

# THE College

FALL 2010

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE • ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE



*Thucydides*

AND THE PRICE OF WAR

## ON THUCYDIDES

*"For the last year we have been doing our lessons, reading our books, and trying to listen to peaceful, reasonable discourse about human affairs, while special newspapers have been let loose outside the window telling us of the latest crack and ruin in the affairs which human reason should control."* – Scott Buchanan, 1941

There's a deep tone of concern in Scott Buchanan's essay, "The War and the College," published in 1941 in the original version of *The College* magazine. Writing of a "lost generation drifting to another war," Buchanan examined the place of a "great books" college at a time when Hitler was marching through Europe, and U.S. involvement in another world war seemed imminent. The dean of a college fortunate to survive the Civil War and a veteran of World War I, Buchanan was thinking about the young men who had come to read classic works, many of whom he expected to be called to fight another war.

Buchanan and Stringfellow Barr, architects of the New Program, conceived of St. John's not just as an alternative to the electives-driven system of higher education, but also as a response to their grave concerns about the world. They were alarmed by the rise of fascism in Europe and concerned about the future of the United States if people unquestioningly accepted the ideology of their leaders. The Program "came out of an early recognition that the world was drifting and that something must be done, something fundamental and perhaps drastic, to discover our position and direction," Buchanan wrote.

In every generation, the works read at St. John's become a part of the students who read them, Buchanan said. Whatever was coming, these books would go with them. "War destroys roads and landmarks as well as cities and dwellings. It destroys familiar and reassuring things inside you. . . . It is often said that the great books have stood the test of time. They have done more than that; they have gone on through the fire and destruction of many wars and told men what to do afterwards. It is somewhat comforting to know that the St. John's books have this deep, practical use in the present crisis."

According to the records of the college, Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* has been read by St. John's students since 1830, when the Rev. Hector Humphreys was president. Johnnies read it when they were military cadets, marching and training in their gray wool uniforms. And Barr and Buchanan included it on their reading list.

Today's students read it toward the end of their first semester and discuss it over four seminars. To one senior, "Thucydides is like CNN—he just tells you the facts." Pericles' funeral provides young men and women with the opportunity to reflect on how democracy is defended and how honor is earned: ". . . you must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then, when all her greatness shall break upon you, you must reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honour in action that men were enabled to win all this. . . ."

This issue of *The College* magazine presents profiles of alumni who experienced warfare beyond the pages of their books. We begin with a veteran of World War II and end with a first-person account from a Johnnie who watched children die in the sectarian violence of Iraq.

Also in this issue, the daughter of a tutor recalls how her life was shaped by growing up with St. John's at the center of her family's life. She writes of people who have been gone for a long time, but nevertheless, were instrumental in making St. John's what it is today.

—RH



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# THE College

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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALUMNI OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE

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*Thucydides*  
Illustration by David Johnson



## LEVAN HALL OPENS IN SANTA FE

BY DEBORAH SPIEGELMAN

The Betty and Norman Levan Hall, the new home of the Graduate Institute in Santa Fe, opened in August, just in time for the start of the fall semester.

Made possible by a \$5 million gift from Dr. Norman Levan (SFGI74), the building houses the Liberal Arts and Eastern Classics programs as well as faculty offices, seminar and conference rooms, an exhibition space, and a common space for students to study.

At the same time simple and majestic in its design, Levan Hall was dedicated September 25 during Homecoming Weekend, with Dr. Levan joining alumni, tutors, and friends for the celebration.

"We are grateful for Dr. Levan's generosity and excited to be able to have a dedicated home for the Graduate Institute," says Santa Fe President Michael P. Peters. "Levan Hall demonstrates St. John's College's commitment to and investment in higher education in New Mexico."

The new building also accomplished another need on campus. The building links an expanded lower placita, with brickwork paths and a sloping handicap-accessible ramp, with the upper placita. The campus now has an efficient, pedestrian-friendly center.

"The Graduate Institute has long been an integral part of St. John's in Santa Fe," notes GI Director Matt Davis. "This beautiful new building underlines the college's continuing commitment to the Graduate Institute and its programs."



LEVAN HALL, THE NEW HOME OF THE GRADUATE INSTITUTE IN SANTA FE WAS PLANNED AS A LEED SILVER-CERTIFIED BUILDING, BUT MAY ACHIEVE GOLD-LEVEL CERTIFICATION.



BETTY AND NORMAN LEVAN HALL  
NAMED WITH GRATITUDE  
AND APPRECIATION TO NORMAN  
NORMAN E. LEVAN, M.D.  
AND HIS WIFE BETTY  
DR. LEVAN, M.A., M.A., M.S.,  
PHILANTHROPIST,  
STEWARDSHIP AND  
LIFELONG LEARNER,  
HAS GIVEN THIS BUILDING  
AND HOME OF  
THE GRADUATE INSTITUTE  
TO THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY  
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE  
SEPTEMBER 25, 2010

Asserting a modern interpretation of the Territorial style popularized by John Gaw Meem, one of New Mexico's most influential architects, Levan Hall suggests a kinship with the architectural features of the college's other buildings and dormitories and offers a fresh outlook for the campus. Perhaps the most dramatic aspect of the contemporary aesthetic is the imposing front entrance, presenting a glazed two-story portal next to a stucco mass. The roof, supported by steel trusses, appears to be floating in air.

Just as the graduate programs in Santa Fe span the classics of Western and Eastern civilizations, Levan Hall synthesizes Western or perhaps more accurately, Southwestern and Eastern perspectives. The tall, stuccoed building is nearly two and three-fourths floors bottom to top, yet it is impressive without being imposing. Inside, plastered walls soar to meet wood-slat ceilings that simultaneously suggest traditional vigas and the simplicity of Japanese styling. An open and inviting quality—evident with the benches, sofas, and chairs on landings, in the graduate commons room, and in offices—welcomes students and faculty alike.

Openness is further enhanced by the strategic placement of windows—including glass transoms above office doors and glass-enclosed conference and work rooms—which promote shared light. At the same time, acoustic ceiling tiles create a sense of calm

DR. NORMAN LEVAN (SFGI74, SHOWN WITH SANTA FE PRESIDENT MICHAEL PETERS) MADE A GENEROUS GIFT TO THE COLLEGE TO BUILD THE BETTY AND NORMAN LEVAN HALL.



AT DEDICATION CEREMONIES FOR LEVAN HALL, PRESIDENT MICHAEL PETERS EXPRESSED GRATITUDE FOR DR. LEVAN'S GENEROSITY.

quiet, even when conversations are happening in seminar rooms or in offices or on balconies. The seminar rooms themselves include wall-length writing surfaces, and the upstairs commons room is similarly outfitted with handy writing surfaces as well as with a bank of wooden lockers, workstations, and comfortable seating.

Levan Hall also has inspired changes in the surrounding architecture and terrain. For instance, new second-floor balconies on the adjacent Fine Arts Building and the Peterson Student Center echo the balconies of the new GI building. Meem Library, once isolated from the rest of campus, is part of the more centralized core, too.

Designed with the goal of earning LEED Gold Certification, the highest designation in the internationally recognized U.S. Green Building Council's rating system, Levan Hall incorporates a

number of important green features. Its thick masonry walls resist heat gain in summer, and natural ventilation (instead of refrigerated air) coupled with nighttime air temperatures keep the building comfortable. In addition, windows are designed to minimize heat build up and to maximize the benefit of passive solar heat and natural light, in lieu of artificial lighting. A multi-zoned radiant heating system assures comfort during colder months.

Levan Hall also is the first building on campus to significantly harvest rainwater. Storm runoff from the flat roof will be directed into a 6,000-gallon underground cistern capable of supplying much of the water for irrigating the surrounding xeriscape (drought-tolerant) plantings. In addition, a rooftop photovoltaic array is designed to produce renewable energy, thereby reducing the building's carbon footprint and greenhouse gas emissions. To promote walking or cycling to campus, the building also has several bathroom facilities with showers.

At the start of the project, a 15-percent reduction in overall building size from original specifications was achieved by designing rooms to serve multiple functions, leading to a savings on materials further reducing operating costs in the future.

Since the groundbreaking in late May 2009, the project used many local businesses. Santa Fe-based Sarcon Construction Corp. led a team of 30 firms, 80 percent of which are based in Northern New Mexico. Local crews were involved in every aspect of construction, from excavation to interior detailing. David Perrigo, a local architect who has been involved in a number of campus projects, provided consulting services throughout the construction of the 10,340-square-foot building, designed by Lake-Flato Architects, based in San Antonio, Texas.

"It is fairly unusual for a major and complicated and architecturally challenging project to finish on schedule and on budget with all the parties—owner, architect, and contractor—still smiling and enjoying each other," observes Peter Brill, president of Peter Brill, Inc., the college's owner's representative. "It is a testament to St. John's collaborative and trusting approach. The college set a tone which we were able to maintain throughout the process. And the final result speaks to the quality of these relationships." ❖

The dedication ceremony for Levan Hall, the new home of the Graduate Institute, was marked by gratitude—gratitude to Norman Levan, whose gift to the college made the building possible, and gratitude on the part of New Mexico leaders who appreciate what St. John's brings to the city and the state. Governor Bill Richardson and Santa Fe Mayor David Coss both noted the contributions of St. John's.

Similarly, the college's commitment to the community embraces culture as well

as education, as evidenced in the exhibit spaces of Levan Hall, which display the work of Santa Fe artist Janet Lippincott.

Lippincott, who died in 2007, was a pioneer of modern art in the Southwest. She explored multiple genres over the course of her long career, from representational works and minimalist drawings to abstract expressionist paintings based on structural forms rendered in striking colors. The approximately 10 works displayed in Levan Hall, from the Karan Ruhlén Gallery, reflect her broad

range of artistic expression. Lippincott's choice of materials was likewise varied, from India-ink, watercolor, oil, and acrylic to linocut, monoprint, and sculpture.

Born in New York, Lippincott was trained at the Art Students League, lived for a while in Paris as a young girl, and served in the U.S. Army Corps in London during World War II. She moved to New Mexico in the late 1940s, subsequently studying at the San Francisco Institute of Art and the Colorado Fine Arts Center before settling in Santa Fe. She resided and

worked in a studio on Canyon Road.

Lippincott explored a number of themes in her art, including war (she suffered lasting injuries during the Blitz in London), and many of her bold abstracts evoke New Mexico's earth tones. Her work has been exhibited in numerous galleries and museums. In 2002, she was honored with the Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts, the most distinguished award for artists in the state of New Mexico. ❖

—DEBORAH SPIEGELMAN



## THE LIBERAL ARTS IN IRAQ

### *St. John's ties to Kurdistan*

The American University of Iraq in Sulaimani has attracted some political controversy, as some see it as an attempt to impose Western ideology on the Iraqi people.

But Tim Mewmaw (A07) can't concern himself with politics. His mind is on his students, who want to learn English so that they can pursue opportunities too long denied them by war, hardship, and repression. Two weeks after his third child was born in Annapolis in September, Mewmaw was 6,000 miles away, back in his classroom at the university in Kurdistan. His wife, Tanya, and three small children will rejoin him in January.

When Mewmaw applied to teach at the American

University, he had no idea that former Santa Fe president John Agresto is the university's provost. Working in the policy field in Washington, Mewmaw was drawn to Iraq by a desire to help the nation rebuild. He and his family settled into faculty quarters on the temporary campus of the university and he began teaching English as a Second Language (ESL) classes.

"Nothing we anticipated is worse than we imagined, and most things are better than we hoped for," Mewmaw says of their experience. "Everything is rock and dust. When it rains, which it does a lot in the winter, everything turns to mud. In the summer, the average daily temperature is 118, and AC and electricity are

spotty. Good healthcare is hard to come by."

The best part of the experience is joining a dedicated teaching community in building up a university from scratch. Among the faculty, there is camaraderie and support. Far from just a job, Mewmaw feels his work in Iraq is helping to build something.

Mewmaw is one of several members of the St. John's community who are involved in the university. Annapolis tutor Louis Petrich and his wife and two young children are spending a year in Iraq. Petrich is teaching mathematics and natural science. Annapolis President Christopher Nelson headed up a site visit team for the American Academy of Liberal Education. Already juggling too many commitments, Nelson initially turned down the invitation. But his wife, Joyce Olin, persuaded him to change his mind, and

*"They were encouraged to ask questions of the teacher and of each other."*

CHRISTOPHER NELSON

they flew to Iraq at the end of April.

"I really thought it was an opportunity he'd never have again," says Olin, a lawyer for the EPA who became part of the accreditation team, tapped for her environmental and scientific acumen. "And it was a fascinating experience. What I really liked was the enthusiasm and the commitment of all these young people. Their passion for learning was inspiring."

Over four days, the accreditation team visited classes, interviewed students and faculty, and observed a student debate. They visited the permanent campus, which is under construction about 30 minutes away from the temporary campus, and talked informally with students in the cafeteria.

Nelson was impressed by the American University's leadership, but more impressed by the students. "In each class I visited, every one of the 14 students spoke," he said. "They were encouraged to ask questions of the teacher and of each other. Outside of class they were passionate in their desire to learn more, saying that they had never had such an experience, being given the



TIM MEWMAW, SHOWN HERE HIS WIFE, TANYA, AND SONS STERLING, (R.) AND THORIN, (L.), HAS BEEN GRATIFIED BY THE DEDICATION OF HIS STUDENTS.



JOYCE OLIN

ST. JOHN'S PRESIDENT CHRISTOPHER NELSON AND HIS WIFE, JOYCE OLIN, SEE GREAT PROMISE IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF IRAQ; ITS PERMANENT CAMPUS IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN KURDISTAN.

freedom to make their education their own."

On leave from St. John's while he teaches in Iraq, Petrich has been "pleased and amazed" by his hard-working students. "My students, mostly

Kurdish with some Arabs, are endeavoring to learn things in a foreign language that many have never before considered even at an elementary level in their own language," Petrich says.

Petrich asks them the same questions he has posed of freshmen at St. John's: "How do we know that lines exist? If the 'common notions' of Euclid are in fact common, why are we finding it necessary to talk about them so much? What makes a living thing alive?"

In return, the students have their own questions, Petrich says: "Why not just use the ruler or compass you made us buy to draw a line of a certain length? Why take all these steps and say many difficult words to do simple geometry? What would a Muslim scientist say (about the statement in our textbook) that life may have

originated from non-life four billion years ago as a chemical process of evolution? Do you believe that is how it happened, Mr. Petrich?"

In spite of the hardships of life in Iraq, Mewmaw stays motivated by the determination of his students. More than half of them want to study IT; most say they hope to leave Iraq to find good jobs in the West. "I don't know what the future holds for Iraq, or even for this university and its students," he says. "I do think I've found a way to contribute and to 'do some good,' in some way." ❖

—ROSEMARY HARTY

## OLEG: BRINGING THE LIBERAL ARTS TO EURASIA

In 2008, a group of students at St. John's College in Annapolis launched a small campus group called the Organization for Liberal Education in Georgia. Led by Nini Aduashvili (A11), a native of Georgia, and Noel Brockett (A09), the group raised enough funds to send four students and a tutor to visit New Gelati Academy, where a fledgling liberal arts enterprise—based on the great books program at St. John's—is underway.

This past summer, the partnership between St. John's and the academy moved to a new level when two tutors and four students went to Georgia to lead a week of St. John's-style classes for New Gelati students and faculty. They stayed in the mountain lodge, Hotel Eureka, where they read Pascal's *Treatise on Fluids* and used the hotel bar to carry out a simple

experiment demonstrating Pascal's theories.

The 26-hour trip was a little grueling for Annapolis tutor Patricia Locke, but otherwise the trip was exhilarating, she says. Sharing some of the material and approaches of the college with an audience eager to learn about liberal arts education was rewarding. "They really have modeled their program on the St. John's curriculum, and this week gave them a sustained opportunity to see it in practice," Locke says. About eight faculty members and a dozen students took part in a seminar on the Symposium, tutorials on Shakespeare's sonnets and on the first book of Euclid, and Locke's improvised lab on Pascal.

"We also wanted to show the faculty members that they could teach outside their fields and that the classroom can be a

collaboration between teachers and students," Locke adds. "They are so hungry for a democratic way of doing things."

Also on the trip were Aduashvili's sister, Mariam (A12), Nareg Sefarian (SF11), and tutor Louis Petrich. Private donors, especially several generous alumni, helped fund the trip, says Brockett. The visitors toured New Gelati facilities, on the campus of Gigol Robakidze University in Tbilisi, and visited many of the local sights. They saw the lingering effects of the political strife that has raked the region: refugee camps and a strong military presence, as well as poor living conditions. They also encountered a rich and fascinating Georgian culture, and warm welcomes everywhere they went. "It won't be easy for this academy to survive and grow,"

Locke notes, "but the people at the heart of New Gelati are very dedicated."

Previous visits to New Gelati provided some introduction to the Program, but did not illustrate the ways in which the components of the college's academic program are integrated with community life, says Brockett. "There's a value in having people study together, but also being together—eating meals together, talking about the books and the ideas," he says. "The students and the professors were really pleased with the program."

They're already planning a return trip next summer; tutor Eva Brann (HA87) is on board, and Brockett would like to get at least a dozen Johnnies to make the trip. ❖

—ROSEMARY HARTY



## KEEPING GOOD BOOKS IN GOOD ORDER

BY MICHAEL WALLER,  
CATALOGUE LIBRARIAN, GREENFIELD LIBRARY

A few days before St. John's fall semester begins, many of us notice the copies of *Don Quixote* or *War and Peace* on the tables of downtown Annapolis coffee shops or apartment stoops. While this sight fosters a peculiar sense of community, seeing these great books held open with a heavy cup or a pack of cigarettes brings to mind the damage that Johnnies can inflict on their books. A few stray ashes drift into the crevices of *War and Peace*. The weight of the cup combined with the summer heat is quickly breaking *Don Quixote's* spine.

As a librarian, one challenge I face is the preservation of the materials under the library's care. It's a challenge that I love. Addressing the signs of a book's steady deterioration often reminds me of the strong connection between Johnnies and their books. Recently St. John's students have had the chance to share this particular

perspective and bolster their connection to the book as a physical object.

Last year, Rachel Bartgis (A09) worked with the library to introduce a series of book arts workshops. A few posters appeared and the word traveled. Given that all 40 seats were filled in six different workshops, it's clear that Bartgis sparked an interest in book arts in more than a few students. Various workshops covered the basics of how to make a cloth-bound hardcover book with a kettle-stitched text block; the complete recasing of a book with more detailed finishing methods; fine paper and book repair; and making leather-bound, long-stitch journals.

Bartgis unintentionally and modestly points toward the breadth of the skills she shared by stating, "I've taught only the most basic techniques: replacing spines, mending torn pages, resewing a book, and recasing a worn-out volume."



ANDREA BREWER

WELL-USED VOLUMES AWAIT REPAIR AT THE GREENFIELD LIBRARY

Her rapport with the students fostered an effective, hands-on learning environment.

Bartgis gained much of her bookbinding experience as a book and paper conservator at the Maryland State Archives. When asked what inspired her to offer workshops at St. John's, she replied, "Johnnies

love their books, and a good book is worth keeping in good order."

Workshop participants achieved varying skill levels, but seemed to leave with an increased appreciation of the physical book and the craft itself. After attending one of the book repair workshops, Thea Chimento (A10) commented, "St. John's can be so cerebral and 'thinky' sometimes—I was really glad that I had the chance to do something practical, with tangible results."

Fortunately for students interested in book arts, Bartgis is offering more workshops this year. She is currently working full time for the Maryland State Archives as a conservation technician and will continue to pass along her passion for book arts in evening sessions at the Greenfield Library. ❖



ANDREA BREWER

RACHEL BARTGIS (A09, RIGHT) DEMONSTRATES A BOOKBINDING TECHNIQUE FOR CATHERINE FIELDS (A12)



## PLANNING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Jim and Jana Carey of Annapolis have ties to several educational institutions, among them, the university where Jim earned his medical degree and the law school where Jana earned his JD. Yet it was not a difficult decision for them, when planning their estate, to make generous provisions for St. John's.

"Once we became involved with the college's Executive Seminars and learned more about St. John's and its academic program, we felt that St. John's is every bit as important to our intellectual growth and stimulation, if not more so, than our alma maters have been," says Jana Carey, a member of the college's Board of Visitors and Governors. "Even more importantly," Jim adds, "We became convinced that it is essential for the good of society and government to

maintain an institution that provides the unique and challenging educational experience that St. John's provides, and that produces graduates who are so well-armed to be responsible and creative members of our society."

The Careys also wanted to support an institution in their hometown where their gift could make a measurable difference. "Our gratitude for St. John's led us to put the college at the top of our list for planned giving."

When they sat down to prepare their wills, Leslie Jump-Walker (A84) and her husband, Ned, also thought about St. John's. Although her husband is not an alumnus, "We both have a passion for the college," she says, "and not just the institution, but the ideals St. John's stands for. There's this wonderful and audacious

goal of creating free men and women of children."

Jump-Walker, a partner in a venture capital firm supporting global entrepreneurship, is committed to annual giving, serves on the college's board, and has been an active volunteer for many years. Yet she and her husband wanted to do more.

"We like being a part of this dynamic community, and in a small way, being able to help out with it,"

she explains. "So when it came to planning for the future, we took a sizeable percentage of our whole estate and allocated the largest percentage of it to St. John's."

Gifts to St. John's nurture and sustain the college, and every year St. John's students benefit from the generosity of alumni, parents, and friends who included the college in their estate plans. In 2009-2010, for example, these gifts added up to \$3 million.

"These gifts are really wonderful for so many reasons," says Barbara Goyette (A73), Annapolis vice president for Advancement. "The thoughtful recognition of the college is an affirmation that St. John's has influenced lives. Sometimes, the estate gifts come as a complete surprise because the donors have not informed the college. I regret it when we cannot thank people in advance for their generosity, but we understand that often estate planning is a private matter."

Those alumni and friends who tell the college about their



LESLIE JUMP-WALKER AND HER HUSBAND, NED, HAVE INCLUDED ST. JOHN'S IN THEIR ESTATE PLANNING.

plans become members of the Tocqueville Society. Retired now from the University of Maryland School of Law, Tocqueville Society member Alan Hornstein (AG186) made provisions for St. John's because the college is important to him. He's remained closely involved with both St. John's and Maryland, where he taught for 32 years, served as associate dean and acting dean and in a number of other capacities. "I think it's especially important for lawyers, legal scholars, and law students, many of whom will be the leaders of our society, to appreciate the Western cultural tradition and to cultivate the wisdom that 'the best that has been thought and written' can provide," he says.

Hornstein also notes that he decided "a gift to St. John's is likely to have a much greater impact than a similar gift to an institution with greater resources, where it would be just another drop in a very large bucket." ❖

### A PRIMER ON PLANNED GIVING

Within the larger umbrella of planned giving, donors have a number of options from which to choose: A bequest in a will is the easiest and most straightforward way to include St. John's. A bequest may include a specific amount of money, personal property, or share of an estate. It is also possible to make St. John's the beneficiary of a life insurance policy or a retirement account.

Gifts may be unrestricted, meaning that they are applied to the college's greatest priorities, such as financial aid. Donors may also choose to designate their bequest for a specific purpose that is especially meaningful to them, such as endowing a scholarship to honor a favorite tutor. With a bequest for an endowment, the college holds and invests the funds permanently, using only the income generated by a gift. Much of the college's \$128 million endowment is comprised of such gifts.

A full account of planned giving possibilities is on the college website: [www.stjohnscollege.edu](http://www.stjohnscollege.edu), click on "Giving" and then on "Planned Giving."

*For more information, contact Barbara Goyette (410-295-5554, [barbara.goyette@sjca.edu](mailto:barbara.goyette@sjca.edu)) or Jim Osterholt (505-984-6109 or [josterholt@sjcsf.edu](mailto:josterholt@sjcsf.edu)).*

## THE NOOK IN THE WOODS

Perched on a rocky slope just behind the upper dorms on the Santa Fe campus is an elegant but sturdy new structure. Originally intended to be a greenhouse, now described as a “nook,” a sun shelter, and a work of art, this campus addition was built by members of the class of 2010—with their own hands—as their gift to the college.

The project had its genesis three years ago, when the campus greenhouse was dismantled to build an access road for Levan Hall construction, explains Kenny DeLapp (SFro), one of the students intimately involved in the effort. The brick and adobe walls, plus sculptures that shared the site, were retained for future rebuilding.

Preparation for a greenhouse on a new site had begun when students of a previous class started digging a foundation, using shovels and picks, not hydraulic hammers or backhoes. Then the effort languished until it was chosen by ballot as the class gift project. While the class of 2010 considered several options, “the greenhouse/senior shelter was something that we could actually see to the end, put our own work into, and know that it would be put to good use by future Johnnies,” says Stefanie Wessel (SFro).

David Perrigo, the consulting architect on Levan Hall, who also designed and constructed the original greenhouse (pro bono), donated his time to the design of the new structure. Before proceeding, a group of students met with Perrigo to talk about design and budget. Students contributed \$5,300 to the construction, mainly via donations of remaining funds from their caution accounts. Polity came up with \$600 to pay for mate-

rials while funds were being raised.

One week after Spring Break 2010, work resumed in earnest. Buildings and Grounds staff trucked adobe blocks from the original greenhouse to a drop-off area between Meem Library and the lower dorms; then students used wheelbarrows to cart the blocks down the footpath. Stuccoing, employing the time-honored recipe of mud, straw, and water, was completed before summer.

About a third of the senior class worked on the site, guided by a core group of students who had building experience. Mia Carbone completed much of the flagstone work; Asa Gorman brought his masonry experience to the project; and DeLapp applied the knowledge

that comes from being a part of a family of engineers. In early August, students tackled the final phase. “We cut the mortise and tenon joints with chisels and a chainsaw, fit and bolted the beams together, raised the frame, and cut and raised the vigas all within a week,” DeLapp says with a mixture of pride and amazement. During that same week, Simon Tajiri (SFro) organized the completion of the brick-laying. Tin panels were fastened over the vigas for the roof, and the low back and side adobe walls were topped with additional bricks to provide protection against wear and tear.

Assisted by college staff, students brought diverse skills to the project. “Stef learned how to feed crowds from helping with meals on college rafting trips, and Kenny and I both had resources and skills we

picked up in our lab jobs,” says Alysia Johnson (SFro). “B&G employees were key sources of information about New Mexican landscaping and places to find sledgehammers. We used geometric aesthetics we picked up freshman year, combined with a design I saw used for aikido mats at the gym, to plan the bricks for the floor. The entire greenhouse was built in discussion with each other, in a truly Johnnie way.”

