

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

- Plato, *Apology*

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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

The next *Gadfly* meeting will take place Sunday, Aug 31, at 7 PM in Room 109 on the first lower level of the Barr-Buchanan Center.

Articles should be submitted by Friday, Sep 5, at 11:59 PM to sjca.gadfly@gmail.com.

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From the Class of 2019

How do people usually get to and from the Baltimore Airport?

As it's an airport, they usually fly.

Where's Waldo?

Plot twist: Waldo found himself.

So obviously there's no abundant parking on campus - should we park the cars in the garage by the school and dolly up the luggage situation? Or is there a shuttle? Can we just instant transmission Goku style?

Transmission would probably be the best option.

From the Editors:

Welcome all! Welcome tall Johnnies and short Johnnies, room Johnnies and quad Johnnies, gym rats and scalawags, swashbucklers and regular bucklers, singers, ringers, candlestick makers, and that guy who always plugs for his personal issues in seminar. Welcome back to St. John's College. We hope that this will be a tremendous, fun-packed year filled with

heated debates, complaints about various shortcomings of our daily surroundings, and general exuberant intellectual vigor: a Bacchic orgy of book learning.

Enough using up extra space. This year of the *Gadfly* promises to be hot and steamy, and not all of us will make it out alive. But in the process, we will showcase some of the finest information and expression that this college has to offer. This issue promises to get the year off to an

excellent start.

But the one thing we here at the *Gadfly* need more than anything else is your contributions: essays, photos, help organizing submissions, editing, poems, gold doubloons—just about anything that could help make the *Gadfly* that much more wonderful. If you're interested in any way, please email sjca.gadfly@gmail.com. Enjoy!

-The *Gadfly*

The Mitchell Gallery's Roomy New Exhibit

Lucinda Dukes Edinberg

Welcome Johnnies, new and returning, to the Mitchell Gallery here at St. John's College! We have opened our new exhibition for the 2015-2016 season with a loan from the Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum titled, *House Proud: Nineteenth-Century Watercolor Interiors* from the Thaw Collection.

On the surface, this exhibition has the potential to be pretty ho-hum if you aren't into still lifes/interiors or the watercolor medium. But, cast away that idea because I promise you will be amazed at the architectural significance and details of these paintings of select rooms from grand houses and palaces of England, France, Austria, Germany, and Russia.

A little background to expedite your appreciation...In the nineteenth century, people of means would hire an artist to create a painting of appointed spaces such as the music room, bedroom, smoking room, library, salon, etc. These paintings would be placed in an album (a custom more common in Europe than in America) and held for the family or given as a gift. These exquisite works reflect not only the design trends of the period, but also provide insights into aesthetic taste and history, as well as family and political position. Oriental carpets and Chinoiserie are evident, following the enthusiasm and taste for Napoleon's interests and expeditions. Neo-Gothic designs of stained glass in the libraries, and all things in Empire and Regency furnishings are seen in the details of table legs, upholstery designs, and other architectural details. And most of these little jewels even depict the respective homeowner's art collection of Rembrandt, Titian, and other masters' works found on the walls and pedestals.

Further, to foster a little more inspiration and encouragement for your future following graduation from your beloved alma mater, I am thrilled to inform you that this collection was donated to the Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum by Eugene V. Thaw (A47). After Thaw graduated from St. John's, he went to Columbia University and completed two years there before he opened his retail art gallery along with a fellow Johnnie, Jack Landau (A44). (It's worth mentioning that Landau became a tutor, and ultimately made his name in theater as a "young hot director," as well as the set director for CBS and many other distinctions too numerous to include here). After the partnership ended for each to pursue their own interests, Thaw relocated to Madison Avenue, opening E.V. Thaw and Co., Inc. as an international art dealer. Thaw remains a prominent collector, dealer and philanthropist, as evidenced by his generous contributions to the National Gallery of Art, Pierpont Morgan Library, Metropolitan Museum of Art, and other major institutions.

