SNAPSHOT/50

THE JOHNSTON COMMUNITY
1969–2019

EBHON PRESS
Oakland | Redlands

Snapshot50.indd 1 12/10/18 12:26 AM

This snapshot of Johnston at fifty is dedicated to all who have contributed, studied, and worked with us. Over five turbulent decades any community will lose people—those who depart this life and those who embark on ventures that have no place for renewals and commemorative books. We dedicate this book to all of our community. Long life and fair sailing to those who are still with us. Memory eternal and peaceful rest to our friends on the other side.

Copyright © 2019 by Ebhon Press

All images copyright © Johnston Center unless otherwise noted

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Any product names and services identified in this book are used in archival fashion only with no intention of infringement on claimed trademarks. They are not intended to convey endorsements or other affiliation with this book. Every reasonable effort has been made to identify owners of images. Errata/omissions may be submitted to *ebhonpress@gmail.com*

Printed in Canada by Friesens Corporation

First Printing, 2019

ISBN: 978-0-998866-88-8 (Hardcover)
ISBN: 978-0-998866-89-5 (Softcover)

Ebhon Press is an independent entity founded in 2017 by M. G. Maloney and Maureen Forys.

Communication may be addressed to:
Johnston Center for Integrative Studies
1200 E. Colton Avenue
Redlands, CA 92373
www.redlands.edu/johnston

PUBLISHER—Julie Townsend

EDITORS—Leslie Brody, Maureen Forys, M. G. Maloney, and Alisa Slaughter

ARCHIVAL CURATOR—M. G. Maloney

PROJECT MANAGERS—Maureen Forys and M. G. Maloney

COPYEDITOR—Elizabeth Welch

DESIGNER—Maureen Forys, Happenstance Type-O-Rama

PROOFREADERS—Alisa Slaughter, Kate Emmons, and Olivia Fore

FACT CHECKER—Bill McDonald

PHOTOGRAPHER—Jeff Wilson

DIGITAL PROJECT ASSISTANTS—Shayla Dennon, Emily Mains, and Amanda Schmalzried



CONTENTS

PREFACE vi
Maureen Forys | M. G. Maloney

INTRODUCTION. 1
Kelly Hankin | Julie Townsend

HOW DO WE LEARN? A JOHNSTON DISCOVERY 5
Yasuyuki Owada

A STRANGER'S WELCOME 11
T.J. Stutman

WRONG EXIT, RIGHT LIFE 13
Taylor Miller

THINKING TOGETHER 17
Sheila Lloyd

FLYING BY NIGHT. 19
Rebecca Bednarz

HOW JOHNSTON COLLEGE SAVED MY LIFE—YEAH, REALLY. 23
Raymond Obstfeld

THE INEVITABILITY OF THE SACRED . . 27
Peter Ryan

THE ALACRÁN OF TIKAL 31
Patricia L. Wasielewski

HELP WANTED: *A New Johnston Leader* . . 37
Reflections of the 1975 Chancellor Search Committee
Rabbi Patricia Karlin-Neumann

FIGHT THE ADMIN 41
Morgan York

INCOMPLETE AND UNFINISHED 43
Michael Peñafiel

COMING OUT TO MY GROK GROUP . . 47
Mark Carlson

MARCUS GARCIA: *Live from Race On Campus* 49
Interview by Hanna Bratton; transcription by Sketch Ree Mead

JOHNSTON 50 53
Lisa Beth Robinson

LILY GOMEZ: *Live from Kathryn Green Lecture Series* 55
Interview by the Johnston Community; transcription by M. G. Maloney

OWNING OUR EDUCATION 57
Kathy Ogren

RAIN OF FLOWERS 61
Karen Derris

JUMPING IN. TAKING OFF. 65
Jane Creighton

YASH OWADA CHANGED MY LIFE . . . 67
Hannah Schell

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS 71
Harlin Kahn

DARK STAR ORCHESTRA FIELD TRIP RAMBLINGS 77
Fred Rabinowitz

SMALL-TOWN BUSINESSMAN. 81
Eric Wong

THE QUAD IS LIKE THE INFERNO, EXCEPT IT'S WET INSTEAD OF HOT . . 85
Five Quotes That Bring Me Right Back to College
Emily Wick

Snapshot50.indd 3 12/10/18 12:26 AM

TRIBE 91
Emily Pepin

LEGEND. 93
Echo Jardini

IN PRAISE OF REFUSAL 97
Daniel Kiefer

STAFF WRITER, DAYTON DAILY 99
Cornelius Frolik

COMMUNITY IN CONSTRAINT 101
Cole Cohen

EBHON 105
Chris Harshman

COMMUNITY CRISIS, COMMUNITY RESILIENCE: *Who Does it Better?* 109
Bill McDonald

ONCE MORE TO THE BATH 113
Becca Schuh

WE DID IT FOR YOU 117
Adam Ghovayzi

THE 37TH CURRENT WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES AT THE JOHNSTON COLLEGE/CENTER FOR INTEGRATIVE STUDIES 121
Addison Davidove | Lorraine Hedtke

THROUGH HER EYES. 125
Radha Home (Alexis Cox)

