

THE College

SPRING 2004

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE • ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE



Flannery O'Connor

REVELATION AND REDEMPTION

ON O'CONNOR

"The writer operates at a peculiar crossroads where time and place and eternity somehow meet. His problem is to find that location."

Flannery O'Connor's fiction tends to elicit strong reactions from her readers. Some object to the mixture of comedy and pathos (country girl wooed for her wooden leg) and the blend of the mundane and shocking (senseless violence emerges from a clear blue day on a lonely country road). The freaks, misfits, and fools who populate her world make many readers uncomfortable. Others are entirely devoted to her and will read and re-read her fiction, prose, and letters, even as they feel the discomfort and discordance of witnesses to an accident ashamed to be looking so closely. In the interest of full disclosure, the editors of *The College* admit to devotion: we have been scheming to get O'Connor on the cover for a while now, and here she is in her rightful place.

Mary Flannery O'Connor was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1925, went on to earn a sociology degree at the Georgia State College for Women, and studied at the Iowa Writer's Workshop, where she began her first novel, *Wise Blood*. Literary connections made in Iowa, and later at the Yaddo writer's colony, helped her in her career. She was a devout Catholic who corresponded regularly with Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk who shared her love of writing along with her deep faith. She suffered from lupus, the wasting disease that killed her father when she was 15. (It left her near death in 1950.) She was proud of being a Southerner and loved many aspects of the quiet rural life she was forced to live in Milledgeville because her illness left her dependent on her mother's care. On the family's dairy farm, she raised peafowl that dined on her mother's Herbert Hoover roses. She wrote, she explained, because she had a gift for it.

O'Connor was often amused by those critics who tried to label her. She argued eloquently with those who insisted that something "socially uplifting" must come from fiction: "The novelist must be characterized not by his function but by his vision, and we must remember that his vision has to be transmitted and that the limitations and blind spots of his audience will very definitely affect the way he is able to show what he sees" (*Mystery and Manners*).

The focus of this issue, "Revelation," was one of her last stories, published a few months before she died on Aug. 3, 1964. We know from her letters that the story was inspired by a visit to the doctor's office and that she wasn't making fun of her protagonist or offering her up for scorn: "I like Mrs. Turpin as well as Mary Grace. You got to be a very big woman to shout at the Lord across a hogpen" (*The Habit of Being*). O'Connor made her first appearance on the Reading List of St. John's College in 1989 with "Everything that Rises Must Converge." Throughout the years, the standard reading has been "Parker's Back."

In addition to paying homage to a favorite Program author, *The College* accomplishes another important goal in this issue by showing off the tutors and the interesting things they have to say when we give them a chance. We posed a question about the short story "Revelation" to a group of tutors from both campuses, and they approached it with zeal. (Advancement vice president Barbara Goyette, A73, was inspired by a church sermon to contribute an essay.) To get the most from this feature, read or revisit "Revelation" before exploring these essays.

—RH



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ANNAPOLIS · SANTA FE

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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALUMNI OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE

{ CONTENTS }

PAGE 10

REVELATIONS

A routine visit to a doctor's office ends in a painful revelation for a self-satisfied farmer's wife. But what is really being revealed? Pondering Flannery O'Connor's "Revelation."

PAGE 24

THE HABIT OF WRITING

A GI alumna considers the lost art and missed opportunities of letter writing.

PAGE 26

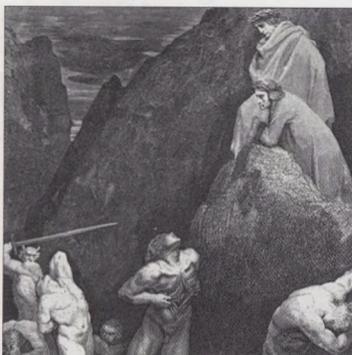
THE MIND IN WINTER

The challenges of the examined life keep Johnnies young.

PAGE 46

SUMMER AT STAG'S LEAP

Fine wine, good company, and seminars make a traditional Northern California chapter event a popular summer tradition.



PAGE 12



PAGE 26



PAGE 46

DEPARTMENTS

2 FROM THE BELL TOWERS

- Santa Fe Initiative invests in student life.
- A new Web site debuts.
- Johnnies and Journalism
- Mids and Johnnies on Thoreau
- Middle States affirms accreditation.
- Wine, art, and conversation

9 LETTERS

30 BIBLIOFILE

Chris Lynch (A87) on Machiavelli's *Art of War*

35 ALUMNI NOTES

PROFILES

- 31 Tias Little (EC98) brings Eastern classics to yoga.
- 34 Ben Bloom (A97) finds fame.
- 38 Owen Kelley (A93) pursues monster hurricanes.

41 STUDENT VOICES

Is wanting good grades a bad thing for Johnnies?

44 ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

48 ST. JOHN'S FOREVER

ON THE COVER

Flannery O'Connor
Illustration by David Johnson

THE SANTA FE INITIATIVE

Concerned by the toll deferred maintenance was beginning to take on the Santa Fe campus, the college's Management Committee came up with a comprehensive plan: the Santa Fe Initiative, a \$4.5 million investment in buildings and grounds, improved staffing in the areas of student life, and immediate upgrades to two of the campus' six laboratories. When he unveiled the committee's initiative to the college's Board of Visitors and Governors, Annapolis President Christopher Nelson, interim president in Santa Fe, received a standing ovation from the board. The reception from tutors at a Santa Fe faculty meeting was equally enthusiastic.

For Nelson, serving as interim president of the Santa Fe campus in addition to his regular duties in Annapolis, the need for an immediate injection of capital to the Western campus was apparent. Even as the college plans a Capital Campaign to fund a strategic plan of long-needed initiatives such as raising faculty salaries, Santa

Fe's needs couldn't wait. Nelson had already seen what could happen to a campus during lean years: the Annapolis campus found it expensive and time-consuming to catch up on maintenance deferred when funding for improvements was unavailable in the early 1990s.

"With the Santa Fe initiative we are jump-starting a program of improving opportunities for students outside the classroom and for the improvement of buildings and grounds," says Nelson. "This is just the start of what we need to do over an annual or intermittent basis over a period of a decade or more. We've invested about \$35 million in the Annapolis physical plant over the last 13 years. We don't want to see Santa Fe's physical plant deteriorate to the level that Annapolis was."

The purpose of the plan is to make the kind of improvements that will encourage student retention and enable the admissions office to attract a larger pool of qualified applicants to Santa Fe. Thus the initiative focuses on areas that affect student life, the appear-

ance of the campus, and the operation of the admissions and financial aid offices.

At the same time, the college will provide funding for an internship program similar to the Annapolis program funded by The Hodson Trust while the college seeks long-term grant support for internships.

Costs for the Santa Fe Initiative will represent a 2 percent

"This is just the start of what we need to do over an annual or intermittent basis..."

CHRISTOPHER NELSON,
ANNAPOLIS PRESIDENT

increase in the operating budget each year. The funds for the initiative will come from unrestricted endowment funds and early unrestricted gifts to the college's Capital Campaign, expected to officially begin in June 2005.

Improvements that affect student life include funding for additional staff in the Assistant

Dean's office, Career Services office, Security, and Student Activities office. Facilities improvements include renovating the laboratories; resurfacing all roadways and parking lots, curbs, and centrally located walkways; adding a new parking lot; replacing

hardscape between the upper dorms and Peterson Student Center; repairing concrete walls and steps; installing uniform campus lighting; installing patios for outdoor study and social life; and adding attractive signs and a security kiosk at a more formal campus entrance. Some funding for a director of buildings and grounds and an additional maintenance staff member is also included.

While it will mean significant short-term improvements in Santa Fe, Nelson emphasizes that the initiative is just a starting point: "The campus needs an investment of about \$30 million over time: new dormitories, a home for the Graduate Institute and a new lecture hall, renovations of the Evans Science Laboratory, plus additional renovations campus-wide. For so many years, we've sacrificed everything else to the Program. We're on a slow, steady plan of improvement that requires investments to make up for deferred maintenance, for poor salaries, and insufficient student services—it's time to turn our attention to them without taking anything away from the Program."

To oversee the implementation of the initiative, Annapolis treasurer H. Fred "Bud" Billups (HA03) will assume a new college-wide position as special assistant to the chair of the Management Committee (a position that alternates between the two campus presidents). Billups will split his time between the Annapolis and Santa Fe campuses, providing oversight over the two admissions offices, the two financial aid offices, and the college-wide Information Technology office. He will prepare a college-wide budget that will allocate annual operating funds between the campuses. ❖

-ROSEMARY HARTY



AFTER 40 YEARS,
THE SANTA FE
CAMPUS IS SHOW-
ING SIGNS OF AGE.

ONE COLLEGE, ONE WEB

If you can make the time to search all of the 4,285,199,774 Web pages available through the search engine Google, let us know if you find another college with a Web site like St. John's—where the dominant image is of a chair and the valuable center real estate is not a shot of smiling students or the beautiful campus, but of words: the names of great book authors.

On March 1, after two years of planning and gathering comments from as wide a sector of the St. John's community as possible, the college launched the new site: www.stjohnscollege.edu. Previously, the college's student-designed site diverged into two separate paths for the Santa Fe and Annapolis campuses right after the home page. This new site was designed from the start to present St. John's as one college with two campuses. Thus what is emphasized is the common curriculum and the prevailing Johnnie culture.

The front-page tour is also a departure. The links in this Web tour introduce Johnnies and their wide range of reasons for attending the college, the unique and lively community of learners, the Santa Fe and Annapolis communities, and the chair thing. Alert visitors will also find surprises—"Easter eggs" in Web lingo—on the front page.

The new Web site was designed to introduce the college to prospective students and to better serve alumni, current students, parents, faculty and staff, and the communities of Annapolis and Santa Fe. The alumni section, developed with extensive input from Alumni Association president Glenda Eoyang and a team of alumni testers, offers something particularly useful: a secure, password-protected online Alumni Register.

Previously, the college issued a printed directory of alumni

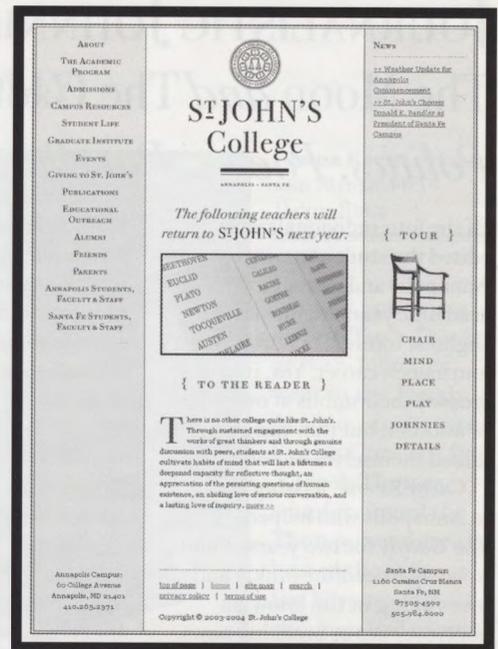
every five years. With support and guidance from the association, the college now offers this directory online. The search format allows alumni to look up classmates, find alumni in a new city, or identify a group of alumni working in a particular field. Like many areas of the Web site, the directory is a work in progress. Information in the Register is drawn from two separate databases, and the program the college uses to "marry" the data often falls short of the ideal. The college's Information Technology and advancement staffs are working to remedy this. The more alumni who use the database to update their records, the more accurate the register will be.

A few caveats: to protect alumni privacy and restrict the directory to alumni, the system currently requires the college to authenticate each user who

attempts to log in. Once an alumnus registers, it will take college staff about two business days to provide a password that will grant access. Similarly, any changes made to an individual record will take a few days to appear. Alumni can choose at any time to restrict their information to "name only" or to not appear in the Register.

If you encounter any difficulty with the Register or the Alumni section, or have thoughts about how the Web site can better serve alumni, contact either of the alumni

directors: in Annapolis, Jo Ann Mattson at 410-626-2531; in Santa Fe, Roxanne Seagraves at 505-984-6103. ✦



DIVING WITH SHARKS IN SOUTH AFRICA OR WRESTLING WITH PLATO IN SANTA FE?

Along with articles about pumping iron and healthy eating, the April edition of *Men's Health* listed Santa Fe's Summer Classics among its "25 Greatest Getaways for Men."

"We've found the best places you've never been," the article begins—"high-point adventures you can plan right now and brag about for years." The feature lists opportunities such as climbing the sand dunes of Namibia, cage-diving with Great White sharks in South Africa, and piloting a submarine in Mexico. Studying the classics at St. John's sounds pretty cool, too: "Do you really want to check out of this life without having known what Shakespeare, Mozart, and Tolstoy were going on about? Take

a crash course in the human experience—and spend a sabbatical summer to remember—by registering at St. John's College, where laymen are invited to delve into the great works of man in small classes...."

This year's Summer Classics offerings are luxuriously eclectic, combining classics of the East and West with modern fiction and a generous serving of music.

The first week, July 11-16, features Joseph Conrad and Henry James, Xenophon, and Freud in the morning; in the afternoon participants take on the stories and short novels of Dostoevsky and Gregorian Chant.

During week two, July 18-23, morning session participants

can choose from Mozart or Lao Tzu, or Jane Austen paired with Shakespeare. Afternoon participants can take on Copernican meditations, the short stories of Thomas Mann, or the Platonic dialogues *Laches*, *Charminides*, or *Euthyphro*.

The third week, July 25-30, features a.m. offerings of Mahler, the Yoga Visitha, and Spinoza. In the afternoon participants can study Maurice Merleau-Ponty's *Phenomenology of Perception*, Montaigne essays, or Faulkner's *Absalom! Absalom!*

The full schedule of seminars and tutors are available on the college Web site: www.stjohnscollege.edu. ✦

JOURNALISTIC JOHNNIES

The Moon and The Gadfly: Politics, Poetry, Punditry

Of the four individuals who edited the student newspapers in Annapolis and Santa Fe this past academic year, not one has the slightest interest in pursuing a journalism career. Yes, it had crossed their minds at one point or another, but they have all talked themselves out of it.

Cathy Keene, a rising junior in Annapolis who helped edit *The Gadfly* for two years, admits to being a deadline junkie and loves being in the know on controversies or breaking news. But one summer spent working at a magazine convinced her she should consider another way to make a living. "Too much stress," she explains. Ian McCracken, her co-editor this year, is graduating and heading to law school. Santa Fe *Moon* co-editor Jonathan Morgan, a senior, is more interested in biotechnology; senior Margaret Garry is now leaning toward law school and politics.

So, if it's not a career goal that tethers these individuals to 10 to 12 hours a week of writing, editing, and production headaches—on top of work-study jobs and all the regular rigors of the Program—what is it?

"I have no idea why I do it," Keene admits. "We're all friends at *The Gadfly*, and it's really fun getting it out every week. It gives me a real connection to the Polity."

"We get to produce this little snapshot of St. John's," says Garry. "And it's really cool seeing the *Moon* come together, from somebody's idea to publication."

The two periodicals differ significantly in graphic style, content, and tone. *The Gadfly* is heavy on politics and Polity issues; fiction and poetry are more likely to turn up in the

Moon (though it doesn't shy away from hard news either). *The Gadfly* savors the back-and-forth of intellectual arguments between two people that can span several issues. In the *Moon*, the "campus moralist" expounds on issues of student conduct; *The Gadfly* has "You Make the Call," athletic director Leo Pickens' regular sports rules quiz.

Consider some of the offerings in Volume 8, Issue 4, of the *Moon*: an opinion piece honoring military veterans; a feature on the Web site bartcop.com, a first-person parody of a seminar on *The Runaway Bunny*, an explanation of the Student Review Board, a think piece about the value of studying classical languages, an investigative report on problems concerning a Common Room, and a science-fiction fantasy offering on "Poster Wars."

And Volume 25, Issue 20, of *The Gadfly*: of review of tutors' performance of *The Birds*; an extensive piece on a cover-up by the liberal media, three-and-a-half pages of letters to the editors, a review of Mr. Grenke's Friday-night lecture on Kant, and "Why I Hate George W. Bush, the Final Installment," including the author's offer of a cup of coffee for those who would sit down and talk with him about their opposing views.

Both publications attracted controversy this year. *The Gadfly* was delayed when assistant dean Judith Seeger and student services director Joy Kaplan decided two stories should not run. One included potentially libelous material, the other confidential college information.

Seeger doesn't see her role as a watchdog; she reviews the publication with an eye to

THE GADFLY

What Did You Do During the Hurricane?



protecting the college from lawsuits. "We have occasionally seen things that we think are sometimes cruel, and we'll say 'do you really want to put that in your paper?' And sometimes they have listened and reconsidered."

The Gadfly was also blasted for running a sham review submitted by two students on a movie they called "Tough Jew." "What really got people mad was the photo we ran with it—Leo Strauss. The outline was: 'Leo Strauss: tough?' One tutor wrote in and said, basically, 'how dare you?' We were totally blown away by the response. We defended ourselves, and then we learned the movie was a fake—we looked even stupider. It was a learning experience," Keene says.

The Moon editors also had a learning experience in the Santa Fe campus response to the newspaper's "2003 Dirty Poetry Contest" issue last fall. The issue included photographs of female students that some in the campus community considered racy; others considered them degrading.

"There were several different objections to the issue from faculty members, the administration, even a couple of students," Morgan says. "I think the most valid point is that showing certain students in that framework contributed to kind of an uncomfortable classroom environment. I hadn't really

thought it was that immense of a deal. People have bodies."

After Morgan and Garry sent a letter to the faculty apologizing for the issue, and promising to be more responsive in the future, a proposed resolution condemning the *Moon* turned into a resolution supporting the newspaper. "I regret that we offended some people, but I still think it was a great issue because it got people's attention," he says.

While both publications accept advertisements, they're not self-supporting and, like other student groups, get funding allocated by the college. McCracken believes the publications might be better if they were independent and funded by ad revenue. "Given all the guidelines, I sometimes think it would be easier if we weren't affiliated with the school. I know of people who would write more things if they knew their copy wasn't going to be reviewed by the administration first," he says.

Morgan hopes future *Moon* editors work to maintain the publication as a voice for students. "I like that the *Moon* doesn't have a strict focus, that we can have poetry and artwork, a commentary on Dante's *Inferno* or the *Iliad*, philosophical pieces and funny pieces," he says. "I like the creativity." ❀

—ROSEMARY HARTY

A MEETING OF MIDS: STUDENTS LAUNCH JOINT SEMINARS WITH THE NAVAL ACADEMY

The Johnnies wore jeans and t-shirts and lounged comfortably at the seminar table. Bolt upright in their chairs, white caps set neatly in front of them on the table, the midshipmen were clad in their dark uniforms and polished shoes. As they spoke, they looked to the seminar leaders, tutor Louis Miller and Naval Academy Professor Lt. David Bonfili, and resisted the urge to raise their hands.



JUNIOR RACHEL HALL AND MIDSHIPMAN DAVID BUCK

January 2003, was on Sun Tsu's *The Art of War*. Johnnies went to the Naval Academy to discuss Plato's *Crito* last fall.

Jacob Thomas, a junior, found the Thoreau seminar the best of the three so far, because midshipmen had caught on to the dynamic of seminar. In discussion of Sun Tsu, their superior military knowledge tended to lead them

The text before the group of 10 students was Thoreau's "On Civil Disobedience." Miller's opening question drew from Thoreau's words: "Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?—in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable?" For two hours, students grappled with the text not as students from a military academy or liberal arts college, but as intelligent, self-directed individuals eager to grasp the heart of an idea.

The discussion quickly drew out strong responses, but it didn't evolve into a debate between students from the two institutions. Thoreau's stance on not paying taxes and his views about resisting an unjust government were seen by some of the midshipmen as ideological luxuries. One midshipman was distinctly annoyed by what he described as Thoreau's "arrogant" ideal-

ism. "He'd like to be a martyr, but he's not," said a midshipman who pointed out that Thoreau did not resist when his friends bailed him out of jail. And several students—Johnnies and mids alike—disagreed with Thoreau's stance that it was not his "business" to petition the government to remedy what he viewed as unjust laws.

Said a Johnnie, "Thoreau believes that we won't need government if we're enlightened."

Enlightenment is a fine thing, a midshipman countered. But who will build the roads? Can we convene a government just when we need one to accomplish some particular goal? Can we call up a military force only when under attack?

One of the midshipmen said that governments do make bad decisions and meddle in personal liberty; citizens should protest when a government's actions are unjust. "There are people who don't have anything to do with me making

decisions about how I live my life," she said.

"Not all of us," said another midshipman, "can be Martin Luther King or Gandhi. If everyone stopped supporting the government, I don't know where we'd be today."

After the seminar, the group gathered in the Great Hall with the participants of the five other seminars, about 70 in total. Midshipman David Buck attended all three seminars, partly out of interest in the readings, but also because his girlfriend, St. John's junior Rachel Hall, helped to organize them. Hall hit on the idea when she began reading Sun Tsu's *The Art of War* last year and found she wanted to discuss it with a group of people. She brought the idea to Navy Professor David Garren, and Garren helped recruit Navy co-leaders and organize the seminars. "He was very enthusiastic about it," said Hall, who found St. John's tutors were also pleased to participate. The first seminar, in

to dominate the conversations, he said.

"But this time, they really became involved in the discussion and in Thoreau's ideas, which was wonderful," said Thomas.

"It's good for our students to be exposed to each other," said Lt. Bonfili, a political science professor. "I see the diversity of opinions coming out."

Having encountered Johnnies during waltz parties, croquet, and Reality, Buck has been impressed with the intellectual side of St. John's. Still, he added, "Johnnies are crazier than mids."

Like croquet, the joint seminars seem to have become another tradition, says junior Mark Ingham, who helped organize the seminars. "The more you talk with the midshipmen, the less intimidated you are by the uniform," he said. ✦

—ROSEMARY HARTY

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

APPOINTMENTS

In the Graduate Institutes, effective June 1: Tutor **KRISHNAN VENKATESH** becomes director in Santa Fe; tutor **JOAN SILVER** the director in Annapolis. Venkatesh has been a tutor since 1989. He earned a bachelor's in English from Magdalene College, Cambridge. He spent more than three years conducting postdoctoral research in Shakespeare and Renaissance English at the University of Munster, West Germany, and later taught at Shanxi University, People's Republic of China, where he helped develop an ESL curriculum.

Silver earned her bachelor's degree from the State University of New York, College at Old Westbury, a master's from St. John's, and a doctorate in Theology and the Arts from Graduate Theological Union. She was a tutor in Annapolis from 1974-77, a tutor for several summers beginning in 1985,

and in Santa Fe from 1989-96 before she came to Annapolis in 1997.

ANNAPOLIS APPOINTMENT

STEVE LINHARD, assistant treasurer in Annapolis, will fill the position of treasurer on the recommendation of St. John's President Christopher Nelson and the campus faculty. The college's board approved the appointment. Linhard came to the college in 1997 as controller. Prior, he was the accounting manager/controller for the Chesapeake Bay Foundation.

NEW STAFF IN SANTA FE

DOUG SINGLE joins the college as director for college-wide major gifts. He brings extensive fund-raising and management experience to the new position. After earning bachelor's and master's degrees in political science from Stanford University, Single became associate director of athletics and assistant football coach at Stanford; he also served as athletic director at Southern Methodist and Northwestern universities. Single recently served as chief executive

MIDDLE STATES REVIEW

St. John's in Annapolis has earned a 10-year reaccreditation from the Middle States Commission on Higher Education. The college's accreditation was reaffirmed at the March meeting of the commission and followed a review of the college's extensive self-study.

A report from the evaluation team affirmed that St. John's is carrying out its educational objectives. The college community found its opening words most gratifying: "St. John's College (SJC) deserves its reputation as one of the best and most distinctive institutions in the United States, indeed the world. The College has a long and unswerving history of commitment to a single ideal: the life of the mind as principally represented in the great books of the Western tradition. Everything in the educational program evolves from this ideal and it has worn well over many years. By design, change occurs slowly at SJC and this deliberateness buffers the College from the swings of fad and momentary diversions that often plague other sectors of higher education."

The college this year also sought accreditation from the American Academy for Liberal Education; a decision from the AALE is pending. ❖

officer of the David Douglas Marketing Group in San Francisco.

JOHN HARTNETT (SF83) has been named communications director. Hartnett attended the Santa Fe campus before going on to earn undergraduate degrees in philosophy and economics from the University

of Illinois. He also holds a master's degree in writing from Hamline University in St. Paul, Minn. Most recently, he was the president of his own marketing communications company. ❖

CONSIDER CONSOLIDATING

Alumni with student loans may want to look into consolidating them into one fixed-rate loan, the college's Financial Aid offices advise. Student-loan consolidation involves paying off current federal education loans in full and creating a new loan with a new interest rate and repayment term up to 30 years. Federal Stafford and PLUS loans charge variable rates that are set by formulas based on the last auction of 91-day U.S. Treasury bills in May. Federal consolidation loans, however, carry fixed rates that

are based on the rates of the loans being consolidated. In recent years, the variable student loan rate, determined by the government, has been at record lows (3.4 percent on Stafford loans in May), but interest rates are expected to rise this year. Parents of college students who have taken out PLUS loans may also consolidate these loans at current rates.