So put Plato aside with all those ideas and worries about beds and imitation, or what to do with a liberal studies degree, and come see *House Proud* on view through October 11. ♦

The Cherry Tree

♦ Ivan Romanovich Syritsyn A'19

Alone I was, alone once more
As I go walking towards the door
I open it only to see
A mere reflection of you and me

A reflection that's gray and dreary
Which only simply makes me weary
As underneath the blooming cherry
We sit and speak and are aglow

From that moment on we were to marry
And to sit underneath the cherry
And then to eat its sweet, sweet berry
While waiting for the things in store

With time though came a taste of sorrow
And as I waited throughout the morrow
Upon the tree landed a farrow
And I heard we were now no more

As all the leaves wither away
Now all I do is sit and wait
And trying to distill the hate
The One above I do berate
Yet still I know that this is fate

And as the winter comes along
And I hear the temporal gong
Beneath the gray cherry I see
Us being together, a memory

And now the final gong has rung
My cup of sorrow is all done
Again beneath that dark old tree
We lay together, you and me

Above we now rejoice and laugh
For all the time that we now have
And right beneath us we do see
A new old story, a brand new tree

Coming Out & Why You Can't Drink

Sebastian Barajas A'17

Coming Out

In my two years at St. John's, I've kept a certain part of my life secret from everyone here. No, I'm not a super hero—though I think all Johnnies who have jobs and still get their assignments done should qualify for the title. My secret is more mundane. It's not something I do as much as something I believe: I'm an avid proponent of youth rights. In general terms, this means that I favor mitigating or eliminating double standards for young people (especially those under 18) and recognizing more of their intrinsic rights.

It's taken me this long to come out about this because even politically minded, idealistic people (of which there are many at SJC) tend to be rather cruelly dismissive of youth rights, because it seems like a childish pursuit (pun intended) when there's still so much to accomplish in the fields of women's rights or LGBT rights, or any of the other mainstream issues of our time. Because of my heavy emotional investment with this issue, I didn't want to put it out on the communal seminar table. I was concerned it would turn into one of those discussions that ends with someone storming out or a copy of Plato's Republic being hurled into someone's face. I've seen friendships ruined over less.

So why am I coming out now? Part of it is that in two years, I've come to trust my fellow Johnnies. Despite our strong opinions, I've found that most of us are excellent listeners, and don't instantly obliterate new ideas. But more importantly, I think I've become a braver person at this college. I've seen brave Johnnies and brave program authors risking ridicule in order to do and say what they think is right. I've learned by example. And now I'm ready to share.

Why You Can't Drink

Because it would be too difficult to write a general introduction to youth rights in a Gadfly article, a good place to start is a smaller, relatively uncontroversial part of it that many of us have already thought about: lowering the drinking age to 18.

I should admit that I don't consider this to be a real youth rights issue, since it ignores people under 18, and is essentially an anomaly that doesn't make sense even to most of us who support age segregation. But it's a good place to start, since the arguments involved are so easy and familiar, the 21 drinking age is like a barrel of pre-shot fishmeal. I'll skim over the obvious arguments—e.g. why can 18-year-olds fight in the army, work, pay taxes, sign contracts, consent to sex and medical treatment, and be sent to prison and executed, but they can't drink alcohol?—and get straight to discussing what we all know from personal experience: the confusion and harm that this law causes right before our eyes.

During American Prohibition, Pauline Sabin observed that the law had divided the country into “wets, drys, and hypocrites.” The same can be said today. Drys are in favor of 21 as the drinking age, wets are in favor of lowering the drinking age to 18, and hypocrites are people who allow and even enable some underage drinking, but don't think it should be legalized.

Unfortunately, most of our country's universities (except

the dry campuses) are forced to adopt a hypocritical attitude towards alcohol (though this is not their fault). Every college is required to prohibit underage drinking, while accepting that it will take place. For most schools, the result is a policy that is more of an inconvenience than a serious deterrent to underage drinkers. This situation is detrimental to everybody. It neither prevents underage drinking, nor allows this absurd law to be broken in peace. It also makes alcohol the “forbidden fruit,” as we've dubbed it. Obviously, things done in secret are done less responsibly than things done in public.

Our country's hypocritical policy also undermines rules. Thanks to our high drinking age, there's guaranteed to be at least one rule at every college that is broken habitually. And this is a pity, since most rules are reasonable, and should be followed always—not merely broken discreetly. But once one rule is understood to be a farce (which this one is), other rules will suffer as well.

“Things done in secret are done less responsibly than things done in public.”

Next, unlike with hard drugs, libertarians can't even argue, “Underage drinking shouldn't be illegal, but we should treat it like a disease.” How on earth would we “treat” underage drinking? Sure, we can treat alcoholism, but there is no such thing as a disease that's automatically cured when we reach a certain age. No one on earth has ever said, “I struggled with underage drinking for years, but then I finally turned 21, and so now I can go out drinking every night and stay on the wagon.”

