

Coz McNooz

Fall 2014



From the Director's Chair....

Greetings Johnston alumni ~

Usually when I write the *Coz*, I have certain alumni faces in mind—mostly the faces of alumni I personally crossed paths with in the time I've been at Johnston. Happily, now that we've had the 45th Renewal, I have a whole new slew of faces to think of. A huge number of you showed up to the event to renew bonds with the College and one another, and it was my great joy to meet many of you. To be sure, the

logistics of organizing the Renewal meant that I was running around like a madwoman, so I didn't get a chance to meet as many of you as I would have liked. No doubt I was a blurry and elusive figure to most of you. But trust me, *I saw you*. I saw your love for one another, felt your dedication to the place, and experienced your joy in Johnston collectivity. Of course, I'd be lying if I said we didn't have a ban on the "R" word around here for a while. We pulled out all the stops for the Renewal and after the euphoria from success came exhaustion. But like most situations, the exhaustion begins to recede and only the joy lingers. And then the really crazy thing happens: you begin to get excited to do it all over again. You start thinking and dreaming and scheming about the next Renewal. "When should we start planning?" you ask yourself. "How can we make it even more special?" you wonder. Okay, okay. I know. We're not there quite yet. But the 50th will be upon on us sooner than you think....

In the meantime, there are plenty of ways to connect with Johnston and fellow alumni. From Facebook to Buffalo Grazes to alumni travel seminars, if you need a fix of Johnston, you can find it. In this issue of the *Coz*, I'll update you on some of these projects. I hope you can join in some of the fun, as well as find your own ways to bring alumni together.

For now, just sit back and enjoy this fall issue of the *Coz*. As always, it features writing by alumni, faculty, and current students, updates on goings-on at Johnston, and future events. I know you are busy, so read at your pace and read what you like. Enjoy.

Yours in community,

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Renewal Reflections

Cathy Ransom (1987)

I don't remember who told me, but someone once explained that the reason we feel that time is going faster is because every day we are here, that day is a smaller and smaller percentage of our life. "Time is an illusion" someone else said; perhaps, but it allows us to organize our lives. We attended Johnston during X time period; we attend Renewal every five years; we haven't seen each other in Y years...Time is a fluid circling back on itself. Renewal is evidence of that for me.

I rarely attend reunions. I don't see the point. That was then...this is now. But somehow a Johnston Reunion (now aptly named "Renewal'") appealed some 15-20 years ago (I prefer not to count) and I attended my first. It was more like a family reunion than a school event. I made new friends and reconnected with existing. I deepened friendships with acquaintances from my school days. But more than that: I sat in a room full of people who truly loved Johnston as much as I did and it was a 'come to Jesus' moment. I found my religion; it was my JC community. JC had never left me and I didn't have to leave it. We were/are all still here together and we get to come back together every few years to meet/remeet, talk/retalk, hug/rehug. You know that glorious feeling of getting back together with a soul-friend and picking up the conversation where it left off, oh so many years ago? That was what happened at the Johnston Reunion only on a group level. Only more because so many of us missed that Community so much and being reimmersed in it was a new baptism. Hence, "Renewal."

Enough about Renewal theory, I'll tell you about this one, February past. Disclaimer: no two Renewals are the same. They couldn't be. Different people organize them; different people attend. When you attend, you bring your love/hope/expectations. My unique Renewal experience will not be yours. But yours could be everything you need...

We arrived late because life required it. Saturday lunch in front of Bekins was my arrival event and friends were scattered through the crowd like jewels on the beach. Where do I start? How to say I love you to each of them in a way which would be genuine and inform them that it was true? Overwhelm. I got verklempt and had to be satisfied with hugging people jamming Cuca's burritos in their mouths and it was like it was so many days ago on the lawn at Bekins on a lazy Friday afternoon...

One problem with Renewal is that it only lasts 2.5 days and there is so much rich content available. Like life, choices must be made and they can be difficult. I selected a mini-seminar by a young artist, Corky--whose last name and years of attendance escape me--[editors note: Corky Sinks] who has been living her dream of creating art since graduation (with an art-related day job, lucky woman), creating installations in a variety of venues on themes about which she feels passionate. She is fearless. She is talented. She is what I know JCers to be. I am surprised/delighted by her courage and yet, she is what I know this place/process can nurture at its best. She is confirmation of what I feel.