There's another reason to act quickly, says Caroline Christensen, financial aid director in Annapolis. Legislation expected

to come before Congress as part of its renewal of the Higher Education Act this year could turn that low fixed rate into a variable rate in the future. Proponents of the bill say the government is losing millions in subsidies it pays to lenders and want the savings directed to other aid programs for currently-enrolled students.

However, new alumni face complications. "If you consolidate during your six-month grace period, you lock in at the in-school rate, currently 2.82 percent," Christensen says.

"What if you lock in at 2.82 percent, then rates drop on June 30? You'll have a higher rate for the life of your loan, in addition to losing remaining months of interest-free grace period when you consolidate. So you want to wait until very close to the end of your grace period."

Contact your lender or the Financial Aid office on either campus: in Annapolis, 410-626-2503; in Santa Fe, 505-984-6058. Information on researching and comparing loan programs is available at www.estudent.com. ❖

BOARD APPROVES POLITY AMENDMENTS

Among the many actions it took at its quarterly meeting in April, the college's Board of Visitors and Governors approved a change to the college Polity, the governing document for St. John's College.

The Management Committee—which oversees non-academic policy and coordinates administration of the two campuses—was made a permanent part of the St. John's governing structure. The Management Committee was established in 2000 and included as an addition to the Polity with a five-year sunset clause. The board voted to delete the sunset clause, thus continuing the committee.

This action represents the culmination of a several-year review of the Polity, which also resulted in a rewording to reflect gender-neutral language and 10 amendments being passed in April 2003. One of these amendments—the addition of sexual

orientation to the college's non-discrimination policy—had been controversial a decade ago. During a review of the Polity in 1993, the board failed to adopt an amendment that specifically prohibited discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. Five years later, in 1998, the issue was not even raised.

"The first time it came up, it was so bitter, so divisive, that people were afraid to bring it up again," said Jean FitzSimon (A73), a lawyer who served on the board committee that took up the most recent review of the document. Original resistance to adding to the document was centered on the belief that discrimination based on sexual orientation was covered by other laws, and therefore did not need to be spelled out, FitzSimon said.

FitzSimon and other committee members believed otherwise: "Even if it [discrimination]

isn't happening at the college, the Polity is the Polity. We talked about the public nature of this document, and we felt that this was something that had to be spelled out," FitzSimon said.

This time around the Polity Review Committee, led by Greg Curtis, did bring up the issue as it began to work through possible revisions in 2002. This committee recommended, and the Board adopted, a revised non-discrimination clause:

"There shall be no discrimination at St. John's College in appointments, conditions of employment, admissions, educational policy, financial aid programs, athletics, or other activities, on the basis of race, religion, age, sex, national origin, color, disability and/or physical handicap, sexual orientation, or other characteristic protected by any applicable federal, state or local law." ❖

TAXING BACHELORS

As Maryland's legislators grappled this spring with measures to raise money for the state's coffers, word of an innovative approach from the past—a tax on bachelors—reached *The College*, thanks to Richard Israel, retired Maryland assistant attorney general.

While browsing through pages of General Assembly proceedings, Israel found that in 1761 legislators issued a series of proposals for funding a college that eventually resulted in St. John's. The "batchelor's tax" was expected to have a value of 500 pounds or more, according to a bill aimed at acquiring Bladen's Folly, now McDowell Hall. Listed also were 600 pounds to be raised through licenses for public ordinaries (pubs), 150 pounds from taxes on wheel carriages, and 90 pounds through fees on card and billiard tables.

The idea wasn't just to raise money, but also to encourage single men to settle down, as Israel found in the Acts of the General Assembly, 1755-56: "Forasmuch as Divine Institutions ought to be strictly observed in every well-regulated Government, and as that in Regard to the entering into the holy Estate of Matrimony may tend to the more orderly Propagation of Mankind, it ought, not only in a religious, but political View, to be promoted, and the continuing in a State of Celibacy discountenanced, especially in every Infant Country."

The measure, however, was never signed into law. After several subsequent attempts, St. John's was chartered as a college in 1784, soon after the end of the Revolutionary War. The charter provided that the college would be financed by the revenue from several different taxes. ❖

—REBECCA WILSON (AGI82)

IN THE NICK OF TIME



MARY RUFFIN

A TRAFFIC STOP ON THEIR WAY TO THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE NEARLY MADE THIS GROUP OF ANNAPOLIS SENIORS MISS THE MIDNIGHT DEADLINE FOR TURNING IN THEIR SENIOR ESSAYS. (THE POLICE OFFICER WAS UNIMPRESSED WITH THE STUDENTS' PLEAS TO LET THEM GO ON THEIR WAY.) FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE DEAN HARVEY FLAUMENHAFT, JUSTIN BERRIER, HAYDEN BROCKETT, MELISSA THOMAS, AND JOSEPH METHOD. A RATTLED THOMAS IS MORE THAN READY TO HAND OVER COPIES OF HER ESSAY, "RECONCILING FAITH WITH ACTION."

FUN-RAISING, EAST AND WEST

Art, Wine, and Good Conversation Brighten Winter's Dark Nights

Two events in January show that alumni and other college supporters won't pass up a chance for self-improvement along with the opportunity to stay connected to St. John's. Fine wine and good food can't hurt, either.

In Santa Fe, Larry Turley (SF69) brought the extraordinary wines of Turley Wine Cellars to a benefit hosted by the Philos Society—a group of local patrons of the college. The event had wine-lovers buzzing over Turley's hard-to-find wines, paired with gourmet food.

In Baltimore, Philanthropia (the Alumni Development Council) and President Christopher Nelson hosted a "Conversation About the State of the College" at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Wintry weather in December cancelled the first attempt at the BMA event, but the rescheduled event was well-attended—encouraging Philanthropia to plan future stimulating occasions to keep Johnnies informed and involved in the college. ❖

PHILOS SOCIETY EVENT FEATURES TURLEY WINES

"Wine is the glass of the mind." -ERASMUS

A wine dinner hosted by the Philos Society of St. John's College brought 100 people from the Santa Fe community to the rooftop garden room of La Fonda Hotel in January. While the opportunity to learn more about St. John's College and fine wines attracted many, it was clear that the main attractions were the Napa Valley wines provided by Larry Turley (SF69). After all, there's a two-year waiting list

for Turley's coveted wines, such as a 2001 bottle of The White Coat. The event was limited to 100, and the tickets, at \$125 apiece, sold out well in advance.

Now the owner of Turley Wine Cellars, Turley earned a medical degree and became an emergency-room physician after leaving St. John's. He co-founded the Frog's Leap Winery in 1981, and then moved on to open Turley Wine

Cellars with his sister, Helen (A67).

The hotel's wine experts and chefs worked to create the night's dinner menu. The White Coat was paired with appetizers: langostino and goat cheese empanadas with toasted piñon-green apple slaw. Next came the duck confit on greens tossed with chile cascabel-basil vinaigrette, served with a 2001 Pesenti Vineyard Zinfandel. Paired with the third course (pan-roasted chicken breast with white truffle demi-roasted garlic mashed potatoes and sautéed spaghetti squash) was a 2001 Hayne Vineyard Zinfandel. A 2001 Library Vineyard Petite Syrah accompanied cheese and fruit.

The event raised \$6,500 for the college's Annual Fund.



Turley donated some of the wine for the event and provided the rest at cost. In his bolo tie and denim shirt, he circulated among the guests, talking about wine and wine-making and graciously accepting compliments from wine lovers grateful for a chance to experience something extraordinary.

The Philos Society of St. John's College was founded to foster and enhance communication, understanding, and joint activities between the college and its community. Co-chairs of the board are Donn Duncan, M.D., and Robert Zone, M.D. ❖



LEFT: PHILOS BOARD MEMBER CHARMAY ALLRED SHARES HER APPRECIATION FOR LARRY TURLEY'S WINE.

ABOVE: RICHARD MORRIS, A PAST BOARD MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE, AND JEFF BISHOP (HA96), VICE PRESIDENT FOR COLLEGEWIDE ADVANCEMENT, PERUSE SILENT AUCTION OFFERINGS.

FRIDAY AT THE BMA WITH CHRIS

Thanks to Philanthropia (the Alumni Development Council) and Annapolis President Christopher Nelson, Baltimore-Washington alumni had an opportunity to enjoy a private viewing of the Baltimore Museum of Art's Cone Collection. Afterwards, the 82 alumni gathered for conversation, refreshments catered by The Classic Catering People, owned by Harriet Dopkin (A77), and an update on the college by the president.

The sights and sounds of the evening echoed the style of the Cone Collection, creating an impressionistic tableau of delights for the eyes, treats for the tongue, fellowship for the soul, and ample food for thought. Thus, as an homage to the Cone Collection, *The College* offers its report in the style of the impressionists.

THE ART

Matisse, *Purple Robe and Anemones, Interior, Flowers, and Parakeets*

Picasso, *Mother and Child*

Cézanne, *Mont Sainte-Victoire Seen from the Bibemus Quarry*

Monet, *Waterloo Bridge*

Van Gogh, *Landscape With Figures*

FÊTE AVEC BIÈRE ET VIN

Caprese skewers of pesto-rubbed grape tomatoes, baby mozzarella, and kalamata olives

Dried fig, walnut, and goat cheese tapenade

Tenderloin roulades with spinach and portobello mushrooms

Jumbo lump crab fondue with a hint of dry sherry and old bay

Miniature fruit tarts, petite brownies, raspberry almond bars, and fresh strawberries

DeGroen's micro brew, Banrock Station wine, coffee, tea

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

Applicant pool up, attrition down.

Graduate Institute—healthy.

A new dormitory with water view is being built for 48 students.

The Santa Fe Initiative invests \$4.5 million in the campus and student life.

Gratitude for The Hodson Trust's \$10 million grant, which funded the Mellon renovation and new dormitory.

Two or three additional major gifts this year: a possibility.

The help and support of all alumni at all levels of giving: priceless.

THE REVIEWS

Sara Stuart (A90): "Mark Lindley (A67) must have gone through the Cone Collection before Brad (A89) and I arrived. He was able to tell us about all of the paintings and art objects, and about the Cone sisters'



PRESIDENT CHRISTOPHER NELSON WITH MARK LINDLEY (A67).

time in Paris among the expatriates. It was as though he had memorized all the accompanying notes on the walls. It was great fun listening to him—he completed the experience for me. I'm not sure going through the Cone Collection will ever be the same.

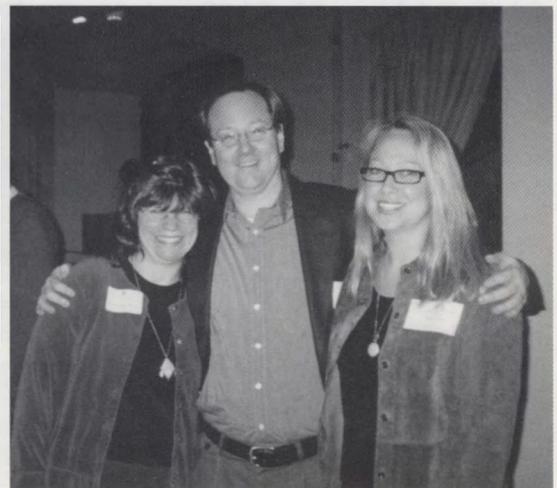
"Although I didn't ask a question of Chris Nelson, I liked hearing what he had to say, and I know that people felt free to ask him anything about the college. I was reminded that I still don't know very much about the Santa Fe campus and what its financial needs are, or what those needs grow out of."

Stacey Andersen (AGI93): "While we were wandering through the Cone Collection, we noticed it was noisy: not normal museum behavior. Yet we were expected to talk. There's a commonality we've run into with people who've gone to St. John's. There's a shared dialogue. It's a tone that was set and carried throughout the evening. I think that's what led to the discussion that continued after Chris Nelson gave his introductory talk. We thought the venue for an alumni function was fantastic. Is there a better place to unleash a group of Johnnies than in a museum? Thank you for giving us the text!" ❀

- SUSAN BORDEN, A87



ABOVE: THE FEAST
RIGHT: SARA LARSON STUART (A90),
BRAD STUART (A89), AND PHILANTHROPIA
EVENT CHAIR STEPH TAKACS (A89)



Febbie Question Answered

Wendell Finner's account of his query concerning SJC's lack of Eastern authors (Winter 2004) brought back a memory of Douglas Allenbrook that I cherish more as political correctness continues to eliminate free speech.

During convocation for the Febbie 1980 class, one student asked about the lack of Eastern authors. Without hesitation, and with a charming smile, Mr. Allenbrook replied "...the only thing good that has come out of the East was the Sun." Memories like these convince me that St. John's College is more important than ever to liberal education and free thought.

STEVEN D. BROWER (A83)

The Lost Languages

It was a joy and consolation to read the article about the intensive Latin summer classes in the Fall 2003 issue of *The College*. It made up for the allegation by a recent commencement speaker that the students in front of him were lucky to have the best education: liberal arts, i.e. trivium and quadrivium—or, as my Munich editor explained to colleagues at the Beck publishing house, the "*Septem Artes*" we did at this interesting college in America. Yes, the liberal arts, all seven of them, and four foreign languages, the commencement speaker said: Greek and Latin and German and French. The graduates kept a straight face.

Latin had already been dropped from the curriculum when I joined St. John's in 1960. German survived another couple of years; then it, too, was gone. I taught one of the last classes. It was a pleasure, and a profitable one. We read bits of the Luther translation of the Bible, the beginning of Genesis and the opening of the Gospel of John, and the juniors recalled some of the Greek New Testament. We read Lessing and a little Kant (with the surprising earthiness of his vocabulary); we read some Goethe; some of the rhymed cautionary tales of Heinrich Hoffmann...and stuck to texts that seemed more memorable and discussable.

There was a young man in that class, Jim Forrester (A62). He took the very first [translation], six weeks into the first semester. I was amazed at the result, which included a perfect translation of a page from Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*. He translated it into real English, not translaterese, and showed an astonishing feel

*"Yes, sing ye and
chant it! –
and you'll learn to
speak and read it..."*

BEATE RUHM VON OPPEN

for nuances. Next time the class met I asked Mr. Forrester if he had been a beginner when we began six weeks ago. He said: "Yes"—and after a moment's reflection he added: "I'd sung some Bach."

Bach makes the language, especially the biblical language, Luther's German, memorable. It sticks in the mind—even as some of Picander's poetry in the *St. Matthew Passion* does, or perhaps just first words like "*Buss und Reu*," though the Gospel of Matthew itself is more memorable, e.g., "*Der Geist ist willig, aber das Fleisch ist schwach*" quotable and even usable in daily life...

That remark by Jim Forrester taught me that singing is the best way to learn a language. Perhaps poetry, anything that scans is the next best. So we now leave German (and Latin) to the freshman chorus and the other, voluntary singing groups. Yes, sing ye and chant it! – and you'll learn to speak and read it...

BEATE RUHM VON OPPEN
TUTOR EMERITA

Thailand's War on Drugs

I wanted to address something that [Tutor Linda] Weiner said in describing her summer in Thailand (Winter 2004). Ms. Weiner suggested that Thailand benefits from an "enlightened monarch" and described the king's policy of replacing opium farms with organic farms. While the king may be enlightened, Thailand's Prime Minister and police force are not. In Thailand's own war on drugs, 2,245 people were killed in an anti-drug campaign from February to April 2003. The police admitted to killing 50 themselves, and many others were killed as they returned from police stations. Thai officials have neglected to investigate or prosecute the killings. In August Prime Minister Thaksin said, in reference to drug smugglers crossing from Myanmar to Thailand, "From now on if their trafficking

caravans enter our soil, we won't waste our time arresting them, but we will simply kill them." This and other policy statements of the Prime Minister suggest that more extrajudicial killings will come.

The international community, including the U.N. Special Rapporteur on extrajudicial, summary or arbitrary executions; Amnesty International; and the Drug Policy Alliance, have expressed outrage over the human rights abuses stemming from Thailand's war on drugs. I would hate for Johnnies to get the impression that the program described by Ms. Wiener is indicative of Thai drug policy. More information can be found in the Amnesty International report "Thailand—Grave Developments—Killings and Other Abuses" available at www.amnesty.org

RENATE LUNN (A96)

Room for Gauss

Doing year-end cleaning I chanced upon Sheri McMahon's letter in the Spring 2003 issue of *The College*. I guess it's a recurring topic among alumni who reflect upon the mathematics tutorial.

I personally have often thought it a pity not to pursue geometry a little further. I always felt a historical approach to Gauss's *Theorema Egregium* on curved surfaces or something like that might be possible. Michael Spivak does something along these lines in his *Comprehensive Introduction to Differential Geometry*. I always felt there was no greater figure left out of the program than Gauss, that there was a route to some of his work in geometry that would be accessible to seniors, that it was the perfect context for glimpses of non-Euclidean geometry and general relativity that were offered in the tutorial (nearly three decades ago!), that it has a perfect antecedent in the spherical geometry of Ptolemy.

MARK COPPER (SF76)

Words and Deeds

Thank you for the article in the Winter 2004 issue on Santa Fe's martial artists. The Annapolis campus has also enjoyed the Asian martial traditions over the years. In 1977 tutor David Starr persuaded one of his former philosophy students from the University of Rhode Island, a prodigiously talented gentleman named Robert Galeone, to move to Annapolis to teach the Okinawan system of Uechi-ryu karatedo.

continued on next page

I was Mr. Galeone's first student at the college club, which met in one of the handball courts in Iglehart Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Saturday mornings. Mr. Galeone, a 5th-degree black belt, produced quite a few serious students over the seven years that he led the dojo.... Today, Annapolis students interested in aikido may join the U.S. Naval Academy's Aikido Club, which holds classes on both the Naval Academy campus and in Iglehart Hall. (For more information, see <http://www.geocities.com/navyaikido/>.)

It seems to me that study and practice of the martial arts, whether from Asia or the West, is essential to the development of a free citizen. Whether the pen is mightier than the sword is not the right question. Rather, why should the study of one preclude the study of the other? To paraphrase a Japanese proverb, in the hands of an educated individual, the sword and the pen are one. Unfortunately, it is too easy for a student of the liberal arts to acquire a great and unjustified faith in the power of speech, along with an all-too-ready skepticism concerning action. Words need the support of deeds. As Mr. Galeone once said, "The body remembers what it does, and not what you tell it." Martial arts training provides the student with the framework to become as proficient in the world of action as he or she is in the world of reason, by teaching balance, grace, and poise, all while facing an adversary. I hope that students on both campuses will take advantage of the opportunities to pursue these disciplines.

JIM SORRENTINO (A80)

CALENDAR MYSTERIES REVEALED

I was quite amazed to open the 2004 calendar and find a photo of my high school math teacher (February 2004). He is Thomas Yoon (A58), and he taught me trigonometry and led a philosophy seminar at Scarborough School, in Scarborough, N.Y. My guess is that it was 1967. He was an inspiring teacher with a great sense of humor, and was the one who told me about St. John's College.

PIPPY ELLISON (A72)

The May 2004 photo of students at a table on the dining hall balcony was taken in June or July 1985. It was a PR photo from a whole set of photos taken that day all over the campus. The students in the photo are mostly January freshmen, though I can't remember or find their names in any of the

few lists I have. The whole scene was contrived, which is why there is a smirk on the face of the guy front center and guy left. Girl center was trying to look serious and guy rear was told to pose in an awkward position. The people at the end of the table were told to look at each other. No one has the same book. The photos were intended for a catalog redesign, or a flyer for the admissions office.

I was the student aide for Marsha Drennon, then admissions director, and helped find the students and arrange the furniture. Notice how there aren't any empty chairs? We did have a blast doing the series of pictures around the campus.

MICHAEL DAVID (SF87)

DUMPING CONCERNS

While I found the "Night Crawlers" letter (Winter 2004) somewhat amusing as a piece of black humor, I was taken aback that there was no editorial note as to the state of affairs since the dumping occurred. Has all that stuff been leaching into the ground and water and possibly the creek ever since with nothing being done, or was it cleaned up at some later date? If not, I think [the college] is morally, and perhaps legally, bound to address the problem. Surely, SJC is not so philosophically preoccupied that it doesn't care what it does to our environment?

NATALIE CHAMBLISS (CLASS OF 1964)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Steve Linhard, treasurer on the Annapolis campus, says that for an undetermined period of time, a dumping ground was sited on the college's back campus. When the college investigated several years ago, it uncovered bricks, broken china, bottles,

cans, kitchen utensils, and similar domestic refuse. "Test pits were dug by an outside survey company three summers ago, and nothing of any chemical nature was found," Linhard says. "In addition, core samples were taken by a geological testing firm to examine the soil content for feasibility for thermal conductivity for the geothermal heating system for the new dormitory. These samples were examined and nothing hazardous was discovered."

ERRATA

An article in the Fall 2003 issue stated that Hans von Briesen attended and taught at Stanford and the University of Rochester. He attended the universities, but did not teach at them.

The reading list on St. John's history that accompanied an article on the attempted Navy takeover of St. John's (Winter 2003) should have included these works by Charlotte Fletcher (HA69), former librarian at the Annapolis campus: *Cato's Mirania: A Life of Provost Smith*, and "St. John's 'For Ever': Five Essays on the History of King William's School and St. John's College," published in the *St. John's Review* (1990-91).

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

Please address letters to: *The College Magazine*, St. John's College, Box 2800, Annapolis, MD 21404 or *The College Magazine*, Public Relations Office, St. John's College, 1160 Camino Cruz

Blanca, Santa Fe, NM 87505-4599.

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



REVELATION and REDEMPTION

What is the revelation in Flannery O'Connor's "Revelation"? That was the question *The College* asked of a group of tutors and others in the St. John's College community. The short essays that follow are presented as thoughtful responses to a question posed in search of gaining more insight into a puzzling and multi-layered short story. If you have not read "Revelation," or read it long ago, put this feature aside until you can.

RIPE FOR REVELATION

by Joan Silver

Last fall I received a letter from a student who said she would be "graciously appreciative" if I would tell her "just what enlightenment" I expected her to get from each of my stories. I suspect she

had a paper to write. I wrote her back to forget about the enlightenment and just try to enjoy them. I knew that was the most unsatisfactory answer I could have given because, of course, she didn't want to enjoy them, she just wanted to figure them out.

In most English classes the short story has become a kind of literary specimen

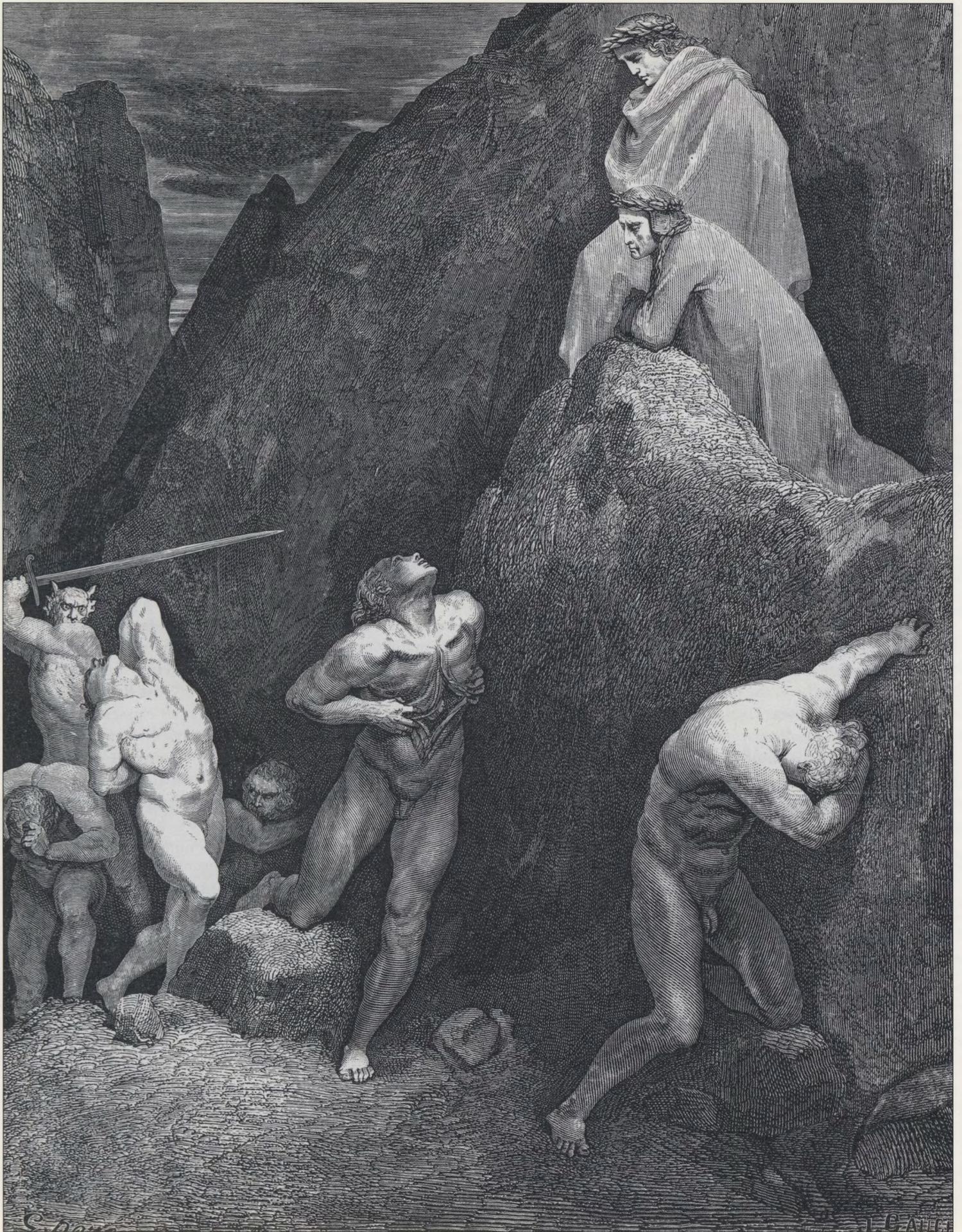
to be dissected. Every time a story of mine appears in a Freshman anthology, I have a vision of it, with its little organs laid open, like a frog in a bottle.

