



Class of 2013:



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**THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE**

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

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

Articles for the next issue should be submitted to sjca.gadfly@gmail.com.

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✓ To the Class of 2013

Seniors,

Four years ago (can it be?) you crossed the stage in FSK to be welcomed by President Nelson and to sign the register that would make you official students at St. John's College. Now you have completed the years of language and music, mathematics and laboratory, seminar and preceptorials. You have studied and discussed, you have written your essays and finished your orals. Throughout, you have discovered profound ideas, awakened new possibilities, and made lasting new friends; and you have sustained and delighted the spirits of your tutors: you have a permanent place in our hearts.

The past four years will soon seem both strange and familiar, if they do not already, for you are about to leave St. John's and yet you carry the College with you as alumni. May your lives be happy and may you keep the desire to know and to learn anew, the courage to reflect, civility towards others, and love for what is beautiful and good as you meet the great adventures that await.

Pamela Kraus, Dean

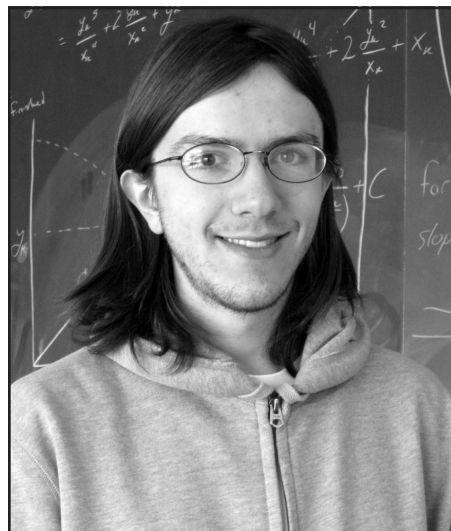


Rebekah Bentum

Hometown:
Caribou, ME

Senior Essay Title:
Seeing God Face to Face: An Inquiry into Jacob's Striving with God and Man in the Book of Genesis

Post-Graduate Plans:
Doing a service year through AmeriCorps at a nonprofit in the Mississippi Delta.



Louis Pisha

Hometown:
Nanuet, NY

Senior Essay Title:
The Final Antithesis: Experience and Knowing in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Two years of additional undergraduate work at Stony Brook University in computer engineering.

From the Editors:

When we took the reins of the *Gadfly* last spring, we inherited a newspaper that, at the hands of the previous editors, had become exactly what they had hoped: an expression of the Polity's voice, and an integral part of the St. John's community.

We hope, a year later, that it remains exactly that. If it does, that is entirely thanks to our diligent staff and all those in the community who took the time to help fill our pages. To you all we offer our heartfelt gratitude.

And so, we began the year with our freshmen, and we end with our seniors. To the Class of 2013, congratulations and good luck! To the rest of you, see you at Convocation! ♦

A Curtain Call

Slaya Nemoy A'15

Last summer, amidst a bunch of emails back and forth between Leonard Franks and myself, he asked whether I wanted to collaborate on a theatrical production with him. We had been sharing bits of writing all summer, and my response was an ecstatic, "Yes!" Mr. Franks is a man who knows his way around a pen, and I jumped at the chance to write and direct alongside him. I had a play in the cupboard, he had many fantastic ideas, and we made a pact with one another that we would try to get the Polity to produce our work. I don't think either of us actually believed it would really happen, but on April 20, Leonard Franks, Esa Sclafani (another playwright roped into our crazy scheme), and I sat in the front row of FSK and watched the dream come to life.

This has been a year of theater for me, and most of that I owe to three amazing, talented, crazy seniors: Esa Sclafani, Leonard Franks, and Jack Farrell. I was the only sophomore on our playwrighting team, and I am honored that they consider me an equal to their skill. Together we created something magical on stage, and I want to thank each and every one of them for hav-

“This has been a year of theater for me, and most of that I owe to three amazing, talented, crazy seniors: Esa Sclafani, Leonard Franks, and Jack Farrell.

ing me in the wonderful theatrical family that we all became. And because I can make each and every one of them blush, a shout out to you all.

Jack: You are an amazing writer and director and actor, and you not only created a masterpiece, but you also made

all the other plays come alive. Keep sharing your fantastic insights.