I shouldn't have to point out that the whole driving drunk argument is pretty

feeble as well, since even people aged 18-20 who don't even have drivers' licenses are still expected to follow this age-discriminatory law. Still we say, “I just feel safer knowing people in that age group can't buy alcohol, since statistics show that they're less responsible. And it's just easier making it a law for everyone under 21, rather than only those who have drivers' licenses.” But there are many indefensible laws that, from a statistical point of view, might make us safer. For example, we could raise the drinking age to 25, or 30, or even 35, and this would make us safer, since it would mean fewer drunk drivers—though most adults would reject this idea out of hand. Or we could require all people who drink even a tiny amount of alcohol to surrender their car keys to a sober person for 24 hours. But again, nearly everyone would reject this idea. Why? If deterring drunk driving is truly more important than freedom, convenience, and even fairness, why shouldn't we accept these perfectly sensible measures that would deter drunk driving?

The answer is that while “we” wouldn't accept them, “we” are perfectly comfortable infringing on other people's freedoms: namely, those of younger people. We can hem and haw about the justifications for singling out the under-21 demographic, but it essentially comes down to this: we care much less about treating individual young people fairly than we do about treating individual older people fairly. Even young adults (who are supposed

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Endings and Beginnings

Jerry Januszewski Counselor

As a kid, after my parents put me and my sisters to bed, I would sometimes sneak back out to a hidden spot on the stairwell to eavesdrop on the adult conversation. My parents' relaxed voices and occasional laughter was comforting to me. I suspect I also hungered for a secret connection with them and for reassurance that the grown-up world was well in control of everything good in life.

Around that time President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. I was five years old. My strongest memory of that event was how upset the grown-ups were, and how uncensored were their distraught reactions in front of me as the news spread. I had no anxiety about the reality of death, unaware as I was of endings and beginnings, so this window into the adult realm was exciting. It felt as if I were eavesdropping on the whole grown-up world.

A few weeks after that, an old man who lived on our street also died. This was my first encounter with the death of someone personally known to me and it did upset me. When someone dies it means they go away, I realized. I became concerned about the most important old person in my life, my grandmother.

“Mom, is grandma going to die?” I asked.

“Oh, don't say that!” she said, wincing. And so we didn't talk about death. But I sure wanted to talk about it, and I did with an older boy on my street. He let me in on the shocking, if open, secret: “Everybody dies someday,” he said. “Even you.”

His words hit me hard. If I was going to die someday, then where would I go? The grownups' severe reactions to the President getting shot now had a different feeling to it. Everybody dies someday. If the grown-ups were not in control of this then who was? I recall a sharp increase of anxiety in my life at that time. Dying wasn't just for old people, and I was certain I didn't want to die.

By nature everything in us wants to live, and yet that's ultimately a losing battle. The billions of human lives currently on Earth will nearly all be gone in another century, replaced by others who will also die. The suggestion of meaninglessness and possible annihilation could easily tempt one to cynicism, despair, or worse. Joseph Conrad captures the sickening emptiness in the bald apprehension of death through his narrator in Heart of Darkness:

“I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable greyness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamour, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary.”

No wonder my own sweet mother found death difficult to talk about. But we must talk about it and face the anxiety that may attend it. As psychologist Irvin Yalom writes, “...given the centrality of death in our existence, given that life and death are interdependent, how can we possibly ignore it?” Well, we can't truly ignore the terror of death for long, nor should we. “Though the physicality of death destroys us,” Yalom continues, “the idea of death may save us.” An intriguing paradox for sure, but how do we make sense of it in the present?

We find help in an essay entitled Ignorance, by philosopher Wendell Berry, where he expounds on how a human being,

properly subordinated to the limits of his human nature and life, may experience, not terror, but simultaneous grief and joy, where death and life embrace as collaborators, not adversaries.

To illustrate, Berry describes one of the fascinating subplots of King Lear where the Earl of Gloucester, once a politically powerful man now blinded, destitute and suicidal, is aided by Edgar, the son he falsely accused and drove away. Edgar conceals his identity in order to help his blind father.