I realize that a certain amount of this what-is-the-significance has to go on, but I think something has gone wrong in the process when, for so many students, the story becomes simply a problem to be solved, something which you evaporate to get Instant Enlightenment.

A story isn't really very good unless it successfully resists paraphrase, unless it hangs on and expands in the mind. Properly, you analyze to enjoy, but it's equally true that to analyze with any discrimination, you have to have enjoyed already . . ."

FLANNERY O'CONNOR, *MYSTERY AND MANNERS*.

I will assume that all who have read Flannery O'Connor's story, "Revelation," have enjoyed it. We enjoy the story, and her remarks above, somehow as wholes, and also in their humorous and penetrating details. In the spirit of the above remarks, I would like to notice numerous revelations which spring from



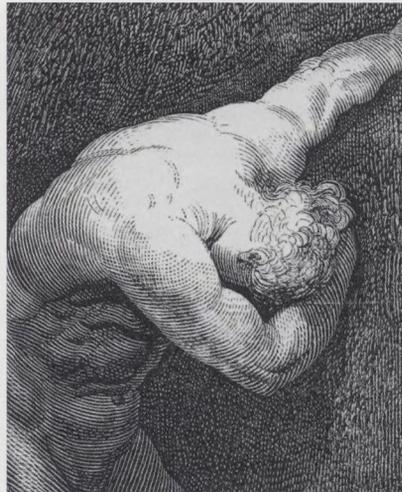
*“In a crucial moment
of that vision, she
finds her own kind
bringing up the rear...”*

this story, which calls itself “Revelation” in the singular. I hope that together they may “hang on and expand in the mind.”

Perhaps the key revelation in the story is the return to Mrs. Turpin of the enraged question she asks of God, ““Who do you think you are?””: “The question carried over the pasture and across the highway and the cotton field and returned to her clearly like an answer from beyond the wood.” This answer is a distillation of the revelation already embedded in her earlier questions: ““How am I a hog and me both? How am I saved and from hell too?”” At this reply, Mrs. Turpin’s mouth opens (is it in wonder or in understanding?), and she does not speak. But this revelation is not the end of the story.

Other revelations follow, mediated by a moment in which she imagines the death of her husband, his truck hit by another, his “brains all over the road.” Seeing his truck return, she herself begins to move, “like a monumental statue coming to life.” Only now do initial events of the story receive their answering revelations.

An early revelation in the story is that “living demonstrations” are present in the world. When the story begins Mrs. Turpin (who is “very large”) is entering the “very small” waiting room of a doctor’s office; she is said to be a “living demonstration that the room was inadequate and ridiculous.” As the story goes on, of course, we see that the waiting room is exactly the right size for the events which take place in it. A later echo which replies to this apparent “living demonstration” immediately follows Mrs. Turpin’s “coming to life.” The “old sow” and young hogs, above whose “pig parlor” she confronts God, find their places in their “waiting room” with ease: “They had settled all in one corner around the old sow who was grunting softly. A red glow suffused them. They appeared to pant with a secret life.” It is the sow and the other pigs who become a real “living demonstration” for Mrs. Turpin and for the reader. Her earlier “glowering down” at the hogs and disdain of others has become a “gazing down”; she “remained there with her gaze bent to them as if she were absorbing some abysmal life-giving knowledge.”



Two more echoes follow. The first is a revelation and echo for Mrs. Turpin and the reader alike; the second, for the reader alone. Early on, Mrs. Turpin’s character is revealed by one of her inner “games.” In one, she lies awake at night “naming the classes of people.” She separates and tries to rank human beings by certain combinations of race and property, but the real people of her acquaintance will not stay put in the places that she gives them: “Usually by the time she had fallen asleep all the classes of people were moiling and roiling around in her head, and she would dream they were all crammed in together in a box car, being ridden off to be put in a gas oven.” The

impulse from which such grading and judging spring leads ultimately to the gas chamber—to spiritual and physical death for all. This dream is echoed and transformed at the end by Mrs. Turpin’s vision of the “vast horde of souls rumbling toward heaven” in which all classes and kinds are present. In a crucial moment of that vision, she finds her own kind bringing up the rear: “she could see by their shocked and altered faces that even their virtues were being burned away.” Not the fire which makes the gas chamber, but the fire of purgatory is needed. Note, too, that hogs are easier to clean than humans; for pigs, only water is needed.

The final echo is concerned with seeing (and with size). Mrs. Turpin’s eyes were initially described as “little bright black eyes . . . [that] sized up the seating situation” and all else around her. After the vision just mentioned, O’Connor tells us that her eyes are “small but fixed unblinkingly on what lay ahead.” We may need to ask just what is intended by “what lay ahead,” but, in this changed description, we receive the revelation both that a kind of steadfast looking is necessary for us, and that a transformation of one’s manner of seeing in the world is possible, (and that size—at least relative human size—does not matter).

Among the many other revelations in the story, two seem worthy of note in the context of the ones mentioned above. The first concerns the catalyst for revelation, the

second the capacity to receive it. The story shows revelation—or the beginning of it—coming from the strangest source: Mary Grace. The suffering of one human being, her anger and anguish, gives birth to grace for another. And in Ruby Turpin the story shows inquiry, linked with sin, as a potential path to revelation and grace. Mrs. Turpin’s inner “games” embody inquiry in a strange form: who might I have been if not myself; what is my place within all of humanity? They also, of course, reveal pride masquerading as gratitude. This picture remains a revelation, if a comic one, of what can make one ripe for revelation.

Joan Silver is a tutor and incoming director of the Graduate Institute in Annapolis.

JUDGMENT DAY

by Pamela Kraus

Ruby Turpin knows what should be and does her part to make it so. She notices every instance of the messy, dirty, unregulated world. She has her faults, she knows that, but she’s a respectable, church-going woman who always tries to make things right. She keeps pigs—just a few of the preeminent unclean animal—but she’s built them a concrete pen, a “pig-parlor,” to keep them from wallowing in mud and slop, and she hoses them down regularly. On the day of this story Ruby accompanies her husband Claud to the doctor and sizes up the waiting room: it’s small and dirty and filled with slovenly, careless people. To counter the disorder she exercises the best force she can, her good disposition generously

IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN

by Basia Miller

Mrs. Turpin’s revelation is pretty dark. She has experienced the dark before—at the end of her dreams, everyone is crammed in a boxcar and sent off to a gas oven. Today when she and Claud enter their own dirt road on the way back from the doctor’s, she is ready to see her home destroyed, “a burnt wound between two blackened chimneys.” A few moments before the end, she imagines the pickup truck being crushed and her husband’s and the fieldhands’ brains oozing out on the road. Her final revelation seems, too, to be of a world destroyed, a kind of apocalypse that nevertheless offers “life-giving knowledge.”

First, Mrs. Turpin’s vision was affected in the waiting room. When Mary Grace sent the book flying at her head, Mrs. Turpin saw things smaller first, then she saw everything larger. The impact was particularly powerful because Mrs. Turpin sensed that the girl had a deep, timeless knowledge of her, perhaps of her soul. We who have heard Mrs. Turpin talking incessantly, all afternoon, about her own goodness have to ask if much of this talk isn’t inspired by self-doubt. She’s converted everyone’s gestures, everyone’s shoes, green stamps, and traces of snuff into material for affirming her worth in the eye of heaven, like a person feeding an insatiable hunger.

Since the emergency, a wrathful Mrs. Turpin has been demanding why Mary Grace called her an old wart hog from hell. Mrs. Turpin is convinced that Jesus sent her the message and, though she has negotiated with him before, for once, she finds that defense is futile. She has no one to turn to. She doesn’t trust the cotton-pickers, whose comments she finds intolerable and full of flattery. She can’t confide in Claud (whose name sounds like “clod,” and who can’t shore up her failing faith). She shouts defiantly to Jesus, “Who do you think you are?”

The sight of the sun setting in the back pasture, “looking over the paling of trees like a farmer inspecting his own hogs,” triggers the collapse of her carefully-tended beliefs. She inspects her own hogs, who are glowing rosy in the corner of the pig parlor, and takes in the “abysmal life-giving knowledge” from them—sees, I think, that though there is no one out there measuring each person for a future crown, yet we have the present life. There is no doctor behind the waiting-room door, about to call our names. Mrs. Turpin sees the vast parade of people, carried to heaven on the purple bridge shouting hallelujah. She knows, for the moment at least, that this is nothing but a dream.

Basia Miller is a Santa Fe tutor.

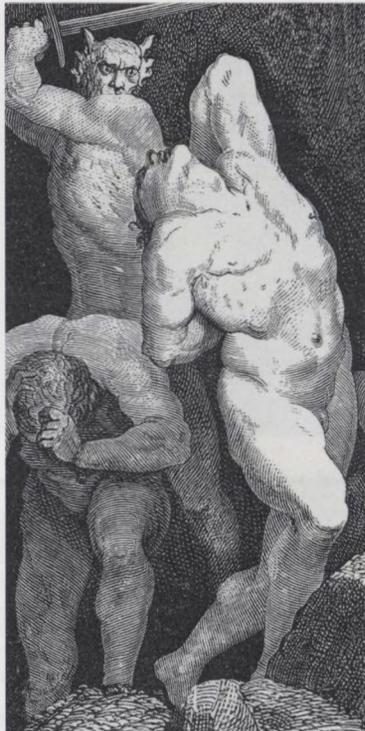
*“The purgatorial
vision reveals
all manner of
sinners lined up
in groups...”*

bestowed, a veneer of nice manners and charitable platitudes barely covering harsh judgments. This is her way of following the commandment Love Thy Neighbor. Both her justice and her mercy are superficial rather than utterly misplaced. They are poor imitations of the divine, not complete aberrations. Yet they are not harmless: they hold her fast in easygoing self-righteousness and could forever blind her to herself.

Mary Grace is the only occupant of the waiting room who won't submit to Ruby's intrusive geniality. An ugly, cranky, even mean young woman, Mary Grace sees a deeper disorder than Ruby sees, and her penetrating eye is right on Ruby Turpin. Mary Grace waits in the waiting room but is sickened by the world that surrounds her, as if she has taken in its ugliness. She is most revolted at Ruby, its banal and self-satisfied leading citizen. Seemingly lost to charity, or too burdened for it, she freely offers this world her scorn.

Each of these judges is drawn to the other from the first as to a perfect enemy. Mary Grace rebuffs Ruby's attempts at cordial small talk, even when not directed to her, by making grotesque faces. The affronts enliven Ruby's insistence on the virtue of good-naturedness. The garrulous, prettied-up world of Ruby's waiting room advances upon the stark, friendless one defended by Mary Grace. When Ruby's enthusiasm reaches its peak, she bursts out in praise: “Thank you, Jesus, for making everything the way it is!” Mary Grace retaliates. She launches her book at Ruby and goes for her throat.

Both fall in this battle. Mary Grace inflicts the blows, yet she is the one sedated and removed to a hospital. The purple swelling above Ruby's eye and the marks on her throat are on the surface; deeper is a more grievous wound. Not the book, not the hands clenched around her throat, but the words Mary Grace whispers as the two lock eyes hit home: “Go back to hell where you came from, you old wart hog.” These words “brooked no repudiation.” They strike Ruby's center of gravity, confusing her sight and toppling her confidence. Ruby is turned, readied for revelation; Mary Grace, an inadvertent



cause of grace, goes to a fate we do not know.

The vision of an ugly wart hog besets Ruby all afternoon. Driven by anger, confusion, and need, she spills her story almost in spite of herself to the Black cotton workers in her employ. This veiled plea for compassion is met with highly spirited but superficial concern—the kind of concern Ruby has been so proud of and good at herself, especially with the Blacks—and it angers her to receive it from those she has considered so far beneath her. She goes to her pig-parlor seething as intensely as Mary Grace in the waiting room, turns the hose on the pigs, and, like a comic Job, thrusts question after question at God. The questions begin in a forceful whisper, “How am I a hog and me both?”, and reach a summit of fury: “Who do you think you are?”, the fundamental question to which a vision is the mysterious answer.

The purgatorial vision reveals all manner of sinners lined up in groups, each rejoicing in its distinctive way, and puts Ruby in her place. Ahead in line are the leapers and rollickers; she, Claud, and the other respectable people are last in the procession,

their virtues the sins being burned away. The vision is a reminder of our essential unfitnes to understand and follow the commandment to love even when we desire to and a revelation of God's inscrutable, comic ways. As Ruby stands gazing upon “what lay ahead” and hearing at the crickets' chirps hallelujahs of praise, we wonder in what world Ruby now is and whether it may embrace the edge that Mary Grace inhabits.

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THE PRIVATE HELL OF RUBY TURPIN

by Cary Stickney

Without rereading the story, I want to say that the primary revelation is what the girl in the doctor's office says that



wounds Mrs. Turpin so: “You are a warthog from Hell!” Ruby Turpin cannot forget it, and it brings on a kind of crisis of faith, I presume because on some level Mrs. Turpin acknowledges its truth. It is at least in part—the warthog part—an inevitable consequence of existing as a creature in the same cosmos with an infinitely good Creator. In this sense I suppose even archangels are warthogs, compared to the beauty of God. That the warthog is from Hell seems to me to say that we have each taken the finite beauty and goodness we might have had and thrown it away. That is, we are sinners, and we make a kind of hell for ourselves.

Looking back at the story I see that the girl in the waiting room says, “Go back to Hell where you came from, you old warthog!” Mrs. Turpin had been revealing by her conversation with the girl’s mother that she lives in a world of carefully maintained distinctions, and that she compensates herself for the efforts she makes to be good by looking down on all those who seem not to try as hard. She would not describe her own world as a hell. But I see something hellish in the dream we are told she sometimes has, in which her struggles to

maintain the picture of a well-ordered hierarchy of human virtue and vice correlated with property ownership and worth ancestry, to say nothing of skin color, give way to a vision of a cattle-car crowded with every kind of human on the way to a gas oven. In her waking hours, she sees a world in which good people are the exception and things are getting worse. To be “saved,” as she believes she is, requires that she think better of things than that, at least in an ultimate sense, but it looks as if she has reduced God to a scorekeeper and that her gratitude to have been created as the one we see is dependent at least on her fear of and contempt for others. The Wellesley girl, Mary Grace, may see that, and may mean that she is far from heaven and fairly close to hell, so that it would be easy to just go back. Of course being an effective messenger may not require that the aptly named Mary Grace fully understand the message she delivers.

Both the aspects of the revelation, that she is a warthog and that she came from Hell, carry with them a redeeming and mysterious grace: namely that in spite of our vanishingly small claim to significance or beauty or even to being at all,

we somehow do exist in the same cosmos with infinite beauty and being—God has made room for us and wants us to be. That turns out to involve, in the Christian understanding, that He has moreover forgiven us the waste of our time and gifts, the pettiness and cruelty we might have avoided, and that He offers us His love. What Mrs. Turpin demands to know, namely how she can be herself and a hog too, or saved and at the same time from hell, is the mystery that requires a further revelation, or a deeper view of the one she has been given.

In the story, Mrs. Turpin is hosing out the hog pen and shaking her fist at God when the shape of the stream of water momentarily comes to resemble a snake. She is at that moment complaining to God that she might as well have never tried to lead a good life at all, if she can be so insulted and feel it so deeply; if, in a word, she is still just a warthog: in spite of all her efforts still essentially no better than the worst of sinners, the most lazy and wicked. This is a form of the temptation to think that she should, Godlike, be able to make herself, to accomplish her own goodness and merit by her unaided efforts, and thus, implicitly, to know good and evil: to have the right to judge and condemn others presumably less industrious or tasteful than herself. For if it does not ultimately matter what she does, and all saving power remains with God, why has she troubled herself all these years? “Why should we not sin the more, that Grace may abound?” asks Paul, before repudiating the question.

The mystery and the final aspect of the revelation, granted in her sunset vision, is that it does and does not matter. It does: before she sees the highway into heaven she has seen the setting sun like a farmer looking over the fence of the treetops at his hogs, and she has seen her own hogs, clean now and gathered around the old sow, the source of their lives, and one kind of image of herself. She gazes “as if through the very heart of mystery,” and again, “as if she were absorbing some abysmal, life-giving knowledge.” It is a knowledge set off both by the previous sight of her husband’s truck going down the road no bigger than a toy, liable at any moment to be smashed, and by the fact of sunset itself. Even without accident we are not here long. From the abyss, the depths at greatest distance from God, she absorbs the knowledge that life—finite, particular, hog-ugly life—precisely in its finitude, is beautiful, is full of God, its secret source. If those hogs are beautiful, then so is she; it is right that she is who she

is. But then it is equally right that others are who they are. Her struggles to do right have not made her superior. When she sees the horde of ascending souls, led by the crazy, lazy, crippled, and off-key, she sees she had to make the efforts she made to be who she is, not because God would not love her otherwise, but because there must be all kinds of saved sinners, and it is a divine gift to be whatever kind you are.

It does not matter: the very virtues of the decent and upright like herself are being burned away in the purging fires of the ascent; that is, even their virtues are small and small-minded in the light of God’s love. That God’s love is not limited by human wickedness and yet does not annihilate the significance of an individual life is part of the same revelation as that an infinite being should make room for finitude to begin with. Creation and redemption are revealed to be at one.

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THE PRESENCE OF EVIL

by George Russell

Flannery O’Connor did not write about the lives of the great, but the lives of the ordinary and the lowly. By consequence, the situations and actions of her characters are most often the stuff of comic and not tragic report. One finds himself laughing spontaneously at the human beings in her stories. Nevertheless, she is not condescending to her characters. She takes them seriously, holding them accountable for their weaknesses and transgressions. They may be ridiculous in the smallness of their views and desires, but they suffer nonetheless for their sins, and one is brought to feel for them in their sufferings and in the realizations that their sufferings allow.

“Revelation” is a story about a day in the life of Ruby Turpin, a farming woman who, as far as she knows, is “saved” (“And wona these days I know I’ll we-era a crown.”) and who, in her own words is “a respectable, hard-working, church-going woman.” From the first we are told that Ruby Turpin is a woman, big in size (“I wish I could reduce...”), blessed with a “good disposition” and “a little of everything,” with the emphasis on “everything.” In the story, we see her settled conclusions about the world

around her and her place and identity in that world and in the divine plan come under an unexpected and jarring attack during a visit with her husband to the doctor's office; and we witness a recovery which is as remarkable as the fall.

A story with two distinct parts, "Revelation" in its first part takes place in the waiting room of a doctor's office. The waiting room is emblematic of the shared human condition. Human beings are susceptible to injury and sickness. And their susceptibility is real; they get injured; they get sick. However that may be the case, the story is less about bodily injury and illness than it is about another aboriginal susceptibility, the proneness to sin and especially to pride. It reminds one of the passage in the Bible from

Proverbs, "Pride goeth before destruction, and haughty spirit before a fall." The central dramatic incident that takes place in the first part of the story occurs in the context of a conversation between three women, Mrs. Turpin, a poor white woman, and the mother of a college student named Mary Grace. The conversation of the women, taken together with the reports of the narrator, reveals the pride of the three women and of Mary Grace, but especially that of Ruby Turpin.

About Mrs. Turpin we learn early on, that when she is restless and unable to sleep, she has two nocturnal occupations. In one, she seems to be acutely aware of the contingent character of her present life. Like Eve, who is tempted by an alternative vision of the world, Mrs. Turpin's imagi-

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

by *Michael Dink*

The revelation that comes to Ruby, in the form of a book thrown by Mary Grace that knocks her off her chair in the doctor's office, is in essence identical to that which came to Saul, in the form of a flash of light that knocked him to the ground on the road to Damascus. Prior to the revelation, Ruby and Saul shared a sense of their superiority to certain other human beings, a superiority achieved by regulating their conduct according to certain precepts and recognized in the eyes of God. In Ruby this sense takes the form of a self-congratulating condescension, in which she sees herself as kind and tolerant to those inferiors, while in Saul it took the more aggressive form of trying to punish or reform those who had strayed from the right path.

When Ruby is called "a wart hog from hell" and Saul is asked, "Why do you persecute me?" they are confronted with the claim that they are sinners, certainly no better than those they had despised, and perhaps even worse, precisely because of the claim to righteousness implicit in their despising, a claim that Saul, reborn as Paul, denies that any human being can truthfully make.

Ruby struggles valiantly to deny this message, "But the denial had no force." She resents its being directed to her, "a respectable, hard-working, church-going woman,"

"though there was trash in the room to whom it might justly have been applied." A kiss from her husband and flattery from the black womenfolk of their hired help fail to assuage her resentment.

When she goes to the pig parlor and tries to cleanse the pigs, she speaks out her resentment, evidently to God, indicating that she does recognize the source of the revelation, despite her resistance to it. She continues to justify herself, to defend her innocence, her charity, her superiority to lower orders of people. Her fury bursts forth in a defiant challenge, "Call me a hog again. From hell. Call me a wart hog from hell. Put that bottom rail on top. There'll still be a top and bottom."

After seeing her husband's truck in the distance as tiny and vulnerable, she gazes at the hogs for a long time, "as if she were absorbing some abysmal life-giving knowledge." Then she has a vision of a procession of souls marching toward heaven. Leading the way are "the bottom rail," all the kinds of people she despised, "shouting and clapping and leaping like frogs." Behind them, with "great dignity" but with "shocked and altered faces," come people like herself and Claude, and she sees that "even their virtues are being burned away." In this final vision, she at last sees how she is "saved and from hell too."

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PRIESTESS AND VISIONARY

by Elizabeth Engel

Mrs. Turpin's revelation builds from the first face the girl makes at her through Mrs. Turpin's wonderful defiant questions to God as she stands at the pig parlor: "What do you send me a message like that for?" "How am I a hog and me both? How am I saved and from hell too?" The setting sun, now far more mysterious than when Mrs. Turpin saw it, like her, "looking over the paling of trees like a farmer inspecting his own hogs," transforms everything. Mrs. Turpin, ignoring the transformation, dares God again and ends with roaring "who do you think you are?" An echo comes back at her "like an answer from beyond the wood." God answers her by questioning her and her pride, with far more right than she had to question him.

Mrs. Turpin begins to see who she really is as she sees the fragility of human life in Claud's tiny truck, which from her position looks like a child's toy: "At any moment a bigger truck might smash into it and scatter Claud's and the niggers' brains all over the road." When she has seen the truck home safe, she turns to the pig parlor: "Then, like a monumental statue coming to life, she bent her head slowly and gazed as if through the very heart of mystery, down into the pig parlor at the hogs. They had settled all in one corner

around the old sow who was grunting softly. A red glow suffused them. They appeared to pant with a secret life." The hogs have become beautiful gathered around the maternal and musical old sow, a vision of animal life filled by grace. This is how we can be both hogs and ourselves too.

Mrs. Turpin is herself transformed by gazing at the hogs; she becomes a sort of priestess, raising her hands "in a gesture hieratic and profound." Her transformation allows her final vision, the bridge over which souls are marching towards Paradise. The most respectable, the group she thinks she belongs to, come last, and "even their virtues were beings burned away." In relation to salvation, virtue doesn't matter, nor does top and bottom, dignity and lunacy, white and black. This, I think, completes Mrs. Turpin's revelation. O'Connor says, "she lowered her hands and gripped the rail of the hog pen, her eyes small but fixed unblinkingly on what lay ahead." We see what she sees, and we see her seeing it, pig-like, with her small eyes, and still as priestess and visionary. Is this our revelation? Our judgment of her has become irrelevant, just as have her judgments of other people. We turn with Mrs. Turpin back onto the darkening path—surely O'Connor intends us to think of Dante—and with her we hear "the voices of the souls climbing upward into the starry field and shouting hallelujah."

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nation brings her to envision the world other than it is. She wonders how things would have gone "If Jesus had said to her before he made her...You can either be a nigger or white-trash." Her preference, she decides, is for Jesus to have made her "a neat clean respectable Negro woman, herself but black," changed but still saved, sidestepping the lowly. In her other nocturnal activity, Mrs. Turpin is said to have "occupied herself at night naming the classes of people." She lies awake at night trying to sort out the people in her world into classes, in accordance with their material and social standing in the world. She assumes blindly that she possesses the standard and judgment for the task of saving and condemning. However, the fluctuations in the fortunes of the human beings that she would rank make such a jumble of her very attempts to rank them, that she finally falls off to sleep, imagining them all condemned, ("she would dream they were all crammed together in a box car, being ridden off to be put in a gas oven."). Her virtues notwithstanding, Mrs. Turpin remains prey to these temptations, and we see her assailed by them too in the light of

day. Mrs. Turpin feeds her false pride by imagining the inferior world or worlds that might have been. Those imaginations of worlds inferior to her world feature the lowly ones of the here and now whom she judges so severely.