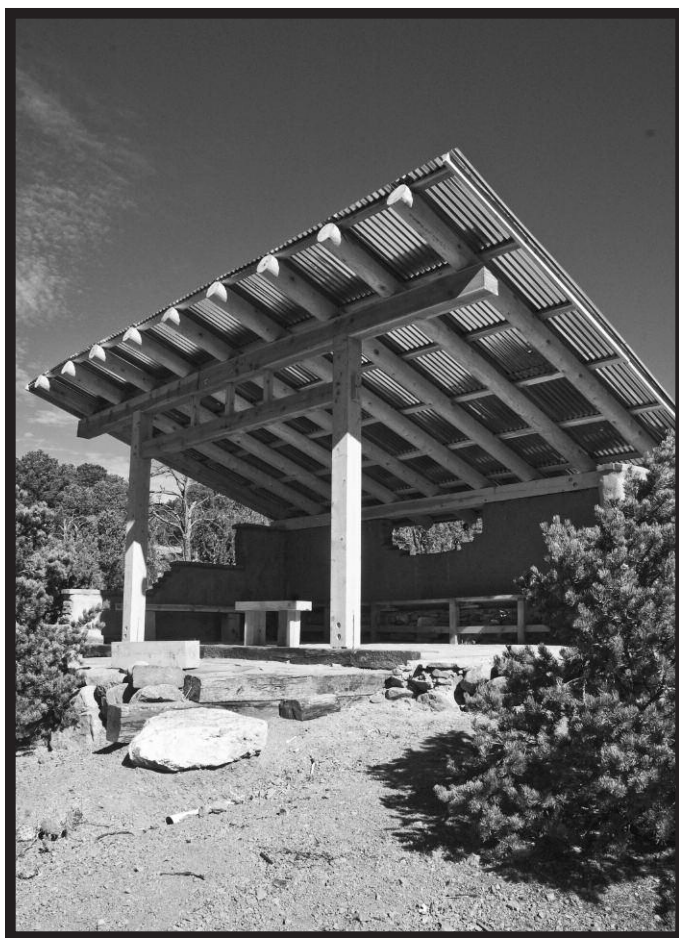
Calling the structure a “greenhouse” is a misnomer, at least for now. After the project was chosen for the senior gift, the design was altered, in part because of cost, says DeLapp. An enclosed structure with specialized greenhouse glass would run about \$10,000. “It became a shade structure,” Perrigo says. “You could even call it a sculpture.” Perrigo’s design—as implemented by the students—allows for glass to be added later.

With its open side facing south toward Monte Sol and a roof pitched to provide maximum shade in summer and maximum sun in winter, the structure “now is an outdoor classroom area,” DeLapp says. “It’s a nook in the woods where you can go and read and hang out.”

While he shared building skills, Perrigo says, students provided “the labor and imagination.”

“It was fun,” adds Wessel. “Working with our hands, when we’d just spent four years in our heads, hanging out with people we’d gone through four years with, listening to music and cooking good food in the sun: what could be better?” ❖

—DEBORAH SPIEGELMAN



THE SANTA FE CLASS OF 2010 INVESTED LABOR AND LOVE IN THE SUN SHELTER THEY BUILT ON CAMPUS.



## EYES ON THE SKIES

For nearly half a century, freshmen in Annapolis filed into the McKeldin Planetarium to see how Ptolemy's "motion of the same" and "motion of the other" play out in the night sky. The planetarium shows were projected onto the 24-foot diameter dome of the planetarium by a Spitz A-2, a mechanical projector that was state-of-the-art when the planetarium opened in 1961.

Anne Frazier (A01) has fond memories of Ptolemy and the planetarium. "I do remember that someone would have to hit the machine at times to get the sun to come back—it would just disappear."

Both elegant and imposing in form, the old projector was limited to providing a picture of the daily motion of the sky about the polar axis and the path of Sun, explains tutor James Beall, who oversees the planetarium and observatory in Annapolis. That's why Beall was delighted that the Class of 2010 chose, as a parting gift to St. John's, to underwrite a better solution for the planetarium.

Beall had investigated the possibility of buying a digital projector, but the cost turned out to be prohibitive. After researching options, he realized that a home theater projector outfitted with a fish-eye lens—combined with free software—could provide high-resolution images equal in clarity to that of the mechanical projector.

The senior class donated enough from their caution fees to cover the purchase, installation and assembly of the projector, the lenses and some auxiliary equipment. Gillian Brockett (A07) and Ian McCracken (A04) donated a laptop computer to the project. Alison Whaley (A12), who worked as Beall's assistant last summer, helped install and adjust the system. Anna Flies and Chelsea Adams (both A12) helped program the software that runs the digital planetarium program.

The new projector and software go beyond freshman year to give tutors the opportunity to illustrate concepts studied throughout the undergraduate Program—one of the best selling points of the



A COMPUTER AND HOME THEATER PROJECTOR HAVE REPLACED THE OLD PROJECTOR IN MCKELDIN PLANETARIUM; SHOWING OFF THE NEW EQUIPMENT ARE (L. TO R.) AMANDA LU (A12), TUTOR JIM BEALL, ANNA FLIES (A12), AND NOAH LITVIN (A12).

gift for seniors, Frazier noted. Sophomores studying Ptolemy in the first semester will be able to see the motions of Venus and Mercury with respect to the Sun, motions which Ptolemy illustrates in the *Almagest*. The projector can also show the independent motion of the moons of Jupiter, which Newton in his *Principia* describes as being like a miniature solar system. The relation of Jupiter's moons is an example of Newton's inverse square law. "We can show the junior mathematics

tutorial what Newton meant, and it doesn't take weeks or months as it would in the observatory," Beall says. The projector will even be useful for senior math, as it can show how the appearance of the stars is changed near the velocity of light.

The mechanical projector will eventually be housed in a display case in Mellon Hall, along with other beautiful instruments from past decades. ✦

## LINKING COLLEGE AND COMMUNITY

On the first day of September, there was a hint of fall in the air in Santa Fe—and the unmistakable aroma of fresh popcorn and cookies. Students devoured the treats, examined materials, pocketed freebies, and learned about the services and opportunities available in the greater Santa Fe community, the central focus of the first St. John's College Community Day. Representatives from 17 arts and service organizations and businesses turned out for this event. "It's about introducing communities to each other," says Susan Berk of the Diva Group, who spearheaded the event.

Karen Ralston, from the Center for Contemporary Arts (CCA), described the event as "a fabulous two-way street." Students contribute to the Santa Fe community by volunteering, and nonprofit organizations such as CCA provide internships. In fact, volunteering and internships were prominent themes for the day, as organizations including the local public radio station and Habitat for Humanity set up tables to attract potential recruits and supporters. At KSFR, the public station which supports the college's Music on the Hill™ summer concert series, students can answer the phones during fundraising drives or contribute as journalists to the station's newscasts, says Linda Highhill.

Johnnies seeking to get outdoors and work with their hands had the chance to talk with Habitat for Humanity representatives.

"We make it easy to volunteer," explains Nancy Phillips, development director. Students can sign up online to work on a project locally, and during the spring, Habitat participates in the national organization's Collegiate Challenge, which draws volunteers from around the country for an alternative-break program.

Inducements to students included ticket giveaways (courtesy of the Lensic Performing Arts Center) and coupons from local stores. Representatives from the banks and local newspaper touted their services; artistic and entertainment venues specifically for young people (Site Santa Fe and Warehouse 21) were on hand; and the Santa Fe Council on International Relations invited students to join them for dialogue and activities.

Whether attracted by giveaways or community-service work, students steadily stopped by tables and talked with the participants' representatives. At the same time, Berk observes, these organizations and businesses made connections that she hoped would lead to expanded relationships with the college. Participants attended a luncheon and then toured the campus before the event began. "St. John's hospitality is incredible," Berk adds.

Santa Fe President Michael Peters was delighted by the turnout. "It is evidence of everyone's interest in making connections." ✦

—DEBORAH SPIEGELMAN



## NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

### QUESTIONS AND PARADOXES

For 10 years, St. John's sent the same "viewbook"—marketing lingo for the key admissions publication—to prospective students. The award-winning booklet, distinguished by its plain brown cover, classic type style, and black-and-white photography, served the college well, says Annapolis Admissions Director John Christensen. Yet it was decided last fall that a different presentation is needed for today's college-bound teenagers.

Focusing on "paradoxes" and "questions," the new viewbook describes how questions are at the heart of the Program and explores the college's apparent contradictions. For example: "St. John's students have little freedom to choose their classes, but nearly unlimited freedom to pursue their questions and ideas." Vibrant color photography of each campus makes up half the book; the other half provides a comprehensive overview of the Program and reading list, student life on each campus, and profiles of students, tutors, and alumni.

North Charles Street Design Organization interviewed dozens of people in the college community, and sat in on classes before creating the viewbook and other

publications sent to students and their parents. A collegewide committee comprising faculty and staff guided the process. Tutor Judy Seeger, who served on the committee, had some initial concerns about how well an admissions marketing firm could capture the distinctive nature of the college. In the end, Seeger says, "They did a remarkable job seeing and saying who we are."

To see the new publications, visit [stjohnscollege.edu/admissions/publications.shtml](http://stjohnscollege.edu/admissions/publications.shtml).

### MELLON GRANT SUPPORTS LABORATORY REVIEW

A \$250,000 grant from the Mellon Foundation is supporting a comprehensive review of freshmen and senior laboratory, with the goal of having new experiments and manuals in place by the fall of 2012. The foundation, whose mission is to strengthen and sustain institutions and their core capacities, awarded the college the grant last March. The laboratory review comes in response to concern that the latter half of the senior year doesn't raise as many thought-provoking questions as the first-semester readings on the foundations of quantum mechanics. The goal of the project is to shift the focus of the curriculum from a "modern synthesis" view to the emerging view of evolutionary developmental biology. Last summer, five faculty members familiarized themselves with fields of biology that might be pertinent to the second semester of the senior laboratory. This coming spring, three faculty members will devote time to working on

the curriculum, and in the summer, a faculty member will finalize a report with recommendations. The project will lead to the creation of new lab manuals and experiments for both the freshmen and senior years.

### JOHNNIE WINS FELLOWSHIP TO VISIT SAUDIA ARABIA

Thanks to a cultural immersion fellowship from the National Council on U.S.-Arab Relations, **GALEN MANCINO** (SF12)

went to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, last June on a trip designed to foster stronger Arab-U.S. understanding. With eight other students from across the nation, Mancino, of Silver Spring, Md., spent 10 days touring the nation. The visit included meetings with Saudi Arabian educators, businessmen, and civil society leaders in addition to American diplomats and visits to sites of historical and cultural interest. ✦

### A NEW CAREER SERVICES DIRECTOR IN ANNAPOLIS

Jaime Dunn, the new director of Career Services in Annapolis, believes in the value of building relationships. Even in this age of online applications and social media networking, making a personal contact can open doors. "Now more than ever, networking is so important. You can spend hours applying for jobs, but unless you are making human contact and having informational interviews, you won't make the connections that may help you in your career," says Dunn.

For Dunn, an informational lunch meeting led to an internship in judicial affairs at Ohio State University, where she earned a doctorate in higher education administration. At Ohio State, Dunn also gained valuable research experience by volunteering in the Financial Aid and First Year Experience offices for special projects.

Prior to joining St. John's, Dunn worked as a program assistant at the College of William & Mary's Washington, D.C., office. She managed programs for alumni relations, students, and young alumni career and graduate school advising. In her new role in Annapolis, she advises both current students and alumni on career searches, and she's optimistic about opportunities in spite of the dismal job market. "Liberal arts continue to be valued by employers," says Dunn. "Oral and written communications skills are huge: the ability to read, write, and analyze. How you represent yourself is so important."

Dunn plans to offer more networking events that connect alumni with current students who want to learn about career options, graduate school, and where the jobs are. "St. John's alumni are a close-knit community and undergraduates need to use these resources and the mentoring they offer," says Dunn. ✦

—BY PATRICIA DEMPSEY



CAREER SERVICES DIRECTOR  
JAIME DUNN



A NEW COLLEGE VIEWBOOK  
PRESENTS THE PARADOXES OF  
THE PROGRAM.

## GREAT TEXTS

I read “Kant on a Kindle” (Spring 2010) with great interest. Ever since e-readers appeared (I bought a Rocket-Book in 1999), I have thought how marvelous it would be to have the entire Program reading list in one place—a 0.5 inch-, not a 5-foot-shelf.

As Mr. Dink notes, the presence of line numbers is important to the classroom viability of electronic versions of the texts, and more important still is the availability of good translations. A quick check of Amazon.com returns downloadable translations of Fagles and Fitzgerald for Homer, Ciardi for Dante, Lombardo for Virgil, and more. The prices seem competitive with the paper editions, and may in some cases be lower.

Accessing electronic versions of the texts may in fact have many advantages, as students could have a better feel for the way the text was originally presented to its audience. The digitization projects of academic libraries mean anyone can read, from page images, early editions of the Program’s English language texts—Shakespeare, Milton, Hobbes, Austen, etc.

We bring different editions of the same reading to the seminar table. Beyond discussions of translation, I do not recall any discussion of publishing history, typography, binding, or bibliography—descriptive, textual or analytical. And from a “hardware” standpoint, a student who brings a folio edition of the Bible to the seminar table could be as potentially distracting as one with an iPad. . . .

I recently found the copy of *Paradise Lost* that I read for my 1985 junior essay. This paperback edition—awful paper, lousy printing, undecipherable notes (one of the very few times I ever wrote in the margins)—argues better than I can for the poem as a great text, not a great book. (I also have it on my iPad, Kindle,

and in a six-volume complete works of Milton, bound in black morocco leather and published in London, 1801.)

A new discussion of what we mean when we say “great book” seems due.

MELISSA S. MEAD (A86)

## BACK ON THE SHELF

Regarding the “What Makes A Novel Great?” poll (Spring 2010): Isn’t the moral clear? Put Hawthorne’s *Scarlet Letter* and Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse* back on the shelf, and replace them in class with that sublime greatest book, Melville’s *Moby-Dick*, and/or Steinbeck’s *Grapes of Wrath*, Faulkner’s *The Sound and the Fury*.

I vote for biblical Steinbeck far and away over prolix, pumped-up Billy Faulkner. But hey, who’s to say whose proper words in proper places is totally best?

JOHN DEAN (A70)

## DANCING IDEAS

I have always felt bad about not being more interested in *The College* and would always sort through it, but rarely read more than the captions and/or a few paragraphs of any article.

I was riveted by the Spring 2010 edition. I knew immediately the editor was a woman. The articles were interesting on many different levels. The relationships between people were brought out. The publication stepped out of black and white and dullness into color and vivid, almost dancing ideas.

Thank you for renewing my interest in my alma mater by your insightful topics and breadth of subject matter. I cannot wait for the next edition. I can only hope that you will be behind many more.

JANET FARR (SF76)

## “ST. JOHN’S FOREVER”

With all due respect to [tutor] Tom May (“We are the Danaans to your Troy,” Spring 2010),

I couldn’t disagree more with him about his proposal for a new hymn in place of St. John’s Forever (officially “St. John’s College March”). The reasons are many.

First, at the most basic level, “St. John’s Forever” has a different melody than the Navy Hymn, which is very helpful in distinguishing it from the latter song when the listeners are not close enough to hear the words. Mr. May’s proposal is the musical equivalent of having the St. John’s team dress in Yachting Dress Baker, but substituting the seal of the New Program in place of that of the Naval Academy on the sweater—you’d have to get really close to tell the difference.

In addition, as Annapolitans unfortunate enough to have lived on Prince George Street when I lived off campus in 1983 and 1984 can attest, far from being a Franz Liszt reject “St. John’s Forever” is a simple tune that is very singable either before, during or after a few too many beers.

Far from being dated, “St. John’s Forever” expresses classic sentiments about St. John’s college—both campuses. Mr. May’s doggerel, on the other hand, is croquet-focused and more about the Naval Academy than about St. John’s.

Also, contrary to Mr. May’s assertion, there is no mention of “Men of St. John’s” in the song. It is instead a uniting song—bringing Johnnies together in support of their alma mater. Since “St. John’s Forever” was written during the period when the college was a military academy, it does mention “son” and “brothers,” but it can be easily brought into this century. The third line can be modified to “Her loyal children pledge her their hearts and hands,” and “siblings” can be substituted for “brothers” in the fourth line for suitable gender-neutrality....

And finally, while the words are by a Johnnie—R. Graham Moss (class of 1911)—the music is by the then assistant leader of the USNA band, Adolph Torovsky. The song, like the croquet match, is something that the schools have created together.

So please, rather than relegating “St. John’s Forever” to the title of the end photo of *The College*, teach it to the students. That way my reactionary old classmates and I won’t have to celebrate the school in song by ourselves.

*St. John’s Forever; her fame  
can never die  
Fight for her colors, we’ll raise  
them to the sky  
Each loyal son pledges his  
heart and hand  
For her united we as brothers  
stand*

ADRIAN TREVISAN (A84)

*Editor’s note: Mr. May has not proposed replacing “St. John’s Forever” as the official St. John’s song; rather, he chose to introduce an alternative to be sung at croquet.*

*The College* welcomes your letters. Those under 500 words have a better chance of being printed in full; letters may be edited for length/and/or clarity. Please address letters to: *The College Magazine*, St. John’s College, Box 2800, Annapolis, MD 21404, or e-mail rosemary.harty@sjca.edu.

# PARTING WORDS

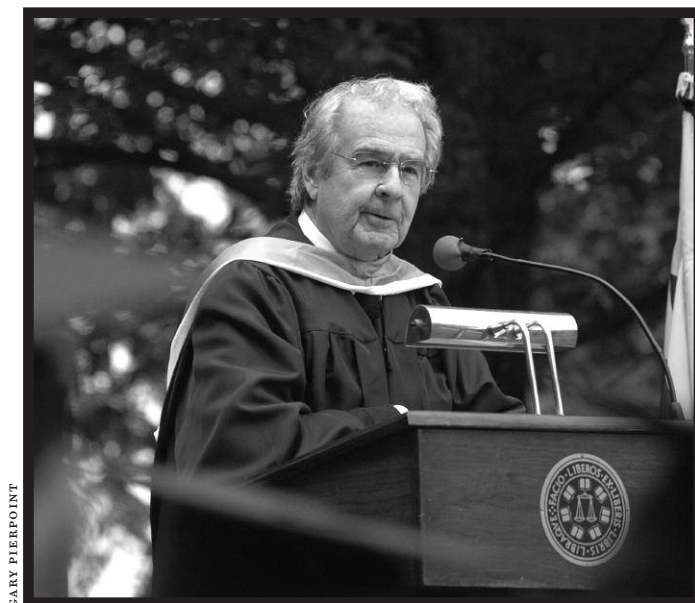
## *The Way of St. John's*

BY ROSEMARY HARTY (AGI09)

A world-renowned vintner and the executive director of a literary and human rights organization had parting words for graduates in Annapolis and Santa Fe last May, with each commenting on the ways in which the Program has readied students for their next adventures in life. In Annapolis on May 16, 99 seniors and 26 Graduate Institute students joined the ranks of alumni; on May 22 in Santa Fe, 89 seniors and 20 GIs received their diplomas.

Warren Winiarski (class of 1952), founder of Stag's Leap Wine Cellars and a longtime member of the college's Board of Visitors and Governors, shared how the classics shaped his view of the world, and ultimately, his business. Winiarski was a graduate student and lecturer at the University of Chicago when he packed up his young family and moved to California to pursue wine-making. He won lasting fame when in the Paris Tasting of 1976 Stag's Leap wine triumphed over France's best—bringing international attention to the quality of California wines.

In describing his journey, Winiarski rooted his quest to make a truly excellent wine in some of the lessons he took away from the college: "So what was it like learning the skills of a body and soul to become a wine maker and a grape grower? It was, in many ways, of the 'way' of the St. John's curriculum—by means of books and balances, getting down to the bottom of each step in a complex sequence of things that can be described by means of some of the methods you all have used in your curriculum inquiries: 'what is it,' 'how is it,' 'where,' 'how much or little,' and similar modes of pinning things down."



GARY PIERPOINT

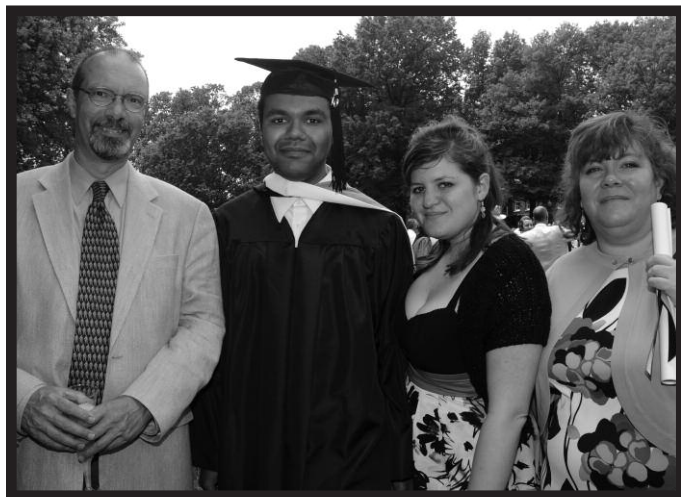
WARREN WINIARSKI (CLASS OF 1952) TOLD GRADUATES HOW ST. JOHN'S LED HIM TO SUCCESS AS A VINTNER.

The commencement speaker in Santa Fe was Steven L. Isenberg, executive director of the PEN American Center, the largest chapter of International PEN, the world's oldest international literary and human rights organization. A former professor and media executive, Isenberg commended the graduates for choosing an education that will serve them for a lifetime: "You have made your way through unfamiliar subjects, overcoming unease through careful reading, listening and absorbing, then fashioning understandings in your writing until you felt confidence and skill growing in you, making you ready for the next adventure," Isenberg said. "Your experience here has given you skills and sensibilities which, as they might have said in New Mexico in the long ago, will be in your saddle bags forever. That cast of mind, a readiness to learn and an alert curiosity ever alive, needs constant care throughout your life."

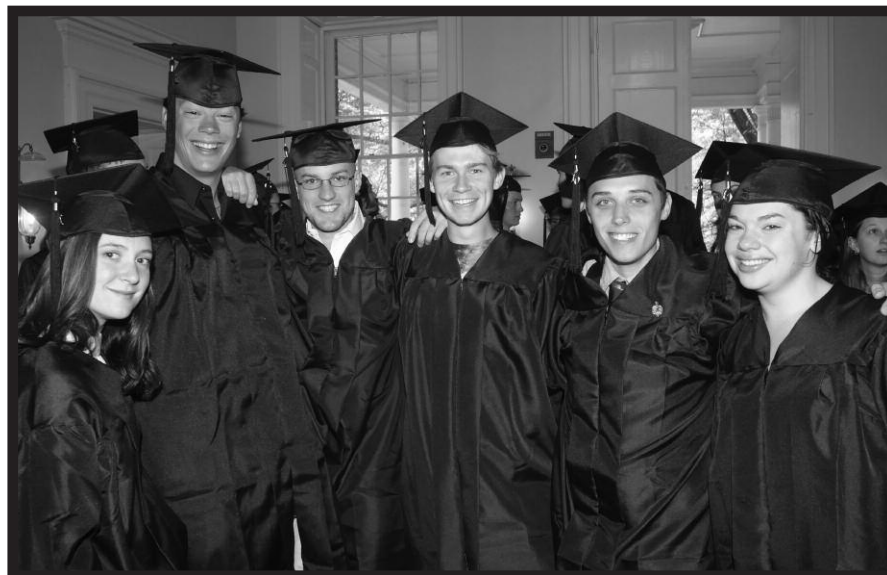
Both speeches can be found on the college's website: [www.stjohnscollege.edu](http://www.stjohnscollege.edu) ❖

PEN AMERICAN CENTER EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR STEVEN ISENBERG ADVISED SANTA FE GRADUATES TO KEEP THEIR CURIOSITY ALIVE.





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ANNAPOLIS TUTOR HENRY HIGUERA WITH 2010 ANNAPOLIS GRADUATE CHRISTOPHER HEARSE AND HEARSE'S GIRLFRIEND PALLAS SNIDER AND MOTHER SUSAN HEARSE; JOSIAH STEPHENS AWAITS THE PROCESS; ELEANOR PETERS WAS AMONG THE COMMENCEMENT GUESTS; SANTA FE GRADUATES; SANTA FE PRESIDENT MICHAEL PETERS; AND ANNAPOLIS GRADUATES MACALL MORAN, BEN HUTCHINS, MICHAEL MOWERY, PAUL MORRILL, EVERETT ROBERTS, AND MIRANDA HELCK.



# IN DEFENSE OF LIBERTY

## *Johnnies Serve in War and Peace*

BY PATRICIA DEMPSEY

*“War isn’t courtesy, it’s the vilest thing in the world, and we must understand that and not play at war. We must take this terrible necessity sternly and seriously. That’s the whole point: to cast out the lie, and if it’s war it’s war, and not a game.”*

Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

From the battles of Troy to Prince Andrei’s sleepless night on the eve of his last battle, many of the works read at St. John’s speak of war. These books deal with honor and courage, and with fear and death. They show the terrible losses, as when Patroclus rides off in Achilles’ armor to his brutal death, and the victories, as when Kutuzov weeps and thanks God that “Russia is saved.”

Generations of Johnnies have left their books to go to war, beginning in the Civil War, when students left to fight and the campus in Annapolis became a parole camp, then a hospital. Military training was compulsory at the college for a good part of its history. The Alumni Memorial Table on the front campus, next to a replica of the Liberty Bell, honors the 24 alumni who lost their lives during World War I; 452 fought in

that war. Again in World War II, many Johnnies left their studies for war, and older veterans returned to take up the great books.

Johnnies who have served in the military in both war and peacetime share their stories. One alumnus talks of his struggles with Post-traumatic Stress Disorder; another speaks to her work trying to help soldiers recover from the trauma of war. Whatever drew them to military service, their goal was to serve with honor—and stay alive.

Aaron Bisberg, class of 1944, experienced sleepless nights while serving in the Pacific with the U.S. Army Air Force. He kept a diary, and wrote of missing his home, spending long, hot days working and waiting, and taking cover during bombing raids. His diary recounts fear and terror. “Those few seconds hearing the bomb—the cold afterward. It’s not like fighting—it isn’t fighting—it’s only praying.”

Bisberg’s story is not that different from the account of a military intelligence officer, a captain, who brought home images from his tour of duty in Iraq that will stay with him forever. In his reflections about his experience, he quotes Thucydides: “And when people are entering upon a war they do things the wrong way around. Action comes first, and it is only when they have already suffered that they begin to think.”

*“Those few seconds hearing the bomb—the cold afterward.  
It’s not like fighting—it isn’t fighting—it’s only praying.”*

—AARON BISBERG, CLASS OF 1944.



ETHAN BROOKS (A10) BEGAN HIS SERVICE WITH THE MARINES RIGHT AFTER HIS GRADUATION IN MAY.

*“This was a different kind of war; you were surrounded by the tension  
of potential conflict, the zinging bullets of ambush raids.”*

— DAVID NAU (A81)



## ONE DAY AT A TIME

Aaron Bisberg (class of 1944)

Aaron Bisberg (class of 1944) volunteered to serve in the U.S. Army Air Force during World War II. On June 21, 1943, he embarked as a sergeant on the USS *Mount Vernon*; he worked as an airplane mechanic for the Pacific Fighter Fleet (5th Air Force) island hopping on a variety of vessels for two and a half years. Bisberg kept a journal that chronicled military life in Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan. These excerpts capture the realities of life at war:

*September 10, 1944*

Japan

“[A]t 0330 hours on Saturday we had a ten-plane raid and were it not for the fact that I was scared stiff, I might have enjoyed the show. When the alert came, we headed for the ditch. . . . [T]he hum of airplane engines reached our ears . . . . The guns opened up. Jones said, ‘Now listen for the bombs.’ Their hum lasted maybe five seconds. How I sweat. Down, down, awfully close and using a big ditch instead of a decent foxhole. They hit down the road and we were safe. . . . After that run I became cold—so cold I was shivering and couldn’t control it. . . . Again an airplane. . . . He was flying high—about 20,000 feet, I guessed—but with all the lights on him, he radiated. He was over our ditch, every gun firing at him. . . . All we could do is curse the lousy shooting and curse the strategists for not sending up night fighters. . . . Unreasonable thoughts, but being cold on a hot equatorial island is unreasonable, too. . . . Everyone has the same thought, ‘He’s aiming for me.’ ”

*August 10, 1945*

Off coast of Japan

“Last two days have been filled with thoughts of quick end to the war and living until it does end. Okinawa is hot and we know it. Jap suicides are working over it continuously. We have to pull in, beach and unload; a long job during which we’re always open to fire. There is a list of 80 names that are to stay at the boat and unload. . . . One of the 80 names is Bisberg. Rumors have it that we are going to . . . a little island off the northwest coast called Ie Jima. . . . The

Japs may make a last desperate effort to stop us by sending a couple of thousand planes against the Okinawa base. . . . What if I should wake up tomorrow and find that the war is ended?”