In an intense father-son role reversal, Edgar becomes his father's physical and spiritual guide, leading the despondent Gloucester into thinking he's thrown himself off a cliff to die, when in reality the Earl leaps off only a small rise of ground, high enough to be jarring but not fatal. Edgar, the consummate benevolent trickster, pretends further to

“By nature everything in us wants to live, and yet that's ultimately a losing battle.”

be a passerby who, after witnessing the failed suicide attempt, proclaims these transformative words to the still despairing Gloucester: “Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.”

Edgar's life-affirming, grown-up words eventually call Gloucester back from the childlike despair and anxiety that led him to give up on his humanity, Berry observes. When he was able to look past the commonplace reality of life and death to embrace the miraculous, rooted in the sublime mystery of human existence, Gloucester's humanity was restored and his life preserved. Somewhere between the fearful child-self and the grandiose god-self was the actual man, whose life was worth living.

Gloucester, like Lear, was guilty of the hubris of the powerful that thinks human life may be agreeably and reliably manipulated if one is powerful enough or shrewd enough. In his arrogance, Gloucester “treated life as knowable, predictable and in his control,” writes Berry. This mechanistic view denies the miraculous and the mysterious, and regards life as a commodity subject to man, rather than man being subject to life and its constraints. As they say in the 12-Step recovery world, unless we accept life on life's terms, we are headed for misery.

Misery came to Gloucester in his crushing fall from power, leading him to give up on his human life and choose death, though suicide is not the only way to give up on one's humanity, Berry contends. Gloucester gave up on his humanity long before his political defeat; his desire to die was merely a further representation of his hubris. “Gloucester's attempted suicide is really an attempt to recover [god-like] control over his life - a control he believes (mistakenly) he once had and lost... The nature of his despair is delineated in his belief that he can control his life by killing himself,” writes Berry.

A modern day version of that hubris may be the common belief that with enough time, talent and money one can get everything one wants in life. But the obvious reality is that man did not birth himself and making himself a god cannot prevent loss and grief and death. With one foot in life and the other in death, the warped and fallen god-man Kurtz in Heart of Darkness urges us to avoid his fate; his warning offered in his death whisper: “The horror! The horror!”

According to Wendell Berry, and perhaps William Shakespeare, grasping that “life is a miracle” involves releasing one's ultimate trust in human agency - the desperate pursuit of a life without limits - which is an anxiety-ridden quest for

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Time-out

Bianca Lora A'17

Welcome back to school everyone! While we have a lot of beautiful fulfilling work ahead of us, college is more than what happens in class. (Gasp!) Especially at St. John's with our awesome polity. One of the best examples of comradery can be found by taking a close look into our athletics program. I decided we should take a time-out to hear about these Johnnies personal experience and reasons for being active in the athletic program.

Joe Kensok A'16

How did you first get involved with intermurals?
My freshman year, we had the gathering in the gym, I had done sports in high school and I was semi-aware that St. John's had an intermural program. At the meeting they always have for the freshmen in the gym I found out what team I was in. My captains were cool dudes, so I ended up getting involved that way. I was a Greenwave my freshman year and I ended up going out a lot with them.

In these four years, what has been your favorite part of participating in intermurals?

It's just a good way to have fun and get to know people in the college community. Some of my best friends have been in the classes above and behind me and I wouldn't have gotten to know them any other way. Great way to get some exercise, have some fun, like just doing your school work gets boring and it's a good way to blow off steam.

How do you balance school work with intermural sports?
Just make time for it. Our games are at set times when no one has class so your homework should not be taking up your whole time; there is time for everything. The intramural program is a fantastic compliment to the liberal arts education we receive here. Plus, it's something I do that's always fun.

Do you have any advice for freshmen?
There is a time and place for everything, give everything a shot. Try to get to know people in different classes; there's a lot to know from everybody. Being involved in athletics here gave me the courage to speak up in class and constantly reminds me that at St. John's we are all here to help each other learn and grow. The classroom experience at the college is obviously the most important part of our education, but it's definitely not the only one. Captains don't bite, talk to us. If you aren't having fun, the captains aren't doing their jobs.

Neshama Rovinsky A'18

What sports did you participate in during high school?
I was a cheerleader in high school for four years but other than that I never really partook in sports in high school.

Why did you come out to Kunai?
Mike and captains from last year made a really moving speech and I happened to live next to two captains that constantly bugged me to come out. I had a lot of fun and really bonded with the girls, and then I couldn't really imagine my week without it.

Do you participate in intermural sports?
I do intermurals, it's a great way to meet people. It can be fun, most of the time its very fun, and it's very different than Kunai.

