can this be possible?

We need to be careful here and clarify distinction between indeterminate and thus infinite multitude, which Proclus has clearly admitted to be absurd, and the potentially infinite extension or division of *determinate* beings into other *determinate* beings. As opposed to the former absurdity, this latter idea is founded precisely *in* the determinate being which things find in and through their participation in The One. It is of course true that we can endlessly repeat the three levels of unity, since all beings contain a degree of multitude, and the things united in this multitude are themselves unities, are themselves beings; but, by that same token, we are never, in this indefinite delving into the unities of unities, conceiving of anything *indeterminate*, or, in other words, anything which does not participate in The One, this participation giving all things their determinacy and unity. For the primary multitude is itself a being by virtue of its unitary identity, and the things united to make up that primary being are themselves unities and thereby beings. Thus, no matter how much we divide beings into their individual constituents, we will always be conceiving of things which are both multitudes and participants in The One, which is precisely the composition of every being. Therefore, the sort of infinity which comes from our division of unities into things united into other unities is not the sort which Proclus finds to be absurd, since that absurdity is only found in nonparticipant rather than participant multitudes.

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(3) Translation by Mackenna.



Head Against the Light (The Artist's Sister)
by Umberto Boccioni

Polity As Polyphony

Luke Briner

When I reflect on the incredible wealth of educating and edifying experiences I've been fortunate enough to have over the course of my sophomore year, the idea that has impressed itself most continually and intensely upon me is that of concord, of the beauty and marvelous goodness which can arise from the effective organization of parts in relation to the whole. This idea is rendered most plainly and most wonderfully in the singing that I've done in my music tutorial, as well as in the St. John's Chorus. When we get together to sing, I feel that I am giving myself—or at least my voice—to a display of order which brings forth a majesty of beauty far exceeding anything which I would be capable of on my own, and yet one which I am deeply and irrevocably intertwined. Despite the fact that I am only a single voice out of many, and that my voice is, as a citizen of a musical polity, strictly required to obey the letter of the score's law in lockstep with its fellow citizens, this act of conformity feels not oppressive but supremely liberating. I am contributing in such a way to the performance of the piece as a whole that I am, at the same time, basking in its very wholeness, witnessing, spellbound, a living, breathing organism of beauty, not from without, but from within, as one of its own organs.

This is already significant enough. But what really compels me about this sort of concord is precisely the fact that we observe it not merely in music as such, but in a great many parts of life, and in virtually every aspect of our life at St. John's in particular. The model of our entire education is predicated clearly upon this exact principle. What is seminar, what are any of our classes, except for an intellectual polyphony, with every participant their own melody line set with the task of aligning itself not only with each of its fellow lines individually, but with the accumulated whole? The majesty of polyphony is necessarily founded upon the amiable relations of each line to all of its fellows, with every such relation giving miraculous rise to an entirely new hypostasis of sound greater than the mere sum of its parts, with each such hypostasis itself entering into friendship in the same way with every other giving rise to the supreme glory of musical experience as a whole. Likewise, a good St. John's student understands themselves to be fundamentally subordinate to the goals and well-being of the discussion as a whole, and accordingly endeavors to contribute to that discussion in a way that's fruitful not merely for themselves, but for the entire class. The insight which the

class produces communally through the earnest but self-effacing contribution of each of its members is the great and unique fruit of our educational model; and, most crucially, our tasting of that fruit is simultaneous with our effort to cultivate it.

We observe the same phenomenon at play in our polity as a whole. The polity is an organism which is continually produced and sustained by the effort of each of its members individually and by the subsidiary groups constituted by them, and which is made beautiful by the effective harmony of all such parts with all others. One person devotes themselves to administration and politics; another writes industriously for the pleasure and education of the polity; another enlivens and colors campus life by theater, music, and art; and another gives themselves to supporting and serving the community. Each one of these, and each group or club or scene they are members of, are organs of the one great organism, are melodic lines which, however beautiful they might be on their own, realize their highest potential as a unique participant in and contributor to the polyphony of our whole Polity. Each giving up to the whole what gifts they might have, and receiving from the font of that whole exceedingly more—this is, as Plato so rightly concluded, the essential condition of Justice, and for the polity just as much for the song. This thought continues to move me every time I really sit with it.

Now someone might raise the objection here that I shouldn't so firmly subordinate the part to the whole and the individual to the community, and, moreover, that I shouldn't ascribe beauty to the whole in itself but rather to the parts themselves which constitute that whole. Zuckerkandl notes, after all, that polyphony is characterized primarily by "emphasis on 'the many within the one'" (*The Sense of Music*, p. 139), not the other way around, and it is the Many which gives rise to beauty, not the One; therefore, each part, each individual, shouldn't feel so strictly yoked to the whole and the community, and should focus far more on themselves; this, they might say, is what it really means to think polyphonically.