Esa: You're beautiful. You have a beautiful soul and are a fantastic manager, and without you, it would have fallen apart. Your work touched me, and I was glad to see it performed.

Leonard: Never stop having crazy ideas. You make me groan, but in a good way. One day I want free tickets to your Broadway debut. Never stop writing.

And before I go, a few parting words to the seniors who acted in our plays. Sarah Hartzell and Christina Kataoka, you two are beautiful actresses with great talent and the determination needed to go far. Thank you both for sticking to it, even with all the last-minute rehearsals and long hours. The show would not have been the same without you two, our leading ladies.

As for the rest of the cast and crew: you'll get an article when you're seniors.

I am glad that I got this one chance to write and to direct with you all, and my only regret is that we will never be able to do so again. This was worth it all. Thank you. ♦

The Essay

♦ William Lipinski, A'13

*My tutor on the quad
Gave me a friendly nod
I haven't started the essay*



Adam Maraschky

Hometown:

Shaker Heights, OH

Senior Essay Title:

Chaos and Quanta: Two New Hypotheses in Max Planck's *Theory of Heat Radiation*

Post-Graduate Plans:

I'm currently preparing for grad school in the physical sciences and engineering, particularly where chemistry meets physics: materials science.



Catherine Hoisington

Hometown:

Kenai, AK

Senior Essay Title:

Society and Insanity in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*

Post-Graduate Plans:

I plan on taking a year off before going to graduate school for my Master's degree in Social Work.

PUTTING THE “POLITY” IN “POLITICAL”

Staff writer Robert Malka profiles graduating senior Virginia Early, who is going on to study at the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. After earning her MPA—a Master’s of Public Administration—she hopes to “engage citizens in a way that’s meaningful” and to contribute to fixing what she calls the “systemic issues that threaten our democracy.”

Robert Malka A’15

How does one transition from an education such as the one St. John’s College gives—“an education for itself,” as Virginia Early calls it—into public service? For Ms. Early, the answer is to take some time going to graduate school at the top-ranked Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, where she will receive a Master’s of Public Administration.

“The MPA is like an MBA for government: There’s a lot of economics, statistics—stuff you need to know to understand, write, and evaluate policy for implementation,” she said. She spent a lot of time building up to graduate school; when she was not at St. John’s, she was working during the summers doing everything from being a volunteer

teacher in Kenya to interning for Maryland governor Martin O’Malley. During the school year, she spent a lot of time using the Program to gain invaluable insights about herself and her desires.

“St. John’s helped to bolster my communication skills, teamwork, and critical thinking skills,” she said, “but most importantly, it allowed me to think hard about what I wanted to spend my time doing.”

“St. John’s helped to bolster my communication skills, teamwork, and critical thinking skills,” she said, “but most importantly, it allowed me to think hard about what I wanted to spend my time doing.” This became especially relevant for her when she personally encountered the dysfunction on Capitol Hill. “I was waiting for a vote on the debt ceiling in the summer of 2010,” she said. “After seeing everyone stall for ten hours, I was horrified...At first I thought the solution lay in

making legislators speak to one another like we do in seminar, but when I realized that the problem was more systemic, I used what I learned at St. John’s to read off-the-program about these issues with the intent to fix this.”

Eventually, wanting a more thorough internship to help her transition to graduate work, she took advantage of a surprise opportunity, meeting Governor O’Malley’s policy director in the grocery store. “Our conversation basically went like this: I said, ‘I think you’re cool, and I’d love to work with you,’ and he was totally receptive,” she said. “I’ve been working 10 hours a week since February proposing policy, writing memos, and helping strategize.

“These experiences have been eye-opening and gave me an invaluable perspective. I think they will help me get a lot more out of the MPA program at Syracuse,” she said. “They also have helped me put what I am thinking about in the classroom into practice.”

Ms. Early has always had a guiding star to keep her on-track, through St. John’s and otherwise: her love for service and for Christian Science. “I really just want to find the position where I can make the most positive impact on the systemic issues that threaten our democracy,” she said. “I want to engage citizens in a way that’s meaningful. I do think I’d like to run for office at some point, but I’m more interested in having an impact than having a fancy title.”