IMPULSE, VOYEUR, PROVOCATIONS . . 129
Aninka Lemasson

WAITING FOR JAKE 133
Annie Pennell

SELF PORTRAIT IN A LANDSCAPE WITH THE SUN GOING DOWN 139
April Conway

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH BEN WYETH 143
Interview by the Johnston Community; transcription by M. G. Maloney

UNTITLED 151
Bill Rocque

BRUCCIATO 153
Bruce McAllister

HERE IS MY JOHNSTON 159
Christianne Michel

BLIND EYE 163
Christopher Rosenberg

COMMUNITY BEYOND THE CLASSROOM. 167
Craig Santos Perez

STUDENT. BODY. 169
Crystal Marshall

BASKETBALL, BILLARY, AND SADATH GARCIA 171
Denise Davis

INTERDISCIPLINARY 175
Emily Sernaker

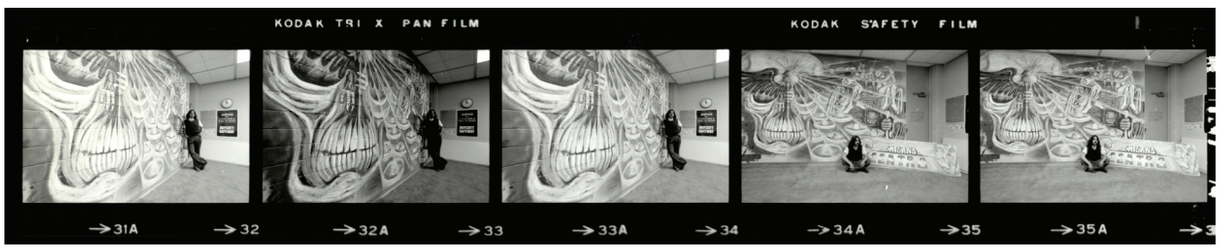
THE SUFI PATH OF LOVE—*Johnston Seminar* 177
Fran Grace

THE BEKINS STEPS 181
Gary Hawkins

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM. 183
Gianni-Amber North

YES, IT WAS US, *We Killed the Foosball Table*. 187
Greg Petrovic

GAMES 189
Hammurabi Kabbabe



Jesus "Chuy" Gonzalez, mural artist and administrator at Johnston College, c. 1974.

Snapshot50.indd 4 12/10/18 12:26 AM

THE DAMN LITTLE TOASTER 195
Hanna Bratton

JOHNSTON EXPERIENCE 203
Jennifer Nelson

SOMETHING SPECIAL 205
Joe Taylor

2C-253 211
Jonathan Garcia

TRANSLATING 213
Judith Tschann

THE ART OF FAILURE 217
How I've spent my first five years post college learning the art of failure and rediscovering myself time and time again
Kathryn Arthur

DISRUPTIVE, SYNERGY 219
Keith Osajima

NO TOUR GUIDES. 221
Kevin O'Neill

GHOSTS OF JOHNSTON PRESENT. . . 223
Maggie Ruopp

WHY JOHNSTON MATTERS NOW . . .225
Matt Gray

UNTITLED 229
Matt Greene

COMMUNITY STUDY INTERVIEW WITH MATTHEW THOMPSON 231
Interview and Transcription by Andy Sanchez

SALTY 235
Maya Federman

PRIDE 237
Meghan Lefevre

OUT OF THIS WORLD 239
M. G. Maloney

THE FUNNY STORY ISN'T COMING . . 241
Miranda Black

THE BATTLE OF BEKINS. 243
Naomi Morrison-Cohen

INTERCONNECTING INTERSECTIONS 249
Nina Fernando

SIMPLE GESTURES 251
Paul Kirsch

NO BUFFALO 253
Rachel Reynolds

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH RILEY OESTREICHER 255
Interview by Rowan Procter, transcription by Sketch Ree Mead