But while the foundations of this way of thinking are fundamentally correct, it nevertheless misses the more crucial point that the many is only beautiful when it is comprehended as a One. Polyphony is, naturally, characterized primarily by "the many in the one" rather than "the one in the many," but this doesn't do anything

to alter the fact that we can only appreciate a polyphony as a single thing, regardless of the multitude it might contain within itself. Even if the melodies are legion and all exceptionally beautiful, we appreciate them all only when we hear them as a whole, and only when each of them agree with each other sufficiently to give rise to a whole that is beautiful. This is a necessary move if we wish to bring about the greatest beauty, since it is the consonance between the parts which is always more beautiful than each part on their own. It's therefore necessary for all parts to conform strictly to the whole, and for the well-being of that whole to be their active goal and priority. Moreover, it is precisely this fact that leads Zuckermandl in the same chapter to note how melodies must conform to a rigorous set of rules in order to control the dissonance that could occur between them, even as they maintain some of their own freedom and uniqueness. Likewise, our good consists most completely not in our own individual good but in the good of the whole, and to reject the strict regulation which is necessary to maintain that whole would be to degenerate from polyphony to cacophony and from polity to anarchy.

With this point especially in mind, it should be obvious that I have so far been talking only in terms of the ideal, and that our own actual Polity often falls appallingly short of that ideal. There are many students who, even in their second year, display an almost incomprehensible inability to not be burdens to the group discussion; people whine like spoiled children over the most basic Covid prevention measures; and, just below the surface, there is a disgusting underbelly of gossip, drug abuse, sexism, racism, and sexual assault, which has made me, if no one else, extremely angry, and hesitant, if not ashamed, to actually be with most of my peers.

The situation is made all the more frustrating by the fact that we have actively chosen this disharmonious ugliness, have actively chosen to stain our polity and thereby each of us as individuals; all that's necessary for us to change our course and achieve the great consonance of which we are capable is to recognize our duty to each other, to modify and improve our behavior and attitudes accordingly, and to accept and respect the rules which would help everyone live safer and happier lives here. It is, in fact, precisely this kind of resolution which the freedom of our minds as students of the liberal arts actually consists in, rather than in myopic egotism or in simply reading a lot of very nice books and learning how to talk pretty—the purpose of studying the liberal arts is to learn to become an excellent human being, not a shameless, self-absorbed sophist.

But the cause of that frustration can also be the source of our hope: we are fundamentally free to recognize these

truths, and to improve ourselves and thereby our whole community. If a liberal education is not capable of granting us the ability to do this if we commit ourselves to it, then no form of education can. Let us, then, recognize our duty to the whole and the supreme beauty which can be found in our absorption in it; let us work to make our polity a more beautiful polyphony.



Singing Angels by Jan van Eyck

{CLUB REFLECTION}

Chess Club

Michael Jeramaz

2021 was an exciting year for chess fans, as the long-awaited world championship match between champion Magnus Carlsen and challenger Ian Nepomniachtchi finally took place in Dubai. Proof of the event's sensational popularity is the record breaking viewership it garnered on multiple streaming platforms. Chess clubs and bars alike were packed around the world, with fans playing along at home while rooting for their favorite player. I fondly remember the electricity of this time, and my eagerness was vented during my participation at chess club. Beginning only last semester, chess club is a young but consistently popular club. Raking in an average of eight to ten people, the club was populated by players of varying levels. Some people had never played chess before, while others had a more extensive background. The environment was relaxed, as it took place in the evening after a long week of classes. Playing was typically free form with some games being competitive while others were more casual. More experienced players sometimes took time to teach beginners, and these lessons proved educational for everyone involved. The culture of chess club was one of openness and inclusion. People would spontaneously join and leave the club whenever they pleased. At the same time, the club established consistent participation with the same people by the end of the semester. We ended the year with pizza and drinks and played a game on a Mega board chess

set. Players of differing skill levels were partnered together, leading to an imbalanced game with many twists and turns. After a few hours, with both teams holding a winning advantage at some point, the game concluded hilariously in a draw, marking an ironic albeit satisfying conclusion to chess club's inauguration. Club founder, Daniel Han, has this to say about his experience as archon: "Next year, I hope chess club will have more lessons without losing its relaxed environment and will be able to organize an all-school tournament. I was proud to have started this club because people had talked about doing this since the time I was a freshman, but it never came to fruition until this year. I am deeply grateful for the support and encouragement that people at chess club have given me. Without their consistent participation and help, chess club wouldn't have been possible. I can leave the college having shared a game that I love and am happy to know that this club will continue and be left in great hands after I graduate." Despite being 1400 years old, the game of chess is in the midst of a massive popularity boom, moving the game from an intimidating monolith of intellectualism to a game which can be enjoyed casually by a wider audience. The club's goal is to emphasize the game's approachability while maintaining the epic struggles and wonders which have captivated and drawn so many players to chess.