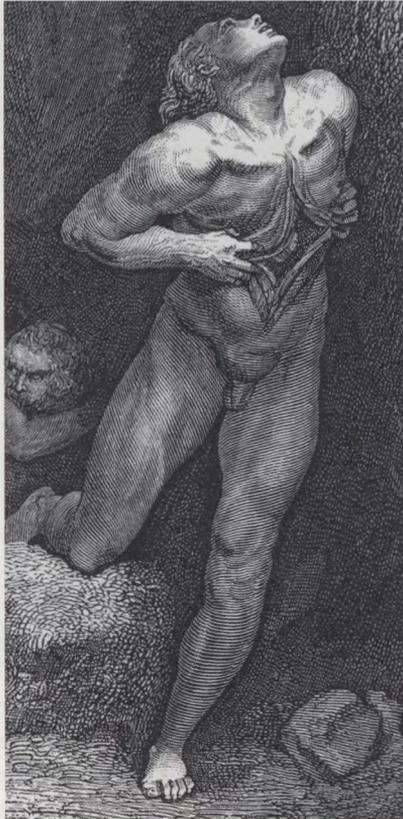
As Mrs. Turpin's prideful attitudes leak out in the waiting room conversation, they become contagious. In the chief exchange in the waiting room, an exchange about the Turpin farm, Mrs. Turpin and Mary Grace's mother silently join together against the opinions of the "white-trash woman." The two women form an alliance inasmuch as "...both understood that you had to *have* certain things before you could *know* certain things." An antagonism erupts between the poor white woman and Mrs. Turpin regarding their differing opinions about the possessions and associations that Mrs. Turpin has; Mrs. Turpin raises pigs and associates with black people. According to Mrs. Turpin, the Turpins have "a couple acres of cotton and a few hogs and chickens and just enough white-face that Claud can look after them himself." That report elicits a retort from the white-trash woman that she doesn't want

“The corruptive power of pride takes its toll once more.”

anything to do with hogs: “Hogs. Nasty stinking things, a-gruntin and a-rootin all over the place.” It does not matter to her that the Turpins have a “pig-parlor” a concrete-floored pen where the pigs are raised and where “Claud scoots them down with the hose every afternoon and washes off the floor.”

The poor woman wouldn’t stoop to “scoot down no hog with no hose.” And as to the black people that the Turpins hire (“butter up”) to pick their cotton, the “white-trash woman” is equally as adamant: “Two thangs I ain’t going to do: love no niggers or scoot down no hog with no hose.” As far above the “white-trash woman” as Mrs. Turpin seems to place herself, the “white-trash woman” places herself above hogs and “niggers.” The corruptive power of pride takes its toll once more.

In the doctor’s office, then, we witness Mrs. Turpin’s awareness of the contingent character of her life (“When I think who all I could have been besides myself and what all I got...It could have been different!”) and how that awareness contributes to her false pride and a lack of understanding both of who she is and of the true character of her world. Behind her “good disposition,” we see her judgment on the world as it is given to her. Despite the fact that her virtue has no positive ground, she imagines that her goodness is sufficient both to judge and re-order the world and to do that without any assistance: “It’s no use in having more than you can handle yourself with help like it is.” Hers is not a position where she needs help, and she doesn’t ask for any. She divides her world into those like herself and Mary Grace’s mother, who don’t need help, and those like the poor white woman. Of the latter, she thinks, “Help them you must, but help them you couldn’t,” even though, “To help anybody out that needed it was her philosophy of life.” Mrs. Turpin is saved and she is a would-be savior. From that vantage point of self-sufficiency, hers is a position of gratitude. (“Oh, thank you, Jesus, Jesus, thank you!”) But she is more grateful for what she is not than for what she



is, perhaps grateful even that she is childless. What she does not seem to acknowledge is that bad things and evil itself cannot be relegated to what is not or to absence, and for that reason in part, no one is completely “saved” in this world, certainly not by dint of one’s own efforts alone, from the power of temptation and malevolence.

It is in the context of her ignorance of the forces of evil in the world that Mrs. Turpin comes to consider Mary Grace (“Why, girl, I don’t even know you...”), who gives up her reading and bears witness to the display of pride. She takes up her station, staring relentlessly at Mrs. Turpin and making ugly faces at her until she feels the need to defend herself. But most importantly, at the point where Mrs. Turpin claims not to know Mary Grace, she thinks that Mary Grace, “was looking at her as if she had known and disliked her all her life—all of Mrs. Turpin’s life, it seemed too, not just the girl’s life.” What there was to be known all of her life is

nothing but the susceptibility to temptation and the depredations of evil which are coeval with the garden and human existence.

Mary Grace, possessed of money, family, education, is a real puzzle for Mrs. Turpin. So obviously lacking in grace, she is loaded with the worldly goods by which Mrs. Turpin partially takes her bearings. It does not make sense to her that Mary Grace with all of her books could be possessed of a false pride dwarfing that of her and the others. (“The girl looked as if she would like to hurl them all through the plate glass window.”) It does not make sense to her that Mary Grace as Mary Grace could be a source of evil. Mary Grace would open her eyes though, and so she throws the book at her. The incongruity of first being silently intimidated, and then being assaulted with a book by someone such as Mary Grace, convinces Mrs. Turpin that there is more to the situation than meets the eye. And so she seeks out Mary Grace, “What you got to say to me?” And she receives the retorted command, “Go back to hell where you came from, you old

wart hog.” When Mary Grace tells Mrs. Turpin to go to hell, Mrs. Turpin does not understand what she means, does not accept the evil that confronts her. She thinks that God is telling her that she is not saved. The second part of the story addresses that mistake and achieves in a way a resolution to the story.

The shift in the story from the doctor’s office to the farm marks a shift from pride to humility, the doctor’s office having pride of place. Mrs. Turpin is so convinced that God has abandoned her, that when she and Claud drive home, and she looks for their house, “She would not have been startled to see a burnt wound between two blackened chimneys.” She and Claud lie down, but she cannot escape what had happened or the image of her that had been deposited in her soul. “She had been singled out for the message.” In her feeling of solitude, she cries, but when her tears dry, “Her eyes began to burn with wrath”: she is “a respectable, hard-working, church-going woman.”

When her self-pity turns to anger, Mrs. Turpin turns to the farm community, which she rules for affirmation and assurance of who she is. In a sense, she wants the message to be overruled by her loved ones, her husband, her black field hands, and her hogs. But the fact of her rule presents a problem for her, because now she needs help. She turns to Claud for solace—(“Listen here,” she said.” “What?” “Kiss me.”)—and Claud obliges her, as he does throughout the story, “as if he was accustomed to doing what she told him to,” but nothing happens. She turns to the black workers, but the workers think that Mrs. Turpin is beyond anything bad happening to her, as if “she were protected in some special way by Divine Providence.” When Mrs. Turpin leaves the black workers, she goes down to the pig parlor and takes the hose from Claud; on the farm, she is “the right size woman to command the arena before her.” When he goes off, Mrs. Turpin begins speaking to God, raising her questions, wanting to know how she is herself and a hog both and how she is “saved and from hell too.” In a final display of pride, hosing down her hogs, she rants and raves at God until she comes to the more general form of her question, “Who do you think you are?” the question echoing back to her.

The humility on the farm appears to be the antidote to the diseased pride infesting the doctor’s office. There Mrs. Turpin comes face to face with someone “above” her, who is

not thankful to Jesus, who does not “read from the same book” as she does and who takes her bearings from what Mrs. Turpin ostensibly is, a fat, indulgent, prideful woman, who, just like Mary Grace, “complains and criticizes all day long.” The evil in Mary Grace would claim Mrs. Turpin for itself; hence, the condemnation. But because Mrs. Turpin thinks that she is saved, she thinks that evil is somehow warded off, existing in some imaginary alternative world; and so, she mistakenly interprets what Mary Grace says. Mrs. Turpin mistakenly thinks that God is turning away from her because evil makes its presence known to her and even as having a root in her; she thinks that she is no longer one of the saved.

But to say that God is not turning away from Mrs. Turpin is not to say that God was not working through the force of evil. O’Connor clearly believes that God does work through evil, and that He is able to do such work just because of the inroads that evil has made in the souls of human beings. God was not turning away from her, but turning her so that she might face the reality of her continual need for salvation. On the farm, in her rant, Mrs. Turpin would fight God with her pride—until she hears herself. Then it is that the day’s lesson begins to come clear to her, the lesson about the world and the serpent and the lesson of Job and God and the Adversary. Then she sees Claud’s truck, looking “like a toy,” and sees the downside of that technological marvel, that it could be smashed by a bigger truck and everyone in it destroyed. Then Ruby turns to her hogs gathered around the sow, where “A red glow suffused them;” they were God’s creatures, panting “with a secret life.” Her acknowledgement of the presence of evil in this world and of the goodness of God’s creation even in the lowly allows her to have a vision of a new order marching to salvation; in that order the lowly are entering first.

It is hardly accidental that the setting of the first part of the story is in a doctor’s office, that there is even a black dentist in town, or that the book that Mary Grace throws at Mrs. Turpin was titled *Human Development*. Today, many people have a difficult time talking about good and evil, preferring instead to talking about health and sickness. But O’Connor’s character, Mrs. Turpin, when she is in need of help, does not want the doctor’s help. What is ailing her is a matter of the spirit. Of course, the terms in which she understands the “classes of people” and herself belong to the contemporary

“A revelation is not a quiet truth...”

United States South, where the old notions of rank based on land ownership and breeding issue in such categories as “good blood” and “white trash” and “niggers.” She is a stock character in O’Connor’s repertoire of stories, each one having its place as in a series of echoes originating in and echoing from a single homeland, O’Connor’s powerful imaginative intellect. O’Connor is a Catholic writer from the South, for her, the land of the humble and the humbled. Persisting in her faith and her Southern roots and in allusions to the Holocaust and the dark sides of technological life, O’Connor helps us navigate our own darkness and locate the beautiful in lowly and humble lives. On that account, in the 21st century, she is a writer whose meanings are not only important but urgently needed.



special way by Divine Providence.” This truth infuriates Mrs. Turpin; she fervently hopes that it is as false as Mary Grace’s revelation. And then there’s the wild and wooly vision of the souls marching up to heaven, violent in its intensity and in its absolute negation of all that Mrs. Turpin thinks she believes to be right and just.

Revelation does not need proof. It can’t be arrived at by logic, and one can’t be persuaded to it. Revelation suggests someone or something as the medium of higher truth or another level of reality. In this story, the irony of the message-bearers—a disaffected, angry, acne-scarred intellectual; a troop of respectable, sycophantic field workers; and the pigs, hosed off to spotlessness from their naturally filthy state—reinforces the disjunction that is

at the root of Mrs. Turpin’s sinful view.

Her sin is that of not seeing, not understanding the most fundamental fact of grace—that it applies to everyone at all times, no matter what their level of receptiveness or worthiness. Mrs. Turpin fails just as we all fail, by virtue of being human. The last shall be first and the first shall be last. In the beatitudes, the unhappy are blessed and the happy are cursed (this complementary “woe to...” set of pronouncements is often ignored in our recollection of the beatitudes—it’s not only that the downtrodden have a special place in God’s consideration, it’s that those who are successful do not, at least not insofar as they are successful). Our measures of success, those that Mrs. Turpin admires and with which she measures the worthiness of others, are worse than meaningless. They get in the way of our understanding that we are all in need of grace. Revelation is a gift, presented to Mrs. Turpin and to us. It’s there every day for all of us, and everyone around us is a messenger.

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George Russell is a tutor in Annapolis.

THE MESSAGE-BEARERS

by Barbara Goyette

Perhaps this story is not only about a revelation but about revelation itself, the nature of a mysterious occurrence that serves as a link between our everyday world (or the somewhat off-kilter but nevertheless recognizably everyday world of Flannery O’Connor’s South) and some deeper reality.

Revelation involves drama and it involves some kind of truth or disclosure about something that wasn’t realized or known before. In a theological sense, revelation involves a manifestation of the divine will. A revelation is not a quiet truth: Mary Grace hurls a textbook at Mrs. Turpin and then pronounces her verdict, “You are a wart hog from Hell.” The black field-hand ladies also tell her the truth: “ ‘Ain’t nothing bad happen to you!’ the old woman said. She said it as if they all knew that Mrs. Turpin was protected in some

THE HABIT OF WRITING

BY BRIGID K. BYRNE, AGIO3

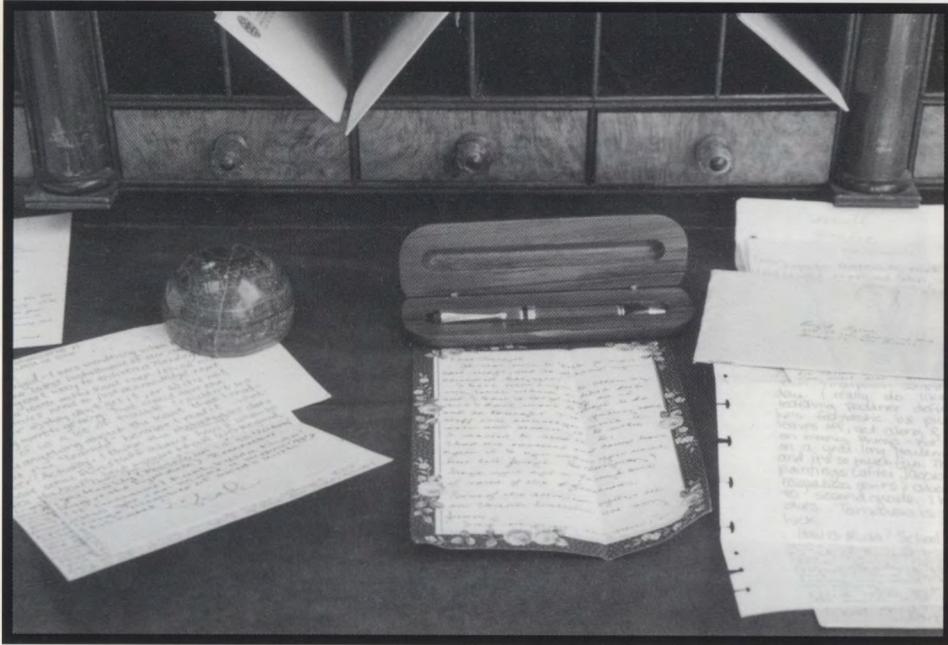
When I open my mailbox to find an envelope addressed in a bold, careful script and bearing an Iowa City postmark, mixed in among bills and catalogs, I feel a small thrill, an excitement that there is something meant especially for me. It seems strange that finding a personal letter in my mailbox gives me so much joy. Yet, how often do we get a letter from someone we know and love? How often do we take the time to write to others? Most of the written communication we send and receive are hasty e-mails, typed quickly, in language created to speed up the time spent composing messages. While e-mail has perhaps kept us closer to those we may otherwise have drifted apart from, our brief electronic conversations lack the richness and intimacy that are vital parts of human relationships. We compose our messages so quickly that we forfeit the benefits of self-reflection and personal growth that we can gain when we write letters to others. The flow of thoughts seems better suited to the flow of ink from the pen than to the pecking of fingers on a plastic keyboard, and the act of sealing an envelope much more satisfying than hitting the “send” button.

I felt the loss of the art of letter writing poignantly as I recently revisited *The Habit of Being*, Sally Fitzgerald’s collection of Flannery O’Connor’s letters. Fitzgerald titled her collection *The Habit of Being* because she saw that the writer’s correspondence reflected the attainment of that habit, which she defines as “an excellence not only of action but of interior disposition and activity that increas-

ingly [reflects] the object, the being, which [specifies] it.” Studying O’Connor’s letters, I decided that Fitzgerald had given the collection the perfect name. O’Connor offered her correspondents thoughts about everything: her pet peacocks, her writing habits, and her peculiar interpretation of the Catholic faith. Her letters to friends, fans, publishers, and fellow writers reveal a woman who wrote them not only to maintain her connection to those she loved, but also to explore and reveal the parts of herself which the intended recipient had the power to bring out.

I was most struck by O’Connor’s correspondence with Cecil Dawkins, a college professor who introduced herself to O’Connor in a letter. Dawkins challenged O’Connor by asking her advice in matters concerning her career, her desire to write, and her faith. In a response to a question Dawkins raised about the effectiveness of the Catholic Church, O’Connor wrote, “You don’t serve God by saying: the Church is ineffective, I’ll have none of it. Your pain at its lack of effectiveness is a sign of your nearness to God. We help overcome this lack of effectiveness simply by suffering on account of it.” Reading this unusually lengthy response, I realized that Dawkins had asked a question that O’Connor herself struggled with and wondered if O’Connor was speaking more to Dawkins or to herself.

In her introduction to the book, Fitzgerald notes that “on the whole, [O’Connor’s] correspondence was an enrichment of her life, to say nothing of the lives of her correspondents” and that “almost all of her close friendships were sustained through the post.”



As I reread O'Connor's letters, I realized that my own habit of letter writing has enriched my life. I was not much of a letter writer until about five years ago when I began corresponding with

Sandra, an honors student from Iowa, whom I met while interning at the U.S. Department of Education. After raising her children, Sandra enrolled in a community college near her home and was so successful in her studies that she gained an internship through Phi Theta Kappa. Over that summer, Sandra and I had many conversations, and I learned much from her about courage and faith. When our internships ended, Sandra and I exchanged addresses in the way parting people do, intending to keep in touch, but doubtful whether such a brief acquaintance would withstand time and distance.

I returned to college that fall, but I could not forget Sandra. I pulled out the scrap of paper on which she had carefully printed her address and wrote her a letter. Thus began years of correspondence that have led me to question and contemplate many of my ideas, choices, and beliefs. When I first began writing to Sandra, I was feeling uncertain about my faith. Having been raised Catholic and force-marched to Mass, I purposefully spent each Sunday of my first few years away at college lingering over breakfast in the dining hall, ignoring the bells chiming at St. Paul's, just a few hundred yards away. I was torn between rebelling against my parents and discovering my own sense of faith. In writing to Sandra, I found that I could wrestle with my doubts and hesitations. Through my letters to her, I came to recognize my struggle was not between me and God, but one of becoming an adult,

learning to make choices for myself. Sandra's responses, resonating with her faith in God, even in the face of hardship and sorrow, gave me the strength to travel my own spiritual road. Without Sandra as my

audience, I am not sure that I would have found that part of myself.

While my relationship with Sandra has led me to a deeper sense of faith, having a variety of correspondents challenges me to look at many sides of myself. One of my favorite audiences is my friend Sally, who lives in Atlanta. Although Sally and I talk on the phone frequently and see each other occasionally, letter writing is still an important part of our friendship. We enjoy what Shakespeare might term "a marriage of true minds," as our thoughts, interests, and experiences run uncannily parallel. Writing to Sally is almost like writing to myself, except that I wait in anticipation for her honest replies, replies that demand that I look into myself more alertly.

In my day-to-day habit of living, running from job to job, eating in my car, I have little time for reflection and clarity. I have come to see this habit of living, which requires me to direct so much energy away from myself, as distinctly different from the habit of being, which allows me to spend time inside, listening only to myself. Like O'Connor, I have found that I can practice my habit of being most effectively as I sit down to write. So I will find time today to retreat from the habit of living and write to my friend and fellow St. John's alumna, Sarah. I can't wait to see what my letter will reveal. ✻

THE MIND IN WINTER

Living an Examined Life in Later Years

BY SUSAN BORDEN, A87

*Life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age brings the red flare again.*

— WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

John Brunn (class of 1947) is no Magellan, no Columbus, no Ernest Shackelford or Neil Armstrong, but in an important way, he has remained true to his childhood ambition to become an explorer. “I thought of it then as physical exploration,” he says of the ambition that has become increasingly intellectual as he has aged. “When I first came to California, I fell in love with the Sierra and have spent vacations exploring the mountains, at first with friends and later with my wife. With increasing age—I have turned 77—that has become difficult. Most of my learning is now indoors, but I am still curious about the world.”

Brunn is fortunate to live in San Francisco, not just for the mountains and the city, but also for the Hannah Fromm Institute, where he explores the world from a classroom. “Hannah Fromm was worried that the life of retired people

would lose meaning and she knew that there have even been suicides [among older people]. To provide meaning to their lives, she endowed the institute, which provides high-quality, exciting courses for seniors. The faculty, from neighborhood universities and the U.C. Medical Center, are also mostly seniors,” explains Brunn, who has studied history, literature, science, and music at the institute since his retirement.

Brunn’s explorations are important to an aging mind, says Helen Hobart (class of 1964). Hobart works with older people who are experiencing dementia, and she’s a true believer in the adage “use it or lose it.” “The more we exercise our minds, the more protection we have from the effects of dementia,” says Hobart. “People who complete 10th grade have five more years of protection from the effects of Alzheimer’s than those who don’t. You may be showing signs of the disease neurologically, but symptomatically, you’ve got enough other brain connections that function because you’ve stimulated their growth, so the assault of Alzheimer’s won’t show up.”

While keeping the mind active slows the effects of aging, Hobart encourages us to recognize that, with the loss of cognitive ability, other strengths can come into



CHRISTOPHER HUSTON

play. "Roughly half of people over 85 have Alzheimer's and we're all living longer," she says. "So it behooves us to consider what it means to be human in addition to our cognitive functions. I've seen a lot of suffering because people feel they're no longer worthwhile because their mem-

ory is failing or they can't figure out how to do something that they used to do. But there are so many wonderful ways of being in relationship with the world and other people. The epidemic of dementia as we grow older really invites us to consider our humanity, our affections, our spirituality, our art, our love of music. All these things can thrive, even flourish, if our cognitive functioning

PLAYING THE PIANO IS JUST ONE RETIREMENT PURSUIT FOR CAROLYN BANKS LEEUWENBURGH.

gets out of our way a little."

Carolyn Banks Leeuwenburgh (class of 1955) has yet to notice a drop in her cognitive abilities. She's an avid reader, an

insightful conversationalist, and a freelance teacher of English as a foreign language. She also pursues a number of interests that will serve her well if cognition begins to fail. A retired opera singer, she is still involved with the arts, maintaining subscriptions at the McCarter Theater in Princeton in drama, dance, and music. She's also an avid movie-goer and a fairly active practitioner of several

arts: "I paint, very poorly, but I paint," she says. "I play the piano poorly. I still can sing and I still sing publicly." Leeuwenburg performs in a small café just outside of Princeton, singing mainly popular music, blues, and torch songs.

Music has been the saving grace for many older people, even those whose other faculties are deteriorating, says Hobart. "It's fantastic to watch people start playing the piano again. The parts of the brain formed when we're younger last the longest, so the capacity to play the piano can come back," she says. There may be no ability to make a coherent sentence, but the reward and beauty of making music can persist for a long time."

There are other compensations to counter deteriorating cognitive ability, according to Virginia Seegers Harrison (class of 1964), a geriatric case manager. "Over time you learn to tune out nonsense more quickly," she says. "The experience you've had in life makes it easier to say, 'uh-huh, right.' From observation and personal experience, I would consider that a real advantage."

She describes the benefits that come in later years as we grow to accept our lives. "You can bring your mind to bear more easily on what is actually accessible, doable. You learn to pick your battles. You learn to pare down and be satisfied. There's a feeling in youth and middle age, 'this world is out there—where do I start?' When some options have closed behind you, there can be a sense of liberation. That may be what makes working with elders so sweet, so affirming, for people in middle age who are still struggling to be greater than they ever will be. When people accept themselves and their lives, that in a sense is where life really begins."

Harrison underscores her point with a joke: "A retired woman is listening to several young mothers talking about when life begins. One says at conception. Another says, no, it begins when the fetus quickens. A third says, 'I think life begins at birth.' Finally, the retired woman leans over and says, 'Listen, I'll tell you when life begins. Life begins when the kids leave home and the dog dies.'"

While it's comforting to know that the mind enjoys gains to offset its losses, a sad fact of aging is that the body

"I've always believed that people older than me possessed some wisdom. I've always felt they were worth working with and learning from, worth sharing with."

PHILIP VALLEY (SFGI75)

experiences mostly loss. Although only 46, Nick Giacona (SFGI98) is now facing the physical effects of age as he cares for his 81-year-old mother, Betty, who moved in with him and his family last spring. "My mom is a retired schoolteacher with an alert mind and a body that's failing. She has very bad arthritis and is pretty much confined to an electric wheelchair. Yet her mind is still very active. She goes on the computer, does e-mail. She's a voracious reader and we have great theological, spiritual, and political discussions," he says.

Giacona sees first-hand the trials of life in an aging body. "I'm learning day by day with her and I really admire how she's handling it," he says. "It's hard and frustrating for her to do the little things we take for granted, even something as simple as making herself a meal. Yet she's handling that with grace and courage."

A discussion on aging that former Santa Fe campus president John Agresto gave years ago left an impression on Giacona. "He said that our culture doesn't really prepare us for aging and death. I thought he was so wise. He said that death and aging should be the culmination of a well-lived life, an examined life," recalls Giacona. "While my mom didn't have a St. John's education, I've turned her on to the *Apology* and the *Crito* and the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*."