ISTANBUL *(Not Constantinople)* 259
Renata Martine

NO TRAIN 263
Sara Adams

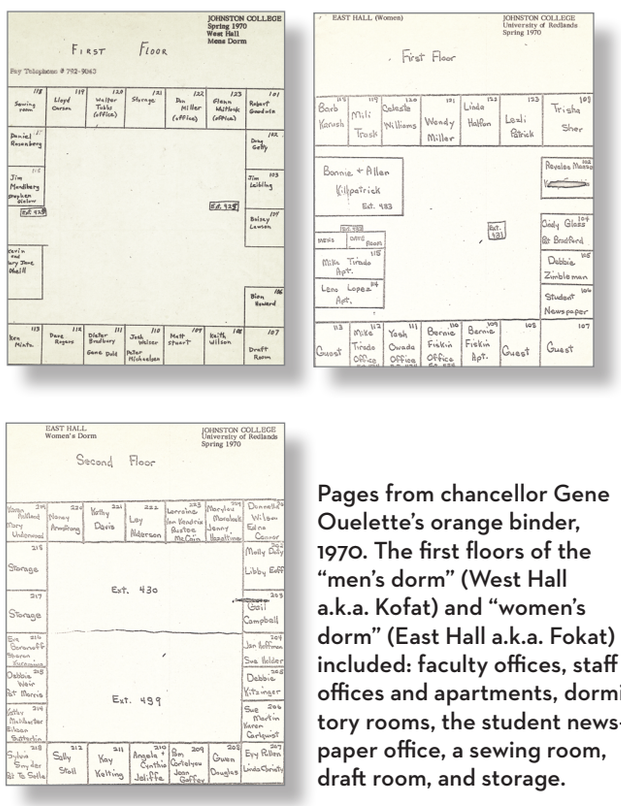
ELUSIVE PRESENCE 265
Tabetha Wittenmyer

IN THE LOOP 267
Tim Seiber

A BEAUTIFUL MESS. 269
Trevor Lincoln

AFTERWORD: *A Last Word, to Begin* . . 273
Alisa Slaughter

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY 277



Pages from chancellor Gene Ouelette's orange binder, 1970. The first floors of the "men's dorm" (West Hall a.k.a. Kofat) and "women's dorm" (East Hall a.k.a. Fokat) included: faculty offices, staff offices and apartments, dormitory rooms, the student newspaper office, a sewing room, draft room, and storage.

Snapshot50.indd 5 12/10/18 12:26 AM

PREFACE

Maureen Forys
M. G. Maloney

"In an era where digital cameras have made 35mm photography seem as antiquated as 8-track tapes, the contact sheet is a reminder of how physical film may have finite limits but that it's from within those constraints that creativity springs forth."

—OLIVER WANG, *LOS ANGELES TIMES*

Welcome to *Snapshot/50: The Johnston Community 1969–2019*. The physical book you are reading is the third in a series of histories about Johnston—the College, the Center, a place that transcends time, but not technology.



Evidence? How about the film negatives, slides, prints, documents, ephemera (so much ephemera!), art, and stories (so many stories). Johnston began high tech, from Jimmy Johnston's role with IBM, to the Holt computer room in the '90s producing the first wired dormitory on campus, to electronic music. Now alumnus and Johnston professor Tim Seiber teaches seminars on science and media. Professor Emeritus Kevin O'Neill adjuncts for philosophy and studies the Internet. All of this swirls around in an aluminum soup pot, stirred with a wooden ladle. We look up from smart phones and wonder, "What happened to the switchboard? Why are there these little boxes in Holt?" (That's where the pay phones used to be). What is the measure of time when alums come back and say, "It smells the same?"

When media-whiz Tim said something like, "How about a coffee table book with Johnston archives?" A light bulb moment ensued. The 50th anniversary of Johnston College was on the horizon. Alumna Maureen Forys had just visited Johnston the previous fall to give a Kathryn Green Lecture and in addition to tales about the brood of hens in her Oakland

Above: Jason, *The Forum*, a student-produced literary magazine spanning many of the college and center years, c. 1982.

backyard, she talked about this co-op—a professional collective called Happenstance Type-O-Rama—that she co-created with her friends from college. With the advent of eBook publishing and the standardization of XML markup language, Happenstance morphed into a book production company featuring tech wizards in design and composition. What if Maureen Forys designed the new Johnston book?

"When the phone rang, I was surprised to hear Julie Townsend's voice. It had been nearly a year since I last visited Johnston. I found out a plan was being hatched. Julie was calling to pitch the idea. I said yes. How could I not?" Maureen recalls.

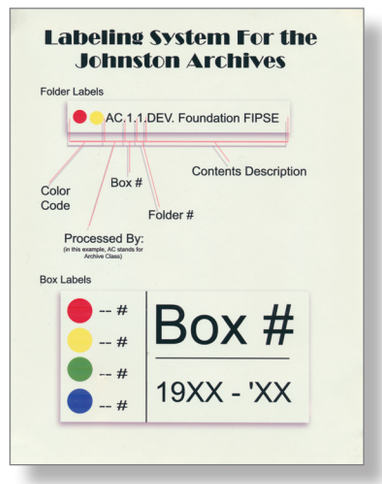
And so a book committee was formed with faculty from the Johnston Center and the University of Redlands' Creative Writing Department, along with a herd of students, working to create this tome you are now holding in your hands (verily a co-learning experience). For a project to truly uphold and practice the collaborative, egalitarian spirit of an alternative education, it had to involve current students. As root vegetables soften after hours of simmering, digging through the decades of community archives deepened the intergenerational connections of students past and present. Together we discovered how time provides a texture for the images and stories. To borrow Charlotte Brontë's words from *Jane Eyre*, "...the quiet medium of time..." It's not perfect, it's not all pretty, it's not all here. Dear Johnston, allow a snapshot of these times, this place.

The beginning is the end. In 2015, we found the black and white contact sheets for a 1970s Johnston College publicity campaign. These tiny thumbnail 35mm images, lovingly developed and transferred, fired our imaginations for the journey backward, forward, and right now. "Contact sheets provide informal narratives around shoots themselves," writes *Los Angeles Times* journalist Oliver Wang in his review of *Contact High: A Visual History of Hip-Hop* by Vikki Tobak (Clarkson Potter, 2018). "We normally get to see only the final pick, printed onto an album cover or in a magazine spread, but the contact sheet, with its grease pencil marks and off-center rows and columns, captures the creative chaos behind that single, perfect image..."

Our "creative chaos" hides beneath the glossy pages, but know it is there—it is alive and it is messy. This is our hope and our transmission—a Möbius strip—to you. No matter how much time drips by in the decades since you occupied one of the cinder block buildings, or the oldest dormitory on the Redlands campus, collections of communities persist. Look up, echo the chords drifting from Bekins basement, describe how it smelled. Share it.