Her St. John’s experience has ultimately dared her to think big: as a two-term officer on the Delegate Council, she has attempted to make real, systemic change within a dysfunctional system, which in her words is one which “does not represent the people.” As for graduate school and her future career? “I feel ready for it,” she affirmed. “Just because it’s hard doesn’t mean someone shouldn’t do it. I think it’ll be a challenge, but it’s a challenge I can rise to.”

Through it all, she’ll remember her time at St. John’s: “I loved the discourse that happens in the classroom,” she said. “I wouldn’t trade that experience for anything.” ♦



Virginia Early

Hometown:
Bethel, CT

Senior Essay Title:
The Self-Focused Yet Free Citizen: A Search for Active Citizenship in Tocqueville’s *Democracy in America*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Master’s of Public Administration at the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University.

The Kunai Community: A Word of Thanks

Shayna Jenkins

A'15

Sadly, I did not decide to attend St John's as an angsty senior purely because of the promise of a search for truth, but also because of the enormously disproportionate ratio between boys and girls. I would be able to get my flirt on with any number of guys, or so I thought, which seemed especially enticing since I was coming from a tiny town where I was used to the same 12 guys whose sibling's diapers I had changed and who had hooked up with my best friends. Thus, in that first month at St. John's, when people tend to get involved on campus with extracurricular groups and organizations, Kunai, St. John's' very own all-girls intramural team, did not exactly top my list. After all, there would be no boys with whom to awkwardly discuss my love of rabbits and donuts.

However, the longer my freshman year went on, I moved past my embarrassingly flirtatious stage and began to take St. John's more seriously. I realized that it was not merely a vacation from my life at home; it was my life now. It was a community and an environment in which I had to learn to be a functional, happy being. As a result, I began—perhaps a bit later than everyone else—to search for a community on campus in which I felt like I fit in. I knew I did not want to join an academic club, for I was already swimming in enough Greek paradigms, and I had spent enough time walking in between the kiln room and the dark room in high school to know it was time to try something different.

So, at the behest of my peers, I decided to go to a Kunai basketball game in the middle of the season. Luckily, the fabulous Henley Moore was my RA, so I at least knew someone going into it, since I felt like I knew almost as few of the people at Kunai as the little I knew about basketball. However, despite my irrational shyness, which seems to come out at bad times, everyone at Kunai was beyond welcoming. And it was not just the freshmen who I had spoken to before who were kind enough to point out that you cannot just run with the ball (you have to dribble); rather, it was primarily the captains who were so friendly and welcoming that I did not feel out of place for a second. And while this probably just sounds like a terrible advertisement for the benefits of Kunai (of which there are many), it seems crucial to point out that Kunai, at least in my experience, is not what it is purely because of the energy of the sports themselves. A large part of it is the positivity, excitement,

and good vibes that the current senior captains bring to the games. Whether it is a rainy Friday afternoon of soccer, or a chilly Tuesday of netball, Grace Tyson, Rachel Hahn, Emily Ezell, and Henley Moore make the stinky gym or the sunny field the place to be.

Each senior captain seems to bring her own energy, experience, and advice to the games, so it is not that the captains are some untouchable group of seniors. Rather, they are helpful, honest, and personable individuals. And the community that grows from these fearsome leaders does not just apply to what happens on the court, but also to any sort of problem one encounters regarding school or life.

While Kunai gives everyone a context under which to converse and interact, it is the senior captains themselves who engender a true community and positive conversation within the participants.

Coming to college is a scary experience; it can be so isolating to be in a new place where you know literally no one and so little about who you are. However, particularly at a school like St. John's, the aid of upperclassmen can be critical to learning how to grow into the community; how to let the Program help you

grow, but not let it become who you are. And it is the senior Kunai captains who really showed me how St. John's can allow you to become a happy, interesting, active member of the community, without the pretentious and perhaps invasive nature of this education consuming you alive. Every one of the senior captains, despite everything else going on, shows up to Kunai with a smile and with something funny and constructive to say; they show up with knowledge and advice and a sense of perspective, that, especially as the year went on, contributed a positive energy to this campus.

So, personally, I would like to thank all of the wonderful senior captains for creating such an incredible escape from life within the Kunai community, as well as for bringing me out of my self-imposed shell into such a great environment. And further, on behalf of the entire Kunai team, thank you to Rachel, Emily, Henley, and Grace for helping to make Kunai into the incredible organization that it is, and for creating an inspiring environment for any female member of the St. John's community to explore something new or to continue participating in a lifelong love. ♦

“It is the senior Kunai captains who really showed me how St. John's can allow you to become a happy, interesting, active member of the community.”