One Journey ends, and another begins, at the *Robert Morris Inn*

Connor Shin

Whether I like it or not, this is my final restaurant review for *The Gadfly*. I knew that for my final article, it'd have to be something special, and I'm happy to report that the hour-long drive to a sleepy Maryland port town was totally worth it. The trip itself could take up an entire article in its own right, with me and my two roommates encountering an old fighter jet in a random municipal airport off Route 50, literal hordes of adorable rabbits hopping around picturesque waterfront houses in Oxford, a chance conversation with the ex-virologist owner of a beautifully-restored Volkswagen Karmann Ghia, and one of the most gorgeous sunsets you can find anywhere on the Eastern Shore. Lest I get swept up in sentimentality, I should mention the actual destination of my ambitious expedition: the Robert Morris Inn, the oldest full-service inn in the country.

I'll try not to get sidetracked with the rich history of this 312-year-old establishment, but the fact that the likes of author James Michener, George Washington (yes, that George Washington), and the Founding Father who lent his name to this inn have stayed here should tell you that this place has some serious pedigree. You'll be eating the food of Chef Mark Salter, whose experience runs the gauntlet of a five-star hotel in Switzerland, the Scottish Salon Culinaire, the James Beard Foundation, and everything in-between. Stepping into the inn's tavern is akin to walking out of a time machine; the walls and ceiling are lined with thick mahogany wood, which makes entering during a bright day quite jarring, as your eyes will need a few seconds to adjust to the drastic change in light level. You're greeted with the warm, welcoming scent that old, wood and brick buildings seem to always possess, as well as the sight of a spotless 18th century dining room that wouldn't look out of place in a John Trumbull painting. It's worth trying to reserve a seat during off-hours, but not just so that you can take the time to appreciate the beauty of this traditional tavern in relative peace. Not only does this place fill up pretty quickly, but the restaurant appears to only possess a few servers for the entire dining room; while they all are friendly, competent, and eager to please, it appeared as though they struggled at times to deal with the sheer number of tables that became full during the dinner rush, to the point where my companions sometimes had to ask multiple times over the

course of half an hour for small requests like refills and extra sauce.

Besides the occasional lapse in service, I can safely say that my comrades and I had the time of our lives. Since this was going to be a one-time experience, we settled on ordering a smorgasbord of dishes to share. In total, we ordered the mixed green salad (\$15) and spiced blue catfish taco (\$17) appetizers, the fish'n'chips (\$25), Sri Lankan spiced Scottish salmon (\$32), and Robert Morris Inn jumbo lump crab cake (\$39) entrées, and the apple and blackberry crumble, sticky toffee pudding, and Smith Island cake (all \$10) desserts. Before this banquet was laid out before us, we were already blown away by the simplest of starters: a free basket of bread accompanied by a smattering of butter is something you'll get at any restaurant worth its salt, but this bread in particular was dangerously tasty, with the tiniest hint of sweetness in the crust and a gentle warmth that permeated every slice. Shamefully, we were tempted enough to breach a cardinal sin of a multiple-course dinner, and emptied the bread basket in mere minutes. Only by the grace of God were we able to finish the rest of our dishes without feeling more stuffed than a Thanksgiving turkey.

Our two appetizers quickly arrived after our display of carb-related gluttony, with the salad conveniently portioned out on multiple plates in advance. The salad itself contained many ingredients that I'd normally try to avoid, namely asparagus, dried cherries, toasted walnuts, and crumbled goat cheese. Somehow, perhaps with the aid of a subtle lemon-thyme vinaigrette, I found myself unable to

Robert Morris Inn
14 North Morris Street, Oxford, MD
410-226-5111
www.robertmorrisinn.com
Open for inside and outside dining Sunday-Saturday at 7:30 AM-11:00 PM.
Prices: Small dishes \$6 to \$18, main dishes \$9 to \$42, desserts \$10.

avoid polishing my plate of this refreshing, perfectly-mixed salad. The tacos, too, were a resounding hit, with one of my colleagues stating that these were “the best fish tacos [she’s] ever had”. This was actually my very first time eating catfish, and the spice of the fish’s seasoning was evenly balanced-out with the smart application of cotija cheese and sliced avocado. The fish itself was flaky, tender, and very meaty for a white fish, with not a hint of fishiness that plagued the last seafood tacos that my unfortunate friend was subjected to. For a centuries-old institution, this unorthodox addition to their menu is a must-try item.

I’m happy to report that the entrées, too, were universally well-received. The beer-battered cod arrived neatly arrayed on a bed of buttered garden peas and hot shoestring fries, all of which complimented each other perfectly with the addition of some much-needed tartar sauce. The batter didn’t overwhelm the naturally-mild cod in the slightest, but added a slight maltiness and crunch that characterizes top-notch fried fish. The peas, too, were cooked to just the right consistency, as was the generous serving of fries. When my Sri Lankan-style salmon arrived, my palate was both surprised and blown away by the unique flavors that I haven’t experienced anywhere else. A colorful painter’s palette of cauliflower mint purée and cilantro crema added complex layers of sweetness and umami flavor to my buttery-smooth piece of top-quality salmon, and the accompanying sides of spicy vegetable pakora and crunchy cucumber ribbons provided the perfect palate cleansers for this excellent example of an oft-overlooked cuisine. Perhaps most importantly, Chef Salter knows his Maryland recipes just as well as a true Old Line State native, if his hefty 8 oz. crab cake is anything to go by. With the unconventional accouterments of a spring vegetable hash drizzled with lemon butter sauce, and a tangy tomato-chili jam in lieu of boring cocktail sauce, it’s no wonder he managed to beat the famed chef Eric Ripert at a crab cook-off at New York’s Le Bernardin. Even without these delicious additions, the crab cake itself can rival the best that Annapolis has to offer; if you want a crab cake with plenty of plump, sweet meat, held together with the merest fraction of seasoned filler, then you really can’t go wrong with this particular dish.