Penny McElroy, *Johnston...Next Generation* logo design, n.d.



Archives directed study, c. 2002.

Snapshot50.indd 7 12/10/18 12:26 AM







Snapshots of professors Julie Townsend and Kelly Hankin by Clarke Henry, c. 2010.

INTRODUCTION

Kelly Hankin
Julie Townsend

"Memory," writes cultural critic Marita Sturken, "is crucial to the understanding of a culture precisely because it indicates collective desires, needs, and self-definitions."[1] Given both the Johnston community's commitment to its distinctiveness and the persistent demand from some corners to continue to justify its practices, it should come as no surprise just how important collective, cultural memory projects have been to our history. Sharing memories has been central to Johnston since the program's founding. Telling stories about Johnston's past—near or distant—is, as the kids say, "our jam": in books, at firepits, on Complex, in community meeting, at open mics, in classes, at Renewals. It is not just that we love the stories, artifacts, lore, and myths of Johnston's past. It is that we need them because they honor the experimentation and creativity, the risk and struggle, the commitment and sacrifice, and the absurdity and tomfoolery that went into the creation of this place and that continues to sustain it. We need them because they create and define a shared community around these acts. And we need them because they are devices to reaffirm our core identity while also showcasing how we've grown.

But this self-definition is not without difficulty. Johnston's cultural memory projects are always fraught, not because Johnston is divided, but because cultural memories are inherently political. As Marita Sturken argues:

> *The process of cultural memory is bound up in complex political stakes and meanings. It both defines a culture and is the means by which its divisions and conflicting agendas are revealed. To define a memory as cultural is, in effect, to enter into a debate about what the memory means. This process does not efface the individual but rather involves the interaction of individuals in the creation of cultural*

Snapshot50.indd 1 12/10/18 12:26 AM

meaning. Cultural memory is a field of cultural negotiation through which different stories vie for a place in history. [2]

What this means is that when a culture rather than an individual sets out to remember itself, not everyone will agree on the memory that is produced. As public tensions around the creation of such cultural memory projects as the 9/11 Memorial, the Vietnam War Memorial, and the AIDS Quilt suggest, cultural memory can be a charged and loaded endeavor.

While the stakes here are far lower than the examples above, we find that as readers of *Snapshot/50* we don't always see ourselves in the cultural memory it produces. For as many feelings of solidarity and familiarity it engenders, there are also memories that don't resonate. As we read these narratives and examine the visual documents of Johnston, we see glimpses of our own memories but are also troubled by the absence of some narratives. These absences, for us, are the memories of voices that spoke behind closed doors and of images lost to recycling bins. In turn, we wonder how certain memories came to be shaped the way they are when they seem so dissonant from our own recollections. We imagine that you readers might feel the same way. We suspect that you might eagerly crack the binding with the anticipation of meeting some version of yourself, some reflection of how or who you were—and by extension, who you are. We expect that you hope to find the Johnston you know. You may find this. But just as likely, you will be lost and wonder, "What is this place and why don't I recognize it?" Across 50 years of Johnston, no one can tell the "whole" story of a place or of a time.

For this reason, we appreciate the snapshot metaphor of the title—not only because memories typically appear to us as visual snapshots, but also for what snapshots both offer and refuse to deliver. Despite its claims to authenticity and spontaneity, the snapshot is a highly manufactured way of showing others how we—as individuals, families, or communities—want to be seen. What we are seeing isn't truth but desire. As Catherine Zuromskis says, "Snapshot photography is, and has long been, a kind of avatar, a mode of self-representation that is less about seeing things as they are than about seeing things as we want or imagine them to be." [3] The cliché, of course, is the family holiday snapshot that disguises days of arguments with a nanosecond of smiles. Even though *Snapshot/50* by no means offers sanitized pictures of Johnston (as if!), the Johnston memories presented here are no less carefully manufactured, no less involved in omissions, and no less implicated in image management than any other snapshot. After all, of all the

Snapshot50.indd 2 12/10/18 12:26 AM

memories one could choose, why do authors share *this* particular Johnston memory over *that one*? Why do they select one feeling or story to recollect over others? What motivates them to shift a private memory—often unruly and unreliable—into a carefully fashioned public snapshot?

We can't answer these questions. And so it should be. We are each of us the archivists of our time at Johnston. The memories that fill the Johnston family album are all of ours to choose but none of ours to control. As an artifact of Johnston's cultural memory, *Snapshot/50* refuses to comport to one institutional vision. It rejects the norms of conventional image management and the consistency of branding. And it declines to find a middle ground in order to cater to a comfortable definition of what Johnston is or should be at 50. The snapshots presented here are neither tidy nor cautious nor uniform. As professors who've been given the heavy responsibility of caretaking for Johnston for last 8 years, we take some comfort in this, even if we recognize that it is these very characteristics that bring us personally in and out of the picture's focus—here and not here at the same time. At 50, Johnston continues to be all the elements of these ungovernable snapshots: proud, nostalgic, heartfelt, clever, poetic, mysterious, shambolic, patriarchal, feminist, irreverent, profound, inclusive, exclusive, rabble-rousing, partisan, funny, and weird. We hope all alumni will see some version of themselves and their Johnston here, not only to find joy in but also to parse. *Snapshot/50* is both an invitation and a provocation.