Grace Tyson

Hometown:
Pensacola, FL

Senior Essay Title:
Hurrah for Kolya! The Soul's Education in *The Brothers Karamazov*

Post-Graduate Plans:
As a Teach For America corps member, I am going to be a middle school math teacher at North Star Academy Charter School in Newark, New Jersey.



Audra Zook

Hometown:
Pahrump, NV

Senior Essay Title:
Choosing Faith: An Examination of Augustine's Journey to Conversion

Post-Graduate Plans:
Teaching science at the Great Hearts Academies



Chazaq Llinas

Hometown:
Ocean City, MD — "White Marlin Capital of the World"

Senior Essay Title:
Reflecting on the Generation of Knowledge

Post-Graduate Plans:
Currently waiting for Peace Corps nomination

Lily Datchev
Hometown:
Annapolis, MD
Senior Essay Title:
Reawakening the Pendulum of History
Post-Graduate Plans:
Fixing America's education policy



Maura McCluskey

Hometown:
Jefferson, MA

Senior Essay Title:
From Poetry to Philosophy and Back Again: Book X of Plato's *Republic*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Teacher at Chandler Prep (a Great Hearts Academy)



Rachel Cox

Hometown:
Spartansburg, PA

Senior Essay Title:
Knightley Must Marry Her: Discovering the Heart in Jane Austen's *Emma*

Post-Graduate Plans:
A year of additional coursework before applying for Botany graduate programs

Daniel Popov
Hometown:
Moscow, Russia
Senior Essay Title:
Through the Wind and the Rain
Post-Graduate Plans:
Venture Capital/Private Equity





Esa Sclafani

Hometown:
North Middlesex, VT

Senior Essay Title:
To Flee A Sinking Ship: Fear of Death in Epictetus' *Discourses*

Post-Graduate Plans:
I received a Pathways Fellowship from St. John's in order to study Chemistry (at the undergrad level) at the University of Vermont over the summer. I will be following that up with Organic Chemistry and Biology courses in the fall, so that I can get pre-requisites to eventually apply for a Master's program in either Ecology or Plant Biology.

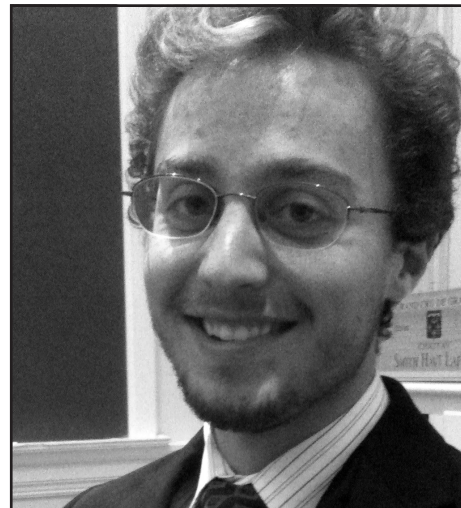


Marco Damiano

Hometown:
Bronxville, NY

Senior Essay Title:
Make 'Em Laugh: *As You Like It* and the Value of Comedy

Post-Graduate Plans:
My plans are to stay in Annapolis for another year and take classes in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Maryland.



Matthew Dudik

Hometown:
Vancouver, WA

Senior Essay Title:
Turning the World Inside-Out: Why the Newtonian Theory of Planetary Motion Supersedes the Ptolemaic

Post-Graduate Plans:

1. Obtain a position in a Leadership Development Program in business.
2. Develop leadership until I decide that life was actually better in school.
3. Go to grad school
4. Miss SJC



Gordon Bruce Greer, III

Hometown:
Town & Country, MO

Senior Essay Title:
Can Capitalism Survive? An Examination of Socialist and Capitalist Systems in *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Studying Applied Mathematics at Washington University in St. Louis (1 year), Doctorate in Macroeconomics

Reece McDevitt

Hometown:
West Hartford, CT

Senior Essay Title:
The Search for Virtue, Beauty, and Unity within the Self: An Exploration of Friendship in Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*

Post-Graduate Plans:
I might plan to attend graduate school in philosophy. I'm also really beginning to consider studying mathematics.