The next thing I remember through the mist of memory is waiting in the

lobby of Wallich's Theater for the Key Note Panel. I met acquaintances from Johnston College days and we compared notes and shared truffles. I found myself not wanting to leave our little alcove in the lobby but continuing to dive deeper into the lives these new/old friends are creating. Such varied experience and adventures but with a common thread; saving the world.

The key note panel included a rabbi, an entrepreneur, a surgeon and a young alumna working in non-profits. They were asked to address the topic of how they took Johnston into the world with them. They each articulated something about my experience which I had not been able to formulate in words. I felt deep gratitude toward each of them. I admired their courage and drive. They are each making their piece of the world a better place in ways they can manage.

I will get out my soap box for a moment and suggest that Johnston gave them the playground (a la Bill McDonald and Kevin O'Neill, among other faculty who encouraged us to "play, practice, make mistakes") on which to experiment and fail. They took those failures as lessons and moved on. They learned that failure is not death. They kept going. This is what we take from JC at its best. This is why I continue to be drawn to Renewal; to hear these stories and see the progress of building a better world which my friends are creating. Soap box dismissed.

Saturday evening Orton Center was full-to-bursting with Johnstoners (pun intended, although I can not be labeled a "stoner" by anyone's definition and many of us are now friends of Bill W); spouses; partners; faculty, current and retired; current students and some of their parents; university staff and banquet staff encouraging everyone to find seating so we could begin on time. (This last task is like herding cats but they get an A for courtesy and efficiency.) Some folks were only arriving for this event and there was still much greeting and hugging all around.

Bill McDonald got up to speak and informed the room that Yash Owada wanted to be there but a case of shingles was keeping him away for the weekend. There were murmured expressions of sorrow and disappointment and some prayers were whispered for Yash's quick recovery. Bill told us all about a new campaign to raise two million dollars for the Johnston Endowment and how much had been pledged to date. He and Yash had been instrumental but he gave credit to many others who had done the heavy-lifting. A good start has been made and momentum is on the side of success. --I will make a side note here which may seem odd. I was seated at a table with a couple of current students and the parents of one of them. The mother of the student was very upset about the food she was offered. She was whispering urgently to her daughter throughout the first few minutes of Bill's address. I couldn't hear much of what Bill was saying in his introduction and I could tell from the glances of people at other tables that she was distracting them too. I am not usually so 'in-your-face' but I finally looked at her and said, "I'm sorry, I'm having a hard time hearing Bill." She mostly quieted down. I realized that she didn't understand that she was profaning at our Communion. Talking in church is not allowed by the faithful. She was not one of the faithful. I hoped her daughter's experience of Johnston would allow her to recognize the sacred in the world, wherever she found it. That is one way JC contributes to saving the world; we learn to see the sacred in all its forms.-- This new Endowment Campaign is a big deal for us as an institution. It cements our future. It indicates that we have been

positively affected by our JC education and value it. And it signifies that others have seen that value as well; parents, friends of JC and possibly foundations. Personally, it means the passion I feel for my Johnston education is shared by others and that is exciting.

After dinner, the dance featured a great student band that had everyone dancing. I sat with a friend who is nurturing her husband through slow, inevitable death from inoperable cancer. I was reminded that none of us could know where we would be now on the day we graduated. We make our choices a day at a time and move on, flowing with the river of time. If we are lucky, we come back here to renew, refresh and reconsider briefly, before heading back to the main stream which is our life. Hopefully, we take what we learned at JC and make the world a better place in our small way. My friend found her strength and creativity at Johnston and it serves her well in ways she never imagined.

Sunday was the closing Community meeting. A more formal Revival than Saturday night and more business was accomplished. Some got up and thanked others. Some got up and offered to help. I think I did both but I never remember fully what I said to a large group, however friendly. I offered to write something here.--Though I will confess it comes in very late--And I suggested that it might be possible for others to give an hour a week in some form to continue the institution we all love enough to step out of the stream of life for this weekend and show up. An hour sounds doable, right? Four hours a month, for a cause which you strongly support, is a small but manageable contribution. Consider how you might make that work for you and for Johnston.