*August 11, 1945*

“It was 10:10 p.m. I was tossing in bed, just about asleep. The boat speaker sputtered and I heard, ‘Wake up, boys, wake up and hear the good news.’ I said to myself, this must be it. It was. Japan accepts. . . . The skipper allowed no more news out—the war for us was still on.”

*November 3, 1945*

“Set foot on American soil at 5:30 p.m.”

Bisberg returned home to Mount Vernon, New York. Today he lives in Florida and attends a monthly St. John’s seminar in Miami. During his retirement from “many careers,” Bisberg lived for eight years on a 40-foot diesel cruiser, piloting it from Connecticut to Florida and then to the Bahamas.

## SUBMERGED HUNTER

Dana Netherton (A72)

*“Left full rudder. Steady on course three one five.”*

As the officer on deck of a nuclear-powered submarine in the 1970s, Dana Netherton (A72) gave rudder orders and compass bearings to the helmsman, in search of a Soviet sub deep in the Mediterranean. It sounds like a scene out of Tom Clancy’s novel, *Hunt for Red October*, in which American and Soviet submarine captains engage in a pulse-pounding, cat-and-mouse pursuit. A self-described “Red-October-era sub officer,” Netherton points out the novel’s few inaccuracies. One “dramatic effect”—the explosion of the Soviet sub’s nuclear reactor “like an atomic bomb,” says Netherton, “wouldn’t happen. A nuclear reactor is a heat source, not an explosive; it doesn’t just explode any more than a log burning in a fireplace would behave like a firecracker.”

Netherton served as an officer on two nuclear-powered submarines, USS *Nathan Hale* and USS *Lapon*. Now decommissioned, they had cutting-edge missile-aiming technologies in their day. The *Nathan Hale* had Poseidon



AT THE SUBMARINE TRAINING CENTER AT NAVAL BASE CHARLESTON, S.C., IN 1977, OFFICERS OF THE USS *NATHAN HALE*'S GOLD CREW WEAR GOLD DOLPHIN INSIGNIA TO CELEBRATE THEIR QUALIFICATION IN SUBMARINES. DANA NETHERTON (A72), 26, STANDS SECOND FROM THE RIGHT IN THE BACK ROW.

missiles that could strike stationary Cold War targets 4,000 miles away. Both subs used evolving "sound" technology, such as passive sonar—accurately portrayed in *Hunt for Red October*—to track submerged submarines. Sophisticated electronics detected the quiet tones emitted by Soviet nuclear submarines. "If you are close enough," says Netherton, "you can hear the distinctive sound of the drain pump, bilge, and propeller of a Soviet-class sub, but the trick is to detect them far away."

Nuclear engineering was far from Netherton's mind in 1969, the height of the Vietnam-era draft, when as a sophomore in Santa Fe, he learned of his draft number—27. "You checked the newspaper daily to see if your number had been chosen," he recalls. During the fall of his junior year in Annapolis, where he had transferred, Netherton toured a diesel boat at the Naval Academy. He was intrigued. "The Air Force didn't want someone with glasses and I'm not athletic enough to be a Marine. Army draftees don't get commissions as officers," he says. "I didn't want to drop in a rice paddy with a rifle." After Navy officer candidate school in Newport, R.I. and intense nuclear-sub training, Netherton deployed on the *Nathan Hale* at 23. His mission, perhaps less publicized than the Vietnam War, was to prevent global thermo-nuclear war: "We searched for Soviet subs that might threaten American carrier ships in the event the Cold War became a hot one."

Netherton volunteered and was accepted without an engineering degree, he says, because the Navy "was desperate

for young officers to man the nuclear-powered surface ships as well as the submarines they were building." He shed St. John's inquiry method to focus on quantitative answers to questions. There was no margin for error on a sub. "You had to be in the right frame of mind on board. You had to have a firm grasp of the sub's engineering and design—and respect for the limits it placed on us," he says. Given the potential radioactive hazards, "nuclear engineering is not something you can fudge or have a gut feel for."

These potential hazards added to already stressful conditions: the claustrophobia of 120 men crammed in close quarters and the disorienting lack of natural light, which jostled the men's circadian rhythms and made many feel groggy. "We weren't impaired, but were not as mentally flexible as if rested," says Netherton. To this day, as a suburban dad and retired Navy Reservist in his hometown of St. Louis, Netherton carries a small flashlight. "There is nothing like the darkness in a submerged submarine."

Deep in the Mediterranean on the USS *Lapon*, searching for Soviet subs during the summer of 1978, Netherton was confident in its sophisticated missile-aiming technologies. Yet moving enemy targets could be difficult to find, even with the advances in passive sonar and cryptology. "Tucked away in the radio compartment, cryptologic technicians had hushed talks with the captain," says Netherton. They were probably decoding Soviet-radio naval traffic, he says, but such intelligence wasn't widely shared.

"In the Med we heard a Soviet nuclear-powered submarine," says Netherton. Among many maneuvers the *Lapon* was steering wide S-curves or figure-eights, with technicians watching how the bearings or directions to the contact changed in sets of patterns. "If you could hold the contact

*“There is a real sense of common purpose in the Marines.”*

DAVID NAU (A81)

on sonar long enough, you would figure out how far away it was, and roughly how fast it was going and in what direction,” he says. Yet they could never “get a real sniff.” Much like the clever Soviet captain in *The Hunt for Red October*, the Soviet sub in the Med proved elusive. “We heard it,” says Netherton. “But we never found it.”

## KEEPING THE PEACE

David Nau (A81)

On a remote mountaintop in South Korea, David Nau (A81) discovered something that he would carry with him for the rest of his life. As a Marine Corps officer with a battalion based out of Okinawa, Nau spent two winters in South Korea, where his regiment supplied artillery support for tanks, helicopters, and hundreds of infantry that were “keeping the peace” between the country’s divided north and south.

Amid dangers of ambush, Nau and his forward observation team of two Marines routinely marched several miles from base camp—a desert area rimmed by mountains—to a mountaintop observation point to bury their trash. “A few food rations no one could stand to eat got buried along with the trash,” he says. On one such trek, the Marines discovered that starving villagers were digging up their trash pit: “They had taken the wrappers, the half-eaten tin of peanut butter, even the tiniest bit of powder in a hot chocolate packet.”

On their return march, Nau and his team stopped at the first hut they saw to donate their unused food. “The woman at the door spoke no English, her children hid behind her skirt, and she was crying in joy. Our trash was her treasure,” says Nau. Back home, he notes, “there were fistfights over Cabbage Patch dolls. Here we were in South Korea, feeding the human spirit. I never lost that sense of perspective. I knew I had to carry that home with me.”

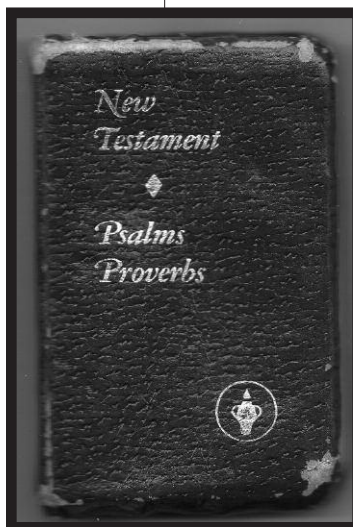
In the left breast pocket of his camouflage shirt, Nau also carried a well-thumbed copy of the New Testament. Some soldiers become cynical, but Nau deepened his spiritual convictions and discovered an “esprit de corps,” he says, that “I’ve never experienced anywhere else. There is a real sense of

common purpose in the Marines. Our conversations were often about virtue and honor.”

Coming from a family of career military officers, Nau volunteered to be a Marine when he was a sophomore at St. John’s: “I read about honor and thought about enlisting. It was something challenging I could do.” At commencement, he was formally commissioned as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps; after he received his diploma, Nau took off his cap and gown and stepped back onstage in uniform. That summer he headed to officer candidate school in Quantico, Virginia. It was 1979; the Vietnam War had ended in 1975, when “people were spitting on soldiers who served overseas. It was not a popular time to join the military,” says Nau.

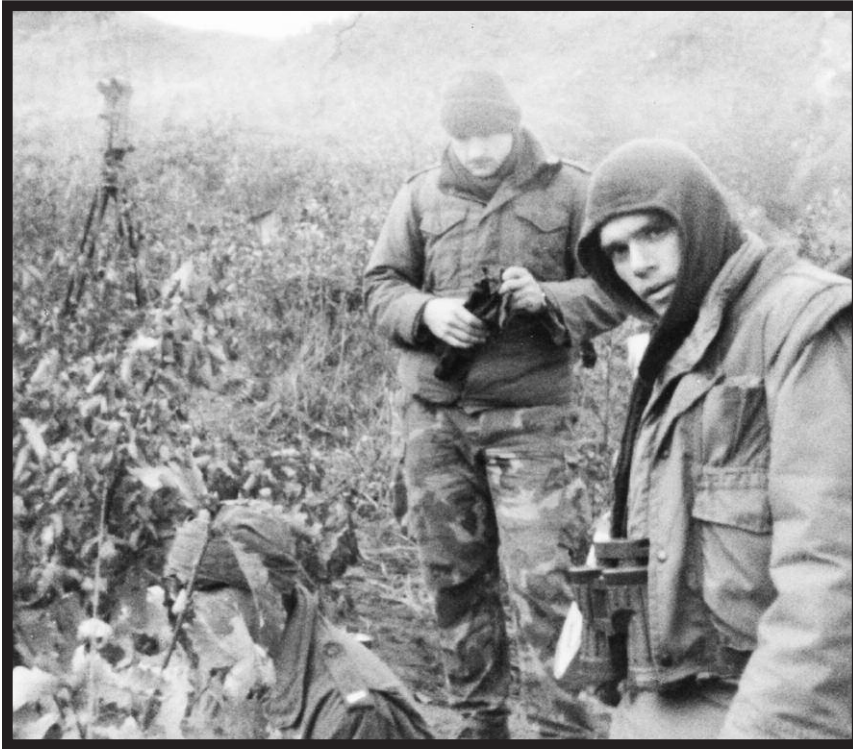
Nau believed in his Cold War mission: “In different ways around the world, Americans had a presence; just having a presence can prevent invasion and attack.” Nau and his fellow artillery Marines were in South Korea in the mid-1980s through a “loophole” in the 1953 truce that ended the war between North and South Korea. Although the truce forbade permanent Marine presence, the Marines “visited” South Korea on temporary rotations from October to March for many years. If North Koreans were to invade, they would probably choose the less rainy winter, without “boggy rice paddies that make it difficult to move armor and trucks,” says Nau.

On his first rotation in South Korea, Nau was attached to an infantry company as a forward observer, who “calls for military indirect or artillery fire; in this case the shooter cannot see the target,” says Nau. With his battalion, he marched for miles through dangerous countryside. With his two-man team, he found observation points on remote mountaintops. “Before leaving base camp, we had to check with Korean intelligence,” says Nau. “This was a different kind of war; you were surrounded



DAVID NAU (A81) CARRIED THIS NEW TESTAMENT WITH HIM. FROM HIS FAVORITE PASSAGE, HEBREWS 13: 5-6: “THE LORD IS MY HELPER; I WILL NOT BE AFRAID. WHAT CAN MAN DO TO ME?”





DAVID NAU (A81) AND HIS FORWARD OPERATIONS TEAM IN SOUTH KOREA.

by the tension of potential conflict, the zinging bullets of ambush raids.”

There were also civilian spies. The South Koreans and their allies discovered long tunnels dug from North Korea under the demilitarized zone along the 38th parallel, the 1950s battle line. “The North Korean people look and dress the same, speak the same language—so it was very easy for them to infiltrate,” explains Nau.

Several years after his overseas service, Nau was promoted to captain in the Reserves. He taught at The Basic School in Quantico before attending Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Now an administrator at St. John’s United Church of Christ in Catonsville, Md., Nau finds that his work is not that different from the Marines. “We have a common purpose. You do whatever has to be done.” He still has his pocket-size New Testament, with pages “crinkly from dampness, but quite readable.”

“War is getting harder all the time. We engage in total warfare that includes civilians,” with youths “who blow up themselves and others,” says Nau. “We are asking our young soldiers to give up part of themselves.”

## LEARNING HOW TO BE A SOLDIER

Robert Morris (SF04)

Wading thigh-high in the murky swamps of south Florida, Robert Morris (SF04), then an infantry officer candidate in the Army’s Ranger School, faced facts: “At St. John’s,

I learned why to be soldier, but not how.” After five months of training, which should have taken only 63 days, Morris was kicked out of Ranger School.

Ironically, Morris’s failure was due to his strength—thoughtful decision making. “I knew how to lead, but I believed in consulting subordinates for consensus,” says Morris. “In real war, there is a danger in not listening to your men; they will stop telling you what they think. But in Ranger School, my thoughtful consideration was misinterpreted as indecisiveness.”

The brigade commander tapped Morris for a different kind of leadership in high-tech surveillance warfare. From 2006 to 2007, he led a technical-intelligence platoon of 20 soldiers in Afghanistan, introducing unmanned aircraft technology to determine enemy positions in hostile territories. “The cameras on the aircraft provided day-and-night video, these images were sent to laptops and televisions in our camps,” says Morris. “It was safer and cushier than being in the infantry, but we had a big impact on the war effort.”

He’s proud of his platoon’s “finds”: Near the Pakistani border, “we found a company of about 100 enemy soldiers carrying weapons, not wearing uniforms.” Another discovery saved children’s lives: “We saw trucks gathering at a home,” he says. Later “it was clear there were about a dozen children and at least one woman there. We reversed the battalion’s decision to take action against the house.”

Morris and his platoon deployed to small cities like Ghazni and Khost, valleys rimmed by mountains 6,000 to 20,000 feet high, and farmland along the trade route from Kabul through the Khyber Pass. Among many targets for collecting data was the remote Korangal Valley, dubbed “the deadliest place on earth” by a soldier in the documentary *Restrepo*. Amid rugged terrain and extremes of heat, wind-driven dust, and snow, they searched for enemy encampments, reconnaissance, and hidden guerilla targets. Since the Taliban and their allies usually do not use aircraft,



"THIS CIGAR IS THE LAST NICOTINE I EVER CONSUMED," SAYS ROBERT MORRIS (SFO4) (FAR RIGHT), CELEBRATING "OUR FIRST BIG SUCCESS AFTER A MONTH OF HIGH-TEMPO OPERATIONS IN AFGHANISTAN."

mission. But Morris "discovered that war doesn't get me any closer to defining virtue."

### HEALING WAR'S HIDDEN WOUNDS

Rachel Sullivan (Ao2)

the Americans had a technical advantage, but "we were on their terrain," says Morris. "This was guerrilla warfare."

The enemy offered useful intelligence when they drove civilian "jingle trucks" with metallic fringe. "We could see their trucks' positions. The locals are very skillful drivers, so if the road was impassable to them, it would be blocked to us," explains Morris. Truck-spotting also enabled him to keep a National Guard battalion from getting stuck "in a snowy, miserable, and dangerous position."

Although he did not engage in direct combat, Morris watched his fellow soldiers nearby, a gut-wrenching experience that has made him pragmatic in his view of warfare. "I was as close to the action as you could be without being in it," he says. "I felt sorry for the guys being heroes, but I'm glad I didn't have the opportunity to be one." Heroes should not be glamorized, Morris believes. Their actions may be "noble" and "necessary," but "sometimes those actions border on irresponsibility. I'd rather say, 'How can we avoid getting in those situations in the first place?'"

Today Morris is an unmanned systems consultant for Deloitte Touche in Washington, D.C. Afghanistan "changed how I see things," he says. "War is not the noblest endeavor. War can be engaging, challenging, even compelling." Morris recalls thinking about the *Meno* and Plato in Afghanistan. "I remembered the virtues of a man which guided me in choosing the right soldiers for a

In the bustling cafeteria at Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C., civilians and soldiers—many of whom are missing limbs—line up for coffee-shop fare beneath banners that celebrate "Our Wounded Warriors." According to Dr. Rachel Sullivan (Ao2), who is in the third year of her psychiatric residency at Walter Reed, few amputees cover up their prosthetic limbs. These soldiers are proud of their badges of courage.

"There's a bigger support network because their injuries are obvious," says Sullivan. "Patients who are here for psychological reasons have it a bit rougher. There is shame involved because they deal with questions: 'Why are you here? You don't look like you're wounded.' The Army is doing the best it can to dispel that stigma, but it's a huge part of the culture."

Sullivan joined the U.S. Army in 2004 to defray the expense of her medical education and to take advantage of the resources at Walter Reed, a teaching hospital that serves active-duty military. All hospitalized soldiers automatically receive the psychiatric consultation services that Sullivan and her colleagues provide. She treats hidden, psychological wounds of war that often fall under the diagnostic umbrella of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD).

Patients with significant physical injuries are not more or less likely to experience PTSD; they "can have the same range of difficulties as anyone else: irritability, trouble sleeping, depression, anxiety," says Sullivan. PTSD does

not discriminate; it affects soldiers of all ranks, genders, ages, injuries, and wars. Women have more sexual-assault-related PTSD, but Sullivan's mostly male patients reflect the army's male majority.

"It's not where a soldier has an experience—Iraq or Afghanistan—but rather what is the experience," says Sullivan. She lists wartime horrors: "seeing dead bodies, picking up body parts, seeing children killed, seeing civilians killed, having to kill someone yourself, watching a friend die, and the chronic sense of danger." As such experiences add up, for some soldiers the risk of developing PTSD increases.

Sullivan describes the trauma of one of her PTSD patients, an infantry soldier who guarded a military checkpoint in Iraq. A car kept coming, ignoring all the signs and shouted warnings to stop. "The soldier finally did what he had to do, which was shoot. When he discovered it was a mom, two little kids, and a dad, he couldn't forgive himself. His mind kept getting stuck on that experience," says Sullivan. "At one point, he couldn't walk from one building at Walter Reed to another without wondering if there was a sniper on the roof."

While each soldier's struggle with PTSD is unique, common symptoms range from extreme anxiety to detachment. Many PTSD patients have trouble driving, she explains, due to "visual memories" of driving when a nearby vehicle blew up. "It gets worse and worse if it's not

addressed." Other patients seem detached, says Sullivan, "just going through the motions. Spouses will say, 'He doesn't seem to be part of the family anymore.'"

Because the most effective PTSD treatments take place in the field immediately after a traumatic event, Sullivan plans to deploy to Afghanistan in 2012 or 2013, after completing her residency. She and her husband, Michael Sullivan (A02), a professor of philosophy at George Washington University, will juggle the raising of their two girls, ages 4 and 6. "We're not sure why," says Sullivan, "but the further removed you are in time and space from the event, the bigger it grows in your mind. It takes on this nightmarish proportion. I can prevent a lot of stress if I'm there to treat soldiers before PTSD takes hold."

For soldiers at Walter Reed, medication and traditional therapy combined with holistic therapies, from biofeedback to canine companionship, offer healing and hope. "We have this idea in Western medicine of the mind and body being separate," says Sullivan. But because PTSD creates chemical and physical changes, she treats it "by making the body do what it would in a relaxed state," she explains. "Breathing is a great example. You breathe very differently when you're anxious compared to when you're relaxed." When Sullivan helps a patient to breathe as if he were relaxed, he physically changes to a relaxed state. "Then the patient can take control of this process" of progressing to a normal state.

Such therapies reflect the army's commitment to healing the wounded—and show that the stigma of psychological wounds is slowly diminishing. In the past, a first sergeant in charge might have viewed PTSD as a sign of weakness. "Because of the length of this war," observes Sullivan, "a lot of first sergeants have PTSD." Several of her patients didn't think they needed help she explains until their first sergeants pulled them aside to say, "You look like I did three years ago. You need to get mental health."

After several months of intensive therapy at Walter Reed, some are ready to return overseas



PATRICIA DEMPSEY

AT WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL, RACHEL SULLIVAN (A02) LISTENS TO SOLDIERS TALK ABOUT THEIR EXPERIENCES IN AFGHANISTAN AND IRAQ.



and some need longer care. Some push to deploy before they are ready. “Every patient is different,” says Sullivan. “We have to decide who goes back and who doesn’t and when.”

Sullivan is not surprised by her patients’ resiliency. “Those who choose to be in the military are an unusual segment of the population,” she says. “Like St. John’s, it’s very self-selecting. Soldiers are willing to put on hold major milestones of life while they serve. The army owns you 24/7. Some people love that. I love that.”

But Sullivan is surprised at how rewarding her work is. “A lot of people burn out in a job like this,” she says. “It’s a very intense environment, which makes it that much more meaningful. While listening to horrible stories and handing out tissues, in the back of my mind I’m saying, ‘It’s okay, I can help this person.’”

### ONE SQUARE MILE

*“Thucydides was dead on. I don’t care if it’s Athenians and Spartans, Sunni and Shii’a, or the Bosnians and the Serbs and the Croats. People get riled up and go to war—this is the way it’s always been and probably the way it will always be as long as we’re human beings. It’s only afterward that they start to think, what have we done?”*

On August 31, 2010, Charles sat in a café in Washington, D.C., recounting his journey from Latin teacher to military officer, from California to Bosnia, from Afghanistan to Baghdad. (A member of a class from the mid-1990s, he asked that his real name not be used to protect his family.) Later that day, President Obama would make an address from The Oval Office marking the official end of a seven-and-a-half year combat mission in Iraq. Charles had served in Iraq during the height of sectarian warfare in 2006–2007. He was part of the surge of American troops—160,000 in all—designed to crush the insurgency. He took little note of the day’s news.

Charles has a talent for learning new languages and a master’s degree in linguistics. He was teaching high school when he met an Army recruiter. Attracted to the benefits and opportunities, he enlisted. The Army sent him to the Defense Language Institute, where he studied Arabic, and then to intelligence analyst school. Upon completion, he was sent to a unit, only to be deployed to

Bosnia-Herzegovina. While deployed, he was accepted to the Army’s Officer Candidate School and was commissioned as a lieutenant. Nothing in his training, nothing he read, prepared him for a year in Afghanistan. “Nothing will prepare you for the reality of what you see on the ground. Upon reflection, the Army didn’t teach me to fight a counterinsurgency very well. When I enlisted, they taught me how to fight the Soviet war machine. Nothing can prepare you for the up close, personal nature of the counterinsurgency fight, especially, when you can’t tell the good guys from the bad guys—sort of like trying to find a needle in a bunch of needles.”

After nearly a decade in the service, Charles, now a captain, and his wife had already decided it was time for him to leave the military, but he still owed the Army an additional year of obligatory service for his recent training. The mission he was to be assigned in Iraq was the only year obligation available—everything else was a three-year commitment. After four months of intensive training, he was sent to Baghdad. Here in his own words is an account of his time in the city.

I had been assigned to a Military Training Team (MiTT). I was the intelligence operations advisor to an Iraqi Army Battalion that had been sent to Baghdad as part of the Iraqi military’s support for The Surge. Our MiTT—a dozen strong—was made up of officers and non-commissioned officers sent to assist our Iraqi Army counterparts in refining their warfighting, administrative, and logistics skills that the U.S. military had so effectively dismantled during the invasion, so the U.S. could transition responsibility to the Iraqis, and we could all go home. At the same time, we had to liaison with the U.S. Battalion responsible for the same battlespace. That U.S. commander rated us. However, we had to constantly remind our U.S. counterparts that we worked for our Iraqi commander and had a slightly different mission. We had to get these U.S. officers to turn over operations to the Iraqis, but they were typically reluctant because nobody had done a good job of explaining the MiTT mission from the get-go. On our good days, we had company-level commanders on the ground who got it. On our bad days, we were one big dysfunctional family.

*“The decision to fire on civilians is not made lightly.  
If you lose the people, you lose the war.”*

Our area of responsibility (AOR) was just one square mile. It was a Sunni insurgent enclave composed of three muhallas (neighborhoods or subdivisions) and what used to be an economically viable marketplace surrounded by a predominantly hostile Shi’a population. It was also that one square mile with the highest density of enemy activity in all of Iraq at that time. Our objectives were manifold. However, at the end of the day, we had to get the Iraqis operationally viable so they could defeat the Sunni insurgency, and win over the people in the muhallas by reintroducing a degree of normalcy to their lives.

Easier said than done.

It was 120 degrees in the shade for the first six months. The main sewer line was broken, so in many places you would end up walking in a couple of inches of shit water. The main water line was broken. All the transformers were broken, so there was little to no electricity. The Sunni insurgents had a stranglehold in the muhallas and wouldn’t let contractors in to fix the problems or the garbage collectors in to collect the trash. Since the main marketplace had been shut down, and most of the local merchants were afraid to ply their wares, getting out to procure the necessities of life was almost impossible. Schools couldn’t open, not that any children could get to them. I had never really appreciated Hobbes’s statement that life was nasty, brutish, and short in such a state of nature until I experienced this.

The very first order of business was to get our Iraqi Army counterparts off the periphery and move into the muhallas to disrupt insurgent operations. The Sunni insurgents had dug in and, by the time we had arrived in theater, you still couldn’t get 50 meters down the street without hitting one of the many pre-positioned improvised explosive devices, getting shot by a sniper, or having those nasty Russian-made RKG-3 armor-piercing grenades lobbed at your vehicles. The Shi’a insurgents were also an issue. Just to get to our AOR, we had to pass through territory pretty much owned by the Jaysh Al-Mahdi—the Shi’a militia loyal to Muqtada Al-Sadr. One of the routes we had to use was called “EFP Alley.” EFPs, or explosively formed projectiles, were armor-piercing technology borrowed from the Iranian military that, when triggered, sent molten copper flying through the armor of your vehicle, shearing off body parts, and creating a heat so intense, you would die as your lungs burned.

We worked with our Iraqi battalion, pushing into the interior of the muhallas, and creating patrol bases from which to operate and disrupt their lines of communication. To do this, however, we had to lead combat operations initially to prove to our counterparts that we could actually fight. Those were some of the scariest moments of my life; I was intel—we didn’t kick in doors! Yet there I was, lead man one night bursting through the door of a suspected insurgent safehouse. Thankfully, I had had a team leader who had conducted combat operations, and pushed us harder than most teams to internalize those tactical skills that would keep us alive.

It took eight months, but by that time, our Iraqi Army comrades took over the operational lead and, in the end, quieted the muhallas down. Our Iraqi counterparts worked with the local contractors to bring essential services back into the muhallas. Kids went back to school. The marketplace opened. It was quite a transformation. I wonder now though, as I watch the current news, whether the insurgents were just hunkering down to wait us out. Time will tell.

#### *Ahmad*

When I first met Captain Ahmad, my Iraqi Army intelligence officer counterpart, we were amazed at how much we had in common—our families, our ways of operating, our sense of humor—even the way we raised our right eyebrows when something just didn’t seem right. We were the same guy from two different cultures wearing two different uniforms. He was not just *zamiili* (my comrade), he was *akhuuya* (my brother). He was an amazing intelligence officer, but more importantly, a good man who only wanted a peaceful Iraq.

Ahmad was the glue that held our Iraqi Battalion together. Despite the fact that there were other senior officers who were supposed to be close to the commander, everybody knew that Ahmad was the Battalion Commander’s right hand. He’d get a report of an IED emplacement, and then go and dig it up with a shovel and his bare hands. “Ahmad,” I would say, “You’re the glue that holds this unit together. If you go, this place is gonna fall apart.” He’d look at me and smile and just say, “Insha’llah. I guess it just wasn’t my day to go.”

Even though he was a Shi'a, the Sunni in our area loved him. He won their hearts and minds, to such a degree that he ran more 40 human sources by himself. Ahmad called me at about midnight one night to let me know that four IEDs had been placed at four different intersections in one of the muhallas. When I asked how he knew, he stated, "Because the guy that put them there called and told me."