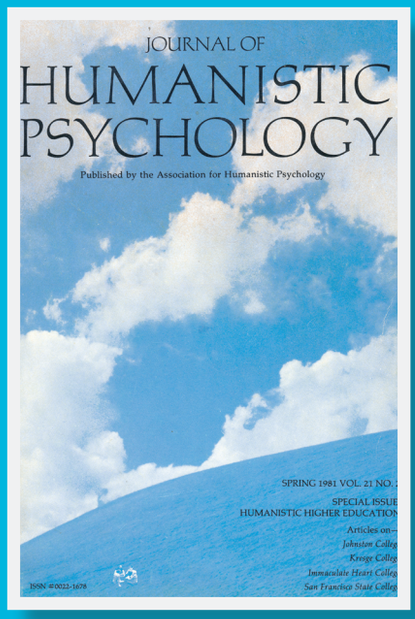
ENDNOTES

1. Marita Sturken, *Tangled Memories: The Vietnam War, The AIDS Epidemic, and the Politics of Remembering* (Berkeley: The University of California Press, 1997), p. 2.
2. Sturken, *Tangled Memories*, p. 1.
3. Catherine Zuromskis, "Snapshot Photography, Now and Then: Making, Sharing, and Linking Photographs at the Digital Frontier," *Afterimage* 44.1/2 (2016), p. 20.

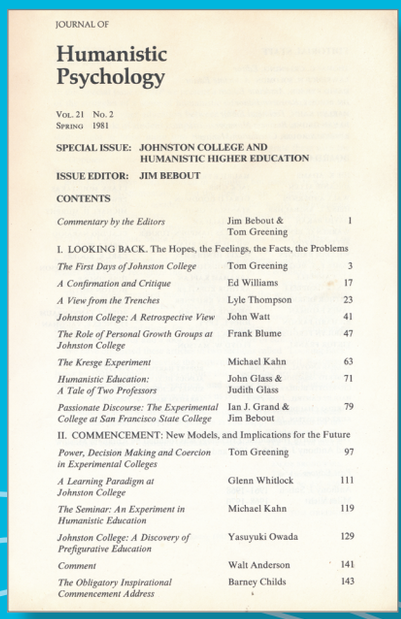


Fawn Rangel, "Planet Johnston," *The Forum*, c. 2003.

Snapshot50.indd 3 12/10/18 12:26 AM



Top left: *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* 21, no. 2 (spring 1981). | Middle left: ibid



JOURNAL OF

Humanistic Psychology

VOL. 21 NO. 2
SPRING 1981

SPECIAL ISSUE: JOHNSTON COLLEGE AND HUMANISTIC HIGHER EDUCATION

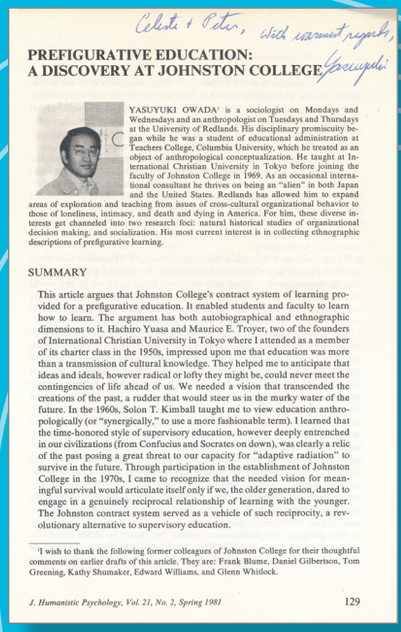
ISSUE EDITOR: JIM BEBOUT

CONTENTS

Commentary by the Editors	Jim Bebout & Tom Greening	1
I. LOOKING BACK. The Hopes, the Feelings, the Facts, the Problems		
The First Days of Johnston College	Tom Greening	3
A Confirmation and Critique	Ed Williams	17
A View from the Trenches	Lyle Thompson	23
Johnston College: A Retrospective View	John Watt	41
The Role of Personal Growth Groups at Johnston College	Frank Blume	47
The Kresge Experiment	Michael Kahn	63
Humanistic Education: A Tale of Two Professors	John Glass & Judith Glass	71
Passionate Discourse: The Experimental College at San Francisco State College	Ian J. Grand & Jim Bebout	79
II. COMMENCEMENT: New Models, and Implications for the Future		
Power, Decision Making and Coercion in Experimental Colleges	Tom Greening	97
A Learning Paradigm at Johnston College	Glenn Whitlock	111
The Seminar: An Experiment in Humanistic Education	Michael Kahn	119
Johnston College: A Discovery of Prefigurative Education	Yasuyuki Owada	129
Comment	Walt Anderson	141
The Obligatory Inspirational Commencement Address	Barney Childs	143



The Johnston College sign from 1977–1978 catalogue.