How do intermural sports differ from Kunai sports?
You don't know the people as well, like I really know the Kunai girls so when I go it is like going to see all your friends. When you go to intermural, it's more sporty, its more to play sports not socialize. It's a little bit more intense especially basketball but I get just as good of a work out from both teams.

Favorite moment last year?
I really liked soccer because I would randomly score and I didn't know I could score.

You are also part of the crew team, what is that like?
Crew is fun if you like getting up early, and it's not if you don't. But if you don't mind getting up early Corey and Collin are amazing dedicated captains and similar to Kunai everyone gets really close and that's great.

What did you most like about crew?
I just really like being involved, I was meeting all these people and being really productive because by seven in the morning I had gotten my workout done and seen people. I don't know, it's just really fun.

How do you balance your schoolwork and sports?
I just noticed that if I don't have a sport in my life, I am unable to focus in my schoolwork. I am better at school if I am doing a lot of activities. I met a lot of study buddies through crew and Kunai.

Do you have any advice for freshmen?
Go out for sports like Kunai, intermural and crew because they really make the program better. Staying active and going to the gym makes the school much better because you meet awesome people; you deal with stress, and it's fun.

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to have the same rights as older adults) can be openly profiled and have their freedoms preemptively revoked, despite the fact that they did nothing to deserve being treated this way other than exist.

It's essential that we stop merely acknowledging our high drinking age, or trying to circumvent it. We need to confront it and see it for what it is: a denial of equality—even a denial of basic fairness. It's a double standard that causes not only inconvenience, but genuine suffering. Underage drinkers can be fired from their jobs, expelled from their schools, and suffer dozens of other negative repercussions for breaking the law. Restaurants caught serving an 18-year-old so-called “minor” can be fined, their owners jailed, and thousands of dollars of alcohol sales lost when their liquor license is revoked. Treating people and businesses this way just because

Notes from the Other Side: 1

The Cuban Doctor

Judith Seeger TUTOR

Puking my guts out in central Brazil
I was delivered to the Cuban doctor.

He was young (unlike me)
and brown (unlike me).

He was on a mission to help those in need.

Or

He was on a mission to demonstrate the superiority of his island's economic and social system.

He gave me some *soro*,
salty and sweet.

*Muchas gracias, Alejandro, por haberme bien tratado.
Me estoy sintiendo mejor.*

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different end than Kurtz. He recognizes, for possibly the first time, the truth of his limits, his endings, which yields a strange and peaceful joy out of his grief - a new beginning. He reclaims his life, and his inspired utterance is almost a psalm:

“You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.”

Twenty years after JFK's death, at a time I felt great anxiety about the grown-up world I was now supposed to inhabit, I was at my precious grandmother's bedside in the hospital. She was unconscious, and dying. I was trying to talk to her, hoping she could hear me. One of my uncles arrived and stood at the foot of the bed and began to cry, which provoked others present to cry as well.

Upset and frightened as I was, I might have cried too, but I didn't. Instead, a mysterious awareness settled on me, a peaceful and ecstatic touch, which made all other concerns pale in comparison. I suddenly had a strong sense, even a knowledge, that my grandmother was going to be alright in death, and that I

Hymn to the Earth—Exordium

◆Anonymus

YOU have been there since the dawn of
man when first we climbed our way up
from the dark to set our sticks and stones
upon your back and craft our shelters from
your mud and bark.

You were once our haven from the skies
whose flame and deluge shook us to the
bone with ancient caves you muffled all
Jove's wrath and held us close within the
halls of stone.

You have given blood and stone and tears
in bearing all of life on shoulders sore
your mines and wells have given all they
can and gone is that green mantle you once
wore.

You have been our mother from the start
when we were left alone upon the land
and you will last long past the end of life
when we no longer roam your grass and
sand.

was going to be alright in life. It was the utmost opposite of anxiety, a simultaneous ending and beginning, and it was awesome. As I witnessed the diminishment of a life I loved - my grandmother's - life itself seemed far more expansive and grand than I imagined before. It wasn't something I needed to make different or control. Life just was, and it was good. In that miraculous moment I was enabled to better accept Life on its own terms, how it begins and ends, to be okay with my existence in it, and also be okay with the “ever-gentle gods” who will decide my death, when it pleases them. ◆

Repayment of Silence Bank 6/28/15
◆Michael van Wie
(6/28/15)

An old man, cane a-hand,
Trodding down in pure white land,
To every side and up, ‘n’ down,
Ivory and Ecstasy.