The most difficult thing about our Iraqi battalion's deployment to Baghdad was that they were made subordinate not to an Iraqi Army unit, but to an Iraqi National Police (NP) brigade. The NP were corrupt, sectarian, and infiltrated by and loyal to Jaysh Al-Mahdi. This made it very difficult for our battalion in general, and Ahmad in particular to operate, since even though they were Shi'a, they were not Jaysh Al-Mahdi, and had to contend with illegal orders furthering the NP's corrupt enterprises. Our difficulties were compounded even more as one of my interpreters was Jaysh Al-Mahdi, and was passing sensitive intelligence on our targets to our NP higher headquarters. It drove Ahmad and me crazy that all of our targets were being picked up by the NP, and ransomed back to the Sunni insurgents. Somebody finally figured out that our interpreter was on the take and he was arrested.

#### *Al-'unf: The Violence*

The level of ethnically/religiously motivated violence was insane in and around our AOR. Two events still stand out to me.

We had met up with our Iraqi counterparts at their battalion headquarters to prep for a night mission. We hadn't been there for 10 minutes when Shi'a insurgents launched a mortar attack at a Sunni mosque two blocks away. Our Iraqi counterparts dispatched their three ambulances and drove to the site while we stayed back to assist in setting up a triage and treatment area. We had laid out



IN IRAQ THE LINES OF WARFARE BLURRED AS SOLDIERS ENGAGED WITH CIVILIANS.

all of our aid kits and stretchers.

When the Iraqis returned, it was a mess. The majority of those civilians whom they returned with had died en route. There was a twelve-year-old girl who had taken a piece of shrapnel to her jugular. She bled out. I was helping Doc, our medic, when they brought a 3-4-year-old boy to our stretcher. He had no clothes on, and had a makeshift bandage around his head which did little to conceal the grey matter and blood oozing out. They laid him on a stretcher. I was shaking so badly, I couldn't get my gloves on. Again, it was too late. He died there, looking blankly into the evening sky. The remainder of the dead bodies had been tossed out of the ambulances, and lay in a pile just inside the perimeter. We used all 12 of our body bags that night.

I had been re-reading Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" around the time this occurred. At one point, the character Larry, who had been a pilot in WWI, reflects on his war experiences saying, "The dead look so terribly dead when they're dead." Now I knew what he meant.

Ahmad called me at about 1 a.m. one morning during Ashura, when Shi'a Muslims make a pilgrimage to the city of Karbala to commemorate the martyrdom of Husayn ibn Ali, the grandson of the Islamic prophet Muhammed at the Battle of Karbala. One of his sources had told him that one



of our targeted insurgent leaders was going to use four women wearing suicide vests to conduct attacks on the Shi'a making the pilgrimage using the highway that was the southern border of our AOR. We hastily put together an operation to stop them. This was toward the end of our tour, so the Iraqi soldiers were in the lead. I was in over-watch with Ahmad on the inner cordon. The Iraqis burst into the house, shot the insurgent leader and came out with three women.

I looked at Ahmad. He shrugged and gave me the eyebrow when I asked him where the fourth one was.

She emerged from a small space between two houses and started walking towards Ahmad and me. She was dressed in a black, loose-fitting abayah and hijab, which made it difficult to see if she was concealing a suicide vest. She was wailing with her hands and arms outstretched. We didn't see anything in her hands.

I was shouting in Arabic at the woman approached. "Qif! Qif! Tera larmee!" Ahmad was about 10 feet away from me. He too was shouting at her to stop. He raised his Kalashnikov; I raised my M-4.

When you are fighting a counterinsurgency, it's all about "hearts and minds." The decision to fire on civilians is not made lightly. If you lose the people, you lose the war. The real problem, however, was that the U.S. military was still struggling with how to fight a counterinsurgency. Consequently, the Rules of Engagement (ROE) and rules for Escalation of Force (EOF) changed pretty much on a weekly basis. I was at the point of having to decide whether to shoot the woman or not.

"Shit, shit, shit," I was thinking to myself. "If I shoot her, she won't have anything on her. If I don't, she'll have a vest, get too close, and blow us up." I was also thinking to myself, "I'm not going to go out this way."

"Stop! Or I'm gonna fuckin' shoot!" It came out in English this time.

It started to get fuzzy at that point. My heart was racing. Everything was slowing down. I was getting tunnel vision. I tried to slow down my breathing. It wasn't working.

Ahmad fired a warning shot. We shouted some more. I started to squeeze the trigger. . . .

That's when someone, somewhere, probably a rooftop

overlooking the scene, remote-detonated her. When I came to, I was on my back, covered in blood and gobbets of flesh. And I had peed my pants. I looked over at Ahmad, who was also coming to.

"I guess it just wasn't our day." We laughed. I started to cry uncontrollably. We were lucky. The insurgents must have been in a rush or lacked materials, because there were no metal bearings or nails to create a shrapnel effect. I don't think I'd be sitting here writing this if there had.

#### *Get on with it*

Baghdad was different. I was "boots on ground" and I was scared shitless. I asked one of my teammates who had seen his share of combat, and had been a victim in one particularly bad IED attack during a prior deployment, "How do you deal with it?" At some point, he said, you have to tell yourself that you're already a dead man, that, yes, today is your day. Then you can get on with it.

I didn't think I had PTSD, but I do. When I first came home, it was awful. We'd go to a restaurant and the door would slam, and I'd jump two feet in the air. Just this past Fourth of July, some kids had tied together a bunch of fireworks and blew them up on a neighborhood basketball court. It sounded and felt just like an IED had exploded, or a rocket had landed nearby. I still think on that woman. I would have killed her. Doubletap—a shot to chest and the head in quick succession, just like in training. I still have trouble reconciling that part of me.

I'm glad to be home with my family. I regret losing so much time with them over the years. But I wouldn't trade any of my experiences, especially the friendship I have with Ahmad, for the world. The first thing we read about at St. John's is war. War figures prominently throughout the rest of our time there. I confess, a lot was lost on me when I went through St. John's. After I came home, I re-read some Homer, Thucydides, and Hobbes with new eyes. I even read Sophocles's *Ajax*, and was amazed that Sophocles was portraying a man suffering from PTSD.

You can read all you want about war at St. John's, along with things like the good and the just. You won't know what it is until you experience it. And why would anyone want to experience the way it really is? ❀

# LEARNING TO KNIT

BY KATHRYN KRAMER

Editor's Note: This is part of the first chapter of a forthcoming memoir, *Missing History: The Covert Education of a Child of the Great Books*. Kathryn Kramer ("Katie") is the daughter of Clarence "Corky" Kramer (class of 1946), who was a tutor in Annapolis from 1954-1964 and served as the associate dean and dean in Santa Fe from 1964-1970. She is the author of several novels, most recently *Sweet Water*, and teaches at Middlebury College.

**T**he best teachers, I grew up thinking, had accents. Pipe-smoking men in corduroys and tweeds, speaking in the rich consonants of Germany and Russia, carried with them an atmosphere of learning that I did not know then was not native to our shores. The coffee-house life of Berlin and

Vienna—where the profound questions of existence were debated in an aroma of rich coffee and pipe smoke—this now resided in Annapolis, Maryland, just across the street from the Naval Academy with its high brick wall, behind which we sometimes ventured to witness midshipmen in their white dress uniforms marching in formation and the Blue Angels performing breathtaking loops overhead. But these things were peripheral, a showy attempt by the Navy to compete with the sober, hallowed, essential investigations across King George Street.

In the late 1940s, my father, Corky Kramer, finished at St. John's the education he'd begun before the Second

World War at Albion College in Michigan. Soon after, he joined the faculty. It was there, in the brick and ivy embrace of St. John's 200-year-old campus, that I and my fellow faculty children first saw the educational light of day. There has never been a time in my life when I didn't know the term "Great Books," yet I had no awareness of how their "Program" would program my own thinking, without my having ever been an official student of it. In childhood it was the freedom and safety afforded by the campus that first defined "college" to me. I never tired of trying to understand, through the method of walking up and down them, the herringboned paths that radiate down from the central hub of MacDowell Hall, atop its gentle rise so like the nearby Maryland statehouse atop its hill that I confounded the two. If you had the best ideas, the buildings' similarities told me, then you held a position of power; and if you held a position of power, then you must have the best ideas.

My father and my friends' fathers—Bill Darkey, Tom Simpson—with their crew cuts and rosy complexions and cigarettes that they often smoked in place of pipes, seemed to us children to be the older tutors' scrappy disciples. Although no ranks are observed at St. John's, this professed egalitarianism disguised a hidden hierarchy in which I discerned that accented English had smarter things to say than un-, that words of wisdom arrived wreathed in sweet-smelling smoke rings. Americans, however they strove, could never quite measure up to this redolent sagacity. These men, exiles from a vanished world, were as irrevocably a part of "college" to me as the

sweeping expanses of lawns shaded by great elms or the replica of the Liberty Bell at the edge of campus, the coffee shop at which I was sometimes treated to a Coke by my father, or the basement bookstore managed by my mother, where a strangely titled book with an unusual-looking cover, *The Hobbit*, arrived one day from Blackwell's in Oxford, England, a year or two before the rest of the country got hold of it.

Throughout grade school I regularly worried about choosing a subject for my senior thesis: a forbidding exercise that, along with the "don rags," I had heard drove some students to a nervous breakdown. I was already afraid of how I would survive this. Would Tolkien do? I asked my father. He thought he probably wouldn't. Not serious enough, I understood. Not mighty and grave, like the writers on his study shelves. Even if I knew that there were other colleges, it was clear that they didn't measure up. Certainly it never occurred to me that I might go to them.

When I was five and my best friend Cathy Darkey was six, we were sent to be taught knitting by Mrs. Klein, wife of Jacob, one of the men with accents. We sat in the living room, Cathy propped against the back of the high couch, her legs out militarily straight, I angled on the very edge so that my feet could touch the ground. "Knit, purl; knit, purl . . ." In my memory these words were delivered staccato as Mrs. Klein beat time with an oversized knitting needle.

A German hausfrau, called "Dodó" by our parents, Mrs. Klein wore her white hair in a bun and dressed in white blouses and dark skirts. It was clear that, unlike our American mothers, she would never be caught wearing "slacks." She spoke an English somehow both clipped and mellifluous, the words taking on extra dimension and making a stronger claim on our attention than other adults' did. A faculty wife—a role now large vanished from academia (in later years she wove a tapestry

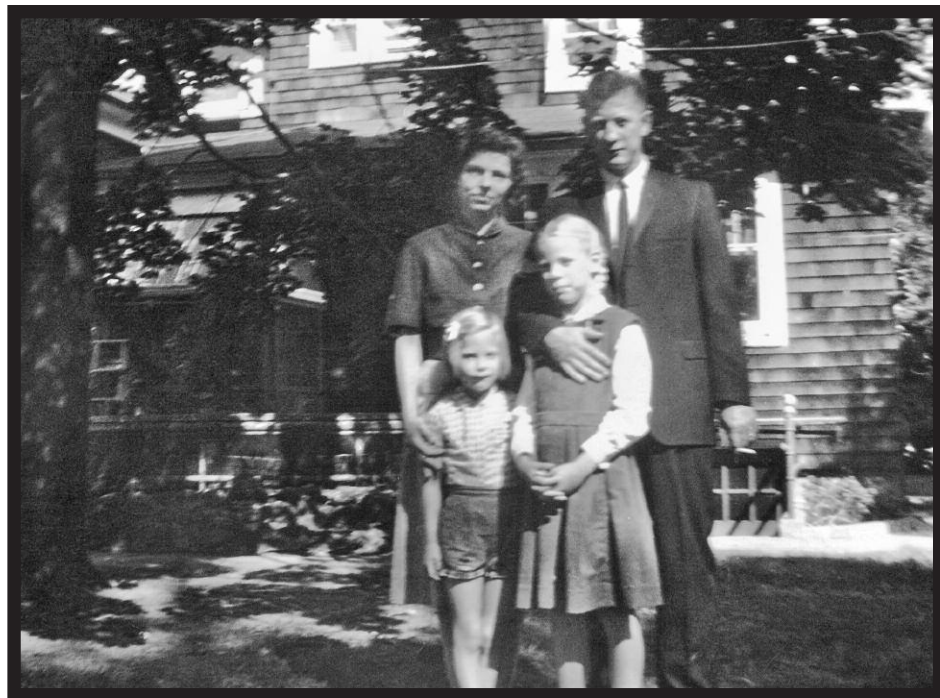


CLARENCE "CORKY" KRAMER (CLASS OF 1946) WAS PART OF A GENERATION OF YOUNG TUTORS WITH "CREW CUTS AND ROSY COMPLEXIONS" WHO WERE THE "DISCIPLES" OF MEN SUCH AS JACOB KLEIN AND SIMON KAPLAN.

commemorating the history of St. John's)—her power was complex and its source mysterious, but all too apparent. I would never have considered not doing what she told me. Desperately I fought to keep the slippery yarn and the impossibly long needles from sliding off my lap. If I dropped a stitch, I felt stricken. At home, I sometimes cried, exhausted by the sheer terror of the afternoon. Yet somehow out of the shapeless mass, a giant red mitten formed. My knitting was too loose, my mitten the size of a baseball glove, and Cathy's was too tight, as if her goal was to make a texture so dense, no light could pass through.

Only when I was a good deal older would I discern the mischief that underlay Dodó's pretense of sternness. Then I knew only that she was strict and kind by turns, as if in her view the friction produced by the two was what drove the engine of obedience, without which no learning could take place. After we'd struggled for a while to marshal our recalcitrant squadrons of stitches, she would take us to the kitchen and give us something to eat. She was a renowned baker, and the whole downstairs was often rich with the comforting yeasty smell that intensified in her welcoming and orderly kitchen, a plain table in the middle of the room where she rolled out pastry.





KATHYRN KRAMER WITH HER FAMILY IN ANNAPOLIS, YOUNG SISTER MARY, MOTHER ZAN, AND FATHER CLARENCE (CORKY).

If the kitchen was Mrs. Klein's domain, the upstairs was her husband's. Oh, those studies—the realm of the pipe-smoking men who knew everything—I knew the sound, touch, and smell of it. The pipes themselves held an iconic fascination for me: in my father's third-floor study I liked to take them out of their rack and handle them: the silky smooth dark wood of some of the bowls and the tantalizing rough topography of others; the narrowing darker stem, colder to the touch; the light-colored corncob we'd bought my father one Christmas. An ironic pipe, even then I understood. And how deeply I coveted the pipe cleaners!—which I used to beg for and then appropriate when they weren't dispensed. Sneaking upstairs when my father was at the college, I tried to gauge how many I could safely take without his noticing, to bend into animals and other figures.

In the study I never really looked consciously at the books, but it seemed to me that I'd always known them and their titles, so that it came as a surprise to realize one day that I'd never actually read them. Books everywhere, lining the walls and in stacks on tables, no jackets: the pale brown of the Harvard classics, the darker brown of the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare, the green of the Loeb editions, the lighter green of Everyman's Library—the Plato and Aristotle and Sophocles whose names there was never a time I didn't know. They lived in the house with us, these arbiters of Western thought, these bearers of my philosophical and literary heritage. My father always

spoke about them as if he knew them personally.

At some point on the Kleins' stairs, the odor of baking rose from the kitchen and met aromatic pipe tobacco descending. Halfway down the second-story hallway, Mr. Klein—Jascha—lurked in his study, dark with the same heavy wood furniture and unjacketed books and even thicker with pipe smoke than my own father's was. This was all as it should be—a man upstairs gazing down at a book, a pipe stem held between his teeth as he contemplated the important ideas of the Western world.

Sometime during our knitting lesson, Mr. Klein would wander downstairs and as if by accident shuffle into the room in his slippers and thin gray cardigan and make some humorous remark about our progress. We amused him, or our knitting amused him, or the very fact of our presence in his house amused him, but we didn't mind; we were used to men puffing on fragrant tobacco and making opaque remarks. He was kindly, and seemed to understand something about us that we didn't notice ourselves. So did Mrs. Klein, for that matter, if whatever she knew might not be quite as salutary.

Courtly, affable, and wry, asking children questions in a gently humorous way, what did they think of us, these emigrants from another world? They must have known how unaware of their history we were, children basking in the postwar self-satisfaction of the American Fifties. It wasn't a witting conspiracy of silence, but it was a silence. War? What war? Nazis? Jews? Who were they? I knew more about the American Revolution than I did about the Second World War. Since a visit to Mount Vernon, whose serene and beautifully simple rooms had made a profound if inaccurate impression on me about the Revolutionary War era, I'd been mourning my exclusion from the past and trying to figure out how to insinuate myself into history. And here it was all around me, and no one had said a thing.

It wasn't until after I was out of high school that I registered the fact that these older tutors had not left Europe for their career advancement. The Kleins and the

Zuckermandls had emigrated from Germany, the Kaplans from Russia. Mrs. Klein had been married before, to Husserl's son, and after I learned this I spent some time reading about Husserl, sometimes called the "father of phenomenology," to see if his philosophy might have leaked through his daughter-in-law and dripped onto me. Mrs. Kaplan, Fanny, lived to be 105, and her obituary stated that friends considered the Kaplans' home to be the "most civilized place in America." This is what I grew up thinking about the Kleins', although I didn't know that I did, nor that it was a model against which I would unwittingly measure my own life. The Kleins, the Kaplans, the Zuckermandls—they came from a world that they carried with them, invisible, as the houses on the sloping half of Market Street always seemed to do, left alone when their neighbors had disappeared.

Eventually the knitting lessons came to an end. A decade later, after my family had moved to Santa Fe for the opening of the new campus, I spent a couple of nights with the Kleins. During my visit, Mrs. Klein took me shopping. She drove me to a mall outside of Baltimore—the first mall I'd ever been to (this was the late '60s)—and bought me a floor-length dress, something like a nightgown with decorations, in those days called a "granny gown." I felt peculiar accepting her gift of a dress. I was still a little afraid of her, and couldn't understand why she would take such trouble over me. It was still too soon—I was still too young—to realize that she might simply have been fond of me. The next day we sat down to a hot meal at midday, an exotic experience in itself. Eva Brann and a student or two were there. After lunch, Dodó offered us a choice of desserts. There was chocolate cake, she said, and fresh strawberries with cream. She paused and looked at us meaningfully. She knew, she remarked, which dessert the superior person would choose.

I knew, too, and I knew it wasn't the chocolate cake I wanted. I asked for the strawberries, and was rewarded by her approval. Jascha lit his pipe and smiled his sphinx-like smile. He, I was sure, knew quite well the cowardly

*All those unjacketed,  
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with no pictures had been  
up to something.*

until one day I would hardly be able to distinguish between what I wanted and what I wanted to be thought to want.

That there was a right choice, and that it was up to me to discover it, was an article of faith I never knew to be one. In the religion of knowing what was what, all the more potent because it was not organized, I had made my vows without having known I was a postulant. Now I was merely affirming my pledge at this ceremony disguised as a luncheon in this sweet-smelling house atop its ominous flight of steps, whose warnings I had ignored because I was expected at the top of them—expected so that I could be taught knitting. Not just any knitting, but German knitting, stronger and more intricate than plain, postwar American knitting, involving as it does an extra twist of the yarn—and not just by any German knitting teacher, but by Edmund Husserl's former daughter-in-law.

Ideas. The Great Books. They were not there, somewhere along the line I had begun to expect, to bring coziness (we faculty children learned that it was called *gemutlichkeit*) to their readers' studies: All those unjacketed, dull-colored volumes with no pictures had been up to something. Without our knowing it, they'd been up to something with us.

I had been part of a weightier world than most people: the world my father evoked when, with a faraway look in his eye, he reminisced about "Winky" and "Scott," architects of the St. John's New Program—a hallowed phrase recalling "New Testament." A pre-Lapsarian world had existed of which these tutors were the sole guardians. If I sought admittance to it, I would have to apply to them. Only they could grant it. But then they were gone. ✧



WRITER KATHYRN KRAMER LEARNED MUCH MORE THAN KNITTING IN HER TIME SPENT WITH THE KLEINS.

# WHEN THE ANCIENTS SPEAK, CHILDREN LISTEN

Jenny Lowe Cook (A92)

**H**ere is what some would call a gamble: teaching ancient Greek epic to modern-day kindergartners and first graders. Homer's *Odyssey* is so ancient, so thoroughly foreign; with its warriors, monsters, deities, and hard-to-pronounce names, what on earth is the use of telling it to such young children? Won't they be confused and bored by it all?

I had grown up hearing stories of the Greek gods and goddesses and the retelling of the Trojan War from both the Greek and Trojan perspectives. I had read Homer and Virgil in high school and liked them. When I reread them at St. John's, I loved them. I did a senior preceptorial with Mr. Miller on *The Aeneid* and wrote my senior essay about it, too. Little did I know that I would be sharing these wonderful stories with young children.

Through a series of small-world events (have you ever noticed how much St. John's is a player in "wow, it's a small world" stories?), I found out about a two-year apprenticeship program at Arbor School of Arts and Sciences, a small, independent K-8 school near Portland, Oregon. It was my senior year and I was not sure what I wanted to do next. The apprenticeship program seemed to be an interesting chance to learn about teaching in a hands-on way. The school's director, Kit Abel Hawkins, is the mother of Will Hawkins (AG104). Like her son, Kit shares a deep respect and love for history, literature, and times gone by. Her school is forward thinking enough to delve into the past with its students. Even at the kindergarten level, students are exposed to great ideas, great thinkers, and great stories.

I got the job as one of two apprentices to the "primary" classrooms. Primaries are mixed classes of kindergartners and first graders, the youngest students at Arbor. Ever since I had heard that Arbor Primaries devoted part of their year to studying the Greeks, I was excited to teach that part of the curriculum. In the summer planning session, the master teachers rearranged the schedule so that the unit on the Greeks would coincide with my eight-week solo teaching experience.

But the Fates, it seems, had different plans. In order to fulfill requirements for the Masters in Teaching program in which I was dually enrolled, I ended up teaching oceanography to the fourth and fifth graders while the Primaries were studying the Greeks and

preparing to perform their play about the legend of the golden apple. I could find only one hour a week in my schedule to share my knowledge of ancient Greek mythology with the children.

I decided to tell them the story of *The Odyssey* over my eight one-hour sessions. An excellent picture-book retelling by Geraldine McCaughrean and Victor Ambrus served as my guide to remind me of the stops that Odysseus made along the way. To keep the 36 Primaries engaged and interested for an hour of storytelling, inspiration struck: I would dress up as Homer and tell the story as a bard. As I discovered, a few props go a long way. I assembled a small bag of shawls and fabric scraps, found a zither-like instrument in the storage attic, and fashioned a chiton of sorts from an old red bedsheet. In the palm of my hand, I kept a post-it note of plot highlights in case the Muse of good memory left me stranded.

I remember sitting there on a little stool shivering in a red bedsheet and strumming an outrageously out-of-tune toy zither while the Primaries filed in slowly and sat wonderingly before me in the cavernous, chilly Arena (formerly a horse-riding arena). No longer Jenny the apprentice, I was Homer the bard.

How would the children react? Even with my props and my pretense, would they just get bored with it all? In those few moments of waiting for everyone to settle down, I experienced a wave of stage fright. Perhaps I had found these stories fascinating as a child because my father is a classicist and I went to St. John's, where such epic tales are revered by all! What if these stories went over their heads?

Looking at their eager and expectant faces, I realized that once upon a time, there were little children who had sat at Homer's feet listening to his stories, too. When I launched into my invocation of the Muse, she must have heard my cry. The children sat spellbound and listened to the first part of the story for the rest of the hour.

Occasionally I chose some of the children to be actors and participants in my story, perhaps giving them a prop or draping them in a shawl so they could get into their role. Sometimes I whispered in their ear the "lines" they were supposed to say; other times I just stood behind them and said it for them, guiding them around the "stage." I marveled at their cooperation and eagerness to be part of the story, even though they quickly saw that it was not their chance to reinvent it. They were content and excited to become living

*"...I realized that once  
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little children who had  
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listening to his stories."*

JENNY LOWE COOK (A92)





JENNY LOWE COOK (A06) WAS SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED WHEN HER “COOL” SIXTH GRADERS WERE CAPTIVATED BY THE *ILIAD*.

props. Sometimes I would hear them bragging to each other as they returned to their classroom, “I was Odysseus today!”

When I began by asking for someone to sum up what had happened in the previous week’s storytelling session, I was amazed at how many hands flew up into the air. Their recollection of the story’s details was impressive. I was sorry to bring the story to the end on our last Friday morning together, but felt glad that I had introduced a new world of magic, myth, and heroism to the children.

Fast-forward to the fall of 2009: No longer at Arbor, I was teaching a new age group, sixth grade, at a public charter school in rural Oregon, about an hour south of Portland. The first few weeks of school are always challenging as students and teachers get acquainted and try to settle into a rhythm that works. In a classroom of my own, I had always envisioned that reading stories aloud would be a regular part of our classroom culture. Surely sixth graders would not be too old to appreciate a good story.

But the first story I began with them, an older fantasy tale by Lloyd Alexander, fell upon deaf ears. Most of the students rolled their eyes, passed notes, and otherwise made their contempt known. Frustrated with my class for not appreciating a good story, and blaming myself for not finding one that captured them, I soon discarded the book. Then I desperately tried to think of something that would engage these “too cool for school” sixth graders.

One hot afternoon a few weeks into the school year, I found myself with an extra half hour on my hands. The lights were off to fight the heat, which was making everyone sleepy and irritable. The Muse once again hit me with a bolt of inspiration: I began telling them—by now from memory—the story of how the Trojan War began at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. Perhaps it would at least keep them occupied for the half hour.

To my astonishment and delight, everyone sat up a bit straighter in their seats. For once, I had all 25 pairs of eyes glued to me. Even the most jaded eye-roller in the bunch was paying attention. The most impulsive interrupter kept interrupting, but now he was

asking questions about the story. Everyone was shocked that Helen, married to Menelaus, would actually run off with Paris, and then they were shocked that Menelaus would go to the trouble to launch the fabled thousand ships to get her back. The half hour went by in a flash, and I promised to pick up where I left off the next day.

For the next few months, I spent some time every day telling the story of the *Iliad* and then moving on to the *Odyssey*. (We started the *Aeneid* but never got a chance to finish it.) I couldn’t believe how enraptured my students were by the stories. If I forgot to plan the story into the daily schedule, someone was sure to remind me; I would squeeze in a 10-minute installment before the end of the day.

The stories tied in well with the humanities curriculum I had created. We were studying five ancient cultures: Sumerians, Mesopotamians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. It was wonderful to see the connections that the students made between real history and the epic stories that they heard me tell. One day, a shy girl showed me a picture she had found in a *National Geographic* magazine that we were using for collages. It was a picture of a golden chariot piece. “It’s like what Achilles might have used,” she said.

These stories are not irrelevant to our lives today; they contain lessons in virtue, justice, compassion (or the lack thereof), resourcefulness, faith, courage, and a host of other qualities that mattered then and matter now. And they are just plain fun stories with lots of adventure and plenty of soap-opera drama. What sixth grader doesn’t love drama?

The *Iliad* became so popular that the students helped write and act in a play, “The Trojan War in 15 Minutes” (well, okay, it was more like 25 minutes). We spent many a happy afternoon creating shields, spears, armor, a Trojan horse, some simple set pieces, and costumes. Everyone had a part, large or small, and everyone actually managed to memorize their lines by the time the show went on in December.

We performed our small show for the school in the afternoon; a few parents were able to attend. The process of putting on the play was a trying experience for me as a teacher; marshalling 25 sixth graders at a dress rehearsal is similar to herding feral cats. But watching their pride and excitement in the performance was awesome. Better yet was overhearing the comments of the younger students in the audience. Many, especially the kindergartners, were enthralled with the story and wanted to hear more.

My sixth graders came back from the performance riding high on their success. One asked, “Mrs. Cook, when can we do a play of the *Odyssey*? And can I be the Cyclops?”

