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"I was attached to this city by the god—though it seems a ridiculous thing to say—as upon a great and noble horse which was somewhat sluggish because of its size and needed to be stirred up by a kind of Gadily. It is to fulfill some such function that I believe the god has placed me in the city. I never cease to rouse each and every one of you, to persuade and reproach you all day long and everywhere I find myself in your company."

-Plato, The Apology

Let's Go for a Spin.

Leah Creamer makes a pass at Wednesday's Ultimate Frisbee game.

The student newspaper of St. John's College.

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

Opinions expressed within are the sole responsibility of the author(s). *The Gadfly* reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit submissions in any way necessary to publish the most professional, informative, and thought-provoking newspaper which circumstances at St. John's College permit.

Articles submitted will be edited for grammar, punctuation, and spelling in most cases. *The Gadfly* is not obligated to publish all submissions except under special circumstances.

The Gadfly meets every Sunday at 7 PM in the lower level of the Barr-Buchanan Center.

Articles should be submitted by Friday at 11:59 PM to Gadfly@sjca.edu.



If you have a

complaint against

would like to hear it.

The Gadfly, we

For every issue of *The Gadfly*, the editorial staff makes countless decisions, but no decision can please everyone. It's never our intent to upset our fellow polity members, but sometimes a little upsetting is inevitable.

In particular, we've been taking a lot of flak this week because of the contentious political content we've published in the last two issues. Students have approached us on

the Quad and sent us angry emails, all to express their "disappointment" that *The Gadfly* is publishing perspectives that some find disagreeable. "Why did you print the article if you opposed its views

so much, and if you knew so many others would too?" we've been asked.

This is ridiculous. Do you want us to be tyrants, only publishing material with which we wholeheartedly agree? Do you want us to refuse to print anything unless the majority of the polity will share its views? We hope not, because this is not how we want to run *The Gadfly*.

Our college is intellectually diverse, and this is one of the best things about it. We should savor perspectives that we oppose, and use them as opportunities to start conversation—to do otherwise

is anti-philosophical, and threatens the foundations of the St. John's program. If we're unwilling to respond rationally to those we disagree with, how can we hold a successful seminar?

We encourage you to use the articles you dislike or disagree with as opportunities to examine yourself and your own opinions. We will continue to publish such articles; to do otherwise would be a betrayal of

the legacy of *The Gadfly's* namesake. It would be a betrayal of our purpose to spur the polity into action, or at the very least, into discussion.

If you have a complaint against *The Gadfly*, we

would like to hear it. However, we stand by our decisions to print controversial articles, regardless of our own views on the subject at hand. In this issue, you will even find Editor Daniel Kraft's response to Ian Tuttle's most recent column, in which he disagrees with Mr. Tuttle's stance.

Even the staff of *The Gadfly* has differing views about the articles we publish. If you don't like something in *The Gadfly*, the best thing to do is to write your own article, send a letter to the editor, or come to our meetings, which are every Sunday at 7 PM in the lower level of the BBC.

What Would [Your Seminar Character] Do

Last week, we shockingly had no responses to this feature. Want to try again? Once again, this is how it works: The Gadfly staff comes up with a scenario; using a recent seminar text, tell us how a character or the author would respond. Send in your reply to gadfly@sjca.edu. 25 words or less. Next week's scenario is:

Your seminar character is asked to dance by an overzealous alum at Homecoming. Their response?

Relive and Remember; Don't Forgive and Forget

A Vindication for "Bursting the Johnnie Bubble" and 9/11 Remembrance

To address Mr. Schum's

terrorism and despotism

are the new evils in the

world in the same way

fascism and communism

were the evils of vesteryear.

arguments directly,

by Hayden Pendergrass A'14

At St. John's we are always urged to think deeper about what we read: Is there more to Plato's *Republic* than ancient communism and cave dwelling? Is Ptolemy's *Almagest* something different from an outdated nincompoop doodling with contrived circles? Essentially, we are asked to consider whether there is more than meets the eye about the content that we read day in and day out as part of the Program.

But this consideration many times escapes us when we peer outside of our "Johnnie Bubble." When faced with a world full

of Glenn Beck's (or is it Mr. Tuttle's) "blatant fear-mongering" and "tired rhetoric," as Mr. Schum suggested last week, we Johnnies many times abandon our precepts about how to read a Great Book and turn to the tunnel vision that has, in some sense, caused the "bitter political divisions" (to use Mr. Tuttle's words) of the modern day. In my opinion, this abandonment of our academic principles in facing the opinions and stories of the world outside of the bubble is the source of Mr. Schum's frustration

about Mr. Tuttle's view on the events of September 11, 2001, and the decade that has followed.

For example, let's look at one of the main objections that Mr. Schum points out: Mr. Tuttle's call to relive that day. In Homer's *Odyssey*, in Book VIII, the blind bard Demodokos sings about the tragic events that occurred at Troy. In response to hearing his own story and, again, about the struggle of his comrades, Odysseus cannot help but weep, hiding himself from his hosts, at the remembrance of the ultimate struggle and loss of life that took place on the shores of Troy in the Danaans' decade of strife. Odysseus' response points at our own issue, an issue Mr. Tuttle pointed out: that the memory of the tragic events that occurred on

that day (and perhaps the past decade) doesn't bring the same tears to our eyes. This problem, I believe, is what Mr. Tuttle's article intended to expose and what Mr. Schum's aimed to excuse. Mr. Schum's message is not to relive and remember; it is to forgive and forget.

So when faced with the implications of the last decade, namely the growth of domestic and international terrorism aimed at American citizens and the citizens of the world, we must ask ourselves, as Americans, how we are to recognize the importance

of three thousand lives lost in a single day and the several thousand lives, civilian and military, lost over ten brief years. To address Mr. Schum's arguments directly, terrorism and despotism are the new evils in the world in the same way fascism and communism were the evils of yesteryear. The implications of this fact point to why Pakistan is a problem (it has become an international source of terrorist activity), why the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan are being waged, and, ultimately, why there is

a problem with the motivations of individuals like Umar Farouk and Faizal Shahzad, who seek to kill and maim citizens of the United States and its allies.