Many more profiles on Pg. 12!

2012-2013 Croquet Team Shout-Outs

This year sees the graduation of eight members of the croquet team—Rachel Hahn, Eric Shlifer, Drew Menzer, Jonathan Barone, Hunter Cox, Daniel Popov, Phil Schiffrin, and Cory Cotten-Potter. Below, the croquet team underclassmen offer some words of thanks and farewell to their beloved teammates.

Rachel: I'm so glad that I got to spend all this time with you! It has made our friendship that much stronger, and I never would have been able to make it through croquet without you—especially Media Day. Thanks for teaching me and getting me to come out!

—Mandee Glasgo (A'14)

Eric: Since you refused to let me ever be set in front of the wicket, I really hated playing croquet with you at the beginning. But as I got better, I learned a lot from you, and you really helped my game. I always enjoy talking to you on and off the court! I'm really glad that we got to spend so much time together.

—Mandee Glasgo (A'14)

Drew: Every time you cheered me on with a “boosh” or something of that sort certainly made up for the countless times you insulted my woeful shots. You've motivated me to improve not only as a croquet player, but also as a sportsman, understanding that competition is only worth it if you're having fun. If it

wasn't for the fact that I already knew how great of a Spartan captain you were, I doubt I would have ever come out to croquet. I'm glad I did, because the past two years with all of the seniors have been great.

—Sam Collins (A'15)

Jon: Getting to play with you at Nationals was a tremendous experience. I had low expectations for myself going into the weekend, doubting my ability as a croquet player and competitor. But you pushed me to demand more out of my play. Instead of being eliminated on the first day, we persevered and finished with a very respectable fourth place. The faith you put in me to succeed was incredible, and I will carry it with me going forward.

—Sam Collins (A'15)

Hunter: Thanks, dog, for always motivating me to come out/relentlessly texting me to come out. You have helped to lead me and other players by setting a good example of what it means to be teammate and sportsman. It's been tons of fun to learn the game with you and to grow as a player. In fact I think we have the most fun, and that's probably in large part because of you. It's been awesome, and I'm super glad you are not leaving Annapolis yet, because I need someone to yell at me for not keeping my head down.

—Dylan Tyler (A'15)

Popov: It's been awesome to play with you, and to learn what it is to have confidence in your own abilities. No matter how stupid the shot, you would show total confidence in my ability, and when I messed up it was no big deal. You helped me learn from my mistakes, and you also led by example by always maintaining confidence in your own decisions. Beyond this, you always made me feel welcome to come out play. I appreciate all the effort you put into helping me learn the game. It's been a lot fun taking ridiculous wicket shots with you.

—Dylan Tyler (A'15)

Phil: As the other half of the croquet team's beloved “Team Lady Killers 2013,” I just want to say that it was a pleasure playing with you this year. I will always remember how you told me that I have to “put my body into” the split shot. Thank you for the wisdom and the cigarettes you let me have.

—Hector Mendoza (A'14)

Cory: It was a pleasure having you on the team. Our sunglasses brought a much needed menacing image to SJC Croquet. When I'm 21 we're totally going to Armadillos or Armarillos (whatever it's called), and we're going to be each other's wingman. Get ready.

—Hector Mendoza (A'14) ♦



Drew Menzer

Hometown:

Granville, OH

Senior Essay Title:

On the Use and Abuse of Philosophy: An Inquiry into Truth and Morality in *Beyond Good and Evil*

Post-Graduate Plans:

Next year I'll be going to law school, most likely at the University of Illinois.

The Case for Broken Bones and Blood

Graduating senior John Ropoulos reflects on four years of shattered bones, shattered prejudices, and re-growth—on the intramural field as well as in the classroom. As he prepares to leave St. John's, he argues for the value of exertion, danger, and difficulty for St. John's students.

John Ropoulos A13

As a freshman at the Santa Fe campus, I witnessed one of the most spectacular Johnnie moments in the history of the College. It was Reality Weekend, and Spartan Madball was being played on the field. There was a pile-up, and the ball popped out from underneath the arms, legs, and bodies of fellow warriors. I grabbed it and ran down the field towards the goal. Then I noticed everyone looking up towards the sky; I turned around and looked up. A senior had jumped off of Monte Sol with a hang-glider and was gliding above the field asking for the ball. You see, there is a Madball rule that nothing is allowed “on” the field except humans and a ball; this senior technically wasn’t “on” the field. I began to pull my arm back to throw the ball, when suddenly I felt the wind being knocked out of me. As soon as I realized what had happened, I was at the bottom of twelve people, clutching a ball.