His face so crinkled, up itself
It sucks as man's ear to elf,
The eyes, inscrutable they be
Pulled so far in.

Amid his plodding walk, less and end,
Two jolly fools him attend;
Their faces crinkled further in
Than even his—

For laughter, gay and giddy, un-pretties
Their ought young physiognomies;
The geriarch with it pelted is
But walk maintains.

The fools round about him go,
Prodding why he be so slow,
Yet every of their motions deigns
To circle back.

Little else could they but do,
What else around fix eyes onto?
Beside the man-crone, a lack—
To what direct?

Thus it was, amidst the white,
Two round one such boon alight.
The silent noises about, undetect',
Spoiled were.

Thus finally wizard progress stopt,
A-sudden: boys' circles from his vector
cropt,
Unsafe from what's before t'infer,
Where circles went.

Thus the little ones, unheeding,
Continued on, to white unceding,
Progress to them only lent,
'Til interest ask.

Then swallowed boys were, to pay.
Never seen since to today.
Old man then open him a cask,
Of noises previous unheard, enmask.

THIS SPACE FOR RENT

Dear Readers,

We, the *Gadfly*, have decided that the weekly calendar had become rather silly and redundant, since we get most of our information about scheduling from the same place you probably do: the internet. So if this lack of paper calendar events troubles you, or if you have an idea for some extra spectacular thing that could go in this space, or ads for which we would like to be paid in pure caviar, please email us at sjca.gadfly@gmail.com to let us know. The possibilities are endless!

Yours,
The *Gadfly*

Freshman Bodies, Freshman Souls

This reprinted article first appeared in the Gadfly on September 2, 1982, and appears annually in our first issue. Without a doubt our athletic director, Mr. McQuarrie, is willing to stand in for the first person voice used in this article—and to answer any questions about our athletic program. -Ed.

Bryce Jacobsen A'42

The reasons, both physical and metaphysical, why everyone ought to join in our sports program are many. I list a few:

1. We have the best athletic program of any college in the country.
2. Exercise is good for the body...unless you sprain an ankle or something like that.
3. Most of us feel better, are more alert, and can get more work done if our bodies are healthy and our souls are relaxed.
4. Friendly competition is one of the really fun things in life. It is good for your soul.
5. Your circle of acquaintances will be greatly enlarged. This is good for the soul, provided you can separate the wheat from the chaff.
6. You will learn to accept, and bear with, thousands of split-second decisions from the officials, a few of which are wrong. This is very good for the soul.
7. Do you like to strive for, and achieve, specific goals? If so, consider our college blazers. They are much sought after, and the pathway is clearly laid out. Striving for goals is good for your soul.
8. It is probably true that the more pure fun occurs in the athletic program than in any other area of the college. Fun is good for your soul.
9. If you get involved in team sports, and become a "good team player," you have realized that there are things in the universe that are more important than your own ego. This is a great good for your soul.
10. The benefits of exercise and friendly competition, learned while one is young, should be maintained for the rest of your life...i.e, they should become habitual. For virtue, as the Philosopher said, is a habit.
11. You will get to know numerous alumni, tutors, and staff members who participate in the program. This is good for your soul, or ought to be...provided that they are the proper sort of role models.
12. Our showers are the best at the college; always plenty of hot water.
13. Are you bothered by, or worried by, tobacco fumes in the air? Come to the gym. The whole building is a nicotine-free zone.
14. If you perform some sort of heroic deed on the athletic field, your name will be mentioned in our weekly column. Heroes are always acclaimed. But do not be carried away by this. Remember that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."
15. A high percentage of our best students are active participants in our program.
16. Those who play, stay.
17. The gym is not particularly well-equipped, as gyms go. But it has washers and dryers, and a coke machine...and I will explain to you, if you ask me, how you can get yourself in tip-top physical shape, without any equipment at all.
18. You can sit in an old-time barber's chair in my office...you can pump yourself up and down, and adjust the slope high or low. Where else can you do that?
19. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
20. It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

So there you have it: twenty good reasons why you should participate in our athletic program. If you are not convinced by all of this, come and talk to me. I can probably think of some more good reasons. Or better yet, talk with the upperclassmen. They will tell you all sorts of strange, interesting, and wondrous things. ♦