Maybe next time, instead of asking the same old question of who knows more about the ways to defeat terrorism, Mr. Schum, as a Johnnie and a world citizen, should take a moment to remember that the ultimate way to degrade human life is to end it. September 11, 2001, is a testament to that fact and a glaring memorial to the importance of stopping those who would seek to terrorize others. Hopefully, its full impact will be felt in another decade. That will depend on whether America and the world decide there is more than meets the eye about the way others should be treated.



Untitled

by Bonnie Brumbaugh A'13

Hast thou ever beheld
A mirror so polished, so pristine
The most beautiful thing you've ever seen?
Did your eyes widen
Did you rise filled with awe?
Feeling exactly what you saw?
A tender hand reaching out
And a soft smile growing wild,
Burning with rosy blush, hardly mild.
And in such delight
Of this magnificent sight,
We let out a gentle sigh!
Enamored to the core,
A compassion so sore,
To look into thine eyes.

Two Haikus

by Anonymous in Humphreys Humbly is to leave Wherefore art thou Romeo A basket of figs

Mist on College Creek Sits like dust on spider webs. The Books consume me.

Part-Time Job

by Cameron Peltz A'14

Ours is not to reason why
Ours is but to do and die
Doesn't mean we cannot try
Maybe some day we will fly
I think I'm going to cry
Well goodbye

Who is You?

by Boethius Fontaine

You is the most popular person in the world. People wish You a happy birthday everyday all over the world.

Who is this You? You is the one everybody loves at some point in their lives. I've said it many times: I love You. You is positively magnificent, the most extraordinary being in existence, except for one other. There is only one being in the entire universe more valued than You. In fact, as much as I love You, the adulation I give You can't compare to reverent affection and deference I bestow upon this other, most adored creature, Me.

TO THE POLITY:

In response to Matthew Dudik's "On Sobriety and Community," senior Logan Dwyer retells his experience of rising through the ranks as a Johnnie, addressing the question of "Johnnie Initiation."

by Logan Dwyer A'12

First of all, allow a senior to express to the rest of the campus how wonderfully well done this year's *Gadfly* has been so far. It's early, I know, but in my opinion the first few issues bode very well for the coming year, to which I give my thanks to the Polity and the Editors.

This letter is both to congratulate and pick a bone with Matthew Dudik's mostly brilliant examination of the ban on alcohol at convocation. Mr. Dudik managed to demonstrate some of the best thinking on paper I've seen in *The Gadfty* in balancing our need as a campus to welcome the new freshman class (cheers to you all, by the way) against the dangers of being too welcoming, as it were, too quickly. On the

whole, Mr. Dudik came to a reasonable conclusion on an irrational thing—an impressive feat to say the least.

The bone I have to pick is sort of complicated, so please bear with me. We have a saying, at least as old as my freshman class, that you are not a true Johnnie until the final *Republic* seminar is

complete. Mr. Dudik took this saying as a symptom of an unwelcoming attitude toward the freshman class; an "attitude of initiation" as he says. I understand the spirit of Mr. Dudik's fear, but I think there is a deeper consideration that needs our attention. The reasoning behind this saying is to remind us—upperclassmen and freshmen alike—that the title "Johnnie" is not something that is eternal once bestowed. To be a Johnnie is an often difficult, sometimes tragic, and occasionally terrifying being-atwork which brings as its constant reward deeper knowledge of oneself and of the

whole of things. In the spirit of Homecoming, we should also remember that it is a life-long process that should not stop once we pass beyond our bricked pathways and ancient halls.

The thrust of what I'm trying to say: being a Johnnie is not for everyone. I spent my freshman year raging against this fact (to be honest it still annoys me), because I could not understand how anyone could dislike the Program, given my own profound love of it. I've realized now that not everyone loves what Jonnies do and, perhaps more importantly, that's okay. Part of what I've learned here is to doubt everything—and this includes, from time to time, whether being a Johnnie is really what's best for me.

This is a doubt I could not have if some part of me was not attracted to more practical, less airy existence. I merely mention this in order to make it clear that it is possible to be a Johnnie without being an elitist as well.

This is all to blunt the impact of my interpretation of the saying I began with. As much as I hate to

say it, not all of the current freshmen will make it through the *Republic*. I say that I hate to see this happen, but only because I have found for myself that this life is the best and most worthwhile. For those who decide it is not for them, it is probably good to gracefully exit early, as opposed to being told at the end of sophomore year or—worse yet—leaving sometime junior year. Still and all, I do not think it is fair to confuse everyone the College accepts with everyone who thrives at the College—that is, to confuse everyone who gets in with everyone who stays in.

I've realized now that not everyone loves what Johnnies do and, perhaps more importantly, that's okay. Part of what I've learned here is to doubt everything...

What is *Apocalyptic*?

Another viewing of "Art of Our Time" by Charles Zug A'15

I was disappointed when I looked at the painting "Apocalyptic Landscape" by George Grosz – not by the painting itself, but instead by the write-up that immediately described the painting as being associated closely with war.

Why would one be given to think of this work as a war scene? What about it says war? I found the painting to be far more organic than warlike. There is fire here and there, possibly smoke, certainly foliage and sand and water – all things that occur sovereign of man's doing. Certainly there is a bleakness in the work that seeks to elicit an emotional response from us, but who is to say that melancholy must necessarily be associated with war? Where is the violence, the destruction, and the human presence? Where are the opposing forces?

After staring at the work for a time, I told myself this: look at it, and forget about war. Forget about the Germans and the French and the English, about trench foot and shell shock. What is purely apocalyptic about this work?