A side note and a confession...

Several of our alums are very successful in their lives after Johnston. Some are even wealthy by economic measures. I have noticed that this puts them in an awkward position at Johnston Renewals; they feel slightly embarrassed. Perhaps they feel that we will secretly accuse them of "selling out." Perhaps they think that saving the world is not supposed to reap financial rewards. Whatever the reason, I am proud that they are amongst us because their success validates again that JC offers real value to the world, in whatever way you choose to define "value." I am not in the ranks of the financially successful. In fact, at Renewal I responded that I was "looking for the next thing." Which was a polite way of saying "unemployed." I found a job which offered full benefits and a nominal steady wage plus commissions and where I live, that's a good job. I am a sales agent at the front counter of a cable company. Not what I thought I'd be some 25+ years (I refuse to do the math!) after graduation from the Johnston Center for Individualized Studies. I worry that I am not doing my part to save the world. But I volunteer, I make art, I try to be the light for people who are feeling down. It is something. That being said, I have never felt judged by my JC friends for failure to create wealth. So I would like to say to my friends who are successful in financial terms, don't be embarrassed by your success and I won't be embarrassed by my job as a clerk. If I learned anything at Johnston and at each subsequent Renewal since, it is that success is measured by heaven's yardstick. We are a Community of individuals who choose to be/remain/recreate our selves each day and every five years we gather to confirm our existence. We share a process which is based on a retreat on a mountain nearly 50 years ago and that process endures. It involves young people making choices and practicing and failing and succeeding and growing. As alums, we continue that process in the world; hopefully with

the deep internal knowledge that failure is not an end, but an opportunity to reevaluate and start over, smarter than before. Renewal is a chance to step out of the river that is our life and evaluate in the warm embrace of friends and co-conspirators in the creating of a better world...in however small a way. I'm verklempt. Talk amongst yerselves.

More Ways to Stay Connected

I'm excited to announce not one, but three upcoming alumni trips for Johnstonians to attend. The first will take place in Oaxaca, Mexico during the "Day of the Dead" (Dia de los Muertos) celebrations in 2015. Led by Johnston Professor Patricia Wasielewski, this trip is guaranteed to be amazing. How can I guarantee this? Because I took this trip with Pat several years back, and it was one of the most interesting and enjoyable travel experiences I've ever had. Pat knows Oaxaca like the back of her hand, and she could surely be a tour guide of the region if she wanted. See below for details from Pat. For more information, contact her directly at patricia_wasielewski@redlands.edu



From Pat: In the fall of 2015, I will be taking an Alumni trip to Oaxaca Mexico for the Day of the Dead festivities. The group will be intentionally small so that we can participate in many of the activities more intimately. We will be staying at a Bed and Breakfast where we will help the family who owns it contract their altar to honor their ancestors. Along with visits to the major cemeteries in the area, we will have the opportunity to visit communities outside the city center. There we will see traditional practices of grave tending and learn the process of welcoming the spirits of the ancestors back for this special time. Other activities include visiting the markets, a cooking class and seeing the archaeological sites. My contacts in Oaxaca will provide context for discussion of the holiday that will make this a fun learning experience. More information and sign up instructions will be available soon from Alumni Relations.

Following on the success of now three alumni seminars, Bill McDonald is joining with several alumni to create two more exciting travel seminars, one on "wine and opera" in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and one in Northern Italy. Below, Bill provides reflections on last summer's seminar. Having also participated in one of Bill's seminars (on David Mitchell's *Cloud Atlas*), I can attest to the high caliber of community, friendship, and intellectual engagement that takes place. After reading the account below, you'll definitely want to get in on the action. For more information, contact bill_mcdonald@redlands.edu

The third in what we hope will be a long series of Johnston Alumni Seminars took place at Asilomar ("Refuge by the Sea") conference center near Monterey this past June. The subject was *The Alexandria Quartet* by British novelist Lawrence Durrell (rhymes with "churl"), four subtly interconnected novels whose leading subject is "modern love." Thought difficult, and scandalous, when they first appeared, they've largely faded from the literary scene, and we "unsolitary readers" were happy to revive them. Twenty of us spent a full week making our way through the four books, with several volunteers—Wes Hagen, Bambi Brown