If that doesn’t speak to the power of Homer and Virgil, I don’t know what does. ❀

## “THE MATH BOOK” REMEMBERING KLEIN’S SEMINAL WORK

By EVA BRANN (HA87)

Alumni who knew Jacob Klein and those who’ve heard tell of him might like to hear about a first-ever event that took place June 26-29, 2010, at Seattle University: a conference devoted to Jascha Klein (forgive the informality; it was near-universal—a mark of the students’ sense that he was theirs) and to his increasingly influential book *Greek Mathematical Thought and the Origin of Algebra*. (Here’s another informal usage: I’m told the book is now known among its devotees as “the math book.”)

The intense and deeply engaging series of 15 lectures and seminars was convened by Burt Hopkins, Professor of Philosophy at Seattle (and a frequent visitor to St. John’s), whose major book, called *The Origin of the Logic of Symbolic Mathematics: Edmund Husserl and Jacob Klein*, is to appear in 2011. The work, besides giving an acute account of Klein’s book, aims to bring out the comparative stature of his achievement by highlighting two notions. One, the narrower, is that he had a truer understanding than did Husserl of the life-changing rupture that at once tethered our modernity to, and radically divided it from, Greek antiquity, a revolution expressed paradigmatically in the changing concept of number. Husserl thought that the term “abstraction” covered this turn. Klein showed that this was too vague. What had happened was a novel and all-pervasive alteration in conceptuality, which he called “symbol-generating abstraction.” Klein showed that among the Greeks, arithmos, “number,” always meant a concrete heap or assemblage of real things, while in the algebra adopted at the dawn of modernity, letter-symbols, such as a, b, x, y, began to be understood as objects, but objects twice removed from the real world, once because they intended a sort of number-in-general, and again because passing even beyond that abstraction, the algebraic operations were performed on the letters themselves as if they had a sort of reality, albeit an empty one. Klein intimated that this life with virtual objects, twice removed from the sensory world, characterized both modern science and our mental mode as moderns.

Hopkins’ second notion was that Klein’s book was the most far-reaching working-out of one of Husserl’s guiding ideas: “sedimentation.” This term describes the silting-in by which once freshly immediate ideas have become accepted thought-packages and handy intellectual tools whose original meaning lies buried in old discarded or misread texts. Alumni will recognize that the Program under which they studied can be interpreted as a resurrection of those origins, a re-animation of the significances behind the current terms of our life.

Klein’s book is, then, the most extended and significant case of a task set by Phenomenology (the philosophical school Husserl founded), that of “de-sedimentation,” the recovery by means of a careful, receptive reading of earlier books, of the insights that went into the advances and attendant losses which make us who we are. Klein’s work is an extended digging up of the roots of our current concept of number, a concept at the center of our sciences.

I want to say a word about the publication history of “the math book.” It was first published as two fascicules of a German journal. The time was that of the Nazi takeover. (That may, incidentally, account for certain—well-controlled—intimations of the decline and fall of the West that can be sensed in the work.) When I came to St. John’s in 1957 it was unavailable and untranslated. Seth Bernadete, a tutor of the mid-1950s whose name is known to many older alumni and who introduced me to Jascha, had told me to read it if I wanted to understand the design of the college’s Program.

I undertook to translate it—in secret. For Jascha scorned publication; he thought that much of scholarly writing was piddling and that tutors should, in any case, be teaching rather than scribbling. Once I’d finished I had to ‘fess up, because I had many questions. Jascha capitulated. The MIT Press took the book and eventually handed it to Dover. That confirmed it as a classic.



MARION WARREN

Burt’s conference, convened three-quarters of a century after the German publication (a true case of much better late than never) was thus largely based on this translation. Therefore I was invited to make the keynote remarks. I concentrated on two wonderfully prescient interpretations of Platonic dialogues. One was set out in the math book and the other in Klein’s *Commentary on Plato’s Meno*. The first foreshadowed one of the most unsettling ideas in contemporary thinking about cognition: “emergence.” Emergence is the term for the case of a whole whose qualities are altogether different from those of its elements; the great, problematic case is that of brain and mind: The logical structures of spatially extended brains and non-spatial thoughts are totally different; how does one “supervene” on the other? Klein’s understanding of the mathematician’s number as a collection of unit-elements—none of which have the number-attribute that the whole has—“each is one, both together are two,” says Socrates—offers a deep discussion of an early and stark case of that current preoccupation.

The second case of prescience, acutely relevant to our lives in so far as they are, decade by decade, more imagery-devoted and virtuality-involved, is Klein’s analysis of

Plato's understanding that an image is an almost-being, one that both is and isn't the original. "That's him," we say of a photo—but it isn't the original. What does it do to us to spend a lot of time with these semi-non-beings?

The members of the conference, without actually having had Burt's whole manuscript in hand, readily focused on the very issues that are there brought out. Although the meetings were open, Burt had wanted them to be workshop-like. There were only a few auditors, one of whom was a Johnnie graduate student and another a Johnnie waiter (who happened to serve us in a restaurant), waiting on his life-plan to reveal itself. He had been in one of my classes; it was lovely to come upon him and invite him to the conference.

The participants were wonderful. Claudio Majolino from the University of Lille, France, gave an incisive, deep critique of the

math book, pointing out two of its unargued assumptions: that modern science is in fact in said "ruptured" relation to Greek philosophy, that is, that its terms are sedimented Greek terms, and that the Greek relation to the world was indeed more innocently direct than ours. Two physicists, Richard Hassing of the Catholic University of America and Joseph Cosgrove of Providence University, engaged one and the same question: "Can post-classical physics be 'desedimented,' meaning can we recover the world of ordinary experience from the symbols?"

Quantum and relativity physics were considered with concrete reference to actual formulas. The answer was "yes, for some notions" and "no, not in practice." The most gripping case to me was Joe's demonstration that Minkowski's space-time is an artifact produced by the trick of writing  $c$ , the speed of light, as a mere number, and that in

Einstein's own treatment space and time are not particularly unintuitive.

There was a lucid display by Dick and his student (and our alumnus) Andrew Romiti of the actual workings of the Greek proto-algebra devised by Diophantus, a Greek mathematician, that showed how essentially his analytic method differs from modern algebra. Ed Halper of the University of Georgia spoke on Aristotelian, classical, and quantum physics with reference to Klein's book, and Burt himself gave an overview of Klein's philosophical achievement. Our dean at the time, Michael Dink (A75), was in attendance as moderator.

I don't know when I've attended so gratifyingly exhausting an event, and so welcome—and overdue—an evocation of Jascha's stature. Resistant though he was to academic functions, I think he might that weekend have given in to a sense of satisfaction. ✱

#### BACK TO AFRICA? THE SOLUTION TO AMERICA'S RACE PROBLEM AS VIEWED BY JEFFERSON, MADISON, CLAY, AND LINCOLN

Charles A. Nelson (class of 1945)  
Xlibris, 2009

*Back to Africa?* examines a little-known 19th-century proposal to solve America's "race problem" by sending free blacks to the newly-established colony of Liberia. Charles Nelson explores this scheme from the perspectives of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln, who all generally approved of it, as well as others who had mixed feelings or opposed it.

Documents show that the colonization of Liberia was not the success for which its planners hoped. From 1817 until 1899, only a few more than 15,000 people immigrated into Liberia, out of a population of nearly 5 million blacks in the United States. Nelson asks, "Why did prominent white leaders persist for so long in the colonization effort in the face of the evident unwillingness of almost all blacks to resettle in Africa?"

For many whites, colonization appeared to be the only logical solution to the apparently unsolvable problem of what to do with the blacks. Because of the complex history between the races, Northern abolitionists could see no possible way for freed blacks to co-exist with whites, while Southern slaveholders were eager to get rid

of freed blacks who might influence their slaves to rebel or seek freedom.

Thoughtful, intelligent statesmen such as Jefferson and Lincoln spent much time and energy determining the expense of purchasing the freedom of slaves and transporting them overseas, as well as the best location to send them.

But what did the colonists themselves think about this idea? Gathering the few firsthand accounts, Nelson reveals the often contradictory opinions that blacks held about Liberia. Some writings seemed designed to sway the minds of potential travelers: Daniel H. Peterson praised the place as a paradise, while William Nesbit found it "hell on earth." Others judged the situation more objectively, recognizing difficulties and obstacles, but offering suggestions for thriving. Samuel Williams, for instance, advised families to spend money before the journey on items for trade with the natives, and recommended the immigration of more Northern blacks, who were accustomed to the habits of business and freedom. The colonists were divided as to whether Liberia was a success or a failure.

Although many American politicians such as Senator Henry Clay, the president of the American Colonization Society, supported the immigration of blacks to Africa, Liberia was never officially funded or organized by the U.S. government because of constitutional questions regarding the formation of a colony. Thus

the Society depended on religious institutions for support and recruitment, which gave the movement an evangelical bent. The colonists were bringing Christianity and culture to heathen Africa, which did not bode well for the natives.

As Nelson shows, most blacks remained unconvinced of returning to Africa, even in the face of white hostility and prejudice in the United States. Among the most prominent opponents of the movement was Frederick Douglass, the abolitionist leader. He criticized supporters for trying to remove blacks from a country where they had lived in bondage for more than two hundred years, just as slavery was beginning to be justly recognized as evil. "Our minds are made up to live here if we can," wrote Douglass, "or die here if we must." Such clear rejection makes it unsurprising that so few blacks signed up for the journey.

*Back to Africa?* concludes with a chapter on Barack Obama's presidential victory and the state of race relations in America today. To win the election, Obama "reached over" the racial barrier with the assistance of other African Americans across the generations, Nelson suggests. Yet while the treatment and standing of black minorities has improved considerably since the dissolution of the American Colonization Society, inequality is still an issue. The legacy of slavery continues to haunt us. ✱

—CHARLES GREEN (AG102)



## TRANSFORMING SPACES

*Architect Phillip Katz (SF94) joins the human and divine*

BY ANNA PERLEBERG (SF02)

Jewish tradition teaches that every 28 years, the sun returns to the position in the sky at which it was created, an event commemorated with a blessing called *birkat hachama*. The last time this celestial anniversary was celebrated was April 8, 2009; for the Congregation Emanu-El B'ne Jeshurun in Milwaukee, Wis., the recitation also marked the first service held in their breathtaking new sanctuary—designed and built by Phillip Katz Project Development, founded by Phillip Katz (SF94).

Katz's traditional Jewish upbringing made him a natural for St. John's: "Discussion was familiar to me from the dinner table, and I went to a Jewish seminary for freshman year of high school, where we used the same Socratic method as in seminar," he says. "St. John's was an outstanding experience, and a formative part of who I am"—a claim borne out by the fact that, although he eventually migrated to the College of Santa Fe to graduate from their landscape design program, his official bio and interviews still proudly mention his time with the great books.

Following college, Katz attended graduate school at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, receiving his master's in architecture in 1999. He still teaches at the school. He began work in corporate architecture in 1995, and was part of the design team for world-renowned Spanish architect Santiago Calatrava's 2001 addition to the Milwaukee Art Museum, the sculptural white concrete Quadracci Pavilion. Katz is definitely a Calatrava fan: "He's not only an architect, he's an engineer, a mathematician, a composer—his work is very anthropomorphic."

Katz was able to found his design company, Phillip Katz Project Development, thanks to what he describes as "some large commissions that gave me the security to leave the corporate firm." Unfortunately, the fledgling business opened its doors on September 4, 2001. A week later, as Katz says, "The world imploded, and the projects I had got shelved."



DESIGNING PROJECTS FOR NONPROFITS, INCLUDING A SYNAGOGUE FOR A MILWAUKEE CONGREGATION, IS ONE OF THE BEST REWARDS OF ARCHITECT PHILLIP KATZ'S WORK.

*"St. John's taught me to bite off a little more than I can chew—to take risks."*

PHILLIP KATZ (SF94)

Throughout post-9/11 uncertainty and the current struggling economy—in which many clients are choosing to stay put and renovate existing properties rather than design and build anew—the firm has tenaciously held its own, he believes, by offering "the highest quality service. Training, constant innovation, and listening to our clients—that's most important."

The recession's deleterious effect on new architectural projects, however, has allowed Katz to pursue less tangible rewards by doing pro bono work. While these projects do sometimes result in paying work, "when approached by a

nonprofit, I don't have my hand out immediately—I feel a great responsibility to make the world a better place," he says. Katz goes on to reference the Jewish concept of *tikkun olam*, the "repair and completion of the world," a fitting dictum for an architect who often recreates new buildings within a formerly broken-down shell.

He's particularly pleased with the reclamation of a long-abandoned industrial building, designed in 1930 by prominent Milwaukee architect Herbert Tullgren. It has become a new school facility for Lad Lake, an agency that works with young men who have been expelled from Milwaukee Public Schools. The school has

an astonishing 83 percent graduation rate. The building, which had once been a silver-plating shop, was not only dilapidated in the extreme—holes in the roof, windows broken, asbestos in the more than 70-year-old heating system—it was an environmental disaster. Contaminants had to be cleaned up before the gutting of the structure could even begin. After a six-month renovation process, the center reopened with classrooms, offices, a library, computer lab, kitchen, cafeteria, art and music rooms, and a full-sized gym—the only outright addition to the building.

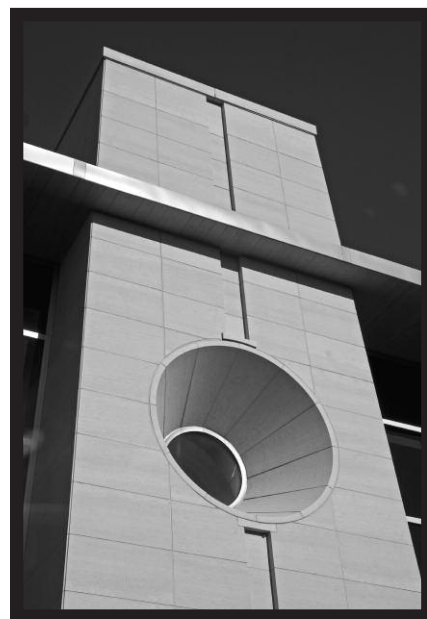
“This project was really like a grand slam home run in the World Series,” Katz says with obvious pride. “We saved a blighted building that was architecturally significant, contributed to the community, and cleaned up environmental devastation.”

Phillip Katz Project Development’s achievements have been publicly recognized. The Lad Lake project won an award from *The Business Journal* of Milwaukee in April 2008 for “Best New Development or Renovation: Education.” The *Business Journal* also honored Katz’s firm earlier this year for outstanding industrial renovation in a whimsical design for Traffic & Parking Control Company that incorporated its own products, including traffic lights and reflective yellow road tape. A 2009 award noted the environmentally

friendly design in the massive new headquarters of A.B. Data, a direct marketing firm, where a cubicle farm was re-envisioned as an “interior streetscape” with sustainable features such as cork and bamboo wall panels, stained concrete floors, and skylights. Two 2008 City of Milwaukee Urban Design Awards also went to the Lad Lake project and the Brochach Irish Pub, which opened in a restored restaurant space on the city’s lower east side, built over a century ago with “Cream City bricks” of local clay.

While industrial, corporate, and residential projects consume a great deal of his time, Katz reserves his greatest enthusiasm for liturgical architecture. This passion was born in graduate school, when his thesis analyzed the use of daylight in modern and ancient structures across Europe. Katz sees the creation of sacred space that bridges the gap between the human and the divine as “one of the most important ways architecture can affect people’s lives. It can unlock some chemistry, create a transformative experience.”

The questions that guide him in his designs are no different, Katz says, than those asked thousands of years ago: “How will the space connect us with each other? How will the space raise our consciousness of the divine? How will the space connect the congregation to our traditions?”



Several aspects of his recent Congregation Emanu-El B’ne Jeshurun project reflect these concerns: the Golden Mean proportions carried throughout the building itself and its design details and furnishings, and the sustainable nature of the temple that honors God’s creation. Even “the wood columns and beams that form the structure reference the trees in the Garden of Eden, the Bible’s first sacred space,” he says. Whether one is religious or not, it’s hard not to feel awestruck by the sanctuary’s simplicity and openness.

Despite the daily challenges of small-business reality, Katz remains optimistic and passionate about his work. “St. John’s taught me to bite off a little more than I can chew—to take risks,” he says. “Not every idealistic bone has been beaten out of me yet.” ❖



ABOVE, THE EXTERIOR, AND AT LEFT, THE SANCTUARY OF PHILLIP KATZ’S DESIGN FOR A SYNAGOGUE IN MILWAUKEE. HIS GOAL WAS TO CONNECT CONGREGANTS WITH EACH OTHER AND WITH THE DIVINE.

## 1954

**BERNARD E. JACOB** became a Distinguished Professor Emeritus at Hofstra Law School in 2008. He continues to live in New York City, where he has been since 1969. His wife, Phyllis Gangel-Jacob, is a retired Justice of the New York Supreme Court. They have two children and four grandchildren. Jacob intends to brush up on his Greek by joining a reading of *Medea* at Hunter College.

## 1955

**HAROLD BAUER** pursues, in "retirement," an active pace in his second life, this one as a painter, after 50 years as a symphony/opera conductor and stage director. He continues his studies at the Evanston Art Center, both in figure and still life, where he also serves as President of the Board of Trustees. He has become very involved in Rotary, and is chair of the International Service Committee of the Evanston Lighthouse Rotary Club. "This has opened to me a firsthand involvement in humanitarian needs and projects around the world, both an awful and an immensely rewarding experience."

**CAROLYN LEEUWENBURGH** would have liked to have attended Homecoming but wasn't able to, as she was caretaking for her husband, Helge. "We are fighting T-cell lymphoma, which occurred on his spine. The cancer is in remission at this time, but he has neurological damage. He is learning to walk and I'm sure he'll make it. Our three kids are great, coming to visit on alternate weekends with the grandchildren. The care and love hastens the recovery." She hopes to see everyone at next year's Homecoming.

## MEETING IN MONTANA

**S**TEVE FINEBERG (class of 1964) encountered another Johnnie on an organic farm in Montana: "Last month, on a visit to Bozeman, I met **LOGAN JOHNS** (SF09). Logan (with my youngest daughter, Jane) helps maintain the vegetable crop on the Gallatin Valley Botanical Farm, a local, organic vegetable producer in Bozeman. Returning to Bozeman is a return home for Logan (she grew up in there), but she reports that she keenly misses St. John's and that, to sustain the spirit, she has rounded up a group of kindred souls for a local reading group. My own life goes on much as ever, teaching Greek at a wonderful, small liberal arts college in the Midwest (Knox College, Galesburg, Ill). Like Logan, I deeply miss my student days at St. John's and try to keep the memory alive. Next term I will be team-teaching a course with a Classics colleague: "Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem," a thinly disguised great books seminar on Greek, Roman, and Biblical texts. Team teaching is not a deployment of resources popular with college deans; it's an expensive model, particularly when the enrollment is kept to seminar-discussion size. But even deans cannot deny how well it works. That gets one through recessions and other turbulent times." ❀



## 1961

**MIKE GOLD** has moved to Israel, along with his children, grandchildren, and Rene. His e-mail address is goldmw@gmail.com.

## 1963

**CHARLEN [HELEN CHARLOTTE] FOSBERG KYLE** is going into her 10th year as Commissioner on the Fairfax County Redevelopment and Housing Authority in Virginia. "I am in a power chair, but it has not clipped my wings. I live in a wonderful gated community, Little River Glen apartments, for moderate-income, independent seniors. A senior recreation center is part of our complex of national prize-winning architecture and landscaping. The people who work here love us. It shines through everything they do."

## 1964

**JEREMY LEVEN** has just completed directing the Paris shoot of his next film for Warner Brothers based on a script he wrote entitled, "A Girl on a Bicycle," and has begun shooting the second part of the film in Munich. "The studio has placed me in an apartment at the intersection of Keplerstrasse and Copernicusstrasse," says Leven. "They meet at last (again?). Is St. John's ever far away from my life?"

## 1959

**BARBARA STOWE TOWER** is very excited to be enrolled in this year's Executive Seminars, led by Annapolis tutor **MICHAEL DINK** (A75), at the Cosmos Club in D.C. She also has a weekly study of the Book of Matthew with the rector of St. Anne's Church in Annapolis, diversions which offer a welcome departure from her ongoing 42 years in real estate with her partner and husband, Fred, and their daughter, Alex Tower Sears. Beyond this her eight grandchildren are nearby, keeping things lively, with 18-year-old Isabel in the International Baccalaureate program and looking at Swarthmore, Kenyon, St. Mary's, and St. John's. The Santa Fe campus is out, but she's pulling for "St. J's on-the-Bay!"

## 1960

Teaching fourth-graders full time at the Key School is not enough to keep **KATHERINE HAAS** occupied. "Saturdays I teach Chinese all morning, to people aged 4 to 60 in 4 classes. Sundays I continue to struggle with learning Arabic (eighth year, not making fast progress)." Haas has also spent summers in North Dakota conducting ornithological research as a master bird bander, and with her daughter has conducted the longest continuous study of loggerhead shrikes in the continental United States. She still climbs the occasional tree to band nestlings, and last summer brain-tanned a buffalo hide the traditional way. She also had fun at the 50th reunion.

## 1965

**ALLENA LEONARD** recently completed a one-year term as president of the International Society for Systems Science, which involved organizing the annual conference on the topic "Governance for a Resilient Planet" in Waterloo, Ontario. Leonard also enjoyed a long



Labor Day weekend visit from daughter **TAMBRA** (SF) with her husband, John, and son James, age five.

## 1966

**JULIA (BUSSE) DU PREY** is still performing music: singing, flute and recorders, as well as writing poetry, impassioned letters to the editor of her newspaper, and memoir material that may someday turn up in book form. She is part of a philosophy study group, gardens, and still loves swimming, hiking, biking and other similar sports that get her out into the countryside. "My big news is that both my children, Nicolas and Beatrice, are now married, and we are expecting our first grandchild in late November."

## 1968

**REBECCA (BECKY) TENDLER** (A) is a psychologist in private practice in Philadelphia. She works

with children and adults and has special interests in psychoanalytic psychotherapy and the treatment of trauma and attachment issues. Her son, Seth Munoz, and his wife, Kate Delany, are both teachers and they have a daughter, Samara, who is almost two.

## 1970

**LES MARGULIS** (A) has returned to Sydney, where he currently lives with his Australian bride of 13 years. For the last eight years he has been moving around the world on a regular basis, running ad agencies in trouble (before he arrived and hopefully not after). He just finished up 18 months in Mumbai. Prior to that assignment, he was running or consulting to agencies in Sydney, Bucharest, Kiev, Moscow, Tel Aviv, USA, Johannesburg, and Dubai. On the way he had a teaching fellowship at the University of Florida to teach advanced branding and strategy. He doesn't know what's next, but

plans to enjoy the fine weather down under, as well as the affordable and high quality wines.

**MARTIN ROSENTHAL** (A) has recently published *The English Teacher* and *The Golden Avatar* under the pen name Phillip Ahtmann. The work, which is available on Amazon.com, can also be found at [www.TeacherAndAvatar.com](http://www.TeacherAndAvatar.com), where it can be purchased with a 50 percent discount (code: YM8H7XEM). Rosenthal describes the work, which has a chapter based on his experience at St. John's College, Annapolis, thusly: "A middle-aged Hare Krishna disciple, obsessed with his vision of Lord Chaitanya, the Golden Avatar of Vishnu, struggles with his own bipolar personality while teaching English in an unsympathetic New Orleans public high school. Though he is a gifted creative writer and educator, he must deal with many disrespectful and hyperactive students who go unchecked by administrators, while he endeavors to teach those sincere and gifted students who appreciate him."

**SUSAN SWARTZBERG** (SF) will spend October in Europe, first to France to visit friends, and then to Spain to be with her son Josh and his extended family, with a side trip to Bilbao to see Gehry's Guggenheim.

## 1971

October 2010 will bring the publication of a ninth book by **JOHN STARK BELLAMY** (A), *The Last Days of Cleveland* (Gray & Co.), which includes a hair-raising account of his very first disaster.

**LYNNE BUNDESEN** (SFGI) moved to Cape Town, South Africa, from Santa Fe, and would be interested in any alum who would want to have a seminar now and then.

Recall, Inc., a private detective agency started by **MICHAEL VICTOROFF** (A), has mostly shifted from forensic toxicology to medical information systems. He is Chief Medical Officer for Lynxcare (health record summaries and personalized research for patients with complex conditions), and is also Chief Medical Officer for Parity Computing (unstructured data management, natural language processing and knowledge discovery)—trying to teach computers how to read medical records. He continues to work on the classification and epidemiology of medical errors for various patient safety organizations. Victoroff is also a member of the Steering Committee on Serious Reportable Events ("never events") of the National Quality Forum, and has just developed a website for the Federal Drug Administration to collect reports of adverse events related to electronic health records. He teaches off and on at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, having put teaching bioethics into hibernation as "nobody is interested in ethics during a recession," and has abandoned writing his toxicologic terrorism thriller because folks at Homeland Security pointed out that it outlined a usable blueprint for a new class of WMD. He still teaches Aikido and competes in shooting sports because violence is never boring. His wife, Hilary, is a nurse practitioner in the Colorado Department of Corrections, working with people whose complexity of medical illnesses are only exceeded by the complexity of their lives, while his son Tristan (29) finished his MPH at the University of Washington and is on the way to Atlanta for a three-year fellowship at the CDC. Daughter Ariel (26) teaches math in Breckenridge, Colo., where she and her husband fully exploit the recreational opportunities of the high country.

## OTTERS AND PORCUPINES

**MARY GEOCHEGAN JOLLES** (SF74) is beginning her 14th year as principal of Colebrook Elementary School, a rural K-8 school of about 300 students in the northernmost part of New Hampshire. Her husband, **JOHN** (SF75), is a small contractor who currently serves as president of the local chapter of Habitat for Humanity, the Two Rivers Habitat. They are building a house for a family just across the Connecticut River in Vermont. "Our sons Philip (33) and Karl (29) live in Carbondale, Colorado. Phil is an electrician, and Karl is foreman of a construction crew. Our daughter, Diana, is working on her doctorate in biology/plant systematics at Claremont Graduate University in California. We have one grandson, Owen, who lives with dad Phil in Colorado." About five years ago, Jolles took up a new hobby—downhill skiing—and now enjoy the winters much more! This joins hiking, of which there is plenty to do in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. "We see lots of wildlife where we live, most recently an otter who came to our pond to dine on crayfish, as well as a porcupine that has been making daily visits to a large apple tree in our yard to chow down on the apples." ❀

## URGENT ANTHROPOLOGY

*Through “a lens and mirror,” Harold Anderson (A72) captures endangered cultures*

BY SARA LUELL (A09)

**H**arold Anderson (A72) describes himself as a “content provider.” This “content” is, in a word, culture. Anderson studies and documents diverse cultures, from New Zealand Maori to a small, historically African-American community in Virginia. The research Anderson assembles, including articles, documentaries, recordings and photographs, is used by institutions such as the Smithsonian and by those small, historic communities, many struggling to hold onto their distinctive culture.

Anderson works to promote the “cultural sustainability” of communities in danger of being overwhelmed, destroyed, or absorbed into larger cultures (a field also known as “urgent anthropology”). Documenting the history, language, music and traditions of endangered cultures has value for those within the jeopardized community as well as for the larger world, where language and culture loss pose an analogous threat to the loss of species. “I try to expose the positive or beautiful, the affective aspects of culture,” says Anderson. “I try to render those into a form so that people both within and outside a culture can see these aspects.”

Originally from Cleveland, Ohio, Anderson has spent much of his life in Maryland, pursuing his diverse interests. He has a great love for the Chesapeake Bay and has documented the lives of local watermen. He earned a doctorate in ethnomusicology at the University of Maryland. He is also an accomplished photographer and jazz bassist, and spent nearly 20 years living in New Zealand, where he was a Mozart Fellow (a prestigious residency for composers) at Otago University in Dunedin.