The apocalypse is about transformation on a grand scale, about replacing the old with the new. Such is what I eventually saw in "Apocalyptic Landscape." The scene can either be one of before or after – that is, either one of primordial rawness, or one of a wasteland of destruction. Time passes slowly in this scene; nothing has happened for a long time, and nothing will happen for a while. Fires burn slowly amidst a cool drizzle and smoke fills the thick, moist air as a chilling silence pervades. Clear streams wander about the ash, carving through the sand-caked landscape. Land and sky become as one, and all elements become inseparable. At any moment, new life could spring forth – but for now, we must wait.

But why is this landscape apocalyptic, and not warlike? Because war is not the only instance in which catharsis occurs by means of destruction. While looking at this work, I was brought to consider how the world around us (and by no means just the physical world) contains apocalyptic elements. Everything must pass through some kind of judgment, and ultimately must atone for having come into existence at all.

While I am intrigued by the idea of war, particularly twentieth century warfare, as being apocalyptic, I am more intrigued by the idea that apocalyptic catharsis occurs everywhere around us, often in a most organic fashion. I suggest that viewers of "Apocalyptic Landscape" keep in mind every aspect of the "apocalyptic" while considering this work, and not merely those warlike aspects that the twentieth century has taught us to associate with the idea of "apocalypse".

SPEEDO MAN

by Josh Snyder GI

Ididn't want to get up the morning I met a legend.

I woke up early, around 7:30. It was meant to be an off day. I should have slept in to make up for the hours I'd been missing. Instead, I found myself in search of a figure engrained in the mythology of St. John's College: Speedo Man

Does he have a real name? Nobody can say for certain. Regardless, the man is infamous for running past the school and across the bridge spanning College Creek every day, wearing nothing save for a navy blue speedo. We don't know who he is, and we don't know where he comes from. Perhaps most pressing of all, we don't know why he insists on exercising so perilously close to the buff.

Before I could find the answers to my questions, though, I had to catch him. I dragged myself out of bed, down a flight of stairs, and out the front door. Fog shrouded the distance, encasing homes several blocks away in a hazy mist. The world seemed poised for something strange, perhaps even unreal to happen. Half-awake, I stumbled into my car, a hail-battered Chevy Cavalier, and drove to the bridge.

The city was well on its way to waking up by the time I arrived. Cars filled the myriad roads and alleys, their engines revving and idling in time to the traffic lights. Joggers scurried along the sidewalk; none matched the description of my intended target. My stomach was empty, and I wished I had taken five minutes to buy a donut, or maybe just a cup of coffee. There wasn't time for that, though; sustenance would just have to wait.

My plan was embarrassingly simple: walk to the bridge and wait for Speedo Man. I would give him half an hour before calling it quits and returning home. I didn't expect to find the man, since I arrived much later than I expected to.

Within minutes, however, I caught sight of him: a speedo-clad, roughly middle-aged man, racing toward me. As he neared I fumbled for my notebook, hurrying to find a blank page. I tried to wave him down, but though he acknowledged me, the man continued to run. I found myself swept up, jogging alongside the myth.

"How's it going?" I started. I couldn't think of how else to begin. What could anyone say to a living legend? Finally, I explained that I was with the college paper and that we wanted to profile him. Could I get his e-mail address to set up an interview?

"I know it's a bit ridiculous," I admitted, trying not to sound winded (note to self: get in better shape, dammit).

He nodded, then spoke. For a prominent figure in St. John's lore he sounded ordinary — his voice didn't boom, the earth wasn't shaking with his every word, and not once did lightning flash across the sky. "It is a bit silly," he said of my request, without slowing. "No thanks."

With that, Speedo Man cut through the student parking lot and disappeared. I got back in my car and drove home. What else was there to do?

On the drive back, half-listening to the news as it droned in the background, I wondered if things would ever be the same. I might have been the first Johnnie to speak to Speedo Man, let alone run with him. I knew this was ridiculous, but the thought chipped away at me anyway. Would he be back tomorrow? Or did my attempts at making a connection, of uncovering the truth about a piece of our tradition, drive away the Speedo Man, leaving nothing but the myth of his existence?

As jubilant shouts from the creek proved the next day, the legend, it seems, lives on.

A Letter to the Polity

by Lucy Ferrier A'12

On Thursday word circulated among the freshman class that tonight, everybody should prepare for seminar by drinking. This should not have happened. It is a mistake for students to drink before seminar. Although we often crack irreverent jokes about the great authors and their books, we should not trivialize the work we are doing at this school. Serious students recognize the gravity of the ideas we discuss in seminar. Our conversations have the power to shape our ideas about truth, God, and the relation between men and women, and demand that we ask what, if anything, we can truly know. It is only in light, insubstantial minds that these ideas make no impression.

Do not misinterpret this letter as a tirade against high spirits. Good discussions require joy and enthusiasm, and without the ability to laugh at ourselves our conversations would become dour, dull, and stuffy. We must not, however, sacrifice serious thought for the sake of a joke. Out of respect for the other students, the tutors, and the books, don't get drunk before seminar. You are hurting your classmates and demeaning yourself.

Untitled

by Painter Bob

I hardly have an inkling how a bird song sings so sweet when not one jot of ink gets penned upon a noted sheet nor have I come to fathom, how a millipede accords to navigate each step it takes to harmonize the hordes nor do I fully see the sense, when my myriad legg'd friend is by that song bird, made a meal, to meet his fateful end and vet, an intuition, like some solitary sea attuned to be the many, in one single symphony plays upon my reason Which, I've come to understand calls the tune, invisible, to turn the world at hand leads across a bridge of time, in this eternal land where paradox, meets metaphor and, finds an irony in every answer *questioned* by the likes of me and you.

Jocks of the Week



Ms. Ferrier & Mr. "Pancakes" Denci



Drew Menzer: Superman?