Schmidt, Michael McDunnah, Pat Harrigan, Hetal Dalal, Kim Middleton, Rachel Reynolds—teaming up to take responsibility for individual book discussions, while Bill McDonald provided an introduction, some context and an overview. In one special session Sarah Sapperstein and Nancy Best laid out the history of the city itself, and in another Sandie Bacon organized a new iteration of her already famous art-making workshops. Participant John Murphy, husband of alumna Layne [Drebin] and father of current student Leo, gave a splendid account of Durrell's life, and rising senior Morgan York joined Rachel in writing up summaries of our day's conversations for the Johnston Facebook page. The novels drew plenty of criticism—it wasn't a Durrell Lovefest—and also plenty of enthusiastic admiration.

There were other entertainments besides the Quartet. The site itself, right on the Pacific coast, provided many: swimming, long shoreline walks, bird sanctuaries, lovely rooms, respectable institution food. Several folks, led by Bambi, escaped the dining hall for several of the excellent local restaurants. Winemaker Wes Hagen (Clos Pepe) and spendthrift collector Bill McD provided several cases of high-quality vintages for our evening gatherings—a virtual necessity after our three two-hour sessions each day. Best of all was the camaraderie across alumni generations—from 1974 to 2015—and the affirmation of what a Johnston education has helped make possible for all of us.

And there's more to come: “Opera and Wine in Santa Fe” next August 5-9, under the leadership of David Buchmann and Pat Harrigan (official announcement soon), and a trip to northern Italy in the summer of 2016. Get ready to sign up!

Vintage Johnston

We just completed our 8th annual wine fundraiser for Johnston. The event was filled with great wine, spirited raffle and auction bidding, boisterous alumni and local community members, and senior student “ambassadors” helping spread the gospel of Johnston. 100% of the money raised from this event goes directly to the students, helping them pay for



student projects. Every year, we like to bring back an alumna/us who benefitted from Vintage Johnston funds. This year we were pleased to invite Nicholas Lowe (2014), who gave a wonderful speech to a captivated audience. His thoughtful and grateful remarks are below. Hope to see you next year!

Nick Lowe: Vintage Johnston 2014

I have to say: Thank you. I don't know many people who have left higher education and immediately found work in their chosen field, but I have. I credit this miracle to the skills given to me by the Johnston Center for Integrative Studies. Four years ago I started the journey that led me to earn my Bachelors of Arts with an Emphasis in Linguistics in Motion: Theory and Practice. My education centered on creating safe spaces and empowering people through language and movement. Indonesian kung fu was my particular outlet for expression. Initially, martial arts and creative movement bled into the rest of my life to increase my awareness and my confidence while expressing myself.

Now I'm a professional martial artist in Portland, Oregon. No, I'm not an MMA fighter (I feel that is apparent from my appearance). By day I teach kids the fundamentals of Indonesian Kung Fu at One With Heart. By night, I instruct at Lewis & Clark College, where I teach Cun Tao. What is Cun Tao? It means Self Defense in Indonesian, and it's the most important thing I've ever learned.

At the end of my first year in college, I was administered a Cun Tao test. The test was to defend against over a hundred attacks in under six minutes. Through this experience, I learned that I was capable of far more than I ever believed. After I passed the test, I was immediately thrown into instructing Cun Tao classes. At this point in training, you often begin to assist the instructor, but in my case, the class instructor was in Yogyakarta, Indonesia, and I was left to guide the training of my fellow teammates by myself.



Although I had the full support of my teachers, I felt sorely underequipped to handle the pressures of maintaining what was becoming a blossoming martial arts program. This is when the funds raised at this event three years ago, the 2011 Vintage Johnston, began to become important to my education. The first time I applied for the student project fund it was to fly two black belts down to Redlands to help me instruct for a weekend, a tradition I continued throughout my education. In the following years, I was awarded funds to attend several events that elevated my own training, so that

I could bring that knowledge back here. Through my later studies in theory and philosophy on the ways society treats bodies, I came to the awareness that not everyone is guaranteed the bodily autonomy I've had my entire life, and my instructing of self-defense became ten times as important to me. I eventually created a scholarship fund for students to come train self-defense at One With Heart, my new home school. The first wave of these students had their training entirely paid for this summer. For my senior project, in addition to the creation of the scholarship, I taught self-defense classes to organizations across the campus and wrote an instructional manual to guide future program leaders.