Celeste + Peter, with warmest regards,
Yasuyuki

PREFIGURATIVE EDUCATION: A DISCOVERY AT JOHNSTON COLLEGE

YASUYUKI OWADA[1] is a sociologist on Mondays and Wednesdays and an anthropologist on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the University of Redlands. His disciplinary promiscuity began while he was a student of educational administration at Teachers College, Columbia University, which he treated as an object of anthropological conceptualization. He taught at International Christian University in Tokyo before joining the faculty of Johnston College in 1969. As an occasional international consultant he thrives on being an "alien" in both Japan and the United States. Redlands has allowed him to expand areas of exploration and teaching from issues of cross-cultural organizational behavior to those of loneliness, intimacy, and death and dying in America. For him, these diverse interests get channeled into two research foci: natural historical studies of organizational decision making, and socialization. His most current interest is in collecting ethnographic descriptions of prefigurative learning.

SUMMARY

This article argues that Johnston College's contract system of learning provided for a prefigurative education. It enabled students and faculty to learn how to learn. The argument has both autobiographical and ethnographic dimensions to it. Hachiro Yuasa and Maurice E. Troyer, two of the founders of International Christian University in Tokyo where I attended as a member of its charter class in the 1950s, impressed upon me that education was more than a transmission of cultural knowledge. They helped me to anticipate that ideas and ideals, however radical or lofty they might be, could never meet the contingencies of life ahead of us. We needed a vision that transcended the creations of the past, a rudder that would steer us in the murky water of the future. In the 1960s, Solon T. Kimball taught me to view education anthropologically (or "synergically," to use a more fashionable term). I learned that the time-honored style of supervisory education, however deeply entrenched in our civilizations (from Confucius and Socrates on down), was clearly a relic of the past posing a great threat to our capacity for "adaptive radiation" to survive in the future. Through participation in the establishment of Johnston College in the 1970s, I came to recognize that the needed vision for meaningful survival would articulate itself only if we, the older generation, dared to engage in a genuinely reciprocal relationship of learning with the younger. The Johnston contract system served as a vehicle of such reciprocity, a revolutionary alternative to supervisory education.

[1]I wish to thank the following former colleagues of Johnston College for their thoughtful comments on earlier drafts of this article. They are: Frank Blume, Daniel Gilbertson, Tom Greening, Kathy Shumaker, Edward Williams, and Glenn Whitlock.



Professor Yasuyuki Owada (center) looks on as a graduate of Johnston College receives her diploma at commencement, n.d.

Yasuyuki Owada's featured article "Prefigurative Education: A Discovery at Johnston College" in the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, 1981.

Snapshot50.indd 4 12/10/18 12:26 AM

HOW DO WE LEARN?
A Johnston Discovery

Yasuyuki Owada

Margaret Mead, toward the end of her life, authored a slim book, *Culture and Commitment* (1970,1978). The timing of the publication was significant for me in 1978 as I was trying to figure out for my own sanity what my Johnston experience was all about. The College was always in danger of closure, but toward the end of the '70s, its fate for closure seemed inevitable. It is hard to understand in retrospect why I didn't feel anxious about my professional future. Or where my family and I would end up. Every day at Johnston was too exciting and interesting.

Among many aspects of routine life events that caught my interest was a question of how students acquire what they claim to have learned. That question had never occurred to me in my past experience of teaching in Japan. Johnston's contract system must have been the triggering point of my questioning.

Mead's thesis was helpful in this context. She argued that the world that experienced unprecedented events of nuclear explosions changed everything, from information creation, to its distribution and consumption. The young and the old are simultaneously immigrants in the new era, "lacking all knowledge of what demands the new conditions of life would make upon them," wrote Mead. The young, often rebellious and deeply dislocated from the past, find that their parents are no longer guides, and, in fact, there are no guides at all.

In creating Johnston College, and eventually failing to dissolve it in the evolution of Johnston education, the University of Redlands in effect has created, and protected, an agency for a new type of education. Johnston responds to a need for a new type of education that is "cofigurative" and even "prefigurative," to borrow Mead's terminology.

(Note: This essay is based on my earlier publication, "Prefigurative Education: A Discovery at Johnston College," in *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, vol. 21, no. 2, Spring 1981.)

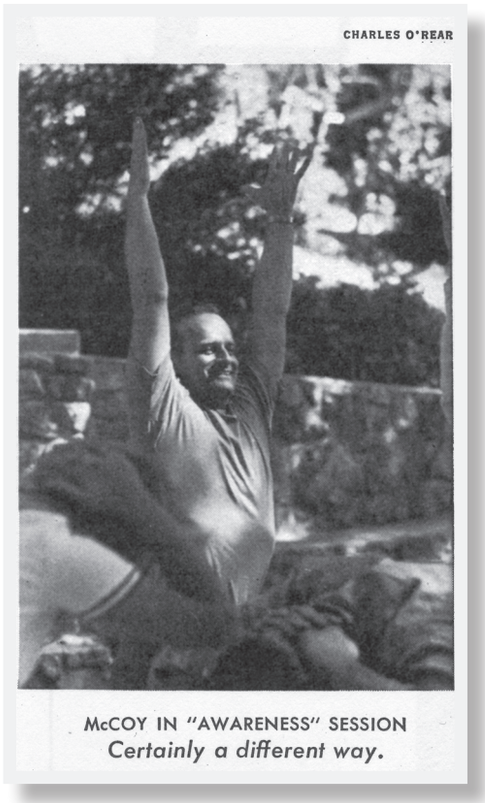
Snapshot50.indd 5 12/10/18 12:26 AM

Thus, among students a new set of information gets explored, examined, critiqued, and acquired among themselves with often little or no content input from their elder faculty ("cofigurative").