Drew Menzer flies away from his archnemesis, Hunter Cox, in hopes that he will one day destroy him. *photo by Jon Barone*

A DISENABLEMENT REQUEST:

HUNTER COX

by Drew Menzer A'13

While the faculty generally takes charge of the disenablement process, people will occasionally slip through the cracks and survive through to the junior year. One such "student" is Hunter Cox. There evidently was some mix up between the Annapolis campus and Santa Fe (where Mr. Cox "studied" during his "freshman year") which allowed him to not get removed from this school. Regardless of how he got here, I feel the obligation to inform the polity about why he needs to get gone.

First of all, he lives off campus, which wouldn't be a problem except for the fact that he doesn't live with any other Johnnies. How can you trust someone like that? Do you know any other commuter students? Yeah, me neither. Then, when he does leave his sketchy hideout, he spends all of his time on the soccer field. It's one thing to be dedicated to your intramural team and not miss any games, but Mr. Cox has gone to *every game*. He clearly doesn't know that we're not Brazil; we don't play soccer all the time. We are in America, where we eat fried chicken and read ancient works of philosophy. He clearly doesn't know where his priorities belong. I don't care if his lithe, gazelle-like body functions as a mean, soccer-playing machine; if he cares that much about soccer, he doesn't belong here.

When he does show up to class (which is about two days a week) he is completely unprepared, and in fact, often brags about the fact. His classmates often describe him as "awful", "detrimental to the class in every way", "an ass", and "Hunter who?" I have also heard from his former tutors that he is actually not fluent in English. His papers are just jumbled piles of words that may or may not all be direct quotations from Wikipedia's philosophy article.

He is, in a word, really bad.

Conflict and Complexity

...the Israeli-

is not a simple

and evil.

Palestinian conflict

fight between good

by Danny Kraft A'13 • EIC

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict is not as simple as Ian Tuttle seems to think. In his column last week, he began with the story of Wafa Biss, a Palestinian woman who attempted a suicide bombing at the Israeli hospital which had treated her for life-threatening burns. Mr. Tuttle is right to condemn this as a sick and depraved act, but wrong to cite it as evidence of "a culture sick at its roots." The implication of Mr. Tuttle's article is that Palestinian culture is uniformly violent and depraved, trapped in irrational and hateful opposition

to the presence of Jews in the Middle East. But the reality of this conflict is far more ambiguous.

The story of Wafa Biss, for example, does not end with her attempted terrorist attack. Dr. Izzeldin Abuelaish, the

first Palestinian to receive a staff position at an Israeli hospital, wrote an op-ed in the Israeli media condemning the attempted bombing and expressing his commitment to peace. If the Palestinians are "a people unified by the perverse desire to exterminate another culture," where does Dr. Abuelaish fit in? Mr. Tuttle acknowledged the existence of peace-seeking Palestinians before discounting them because "theirs are not the voices sounding from the political parties, schools, and mosques," but this is untrue. Dr. Abuelaish is one of countless Palestinians who has renounced violence and is outspoken in his desire for peace.

Mr. Tuttle wrote that the Israelis have consistently worked for peace and are engaged in a just battle against Palestinian terrorism. The truth, as seen in Dr. Abuelaish's story, is not so simple. On January 16, 2009, one of the last days of the Israeli invasion of the Gaza Strip, Dr. Abuelaish was preparing for an interview with a Hebrew television program when an Israeli tank attacked his home. His niece and three daughters were killed, but Dr. Abuelaish held the interview and exposed his grief to the Israeli public.

I was living in Israel at the time, teaching English in an Arab community near Beersheba, and I heard Dr. Abuelaish's anguished interview. I had supported Israel's military operation against the Gaza Strip, thinking it a legitimate fight, but listening to that interview changed my mind. "My daughters," Dr. Abuelaish sobbed, barely coherent, "they killed my daughters!" The Israeli military confirmed that they had attacked the house, but offered no explanation. This kind of attack against civilians is terrorism, and deserves to be condemned as vehemently as any Palestinian suicide bombing does; this is not part of a just campaign against terror. And unfortunately, such Israeli terrorism is not exceptional: the UN fact finding mission on the Gaza conflict cited 36 cases

of direct Israeli attacks on civilian targets.

But according to Mr. Tuttle, it is the Palestinians who maintain a violent "culture of hate," and the Israelis who are honestly seeking peace. He mentioned

that "since 2000, there have been 29 suicide attacks carried out by Palestinians under the age of 18, [and] 40 other attempts have failed." This should be condemned in the strongest possible terms, but the violence is not one-sided. During the same period of time, the Israeli military has killed 1,329 Palestinian minors, according to the Israeli human rights organization B'Tselem.

The war in which Dr. Abuelaish's children were murdered was ostensibly an Israeli attempt to end Palestinian terrorism based in the Gaza Strip, and throughout the war Palestinian militants killed three Israeli civilians. It is unclear, however, how many Palestinian civilians the Israeli military killed. Israel's military itself puts the number at 295, while the Palestinian Center for Human Rights claims 929. Even if the lowest estimate is true, the disproportion between Israeli and Palestinian civilian casualties should convince anyone that this is not a clear-cut conflict between Israeli freedom and Palestinian terrorism.

Isaythisnottojustifyorexcuse Palestinian terrorism, which is reprehensible, and not simply to condemn Israeli terrorism, which is also reprehensible, but to show that the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is not a simple fight between good and evil. There is no clear good guy or bad guy; this is a conflict in which each side has committed significant violence, and in which each side has valid grievances.

Lamentations of a Sober Woman

by Catherine Hoisington A'13

In Mr. Dudik's article "On Sobriety Land Community," he writes that "the real problem is not the drinking." I agree, and would posit further that drinking is not the problem, but is, in fact, the solution. Plato wrote, "he was a wise man who invented beer." I should confess at this point that I have never actually gotten drunk, or gone to this mysterious event which seems to happen every Wednesday night. When people ask me why, I always tell them that it is a personal choice, that I just have no real desire to do so. This is, however, a complete lie. I am attempting to cover up my deepseated desire to get extremely drunk just like everyone else.