Anderson currently lives in Greenbelt, Maryland, where he pursues cultural research as an independent contractor and teaches cultural and urban anthropology at Bowie State University. Most recently, he helped to establish a new program at Goucher College: a Master of Arts in Cultural Sustainability. The degree program was created by a group of professionals, including Anderson, with diverse experiences in cultural sustainability for both the public and private sectors. The program founders incorporated into the program the information they wish they had known before entering the field, including good business practices and the effective use of social media. Many Johnnies, he suggests, would be a good fit for the program. “People coming out of St. John’s already have that core ability to think for themselves and to think deeply,” Anderson says. “Cultural sustainability requires you to have a big picture. You have to be able to think of things on a larger scale, which St. John’s students generally learn how to do.”

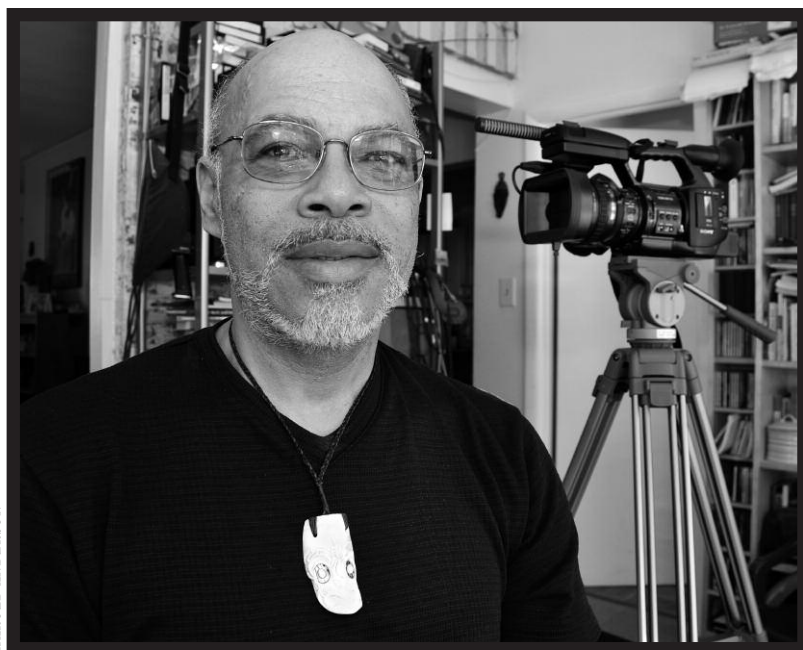
Of all the works on the Program, Anderson’s favorite remains *War and Peace*. “I always read the second part—the part that nobody reads,” he says. “Tolstoy

talks about what I would describe as a calculus of history, and I really like his views on the relationship between the masses, between democratic forces.” Tolstoy’s discussion of democratic forces is reminiscent of Anderson’s work: it is similar to the struggle between a dominant culture or force and a smaller culture in danger of being overwhelmed.

One of Anderson’s projects, a documentary called “Community Voices: The Nauck Community Heritage Project,” illustrates his work as a content provider. In the documentary, he pieces together photographs, videos, recordings and blueprints of the community to create a rich view of the people in Nauck, a historically African-American neighborhood in Arlington County, Virginia. Developers are buying up land in the area, displacing locals. But the owner of a small-town barbershop refuses to sell, saying, “I don’t want that little money—this place means something to me.”

It’s a testament to Anderson’s skill that he is able to let the words and pictures of the community speak for themselves. He doesn’t narrate. “I call what I do ‘documentary as (mediated) cultural autobiography,’—I act as a lens and a mirror. The

skill in what I do has to do with whether what I put out there is actually representative of the community and its people. It’s not in whether I actually make them survive—I have no control over that. I just try to do justice to people’s feelings and who they are. From that point of view, [the Nauck documentary] was a rousing success, as the community loved the whole piece. And that’ll have to do.” ♦



HAROLD ANDERSON

HAROLD ANDERSON  
DOCUMENTS ENDANGERED  
COMMUNITIES.

**TRAVIS PRICE** (SF) has completed his 15th international Spirit of Place installation as the launch event for Helsinki Design Week; his next will be grander as the key event for 2012 World Design Capitol–Helsinki! Also, his new book “The Mythic Modern: Architectural Expeditions into the Spirit of Place” will launch this coming spring 2011.

## 1972

**MARY BETH (BETSY) SANDERS** (A) married Craig Sanchez (A) and moved to Toronto in protest of the Vietnam War. A few years later they divorced, and later still, Sanders had a son, Michael, who is now 28 and married. She is semi-retired and starting to write again, and has obtained a BPh from Thomas Jefferson College in Allendale, Michigan. She would love to hear from former classmates and friends, and can be found at marybeth-sandersro@hotmail.com.

## 1973

This past summer **ERIC O. SPRINGSTED** (SF) and his daughter, **ELSPETH** (SF07), undertook to walk the medieval pilgrimage route across northern Spain to Santiago de Compostela, crossing the Pyrenees and drinking from the Fountain of Roland, arriving in Santiago 500 miles and 32 days later to meet the rest of the family. “Along the way there was a lot of discussion of *The Canterbury Tales*, which was surprisingly relevant and a lot truer than we imagined in seminar. There was also a lot of discussion of Don Quixote, and Tolstoy—who wasn’t as relevant to the journey, but both of us like him.” Soon after returning Springsted finished as interim senior pastor at Georgetown Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., and is now working on several

writing projects back in New Jersey, where Elspeth is working on pre-med courses.

**MARIA VAN BEUREN** (A) is editor-in-chief of Toad Hall Press, which is publishing Annapolis tutor Jim Beall’s second book of poetry, *Republic*, in two editions, the English edition (August 2010) and the international edition, in Italian (October 2010), translated by Sabine Pascarielli. Toad Hall Press is an offshoot of Toad Hall Writers’ and Artists’ retreats, which Maria hosts at Toad Hall in New Hampshire. The retreats are invitation-only and have been attended by artists, writers, and poets from across the United States and Europe. Members of the SJC community are encouraged to visit the Toad Hall website, toad-hallmedia.com, and are welcome to nominate themselves for an invitation.

## 1974

**PAULA HARTMAN COHEN**, now **PAULA BEHNKEN** (SFGI), has been living a good, mindful life in rural southern Vermont/western Massachusetts, and is happy to report that she’s now married and enjoying grandmotherly duties to five beautiful babies. She is still writing for the local newspaper and a few magazines, and welcomes e-mails at phcohen@nasw.org

**KAREN J. COOK** (SF) has been teaching graduate-level courses as an assistant professor in the department of library science at Clarion University of Pennsylvania since August 2009.

**TOM DOLAN** (A) received his MS in Nursing from Regis College. He is teaching medical-surgical and community health nursing at several local schools of nursing.

**ROBERT W. HAYNES** (SF), is now a professor of English at Texas A&M International University in Laredo, and has recently

published a book titled *The Major Plays of Horton Foote* (Mellen 2010).

**VIRGINIA HUNT** (SF) warns her life is not an easy fit in a nutshell. “I started St John’s with the class of ‘74, married George Graham at the end of junior year, and then managed to return and finish the Program with the class of 1976. We lived mostly in Santa Fe, spent not quite a year in L.A., back to Santa Fe, then back to Ohio, following the siren song of my family farm in rural southeast farm country there. When George returned to Santa Fe, I remained in Ohio and worked at the thoroughbred race track there, running a little leather business out of my living room workshop while looking after elder relatives. I spent the 80s playing keyboards with the reggae band Identity, acting as their road manager—600 miles a week for 8 years. We made three albums on the Mango label in the late 80s. In 1990 I married again, had a daughter, gained stepchildren, and everybody grew up and took over their own lives. My husband Stephen and I are building our own farm in beautiful Geauga County in northeast Ohio. We have two horses, a cat, a daughter and her boyfriend living with us here. I took a master’s degree in community counseling in the early 90s, am licensed as a clinical counselor, and have worked as a school psychologist for a few years. Now I work for Hospice of the Western Reserve. Life is good! Sixty years approaches, hard to imagine. I remember finding it difficult to imagine I would be 46 when the century turned. Anybody wants to contact me can use hundertacosta@roadrunner.com.”

## 1976

**TED BURKE** (A) dropped by the college in August to say “hi.” He’s in good spirits.

## 1977

**ED KAITZ** (A) is devoting himself to painting as much as possible, and is having some success selling his artwork. He hopes to be curating an art show in 2011, featuring artwork influenced by Great Books of the Western World. Smaller works of his can be seen and bought as prints or greeting cards at [www.EdKaitz.imagekind.com](http://www.EdKaitz.imagekind.com).

**JUDY KISTLER-ROBINSON** (SF) has recently returned to life in the suburbs of Dallas after a brief trip to London, York, Edinburgh, and Glasgow with **MIRIAM MARCUS-SMITH** (SF76). “Miriam was in England for two weeks before I arrived, and had previously visited Edinburgh and York two years ago,” says Kistler-Robinson, “so she was the experienced guide in the ways of British travel. The trip was not nearly long enough, so a return trip to see more of Scotland (especially the Hebrides and highlands) will be necessary. One small highlight was seeing the statue of David Hume across from St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh (the statue was wearing a safety cone dunce cap at the time), and Hume’s tomb in nearby Calton Cemetery, next to the tomb honoring Scottish-American war dead.

Upon retiring from the Foreign Service in 2005, **CORRY MILLER WEIERBACH** (A) launched a second career, receiving an MDiv from Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Va., last May. She was ordained as an Episcopal deacon in June. “Now I’m looking for a spot in a parish nearby my home in Arlington; I expect to be ordained an Episcopal priest within a year. This work really agrees with me, though I am not relishing the prospect of being called ‘Mother Corry.’ Yikes!”



## 1978

**MICHAEL CIBA** (A) received his Doctor of Ministry degree from Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Va., in May. He continues to serve as a Regional Minister for the Connecticut Conference of the United Church of Christ.

**TERESA FABI** (A) has just celebrated her 25th year at the Brooklyn DA's office. "As chief of Crime Prevention, my job is to develop and oversee many of his initiatives. Having spent the better part of my career putting people in jail, I can honestly say that it is far more rewarding figuring out ways to keep them out!" On a more personal note, Fabi reports she is officially an empty-nester, as her daughter Elizabeth just started her senior year at Barnard, and Fabi has delivered Robby to Oberlin College.

## 1979

**TOM WELLS** (A) is sad to report that his wife of almost 30 years, Kathleen Murphy, died this past June 11 from CJD, a rare form of dementia. "We were able to take care of her in our home in Bozeman all the way," Wells says. "Our son, Matthew, who completed his freshman year at Santa Fe, stayed home and helped care for Kathleen as well. The good news is that even as

Kathleen's cognitive capabilities declined, her sweetness and good heart never failed."

## 1981

**DORY (EISENBEIS) CULVER** (SF) just swam from Alcatraz to San Francisco, and loves receiving pictures of Nick Cullander's (SF80) children.

A criminal defense lawyer for the past seven years and a public defender in Washington State for the past five, **MARK LANGLEY** (SF) has just completed a three-year rotation representing defendants charged with the most serious felonies. Langley has also completed a novel on the law school experience, titled "Tier One: Law School Odyssey" which he is actively trying to get published. If successful, it will be under the *nom de plume* Xenophon. He is also working on another novel with a co-author. With his wife of 24 years, Alma, he's working with a start-up company that is developing wind farms for green energy, she in business development and he as general counsel. "I was thinking that I was slowing down a little," he writes, "but maybe that's an illusion."

**MARILYNN R. SMITH** (SFGI) still loves living 35 or so miles north of Houston. She has been caring for grandchildren before and after school while their parents work, and lately has also been caring for her daughter as she recovers from surgery and under-

goes chemotherapy. "One of these days, we're going to make the trip to Santa Fe and Albuquerque again. We all love that entire area!"

Last year, **DANIEL VAN DOREN** (A) made a pact with himself to read all the books in his house that have lingered on the shelves for years gathering dust and waiting to be read. So far he's managed 19 in the last 14 months, which he feels is a good pace, especially considering that he got through only 3 to 4 books the previous year. "For the sake of variety, I try to alternate between fiction and nonfiction; in the past month, I read *The Double Helix* by James Watson and *Bee Season* by Myla Goldberg. I figure that I've got at least another 10 years to go." Van Doren has also started his second year on the Board of Visitors and Governors and is currently serving on the Finance Committee. If alumni have anything they'd like him to bring to the board, he says, just ask.

**LOUBNA A. YOUSSEF** (SFGI) got her PhD from Cairo University in 1988; her thesis was titled: "The Evolution of Wordsworth's Prelude: A Study in the Growth of a Modern Epic." Since graduating she has been teaching in the Department of English at Cairo University and is at present both a professor in that department and in the Rhetoric and Composition Department at the American University in Cairo. Her brother, Hesham Youssef, is now an ambassador and is the Chief of Staff of the Arab League. At present he lives in Cairo with his wife and two sons, Ahmed and Youssef. "I have a son who is married, and Sarah, his wife, is seven months pregnant. Cannot wait to be a granny!" Loubna has been trying to find a classmate of hers, named **HELEN YOUNG**, for many years, and asks fellow alums for any help in locating her. "She lived in Boston at the time and I spent some time with her in her family home in 1981, but I do not

have her address. She must have married and might have a different last name."

## 1982

A registered nurse, **PHILLIP E. BOVENDER** (A) has been named the 2010 recipient of the Donna Dorsey Award by the American Red Cross of Central Maryland in Baltimore. The award, Maryland's highest for Red Cross nursing, honors outstanding volunteer efforts in emergency services and is named for the former executive director of the Maryland Board of Nursing. Active in the local Disaster Action Team, Bovender was deployed to Mississippi for a tornado and then to Nashville, Tennessee in May for the flood. He is a clinical instructor for the University of Maryland School of Nursing and an Emergency Department nurse for the Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions.

Last May, **DON DENNIS** (SF) published a book titled *Orchid Essence Healing*, about the range of flower essences he makes with orchids. You can read all about it here: [www.healingorchids.com/livingtreeorchids-products/book.html](http://www.healingorchids.com/livingtreeorchids-products/book.html).

## 1983

**JEFF MCCLELLAND** (SF) is living in Nanning, Guangxi, China, where for the past 18 months he has been working on a project building farms in Dahua. "I work with a NASDAQ company which until recently was Chinese operated and originated here in China. I am learning Chinese (slowly) but I must admit it is faster than I learned Greek!" Of Chinese cuisine, writes: "they eat everything—weeds, branches, bamboo, frogs, peacock, cobra, lily bulbs. It has been quite an experience." He wishes his best to all who've made it and are still working to make it, and can be reached [jdmac59@hotmail.com](mailto:jdmac59@hotmail.com).

## SINGLE, STUDYING, SURFING

**STEVEN WILLIAMSON** (SF89) has returned to school full time, pursuing a PhD in political science at the University of Connecticut after spending the last 16 years as a full-time tattoo artist and part-time student. His primary areas of interest are Latin American politics and political psychology. "This summer I made a preliminary trip to Colombia in order to narrow my research agenda so that I can frame a dissertation topic when that day comes (in about two years)." He is still single, with one dog, and learning to surf. ☼

**JOHN “JOHNO” OBENAUER** (A) lives near Memphis, Tenn., with his wife, Michelle, and daughter Lily (age 5). (Yes, somebody actually married him.) He wastes his time watching TV comedies (*The Simpsons*, *Big Bang Theory*, *The Daily Show*), reading Facebook, and lusting electronic gadgets. At work he’s the group leader for bioinformatics (a combination of molecular biology, computing, and statistics for finding disease genes) at St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital. Michelle works for Medtronic in regulatory affairs, submitting medical devices to the FDA for approval, and Lily started kindergarten this year and enjoys gymnastics.

**CLINTON PITTMAN** (A) is getting a master’s in healthcare administration, with lots of reading, even by Johnnie standards. In the meantime he’s looking for a real job to help tide things over.

After spending two years in Taiwan collecting data for his dissertation on transnational bioscience entrepreneurship, **JON YING** (A) is now a lecturer in the Department of Labor Studies and Employment Relations at Penn State. He is on track to compete his PhD from the ILR School at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., in May 2011.

## 1991

Thoroughly enjoying retirement, **RONALIE A. MOSS** (SFGI, EC95) is reading about Paul Cooley biking and keeping bees in Santa Fe. She also enjoys playing Mah Jongg, reading, hiking, making baskets, and bird watching.

**HAEWORTH ROBERTSON** (AGI) has just published his first novella, a murder mystery involving life settlements, an actuary, a stripper, and more. Details are available at <http://silverpendantmystery.com>.

## MARSHMALLOW PIE

**A**NTHONY CHIFFOLO (AGI94) and co-author Rayner “Rusty” W.

Hesse, Jr., combined their love for cooking with their enjoyment of watching movies in their latest cookbook project, *Cooking with the Movies*. They selected 14 noted films and created recipes that will enable the reader to prepare and serve the very dishes featured in the movies. Thus, if one has a hankering for Quail in Rose-Petal Sauce as shown in *Like Water for Chocolate*, or Veal Pancetta from *Big Night*, or a decadent Marshmallow Mermaid Pie from *Waitress*, the recipes are there. You can even invite your friends over to enjoy the last meal served on the *Titanic*, and then watch the big ship go down once again. ❖



**JULIE TURKO** (SF) is the Director of Corporate Relations for Southwest Human Development, a nonprofit agency that provides services for children birth-to-five in the areas of child health and welfare, disabilities, early literacy, and training for early childhood professionals. “I always enjoy hearing from Johnnies in and out of Arizona! [jturko@swhd.org](mailto:jturko@swhd.org).”

farms it. The marketing and development director for Yew Dell Botanical Gardens, Rucker is completing a degree in Sustainable Business Practices online through University of California San Diego and planned to run her first (and quite possibly last) marathon this fall.

## 1993

**MARY “KAY” CONRAD** (AGI) and **KAREN WACHSMUTH** (A79) hold sporadic alumni meetings in Iowa City restaurants, where they share their passion for beets and books. Both work at the University of Iowa. If there are other Johnnies in the Cedar Rapids/Iowa City corridor, they’d love to know who you are!

**JAMES CRAIG** (AGI) says that he and Nan are back on Easter Island in the Pacific, working to convert his black-and-white images of the island and its people into book format. “We’ll be here until late November this trip. As always, the blog is active while we are on-island at

[www.easterislandjournal.com](http://www.easterislandjournal.com). We welcome comments, hellos, etc.”

## 1994

Three Graduate Institute alumni are involved in a liberal arts charter school in Colorado Springs, Colo., an enterprise with many intentional similarities to St. John’s College. Now in its second year, Thomas MacLaren School has 112 students enrolled in grades 6-10, with plans to add a grade each year. Two of its founders, **ERIC HALL** (SFGI94) and **MARY FAITH (RANAGHAN) HALL** (SFGI97), met at St. John’s. Founding faculty member **CARTER YOUNG** (SFGI08) joined the school as a teacher in its first year, 2009-2010. MacLaren students read original texts (many of which are on the Program) and discuss them in two-hour seminars around a table. MacLaren students read many of the same books as Johnnies, such as *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Communist Manifesto*, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Iliad*, *The Odyssey*, *Plato’s Republic*, Aristotle’s *Ethics*, Dante’s *Inferno*, and Descartes’s *Meditations*. MacLaren’s full reading list can be found here: [www.maclaren-school.org/readinglist.pdf](http://www.maclaren-school.org/readinglist.pdf)

## 1995

**ASHLEY OLIVER (FISHER, SF)** and her husband, Robert, welcomed twins: Barbara Elisabeth and Nicholas Edmund, on August 8, 2010. Ashley has spent the past 11 years teaching in Dallas and Ft. Worth Catholic schools, but now looks forward to staying home with the kids and building up their Goju Ryu karate school’s enrollment.

**RICHARD E. MILLER (A)** has returned to the faculty after two terms as chair of the Rutgers English department, where he is teaching large lecture courses for the first time in his life. He hopes to spend the big 5-0 next year biking and or hiking somewhere he's never been before.

## 1984

**PETER GREEN (A)** got married September 25 to Babette Audant, whom many met at the last reunion. They are living in New York and having a ball. Babette, a former chef, is finishing a PhD in geography and teaching at Kingsborough Community College. Peter is a reporter with Bloomberg News, covering politics and foreign affairs, and trying not too eat too much of Babette's feasts.

A love story: On a trip to Europe in July, **JAMES HYDER (A84)** proposed to **LESLIE SMITH ROSEN (A82)** in the gardens of the Schoenbrunn Palace in Vienna. "We reconnected last fall, 28 years after Leslie's graduation, with the help of some (non-Johnnie) mutual friends, and although we weren't good friends in college, we quickly became very close," writes James. Rosen said yes, and they expect to tie the knot next summer. "Leslie lost a breast to early-stage cancer in May, but has made a splendid recovery, and the outlook is very good," writes Hyder, who was glad to be around to help. Rosen is dean of general studies at the Shoshana S. Cardin School, a private Jewish day school in Pikesville, Md.; James is editor and publisher of *LF Examiner*, a business newsletter that covers the giant-screen film industry.

**TOM LOVELAND (A)** has enjoyed a month of R&R in Italy this summer, with a 10-day writing workshop. Carol and Laura, seven, and Micah, almost three, are great, and his business does

well. He has been appointed Baltimore's "Google Czar" to attract Google's ultra-high speed Fiber for Communities project here, and now leads Baltimore's Broadband Task Force. He co-founded the Baltimore Angels investment group last year, and the Maryland IT PAC this year.

**VIRGINIA MCCONNELL (AGI)** was recently recognized for her philanthropic work as the Founder of Boulder Friends of UNICEF by the Boulder (Colorado) Chamber of Commerce in the Women Who Light the Community 2010 Awards Luncheon.

## 1985

**GENEVIEVE JACOBS (A)** earned an unintentional place in oceanic travelling history with mention in *A Speck on the Sea: Epic Voyages in Improbable Vessels*, by William H. Longyard, published by McGraw Hill. In 1983, she left St John's Annapolis to sail with her husband, Claude Desjardins, aboard their 18-foot sloop to Australia. She stowed a few of the great books in paper-back to read and swap along the trade winds route.

After 12 years as a foreign service officer, **CAMILLE PISK DONOGHUE (SFGI)** has begun her second career: teaching language arts at Ortiz Middle School in Santa Fe.

## 1987

**MICHAEL VITAKIS (A)** has returned from a year in New Zealand on the South Island, having finished promotion on his previous book, *She and I: A Fugue*. He is now in the midst of production on a two-volume set on the Canadian-American feminist writer Mary MacLane (1881-1929), which he thinks will top out at 1,300 pages and be out in 2011. As always, he welcomes hearing from Johnnies.

## 1988

**JAMES O'GARA (A)** has returned from a year in Kandahar, Afghanistan, and is enjoying the comparatively dust-free environment of Washington, D.C. as well as that blessed American innovation known as the weekend.

**JOHN PILLETTE (A)** started his own class action employment law practice in San Francisco this summer. "If you work in California, odds are you're owed money by your employer, so give us a call. On the web at pillettelaw.com."

## 1989

**AMANDA MARIE DALTON**, formerly **AMANDA DALTON FERNANDEZ (A)**, will be studying at Nouveau Clown Institute in Barcelona for the Third Master Class, and will also be performing in the Comedy Review "Cabaret Cabron" at the newly founded theater Asociacion de Freedonia on the Raval. Freedonia will feature outrageous off-the-wall comedy in the spirit of the Marx Brothers, but with a modern twist for young adult audiences. "I plan to live in Barcelona for at least the first part of 2011 and then...who knows? I will be writing about it on my web page [www.mandydalton.com](http://www.mandydalton.com)."

After managing logistics operations at Sandia National Laboratories, **DAVID DEPOLO (SFGI)** in 2007 started a small consulting business for profit and nonprofit organizations. Currently he is serving as general manager of a country club in California and partnering with local and state agencies completing construction of a water treatment facility producing cost-effective recycled water for golf course irrigation and regional agricultural use. He can be reached at [david@great-communications.org](mailto:david@great-communications.org).

## 1990

**KEVIN (SF)** and **KHIN KHIN GUYOT BROCK (SF88)** live with their son, Christopher, in Santa Clara, Calif., where they garden and rearrange boxes of books. Kevin is close enough to bicycle to his work at Citrix. Khin Khin and Christopher play together most of the day. At 2 1/2, Christopher loves books and trains and helping with the vegetables. They love being parents and look forward to adopting a second child, hoping have as strong a relationship with the birth-mother as they do with Christopher's. They ask that if anyone knows a woman who is thinking of placing her baby for adoption, to please tell her about them or have her contact Adoption Connection, their adoption agency.

Last April, **NELL** and **KILIAN GARVEY (SF)** welcomed their first child, a beautiful little girl they named Maris. "She loves to stick out her tongue and touch her nose, among other things," they report. Kilian will be making a professional change this fall by taking the newly created position of research associate in the Department of Psychology at Bowdoin College.

**GRAHAM HARMAN (A)** began work in September as Associate Provost for Research Administration at the American University in Cairo, Egypt. In November he will publish his first book in foreign translation: *L'Objet quadruple*, trans. Olivier Dubouclez (Paris: Presses universitaires de France, 2010). Also in November, he will publish the first fictionalized version of his philosophical work: *Circus Philosophicus* (Winchester, UK: Zero Books, 2010).

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## WINDOWS ON THE FARMING FUTURE

BY ANNA PERLEBERG (SFO2)

When I moved to Brooklyn in October 2009 and discovered that my bedroom window opened up onto the fire escape, I had big window-box plans: Tomato plants! Catnip! Maybe a fig tree! Like many a Midwesterner's New York dreams, the idea of growing food fell by the wayside. Yet the ambition has been re-energized by Britta Riley's (SFO0) amazing Windowfarms Project, a crowdsourced, sustainable method for city dwellers to create vertical hydroponic gardens in a window as small as 4 feet by 6 feet.

The project had a dual genesis: first, in Riley's 2007 graduate degree from New York University's Interactive Telecommunications program—"We learned some electrical engineering, some programming, some Web 2.0") and in her side gig as an environmental artist. Riley read her professor Clay Shirky's *Here Comes Everybody: The Power of Organizing Without Organizations*, which she describes as viewing "mass collaboration as the Holy Grail of crowdsourcing. Instead of menial tasks, people worldwide would be contributing creative, thoughtful intellectual property." Simultaneously, she read an article by food activist Michael Pollan, which posited that growing some of one's own food is the best thing an individual American can do for the environment. Riley was inspired to apply Shirky's ideas to Pollan's suggestion, harnessing the power of social media to find ways to solve global problems.

This inspiration, along with an interest in hydroponics, led Riley and a friend to start tinkering with Tupperware and tubing in a window in her apartment that overlooked an air shaft. "We got this thing put together that would leak all the time and was really loud," she says, "but we got 25 vegetable plants to grow, and it was a prototype we could show people." They invited a handful of acquaintances to Riley's fifth-floor walkup to see the setup, and each left with an interest in improving one aspect of the project.

"One guy named Andy found the perfect drill bit," Riley recalls, "so you could screw



BRITTA RILEY (RIGHT) AND HER FRIEND REBECCA BRAY STARTED THE WINDOWFARMS PROJECT TO CREATE FARMERS OUT OF CITY DWELLERS.

each bottle into another, making the whole system stable. I could open my window without the whole thing rattling around!" Another person discovered "drip emitters" used for irrigating lawns, which would regulate water drop by drop at a certain gallon-per-hour rate. A third, more botany-oriented person came up with a solution for the novel hydroponics problem of root systems in clear plastic containers. "Exposed to light," explains Riley, "the roots would mutate into leaves and branches, so there were no roots to absorb the liquid nutrients we were providing." All this feedback allowed Riley and her colleagues to create a 47-page PDF instruction set, which they made available on the Internet.