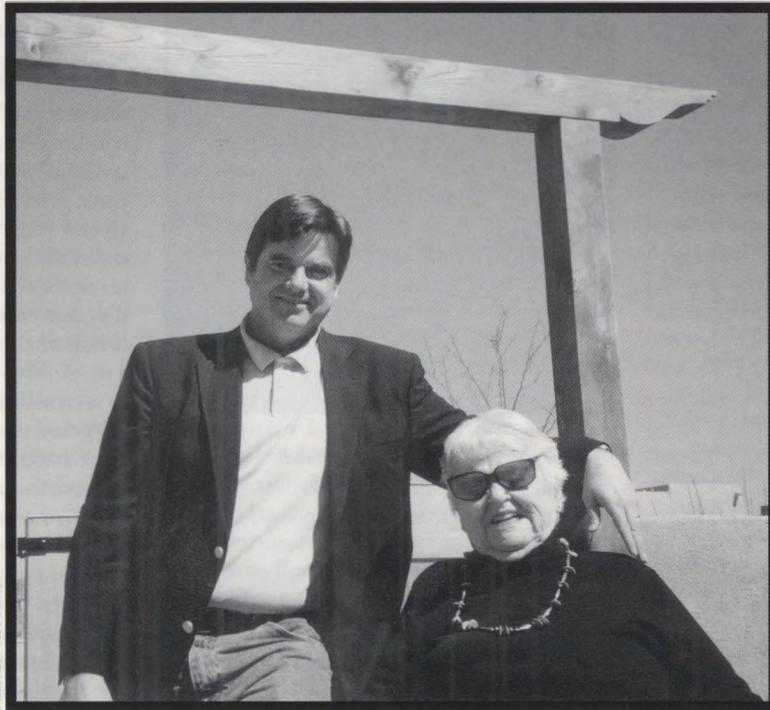
Giacona says that his mother seems prepared for her own death: "We've already discussed the whole memorial service. She wants to be cremated and have her ashes scattered where my father's ashes were scattered. She's even decided what songs we're going to sing. If she died tomorrow, she would feel that she had a good life."

When his mother's life does end, Giacona will consider himself lucky for the time that he and his family spent with her. "My wife, Keiko, is so great and supportive. She helped convince my mom to stay with us. My mom had concerns about moving in and invading the family, but Keiko told her that when she was a kid her grandfather lived with her family and she appreciated the time she spent with him."

Giacona's own children—Sarah, 13, and Kyle, 11—respond to his mother in different ways. “My son is outgoing and loves to hug her and sit and talk to her. My daughter’s really shy, so it’s harder for her. She appreciates having her there, but she shows it in a different way. It’s so rewarding to have three generations in one house.”

Philip Valley (SFGI75) runs day programs in New Hampshire for adults over 55 with developmental disabilities. He says that sharing time across the generations is rewarding even for people who are not related. “Maggie Kuhn, head of the Gray Panthers, once gave a talk where she told the audience, ‘We are not wrinkled babies, we are elders of the tribe.’ I’ve always believed that people older than me possessed some wisdom. I’ve always felt they were worth working with and learning from, worth sharing with.”

Harrison, the case manager, has nothing but scorn for those who subscribe to the “wrinkled babies” view of seniors. “Many people who work in nursing facilities call the elderly ‘baby.’ That’s absolutely not right,” she says. But she’s also disturbed by a subtler form of infantilizing. “Even older people who are quite cogent are pretty much treated like they have to be fed, clothed, and then amused. I really have trouble with that. Yes, it takes time to go at the slower pace and hear someone tell his story, but it’s usually extremely worthwhile. I would encourage anybody to start to talk to people over 75. Ask them about their lives. Ask them what they remember.”



DAMIAN TAGGART

NICK GIACONA AND HIS MOTHER, BETTY, ARE LEARNING TOGETHER ABOUT AGING.

“She’s a voracious reader and we have great theological, spiritual, and political discussions.”

NICK GIACONA (SFGI98)

view a disembodied creature. Chronologically, I’m 72 years old. I’m at the point where I know I’m not going to be here in 20 years. Yet there’s a part of me that you could stand up and say, ‘Caroline, you’re getting old,’ and I would say, ‘I am?’” ❀

Although she’s a young 72, Leeuwenburg knows she has some tough times ahead. “Many years ago I heard Bette Davis say that getting older is not for sissies,” she says. “As you get older you aren’t really aware of getting older, but you are aware that you don’t do the same things you used to do physically. There are times when I get out of bed in the morning and I don’t think I can move and other times I’m fine.”

Leeuwenburg swims nearly every day, but a recent cancer scare revealed her true attitude

about exercise. “I was thinking, ‘hell, if I’m going to die, I’m certainly not going to swim,’” she says. “This is not something I’m doing for the sheer pleasure of it. At my age your metabolism gets so slow that, even if you do all your cleaning, all your gardening, you still have to exercise.”

Leeuwenburgh has not reached the point where she feels encumbered by aging, but she has begun to ponder her own mortality. “I don’t think anyone ever really comes to grips with the reality of their own death. When we view ourselves, we

APPROACHING MACHIAVELLI'S ART OF WAR

ART OF WAR

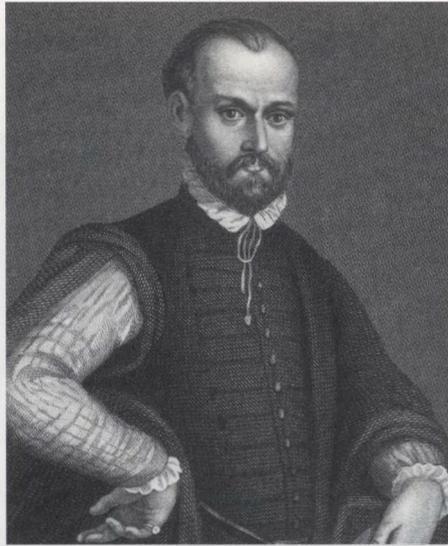
Niccolò Machiavelli, translated, edited, and with a commentary by Christopher Lynch
University of Chicago Press, 2004

Chris Lynch (A87) traces the origins of his newly-published translation of Machiavelli's *Art of War* to the questions posed by what is known in the academic world as the ancient/modern split. Lynch says that Johnnies have a more intimate relationship with the split, and rephrases its essence for the SJC crowd: "Why was everything so much fun sophomore year and why did everyone get so depressed junior year?"

Lynch arrived at the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought in the fall of 1988 with this question (in its grad-school expression) very much on his mind: What is the end of human life? Is man naturally social or essentially alone? What is the purpose of philosophy? As he pursued these questions, Lynch came to see Machiavelli as the pivotal writer in the transformation between the ancient and modern worlds.

"The most salient aspects of the transformation that Machiavelli tried to affect were, first, to change the general climate of opinion and discourse such that human life would no longer be understood in terms of its ultimate goal or purpose but instead in terms of its origins and roots," says Lynch. "The second is the attempt to bring about in this world the best regime human beings can come up with, the best way of living together, instead of leaving it to chance like Plato. And the third is really a corollary of the first, to get subsequent thinkers to be primarily concerned with human freedom and independence as opposed to virtue as understood as obligation and duty to something higher."

These issues gave Lynch a clear direction for his graduate work. "The more I saw Machiavelli as the key figure in the ancient/modern split, the more I wanted to figure out what was on his mind," Lynch says. "I started to see war as central to his thought, to understand that for Machiavelli, humans are not social beings, but at each others'



throats. As I studied him more, I realized that Machiavelli's emphasis on the bellicose aspect of human beings, an aspect acknowledged but not emphasized by the ancient philosophers, was part of his overall goal to transform the terms in which human life is generally understood."

Fortunately for Lynch, his academic interests dovetailed with a hole in Machiavelli scholarship. Of Machiavelli's four major works—*Prince*, *Discourses on Livy*, *Florentine Histories*, and *Art of War*—almost no one had seriously studied *Art of War*. Lynch threw himself into that text and, seven years (and a Ph.D.) later, emerged with an impressive

EXCERPT:

"Controversy abounds as to what caused the dizzying military changes during Machiavelli's day. Also debated is whether these changes constituted a full-blown military revolution or instead represented a particular moment in a long-term evolution. In considering these questions, it is important to remember that the sense at the time was that tumultuous change was indeed afoot, but not rapid change in a single direction driven by gunpowder technology. On the tactical level especially, each of the battles that occurred on the Italian peninsula, from the battle of Fornovo in 1495 to that of Pavia in 1525, seemed to offer a new lesson to be learned, a new innovation that transformed the ways armies ought to be armed, ordered, led and used."

—CHRISTOPHER LYNCH

publication to his credit: a translation of the text with an introduction, interpretive essay, and (he points out with the pride of a Johnnie who's successfully negotiated secondary sources) more than 600 notes.

Lynch originally wrote the translation for himself, "blasting through it" in just a few months, he says. "I wrote the initial translation as a way to study it carefully. I translated it as literally as I could so I could think about it the way we do with readings in language class, as a tool for closer reading," he says. Over several years, Lynch returned to the translation, making changes after improving his Italian by translating works by Machiavelli's predecessors, including Dante and Boccaccio. Later, when he decided to submit a proposal to the University of Chicago Press to turn his translation into a book, he first reworked a portion of the text to see if he could make it valuable to other readers.

Once the proposal was accepted, Lynch had to rewrite the entire translation several times. In the process, he discovered a practical approach to translation that satisfactorily answered for him the issues that arise in discussions about translation in St. John's language tutorials: "You start off as literal and as consistent as you can, then you pull the translation back toward understandability, readability and accuracy," he says. "In the next phase, you forget about the Italian and ask what the passages mean in English and how they sound. If it's not in readable English, you pull the Italian out again and start thinking about changes."

Lynch notes that this is not the process for most non-Johnnie or non-Strauss-influenced translators. "They think about how it sounds right away," he explains. "But I think that puts too much emphasis on the translator and makes him think he is a sort of god mediating between two languages with full omniscience of what the author intended. I think it's better to approach it humbly, to cleave to the literal and only be pushed toward readability when it's clearly necessary."

With the time and energy Lynch lavished on *Art of War*, you'd think he'd be a fierce Machiavellian, but that's hardly the case.

"Machiavelli presents himself as the ultimate antagonist to the basic understandings that I'm inclined to—ancient, philosophic, and religious," Lynch says. "However, I think he's also the most trenchant critic of ancient thought, both philosophic and religious, and therefore I see him as the person to understand if I'm going to understand the truth about the big questions at stake in the quarrel between ancients and moderns." ❁

—SUSAN BORDEN

TIAS LITTLE, EC98

Santa Fe Yogi Combines Wisdom with Practice

BY ANDRA MAGURAN

The word “yoga” once conjured images of health nuts contorting their bodies in impossible, seemingly painful positions. Now women, men, even children are flocking in droves to yoga. An estimated 15 million Americans say they have a regular practice; more than double that number say they expect to try yoga in the next year, according to a Harris poll. The reasons for yoga’s newfound popularity are many: stress reduction, improved strength and flexibility, and heightened concentration are among the many benefits linked to this 5,000-year-old practice.

Inside Yoga Source, a small studio tucked into a Santa Fe shopping center, studio founder Tias Little (EC98) walks among the students after his morning class, preternaturally serene, his voice as soft as a temple bell. Like yoga teachers everywhere, Little is benefiting from the wave of yoga popularity—his studio schedules more than 40 classes every week, many of them packed. The Santa Fe *New Mexican* recently described Little as “one of the emerging stars of the yoga phenomenon.” He leads classes for yoga teachers, writes articles and serves as an expert for a leading yoga magazine, holds clinics all over the country, and offers yoga retreats in venues such as Costa Rica.

But even if the craze wanes and the numbers drop, Little believes that people will continue to seek out something beyond yoga’s physical benefits. His own devotion to the practice, he says, was informed and deepened by intense study of the works in the St. John’s Eastern Classics program, a yearlong program in which students read works

such as the Upanishads, the Yoga Sutra and Bhagavad-Gita, along with studying Sanskrit or ancient Chinese in order to read works in their original language.

Reared in Amherst, Mass., Little attended Amherst College, where he earned a bachelor’s degree in English. Inspired by his mother, who also taught yoga, Little began his studies in the Iyengar system in the early 1980s, and continued his study in Mysore, India. Frequent trips to visit his grandfather, a Presbyterian minister who served on the board of directors at Abiquiu’s Ghost Ranch, fed Little’s love for New Mexico. He moved to Santa Fe in 1991 to teach yoga, and in January 2000, he opened Yoga Source with his wife, Surya.

Little began hearing about the Eastern Classics program at Santa Fe, established in 1994, from others in the Santa Fe yoga community. Friend and fellow yoga teacher Nicolai Bachman (EC96) persuaded him that the fledgling program was worth pursuing. “I was very enthusiastic [about Eastern Classics] from the first day,” says Bachman, who now leads workshops across the country in Sanskrit, Ayurveda (healing

arts), and the Yoga Sutra. “I knew it would be a great chance for Tias to deepen his understanding of the Indian, as well as Chinese and Japanese, traditions.”

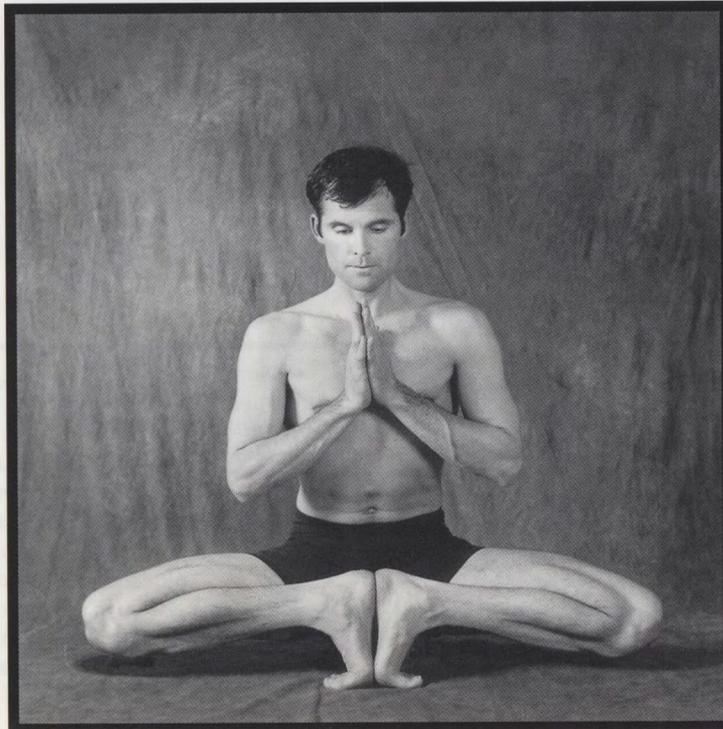
Little began by auditing a seminar on the Upanishads, after which he applied to the program in full. After 15 years of practice, Little hoped to find a solid foundation in the original texts for his own philosophy toward yoga, the Mahayana Buddhist “middle way” teachings that are pertinent to living in the world today. He had previously read the Bhagavad-Gita and Yoga Sutra on his own, but the formalism and structure of a discussion-based graduate program offered a key to deeper learning, he says.

“The texts are complex and philosophical,” Little says. “It would have required an intense practice and austerity to have read the works on my own and gained as much insight and understanding of them. The dialogue that the classroom setting encourages is far superior to simply reading alone.”

For Little, the Eastern Classics program afforded a marriage of *prajna* (wisdom) and *sadhana* (practice).

Wisdom training comes through study of scriptures that are the historical backdrop of the practice. “Just as scholarship feeds the practice of yoga, so the practice feeds the scholarship. To me, just reading can become very esoteric if one tries to cognitively grasp the teachings one needs to embody, or engage through psycho-spiritual discipline. The two modes of understanding are cooperative, but not interchangeable.”

Little encourages yoga teachers-in-training to enroll in Eastern Classics; already, two Yoga Source instructors, Wendelin Scott (EC03) and Lynsey Rubin (EC02), have completed the graduate program. ❀



TIAS LITTLE’S YOGA PRACTICE IS INFORMED BY HIS STUDY OF EASTERN CLASSICS.

1935

"I'm in my 90th year," writes **MELVILLE L. BISGYER**. "My beloved wife, Pauline, passed away a few years ago. I now make my home comfortably in a retirement home named Signature Pointe. Many of my children, including the normal, the grand, and the great, live nearby. I shall never forget St. John's. I spent four very happy years there. I wish good luck and much happiness to all my fellow Johnnies."

1937

"Just a word from the Class of '37—**BOB SNIBBE** alive and well—will be 91 in April. Still playing golf and still publishing small shirt-pocket handbooks. One on 'Our Flag,' the story of Old Glory...sold in large quantities to big companies for sales promotion purposes. I call **HARRY FAHRIG** (Class of '37) from time to time. He is very sick and in a nursing assisted living facility. His wife, Frannie, was a former model for Ponds—she's lovely, she uses Ponds—ads in the '30s and '40s. They live in Jupiter, Fla. Also call **ALAN PIKE** ('37 too). He's also in an assisted living facility with his wife in Deland, Fla. And my brother **DICK**, class of '39, lives in Arlington, Mass. He's also in an assisted living facility recuperating from a stroke. Have fond memories of days in Crabtown. Football and lacrosse. B.C. great books."

1944

JOHN DAVIS HILL writes that he and his wife, Dorothy Murdock Hill, spent the winter in Southern California attending four Elderhostel programs sponsored by the University of Judaism at Camp Ramah in Ojai and at their Bel Air campus. "We like to sing folk songs

and dance to a caller. Will any of the class of 1944 be at our 60th anniversary?"

1947

Changes for **STEPHEN BENEDICT**: "Three years ago, I pulled up stakes in New York City after 40 years and moved 125 miles north to the hamlet of Spencertown in Columbia County. After prowling the area, I bought an old farmhouse-type structure, whose earliest segment dates to about 1750. It's said to be the second- or third-oldest house in the area. The transition from city life turned out to be seamless. Time, of which there's never enough, is variously allocated to work on family and personal archives, the nearby cultural center, the local Democratic Party, and play—the piano, tennis, and cats. Then there's always fixery to be done on my ancient structure. I do maintain one interest in NYC, the Theatre Development Fund, which I helped found 37 years ago. Watch for the new half-price booth in Times Square. Drop by if you're up this way: 518-392-0487; stevebenedict@taconic.net."

1949

FREDERICK P. DAVIS sends news from California: "Since last reporting from this always sunny and warm southwest corner of the 'lower 48,' we '3-Ds' (Fred, Rita, and son David) are still holding the line as 'Mr. Outside' and 'Mrs. Inside' (the house). David recovers from infections of both legs and feet resulting from badly broken legs of late 2000. But things are looking up. David, after over a year at a Riverside City Convalescent home, should soon come home. He is now equipped with a motorized wheelchair, enabling him to be on his own to go out to see docs."

DAVID B. WEINSTEIN has retired from the practice of medicine and is living with his wife, Stella, in Atlanta to be near his daughter and her family. "Attending senior classes at Mercer University and learning to play the recorder to keep the gray cells and fingers limber."

1955

With a July production of *La Traviata*, **HAROLD BAUER** will conclude a 27-year tenure as music director of New Philharmonic and DuPage Opera in Chicago's west suburban region. His 42 years as a conductor include the music directorship of six orchestras in the U.S. and numerous guest concerts in this country, Canada, and Europe. What's next? More reading, traveling, painting (oil and watercolor), golf, composing, and, of course, some guest conducting. He looks forward to the 50th reunion of his class in 2005.

1957

News from **JOAN COLE**: "I am continuing to enjoy my retirement. With friends, I attend the Metropolitan Opera and work with the New York Black Librarians Caucus, raising funds for scholarships. Am also enjoying my vacations—in September 2003, I went to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Viewing the Christ the Redeemer statue on Corcovado's top was the thrill of a lifetime, along with riding through a city rainforest to get there. Anticipating my trip to Alaska in July."

1960

PETER J. RUEL sends in a book recommendation: "Thomas Cahill has written an insightful history of the ancient Greeks, printed 11/03: *Sailing the Wine Dark Sea: Why the Greeks Matter*."

1961

HARRISON SHEPPARD has been a regular columnist for *San Francisco Attorney Magazine*, the quarterly journal of the Bar Association of San Francisco. "The regular title of the column is 'Law and Justice,' with a subtitle relating to the particular column subject. For the most recent column (Winter 2004), the subtitle is 'Law and Privacy: The Right To Be Let Alone.'"

1962

JUSTINA DAVIS HAYDEN sends in good news: Justina and Luci, her partner of 19 years, were married in San Francisco on February 19. A magical day! They are living in San Diego now, having sold their

STARTUP TO SUCCESS

PASQUALE L. POLILLO (class of 1956) is now general manager of Word Web Vocabulary, a new curriculum for grades 5-10. "From a startup last year we are now in 55 school districts in 16 states plus Barbados. Word Web is a paper workbook system based on root words, prefixes, and suffixes, all of which are Greek and Latin in origin. **GRANT WIGGINS** (A72) thinks it's an excellent way to approach vocabulary." ❀



COURTESY OF *THE MOON*, SANTA FE STUDENTS AND HOBBS

MARK BERNSTEIN (A) writes: "**LINDA** (Bernstein, née **TORCASO**, A69) and I are looking forward to our last child graduating high school and going off to college. I'm a judge in Philadelphia court doing class actions and about to finish a book on Pennsylvania evidence. Linda is also a judge of the Social Security Administration."

News from **BOB WYCOFF (A)** and **MAYA HASEGAWA (A)**, first from Bob: "Bob's computer system support job is going to India and Bob has enrolled in Berklee College of Music as a full-time undergraduate to pursue a B.A. in music, starting in September. Four grandchildren and still counting; number five is due in August. See you in October!" And from Maya: "Maya is now working as compliance manager for the City of Boston's Department of Neighborhood Development. DND builds affordable housing, finances rehabs, and helps small businesses. The satisfaction comes from seeing formerly vacant lots with houses on them. Spare time is spent practicing tai chi and researching a Methodist deaconess named Hattie B. Cooper."

house in Berkeley. Luci is an artist whose work from recycled materials may be seen at CorrugatedArt.com. Justina designed and maintains the web site. She is enrolled in a certificate program in Financial Planning and is having fun with investing.

practicing law in Washington, D.C., and is writing for the local newspaper in her spare time. "Am looking forward to the next reunion of the Class of '65."

"Niece Megan Drolet, daughter of **MELISSA KAPLAN (SF72)** and **RAY DROLET (SF69)** will be coming to Annapolis this fall, continuing the Kaplan/Drolet tradition," writes **BART L. KAPLAN**.

Nyssa Episcopal Church, San Francisco, the inaugural Distinguished Alumni Award for "unique and distinguished ministry in the church and especially pioneering contributions to liturgical practice." The church's Web site, www.saintgregorys.org, documents this practice (and theory) with extensive photos and articles. Rev. Schell is a 1971 graduate of General Seminary; his co-rector, a 1970 graduate.

CHARLES B. WATSON (A) writes that he was sorry to miss the 35th reunion of the Class of 1968 last year, but he enjoyed e-mail and pictures. "Spring has finally come and our family looks forward to visiting our Martha's Vineyard home again. Happy to say that we are all well and enjoying diverse pursuits. Would come to SJC more often but we are far away..."

1963

MADLINE RUI KOSTER writes: "I was very much looking forward to attending the 2003 40th class reunion, since as a Californian I have not been back to Annapolis in 40 years. A sudden change in my teaching assignment (high school) from all algebra to algebra and ceramics, in September, led me to change my plans. I was a potter and ceramic sculptor for 20 years before becoming a full-time teacher in the 80s. I look forward to another Homecoming. As time goes on, I value the St. John's education more than ever, and greatly enjoy reading *The College*."

MICHAEL TRUSTY attended Homecoming 2003 in Annapolis and had a great time: "I'm married, living in New Mexico, and ride horses with my 12-year-old daughter."

1965

GRACE LOCERFO BATEMAN is married, is the mother of four children (mostly out of college), is

"Finally finished my B.A. in 1999—only 30 years late—at Thomas Edison State College," writes **MEGAN BEAUMONT (A)**, formerly Anne Beaumont Reid. "Received an M.A. in Spiritual Psychology 2001. Nowadays I am an ordained non-denominational clergy person and spend my time leading personal growth workshops, teaching manifestation and self-forgiveness, and officiating at marriages, memorial services, and most recently at an un-handfasting—a spiritual ceremony to honor and complete the severing of ties after a civil divorce. My husband has retired, and we are enjoying the blessings of good health and happy travel."

"I'm somehow still in Britian!" writes **DEBORAH RODMAN LAWYER (SF)**.

The General Theological Seminary Alumni Association awarded **DONALD SCHELL (SF)** and Richard Fabian, co-rectors of St. Gregory of

1968

1969

High praise for tutor Steve Van Luchene's second Tecolote colloquium for K-12 teachers from **ELIZABETH AIELLO (SFGI)**, who found it "even more gratifying and professionally stimulating than the first one. It inspired me to expand my Great Books class by offering two more sections. Each section has 12 students, all enthusiastically participating in meaningful dialogue related to meaningful text. I have been honored as a 'Los Alamos Living Treasure' in recognition of my 14 continuous years as 'the Great Books Instructor.'"

1970

ISAAC BLOCK (SFGI) writes: "My wife, Mamerza Delos Reyes Block, has published her book, *The Price of Freedom: The Story of a Courageous Manila Journalist*."

Last fall, **THEDA BRADDOCK FOWLER (A)** published her second book, *Wetland Regulation: Case Law, Interpretation, and Commentary*.

After an illustrious career with the Postal Service and World Bank (over 30 years and 83 foreign countries), **JUAN IANNI (A)** has decided that it's time to hang up his spurs.

classnotes continued on page 36

RICH AND FAMOUS

Ben Bloom, A97, Finds Fame, Fortune—and Something Even More Important.