Furthermore, the freedom of student learning allows them to challenge and bring their faculty guides to reexamine their own understanding, allowing them to come to a new understanding of their treasured knowledge. This is similar to a frequently observed scene in the contemporary family interactions where grandparents must listen to, and learn from, their grandchildren regarding the use of Internet-related instruments in search for new information ("prefigurative").

I recall the very first time when I had learned about such role reversal between the young and the old several years after the opening of Johnston College. We had an outside speaker on the campus, who had visited Cuba a little over a decade after their revolution. He told us a story of how Fidel Castro had changed their basic educational system to increase the level of citizen literacy. He had city-educated children return to their rural villages, and teach their parents and grandparents how to read and write. This was a story of a revolutionary success in basic education.

Some years later, one of our Johnston students was able to document how a similar "education" in higher education could take place. This was an ethnographic study by Doug Slonkosky, now an accomplished, veteran administrator of public school education in Southern California.



Johnston College Chancellor Pres McCoy at Pilgrim Pines, in the San Bernardino National Forest. Photo by Charles O'Rear via *TIME* magazine © October 3, 1969.

Doug signed up for my course, Educational Anthropology. As a part of his practice in ethnographic observation, description, and interpretation, he also signed up for Kevin O'Neill's course, Reasoning. He was to conduct participant-observation of this class. The class contract stated that this was a class for critical thinking and logical argument, both in theory and practice. Doug identified six types of activities the class engaged in, which operated in two domains of initiative: the domain of student initiative and that of teacher initiative. Either through explicit initiative of Kevin or implicit understanding with the class, Kevin navigated these activities in an orderly manner. He was a superb "traffic" controller of learning activities.

One set of in-class activities that caught Doug's and my special attention was when Kevin invited a student to handle a question or to explain a

Snapshot50.indd 6 12/10/18 12:26 AM

reasoning process. Also, in other in-class situations, a student would volunteer, on his or her own initiative, to challenge Kevin's view on a topic under discussion.

On such occasions, O'Neill informed the class that a student would be in charge. He then physically removed himself to the opposite side of the room, as if to indicate symbolically that the locus of authority "went through the class from Kevin to the student charge," wrote Doug. The class members then chose to orient themselves toward the student. These actions were repeated many times throughout the semester.

Slonkosky summed up his observations of O'Neill's class by stating that knowledge was power and that when the students became "a teacher," they could "teach" themselves, and thus come to control their own learning. He discovered through this study that the class structure enabled the students to interpret and validate the knowledge and skills they were acquiring, and that they appropriated these to themselves largely on their initiative. He discovered a mode of learning not fashionable in the age of "postfigurative" education, but one that promises to help us survive more effectively in the world we have no good way of predicting. I am thankful that in spite of all the uncertainties regarding the future of the world, the prefigurative learning experience Johnston students engage in will equip the heirs of the earth to cope with the exigencies for survival, creating a new world. A new world that better promises peace.



Professor Yasuyuki "Yash" Owada and students in seminar, photo by Jeff Wilson, 1993.

Snapshot50.indd 7 12/10/18 12:26 AM



Johnston College community meeting in Orton Center, n.d.



Community meeting in Johnston College. Photo by Rachel Maurer, 1977.



Johnston College. "Pensive Community Meeting," *Impetus 1*, no. 1 (1973).



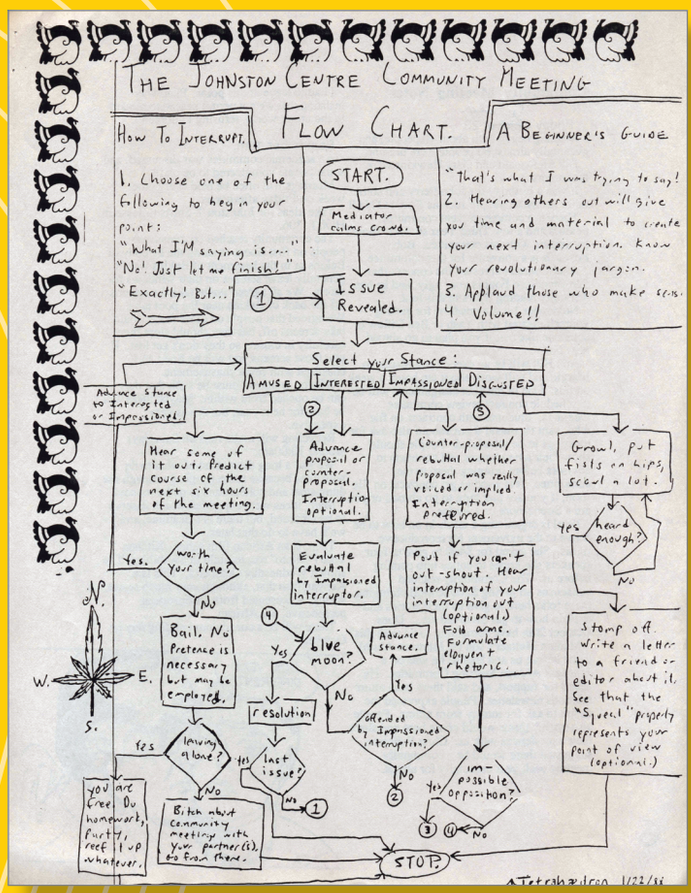
Johnston College community meeting in Orton Hall, n.d.