In the end, what I was learning and helping others find was not only self-confidence, but also bodily autonomy. The martial arts program I helped found still exists. Thanks to your contributions, we have three generations of self-defense instructors preparing to lead students. So I'd like to thank you, once again, for being here tonight, extending to the students of the Johnston Center for Integrative Studies. What my education gave to me: the resources and therefore autonomy to learn what truly impassioned me.



STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: Julia Lesser (2016) on Teaching in Johnston: As a junior in college I have spent plenty of time in the classroom taking on the role of the student. This role is complicated and can be defined in a vast number of ways, but traditionally remains in the following mode: a hierarchy where a professor professes and the student can choose to take something away “to learn”. Now, that being said, Johnston is a different kind of beast. Johnston breaks those pedagogical standards. One of the ways in which this can happen is the student facilitated co-taught class.

My first year in Johnston I took Julie Townsend's class titled “Movement Lab”. I was new to California, being from the East Coast, and I was new to being independent. I was new to my body as an adult, and the complexities that this presented. Above it all though I was completely new to the idea of being an intellect! Julie's class helped me to

understand and process this newness through the simple concept of moving one's body. She showed me that I wasn't just a brain on legs, but in fact I could use those legs to influence the thought process of my brain.

When I learned that students could actually co-facilitate classes I jumped at the chance. At the end of my freshman year I asked Julie if we could put our heads together to re-imagine the class and teach it *together*. I so clearly remember how excited I was when she said yes. My emphasis, titled "Creative Approaches to Culture and Society", includes a mix of studies in the humanities, as well as writing, but I think at the core what I really am studying is how to cultivate ideas and be a human in the world relating to other humans. Now I have the pleasure of working alongside one of my most favorite professors, teaching "Movement in Practice," an offshoot of that class I took my first year. The Course Description reads: "As the title suggests this course is all about experimenting with movement in our own bodies. Here we will discover the many roles of movement in daily life: How it affects our sense of self and relation to the world; how it can create different dialogues with others and impact communication; how it can influence community; how it might be political; how it can be viewed as artistic expression; how we can distinguish between authentic and manipulated movement; and, most importantly, how it can help us learn.

Teaching a class is one of the best things that could have ever happened to my education. There is a certain sense of role reversal that isn't expected, it flipped me on my head to be on the other side of things, but also broadened my understanding of what relating to people actually means. Johnston helped me to do that! So cool.

Johnston Graduation 2014 Commencement Speech Through the Looking Glass by Daniel Kiefer

Honored graduates, congratulations on your fine work and your loving care for each other. Congratulations to your mothers and fathers, your grandparents, your family and friends. Thank you for inviting me to speak with you today. When the mighty Mary Krome came knocking outside my office window, I got angry and told her to go away and leave me alone, never imagining she wanted to give me your invitation. I'm glad she didn't give up. Here we are, all gathered round you—Kelly Hankin, Julie Townsend, Tim Seiber, Bill McDonald, Yasuyuki Owada, Kathy Ogren, Fred Rabinowitz; our beloved registrar, administrative assistant, and Resident Hall Coordinator; Redlands professors from every discipline; the president, administrators, staff members, roommates, Johnston schoolmates, Redlands classmates, Johnston graduates—all wishing you well, so proud of your accomplishments.

You've come a long way since Julie Townsend and I asked you to read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in your first-year seminar, and then forced you to write your first analytic, argumentative college essay. Of course, those of you who transferred into Johnston later on escaped that particular burden. You've all come through the looking-glass, with an education very different from the one the Mock Turtle describes: "Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, . . . and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. . . Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seagography" (Ch. 9).

You've come a long way in these four years. What changes in body and mind you've undergone! changes in experience, in outlook! You participated in the fabulous 45th Johnston Renewal, a reunion of Johnston students and faculty going back to the founding of the college in 1969. The Renewal gave you a wonderful chance to see who you will yet become.