Just when my friends and I were basking in the relaxing afterglow of a filling, tasty meal, our homemade desserts arrived like clockwork. First up was the apple and blackberry crumble, with a pecan streusel topping and a scoop of vanilla ice cream on the side. The chunks of fruit within were sweet, crisp, and not too runny, while the streusel added a layer of nuttiness and crunch that contrasted nicely with the soft interior of the dessert. Gathering a bit of fruit, a chunk of streusel, and a dollop of ice cream into one spoonful might

take a bit of effort, but is absolutely worth it for the full experience. Unlike the metaphorical crumbling Smith Island cake from my fever dream of a *Badfly* article, the Robert Morris Inn’s rendition of this pancake-like yellow cake, with pencil-thin lines of decadent chocolate fudge running across its length, maintained a satisfying rigidity throughout, even while three voracious diners ate chunk after chunk out of it. With a generous dollop of sweet Chantilly cream on the side, this meticulously-cut wedge of cake appeared to have come straight out of the well-worn pages of an old waterman’s cookbook; it was almost a shame devouring this picture-perfect example of Maryland’s state dessert. By the time we reached the sticky toffee pudding, our little group was skeptical that we’d be able to finish the entire thing. Indeed, the sweet smell emanating from this caloric nightmare of moist sponge cake, toffee, butterscotch sauce, and vanilla ice cream was almost enough to get us to throw in the towel; yet at the same time, it beckoned us to take one bite, then another, then another. If anything, the toffee pudding was gone even more quickly than either of its accompanying desserts; maybe the fact that it’s one of Chef Salter’s signature dishes has something to do with its addictive and satisfying nature. In the end, myself and my two roommates left the Robert Morris Inn even more happy than when we entered; no small feat, considering how much fun we had just reaching this colonial oasis on the serene shores of the Chesapeake.

Normally, I’d end the article with a final word on whether this restaurant is worth your time and money, but I think I’ve made my position on the Robert Morris Inn pretty clear already. This very well could be the last restaurant review I write for a while, so I’d like to give a formal farewell while I have your attention.

For my first three years at St. John’s, I never read a single issue of *The Gadfly*. Come senior year, and I still had no idea that I would ever spend sleepless nights deliberating upon proper adjectives to describe a tasty pickle, or the right way to convey my disgust for a disastrous risotto. When I finally caved to peer pressure, took the leap, and started to put my culinary critiques to paper, I never expected to receive so much support from the Polity for my restaurant ramblings, whether it’s from classmates conveying their appreciation for a particular joke, or faculty members tracking me down between classes to request a review of their favorite hangout spot. This whole experience has been quite eye-opening for me, since I didn’t think that I had the chops to write anything that people would actually care about. Over the course of writing articles this year, I’ve experienced the best that Annapolis restaurateurs have to offer, some of the worst misses and disappointments, as well as whatever the

hell my dining hall “review” was. This summer, I’ve decided to take my culinary interest one step further, by working in the kitchen of a small hotel in the south of France to see whether this career path is something worth pursuing. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t worried about my future, but I’m also pretty damn excited, too. My only regret is that I don’t have more time to write about all the restaurants I haven’t yet had the chance to critique, but I suppose that’s a good metaphor for life itself... or something cliché like that.

Before I sign off, I’ve got a favor to ask of all of you who will be coming back next year: don’t let these reviews die. I’ve been thinking for a while about whether I should pass the torch to a particular Johnnie, but I believe that every single one of you has plenty to say about the food that you enjoy and hate on a regular basis. Whether just one of you decides to take the time to write about your favorite restaurants, or if a dozen of you want to rag on some infamous local spots, I’ll be content that, against all odds, I managed to actually start something worthwhile at this college.



CASSIE DESMOND

To Veto, or Not to Veto, That Is The Question

Tom Ni

What are the duties of the President? In accordance with the Charter and Polity of St. John's College, the Student Polity established for itself a government representative of all polity members. As our instrument of governance, the Delegate Council accept the responsibilities delegated by the College. Elected by the entire Student Polity as Chairman of the Delegate Council, the President has been entrusted with the authority to ensure the fulfillment of those responsibilities. Among those responsibilities are two: the management of funds available to the Student Polity, and the sanctioning of all student clubs, organizations, committees, and activities, and their regulations. Unlike Delegates who represent only certain constituents, namely their class, my duty is to the entire Student Polity. This principle is the foundation that anchors all my decisions.