There are only three things that end Spartan Madball: three points, three hospitalizations, or one death. The game usually ends with three hospitalizations because scoring is so difficult (we scored three goals my freshman year). There has never been a death. Spartan Madball has since been banned on the Santa Fe campus. The administration deemed it too dangerous. I find this to be absolutely revolting. Shouldn’t we seek out the dangerous and strenuous? Shouldn’t we aim to break and rebuild ourselves? Isn’t danger a part of St. John’s?

I’m sure that everyone has noticed that my clothing is usually accompanied by a cast or wrap of some kind. I’ve shattered two bones in my wrist, broken six fingers, suffered a concussion, and have been gashed, cut, scraped, bruised, and torn in my years here at SJC. All of these injuries happened during various intramurals and outdoor activities. I know that every time I step onto the field, there is a chance I’ll break something, or suffer some pain. But why on earth should I be scared? Ad-

mittedly, if I were to lose an arm or a leg, I would not be a happy camper. However, I do think we need to allow things like Spartan Madball, or the mock naval battles of yesteryear, in order to encourage θυμός, ἀρετή, and τιμή. (Students used to build ships during Reality Weekend and have naval battles on College Creek. It was stopped because someone shattered a collarbone.)

I’d like to ask a question: Does the administration have the right or authority to prevent us from partaking in dangerous activity? No, they do not. We are supposedly learning how to be free men and women, but the administration assumes a parental role? This just doesn’t jive. I had thought that by emulating the Greeks—who were no strangers to dangerous games (e.g., prankration) and war—we, like Achilles, Odysseus, Socrates (famous for his valor in combat), and Plato (named Platon by his wrestling coach) would be developing ἀρετή.

When I enter a Spartan Madball game, I know that I’ll most likely be hurt; that’s what drives me to join in. Higher stakes means higher rewards, and there is nothing like participating in a bloody, bone-breaking sport, especially when you score a goal under such difficult conditions. Don’t take me as a masochist; I just enjoy hard tasks with difficult conditions. Shouldn’t all Johnnies? Isn’t seminar similar? Aren’t we bleeding our thoughts and shattering our prejudices? If you aren’t taking seminar this seriously, if it isn’t a dangerous sport for you, then maybe you need to get serious.

I will forever remember the championship game of reasonball my junior year. It was freezing, and the snow and rain soaked us all to the bone; our hands were numb from the cold. I caught the game-winning touchdown with what seemed like two toes in the end zone before I fell over into the mud. It was only after my hands defrosted that I learned my hand was broken. Painful memories are sweet. Go Greenwaves! ♦

“Shouldn’t we seek out the dangerous and strenuous? Shouldn’t we aim to break and rebuild ourselves? Isn’t danger a part of St. John’s?”



John Ropoulos

Hometown:
Hayward, CA

Senior Essay Title:
Experiencing the Dionysian Folk Artist in Nietzsche’s *The Birth of Tragedy* and Robert Johnson’s *Crossroad Blues*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Studying Modern Greek in Greece.

On Sports: Some Final Remarks

Jonathan Barone A'13

I'd like to conclude my time as the *Gadfly* sportswriter with just a few observations. If you read my article in the Croquet Weekend *Gadfly*, then you know my stance on sports in general and how they've helped me look within myself. But the truth is, I think the arena is just as dangerous a place as any if one doesn't enter it with the right attitude. With that in mind, I'd like to make a few notes, list a couple observations, share a couple personal anecdotes that you all can take for what they're worth. Keep in mind that these comments do not apply only to sports or only to competition.

If you aren't willing to be gracious in the face of victory or defeat, you have no business playing at all. I had a huge problem with this after the croquet match. People were sympathizing left and right and saying that we had to let Navy win at some point. I realize most of this was said in jest, but it still carries a glint of truth. Listen, if we are too proud to honor our opponents without somehow thinking them beneath us, we should do some serious self-examination. Or just stop playing.