For me, the greatest moment of the weekend was Kate Robinson's talk on the Saturday afternoon alumni panel. She stood up, stood forth, and spoke freely about the entitlement that Johnston offered her and her schoolmates: entitlement to do her own fulfilling work, to discover and follow her own passions, and then to take responsibility for others as well. Kate got me thinking about entitlement as a bond you hold on yourself, a title or deed, giving you the right to trust yourself and speak your own mind. So we professors say yes, go ahead, even when we're convinced you have a foolish idea, tried many times before, that's bound to end in a muddle. Even when your entitlement looks like self-indulgence.



As Kate was speaking, I was reminded of my own entry into intellectual self-sufficiency. I was a sophomore in high school, sitting at my wooden desk in the study hall of St. Francis Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, 300 miles from my home in Detroit, struck by these words from Ralph Waldo Emerson in his essay "Self-Reliance": "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power that resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know till he has

tried."

I took those words to heart at age fifteen, and though I wasn't keen on the toil, I was inspired by what I took to be Emerson's entreaty to break out on my own. I wrote a letter to my family, as we were required to do every Sunday morning, declaring my independence of mind. I still have that letter, for it was never mailed. I wrote it in pencil in lower case script, and left it unsealed, as we were required to do, for priestly surveillance. My letter drew the scrutiny of Father Rector, who had the perfect name for a rector, Aldric Heidlage. With his usual gruff ceremony he dropped the letter on my desk with a rap of his knuckles and forbade me to send it. So my first attempt at self-reliance ended in suppression.

Your efforts at self-reliance have led you instead to greater freedom and greater happiness: coming into Johnston in the first place (perhaps against your parents' wishes), writing contracts for your courses and evaluating yourself, writing the narrative of your educational life and constructing a plan of study all your own, and following that plan through to graduation. Self-reliance, self-consideration, self-love, that failing chastised by most every religion and philosophy, reprimanded by those who wish to socialize you or subject you to their authority. Self-love, so cherished in Johnston. Narcissism, we might call it, devotion to self, forsaking all others.

In Book 3 of the *Metamorphoses* the ancient Roman poet Ovid tells the story of Narcissus, a lovely boy who reclines beside a pool and falls in love with the image of himself he sees there: "Spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod umbra est" (3.417). He loves a hope without a body, for what he thinks is a body is merely a shadow.

se cupit imprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur,
dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet. (3.425-426)

Here's a translation by Charles Martin:

Those beardless cheeks, that neck of ivory,
the decorative beauty of his face,

and the blushing snow of his complexion;
he admires all that he's admired for,
for it is he that he himself desires,
all unaware; he praises and is praised,
seeks and is the one that he is seeking;
kindles the flame and is consumed by it.

“Accendit et ardet”: he inflames and burns at once, with erotic vehemence. He sets himself afire. The rapture he feels at beholding his own body is all consuming, all engrossing, and altogether fatal.

A voice in Ovid's story calls Narcissus away, a voice different from the voice of Echo, who adores the lovely boy but is condemned to utter nothing but a repetition of the words she hears. The voice of the poet warns Narcissus that he's infatuated with a reflection of a reflection: “ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est / nil habet ista sui” (3.434-435). “What you see reflected back to you is only the shadow of an image, with nothing of its own.” Realizing that, Narcissus still burns for love of himself alone, lamenting as he dies: “heu frustra dilecte puer!” (3.500), “alas, luscious boy, loved in vain!” After his death he is transformed into a flower of white petals with a saffron-colored center.

It's an intensely erotic story, full of luscious expression of desire and despair. The structure of the poetic lines bends phrases into mirror-images of each other, representing in rhythmic and syntactic form the pleasures of self-reflection.

In Book 4 of John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Eve recounts her fascination with her own image in a smooth lake. Again, we hear the call-and-response of echoing segments of language:

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. (4.460-465)

She says she would happily have remained in this gentle self-regard, except that a voice called her away:

What thou seest,
What there thou seest fair Creature is thyself,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine. (4.467-473)

Here's an invitation to pursue the original instead of the reflection. Here's a promise of desire fulfilled instead of frustrated. While the poet in Ovid cannot rescue Narcissus, the divine voice in Milton succeeds in turning Eve to gaze on Adam, whom she finds really disappointing by comparison with her own image: “less fair,” she says, “Less winning soft, less amiably mild, / Than that smooth wat'ry image” (4.479-481). She turns away, but the voice of the Creator convinces her to return to Adam: “whom thou fli'st, of him thou art, / His flesh, his bone” (4.482-483). All of us have heard that voice before, offering us a return to a fusion of bodies that's sexual and ideal. But can the voice persuade us to give up our tragic self-sufficiency?

In Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein*, the creature fashioned by Victor Frankenstein speculates on his own image with no voice to call him away. Here are his words, partly echoing Eve's words: "How was I terrified, when I viewed myself in a transparent pool! At first I started back, unable to believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the mirror; and when I became fully convinced that I was in reality the monster that I am, I was filled with the bitterest sensations of despondence and mortification" (Ch. 13). Until this point in the story, the creature, expressing his delicate feelings in exquisite language, has suffered at the hands of others without seeing himself as a monster. Now he beholds himself with shame, as his reflection becomes his reality. A different kind of pathos emerges as self-revulsion sets in. We may recognize ourselves in the creature—monstrous, disordered, and malevolent—burrowing deep into our own despair, filled with self-abhorrence. What remedy is there for excessive self-love or self-loathing?

The poet Percy Shelley in *A Defence of Poetry* says that ancient Greek tragic drama teaches self-knowledge and self-respect. Then he has this marvelous sentence: "Neither the eye nor the mind can see itself, unless reflected upon that which it resembles." Reflected upon: the mind is cast upon the reflective surface. Here's a way to move from self-reflection to more complete understanding. Here's the basis of lyric poetry: proposing resemblances, likenesses, metaphors, and reflecting upon the armature of resemblance.

These writers—Ovid, Milton, Mary Shelley, Percy Shelley—revise each other's work in turn, as they refashion the trope of Narcissus gazing at his own image. Nuances of poetic language, figures of speech, allusions to the words and rhythms of prior texts—these deepen our gaze and teach us to read into the heart of things. We look to poetry for its glimmering surface of language, shining us back to ourselves. So we read poetry as an embrace of narcissism and as a refuge from it. For in the mirror of poetry we find affinity with those whom we resemble, those upon whom we are reflected. We feel sympathy for their troubles and receive sympathy in return. The poetic form of self-reflection takes us beyond ourselves.

At last we come to Sigmund Freud, in his essay "On Narcissism: An Introduction," where he seems to imagine narcissism as the only possible kind of eros. Until he says, "A strong egoism is a protection against falling ill, but in the last resort we must begin to love in order not to fall ill, and we are bound to fall ill if, in consequence of frustration, we are unable to love" (*SE* 14:85). "Aber endlich muss man beginnen zu lieben, um nicht krank zu werden" (*GW* 10:151). In the end, he says, we must begin to love. And poetry, I believe, will lead us on our way.

Hey MG Maloney! What's it Like Being the Johnston Assistant Director?



In one word, "dreamy." It has been like a waking dream to be back in the Johnston Community. In the dry heat of early June 2014, I explored Complex alone and quiet, walking through my mind's associations with the space: Bekins Balcony shenanigans, 3rd floor Holt's funky smells, and the front lawn where I graduated 11 years ago. I found new murals on the interior walls, an over-grown Memorial Garden outside Holt Lobby, and holy smokes, new furniture on Complex! Now that the academic year is hitting mid-term season with sophomore's graduation contracts just past due, new memories are being created with the current students

and faculty. There's a timelessness about Johnston, the space and the people and I am damn lucky to be time traveling here. After I graduated and walked around campus with my parents, my Mom stopped me in front of Bekins and asked me with wide expressive eyes, "What if you came back here to work?" I smiled, having never thought of that possibility. "It'd be a dream!" I remember telling her. Raised with fairy tale books and movies that I later deconstructed as a feminist writer in college and graduate school, this magical, "dream comes true" feeling still surrounds me and the work that I do. Dreamy and magical, that's what it feels like to be back, reciprocating the gifts of Johnston by advocating for today's herd of buffalo and their academic and personal dreams.