"Almost immediately, it went viral," Riley says. In late July 2009, "when we went public with a social media website to chronicle people's experiences, things started to get really exciting—this network of ordinary people gathering together to solve environmental problems."

Windowfarms currently has around 15,000 members worldwide, whose

collaborative tweaking has helped create two completely overhauled systems, increasing output by three times and lowering the carbon footprint by two and a half times. One participant even made solar panels to power the pumps for his massive window farm, sustaining 120 plants completely off the grid in New York City. Riley has been able to quit her day job and is working on the project full-time. "We're trying to figure out how we can be financially sustainable as well," she says.

The future of intellectual property also plays a huge role in Riley's thinking: "Hydroponics is one of the most active areas of patenting in the U.S. right now, and yet it makes the most sense as a technology for supplying fresh food to people in cities. Thus, it is an area ripe for going the way of Monsanto and the pharmaceutical industries, where a resource valuable to human life is tied up in privately held intellectual property." To combat this situation, Windowfarms is securing patents and then passing them on as royalty-free licenses to individuals, helping valuable knowledge to remain in the public domain, rather than being owned—and parceled out—by a handful of corporations.

At first this amazing marriage of small-scale farming with the globe-spanning Internet might seem unconnected to the great books. Yet Riley thinks that Johnnies are uniquely qualified for the crowdsourcing future. "We're starting to move into an era where interdisciplinary knowledge is really important," she says. "We have a real advantage—an ability to have a big perspective, and some well-developed ethics as well, something we could really use right now. The message I would love to get to St. John's people is that the tech world really needs us. I would love to see more and more Johnnies in the social media world."

Join the project at [windowfarms.org](http://windowfarms.org).

## 1996

### JENNIFER (WAMSER) DESLONGCHAMPS (AGI)

currently lives in Milwaukee, Wis., with her husband, Paul, and six kids: Thomas (nine), Elena (eight), Camille (seven), C.J. (five), Zachary (four), and Stephen (two). She is enjoying every minute of her almost continual maternity leave over the past nine years, so that she can stay at home with the kids. "One day I might get back to my dissertation on Nicholas of Cusa, which was left *in media res*, but for now there is nary a moment to spare. My love of the great books has not been neglected, however. Bedtime stories at the Deslongchamps house often consist of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Oscar Wilde, Twain!" She has lost touch with almost all of her dear GI friends, but will never lose her wonderful memories of evening seminars followed by a pint or two at the Little Campus.

## 1998

**SARA BARKER (A)** married Richard Gibson, a friend of her brother's who she had a crush on when she was 14, which was rekindled when she chatted with him one day about Dostoevsky in her twenties, and which finally turned into a real relationship in her thirties- in March. "Rich is a public school teacher and working his way towards a masters in history at George Mason University. We live in Arlington, Va., with our whippet, Tybalt." Barker continues to be active in theater and will be playing Queen Elizabeth in Schiller's Mary Stuart with the Washington Shakespeare Company at the new Artsphere in Rosslyn, Va., this November; she continues to work as a communications professional, and is currently the manager of

Marketing and Communications at the American Intellectual Property Law Association.

**GLENSCOTT COPPER (AGI)** is nearly finished with the novel he began at 49 West Street while a GI at Annapolis in 1995. "I am retired from teaching, but work part time with Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Milwaukee and a volunteer diver and aquarist assistant at Discovery World Museum, and doing prison visitations for the Quakers." Cooper is interested in forming an alumni association in Milwaukee if he could get a list of members who live near there, as Madison and Chicago are "a bit too inconvenient."

**RICHARD FIELD (SFGI)** welcomed the birth of twin girls, Alexandra Electra and Grace Apollonia Field, into the Field household on August 2, 2008. Among their early favorites in stories are the tales of Aesop!

**LEAH FISCH (A)** has been asked to participate in the second season of *Hoarding: Buried Alive*, and is looking for people to participate, stressing that they will receive a generous stipend if chosen. "My range is basically the east coast, though I am local to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

**ALEXANDRA BOOZER GIGUERE (A)** and her husband, Dan Giguere, welcomed a second son, Alexandre William Buus Giguere, on August 4. "Little Alex is healthy and peaceful. Five-year-old Daniel, who just started Montessori kindergarten, is an excellent big brother and comedic entertainer to his sleepy parents."

**JAMES PETCOFF (AGI)** currently lives in Yarmouthport, Mass., on Cape Cod, where he is the director of a mental health program serving adults recovering from mental illness. He also plays bass in two bands and is working on his third feature-length film script. When he's not involved in the above he enjoys reading, kayaking, cooking and

community theater, and feels that the year and a half that he spent at St. John's was the most productive and enjoyable part of his life so far.

## 1999

**MIKE BAAS (SF)** reports the arrival of Alexandra Josephine Baas into the world on September 11, 2010. "My wife Tracy and I are happy with her in our new home in Orange County, Calif. Life is good, even without Level 2 green chili."

**BEN FREY (SFOO) and DANCER JENSEN-STARR, (SF99)** were married on August 8, 2008, and are building a house on the location in the Maine woods. "We are doing the vast majority of the work ourselves, from designing the house (using the Golden Ratio whenever possible) and clearing the land, through excavation and building a 35 foot long rock wall, to our current state of building the exterior walls from super-insulating concrete blocks," says Jensen-Starr. "It's definitively a learning experience, and we are having a great time."

**MIKE and ABBY SOEJOTO (both A)** are pleased to announce the birth of their fourth child, James Augustine, in August 2009. The Soejotos, including Lucy (seven), John (five), and Cecilia (three), live in Los Angeles, where Mike is a tax attorney and Abby home-schools the older kids. Mike and Abby would love to hear from any old friends or any alumni in the area at asoejoto@gmail.com.

In a Johnniesque coincidence, **HEATHER (RICHARDSON) WILDE** and **JOSHUA LOUIS (both A)** also chose September 11th this year as a date for something positive- Heather and her husband, Leon, renewed their wedding vows of 10 years in a beautiful ceremony in the Caribbean, and Josh proposed to his girlfriend in grand style in New York (and she said yes!).

## 2000

**VALERIE WHITING (A)** is moving to Panama this fall to begin as the Violence Prevention Delegate for the Canadian Red Cross in Panama, where she will be responsible for the field management, monitoring and reporting of the Creating Safe Environments-Americas project, working with six National Societies in Latin America and the Caribbean to integrate the prevention of violence into their internal organizational systems. She is sad to be leaving D.C. after six years, but is excited about moving back to Panama.

## 2001

**ADRIANA DE JULIO (SF)** completed an MS in Environmental Public Health from Tulane University in 2006 and matriculated into medical school in 2007. This December, she'll earn her MD. She has successfully completed her medical licensing board exams and has begun the harrowing experience of interviewing for residency positions. Along with every medical student in the nation, this March she will find out where she will complete her five-year residency in general surgery. She is looking forward to beginning the journey of becoming a surgeon and finally getting a paycheck! After residency she plans on completing a fellowship in Trauma/Critical Care with a special focus on environmental and humanitarian disaster management.

**JOSH KIRKMAN (SF)** has an architecture practice based in Walla Walla, Washington.

**TALLEY KOVACS (A)**, still living the dream in Charm City, has been conquered by a little nugget named Wyatt River Kovacs, born January 20, 2010. "Pure joy and exhaustion."

## 2002

**ISABEL CLARK (A)** and her husband are making art in the Mississippi Delta.

**JACK DOBBYN (A)** and **KATHRYN (BUSH) DOBBYN (Ao3)** live in Alexandria, Va., with their two daughters, Victoria (2.5 years) and Marie (10 months), and their dog and cat.

**HALEY GLOVER (AGI)** had a baby, Harper Stuart Matson, November 9, 2009. Harper was born nearly three months early, but came home in early January and is a happy, healthy little girl. More recently, Glover has joined the staff of the Lumina Foundation for Education as the Director of Convening Strategy. "Lumina's the nation's largest private foundation focusing solely on higher education issues, and in particular on increasing the educational attainment of all populations. I work at the junction of grant making and policy, designing programs that incite action around issues and using thoughtful discussion as a way to advance policy change."

**JOHN RANKIN (SF)** worked in politics in Washington, D.C., for a while before finishing his MBA at UCLA. He has recently started a new job at Southern California Edison, which is the energy utility that serves most of southern and central California. "I am working in a general management rotation program that will involve several assignments over the next two years. Let me know if you're in the LA area and would like to meet up!"

## 2003

**MEREDITH BARTON** and **DAVID BOHANNON (A, Ag9)** had a baby boy, named Jackson Thor Bohannon, on January 23rd. Meredith is currently working on her PhD in environmental science at the University of Maryland, while David works for the Center for Health and Homeland Security at University of Maryland, and has also recently started pursuing an MBA at the Smith School of Business at University of Maryland. "In general we like being professional students, and LOVE being parents!"

**ZACHARY CAMPBELL (SFGI)** has settled in Plymouth, Minn., and is the new assistant housing director with Mary T., Inc. in Coon Rapids, Minn. "We provide enhanced social services and affordable rental opportunities with group homes, independent senior housing, assisted living, human service programs, home health, and hospice. I will be directing daily operations, capital development, institutional realignment, and mentoring managers responsible for assisted living, independent senior care, market rate townhomes and villas in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Arizona, and Maryland. I will be focused on developing greater revenues with the knowledge that in the last two years the state has cut funding for human services by 7 percent." Campbell also notes he has two beautiful children: Ofelia Rayne, age two, and Phoenix Joseph Orion, age one. His wife, Serenity, is a licensed acupuncturist

"On August 14, I married Faith Pheterson (artist, adventurer, Spanish teacher, Floridian) in Highland Park, Ill.," writes **JONATHAN LAUX (ECO3)**. "We had a rocking good time, surrounded by friends and family from Chicago, Wisconsin, Florida, Nova Scotia, Paris, and **EILEEN STREET (SFG102, ECO3)** from Santa Fe. The ceremony included readings from Rumi, Zen teachers and Oriah Mountain Dreamer. At the reception we ate fantastic vegetarian food and danced like mad to West African drummers. I strapped on a djembe and joined them on one rhythm." The couple enjoyed a week in Costa Rica following the wedding. Laux's actuarial work goes well, and he intends to be fully credentialed in 2011, having passed eight of the nine required exams.

**KELLIE** and **BENNET PORTER** (both A) welcomed Helen Siira Porter on September 10, which coincidentally was Kellie's 30th birthday. "She's the best present any one could ask for!"

**RYAN RYLEE (A)** welcomes Johnnies to join community seminars on great books at UCLA's new Center for Liberal Arts and Free Institutions. Two related study groups are also forming at UCLA: (1) A Plato study group and (2) a Paideia group for teachers who use or want to use the seminar method in their classrooms. To join either study group, or to be added to the community seminar mailing list, please email rrylee@hotmail.com and indicate which offering(s) you are interested in.

**ANDREW SNYDER (A)** has started a PhD program in ethnomusicology at UC Berkeley.

## 2004

**ANN BAUM (AGI)** is at Catholic University getting her Master of Library Science degree with a concentration in law librarianship. She works in the archives of the Howard University Law Library.

**MARTIN GAUDINSKI (A)** is in his final year of medical school at Georgetown and planning on doing his residency in internal medicine. Meanwhile, **KIMBERLY GAUDINSKI (A)** is teaching kindergarten at Potomac Crescent Waldorf School in Arlington, Va.

**JOSHUA DIAZ (SF)** started a full-time position at Microsoft as an escalation engineer, after five years of working at Microsoft as a contract software development engineer on the OneCare antivirus and KIN mobile phone projects. The new job involves debugging the source code for Windows itself, solving critical issues for Fortune 500 companies and large computer manufacturers like Dell and HP, and writing some of the fixes Microsoft pushes out to PCs around the world through Windows Update every month. In June 2009 he received his MS from MIT's department of

## MARRIED LIFE

Last November, **JAMES H. HALL JR. (Aoo)** married a woman who surpasses his dreams. A number of Johnnies made the trek to Houston, where his bride's parents live. They had an amazing honeymoon in Buenos Aires and Mendoza, Argentina, before returning to their regular lives in Chicago. "Married life has been fun," he says, "particularly our recent party with two million hockey fans on Michigan Avenue." ♦





## WITHOUT A TRACE

*Jeff Dunsavage (A84) works to help families of Americans missing abroad*

BY ROSEMARY HARTY

In May 2009, Joe Dunsavage traveled to Honduras to enjoy his first extended vacation in many years and to check up on a small business he had a stake in: a glass-bottom boat catering to tourists on the peaceful Isla de Roatan in the Bay Islands.

The morning after he arrived, Dunsavage took a small catamaran out into the shallows of the island's West End, telling friends he would be back in a few hours. That was the last time his friends saw him. His grieving family back home in the States found that when a person disappears in Honduras, getting help—even from the U.S. government—was harder than they could have imagined. Since the day he first learned of his brother's disappearance, Jeff Dunsavage (A84), has been devoted first to trying to find his brother, and when that proved fruitless, to helping other families of missing Americans avoid the nightmare his family endured.

Since graduating from St. John's, Jeff Dunsavage has worked in financial journalism, media relations, and most recently, in corporate communications for McGraw-Hill in New York City. When his brother disappeared, Dunsavage and other members of Joe's family in New Jersey and Oregon put their own lives on hold to try to get some answers. "After we got over our initial shock, we began calling the U.S. embassies in Honduras, Guatemala, and Belize," recalls Dunsavage. "Everyone we spoke with asked some version of the same question: What do you want us to do?"

After many phone calls, the family succeeded in getting the U.S. military to send up two Blackhawk helicopters to look for Joe—and getting chastised by embassy staff for doing so. "We had to discover on our own and make contact with Joint Task Force Bravo in Soto Cano, Honduras. Whatever help we got was with our own sweat; no one in our government volunteered or initiated anything for us. We had to know exactly what to ask for and exactly how to ask it."

The search took place too late to be useful, almost 72 hours after Joe

disappeared. Family members pooled their own money and tapped their personal credit cards to pay for photo reconnaissance, but neither Joe nor the boat were found. The family tried to publicize Joe's disappearance, but couldn't get media coverage beyond their local newspaper. There was a brief window of hope when rumors reached the family of an American being treated for dehydration in a Honduran hospital, but the story proved false. Dunsavage was frustrated that he couldn't get local authorities or U.S. officials to investigate further. He estimates that family members spent about \$160,000 of their own money on the search; Dunsavage mortgaged his house to cover some of the bills.

In the meantime—without proof of death—the family couldn't collect life insurance to support Joe's two minor sons. "Life insurers won't consider a claim without a death certificate," explains Dunsavage. "The courts in New Jersey won't provide a death certificate without a finding of presumptive death from the State Department, and the State Department insists that their hands are tied by regulations and that we are required to hire Honduran lawyers in Honduras to go through the court system to obtain a finding."

In the months after Joe's disappearance, the family learned of other families who were trying to find loved ones in Central America and the Caribbean. "From April 2009 to May 2010, a dozen men disappeared in the region, primarily around Isla

de Roatan and the Guanacaste region of Costa Rica. Six of the men were American, two British, two Italian, and two Belizean—and these are only the ones we know about. We also are working with families whose members disappeared or were murdered in the region before April 2009."

With the hopes of helping others, Dunsavage created an online community called the Missing Americans Project ([www.missingamericans.ning.com](http://www.missingamericans.ning.com)) to offer support and information to families of missing adults. The project has three goals: to create rapid-response capabilities that do not rely on government involvement, to advocate for the families of the missing, and to lobby for change in State Department policies that unnecessarily complicate the lives of the families of the missing.

He hopes to instigate a thorough investigation into how the Department's office of American Citizens Services handles such cases, with the ultimate goal of changing their standard operating procedures so that Americans in trouble overseas know they can count on their government's assistance. "Because so many Johnnies travel, I hope this will build a little awareness—if you get into trouble in this part of the world, you may not have the support you're expecting as an American citizen," he says.

Dunsavage and his older brother were very close. In mid-October, sources Dunsavage cultivated in his investigations gave him information that indicates Joe Dunsavage encountered rough waters and most likely died accidentally. Though his family is comforted by the fact that "we did everything possible to find Joe," Dunsavage remains frustrated that it cost his family a year and a half and many thousands of dollars to obtain information the State Department could have found in a day or two. He plans to continue advocating for change. "This is going to be a big part of the rest of my life," he says. ❖



JEFF DUNSAVAGE (A84) CREATED THE MISSING AMERICANS PROJECT AFTER HIS BROTHER DISAPPEARED.

Comparative Media Studies, and proceeded back into the video game industry. His employer, San Francisco-based Slide, Inc., was recently acquired by Google, where he continues to work designing games. Diaz now lives, works, and reads in the Bay Area of California, and in his spare time, he eats, hangs out with nerds playing board games in bars, and chases amazing music from around the world to share with his friends. He occasionally writes stuff, mostly via twitter, because constraints are nice.

**CECILY MARTIN** and **HANSEN BERGAMINI** (both SF) have not sent an update to *The College* in an unconscionably long time. They got married in Chicago on July 5, 2008, and welcomed their first child, Rafe Martin Bergamini, on September 16, 2010. He was born at home and weighed 8 lbs. All are doing well. Hansen will graduate from Loyola University Law School in the spring after having attended every philosophy-based class he could find. Cecily continues to live a life of leisure afforded to those with master's degrees in a bad economy.

**ROBERT POLLACK** (A, EC09) and **MARY DAVENPORT** (Ao6) were married on a rooftop in San Francisco on June 15, 2010. Johnnies in attendance included best man **AMARIAH FULLER** (SF11); maid of honor **JULIANA SANTILLANES** (SF06); bridesmaids **MARIA GREGORI** (NÉE SANTILLANES, SF05) and **JEN FAIT** (Ao6); **PAUL GREGORI** (SF05); **LYDIA OSSORGIN** (SF77); **CHARLES** (Ao8) and **ANNA HAMM** (NÉE AHERN, Ao6); **ROBERT MORRIS** (SF04); **LAURA MANION** (Ao4); **NATHAN STALNAKER** (Ao4); and **DAVID JONES** (AGI11). The bride and groom are back in Santa Fe, teaching for the public schools and the community college.

"Awesome," says **JUSTINE STEWART** (SF), of her experience as field staff for a wilderness therapy program for adolescents and adults called Second Nature

Entrada. She worked with the program in Southwest Utah for the 22 months: "I've learned a ton about myself and others, and hopefully have been able to leave a positive imprint on a few lives in the process." Stewart was next headed to California to prepare for her October 9 wedding to Jason Schneider. After the wedding their was to pack up their \$300 van and take themselves and their dog, Banjo, on a year-long driving tour of Central America. "Volunteer work? Paid work? Language skills? Camping and playing outside? We hope so. After that trip, we'll see what the future holds. Feel free to call or e-mail, fellow Johnnies."

## 2005

**SAMANTHA BUKER** (A) files this dispatch from Campo Grande, Brazil: "The dry winds of the Cerrado farmlands waft into the city as she dines on breakfast of papaya, good coffee, and enjoys the global office that Internet connection brings." Buker is touring farmland under the auspices of Agora Financial and has learned more about cattle, eucalyptus, and jatropa than she ever imagined. Afterward, she was off to NYC to join 19 other fellows in the National Endowment for the Arts Journalism Institute at Columbia University. She'll cover the NY Philharmonic and the Met Opera's latest production, as well as expand her blogosphere to go beyond her current postings at <http://auralstates.com/author/sbuker>. She's also celebrating Mahler's 150th birthday by crafting a set of three short stories all on a theme of music, the crescendo of which will be the story about a budding conductor and his lover called "The World According to Mahler." Around Halloween, she will be at the Libertarian Alliance's London conference, where she will be the guest of a fantastic freedom-lover, Tim Evans and his wife, Helen. Then

she's off to Norway, where she will attend the opera and hear the Bergen Filharmoniske Orkestra—a symphony started back in 1765: "Now that's history! Thus does the liberal arts prove its merits in advancing itself in the real world and the world of beauty."

**GWEN GURLEY** (A) recently just moved back to Maryland from Portland, Ore., where she lived for two years, and this fall started teaching Italian at Loyola University in Baltimore. "Before Portland I was studying in Italy for almost two years, and I received a master's degree in Italian Studies and Linguistics from Middlebury College in 2008."

"I thought med school would be all about memorizing and I didn't expect to like many aspects of it—but I love it," writes **JAMES HARRISON** (A), now in his second year of medical school at the University of Pennsylvania. He'll be starting clinics in January. "I've never worked harder, but the human body is endlessly fascinating and the way others open up to you as a physician, even one in training, is such a privilege. Philly is fantastic, my kitty Czara loves me, and my door is always open to Johnnies passing through."

**YOA'AV ISAACS** (SF) has gotten an MA in Divinity from the University of Chicago and is now finishing off a Master's of Philosophy in Philosophical Theology at the University of Oxford.

**ANDY PATTON** (AGI) and **KATIE LEHNER PATTON** (AGI) welcomed their latest addition to the Patton household this fall. John Angus (Angus) Patton was born on August 8th, and his big brothers James and Liam couldn't be more proud. Andy received his MBA from the Owen Graduate School of Management at Vanderbilt University in May and has since been working with Mountain Group Capital, a private equity and venture capital firm in Nashville, TN.

**JERRY SALTER** (AGI) is now a contributor to Front Porch Republic, a website devoted to literature, religion, and politics. His essays also appear occasionally in *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*.

Last May, **SARAH STICKNEY** (A) completed her MFA in poetry from the University of New Hampshire, where she studied with poets Charles Simic and David Rivard. In October she will leave for Bologna, Italy, on a Fulbright Grant to work with immigrant poets who are writing in Italian as a second language. She invites visitors.

**CINDY TOBIAS** (AGI) has published her murder mystery, *Death of a Designer*, at the Amazon Kindle Store. Set during a production of the opera *Samson et Dalila*, murder and mayhem ensue when the scenic designer is stabbed to death while walking his dog, and his assistant finds out the hard way that all is not well in the New England Opera.

A recipient of Boston University's highest academic scholarship, **ABRAM TROSKY** (SFGI) has served as Presidential Teaching Fellow for most of the department's introductory courses. In 2008, he was recognized with the annual Teaching Fellow award of International Relations and has since assisted and taught upper-level courses in each of these sub-fields. That year he passed qualifying examinations and assumed a Junior Fellowship at the Institute for Human Sciences in Vienna, Austria. He recently accepted the Arthur Clarke Research Fellowship in Global Citizenship at the Consortium for Peace Studies at the University of Calgary for Fall 2011.

## 2006

**NORMAN ALLEN** (A) is teaching and writing. His contemporary take on Carmen is now in its

third year at the Karlin Music Theatre in Prague. His play, Nijinsky's Last Dance, is scheduled for performances in the Netherlands and Slovenia, while "The Eve of Friday Morning," based on Persian folktales, will play the Oregon Children's Theatre in April. He continues as chair of the English Department at Cesar Chavez Public Charter High School in Washington, D.C.

"I am now in Pittsburgh, of all places," writes **AMY BARACKMAN** (SF). "I just entered my second year of a doctoral program in clinical psychology at Duquesne University. I still read quite a bit of philosophy (Husserl, Heidegger, Merleau-Ponty, Levinas, Foucault), but I now take it up with respect to the process of psychotherapy."

**ELEANOR CLARK** (A) is currently finishing up a master's in TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) at Brigham Young University. "The project I am working on (instead of a thesis) is to develop a curriculum for refugees who need English proficiency for the citizenship test. So I am happy and excited to be doing something I love."

**JONATHAN COPPADGE** (A) married Darren Freeman on August 14, 2010. They and their Australian Shepherd live in Eastport, and Jonathan continues to teach English and French at Indian Creek School. He is halfway through earning his master's in English from Bread Loaf School of English at Middlebury College. He reminds his classmates to drop him a line via Facebook when they're in town, with the subtle reminder, "Next year's our fiver!"

**JACQUELINE KENNEDY** (AGI) is in her third year of law school and will graduate in May. Between now and July 2011, when she will sit for the Florida Bar Exam, she is enjoying what will probably be the last of her classroom years and the fun of extended discussions about

## WANTED: RECIPES FOR EGGS

**E****DWARD BENNETT** (SF03) received a master's in Applied Anthropology from the University of Maryland in 2009 and is currently pursuing a PhD in biological anthropology at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He married Leah Barnum in May 2009. They had their first child, future voter Zora Barnum Bennett, in February 2010. They began their first record label in June of 2010. He has too many chickens—egg recipes are appreciated. ♣



various complex topics. "I saw **MELODY AND EVERETT REED** (AGI07) and **CAMILLE STALLINGS** (AO7) recently; we had a mini-reunion and traveled a bit in Georgia! It was great to see old friends." Kennedy is also active in the South Florida Alumni Chapter, and would welcome any south-of-Tampa alumni to their seminars. She can always be found at [kennedy.jacqueline@gmail.com](mailto:kennedy.jacqueline@gmail.com).

**KAREN POWELL** (SF) is earning a Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine (DO) degree at Des Moines University.

**DAN AND SARAH RERA** (A) have another addition to their family: Jane Patricia, born June 22, 2010. She joins her big sister, Elliott.

**HOLLIS THOMS** (AGI) will have the world premiere of his "Passion" presented during the Bach Concert Series in Baltimore on March 27, 2011. This 75-minute work for four soloists, mixed chorus, oboe, horn, strings, marimba and amplified harpsichord is based on the Gospel of John, the Gospel of Nicodemus, and selected religious poetry. It narrates the trial and death of Jesus as seen through the eyes of

Nicodemus and is a work that pays homage to the passions of Johann Sebastian Bach.

## 2007

**AMY FALK** (A) has accepted a position with AEON to teach conversational English in Japan; she will be living and working in Hachioji, Tokyo, starting in February.

## 2008

**CHRIS DARADICS** (SFGI) was wondering how to keep part of the St. John's experience in his life, which led to the creation of Overhear, an audio program. Overhear pairs interlocutors with intersecting interests or experience for a conversation about the thing they love; visit the website online at [atweoverhear.com](http://atweoverhear.com).

## 2009

**DALTON LOBO DIAS** (A) has completed his Premedical Postbac Program at Bryn Mawr College. Now in the process of applying to medical schools, he is again working with **DR.**

**STEVEN HOLLAND** (A79), chief of the Laboratory of Clinical Infectious Diseases at the National Institutes of Health, where Lobo Dias had worked as a Hodson intern before his senior year. The lab helps to treat immunocompromised patients through a fully integrated approach to infectious disease, incorporating the molecular genetics of the host and the pathogen as well as mechanisms of pathogenesis.

**SARA LUELL** (A) is living in Annapolis and has been working for the Anne Arundel County Department of Health as the public affairs specialist since August 2009. She wrote a song and made a video for children about how to be sun safe as part of the department's skin cancer prevention and sun safety program. You can see it on YouTube!

## 2011

**NICK URBAN** (SFGI) works as a web developer, typically in frameworks such as Ruby on Rails, Drupal, and CakePHP. "I believe that liberal education is profoundly important in developing one's thinking and I would love to meet other software engineers/entrepreneurs/developers who share my care for the thoughtful life." ♣

### 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 March; deadline for the alumni notes section is January 30.

Alumni will also be sent a call via e-mail.

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**JACK STEADMAN (HAo6)  
SANTA FE TUTOR**

Santa Fe tutor emeritus John Steadman, known to his friends and colleagues as Jack, died August 12, 2010.

A native of Blossburg, Penn., Mr. Steadman was an instructor in radio repair for the United States Army from 1954 to 1956. He received his bachelor's degree in philosophy from the University of Wisconsin in 1959. He was an assistant in philosophy at Cornell University from 1959 to 1961 and a teaching fellow there from 1961 to 1962. He joined the St. John's faculty in 1962 in Annapolis, and in 1967, became a tutor in Santa Fe. Mr. Steadman served as assistant dean from 1970 to 1972 and authored "Non-Euclidean

Originals and Hints," which is used in senior math and often in the Graduate Institute.