I strive to support all student organizations to fulfill their essential functions. However, there is a multitude of factors that needs to be considered in the appropriation of funding. Part of the Orthodox Christian Fellowship's late budget in question is an item titled simply "Charity." The Archon later explained the request was intended to purchase both food and supplies that will be distributed to Annapolitans in need as care packages. This is undoubtedly a noble proposal. However, given there's only just a month left before the semester ends, the Archon did not detail a plan that is satisfactory. Several delegates and I did not have the confidence in the effective implementation of the proposal.

The item also raised bigger questions concerning the essence of DC funding and charity. An action's potentiality to achieve good does not necessitate its realization. There are many ways DC funding could be appropriated to benefit the Polity. I can approve purchases or funding for certain overdue renovations on campus that will undeniably benefit everyone. But is it my duty to approve them? Shall they take precedence over requests that fulfill essential club functions? Should I approve funding for individual clubs to donate in their name? What about a donation from DC representing the entire Student Polity? What classifies as charity? How money is spent is just as important as what the money is spent for. There are a lot more nuances to endeavors aiming to achieve certain good. They all differ, and this complicates the appropriation of funding for them.

I believe there is a difference between charity and service. Service requires an active effort driven by morality. Service to others, especially to the wider community, is commendable and should be encouraged. I believed that it would be more appropriate and rewarding to have a fundraiser or food drive in this instance instead of requesting funding to purchase everything. I stated on record that I would approve essential purchases needed to help OCF organize such projects, and I will personally support them. However, some failed to see the necessity to make such a distinction.

Some continued to debate for the original proposal and cited other passed budgets. Budgets are reviewed individually on their own merit, and the amounts of other passed budgets that are completely different in nature shall have no relevancy here. I rarely vote as I preside over the meetings and decide the results of voice votes.

Almost all budgets are passed unanimously, and had delegates disapproved of the other budgets, where were the Nays? Is the necessity to approve this particular item grounded in duty or self-righteousness? The council should remain objective away from passions. After considering all the factors, I concluded it's not appropriate to approve the item and voiced my official objection before the vote. Many other delegates concurred. This was the first vote of the year that required a division of the house, and the item did not reach a 2/3 majority. The item only had the simple majority required to pass to the President for the opportunity for a veto, at which point I exercised my right to reject the proposal.

It would have been much easier—and much more popular—for me to conform to the pressure of the DC. Why should I even veto spending that is not from my own money? How could I not have known the misrepresentation about me that would spread among the polity? There is nothing for me to gain but misunderstanding. But I would dishonor my Oath of Office if I yielded to such fear. The most vocal voices on DC do not necessarily represent the majority of the polity nor understand our duties. I make myself accessible to all constituent classes to the best of my ability. I have instituted an office hour that the Herald will help address DC matters. I do not take the authority entrusted by the Student Polity, especially the power of veto, lightly.

The proposal would likely set a precedent. Given there're still many questions regarding charity that weren't adequately addressed, and this late submission did not present a viable plan, it was my duty to veto the item. I ask my peers to have faith that I will always, after much deliberation, carry out my duties in the best interest of the Polity.

I commend Mr. Nichols-Kaufman's effort in voicing his opinion and bringing attention to the issue of service. However, it is very disappointing that students are finally interested in service and care about what their student government does, only after a sensational headline and news of my controversial decision. The controversy seems to have brought a decidedly personal element: some students have begun to speculate and question my character, believing that I am against service projects. Most elections were uncontested, and no one ran for the SCI Secretary and Junior Rep positions this semester. How many students have devoted some time to serving the polity? Issues that received the most attention this past year were underage alcohol policy, smoking policy, and donuts. Indeed, I would hope that after all the readings about virtues, we would have a better understanding of morality and service.

One need only look and will find that our polity does not lack public servants or opportunities to serve. Mr. Flynn runs food drives collecting leftover food and bringing them to those in need. Talents like Ms. Bates and Ms. Taylor donated the proceeds from the sale of their artifacts at the Ukrainian Festival. The afterschool tutoring program at the Stanton Community Center under the leadership of Ms. Townsley and Ms. Raymond. May these students be inspirations to all of us. However, our enthusiasm for service cannot exist only when it receives attention. We must remain steadfast in our commitment at all times. The reward for service should be in the virtue of service itself. I look forward to supporting all projects that abide by this principle. Project Polity is a DC chartered organization specifically established to engage the Polity in meaningful service to both SJC and the greater Annapolis community. It manages various volunteer projects and provides support and guidance to new initiates. I would like to encourage all members of the polity to partake in its projects.

Senior's

Annotating Phaedrus

Caleb Dutton

My written words embarrass me,
My simple mind with whom I plea:
You must refrain from markings plain,
For Socrates shuns summary.

My bold black pen made heavy stain,
Tempted by margins nigh the main
Columns of speech and argument,
Whose condensed thoughts I scratched in vain.

This reaction shows improvement.
Four years removed, I know I meant
To blaze a path straight through that book;
Now soft discourse in the indent.