BY SUSAN BORDEN, A87

Members of the Annapolis class of 1997 may not be surprised to learn that classmate **BEN BLOOM** (A97) has achieved a degree of celebrity. He was certainly well known as a student, and his jump-head-first attitude to life revealed a boom-or-bust attitude that leads those who meet him to believe that he is not destined for an ordinary life.

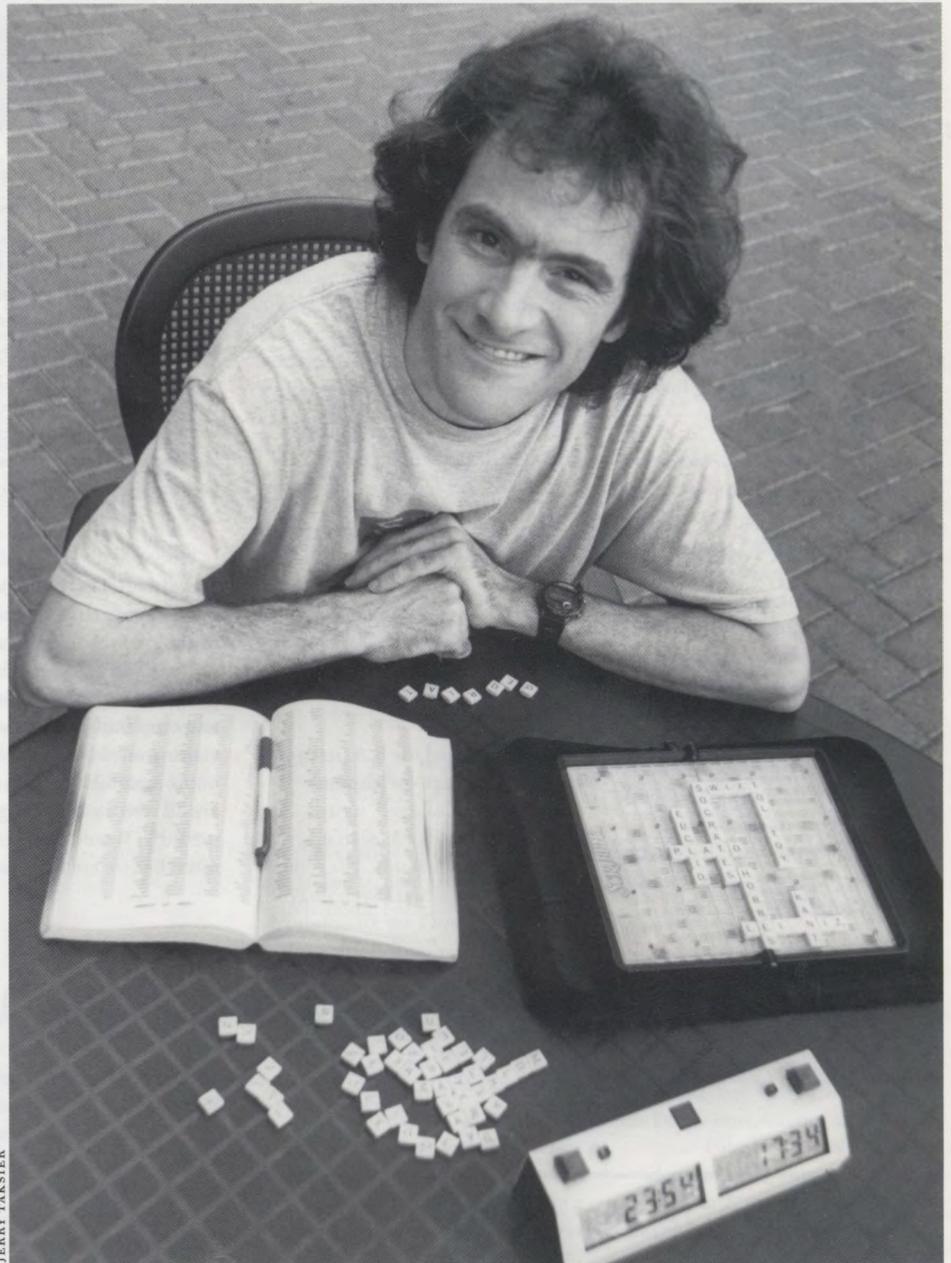
Indeed, he is not. Today, seven years after graduation, he has won a measure of fame in three categories: Scrabble, poetry, and table tennis.

Bloom was already a skilled Scrabble player when he arrived at St. John's, but since graduating, he has played in tournaments in Italy, Israel (his home for much of his life), Turkey, Norway, Reno, San Diego, Tennessee, and Florida. Although his current rating is 1428, at the height of his play in March 2003, he was rated 1649 (a rating over 1600 is considered expert).

Bloom learned of his Scrabble-world celebrity in 2003 when he was flying to Reno for the National Scrabble Championships. "I had to fly via O'Hare airport in Chicago. There were several players there, wearing their typical Scrabble t-shirts," he recalls. "In the airport lounge, I saw a bald guy in his early 40s—black pants, white t-shirt, and two red braces with which he was continually fiddling. I recognized him as Joel Sherman, the 2002 National Champion and one of the top three players in the world. I got up the courage to ask him if I was correct in identifying him. He said, 'Yes, and you are Ben Bloom.'"

Stefan Fatsis, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter and author of *Word Freak*, a *New York Times* bestseller about Scrabble, also knew who Bloom was before the two were paired in an expert match in the 2002 finals in San Diego. Bloom beat him and walked away from the match with a signed copy of his book.

In the world of poetry, Bloom is completing his final semester at the University of Miami, where he received his master's degree in poetry in May. His 15 minutes of poetry fame took place on March 31, when



JERRY TAKSIS

he read from his thesis at Books & Books, a prominent Miami bookstore.

As for table tennis, Bloom has been practicing for years. He was an aggressive player at St. John's and shared the Annapolis campus titles in men's doubles and mixed doubles in 1996. When he lived in Israel, he played in the National League for the

FOR THE POET IN BEN BLOOM, WORDS HAVE GREAT MEANING. FOR THE SCRABBLE PLAYER, THEY'RE JUST PART OF THE GAME.

disabled (he has cerebral palsy). After graduation, he took his game on the road, coming in third at the European Disabled Championships in Budapest in 1998 and winning the silver medal at the World Games for CP athletes in 2001.

Thus accounts for the fame. The fortune is a different matter. It stems from the conditions of Bloom's birth, which are both tragic and miraculous. The short version is this: Ben was born brain dead. The attending nurses thought he was stillborn. His parents asked the hospital staff to do all they could so they put him in an incubator. After 72 hours, he came to life. The staff said that if he survived a week it would be a miracle.

The price of that miracle is cerebral palsy, the condition that Bloom has lived with—and struggled against—his entire life. In 1999, after a nine-year legal battle, Bloom settled out of court with the hospital. A profile of Bloom by Sam Orbaum, Web-published in 2000, sums up his situation: "He is now, in the most grotesquely literal sense, a self-made millionaire."

Bloom's cerebral palsy makes him hard to understand, contorts his face, and gives him a peculiar, dragging walk. But it's not just his speech, gait, and appearance that CP has disfigured. His condition has also affected his sense of self.

Bloom has a history of buoying up his challenged sense of self with humor. The Orbaum article quoted some of his witticisms: "Hey, you know what happens when I have a few beers?" Bloom asks. "I talk clear and walk straight." He describes giving his own brand of speech therapy to a crowd: "I make them repeat the alphabet after me, with all 26 letters sounding exactly the same."

Humor, of course, does not heal all wounds, and Bloom has not always known how to salve them. When he first arrived at St. John's, several people unwittingly found themselves on his bad side by suggesting he get to know Santa Fe tutor Robert Sacks, who also has CP. An older and wiser Bloom recalls why he hated that

suggestion: "During my late teens I was still in denial with regards to my CP. I wanted to fit in with other students and was ashamed of being different. This feeling turned into anger and resentment. I wanted nothing to do with other people with CP as I felt this would be letting go of my aspirations, a stupid concept which I look back on and thank God I have come so far in the last decade."

Bloom has indeed come far. He is calm and relaxed, accepting and tolerant. He has grown into a man with a strong, healthy sense of himself. It would be impossible to recount all that went into that growth, but Bloom cites a particularly transformative experience he had during the World Games for CP athletes.

"While there I felt like never before," he says. "I made friends with other CP athletes from Russia and France. I speak French well, so it was easy to break the ice with them. Many athletes had more

severe CP than me, and were very hard to understand. We communicated through other means; the bond that we shared, of being equal, made for a wonderful feeling. At the end of the Games, we had a party with Karaoke. All of us moved the same way. All of us had the same unclear voice. There was an intense feeling of camaraderie and equality."

Bloom is now finishing his thesis—a collection of 50 poems that reveal much about him and the way his world is shaped by cerebral palsy. His poem, "Jane Fonda's (pain in the) Neck Workout" describes the mechanics of dealing with a stranger's insults. "Special Olympics" describes a night out for eight people with CP. In the poem, the group tries to order drinks: "Two Heinekens, two Carlsbergs, two Guinness and two Everclears./Five minutes trying to communicate, then we settle for eight domestic beers."

In "The Extremities Of A Line Are Points," Bloom describes the obstacles, both interior and exterior, of everyday events. The poem reveals Bloom's writing for all it is: story, insight, therapy, balm. ❀

"All of us moved the same way. All of us had the same unclear voice. There was an intense feeling of camaraderie and equality."

-BEN BLOOM

THE EXTREMITIES OF A LINE ARE POINTS

-EUCLID, *ELEMENTS*, BOOK I, DEFINITION 3

Standing in line
Motionless
Passing glances from strangers
Maybe three-quarters of a second longer than normal
Nothing to get upset about.
"Next!"

Four steps to reach the desk
One-two-three-four
People have other things on their minds
They're here for a reason
They're all adults
They're not going to stare.
"Next!"

They want to rush me
No, it's not me
Don't be oversensitive
Do other people have these inner dialogs?
Am I Socrates or his interlocutor?
"Hi. I'm here to..."

Said too much
She's been working all day
No patience for me
No patience for my voice
Fuck it
Can't stop now.
"For my appointment."

Confusion. Disappointment. Disgust.
Pity.
The myriad of facial expressions tell a familiar story
The patented neck strain won't be too far away
Yup, here it comes
In answer to your next question, "I'm here alone."
"Is anyone responsible for this...guy?"

Should I look around?
Should I glare at the people behind me?
No point. One day they'll read about it.
In a poem.
They can wait.

"Next!"

1971

In April, pediatrician **LINDA BELGRADE FRIEHLING (SF71)** embarked on a trek to Everest Base Camp to raise funds for Himalayan Health Care, serving the people of rural Nepal. In a fund-raising letter she sent along, she described the trek and its mission: "We will cover 120 miles on foot and attain an elevation of 18,500 feet. The funds raised will support the completion of a project sponsored by Himalayan Health Care. Himalayan Health Care is a small non-governmental organization founded approximately a decade ago by a Nepalese and an American to promote better health and life in remote rural areas of Nepal. With a dedicated group of volunteers, including physicians, dentists, nurses, and other professionals, this small organization has facilitated impressive improvements in prenatal care, infant mortality, dental hygiene, and overall health for over 40,000 people. Learn more by visiting the Web site: (Himalayan-healthcare.org)...One of the things that has impressed me most about Himalayan Health Care, is the forward-looking approach that emphasizes educating the Nepalese team to carry out on a day-to-day basis vastly improved health practices. In a country that currently has one doctor to 32,000 people, I feel this is the only way to make a substantive difference." For more information, e-mail her at: tlofftrax@aol.com.

From Colorado, **MICHAEL VICTOROFF (A)** writes: "After nearly five years as medical director for Aetna, I left to work as an investigator for the Department of Toxicology at the University of Colorado Medical School. Officially, I'm a private detective. Our group has M.D.s and Ph.D. toxicologists. We investigate medical claims of inquiry from environmental chemicals. Sort of like Erin Brockovich—only we use science. Much of the most difficult work is philosophical (Karl Popper

et al.), "What constitutes scientific proof?" Very fun."

1972

ILENE LEE (A) reports: "**McKEE (A72)** and Ilene's daughter, Mollie, now 25, is completing her first year at Yale Law School after a summer South American tour that ended with sailing from Galapagos to Tahiti on a 37-foot catamaran. Ilene has a busy play therapy practice in the San Francisco area, specializing in autism and consulting with schools."

1973

JONATHAN MARK (A) was a recent contributor to *Popular Science* magazine and built an off-road course for Toyota in San Antonio.

From **STEVEN** and **MELISSA SEDLIS** (both A): "Our daughter Elizabeth is a first-year medical student at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. Our daughter Jennifer will graduate in May from Scripps College, Claremont, Calif."

1974

From California, **GERARD (A)** and **DAPHNE KAPOLKA** write: "Daphne (nee Greene, A76) retired from the Navy in July. She is now a senior lecturer in physics at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey. Gerry continues to teach English at Santa Catalina School in Monterey. **BASIA KAPOLKA (A01)** is studying acting in New York City."

JOHN REES (A) is working hard as a tele-neuroradiologist: "I live for my work and my family. I greatly enjoy participating in a small seminar group of old SJC friends!"

WESLEY SASAKI-UEMURA (A) writes, "On December 1, 2003, we finalized the adoption of Melina Mei (Xin Yi) Sasaki-Uemura. She was born October of 2002 in Jiangxi province, China. She has 'smiling eyes.'"

1975

JOSÉ F. GRAVE DE PERALTA (A) is taking a group of art and architecture students from the University of Miami to Florence, Italy, for six weeks to learn fresco painting and restoration. Side trips include Assisi, Rome, and Pompeii to view fresco sites in those places as well.

1976

A career change for **IDELL KESSELMAN (AGI)**: "After more than 20 years of teaching college composition, literature, and other related courses, followed by two years as a vocational rehabilitation counselor, I am working as a psychotherapist at a nonprofit agency in Phoenix operating under a managed care system. In July I begin a one-year residency in Dialectical Behavior Therapy, a cognitive approach to helping individuals with Borderline Personality Disorder. My daughter Risa, nearly 25, is completing her master's in education this June, with several years of elementary teaching already completed. We live in our separate apartments in Phoenix, with our own cats and habits. It helps us to keep our friendship strong. I'd enjoy hearing from old friends and tutors: ideleyz@earthlink.net."

1977

BRAD DAVIDSON (A) still lives in Annapolis with his wife, Lynne, and children Teddy and Lucy. He's been taking Teddy on college visits and

is not yet completely comfortable with the "Transgender Club" and similar organizations constituting student life today—but he's trying. He is feeling very old these days.

WILLIAM MALLOY (SF) writes that he took early retirement in December 2003 for health reasons. "Now I have the opportunity to work four mornings a week holding premature babies and to concentrate on improving my health. Additionally, I am a volunteer reporter for KPFT (Keep People Free, Thinking), the local Pacifica station in Houston. Not only can I put up a couple of alumni who may be passing through Houston, I am also accepting invitations to visit alumni. Particular consideration will be given to those invitations that are accompanied by a prepaid airline ticket. Kidding? No, really, I mean it!"

DAVID PEX (SF) is "working hard as the finance director at Ecos Consulting, which implements energy-efficiency programs for electric and gas utility companies. Write me at dpex@qwest.net."

CARLA S. SCHICK (A) won an honorable mention in the Barbara Mandigo Kelly Peace Poetry Award. The poem, "The End of the Words," can be found at www.wagingpeace.org.

MARLENE STRONG (A) has news: "After a year of being a lady of leisure, which I spent fixing up my new house and garden in Boise, I'm starting work at a therapy center, so I'll finally get to use my hard-earned MFT (Marriage and Family Therapist) license. Life in Idaho is calmer; Boise is small enough that you know your neighbors, but large enough to have plenty of culture, and the mountains are beautiful. Any classmates are invited to stop by if you're in the neighborhood—if not, see you for our 30th reunion."

1978

ROBERT McMAHAN (SFGI) reports that he is now full professor at The College of New Jersey and has given many recent concerts both as performer and composer. His wife, Anne, continues to teach at the Pennington School, working with West African drumming, Renaissance recorder, and Native American music.

An invitation from **LAWRENCE OSTROVSKY** (A): "I see a lot of gray-haired people in the summer who come up here to visit Alaska. So I'm sure there must be someone from the class of '78. If you find yourself up this way, please give me a ring."

1980

LEANNE J. PEMBURN (A) writes: "After five years of planning and hard work, Mark and I have completed phase 1 of home building in our woods. Next phase will be straw bale—all help is very welcome for the bale raising. Contact me via e-mail: leanne@pemburn.com."

TOM G. PALMER (A) sends a quick update: "I was in Iraq in February under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and the American Federation of Teachers for a conference for educators on civic education and have been working to get a lot of important books translated into Arabic and published. In addition, I'm helping Iraqi libertarian friends to set up a think tank there, for the purposes of educating people in the principles of classical liberalism and producing policy studies for the new Iraqi government on how to reform the judiciary to secure the rule of law and the protection of the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, how to privatize state-owned industries, and so forth. I'm leaving this Wednesday

for the European meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society in Hamburg (Free Trade from the Hanseatic League to the EU) and from there to Moscow to give a paper, 'The Role of Law and Institutions in Economic Development' at a conference, 'A Liberal Agenda for the New Century: A Global Perspective.' I hope to be back in Iraq in May and July to set up a series of seminars for students, some of which will involve SJC-like seminars and discussions, as well as lectures.

I've recently published a few items, including a monograph, 'Globalization and Culture: Homogeneity, Diversity, Identity, Liberty' (published by the Liberales Institut in Berlin for worldwide distribution through the many offices of the Friedrich-Naumann Stiftung) and a paper, 'Globalization, Cosmopolitanism, and Personal Identity in the Italian journal *Etica e Politica*.' I've got a few other items in the works, as well.

All in all, I'm keeping busy and off the streets."

1982

GEOFFREY HENEHRY (SF) writes: "Ana and I and our brood of seven (Patrick, Claudia, Gus, Thomas, Isabel, Maria, and Tessie) continue to enjoy the Good Life here in Lincoln, Neb. My research over the past five years has been diverse: from modeling the ranges of native vertebrate species in Nebraska to analyzing the consequences of the collapse of the Soviet Union on the annual cycle of greenness in Kazakhstan."

1983

THEODORE ZENZINGER (A) just had a daughter: Sophia Anne Zenzinger, born in April.

1986

"Greetings, SJC," writes **CLAYTON DEKORNE** (A). "I live now half time in Burlington, Vermont, with my daughters, Cecilia (16) and Helen (14), and half time in Brooklyn, N.Y., with my new wife, Robin Michals. I work as a full-time freelance writer with regular assignments at The New York Times Learning Network and a steady stream of multi-media production work from a handful of education media companies. I would love to hear from old friends and any Johnnies interested in the brave new world of online learning: cdekorne@verizon.net."

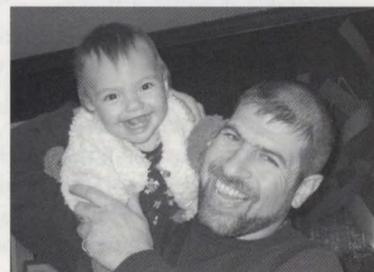
SUSAN READ (SFGI) writes that her son, Harry, is a thriving 8-year-old. "We have just bought the house of our dreams. I continue to enjoy teaching English at Wooster School."

1988

JULIE BURCH (A) writes from Boston: "**DAVID (VERMETTE, A85)** and I are still happily impoverished in Boston. I am apprenticing to be a film projectionist and he is researching Franco-American and Quebec history alongside an editorial job. We continue to use our St. John's education for good instead of evil, vigilantly keeping cocktail party conversations away from portfolio talk and on track with suitable topics like 'what is color, anyway?'"

ABOUT THE TATTOOS

JIM SORRENTINO (A80) writes: "Later this month, Elise Stigliano and I will celebrate the first birthday of our daughter, Sophia Marie! It's been a wonderful year, and it seems



to have passed in a flash. Sophia is a fearless, joyful, lively child, and she infinitely enriches our lives. She doesn't have any tattoos yet, but I was able to locate some black clothing in her size. Our families and friends helped us adjust to parenthood, but we are especially grateful to my classmate **KEN HOM** (A80). Ken has logged thousands of hours in Babylon with us. If Sophia develops a taste for good music and a knack for pool, she will owe it all to him. I continue to practice the Japanese martial art of aikido, in which I currently hold the rank of 4th-degree black belt. Since 1999, I have been the chief instructor at Aikido of Northern Virginia. I have about 75 students, any 30 of whom may show up for a given class. You may visit the dojo's website at <http://www.aikido-nova.org>. I'm still a bureaucrat in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. For the past two years, I've been working as a housing program policy specialist in the Office of Lender Activities and Program Compliance. We spank mortgage lenders when they've been bad. People may reach me at Jim_Sorrentino@hud.gov." ❀

LOOKING FOR THE “MONSTER”

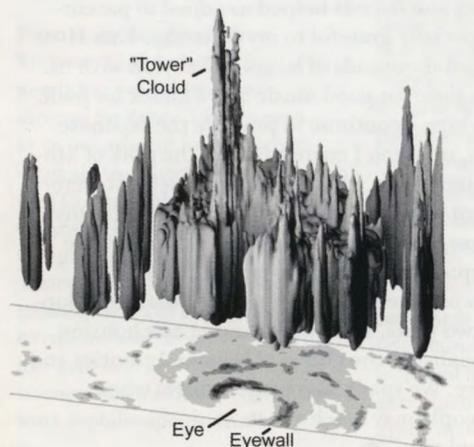
Owen Kelley, Ag3, Finds a Clue to Why Hurricanes Intensify

BY ROSEMARY HARTY

Computer models can often make accurate predictions of where a hurricane will wander. But no one has yet found an accurate method to predict how intense a hurricane’s damaging winds will become. Grappling with this question, Owen Kelley (Ag3) asks, “Why does one hurricane become a monster and another one doesn’t?”

As a scientist with George Mason University, Kelley is part of a team that works at NASA’s Goddard Space Flight Center to study satellite data gathered by the Tropical Rainfall Measuring Mission (TRMM). The TRMM satellite is a joint effort between NASA and the Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency, and its data are being analyzed by scientists around the world. For most of the past six years, Kelley created graphics and software for other researchers. Through this work, Kelley met Joanne Simpson and learned of her pioneering hurricane research. Back in the 1950s, Simpson proposed that short-lived “hot towers” sustain a tropical cyclone, allowing it to travel a thousand miles in a week. But without computers or satellites, Simpson’s hot tower hypothesis was difficult to prove.

Hot towers are rain clouds that reach at least to the top of the troposphere, which is nine miles above the earth and four miles higher than the rest of a hurricane. The towers are called “hot” because heat released by water condensing allows these towers to rise higher.

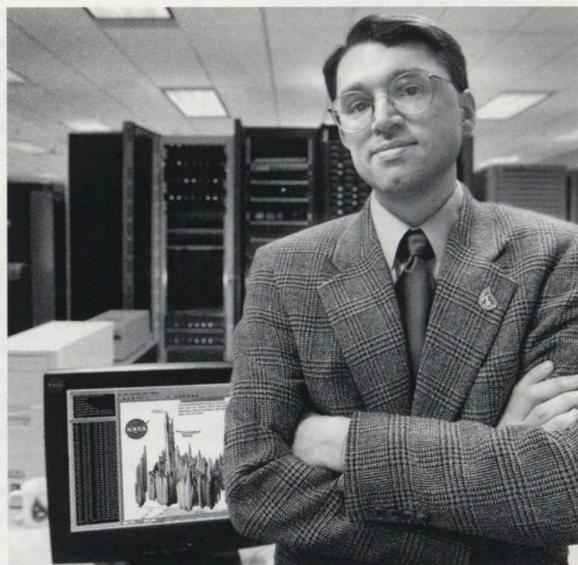


Before investigating hurricanes, Kelley had entered a doctoral program in computational science immediately after graduating from St. John’s. He ended up cashing out his credits for a master’s degree in physics because he worried that he “wasn’t smart enough to be a Ph.D. scientist.” After honing his skills at NASA for six years and feeling a growing desire to “ask the big questions,” he decided last year to continue where he left off with his doctoral studies.

When Kelley began his hurricane research last year, he did not immediately think to look for hot towers. “Erich Stocker, my project manager at NASA, came in my office one day and saw me poring over my hurricanes pictures, getting nowhere. He told me to pick one thing to study, and that made all the difference. I had in the back of my mind how Joanne Simpson would talk passionately about hot towers, so I looked up one of her articles and then taught my computer how to find towers. It turns out that the only instrument in space that can clearly see hot towers is the radar that’s onboard the TRMM satellite. This radar gives us ‘x-ray’ vision. It doesn’t look at just the upper surface of a hurricane—it sees into the heart of the storm.”

Once Kelley began pondering the mysteries of hot towers, his training at St. John’s—particularly his fondness for a question that begins with “what is?”—began to pay off. “Freshman year, I was horrified when we started Euclid and my class argued for an hour about the definition of a point. By the time I graduated, I appreciated the power of simple questions. Instead of becoming lost in the data, I repeatedly asked the simple question, ‘What is a hot tower?’ Every paper I found seemed to use a slightly different definition of hot tower. Eventually, I settled on a precise definition and my persistence

KELLEY’S COMPUTER MODELS SHOW HOT TOWERS RISING FROM HURRICANES.