Every Wednesday night, I sit in the Chase Stone basement, eating cookies and drinking milk, and pretending to be interested in the stories that everyone there reads. My happiness at storytellers is merely feigned. In reality, between the hours of 10PM and midnight, I have always thought that there is something missing from my life. It is not until recently that I realized exactly what this is. Thanks to Mr. Dudik's article, I now know. It is the "humorous, social side of St. John's" that I simply can't find anywhere. I have unfortunately been too scared to find it by getting completely plastered on Wednesday nights.

At this point, it is too late for me. I am now an archon of storytellers, and must spend my Wednesday nights in total sadness and dejection. O fellow students, it is not too late for you! I must apologize for advertising storytellers before now, and for encouraging you all to join me in my despair. So, please, don't come to storytellers. Go get as drunk as possible, so that you will be, as Mr. Dudik said, "drunk enough" to welcome the freshmen.

An Interview with an Alum

Liam Wallace, a member of Ex Libris, the student career club at St. John's, set up an interview with Dr. Stephen J Forman, A'70, to discuss his career and how St. John's led him there. Dr. Forman is the Chair of the Department of Hematology and Hematopoietic Cell Transplantation and the Director of the T Cell Immunotherapy Research Laboratory at the City of Hope Comprehensive Cancer Center in Los Angeles, and is on the St. John's Board of Visitors and Governors. He was presented with the Alumni Association Award of Merit in 2010. This interview is the first of three parts, which will be featured in the weeks to come.

Over the last thirty-

five years, I have

pursued a career

cancer research.

in cancer care and

Do you have a favorite book on the program? It can be one of your favorites, it doesn't have to be absolute!

That is a very tough opening question! *The Odyssey*, for sure, *War & Peace*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. I actually enjoyed Kant as it resonated with me. I didn't have a clue about Hegel and relied upon my classmates in seminars to explain it. I doubt I said a word in those seminars.

Could you describe your career?

After graduation from the college, I went to the University of Southern California School of Medicine after having spent two summers catching up on all the pre-med courses I needed. During post-graduate training I became interested in oncology and the challenge of caring for and treating people suffering with various types of cancer. That led me to clinical and research fellowship training in hematology and oncology, and in those days it was the very beginning of exploring the use of stem cell transplantation as a

way to treat cancer, especially leukemia. I entered the field around that time and after completion of training, I began working with a group at City of Hope that was one of the first six programs in the US to successfully utilize the therapy to cure leukemia. We helped develop that treatment as one that could be curative for a significant number of people with a variety of cancers that could not be cured in any other way. Over the last thirty-five

years, I have pursued a career in cancer care and cancer research.

My time is spent between seeing patients with various types of cancer, mostly acute and chronic leukemia, lymphoma, Hodgkin's disease, myeloma and breast cancer, directing a research laboratory that does cancer immunology research, while overseeing a large clinical and research program, with other physicians and scientists focused on the understanding and curing of hematologic cancer. I often talk about this with students and parents, as one of the things that St. John's has really helped in my work is facilitating being able to study something somewhat unique or new and develop at least a working knowledge, to make one conversant. There are some general principles of scientific method that apply across different aspects of human biology and medicine, regardless of the nature of the research or inquiry. In the clinical part of the program, there are many physicians and nurses who are caring for a large number of people, often very ill, undergoing complex treatment programs and, ultimately, I'm responsible for that too. The week is divided between taking care of patients, doing laboratory research, writing and editing manuscripts and grants, and doing the administrative work to make this possible.

Medical science has a vast amount of information. How do you synthesize that? Do you have a working knowledge of many different fields, so you know who to go to, along with being a specialist in your own area?

Ultimately, that's often what happens. Everyone with whom I work is in the same situation, i.e. having to master to some degree

various fields of knowledge, and then synthesize it in a way that allows one to pose the right question to understand the nature of disease and treatment, responses to treatment, how people get well, and why they don't. Coming to medical school from St. John's, one is at a bit of a disadvantage at the beginning because many students enter already having a working knowledge of the material you are just beginning to learn. But I think that disadvantage vanishes relatively quickly.

As you may know, I provide support to the college for students to have summer fellowships in any aspect of biology or medicine that they choose. In talking to the students who have come to City of Hope for the summer program, and then reading the reports of the others and what they did, it is very impressive to me that the St. John's student could be dropped into a setting in which they really had no background or specific preparation, and do as well as they did. It takes a unique kind of courage and I believe that Johnnies often display that trait. This past summer, we had a St. John's

student who had received one of these fellowships and spent the summer here at City of Hope. She worked in a very basic immunology laboratory, and within a few weeks she was very conversant with what she was doing, did excellent work and presented her work eloquently at the summer student research forum. Like her, the students who have received the summer internships have impressed me with how well they've done; I really couldn't tell them from

any other student who might have been a biochemistry major at another university.

Something I've been hearing a lot about is the difficulty in making the transition between St. John's and anything else. You said you did two years afterwards?

No. I did two summers' work, one before junior and then senior year. Now, what most students who want to go to medical school are doing is attending post-baccalaureate programs, and there are some very good ones back east that contain the courses that medical schools require. These programs weren't intended specifically for St. John's students, as they were designed for people wanting to switch careers, but this has worked out well for St. John's students. That's how most people seem to be doing it as medical schools are still relatively rigid about their course requirements prior to entry. My advice to St. John's College students is, at some point, either during the interview process for medical school or in the submitted written material that you have to provide, to carefully articulate the contribution of their St. John's education to this goal, the choice they made, and how it prepared one for pursuing a career in medicine or medical research, as a way of distinguishing yourself from the thousands of other people applying to medical school, who all look very similar. I encourage students not to be shy about relating their undergraduate educational experience at the college with their career goals and hope the interviewers and the school will understand and also recognize the qualities that such an education instills in the student.