With that in mind, **respect both your opponents and the referees.** I had a conversation after a game this year with a referee with whom I had taken umbrage during the match. Through talking with him, I realized that I was being completely unfair to him. I didn't respect him as a ref because I didn't believe that he could do a good enough job. When I voiced this out loud, I realized that I was both harming myself and my team.

Because when we get down to basics, **we're all members of**

“The quest for the overall intramural title is still up for grabs. The outdoor handball season has thrown the standings into disarray, and the marathon could truly decide everything.”

a community here. In order for this community to function, we have to be mindful that even if we don't like our opponents or our referees (or classmates, or core group members), we still have to respect them in order for this community to function. And yeah, we're all going to screw up. We're going to say offensive things. We're going to get caught up in the heat of the moment. And yes, we're probably going to make some bad decisions. When that happens, we have to be willing to show each other some grace. It's easy to want to feel justified when someone has done you a wrong and hold a grudge, but it's much harder to show them grace and to forgive them. The former may feel good for a time, but it's the latter that's going to keep the community healthy.

If there is no respect between you and your opponents, then ultimately your opponent becomes your enemy. A lack of respect creates division, especially when disrespect goes unaddressed. With this in mind, if you feel disrespected, address the one by whom you feel disrespected. A relationship cannot be sustained if there isn't communication, and more often than not, communication fosters a better understanding of another's position. This happened between me and the referee (though I admit I am by no means a model communicator) and helped our relationship greatly.

A couple other things: Remember that you have the power to affect the attitudes of those around you. This note especially applies to future captains: Your intramural team is yours to guide. Someone has to lead the team, and those who do can take it in any direction they want. Your philosophy, your outlook on life, your sportsmanship, your attitude towards others, even your mood, affect those around you.

In that same vein, never lead a team out of anger. I think this is self-explanatory, but I'll say a few words anyways. I've tried to do this a couple times, and it always ends poorly. A defeat is filled with more disappointment, and a victory is hollow. To lead a team in anger is the most selfish of decisions: it boils down to an egotistical desire to validate your own self-righteousness.

To conclude, I would like to relate one of my most treasured experiences at St. John's. Last year, after the croquet match, my knee was badly inflamed and I could barely walk. Still, I volunteered to run a lap in the marathon for the Greenwaves because we were low on people. As fate would have it, I happened to be starting my lap at the same time as two close friends, Tommy Bonn and Sarah Hartzell. I got a slight head start, but they soon caught up to my gimping pace. But they didn't pass me by. They ran at my speed, joked around, and talked with me for the entirety of my lap. In my mind, the St. John's community was never more beautiful to me than in that moment. I was carried to finish that lap, not by my strength but by the love of my friends. They blessed me more than they know, because in that moment, they valued me over any kind of objective. I'll let that anecdote speak for itself, but say just one more thing: If this is what St. John's has done, if St. John's has taught me to value others more than anything else, then this truly has been the greatest education I could have received. ♦



Sarah Stalter

Hometown:

Bethel Park, PA

Senior Essay Title:

A Life About Nothing: On *The Myth of Sisyphus* by Albert Camus

Post-Graduate Plans:

Relax and get a job.

[BURSTING THE JOHNNIE BUBBLE]

(ohnnie)

Ian Tuttle

A'14

This will not be a political column.

That is not to say there are not worthwhile political things to talk about. Seniors: You are entering (in case you had not heard) a brutal job market. If the labor force participation rate is factored into the youth unemployment calculation, the actual 18-29 unemployment rate is at 16.3 percent. Good luck with that. You are entering a world in which an America tired of the vigor required for global leadership is ceding its place—to no one in particular. And that means that you are also entering a more dangerous world. A decade of relative peace had persuaded us that the fears that surfaced after September 11 had passed, that we had, indeed, set our enemies on their heels, and that we could focus our thoughts and resources on our domestic troubles. Until Boston. Now we are forced, once again, to recognize that we are vulnerable and that our enemies do not wear uniforms.

These are realities that are transforming our country and our world, and we have the responsibility to see and understand. But as for the headlines and the policy specifics, there will be other times and spaces to discuss and debate them. I said this would not be a political column—and it is not; except, perhaps, in a nobler sense of that dirty word: in its connection to the *polis*.