SANTA FE TUTOR JACK STEADMAN

Mr. Steadman was an outstanding tutor, particularly in mathematics and laboratory. He would frequently divide his math tutorials in two, thus doubling his class time, to make sure all students were on task and able to go to the board every day. He even divided a sophomore math archon meeting, so that the "old codgers" wouldn't interfere with the learning of the new tutors. Students knew they could go to him for help with any subject at any time. Mr. Cornell recalls his great explanation (as a radio expert) of how electromagnetic waves worked. "Well, you know how when you step on a cat's tail, you get this screech meowww! at the other end? Okay, now remove the cat. That's how they work."

Each dean on the Santa Fe campus knew that Mr. Steadman could be relied upon to take on any teaching or organizational task on short notice. Dean Victoria Mora says she was fortunate to have Mr. Steadman as her first freshman math archon and freshman lab archon when she was new to St. John's. "He made those experiences come alive; his enthusiasm for the work was infectious, and his sensitivity to first-time participants in those classes—students and tutors alike—meant that he was always seeing things and talking about them as if for the first time—even while he was taking us to the depths of what was there. Jack was a special sort, moved by books and moving in the world. In some

## REMEMBERING WENDY ALLANBROOK

By STEVEN CROCKETT

When I became a tutor in Annapolis in 1970, Wendy was one of several tutors whose high musicianship and broad engagement with the curriculum made them ideal guides for one who, like me, had musical training and much to learn about the curriculum. From the start I was grateful for that guidance and for the friendship she offered my wife, Margaret, and me. In the early 1970s, as in recent years, the music tutorial was the subject of intense dialogue among the advocates of different approaches. Tutor Victor Zuckerkindl had given the tutorial a distinctive and profound character, but other possibilities were coming into view. By the mid-70s, Wendy was articulating a view of music—especially the classic repertoire—that tied it to grammar and rhetoric, and to classical notions of imitation. I had advocated a different approach, but the power of hers was undeniable and showed clearly already in her *Essay on Tonal Harmony*, which she completed in 1977, the year I left the college. Within six years, she had published her great book on Mozart, and soon thereafter she was writing articles in which she deepened her approach and applied it to instrumental music. Over the years I became persuaded of its fitness as an account not just of the Mozart she so loved, but of a great deal of other music as well. For her part, she was moderate in her claims, and late in life she was quick, perhaps too quick, to say that her approach did not encompass music that sought, for example, the sublime. But oh, the persuasiveness of her approach: To her, the classic repertoire was a "secular divine comedy," aiming to "engage the heart" and persuade the hearer that the music mirrored "all categories of human experience in a mode of profound urbanity."

For many years she and I had little contact, for I'd left Annapolis, and she eventually moved to Berkeley. But when in 2005 or 2006

she came East to live for while, to be close to her son, our conversations took up where they had left off, and this time they continued even after she returned to Berkeley. But the time was to be too short. By the fall of 2008, the oral chemotherapy that had helped keep her cancer in check for four years or so was no longer working as well; and though she had the foundation support she needed to complete a book on instrumental music, she didn't know how much time she would have. In November that year, we spent an afternoon together in Berkeley. She took me through the wonderful music library that her practice of the art of governance had helped bring into being, and we had a meal together and talked about music—about how much musicology had grown up since our graduate school days (partly her doing), about how much one discovers by listening to music in a car, about being the parents of exceptionally musical sons, about which work of Steve Reich's was his best (she chose *Different Trains*, a secular divine comedy; I chose the sublime *Tehillim*). That was to be the last time I saw her.

In many ways, the fine qualities she found in Mozart's music were manifested in her: competence, grace, intelligence, wide sympathies, good humor, honest friendship, steadiness in difficulties. Like the music she so loved, she was competent, graceful, persuasive, a light against the darkness, of which her own life had had too much. In her too short later years, she was often like one of those bright "tunes" (her word) that Mozart would sometimes use to close a dark piece. In an essay she wrote about those tunes on the 200th anniversary of Mozart's death, she urged her readers to "celebrate the enduring affirmation of his *commedia per musica*." I shall do likewise for hers. For those of us privileged to have known her, her memory will likewise be an "enduring affirmation." ❀

*Now a lawyer, Steven Crockett was a tutor in Annapolis campus from 1970-77.*

deep sense, Jack helped all of us to see—by his example—how much our work at the college matters for our lives in the world. I felt great sadness at his passing, but I couldn't help but smile in remembering him."

Ann Walton Sieber (A83) is among the many Johnnies who are grateful to have known Mr. Steadman. "He may well be the reason I went to St. John's," says Ms. Sieber. "I was a head-strong senior at the High School for the Performing Arts in Houston, a cellist, and Mr. Steadman asked to meet with the musicians in the upper-level math classes. Instead of the typical college info session with a Q&A, Mr. Steadman conducted a seminar, with the opening question: 'How does beauty in music compare to beauty in math?' I was totally hooked and would consider no other school after that."

As a junior, she had language tutorial with Mr. Steadman. "He had an intensity to him that sparked my own. I remember in particular one afternoon when we met in the Coffee Shop to discuss an essay of mine, and we spent several hours getting hyped on coffee and excitedly discussing the ideas in my piece. He was a great one, and I'm thankful to him."

Mr. Steadman is survived by his wife, Ann, and three children: Sarah, Peter (SF92), and Clyde (SF90).

**WENDY ALLANBROOK (HA99)  
FORMER TUTOR, RENOWNED  
MUSICOLOGIST**

Wye Jamison Allanbrook, known to her friends and colleagues as Wendy, died of cancer on July 15, 2010, at her home in Oakland, Calif., at age 67. A renowned musicologist, she was widely recognized for her contributions to her field, particularly for her 1983 book *Rhythmic Gesture in Mozart*, which developed from her



WENDY ALLANBROOK

dissertation at Stanford University.

Noting her death, the *New York Times* hailed Ms. Allanbrook as a "musicologist who altered modern ways of thinking about the music of Mozart and his contemporaries." According to the article, Ms. Allanbrook "showed that the music of Mozart and his contemporaries was not abstract but full of topical references to music of the social environment—in particular, social dances. . . . Her work, cited by the conductor Roger Norrington and the director Peter Sellars, among others, has influenced stagings of Mozart operas and provides a standard critical tool for opera studies today."

Born in Hagerstown, Md., Ms. Allanbrook majored in classics at Vassar College. She earned her master's and doctoral degrees in music history at Stanford University, and joined the St. John's faculty in 1969. During her time at the college, she made significant contributions to the study of music. From 1987 to 1990 and again from 1992 to 1994, she served as assistant dean. She received numerous awards and fellowships during her tenure at

the college, including those from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the American Council of Learned Societies, and the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

In 1994, Ms. Allanbrook went to the University of California, Berkeley, first as the visiting Ernest Bloch Visiting Professor of Music. In 1995 she joined the Berkeley faculty. She was chairwoman of the music department from 1997 to 2003. In 2003, she was elected president of the American Musicological Society. Ms. Allanbrook is survived by her son, John Vincent Allanbrook; Timothy Allanbrook; and two sisters, Stephanie Jamison Watkins and Martha Page Martineau.

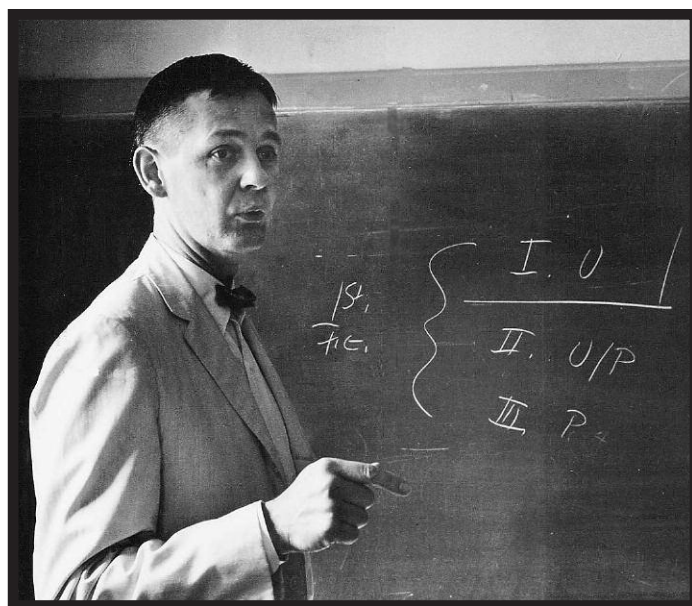
**BENJAMIN MILNER (HA97)  
TUTOR**

Benjamin Milner, who was a tutor at St. John's for 35 years, died on May 23, 2010.

Mr. Milner was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1928. He received his bachelor's degree in English in 1949 from Emory University. Following two years of service in the Army during

the Korean War, he attended Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia, from which he received his bachelor of divinity degree in 1955. He began his graduate studies at Harvard University in 1956 and earned his doctoral degree in the history and philosophy of religion in 1965.

Mr. Milner joined the Wellesley College faculty in 1959, where he taught in the Department of Biblical History. He became a member of the St. John's faculty in 1965. In addition to many years teaching at St. John's, he served the college as an assistant dean from 1977 to 1980, director of the Graduate Institute from 1980 to 1983 and, for several years, chair of the Campus Development Committee. A steadfast supporter of the visual arts at St. John's, Mr. Milner was both active as a student in the college's studio art classes and served on the Faculty Advisory Committee of the Mitchell Gallery. His service was especially important during the founding years of the gallery. Following his retirement in



BENJAMIN MILNER

## REMEMBERING BEN MILNER

*Tutor Emerita Chaninah Maschler (HA98) recalls Ben Milner:*

I think of Ben every day: It was on his advice that I planted camellias in front of the house. He knew that they would like the shade, and I trusted him sufficiently to invest in four different kinds. Even when nothing else in the yard looks happy, they do.

Ben and I became better acquainted by sharing a sophomore seminar, although I seem to recollect that some time earlier in my stay at the college, when [the philosopher] Richard Rorty came to give a lecture and shared a meal at our house, Ben was there too. Ben and Rorty had been colleagues at Wellesley College. Besides, how could I fail to notice that tall, casually elegant man, almost always sporting a bow tie? My husband Henry had spent years manufacturing bow ties. So I had an eye out for them!

Two observations of Ben's stay with me vividly. Hamlet, he said, did much more killing than was necessary. In other words, Ben did not, because Hamlet had been wronged, automatically side with him. That of course came up in seminar. The other was that he thought he now understood the expression of David's eyes, meaning the David of Michelangelo in Florence: The look in those eyes is a look of fear. That remark of Ben's probably goes back to the days shortly after the Milner family's sabbatical stay in Florence. It was at this time that I found out that Ben's love of the visual arts was as strong as was my husband Henry's.

Ben was intellectually strict: For instance, he would not play along when people tried to white-wash God. But he was always supportive of students who felt morally bereft without religious support and never tried to convert others to his religious persuasion. Not until recently did I read his book on Calvin, *Calvin's Doctrine of the Church*. I wish I had done so earlier so that we could have talked about it.

I am grateful to the college for letting me make Ben Milner's acquaintance. ❀

1998, he continued to serve as a tutor in the Executive Seminar program. In 1970, he published *Calvin's Doctrine of the Church*.

In addition to his responsibilities as tutor, Mr. Milner was engaged in Annapolis politics throughout the 1960s and 1970s, and was particularly active during the critical era of the civil rights movement. In his later years, along with his great love of family and the continuing joy of teaching, he became an avid gardener and painter. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Mary Jane Milner; three children: David Baird Milner, Rebecca Milner Stratton, and Abigail O'Beirne Milner; and four grandchildren.

### **ROBERT JOSEPH McDONOUGH CLASS OF 1982**

Robert McDonough, a distinguished attorney and banker who devoted much of his adult life to community activism and urban issues, died July 13,



ROBERT McDONOUGH

2010, from complications of cancer. He was 50.

After graduating from St. John's, Mr. McDonough earned his JD at Cornell Law School in 1989, then joined the firm of Harter, Secrest and Emery in Rochester, N.Y. For the past decade, he worked

for JP Morgan, where he advanced from relationship manager to managing director within JPMorgan's Private Bank and Private Wealth Management. He served as mentor and friend to colleagues and was admired for his sound judgment, keen insight, integrity, and warmth.

In addition to his professional accomplishments, Mr. McDonough was a civic leader, active in Rochester's 19th Ward Community Association and in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. A creative and fun-loving father and husband, he enjoyed home-cooked meals, movie marathons, picnics, poetry nights, themed dinners, camping trips. He learned to play the violin in his 40s, and took pleasure in discussing everything from politics to *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

Mr. McDonough is survived by his wife of 25 years, Anne Brockway McDonough (A84); a daughter, Mary Aurora; his sons Timothy Lazarus and William Pascal; his father, Thomas F. McDonough; two brothers; and a niece.

### ALSO NOTED

**LOUIS BEALL (CLASS OF 1939),  
JUNE 2, 2010**

**JERMAINE BODINE (CLASS OF  
1963), JUNE 23, 2010**

**J. HARRY RAYMOND BRYANT  
(CLASS OF 1963), JULY 5, 2010**

**WILLIAM CARTER (CLASS OF  
1940), SEPT. 11, 2010**

**GIRARD COSTELLO (CLASS OF  
1960), SEPT. 5, 2010**

**CARL HAMMEN (CLASS OF  
1944), JULY 28, 2010**

**JOHN HEDEMAN (CLASS OF  
1943), JULY 29, 2010**

**ROBERT HUNT (HA07), JULY  
31, 2010**

**JOHN LINCOLN (A74), APRIL  
26, 2009**

**REV. JOHN LOBELL (CLASS OF  
1949), JULY 26, 2010**

**DAVID Z. LONDOW, CLASS OF  
1966, FEB. 21, 2010**

**MORRIS ALBERT PARSLow  
CLASS OF 1948, AUGUST 25,  
2010**

**RONALD SINCLAIR (AG191),  
FEB. 26, 2010**

**GEORGE E. SAUER  
CLASS OF 1956, SEPT. 29,  
2010.**

**RICHARD ARLEN SMITH  
CLASS OF 1954, DECEMBER  
2009**

**JESSICA C. STEINGER (SF98)  
JULY 16, 2010**

**CHRISTOPHER ANDREW  
THOMAS (A10), SEPT. 15, 2010**

**FRANK WARHURST (CLASS OF  
1953), MARCH 13, 2010**

**HENRY WENSEL, JR. (CLASS OF  
1946) OCTOBER 11, 2009**



# HOME COMING 2010

*Alumni Return for a Spectacular September Weekend*

**H**omecoming is a time for old friends to meet again, for Johnnies to feed their intellectual lives in seminar, for tutors to meet the children of their former students.

But it's also a time when Johnnies pause to recognize the outstanding achievements of members of the college community. The honorees this year included tutors who served the college for decades, a physician who is one of the nation's leading cancer researchers, a woman who chose to memorialize her famous husband by establishing a scholarship at St. John's, and a couple honoring a daughter's memory through scholarships.

Mica Ertegun became part of the college family 50 years ago when she married Atlantic Records founder Ahmet Ertegun (class of 1944). Her ties to the college deepened when she became an Honorary Alumna during Homecoming weekend in Annapolis. To honor her husband's memory, Ertegun established the Ahmet Ertegun Education Fund with personal funds and the proceeds of a 2007 concert featuring Led Zeppelin. Through her efforts, the college now has a



PIERPOINT PHOTOGRAPHY

THE COLLEGE'S AHMET ERTEGUN SCHOLARSHIP FUND SCHOLARS: (FROM L. TO R.) CINAR DORUK, A SOPHOMORE FROM ISTANBUL; ALI CIHANSIN YILDIZ, A FRESHMAN FROM ISTANBUL; SIERRA NEVADA DOMBAYCI, A FRESHMAN FROM ST. CLOUD, FLA.; AND HALIL UGUR KUPELI, A FRESHMAN FROM ISTANBUL MET WITH MICA ERTEGUN, FOUNDER OF MAC II INTERIOR DESIGN AND WIDOW OF ATLANTIC RECORDS FOUNDER AHMET ERTEGUN, A 1944 GRADUATE OF ST. JOHN'S, ANNAPOLIS.

multi-million dollar endowment fund to support need-based scholarships for students from Turkey. Four recipients of the scholarships were on hand to thank her.

Sharing honors at the All-alumni Meeting was tutor Jon Lenkowski, who retired last May. Lenkowski joined the St. John's faculty in 1979, and taught throughout the undergraduate curriculum and in the Graduate Institute. For 30 years he inspired and encouraged his students. After accepting his award, Lenkowski said that he still finds it remarkable that the college is able to "stick to our guns in not caving in to the . . . various educational fads and fashions of the moment. . . ."

"We have achieved this not only by applying ourselves daily and constantly to the books and the work of our classes, but,

even more importantly, by continually reflecting on these activities and by daily raising anew the great question of whether it is the right way and the best way to educate our students and ourselves."

In Santa Fe, three Honorary Alumni were welcomed into the fold during the All-alumni meeting in the Great Hall: tutor



DR. STEVEN FORMAN (A70), LEFT, AND DINESH AND JYOTSNA PIA, RIGHT, WERE HONORED AT HOMECOMING.

emeritus Charles Fasanaro, and Dinesh and Jyotsna Pai, whose daughter, Anjali Pai (SFG108), died in a car accident in March 2008.

In her memory, the Pais established the Anjali Pai Memorial Fund in 2008 to provide scholarships to Graduate Institute students who intend to pursue, in their words, “the same goal that Anjali treasured, that is—making a serious, positive difference in the lives of children from disadvantaged backgrounds.” The memorial fund is close to reaching its first-level goal of \$50,000 by August 19, 2010, Anjali’s birthday.

Charles Fasanaro joined the St. John’s faculty in 1991. He taught throughout the curriculum, helped implement the writing program, and was the first writing archon. He also helped initiate Eastern Classics as a degree-granting program, and with Ralph Swentzell, led the first EC seminar. He served as assistant dean from 2002-2003. He is the author of a volume of poetry, “Velocities of Rage,” and a play, “Hunting With the Moon,” which was written to help combat veterans heal the scars of their experience. Fasanaro is also president of New Subasio Institute, a nonprofit educational institution.

In addition to naming Honorary Alumni, the association also selects distinguished individuals for Awards of Merit. In Annapolis, three individuals were honored: Steven Foreman (A70), Robert Tzudiker, and Steve Benedict (class of 1947).

For Katherine Hass it was a treat to be fussed over as a member of the class of

1960. “It was all wonderful. The only thing was I was shocked at all the old people! In my brain, I expected to see classmates in their 20s. That is how I remembered them.” It was a little different for members of the first graduating class of the 21st century, which also had a good turnout for the weekend. Though he was a regular attendee at croquet each year, Ethan Carrier (A00) waited a decade to come back for Homecoming. He found the trip well worth it. “I was surprised how much I enjoyed attending seminar, and the class dinner we had at Harry Browne’s was fun.”

The highlights of Homecoming weekend in Santa Fe include the dedication of Levan Hall, which brought 150 people out to celebrate the occasion, and the Art Show.

Kingston and fellow musicians, played for alumni and students at the dance. “One of the best things that happened during Homecoming was constant interaction between alumni and students,” says Nancie Wingo, director of Alumni Activities in Santa Fe. One of Wingo’s favorite



moments came Saturday evening, when she met Lester Strong (SF68) at the art show reception. “We stood in the hallway and talked about how much the campus has changed since he was a student. We walked out on to the balcony where he pointed to a magnificent tree on the grassy knoll and told me that his class had planted that tree as a tiny sapling, complete with a dedication ceremony, with students dressed in togas!”

Strong later joined a group of students on the balcony for a conversation between current students and one of the very first Santa Fe students. “It was a wonderful bridging of generations,” Wingo says. ✨



ALUMNI AND STUDENTS MINGLED AND DANCED.

# ALUMNI LEADERSHIP FORUM

*Charting a course for increasing alumni involvement*

On a weeked in June, a group of St. John's alumni assembled in Annapolis for the very first Alumni Leadership Forum, joining Presidents Michael Peters and Christopher Nelson, St. John's tutors, and college staff to work towards engaging more alumni in the life of the college.

Alumni who return to campus always relish the opportunity to reconnect with the Program, and many signed up to revisit freshman lab and freshman math, as well as take part in a seminar on the *Phaedrus*. On Friday evening, several tutors sat before alumni in the Great Hall, talking about what it means to be a tutor at St. John's. "I was once told freshman mathematics teaches itself," offered Joseph Macfarland (A87). "It does not."

On Saturday morning Michael Uremovich, chair of the Board of Visitors and Governors, joined the presidents and other college leaders in providing a frank and detailed State of the College address. They described both the challenges and opportunities facing the college, including the need to support the academic Program in the face of increasing economic pressures on the college. They described the college's new admissions initiatives, the need to support financial aid and diversity efforts, and the long-term financial picture of the college.

Lunchtime included the opportunity for alumni to make the Johnnie city of



JENNIFER BEHRENS

YMELDA MARTINEZ ALLISON (A74) AND MATT CALISE (A00) REVISITED LABORATORY DURING THE ALF WEEKEND IN JUNE.





PATRICIA DEMPSEY



PATRICIA DEMPSEY

ABOVE LEFT, ALUMNI INCLUDING MARY FISHER (AGI92) AND STEVE THOMAS (SF74) TOOK PART IN BREAKOUT SESSIONS THAT FOCUSED ON ISSUES IMPORTANT TO THE FUTURE OF THE COLLEGE. ABOVE RIGHT, FOR A HANDS-ON BONDING ACTIVITY AT LUNCHTIME, JOHNNIES ASSEMBLED THEIR VISION OF A JOHNNIE CITY.

their dreams, a hands-on activity that the cerebral group relished. In breakout sessions throughout the afternoon, alumni met with staff to offer their feedback on those areas where alumni input is most needed, such as communications, career mentoring, alumni giving, and chapters and outreach to chapters. A dinner at Chris Nelson's home on the Severn River rounded out the weekend.

Elizabeth Powers (A89) enjoyed the opportunity to renew her friendship with the college, but she brought two lingering questions home with her to New York City: "How are we [alumni] fulfilling our mission in making free men and women

out of books and a balance? What role does liberal education play in helping us be citizens in a democracy?"

Powers and other alumni will have the chance to take up those and other questions during the second annual ALF gathering, scheduled for the Santa Fe campus, June 10-12, 2011. Alumni interested in leadership and volunteer opportunities with the Alumni Association can join the conversation by e-mailing [johnniealumni@gmail.com](mailto:johnniealumni@gmail.com) or contacting the alumni offices on either



SABINE CRANMER (SF81), ROBERT GEORGE (A85), GINGER KENNEY (A67), AND JO ANN MATTSO (A87) OBSERVE THE JOHNNIE CITY TAKE SHAPE.

campus: [alumni@sjcsf.edu](mailto:alumni@sjcsf.edu) or [alumni@sjca.edu](mailto:alumni@sjca.edu). ❖

## PIRAEUS 2011

Join your fellow alumni for a Piraeus weekend in Annapolis or Santa Fe. These continuing education opportunities are offered on both campus and provide the chance for Johnnies to enjoy spirited conversation along with social activities.

SANTA FE: JANUARY 14-16, 2011

Tutors David Carl and David McDonald will lead four

seminars on Halldor Laxness' *Independent People*. On-campus housing is not available for this Piraeus weekend. Please contact the alumni office in Santa Fe for assistance in arranging lodging.

ANNAPOLIS: JUNE 2-5, 2011

Choose from two; on-campus housing is available.

Tutors Tom May and David Townsend will lead a discussion of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, along

with selections from Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Tutors Eva Brann and David Carl will lead a seminar of Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men* and James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*.

SANTA FE: JUNE 12-17, 2011

Tutors Keri Ames and Grant Franks will lead eight seminars on *Ulysses*. On-campus housing is available.

For more information on Annapolis seminars, call the Alumni Office in Annapolis at 410-626-2531 or e-mail Dolores Strissel, manager of Alumni Activities, at [Dolores.strissel@sjca.edu](mailto:Dolores.strissel@sjca.edu). For Piraeus in Santa Fe, call the Alumni Office at 505-984-6103 or e-mail Nancie Wingo, director of Alumni Activities at [nwingo@sjcsf.edu](mailto:nwingo@sjcsf.edu).



It was nearly 40 years ago, so Mackenzie Waggaman's memory of the occasion is a little vague. As a long-distance runner, he recalls, he was the natural choice to serve as the torchbearer for a Reality Olympics Parade in 1971. "I was conscripted to run the torch down to the center of Santa Fe, with a gaggle of Johnnies in tow," he says. "I vaguely remember the run into town, the gawking townies. I'm sure we were confirming their worst fears about what was going on up on the hill."

Now an investment executive in Massachusetts, Waggaman is third from the left in this photo taken by J.R. Thompson. Alex Garklavs and Gary Wolfe are on Waggaman's left; Steve Goldman is on the right. All are members of the Santa Fe class of 1973.

Parades were once a standard event during Reality weekend, which had its genesis in Annapolis in 1955. John Oosterhout (class of 1953) decided to throw a party—with games including a barrel-

rolling relay and epicycle race—which he called "The Real Olympics." A big hit, the Real Olympics evolved into Reality, with many of the annual parties featuring a parade.

These parades through town haven't always gone smoothly. In 1958, toga-clad Stephen Almy was arrested for disorderly conduct after he tried to carry a torch from the Piraeus (City Dock) to the campus.

In part because of the permits now required, Johnnies haven't been as keen on parades in their Reality planning, though races, barbeques and beer are still popular. A couple of years ago, a group of seniors went to the trouble to get a parade permit in Annapolis, but they didn't go through with the event.

Perhaps Waggaman's daughter Margaret, a freshman in Annapolis, may pick up the torch in a few years, and Townies in Annapolis may have the treat of watching Johnnies don their togas for a Reality parade. ❖



## CAPTURING EASTER ISLAND

*James Craig (AGI93)*

For the past four years, James Craig (AGI93) and his wife, Nan, have spent several months each year on Easter Island. “The original project was to maroon ourselves on Easter Island for a year, me working on my black-and-white photography while Nan did some painting. It was for the adventure more than anything, and we sure got that. We were attracted by the isolation and barren nature of the place, combined with its mysteries and relatively recent connection to man’s stone-age past.”

James is nearing completion of a volume of images capturing life on the island. In advance of the book’s publication, James graciously shared his photos with *The College*. Read more about the Craigs’ adventure on their blog: [www.easterislandjournal.com](http://www.easterislandjournal.com), and see more of James’ photography at [www.jamescraigphotography.com](http://www.jamescraigphotography.com).

Here are his stories behind the pictures:

### *Haka Pei Girl (top right)*

“Tahira Nahoe, 12 years old, had just finished her Haka Pei run in the youth division, from about two thirds up the hill. . . . This is not typically a sport for women. In Haka Pei two banana tree trunks are tied together and used to sled down a long, 45-degree-angle hill on slick grass. Speeds of 60 mph have been clocked. The contestant traveling the farthest at the bottom of the hill wins.”

### *Banana Run (top left)*

“The second leg of the annual marathon. The race starts off with participants rowing reed canoes (poro) across the crater lake. They then run full out carrying 44 pounds of bananas, barefoot over rocky terrain, completely around the crater. For the third leg, they carry a poro back around to the starting point and swim the lake using the reed bundle as a float. Tuma Heke here was well on his way to winning the event.”



### *Cave with a View (above)*

“Of the hundreds of natural caves on the island, this is the most used today, for family picnics, cookouts, etc. It must have once been a prize location, on the coast, close to Tongariki and Rano Kau, and right along the Moai Road.” ❀



ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

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