One lesson from this school I took:
To ask, not state, why my soul shook.
May questions come where e'er you look,
May questions come where e'er you look.

New York Jazz

George Kalandadze

Monk was laying down his elbow-chords in the corner.
We could taste love and oak on our lips —
The light was dim, and the outside
Tickled in the 32nd bar.

Last Words

A home can be anywhere.

Alicia Bravo

Humans seek stability in any environment. If we feel safe enough in that stability, we start to make a home.

Even the most desolate, rocky, barren crag of cracked land, at the edge of a cliff, can start to feel like home if you live there long enough.

And the people you bond with in that wretched, shitty place become that much more integral to your survival. You eventually begin to consider them family.

I would go so far as to say that I consider St. John's my family.

The analogy that comes to mind of my experience at St. John's, with the people in my class in particular, is that we are on board a submarine during WWII. We aren't even midshipman - we just somehow ended up here and decided to fuck around and find out what exactly is going on. The submarine is archaic, the equipment is faulty, there's leaks everywhere, and we're 20,000 leagues under the sea. We're trapped in this tiny metal tube with no way out for months - and yet, we have each other. Even when someone says, "hey, someone just shit in the control room", we think to ourselves, "well, that's just how it is in a submarine sometimes."

I love this school. I love the people I have met here, even if we haven't gotten particularly close. I love being able to sit on the quad and chat with anyone. I love the people I have had the fortune to grow close with - I love them fiercely, wildly, unabashedly. I love what the program itself has given me - confidence, the ability to express my opinions without the anxiety that someone will not care what I say, an appreciation for the pursuit of knowledge and an appreciation for beauty in things that before I would've considered unimportant. I feel more comfortable and more "myself" here, at this college, than I have anywhere else.

Has it irrevocably messed up my brain? Probably. Would I go back in time to myself, freshman year, scared out of their mind and riddled with the intrusive thoughts that I don't belong here and I never will, and tell them not to come here?

Absolutely not.

To make a long story short -

St. John's for mother fucking ever, bitch.

θα μου λείψεις <3

Ode to a Dying Highlighter

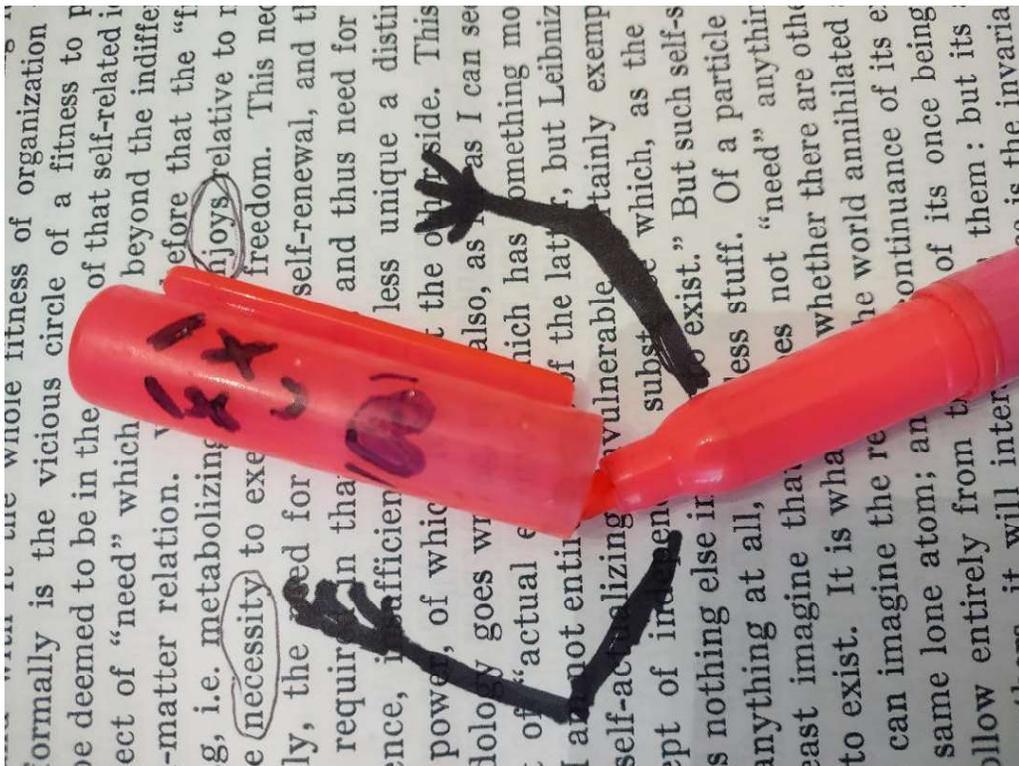
Sheba Delaney

O thou good and faithful servant
In your guise of garish pink,
How lightly bore your burden
Of emphasizing ink.

As plodding mind moved wearily
Through seas of deepest text,
You always helped me ascertain,
Just what I might say next.

Through years of conversation
At this very chatty school
You've proved your worth in helping me
To sound like less a fool.