Pomegranate Good Advice with Lentils von Pomegranate

Send your maladies, predicaments, or conundrums to: thomas berry@earthlink.net



Dear Lentils,

I've heard that college students don't realize how much sleep they need, and often short themselves. I myself often feel tired, but I simply don't have enough time to lengthen my sleep schedule, or take naps during the day. Do you have any suggestions?

Sincerely, A Napless Johnny

Dear Napless,

I had a similar problem as yourself, until I heard about a method called polyphasic sleep, which essentially trains the body to enter deep REM sleep instantly upon falling asleep. Using this method, I successfully trained myself to sleep hyper-efficiently, and I reduced the number of sleep-hours I needed per day to only 3.5. However, I still felt like this was wasting too much time, and I wanted to take it a step further. Now, I have trained myself to such an extent that every time I blink, I actually engage in an imperceptibly small REM cycle, losing consciousness for only the fraction of a second that my eyes are closed. The aggregate of all those tiny instances is enough to keep me completely rested over a 24-hour period, eliminating the need for any kind of bed-hours whatsoever. Of course, there is an obvious downside to this, since I effectively black out multiple times per minute, and perceive the world in short ribbons of continuity, stitched together imperfectly, as if by the inexpert hand of a weary seamstress. The concept of time has become something like an hourglass that is cracked at the bottom and perpetually leaking; I fear that for every grain of sand I catch, two more slip away forever. As I gradually lose any recollection of what it was like to be

asleep, I wonder whether I have also lost the knowledge of what it is to be awake. On the plus side, I have more time for extracurricular activities.

Dear Lentils,

Not a lot has gone right for me in my life. I've never had the best jobs or the best luck with women. I wasn't captain of the football team or Valedictorian. I'm never going to be rich, I'm never going to be famous, and if you passed me on the street, you probably wouldn't give me a second glance. You might think I'm writing to complain about all this, but I'm not. I've always believed that happiness in life comes from finding one thing- no matter how small- that makes you special. Until recently, I had that one thing, and it made up for all the other setbacks life threw at me. I knew that no matter how bad things got, I could still say something about myself that no one else in the world could say. I had the world's least common name. Now, you have taken that from me, the one thing I truly owned, the one thing in my life that was beautiful. I hate you.

Sincerely, Lentils Rumpkin von Pomegranate IV

Dear Lentils,

Whoa, somebody's gonna have to lend me a dolly, because things just got a little heavy. Truth be told, this whole name-change thing was nothing but a publicity stunt to boost interest in the column. Despite the photo-op you may have seen down at the courthouse, my agent assures me that none of the formal paperwork was allowed to complete its course through the legal system, and in the end, the only thing we did was waste the time of a lot of notaries public. I hope that once this column goes back to being "Berry Good Advice," your life will be able to go back to being "Berry Good At Denying How Pathetic It Is."

FAITH IN THE FREE MARKET

by Robert Malka A'15

God, for some, pervades every aspect of life, including everyone else's: a Baylor Religion Survey found that one in five Americans believes that God's invisible hand is nudging the market forward.

The traditional idea of the "Invisible Hand" (courtesy of *The Wealth of Nations*) is pretty fundamental: we do things because we're self-interested, and this benefits everyone else. It's not because we're charitable that we work; most of us have bills to pay.

While many of us might be stunned by the inclusion of God in Economics, undoubtedly some individuals on this campus believe this is true. To those people—and to all readers—I sincerely inquire: is this a method of applying God to a generally accepted economic theory, or is it something much deeper, one that may, in the near future, have graphs and formulas centered around Him pushing the market forward?

More questions plague me: is this a small version of the Second Awakening, a reaction to the newer values of gay marriage, single-parent family structures and comparatively loose moral characters? Is it grounded in a fundamental distrust of people—which, in this case, also means government and its machinations—so that there is now only one Being to whom to turn? (Americans believe that the federal government wastes fifty one cents to every dollar, after all.)

More fundamentally, is it right to include God in daily world operations? Is it right to integrate faith at all? I expect protest because of my value statements, but I think they're valuable questions—how deep should God be in our lives? Can we be compelled to see science through God?

That this paradigm is prominent in twenty percent of individuals in the United States grants it plenty of gravitas. Certainly, if we grant that it is a complete set of ideals, we might ask questions like why God caused the recession of 2008, or why God compels economic misfortune to occur. It's not the intention of this article to belittle anyone's beliefs, but it's difficult not to question a faith-based framework for looking at human behavior. I hope only to spark thought and conversation among the polity about a modern issue.

Prospie Ponderings

Reflections on Choosing St. John's by Jonathan Whitcomb-Dixon A'15

Last week the first prospies came and went. Most Johnnies were prospective students at some point, and we remember those strange few days as our first experience with this bizarre school. But seeing the prospies did not remind me of my time staying in the key code dorm rooms; instead, I was reminded of why I chose St. John's at all.

Before I begin in earnest, I know that each of us have our own reason for coming, and in that knowledge I speak of my decision.

Unlike some other members of the polity, St. John's was my first choice. I was so certain of this college that I never bothered to apply to another school. This certainty was definitely reinforced by my stay here, but its origins predate the visit. I became certain of St. John's after I visited the other schools I was considering.

At the time my second choice, by a narrow margin, was Bennington College, but this competition was over after a few hours spent visiting the other campus. I received a tour, repeated almost identically at each college I went to afterwards, and sat in on one class. The school had an interesting program, almost the antithesis of St. John's, and had many more resources than St. John's could afford, yet I was certain I never wanted to attend. It was the same with almost every school except St. John's. None of the other liberal arts colleges could rival St. John's' level of seriousness.

This seems both ridiculous and obvious when you look at the students here, but the thing that put St. John's past every other school in my esteem was how serious everyone was with what they were doing. I actually heard a different word when I was visiting schools. The tour guides, when hearing I was interested in St. John's almost always remarked, "Oh, isn't that the really intense school?" A couple of schools had former Johnnies, who had not liked the strain of this place. As strange as it is, the idea of the "really intense school" got my hopes up about St. John's. I knew I didn't want these schools.