AS A SCIENTIST, OWEN KELLEY APPRECIATES THE POWER OF SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

led me to patterns that other scientists failed to notice in this same dataset.

“It took my breath away when I first examined my statistical summary and I saw that hot towers appear often in the intensifying hurricanes, but rarely in the ones that are not intensifying,” says Kelley. A good example of an intensifying hurricane with a hot tower is Hurricane Bonnie in August 1998, as the storm intensified a few days before striking North Carolina.

Kelley cautions, “We still can’t predict which hurricanes will become monsters, but perhaps we are now one step closer to an answer.” Kelley’s results suggest that seeing a hot tower near the hurricane’s eye is a clue that the hurricane is twice as likely to intensify than it would be otherwise.

In January, Kelley flew to Seattle to present his findings at the annual meeting of the American Meteorological Society.

He was not prepared for the media attention that resulted when NASA issued a press release about his findings on the day that he presented them. While answering journalists’ questions, he had to learn how to describe his research in a few words. In the end, more than 80 Web sites, newspapers,

continued on next page

SHANNON MAY LAVERY (A) and her husband, **JOHN** (A87), celebrated the eight-month birthday of daughter **Aurora** (A2025) in Healdsburg, Calif., where they recently relocated with their first-born dog, (Vizla) Lucius. All are well and peaceful. "Fellow Oenophiles and Tahoe-bound schussers and ski rats passing through should get in touch. We are local and down to the ground. Hookenza baby!"

KIM PAFFENROTH (A) has published another book, *In Praise of Wisdom: Literary and Theological Reflections on Faith and Reason* (New York and London: Continuum International Publishing, 2004). In it he traces the Biblical image of wisdom as it unfolds in Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, Augustine, Goethe, Pascal, and Melville.

1989

After a year in Thailand, **ELIZABETH POWERS** (A) and her husband returned to Brooklyn in late 2002. They gave birth to a daughter, Madeline Josephine Wagner, in October of 2003.

BRAD STUART (A) and **SARA LARSON** (A90) are delighted to announce the birth of their second daughter, Phoebe. Brad is a software engineer for General Dynamics in Westminster, Md.

1990

REBECCA ASHE (SF) writes: "I'm turning 40 this year and going back to the UK for my high school class reunion in June. Still happily married to Steve Simmer with three gorgeous and interesting daughters (10, 8, and 4—all avid readers). My beloved Faraday died at age 13. **LEE WHITING** (SF89) and I got him in Santa Fe. I still run daily and am training for a half-marathon in May. Also starting a private practice in West Springfield. Would love to hear from classmates again: Rebecca.ashe@the-spa.com."

"Greetings to all. I hope you are well. Zip bang," writes **WILLIAM CULLEY** (SF).

JAMES CLINTON PITTMAN (SF) writes that younger son Sam just turned two. "Hope everyone is well. I need to write a book—anyone know how to get political commentary published when you hate Democrats and Republicans alike?"

1991

RONALIE MOSS (SFGI, EC95) is still a teacher at Los Alamos High School, but she looks forward to retiring soon. "I have had a rewarding career, but now I am looking forward to reading great books again instead of student papers."

News from **MEGAN SMITH** (A): My husband, **DAVID DOUGHERTY** (AGI98), and I welcomed our baby

girl, Harper Claret, into our world on September 2, 2003. She is a bright and smiling baby with a full head of spiky hair, just like her mother's. We are still living in Annapolis, and I am working part time as an optician and trying to start a career in freelance ad design for small businesses. David is a Java programmer with Anne Arundel County government. We'd love to hear from any of our old friends. My e-mail is peanutmom@comcast.net and David's is dsmithdr@comcast.net."

1992

From London, **VICTORIA BURGESS** (SF) writes: "I wish to thank everyone for their kind wishes following the death of my father. They mean a great deal to me. I would love to see any Johnnies passing through the London area."

"After almost eight years at the Consortium for Oceanographic Research and Education (CORE), I will start a new job in April with the Office of Education and Sustainable Development at NOAA's headquarters in DC," writes **SARAH SCHOEDINGER** (A). "While this job won't shorten my commute from Annapolis, I am looking forward to the new professional opportunities it presents."

MICHAEL ZINANTI (SF) tells us: "I am an antenna design engineer for Centurion Wireless Technologies and have contributed to three antenna patents with one more pending. **SUSAN** (formerly **SWETICH**, SF93) and I are raising and home-schooling one

daughter, Anna. We would love to hear from any Johnnies passing through the Denver area."

1993

"Hello, all!" **AMY FLACK** (A) writes. "Things in South Dakota are going well. Ministry is an adventure, harrowing, wonderful, blissful, wacky, and so many other adjectives both good and bad." E-mail: thiers55@yahoo.com.

1994

NATALIE ARNOLD and **WILLIAM BLAIS** (both SF) were married in July 2001 and celebrated with a 30-day cross-country train trip. Currently, they "live in Pittsburgh and are the proud owners of a happy house in need of a little TLC. We are happy to provide bed and breakfast, good conversation, and a warm welcome to any Johnnie traveling through Pittsburgh. We are best reached through e-mail at bill.blais@pobox.com."

LARISSA ENGELMAN (A) is currently living in New York after moving from Washington, D.C., in 2002. "Working as marketing manager of the New York office of Covington & Burling. As a side project, am looking to raise money for an independent film project and would love to be connected to others who have experience or contacts in that world. My hellos to the class. Hope to see you at our 10-year reunion."

television stations, and radio stations picked up the story. His hurricane results appeared in the media from Texas to Canada, Switzerland, Colombia, Australia, and Japan. A European Web site has even posted an Italian translation of the story.

Perhaps the most gratifying attention came from Simpson, who sent Kelley an

e-mail that pointed out weaknesses in his research, but closed with the statement: "An old person feels that his/her life has not been in vain when we see young people grabbing the ball and running with it."

This year, Kelley plans to revise the material he presented at the conference and submit it to a scholarly journal. Once

he finishes his doctoral studies, Kelley is not sure what the future holds. "The ultimate goal is supposed to be teaching at a research university and doing groundbreaking research between classes. I just want to look at data and see things other people haven't seen before. I'm not sure how to make that happen." ❀

1995

JOEL ARD (A) and his wife **HANNAH** (Ag2), announce the birth of their son, David Frederick Ard, on September 4, 2003. David made his first appearance at St. John's at Homecoming a week after his birth.

"Remember kids," writes **CHRIS DAVIS** (SF), "funk is its own reward."

BENJAMIN "ALEX" RUSCHELL (SF) has a new baby. George Alexis Ruschell (8 lbs., 20 in.) was born in Schweinfurt, Germany, in December 2003.

JESSICA VANDRIESEN (A) is about to complete a master's in education as part of the New York City Teaching Fellows. "I have been teaching math at Wadleigh Secondary School since 2002. It is a far cry from explorations of the conic sections or Minkowskian space-time, but there are moments. I plan to travel abroad next year, teaching in an international school or possibly switching to ESL. Anyone with suggestions, please contact me via e-mail: jvandriesen@hotmail.com."

TRACY WHITCOMB (A) is still in Vermont and now back in school for a second bachelor's degree: in nursing. "I hope everyone else is well!"

An invitation to adventure from **KIRA K. ZIELINSKI** (SF). "Anyone in or passing through Las Vegas, Nev., I'm now flying the Dam Helicopter Tours out of a Bell 206 at the Hoover Dam—the tours are quick, but a ton of fun, so drop by and fly with me! I just bought a house and I'll be here for a year. Because it's Vegas, I think I need to consider modifying my uniform to sparkly midriff-baring nomex with rhinestones! My callsign is Dam Helicopter...too cool... I'm obviously having a blast with my new life. Also need to design more bookshelves to go in the helicopter..."

REDISCOVERING THE BASICS

MAGGIE ROBERTS ARNOLD (Ag5) writes: "Late as usual, I am announcing the arrival of our son Augustus Bullock Roberts (Gus), born on September 16, 2002. Parenthood is a blast! Thanks to Gus we are frequent visitors to the San Antonio Zoo. (I am expecting the bears to wave to us out of recognition any day now.) We are also frequent visitors to the McNay Art Museum. As parents we love this enthusiastic rediscovery of the basics: the naming of and conversational focus on animals, shapes, colors, vehicles, body parts, foods, nature (you name it). I think fondly and frequently of the time I spent on each campus and wish my contemporaries great happiness and fulfillment! (And the courage to send in a note!)" ❀

business journalism, I moved on to Moscow. As of March, I have been here for two years and I'm now writing for a Dutch AIDS charity. I got married last summer to Elena Rudykh, a Siberian intellectual beauty queen. We see ourselves moving back to the homeland eventually, but in the meantime, I hope to see the day when one of the many Marx readings on the Program is replaced by Bulgakov's 'Heart of a Dog' for a modest injection of reality."

1996

MAYA BRENNAN (SF), formerly J. Maya Johnson, is in New Jersey: "I've recently moved from Baltimore to central New Jersey where my husband, Grandpa of evilrobots.com, found a paying job after his election-induced unemployment. I'm working at Princeton University, compiling and coding data for the Cultural Policy and the Arts National Data Archive (CPANDA). Anyone interested in the cultural policy field will want to check out our free online data archive at www.cpanda.org. I'd love to hear from former classmates, especially anyone passing through the central New Jersey to New York City area. My e-mail address is mahimsab@yahoo.com. Snail-mail: 501 Raritan Ave., D6, Highland Park, NJ 08904

ERIN N.H. FURBY (A) is working as a massage therapist in Anchorage. "My husband and I are enjoying our attempts at balancing middle-class American life with the life of the mind, and we still love Alaska, even if it snows five days before April."

1997

MICHAEL CHIANTELLA (A) married Karen Burgess in Buffalo, N.Y., on August 2, 2003. "TAFFETA ELLIOTT (SF) gave a reading at the wedding. Currently almost completed an LL.M. in Trust and Estate law at the University of Miami."

SHANNON STIRMAN (SF) writes: "We're moving from Philadelphia, where I've been studying at Penn, to San Francisco, where Kelly will begin working for a new software company. Henry turned 2 in August and we're trying to keep up with him. I'm finishing up my dissertation in psychology and will plan to start an internship in the fall. As soon as we figure out exactly where we'll be living, visitors will be welcome!"

"I think the last time I appeared here, just after graduation, I was rather optimistic about saving the world through economics," writes **DAVID VEAZEY** (A). "Well, since then, I got my M.A. at Fordham but stopped just before I had to start on my dissertation. Over the years I had become disenchanted with the inherent inability of economics to solve any meaningful problems. Then later, after becoming an expert in maximizing my unemployment checks and dabbling in health and

1998

In September 2003, **JULIE BAYON** (AGI) graduated from Claremont Graduate University with a Ph.D. in education. The title of her dissertation is "The Neo-Classical Ideal: Liberal Arts Education for the Twenty-First Century." She is currently assistant professor of English and chair of General Education at Washington Bible College in Lanham, Md.

JACQUELINE CAMM (A) announces her marriage to Robert Travis (a 1998 graduate of Columbia University) on February 8, 2003, in the Cathedral Church of St. Luke, Orlando, Fla. The Rt. Rev. John Howe, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Central Florida, presided. **AMY (NORMAN) MORGAN** (Ag6) and her husband Bill provided music for the ceremony. Writes Jacqueline: "We moved to Tennessee in August for Rob to attend seminary. We also purchased our first home with the help of **MILK KLIM** (A02) of Columbia National Mortgage. If anyone would like to reach us, or is passing through Tennessee, please send us an e-mail: jacquelinecamm@hotmail.com."

Method-acting studies for **STEPHEN CONN** (SF) finally hit Hollywood gold! Look for him this summer in *Troy*: he plays the third spear from the left in that big battle scene towards the middle. "Brad was a dream to work with," Steve adds.

GRATEFUL FOR PHLOGISTON

A**DRIAN LUCIA** (SFOO) writes: "After living in Philadelphia and Chicago for three years, I'm pursuing a master's degree in library and information science at the University of Illinois. Familiarity with the theory of phlogiston has never been so helpful. I plan to flee the Midwest in basically any direction when I finish this program. Any Johnnie librarians out there?" ❀

ROBERT HERBST (SF) is employed as a college administrator for the University of Chicago's economics department, serves as president of the Chicago chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, and is a member of Chicago's Caxton Club (for bibliofiles): "I collect 16th-century Aristotle texts."

A report from **ANDREW B. HILL** (A): "I'm getting married sometime in 2004 to a tremendous woman who did not, sadly, attend St. John's. I reside in Fort Worth, Texas. I recently completed an unsuccessful bid for the mayorship of my lovely city, for which I was rewarded with a whopping 206 votes, as well as about 60 hours of Digital Beta footage, which I intend to convert into something remotely saleable. Thus, no matter how vague my connection to the school may be, I am following in a tradition of Maverick Johnnie filmmakers, or at least I think I am."

CINDY LUTZ (A) writes: "I moved from Philadelphia to Frederick, Md., a year and a half ago to live with **VINCE BAKER** (A95)—yes, that Vince Baker. We're now engaged, we've just bought a house and are planning an October wedding. I'm working for a biotech company, while Vince is an editor. We have a bit of a menagerie with the cats Apollo & Artemis, and our recently acquired blue-fronted Amazon parrot, Pancho, the Bird of Mass Destruction. We'd love to hear from anyone in the D.C. metro area: cinderlou@peoplepc.com and oldmarley@hotmail.com."

JAMES PETCOFF (SFGI) is teaching: "I recently left my job as a mental health counselor in Hyannis, Mass., and now work for The May Center for Child Development at The May School in Chatham, Mass., teaching children with developmental disabilities. I recently moved to Wellfleet, Cape Cod, from Yarmouthport. When I am not involved in the above, I play with my jazz, folk, blues rock-a-billy band: Skeeter and the Buzzones. I would love to communicate with fellow Johnnies in the area."

1999

BENJAMIN CLOSS (A) is serving at the Marine Corps Air Station in Miramar, Calif. "I may go overseas for a while this fall, but Pacific Beach isn't bad until then."

LORI BETH KURTYKA (AGI) married Mauricio Rojas in August. "Also I am currently teaching in Prince George's County. I got my certification through their Resident Teacher Program and would be happy to talk to any seniors or graduates who are looking into doing the same."

"Hey all," writes **JESSICA SPROUT MORGENSTERN** (A). "Still busy out here, loving my job, loving the weather—sunny Santa Barbara. Feel free to e-mail anytime...anyone looking for a fun way to get paid to learn (and teach) dance (ballroom and social) give me a call!"

CHRISTOPHER PAGAN NELSON (SF) reports: "Right now, I'm living in Texas and concentrating on my turbo-gangster country band, The Foggy Mountain Cop Killin' Boys. College didn't really prepare me for the scads of fame and money I'm receiving, but it was cool anyway. I would love to hear what other Johnnies are doing, so please e-mail me at donkeytown@hotmail.com."

SHANNON ROHDE and **KERRY O'BOYLE** (Both AGI) would like to announce the birth of their son, Mason, on February 14, 2003. "We'd love to hear from our former classmates at ShannonandKerry@earthlink.net."

MIKE and **ABBY SOEJOTO** (both A) are pleased to announce the birth of their first child, Lucila Adele. Lucy was born on September 30 in Los Angeles, where Mike is beginning his second year as an attorney in the tax department of O'Melveny & Myers. Abby recently finished the post-baccalaureate program in classics at UCLA. They'd love to hear from anyone, especially those in or passing through Southern California (asoejoto@cs.com or 323-572-0343).

2000

NEVIN YOUNG (A) writes: "I am now finishing my third year in the evening division at the George Washington University Law School, and am working for a lawyer in the District of Columbia. (I cannot understand why anyone would not want to be a lawyer.) I would be happy to answer any questions from Johnnies who want to know about law school in general, or GW."

"Greetings from the Mississippi Delta!" writes **PAUL SPRADLEY** (A). "This past January I got married to Caroline Taylor of Rocky Mount, N.C. In the wedding party were **DEREK ALEXANDER** (A99), **DAVID BOHANNON** (A99), **ADAM DAWSON** (A03), **ALAN HUDSON** (A03), and **GEORGE O'KEEFE** (A03). We were

married in Rocky Mount, N.C., and now live in Indianola, Miss., which has been my home since graduation. I will be ordained in May and we are expecting our first child in November."

CHRISTOPHER "CASEY" VAUGHAN (A) is living in St. Augustine, Fla. "Anyone who wants to come surfing feel free to contact me at cvaughan@flagler.edu."

2001

KATHARINE CHRISTOPHER (SF) and **BILLY DAVIS** (SF) were married on December 20, 2003, in a beautiful traditional ceremony at the Church of the Holy Faith in Santa Fe. Katharine reports: "We were attended by our five sisters as bridesmaids, and **JACKSON FRISHMAN** (SFOI) and **CHRIS CARLISLE** (SFOI) as groomsmen. **NIKKI MAZZIA** (SFOI) sang two lovely solos, and **JULIANA CORONA KIRMEYER** (SFO2) read a Scripture passage. A number of other Johnnies also came to celebrate with us, as well as family and friends from all over. It was a wonderful day, as well as the beginning, God willing, of a long and joyful marriage."

WHAT'S UP?

The College wants to hear from you. Call us, write us, e-mail us. Let your classmates know what you're doing. The next issue will be published in September; deadline for the alumni notes section is July 15.

IN ANNAPOLIS:

The College Magazine
St. John's College, P.O. Box 2800
Annapolis, MD 21404;
rosemary.harty@sjca.edu

IN SANTA FE:

The College Magazine
St. John's College
Public Relations Office
1160 Camino Cruz Blanca
Santa Fe, NM 87505-4599;
alumni@sjcsf.edu

KATRINA COSTEDIO (SF) has finally decided to use her powers for good and is heading for law school, although she isn't sure which one. "Also shaping the young minds of California in various volunteer positions and as a sub. And on the weekends I work with an adult who is learning to read. I'm struggling with the demands of being a good citizen. Most of the time I still feel like I'm pretending, but what's the difference really?"

TERENCE DUVALL (A) writes: "I just returned from my first major trip since graduating college so I decided it was about time to send an update. My lomo and I spent six stupendous weeks in Slovenia taking pictures of castles by lakes for my upcoming art exhibit 'Reflected Castles.' In Ljubljana I met a producer who has offered to put out a split seven-inch of my

band, Big Brother, and the Slovenian underground rock quartet Sister City. I think I finally understand why you can't spell Slovenia without the word 'love.' And so in the immortal words of the poet Jerry Garcia, 'What a long strange trip it's been.'"

TALLEY SCROGGS (A) moved to Bennington, Vt., after a half year in Agen, France, where she assisted in running The French Kitchen at Camont, a 1720s inn. Her friend **LOUIS KOVACS** (A), is in the post-baccalaureate program at Bennington College. Talley works at North Shire Booksellers and plans to start an MBA program next fall.

An intriguing "heads up" from **PETER SPEER** (A): "You're the king of hearts for four years and then

you come out into the real world and you're the two of spades. And there's no don rags in your new office, and no one wants to read your senior essay. But that girl by the water cooler is awfully cute, and she blushes when I quote Dante, and though she's never heard of Virgil she swears it sounds familiar. So all's well and I'm going to Vegas. Feel free to contact me with lucky numbers."

MARGARET TOBIAS (A) will be attending graduate school this fall at the University of Chicago, enrolling in the Master of Arts in Humanities program.

2003

"I am enjoying Eastern Classics and highly recommend the program," writes **ALLISON WEBSTER** (SF). ✨

2002

ALEK CHANCE (A) and **IVA ZIZA** (A01) had a daughter, Emma Katherine Chance. Emma was born on August 10, 2003, in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

{ OBITUARIES }

DIANA "DANNY" BELL

Diana "Danny" Bell, the wife of Santa Fe tutor emeritus Charles Bell, died March 24 of pancreatic cancer. She was 80.

She was born and raised in Darlington, Md., trained as a teacher, and after marrying Charles Bell in 1949, lived with her family in Chicago and Annapolis. She taught first grade in Annapolis until moving to Santa Fe in 1967. Along with her husband, she was named one of the city's "Living Treasures" in 1996 for contributions to the Santa Fe community.

"Everything she did was in proportion and infused with order, kindness, and delight," her family wrote in her newspaper obituary. "Whether it was a picnic, or the peaceful sharing of tea, Danny filled all with joy and the sense of her unconditional acceptance of our human foibles."

The family has arranged for two ways for friends to remember her: contributions can be made for the publication of Charles Bell's poems through the non-profit Lumen Books (40 Camino Cielo, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87506) and also to one of Danny's charities, La Luz de Santa Fe Family Shelter, (2325 Cerrillos Road, Santa Fe, NM 87505).

HERBERT BRENT STALLINGS

Herbert Brent Stallings, class of 1941, died January 8, 2004, in Cary, N.C. He was 84.

A native of Baltimore, Stallings played on the college's football team (nicknamed the "galloping goose-eggs") before intercollegiate sports were dropped. His pastor, the Rev. William Green, remembers Stallings bringing his family back to the St. John's campus several years ago, videotaping his old dormitory room, and fondly revisiting his days at St. John's. When the college adopted the New Program in 1937, Stallings had the option of sticking with the old program or starting in the new and spending an extra year at the college; he chose the New Program, Green said.

"He has always said that St. John's really formed who he was," said Rev. Green. "He really loved talking about the college."

Stallings went on to serve as a lieutenant in the Navy during World War II. After the war, he launched a 30-year career in advertising with the Baltimore *News-American*. He met his wife, Ruth, on a Chesapeake Bay Cruise. Married for nearly 60 years, the couple had two children who live in North Carolina.

"He was a wonderful man who loved books," Green said.

MEDORA COCKEY

Medora Cockey (A03) died January 3, 2003, after a brief illness. She was 23.

Miss Cockey was born in Baltimore and moved to Salisbury with her family in 1983. She attended St. John's College for two years, then transferred to Warren Wilson College in Asheville, N.C., to finish her studies. She was to have graduated with a fine arts degree in May.

Miss Cockey was a talented artist. She loved hard physical farm work, and her favorite summer job in recent years was working on organic farms in Virginia and Georgia. Her sister, Mary, is a member of the Annapolis class of 2004.

ALSO NOTED:

CLAYTON DAVIS, class of 1938, died Feb. 9, 2004.

JOHN FALENCKI, (A68), died Dec. 30, 2003.

MERRILL TURNER (SF79) died March 16, 2004.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, class of 1936, died in July 2002.

ON GRADES: HOW CAN GENUINE LEARNING BE MEASURED AT ST. JOHN'S?

BY JOHN PETERSON, AO5

My grades were never something I worried too much about. In middle school I earned As, but in high school—where I didn't always do homework or attend class—I maintained a consistent B+, or 90 percent average. These grades were meaningless, I thought, because the work that the A-kids were doing to get their grades was out of proportion to a grade's value. I scoffed at the artificial scale of greatness that accompanied the grades: "High Honor Roll," "Honor Roll," etc. I believed that I was wiser than these students, because while they were working hard to slave for top grades at their college choices, I was heading to a place where grades didn't matter and where what would really be measured after four years would be the true worth of an individual.

When I came to St. John's College, I found classes to be radically different from high school, the teachers much more alive, the students more interested and interesting. There were no tests and no homework—at least not in the high school sense of busywork from a textbook. Why, then, were there still grades?

St. John's is an egalitarian institution that loves truth and rewards hard work not with good grades, but with understanding, good conversation, and good judgment. Could it possibly be true that with all these riches around them, students here would be worried about their grades, look them up every semester, and work for them, even to the detriment of learning itself?

During my first semester, I don't think grades ever crossed my mind—I was having too much fun. I was worried that I did not talk as much as some of my classmates and that maybe I did not study enough. In my don rag, my tutors were nice to me and said some helpful things. This was enough for me.

This year, however, I began to think about life after St. John's and checked my grades. This raised a series of troubling questions about grades and the learning environment at St. John's: How many other students check their grades? Students discuss don rags all the time—what about

grades? Do any students complain about their grades? One can respond to a tutor in a don rag because he is stating observations and offering suggestions, but how does one respond to a B on a piece of paper?

The college's recent self-study, "Liberal Education in a Community of Learners," states that the college wants students to "work for understanding and not for grades," but acknowledges that students need transcripts, and therefore grades, for life after St. John's. Grades interfere with the college's goals of fostering genuine learning and cultivating freedom, they distract students, encourage competition, and are "inadequate as means of evaluating a student's success in liberal learning," the report states. Nevertheless, it says, tutors take the "fair determination of grades very seriously."

The "Grades and Grading Policies" section of the student handbook says that the college "does require all tutors to award letter grades to their students at the end of each semester...and authorizes them to decide what elements they will take into consideration and in what proportion." As opposed to the pre-determined system of my high school days, this process is mysterious and vague, perhaps even arbitrary. What are these "elements" that a tutor may or may not take into consideration? Classroom participation, attendance, attitude, papers, and demonstrations all seem like candidates. However, different tutors may be more interested in different things, and this is something that a proportional grading policy, in which various assignments are given certain weight in a total grade, is designed to alleviate.