And now you draw your final line
Of faded, weakened hue,
I'll not forget your constant help
And what I owe to you.



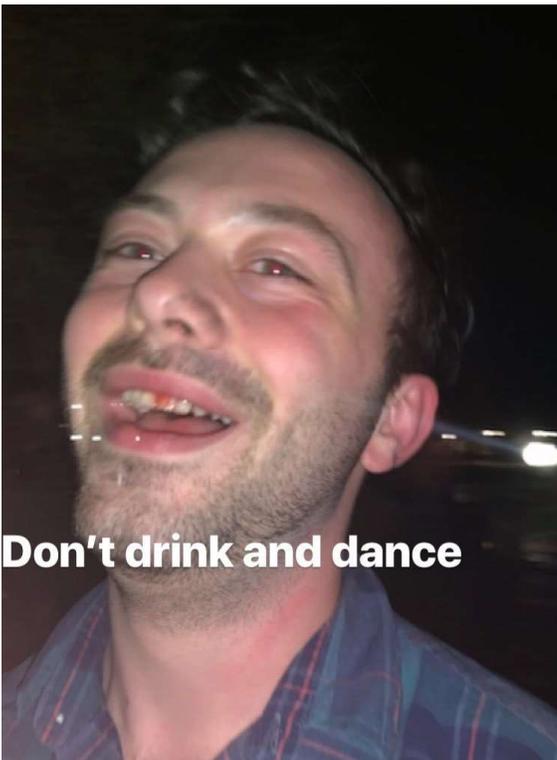


Dante Perotto:

"I will always remember the time Mr. Braithwaite took my freshman math class stargazing. We stood in front of the ptolemy stone and watched the sky for most of the night. A few of us even managed to stay up and watch the sun rise; after which, Mr. Braithwaite took us to breakfast at Chick n' Ruth's."



Henry McNeill



Don't drink and dance

James Beckwith:

"If I can graduate, anyone can"



Rei Osmani:

"Albania rocks"



Joseph Richard:
"I am slain"



Daniel Han:
"I will miss the people and this place a great deal"



Brandon Garcia



Elias Christian:
"Hey just so you know for future reference Alaska's abbreviation is AK and Arkansas' is AR. Keep your head up, Annapolis."



Elsa Risgin:
"Ask me about my attendance"



Will Payne:
*"You people have stood in my way long enough!
I'm going to clown college."—Homer*



Gen DeMajistre (and Tank)



Noah Jones

Program Contest Results



1. Joseph Padgett

Aria on Newton's Principia III.6

The full score of Mr. Padgett's aria is included on pages 38 and 39 of this issue, and the QR code to the left can be used to listen to a recording performed by Birdi Mueller and Rose Zhang!

2. Brandon Garcia

Ballade of the Duel at Alton, Illinois

Ballade of the Duel at Alton, Illinois Between MM. Lincoln and Douglas *(Being also an Homage to Cyrano de Bergerac)*

Lightly I toss my stovepipe away,
Calmly upon the public let fall
A silence impressed by ordered array—
Then start the address, and to work withal!
A Carthusian in the churchly hall,
A Cicero now, arrived from Rome!
I dally awhile with you, jackal,
Then, as I finish my point, strike home.

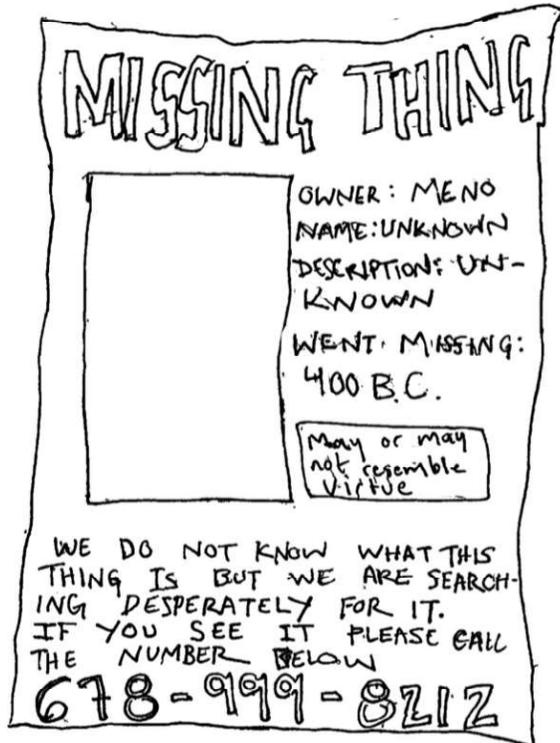
Where shall I carve my turkey? Nay,
Better for you to have shunned this brawl!
Here, in your thought, where sophistries lay?
Your grammar, worn like a mismatched shawl?
Hark, how my words ring musical!
Mark how my tongue floats, light as the foam,
Ready to drive you back to the wall,
Then, as I finish my point, strike home!