The only other school I visited which matched St. John's' seriousness was Vassar, and while it took second place, I was never going to Vassar. In the first place I did not have the grades to get in. Like many students here I messed around in my high school classes and never got the grades I could have, because I didn't see the point. The competitive mindset is part of why I didn't want to attend Vassar. Applying was competitive. Classes were competitive. Even the school competed with Ivy League schools for students.

I chose instead the school which is different from every other school, and which makes its students work together rather than compete. I don't regret it.

Scylla & Charybdis

These aren't the

demands, but the

of a simpleton.

reasoned arguments

pedantic mumblings

that rigorous dialectic

by Honore Hodgson A'12

After three years at St. John's you pick up a few things: you expect the dining hall conveyer to break every other day, you can tell which tutors will be awkward to talk to outside of class, and you realize that you get more out of listening to classmates than talking at them like a constantly updating Facebook status. Some of these facts of polity life are things that we just have to live with; others, however, are worthy of reflection.

In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus is warned about the unavoidable danger of two monsters, the repulsive Scylla and the regurgitating Charybdis. Both were destructive, nightmarish creatures that killed several

of Odysseus' crew and left the son of Laertes stranded at sea. This episode reminds me of the seemingly unavoidable dangers we, as students, often face in class: the pure

optimist and the absolute cynic. On the continuum of "open-mind-edness," or the degree to which we should embrace or adopt the things we read here, the extreme optimist and cynic are the poles.

The easier case to see as destructive in class is the cynic. The cynic is the premier example of a student who either questions the text to the point of inanity, or simply "knows better" than the author. One illustration of the cynic's insidious touch is the attitude that some students cop in relation to Ptolemy: instead of exploring the way Ptolemy interacts with and interprets the universe, cynics choose to see him as simply incorrect in his hypothesis and therefore useless. This attitude applies to philosophy as well, where having previously read Hegel or Nietzsche, the cynic rejects any worth in Plato and Descartes. The worst cynics go further and attempt to force their closed views on the rest of the class, consequently miring the conversation down in trivial contradictions and heady condescension.

The other danger, perhaps better hidden due to its enthusiasm, is the optimist. At first it may seem good to take every author at his word; it may even seem that this is the definition of an open mind. Their blind assent, however, to what they read threatens to end in a simple surface understanding of the work and a defensive response to any "threat" they perceive to the text. When unable to defend every aspect of every book, they resort to phrases like, "but what he's doing is just so cool", "but isn't it beautiful", or my personal favorite, "it just feels

right to me." These aren't the reasoned arguments that rigorous dialectic demands, but the pedantic mumblings of a simpleton.

Like Odysseus, we are endangered

optimist who grows another villainous head for every book he reads, and secondly by Charybdis, the cynic who swallows the worth of every text only to regurgitate his negative opinions of it. These personalities are, unfortunately, something that I have come to expect in my classes. While I do not think that they are hopeless, I fear that they lack the awareness and drive required to change. This is a school whose principal virtue is reflection. But like any virtue, it requires work and perseverance to achieve in any measurable degree. This is what our Don Rags try to stimulate in us, and what our time in class aims to encourage. Advice at this juncture seems pointless, since the Scyllas and Charybdises don't recognize themselves as such (perhaps I myself am one), so all I can say to the

rest of the students reading this is

good luck and happy sailing.

on both sides. First, by Scylla, the

So here is the question:

Why is socioeconomic

factor with education,

status—which is the

actual correlative

not race—not the

decisive factor?

Bursting the Johnnie Bubble

In another contentious installment of his column, Ian Tuttle examines the virtues and faults of Affirmative Action. Do you agree or disagree with Mr. Tuttle's opinions? Send your responses to gadfly@sjca.edu.

by Ian Tuttle A'14

Ereshmen move into their darms for the start of their St. John's educa-

Freshmen move into their dorms for the start of their St. John's education.

In 2008, Abigail Fisher sued the University of Texas-Austin when her application into the undergraduate program was rejected. Fisher, who graduated in the top 12% of her class, claims that the school rejected her application because she was white, admitting, instead, minority students with less impressive résumés. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals recently upheld the university's admissions policy, but the case is likely to end up before the Supreme Court, possibly in their upcoming term.

Fisher v. University of Texas returns the court to a 2003 decision, Grutter v. Bollinger, in which a 5-4 majority declared that colleges have the right to a "narrowly tailored use of race in admissions decisions to further a compelling interest in obtaining the educational benefits that flow from a diverse student body"; and

the University of Michigan Law School, in that case, had a compelling interest in achieving a "critical mass" of minority students. What counted as a "critical mass" was unclear, since the law school admitted different numbers of different minorities; and what "educational benefits that flow from a diverse student body" trumped those that flow from, say, a "competent" student body, were also unclear.

But the poorly considered decision of Grutter v. Bollinger is nothing new. It is just the reaffirmation of a new cultural rite: the sacrificial slaughter of Reason on the altar of Diversity.

"Diversity" has become a mystical word. It conjures images of persons all the colors of the rainbow sitting hand-in-hand singing in multicultural harmony. It is the subject of novella-length admissions office booklets (cf. Princeton's Defining Diversity, 25+ pages) and earns a prominent link on every admissions office website. But it is an elusive target.

Diversity purports to be about cultural interaction or sharing in an intellectual journey with those from different backgrounds. But for nearly half a century, colleges and universities have used racial preferences to facilitate more diverse student bodies—all the while claiming that they want a "colorblind" society. So temporary racism is permissible if, ultimately, we create a society without racism?