It is unlikely that St. John's will implement any policy such as this in the near future. One reason is that the more specific we get about grades, the more it will appear that we care about them, and as a result, we will care about them more. If tutors needed to discuss grades, they would have to think more about grade-giving and less about teaching. Students would consequently worry more about grade-getting than about learning. Competition would inevitably result.

"It's a weird situation," acknowledges Dean Harvey Flaumenhaft. "On the one



JOHN PETERSON

hand we give [grades], and we don't want them to be some kind of secret document that a student can't look at, but on the other hand we don't report them to the student, and we try to play it down. I don't think it's hypocritical...It's trying to foster a community where people are really concerned about the depth of each individual student's self-education—and it really works."

With all the debate about how much to talk about grades, by which standards they are given, and how much they matter to students as opposed to how much consideration tutors have in giving them, my inclination is to revert to my old high school attitude. I begin to suspect that the behavior of the students around me is geared toward getting better grades. I wonder if this or that student has better grades than I, and if so, why. I become taken with the feeling that we are all here to go somewhere else, to get our tickets to graduate school. I begin to resent my fellow students and to think only of myself. Worst of all, I stop all learning and introspection, adopt an air of superiority, and start to think about my future.

Only at this point do I realize that the school knows what it is doing: it has foreseen these problems, and in its grading policy has tried to circumvent them. It recognizes that grades can be a potential threat to learning, but that they are necessary. If a Johnnie is still worried about the arbitrariness of grades, he only needs to ask himself, "Do my grades reflect anything real?" and he will answer, "More than they did in high school." That should be enough, and he should go back to his studies. ❖

FROM THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

Greetings!

Your Alumni Association and the staff of SJC have been hard at work supporting the network of Johnnies. I wish I could share in one letter all the projects and possibilities that are emerging from our shared work, but we only have room for three this time. Watch this space for more in the coming issues.



Part 1 - Reconnect

What ever happened to that interesting woman in my freshman seminar?
Who are the Johnnies living in my state?
Is there someone from St. John's practicing law in my city?
How many people were in my class?
What is Glenda Holladay's last name now?
Does my favorite waltz partner have an e-mail address?
How can I be sure the college has my correct address and phone number?

Soon you can answer these and many other questions about alumni around the world.

The Alumni Association and the college joined forces to put the St. John's College Alumni Register online. It will be a great new tool for you to stay in touch with the rest of the college community. To use the Register—

1. Go to www.stjohnscollege.edu.
2. Select alumni.
3. Select Online Register.
4. Apply for access to the Register.
5. Within a week, you will receive an e-mail with your username and password that will give you access.

Then you'll be searching to your heart's content. As you use the new Register, we strongly urge you to:

- Send your feedback about the Register and the rest of the Web site to Jo Ann Mattson (A87) joanne.mattson@sjca.edu

or Roxanne Seagraves (SF83) roxanne.seagraves@mail.sjcsf.edu.
• Update and/or complete your own information. The Register is only as good as the information it holds. Please make it most useful by keeping your own data up to date!

- Let the college know if you prefer not to have your information appear in the Register. You should have received a postcard asking if you wanted to opt out. There are also places online that you can choose not to have your information appear.
- Use the Register as a tool to stay in touch with Johnnies from your era, your campus, your profession, or your locale.

Part 2 - Come Home

Are you going to Homecoming this year? Please consider making the trip to Santa Fe in the summer or Annapolis in the fall. You will have many reasons to be glad you did.

- Seeing old friends and making new ones.
- Thanking that tutor who opened your mind to the books (or the books to your mind).
- Seeing a rejuvenated campus whether you're in the East or the West.
- Watching a Santa Fe sunset over the mountain or an Annapolis sunset over the creek.
- Sharing the unique conversational experience of seminar.
- Dancing as if you were 20 again.
- Munching on burritos or crab cakes.
- Welcoming new honorary alumni.
- Congratulating fellow alumni with Awards of Merit for their remarkable lives and work.
- Learning about the current state of student life and the Program.
- Exhibiting and/or observing work of creative and industrious Johnnies who have books to sign (Annapolis) or art to show (Santa Fe).

You will be receiving information and invitations from classmates, the Alumni Association, and the college. We look forward to seeing you!

Part 3 - Reach Out

The Next Steps Action Team of the Alumni Association and the Career Services offices on both campuses support new alumni as

they venture out into the world. If you're interested in providing support or in getting a boost yourself, consider reaching out. Among the many opportunities and services:

Virgil Initiative: Juniors who volunteer are matched with an alumnus mentor. The two meet periodically and stay in touch through senior year and beyond. The purpose of the relationship is to share experiences and insights about the transitions after St. John's. Career counseling is not part of the plan, but mentors may have helpful suggestions and resources for the job or educational market as well. (Thanks to Lee Zlotoff (A74) and Tom Krause (SFG100) for conceiving and launching this program!)

Networking receptions: Several Alumni Association chapters host receptions that bring new alumni and older ones together to share career and grad school information. As you might imagine, many other topics come up for conversation and a lively time is had by all.

Communities of Interest: Clusters of alumni have shared interests such as psychology, dance, quilting, art, academic research in various fields, law, or education. Often these Johnnies don't have ways to be in touch with each other even when they know they're not alone. The Next Steps Action Team is planning to launch a network across time and space to get like-minded alumni connected.

Internships: A generous grant from the Hodson Trust inspired summer internships for students on the Annapolis campus. Recipients have pursued a variety of activities from arts to sciences to services to professions. The project has been very successful, and plans are afoot to begin a similar program in Santa Fe.

We all have transitions to make as we leave the college. These programs and others help make the transition a time for extended learning about how the great ideas are the foundation for happy and productive lives. If you're interested in participating in any of these programs, either as supporter or supported, please be in touch with Jo Ann or Roxanne. They'll help you make the connections. ✨

For the past, present, and future,
Glenda Holladay Eoyang, SF76

CHAPTER UPDATE

With 18 active chapters meeting on a regular basis throughout the country, including a new chapter in Pittsburgh, St. John's alumni have plenty of opportunities for seminars, social events, and cultural outings with other Johnnies. Efforts are also under way in six new areas to develop chapters from reading groups or nurture budding interest in the formation of new chapters and alumni groups.

In her annual report on chapter activity to the association board, Carol Freeman (AG194), reported on an encouraging year marked by active chapters planning innovative events and emerging interest in areas yet to establish chapters.

Here are some highlights:

- The Santa Fe chapter is now meeting bimonthly, and has formed a steering committee to select topics and plan meetings.
- The Boston chapter is thrilled to have read Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*. This inspiring endeavor (5,000 pages) was a project embraced enthusiastically by chapter members.
- The Annapolis chapter has decided to develop a reading list for several months in a row to attract more of the 500 alumni in the area to seminars.
- Inquiries about starting a chapter or reading group are being pursued in Ithaca, N.Y., and the Greater Miami area. In Miami, Johnnies traveled up to three hours to attend recent alumni get-togethers in Miami and West Palm Beach, hosted by Annapolis staff members Barbara Goyette (A73), vice president for advancement, and Jo Ann Mattson (A87), director of alumni activities.

• Russ Dibble (SF97) and Kira Heater organized the first seminar, on February 11, for alumni in the Missoula, Montana, area.

In addition to seminars, Johnnies are demonstrating their interest in socializing with other alumni by turning out in large numbers for crab feasts (Baltimore), picnics (New York), and an annual alumni dinner (Greater Puget Sound). ❖

CHECK THE WEB FOR ELECTION NEWS

The Alumni Association nominations for alumni representatives to the St. John's Board of Visitors and Governors and for directors-at-large for the Alumni Association Board for 2005 will be posted on the college Web site at www.stjohnscollege.edu. Select "Alumni" from the left-hand menu (under the SJC seal), then click on the Alumni Association homepage. A special nominations page will appear among the left-hand menu options that are now highlighted in red. Names, photos (when available) and biographical information about the nominees, as well as information on the election process, will be available online on or before August 1, 2004. ❖

BRETT HEAVNER (A89) AND NANCY LINDLEY (A58) AT AN ANNAPOLIS NETWORKING RECEPTION FOR STUDENTS AND ALUMNI.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Whether from Annapolis or Santa Fe, undergraduate or Graduate Institute, Old Program or New, graduated or not, all alumni have automatic membership in the St. John's College Alumni Association. The Alumni Association is an independent organization, with a Board of Directors elected by and from the alumni body. The Board meets four times a year, twice on each campus, to plan programs and coordinate the affairs of the Association. This newsletter within *The College* magazine is sponsored by the Alumni Association and communicates Alumni Association news and events of interest.

President – Glenda Eoyang, SF76

Vice President – Jason Walsh, A85

Secretary – Barbara Lauer, SF76

Treasurer – Bill Fant, A79

Getting-the-Word-Out Action Team Chair – Linda Stabler-Talty, SFG176

Web site – www.sjca.edu/aassoc/main.phtml

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

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

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410-280-0958

AUSTIN

Jennifer Chenoweth

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Bev Angel

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BALTIMORE

Deborah Cohen

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BOSTON

Ginger Kenney

617-964-4794

CHICAGO

Amanda Richards

847-705-1143

DALLAS/FORT WORTH

Suzanne Gill Doremus

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PHILADELPHIA

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“A LOAF OF BREAD, A GLASS OF WINE, AND ... I AND THOU.”

*Sniffing, Swirling, and Seminar at
Stag's Leap Wine Cellars*

BY MARK MIDDLEBROOK, A83

*Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the
Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse – and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness –
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.*

– FROM OMAR KHAYYAM'S *RUBAIYAT*, C. 1100.

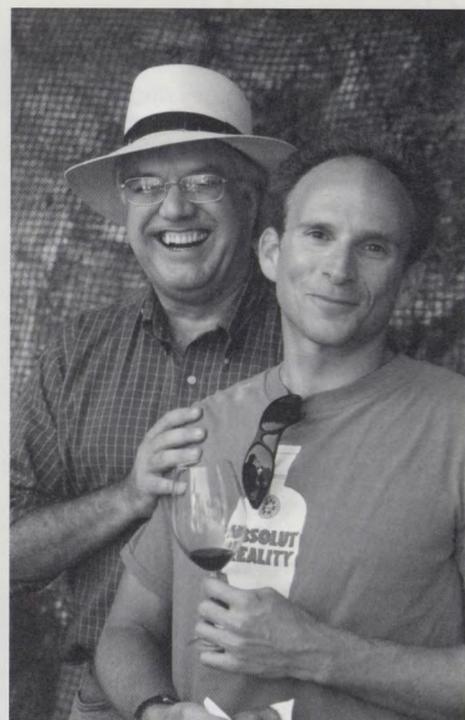
Nine centuries later, the sentiments expressed in Khayyam's verse echo each summer in a vine-rich valley watched over by a rocky palisade known as Stag's Leap. Alumni from around Northern California—and perhaps an eagerly welcomed visitor from Santa Fe or Annapolis—rise early on a sunny Sunday morning to prepare our picnic lunches and finish our seminar reading. And then we're off to the annual Stag's Leap Wine Cellars picnic and seminars, where we'll once again be the blessed

beneficiaries of St. John's alumni Warren (A52) and Barbara (A55) Winiarski's hospitality.

The drive from the San Francisco Bay area takes about an hour, and many of us carpool—if only for the pleasure of packing in extra hours of conversation with fellow alumni whom we may not have seen since last year's pilgrimage. As we head north, fog often lingers on the Bay and even in the lower reaches of Napa Valley, but its coolness provides a lovely contrast to the intense valley heat that will come in the afternoon.

We pass through the town of Napa and head north on the Silverado Trail, a road threading up the eastern side of Napa Valley that's traveled mostly by winery-hopping tourists and bicyclists. Vines appear—lots of them—as we speed past the now-familiar litany of wineries: Luna (where former tutor Abe Schoener, A82, is now winemaker), Altamura, White Rock, Clos du Val, Chimney Rock. After a few miles, we see the distinctive notch in the craggy ridge to the east. That's the Stag's Leap. Just before the road begins to climb out of the Stags Leap District and the bicyclists start to down-shift, we pull into the Stag's Leap Wine Cellars driveway.

To keep track of all the stags in these parts, you need a scorecard—or maybe a punctuation handbook. The “Stags Leap District” (multiple stags) is the name of the small wine-growing region that sits just below the notch in the ridge called



“Stag's Leap” (singular possessive stag). “Stag's Leap Wine Cellars” (ditto) is the Winiarskis' winery and home of our annual picnic and seminars. “Stags' Leap Winery” (plural possessive stags) is an unrelated winery in the district.

We bypass the tasting room parking lot and instead take the road that skirts below the white wine fermentation building and around a wooded hill to the small lake tucked behind. There we unload our picnic baskets and coolers, carry them up to the lake's grassy banks, and spread a blanket on a spot to our liking—full sun, full shade, or dappled with some of each. It's a little more civilized than Khayyam's Wilderness, but with boughs, wine, and books—not to mention a refreshing lake to jump into—it will be Paradise enow for us.

Despite the claims of some that our palates are most discerning in the morning, we defer to the scruples of those who might find earnest wine tasting at 10 a.m. a bit unusual, and instead we sally forth on a vineyard walk and winery tour. We stroll past FAY—a storied vineyard where Stags Leap District pioneer Nathan Fay planted the region's first Cabernet Sauvignon grapes in 1961—and then into S.L.V. (Stag's Leap Vineyard), whose grapes catapulted Warren Winiarski to fame when his 1973 S.L.V. Cabernet Sauvignon won the 1976 Paris tasting. We taste some of the grapes and wonder at the winemaker's techne that



ABOVE: ALEX POULSEN (SF74) AND DANIEL COHEN (SF90)
LEFT: FORMER STAG'S LEAP WINE CELLARS EVENT'S COORDINATOR GABRIELE ONDINE AND PICNIC GUEST

reveals supple, prize-winning wines from these juicy but still tart berries.

From the luxuriant but carefully-coifed wilderness of grapevine tendrils, we return to paved road and make our way to the civilization of a modern winery: crusher-destemmer machines, fermentation tanks, oak barrels, and bottling lines. Our tour culminates in the spectacular caves, which are home to hundreds of barrels of aging wine, a bronze bear and cub nestled among several of those barrels, a Foucault pendulum, a dramatically lit, chapel-like room designed by Catalan architect Javier Barba.

An hour of walking, plus the heady, deep aromas of fermenting wine, have eliminated any remaining scruples, so we make a beeline for the lake. At a table nearby, our host begins pulling corks and pouring tastes.

The diligent among us work methodically through the full lineup, sniffing, swirling, and then either swallowing or spitting—depending on one’s lunchtime drinking plans and desired degree of lucidity during the afternoon seminars.

We start with Sauvignon Blanc, several Chardonnays, and a pair of Merlots. The simpler wines bear the Hawk Crest name—Stag’s Leap Wine Cellars’ second label—while the grander ones display the Stag’s Leap Wine Cellars name and distinctive “standing stag and tree” logo. We finish with an impressive phalanx of Cabernet Sauvignons, including the FAY Estate, S.L.V. Estate, and occasionally, if we’ve been very, very good, a precious taste of the CASK 23 (a blend of particularly excellent lots from FAY and S.L.V.).

Tasting wine is all well and good, but drinking wine is better, so we pour a glass of our favorite and bear it gingerly back to our chosen picnic spot. There we fling open picnic baskets, unwrap deli sandwiches or flip open cardboard carry-out containers, and begin to enjoy the happy union of good food, good wine, and good company. Congenial swapping ensues—of victuals, opinions about the wines, opinions about the seminar readings, stories of



LIZ TRAVIS (SF83)

our lives during the preceding year (many of them true), stories of our times at St. John’s (some of them true).

All of this eating, bibbing, and creative embroidery under the hot summer sun is arduous work, and some of us reinvigorate with a jump into the lake. At the stentorian bellow of the ceremonial conk shell, we commence the annual chapter meeting. This short but raucous affair typically comprises effusive thanks to the Winiarskis and the hard-working winery staff, announcements of upcoming events, a desperate plea by the current chapter president for a successor, and directions to the various seminar rooms scattered about the winery.

Despite the unquestioned zeal of St. John’s alumni for seminars, the next

half hour offers irrefutable proof of the validity of Newton’s first law. Every body assembled there, in its tranquil, well-fed state of rest, does indeed continue in that state of rest unless compelled to change its state by powerful forces impressed upon it. Several of us cajole, plead, and eventually threaten in order to get these bodies rolling towards their seminar rooms. We typically run five simultaneous seminars on readings ranging from Plato to the Lotus Sutra to Wallace Stevens to a contemporary political essay, plus one film.

An hour and a half later, the seminars disband and we regroup at the Arcade outside the caves for a reception with scrumptious desserts and cheeses, perhaps a sip of dessert wine, and coffee. “How was your seminar?” mingles with other typical post-seminar chat. There is more catching up on the previous year, expressions of wonder that we’re able to enjoy a day like this each year, and the wistful sense that this year’s day is almost done.

One more slice of cake or piece of cheese, another round of grateful thanks to our hosts, perhaps a stop in the tasting room to buy a few bottles, and then we’re heading south on the Silverado Trail, back towards the Bay Area. The day’s heat is starting to wane, and sun slanting off the vines makes the early evening sky glow. I roll down the window, and the air rushing by seems to sing. ❀

This year’s Stag’s Leap Wine Cellars picnic and seminars have not yet been scheduled at the time of this writing. Please note that reservations are required, and that we sometimes must limit attendance in order not to exceed the winery’s capacity. See the St. John’s College Alumni Association of Northern California’s Web page for more information and reservations instructions: <http://teamrioja.org/sjcaanc/> ❀

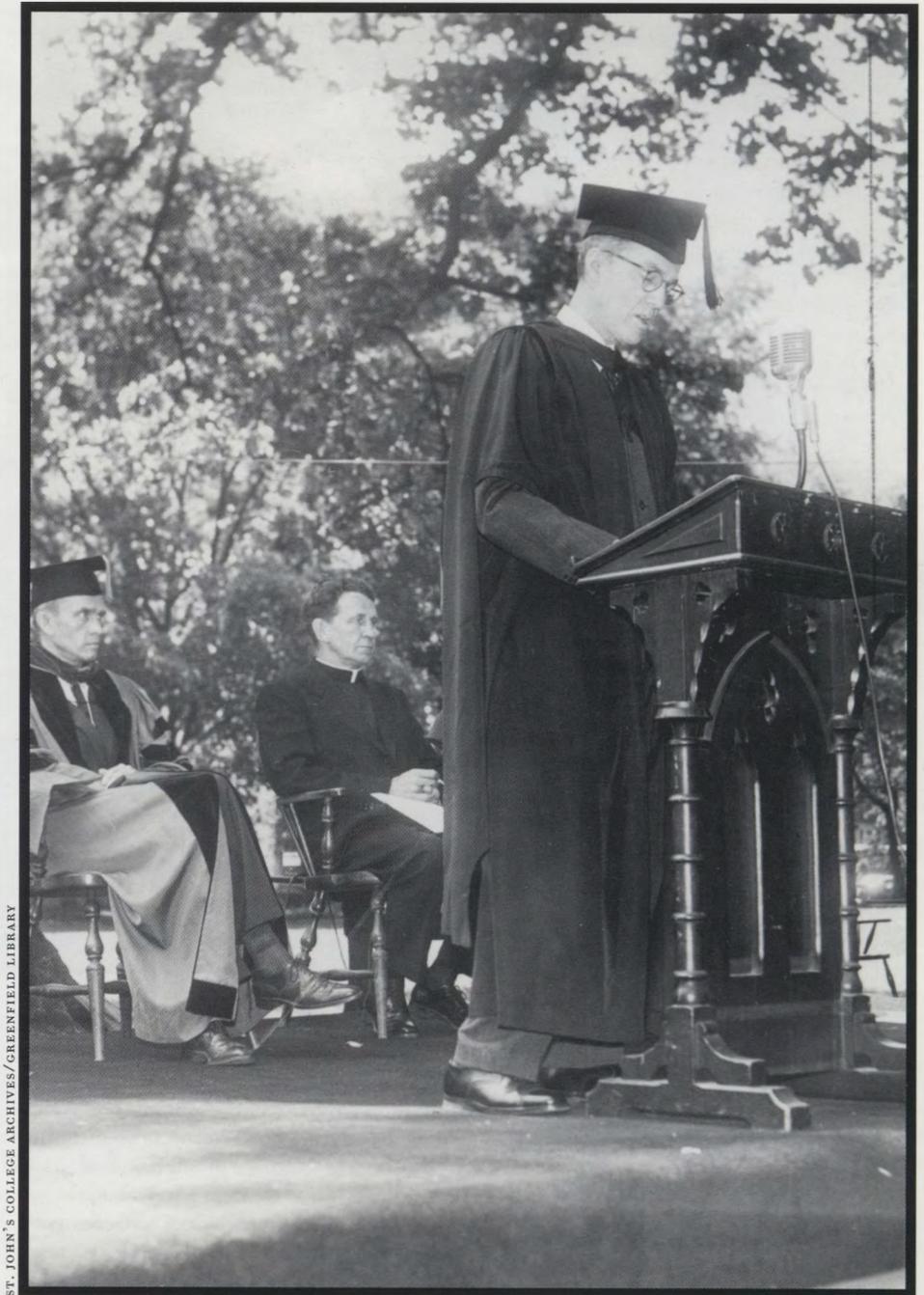
INITIATING THE YOUNG INTO THE TRIBE

"As well you know there is only one commencement speech. It has been delivered many times and it has many superficial variations, but it always says the same thing. An old man of the tribe tells the young men that they are beautiful and strong, that the world is full of evils, and that they must go out into the world to fight its evils and keep the vision of its highest good."

—SCOTT BUCHANAN, COMMENCEMENT 1952

The commencement rite calls for a memorable speech filled with sage advice on how to go on with the business of life. Scott Buchanan called commencement "the great rite of initiation of the young into the tribe." Some speeches are memorable; some are not. Some focus on history, some on urgent current events. But at St. John's College the selection of the commencement speaker always falls to those to whom it is primarily directed, and throughout the years tutors have been heavy favorites in the selection process.

Tutors Richard Scofield and the Rev. J. Winfree Smith became commencement traditions themselves. Scofield delivered the commencement speech four times; Smith was selected by the graduating class five times. Tutor Nancy Buchenauer was selected by the students in Santa Fe in 1997, and after transferring to the Annapolis faculty, was asked to deliver the 2000 address.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES/GREENFIELD LIBRARY

Scofield said in his 1950 speech that a possible interpretation of the custom of choosing a speaker from within the college is that students "think of the occasion, in spite of its name, as not only looking forward. Since the life that lies ahead of you. . . is more complicated, more serious, and more precarious than the life you are leaving, you could hardly go without a backward glance." ❀

TUTOR RICHARD SCOFIELD, SHOWN HERE IN 1950, DELIVERED THE COMMENCEMENT SPEECH FOUR TIMES.

SANTA FE

Homecoming: July 2-4, 2004

All alumni are welcome. Reunion classes are: '69, '74, '79, '84, '89, '94, '99. Childcare is available.

Friday, July 2

Picnic on the Placita, 5 p.m.
Reunion class parties
Movie: *The Tao of Steve*

Saturday, July 3

Homecoming Seminars, 10 a.m. to noon
Barbecue, 12-2 p.m.
Alumni Art Show opening, 5 p.m.
Banquet, 7 p.m.

Sunday, July 4

President's Brunch, 10:30 a.m.

Summer Alumni Program

Week 1: June 28-July 2, 2004

Kierkegaard's Meditation on Abraham and Isaac
Led by David Starr
Hegel, Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, and excerpts from the book of Genesis.

Painting & Reflection

Led by Phil Le Cuyer & Elizabeth Pollard Jenny (SF80)
On-campus and off-site painting experiences, gallery tours, seminars.

Week 2: July 5-9, 2004

Plato's *Republic*
Led by Eva Brann & David Carl
Revisit one of the seminal texts of Western political theory.

Don Giovanni & the Operas of Mozart

Led by Peter Pesic & George Stamos
Once again, *Don Giovanni* is dragged alive through the gates of Hell.

Call the Office of Alumni and Parent Activities, 505-984-6103



MEMBERS OF THE DENVER-BOULDER CHAPTER GATHERED FOR A SEMINAR LAST WINTER.

ANNAPOLIS

Homecoming: October 1-3, 2004

* Friday, October 1

Registration, 4 to 8 p.m.
Career Panel, 6:30 p.m.
Homecoming Lecture, 8:15 p.m.
After lecture: Wine and Cheese with the class of 2005, Rock Party in the Boathouse

Saturday, October 2

Seminars, 10 a.m.
Homecoming Picnic, noon
Class Luncheons, 11:45 p.m.
Afternoon: Autograph Party, Soccer, Gathering of All Alumni, Dance performance in memory of Harry Golding
Hors d'oeuvres & wine, 6 p.m.
Homecoming Banquet, 7:30 p.m.
Waltz/Swing Party, 10 p.m.

Sunday, October 3

President's Brunch, 11 a.m.

* Tentative schedule.

All alumni are welcome. Reunion classes: '39, '44, '49, '54, '59, '64, '69, '74, '79, '84, '89, '94, '99.

Contact Planit Meetings for special rates at Annapolis hotels. Space is limited for discounted rates; mention St. John's College when you call for reservations.
Phone: 301-261-8284; fax: 919-642-0062.
E-mail: kelder@planitmeetings.com.
For more information, call the Alumni office: 410-626-2531.

Back cover: Reality observers in Annapolis

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

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