Oh, for more time! You are pale and gray—
You stutter, you cower, you cringe, you bawl!
Ha!—and I parry your last essay:
So can the turn of a phrase forestall
Truth with its honey, deceit with its gall;
Thus does the turn of my musing roam
Free, for a time, till the clocks recall,
Then, as I finish my point, strike home!

Refrain
Sir, pray that God, Who is Lord of all,
Strengthen your soul, for your time has come!
Beaten at length, your mind is asprawl—
Then, as I finish my point...strike home!

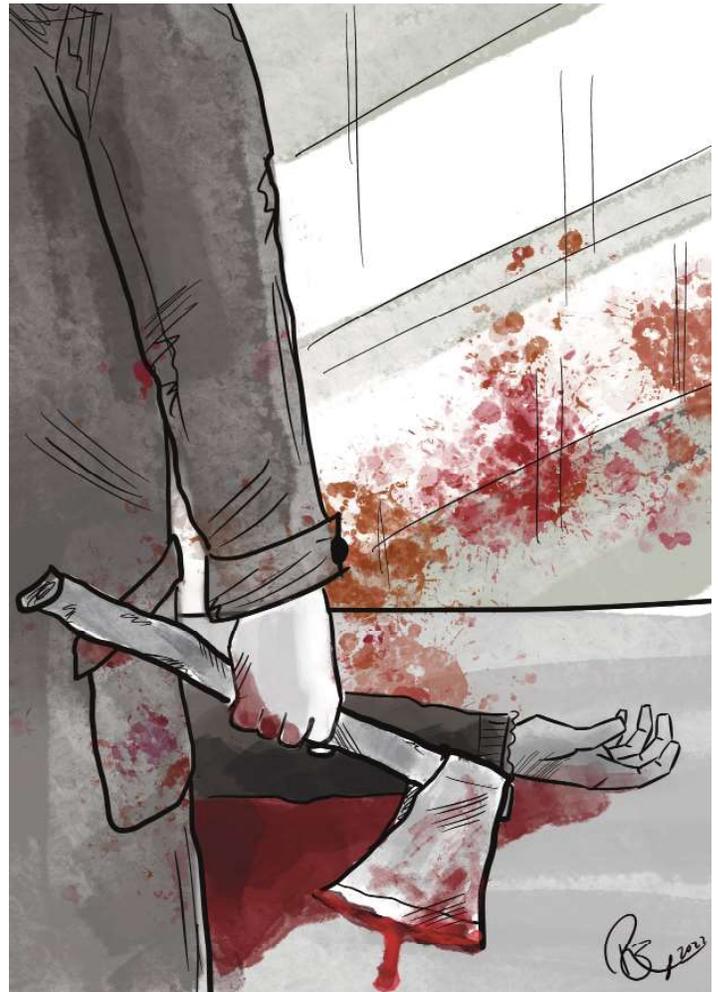
3. Cassie Desmond

Meno's Missing Thing



3. Rose Zhang

Crime and Punishment



Honorable Mention

Honorable mention goes to Tuyét-Nhi Nghiêm's poem, *Hektor's Helmet*, included in full on the back cover of the issue to preserve spacing as much as possible.

Principia: Book III Proposition Six

Isaac Newton

Joseph Padgett

Lento

8

tr All

6

8 bo-dies gra-vi-tate towards each of the pla-nets and at a - ny -

9

8 gi - - ven di - stance from the cen - tre of a - ny one

11

8 pla - net the weight of a - ny bo - dy what - e -

14

8 - ver to - ward that pla - net is pro - por - tion - nal to the

17

8 quan - ti - ty of mat - ter — which the bo - dy con - tains

Hektor's Helmet

Tuyết-Nhi Nghiêm

Noble Prince Hektor of Troy

man-slaying,

horse-taming,

helmet-shining

Prince Hektor,

reaches for his infant son before he goes to die,

and he cannot hold his child.

Not with the violence of the battlefield.

Cannot look at his baby with his mighty crimson horsehair plume,

Cannot hold him close with the skull crushing arms of a warrior,

Cannot pray for his son's future with the voice that roars commands outside
the walls of Troy.

To cuddle this precious child,

Our great soldier must set his bronze helmet, bright with sunlight, in the dirt,

He must laugh a golden laugh with his wife,

So that his face is handsome and not savage.

Then, only then, can our noble Prince Hektor,

wife-loving,

child-tossing,

family-protecting

Prince Hektor,

Kiss this child's clean cheeks.

For the arms that swing an infant up high must be those of a father
and not a killer.

I weep for the tenderness of this moment.

I wonder at the power of it,

A father washing the war off of himself before he walks to his child.

How would our lives have been different,

Had our fathers healed their wounds before having us,

before holding us?

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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

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

Submissions sent to the Gadfly should either be in Google Docs or JPEG format. The deadline for submissions is the Friday prior to publication.

For more information, contact us via email at sjca.gadfly@gmail.com

60 COLLEGE AVENUE
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21401

SAILING TRIVIA ANSWER KEY

1C. 2D. 3AB. 4C. 5BD. 6A. 7B. 8D. 9D. 10B. 11B. 12A.