COMMUNITY SPOTLIGHT:
THE JOHNSTON INTEGRATIVE READING ASSOCIATION
BY ADAM GHOVAYZI, JOHNSTON RESIDENT HALL COORDINATOR

The Integrative Reading Association started last fall as a group of students and staff who get together once a week to discuss books in an integrative way. The IRA comes at the reading from various angles. For instance the group started last fall by reading George R. R. Martin's *A Song of Ice and Fire* series. Each reading was viewed through different lenses: adaptation, religion, heteronormativity, history, etc. This year the IRA started off with Alison Bechdel's *Fun Home*, an autobiographical graphic novel. The group is constantly choosing new and diverse texts in order to collaborate with recreational reading. Certainly recreational reading can be pushed to the back burner during college, but this group helps make it a priority so everyone feels accountable for reading. It's a wonderful program for those who want to keep reading for fun even with the business of the university environment.

UPCOMING EVENTS AT JOHNSTON:

ALUMNI SPEAKERS

EVERY YEAR, JOHNSTON BRINGS BACK ALUMNI TO SPEAK TO THE STUDENTS ABOUT LIFE AFTER JOHNSTON. THIS YEAR, WE'RE EXCITED TO BRING THREE SPEAKERS:

NOVEMBER 13, 4PM, HOLT LOBBY:

MAUREEN FORYS, class of 1993 and owner of Happenstance Type-O-Rama WILL SPEAK ON: "Books, Bees, & Bgawks": My Johnston Experience through the centuries

NOVEMBER 18, 6PM, HOLT LOBBY:

JON GRANT, CLASS OF 2004 AND Executive Director of the Tenants Union of Washington State WILL SPEAK ON: "Building Community to Challenge Institutional Power"

SPRING, TBA: TEDDY ALBINIAK ~ MORE TO COME...

IN THE NEXT COZ WE'LL FEATURE STORIES ABOUT ALL THREE OF THESE SPEAKERS. STAY TUNED...



A VISIT FROM HIS HOLINESS THE 17TH KARMAPA!

TWICE NOW, JOHNSTON STUDENTS HAVE TRAVELED WITH PROFESSOR KAREN DERRIS TO SPEND TIME WITH THE KARMAPA. HIS CONVERSATIONS WITH JOHNSTON STUDENTS WERE RECORDED IN *The Heart is Noble: Changing the World From the Inside Out*. NOW THE KARMAPA IS COMING TO US! IN ONE OF HIS RARE VISITS TO THE UNITED STATES, THE KARMAPA WILL SPEND TIME IN REDLANDS AND AT JOHNSTON. WE LOOK FORWARD TO WELCOMING HIM IN THE SAME GENEROUS FASHION THAT HE WELCOMED JOHNSTON IN INDIA. MORE DETAILS TO COME!

UPCOMING BUFFALO GRAZES **(Renewing Community, one calorie at a time)**

We've got a really active alumni board this year. Look at these beautiful Johnston faces!



And they—Rafael Fernandes, Denise Davis, Rick Daily, Nina Fernando, and Bill McD—are doing great things. In particular they have dedicated themselves to making regional Johnston dinner parties, aka “Buffalo Grazes,” a priority. So join in on one of these upcoming events, or start your own by contacting one of the alumni board members below.

SAN FRANCISCO: October 5th

Arranged by Nina Fernando & Jake Rogers ninamariefernando@gmail.com

LOS ANGELES: November 9th

Arranged by Nina Fernando ninamariefernando@gmail.com

And finally, the best thing that happened in class so far this semester was...

“When we took the First Year Seminar to Three Sisters Farm and had lunch from their garden while learning about CSA's, self-sufficiency and food sovereignty.” (Pat Wasielewski)

“Laughing about sadness in my Poetry Writing Workshop.” (Pat Geary)

“I'm currently co-teaching a seminar, Society, Technology, Aesthetics, with a student, Mike Donatuti (his peers call him Slime, I know the story but would rather not say.) The class was born during curriculum building in Spring 2014. Mike and I spent most of June and all of August gathering readings and putting together the syllabus. Last Thursday, he facilitated class by himself. The subject was how the MPAA uses certain protocols dealing with international intellectual property rights law to alter copyright policy in foreign nations unilaterally, with the threat of trade embargoes to back up Hollywood's preferred economic system. Almost every student spoke up. Everyone had an opinion. Class ran over time. I got to be a student in the seminar. It was an exceptional experience, and shows just what kind of wonderful results our expansive idea of “teaching” can produce.” (Tim Seiber)