Some will claim, though, that it is not racist to give preference to minorities; after all, have they not suffered centuries of oppression? Are we not simply offering a modicum of relief, some small reparation, for so much injustice? But then the claim of seeking "diversity" is nothing more than a pretext—at its root, then, the search for diversity is a sense of racial guilt carried long past its

expiration date. That affirmative action policies focus strictly on race verifies that this is, in fact, so. Affirmative action policies have been perpetuated not for educational benefit but as a means of atonement for the centuries-long oppression of minorities within America

Race correlates to academic performance, but the relationship is not causal; it is accidental. More important is socioeconomic status. And while it is true that blacks and Hispanics tend to be in lower socioeconomic classes, it is not because of their skin color. If it were, there would be no explanation for the stunning success of Asian-Americans, who comprise America's best-educated and highest-earning racial group (Asian-Americans comprise 3.5% of Texas' population but 20% of the student body at UT-Austin). So

"minority status" is not the problem, but, rather, a host of other issues, mostly socioeconomic: poverty, single-parent households, high crime rates, etc. And unlike skin color, these allow for change. However, because of the racial guilt that has been perpetuated in America since the civil rights reforms of the 1960s, and the false notion that racial diversity equals intellectual diversity, race has become the determinant when it is nothing more than an incidental piece of data in a much more complex, and much

less politically manipulable, reality.

So here is the question: Why is socioeconomic status—which is the actual correlative factor with education, not race—not the decisive factor? Why are admissions offices not looking at an applicant's actual background but, instead, using race as a substitute, instinctively assuming that all whites are healthy, good-looking, and born with Lacoste memberships and all blacks have lived lives straight out of Jay-Z songs?

Affirmative action policies are an abandonment of reason. Proponents use racism, given a politically palatable name, to fight racism. Moreover, employing the language of diversity, they promote the idea that race is more important to the intellectual community of a college than the minds of the students. The policies are condescending for minorities, who are admitted under the assumption that they need the special assistance to succeed, and offensive to students in the majority, who are implicitly accused of clinging to racist attitudes.

Some will say affirmative action was justified in its time, but that that time has ended. But there was never any time when one racism justified another. It is time to end racial preferences and employ a new admissions system. Perhaps one—oh, I don't know—based on merit?

UPCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday (9/27)

SJC Orchestra Rehearsal Great Hall, 4-5:30 PM

Kunai Soccer Back Campus, 4-6 PM

Americans in the Autumn General Hartle Room 7:30-9:30 PM

Dance Lessons Great Hall, 8-9 PM

Gaming Club Coffee Shop, 8:30-11 PM

Wednesday (9/28)

Ultimate Frisbee
Back Campus, 4 PM
D vs. H and W vs. G

St. John's Chorus Great Hall, 7 PM

Friday (9/30)

Kunai Soccer Back Campus, 4-6 PM

Steiner Lecture

Mr. Barry Mazur, Harvard University: "What is the Surface Area of a Hedgehog?" FSK Auditorium, 8:15 PM

Sunday (10/2)

Soccer

H vs. W, 1:30 PM D vs. S, 3:30 PM

Gadfly Meeting Lower Level BBC, 7 PM

Mabel the Swimming Wonder Monkey, 8 PM Spector Media Center

If you would like to see your event on the weekly schedule, please email Gadfly@sjca.edu

THE SPEED OF SOUND

Jon Barone discusses the pace of discussion at St. John's and its effect on academic life.

Seminar is where

a number of us

gather to discuss

these works, and

discussion.

the beauty is in the

by Jon Barone A'13

Are we afraid of silence?

It's a serious question that we face every day of our lives. However, while

every day of our lives. However, while this question has great personal significance, I'm more interested in discussing it concerning a particular facet of our lives. Namely, that of seminar.

From an observational standpoint, it's common to see a seminar without any long pauses. Even after the opening question, there's rarely a 15 second silence, let alone anything longer. Topics are pursued and questions are asked continually until ten, when things finally begin to slow down. On the surface, this might seem like a good thing. We want to encourage passionate, enthusiastic discussion, right? Isn't talking the core of seminar?

In a word, no. I take the stance that seminar is in fact not so much about speaking as it is about listening. This is why it's so difficult. Often we're pushed into a self-perpetuating system: we want so badly to respond to our peer's comment that as soon as they are done speaking, we reply. In return, someone else responds on the tail end of our statement. In the end, everyone is

talking immediately after another has finished. We spend so much time thinking about what we're going to say and getting our voice heard that we end up not listening to our fellow students. Sometimes we can't even get our comment into the exchange, and by the

time we can, the conversation has moved on. We allow no time for breathing room, no time for listening.

We begin to ask questions as soon as there is some measurable silence, interpreting the pause as an opportunity to voice our opinion. Perhaps we see the silence as something undesirable, an awkward presence that should be avoided. Or worse, we see it as an unproductive void which must be filled.

However, when we take a step backwards, we start to see things with a different perspective. Often, I've found a very talkative seminar is a seminar that has jumped from topic to topic all night. Regardless of the possible reasons, it hasn't dwelt on one particular subject. I'm going to go out on a limb and say a major cause of this is a lack of listening and pursuit of a particular question. We all have so many of our own questions that it becomes very difficult to set them down and focus on a particular one.

And yet, I think this is at the heart of a good seminar. Let's face it: we talk about these great books for two hours. Two hours. There are people who devote years, lives to these works, and we're talking about them for two hours. It is impossible for us to discuss these books at a truly deep level during seminar. There are always questions and ideas that we're going to have which were not discussed in seminar. However, these books don't just exist on Mondays and Thursdays. We can talk about them for the rest of our lives, if we so choose. With this in mind, how can we possibly say that seminar is about unearthing truth in these books?

No, seminar is something far more special than that. Seminar is where a number of us gather to discuss these works, and the beauty is in the discussion. When we're simply focused on trying to voice our opinions and our questions, there is no dialogue. There are only monologues.

This is why there is more to seminar than just speaking.

To bring us full circle, this is why we need to listen to each other. Listening requires silence, no two ways about it. It requires patience, and patience is not something that comes to us naturally. This is why seminar is so difficult; in many respects, we have to surrender ourselves and our opinions. When we start to realize that seminar is not about trying to find answers and speak our opinions, silence becomes something to be welcomed, not feared.