I do not believe in the “international community.” That is to say, I do not believe that such a thing does, or ever could, exist, just as I do not believe one could ever be a “citizen of the world,” however swell a stamp that would be on one’s passport. If you are incarnate, you are stuck with putting your feet on some distinct patch of earth. And that patch of earth, and the one next to it, and the one next to that, has a certain culture and history attached to it, which, if you stay there for any length of time, will begin to reveal themselves. What is more, if you plant any roots there, so to speak, you will find those things becoming part of you; they are, one might say, in the water.

Of course, the water is different from place to place. What is in the water in Hyannisport, Massachusetts, is very different from what is in the water in Germany, so however much John F. Kennedy thought of himself as *ein Berliner*, he had Irish blood, a sharp Boston accent, and the privileged ability to sail across the Atlantic to France with his convertible onboard. Places—specific places, with their specific dirt and their specific air composition and their specific vegetation and idioms and holiday parades and all the rest—shape us.

I tend to think the *polis* forms around those things, rather than vice versa. Whether it’s Paris, Texas, or Paris, France, the *polis* coalesces around a group of people who share some key things in common.

St. John’s seems to me one of these places. We share 32 acres between College Creek and College Avenue. We have a common vocabulary, common traditions and customs, even (on occasion) a bit of shared idol worship. We have Annapolis, with its own history and architecture and seasons that, the longer we live here, become increasingly our own. Our *polis* has developed and matured around those common things. They shape us.

But if we stick around a place long enough, we will find that, just as we, in the beginning, made a claim on it, so it begins to make a claim on us. It makes requests. Perhaps it even makes demands.

One can move out of states, townships, electoral districts; I have a sneaking feeling that one cannot leave the *polis* of St. John’s. One is a Johnnie the same way one is a Red Sox fan: for better, for worse, and for life. It is a part of one’s identity. And that identity yokes us with certain responsibilities.

The seniors will soon confront the fact that the world is, on the whole, inhospitable to what we do here. Reflection, deliberation, conversation—our society moves too quickly

for such indulgences; it has its dogmas and its heresies, into which the gadflies do not fit. But I think that is the claim this place makes on us. It demands from us that slow, careful consideration that recognizes that *new* is not always better—nor is *old*. It demands from us the cultivated reason that can determine which argument is the better and which the worse—and which argument is pure sophistry. It demands a soul ordered according to the highest things—and that will stand for those things to the very end, for no better reason than that they are good and true and beautiful.

Those things are charged upon us. We spend our time here, and we are shaped by it, and when it comes time to leave we find—or we ought to find—that this place requires a return: It calls us to be free men and women. And that is the calling of a lifetime. ♦

“But if we stick around a place long enough, we will find that, just as we, in the beginning, made a claim on it, so it begins to make a claim on us. It makes requests. Perhaps it even makes demands.”





Emilia Pickard

Hometown:
Fort Collins, CO

Senior Essay Title:
Emilia, or On My Education

Post-Graduate Plans:
The Real World



Dan Gilles

Hometown:
West Hartford, CT

Senior Essay Title:
The Dragons of Philosophy and the Rebirth of Metaphysics

Post-Graduate Plans:
Studying Chinese in Beijing



Jessica Steer

Hometown:
Fort Collins, CO

Senior Essay Title:
All's Well that Weds Well: Love and Order in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*

Post-Graduate Plans:
I'll be working at a hospital and hospice. Perhaps medical school in the future; overall pretty healthy ambitions.



William Loder

Hometown:
Milwaukee, WI

Senior Essay Title:
Optima dies . . . prima fugit:
Memory, Time, and the Land in Willa Cather's *My Antonia*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Internship with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra this summer (Marketing and Education), Master of Arts Program in the Humanities at the University of Chicago this fall (focus on either cultural policy or literature)



Kurt T. Strom

Hometown:
Jefferson, MA

Senior Essay Title:
Hony Soyt Qui Mal Pence: Sir Gawain in the Castle and the Forest

Post-Graduate Plans:
Work with the Holden Historical Society



Manish Jung Thapa

Hometown:
Dadeldhura, Nepal

Senior Essay Title:
The General Will, the Consensus Problem, and the Legislator in Rousseau's *Du Contrat Social*

Post-Graduate Plans:
Internship at Arete Wealth Management