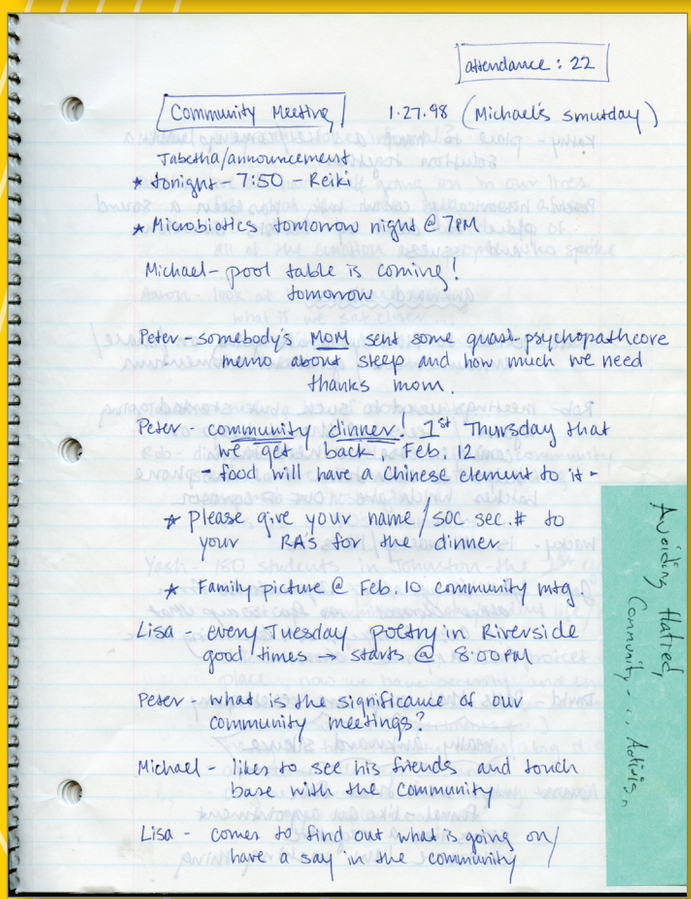


Johnston Center community meeting, 2003–04.



Johnston Center community meeting, Professor Kathy Ogren (center), 1990s.





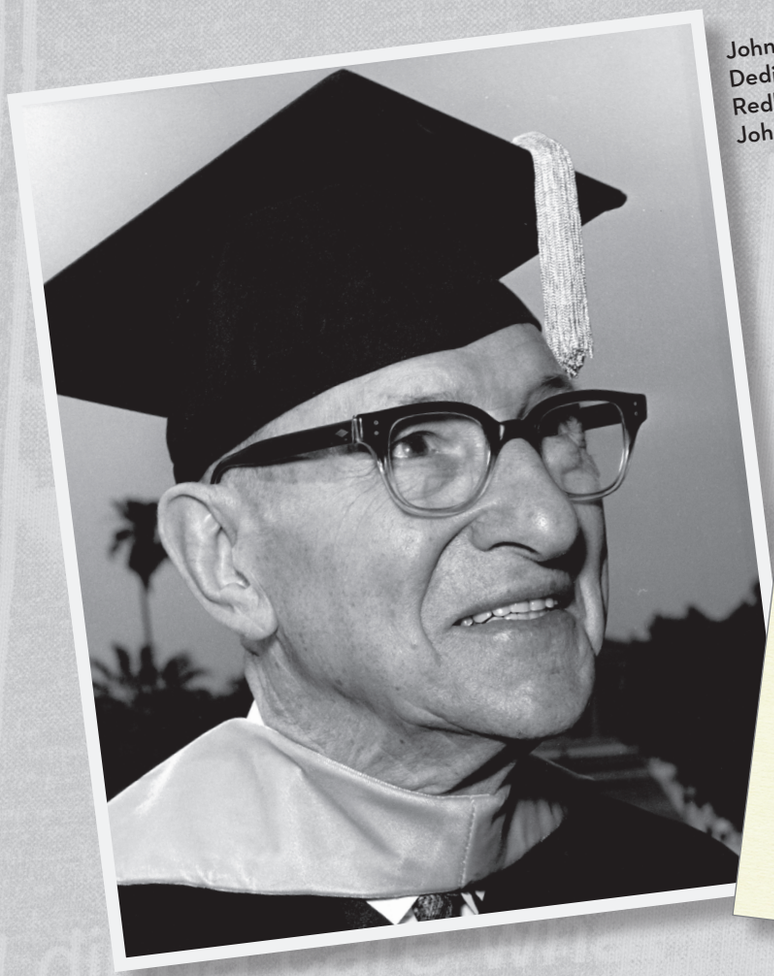






Top left: Tetrahedron, "The Johnston Centre Community Meeting Flowchart." *Weasl Squeal 3*, no. 4, (September 1989). | Bottom left: Johnston community meeting notebook, discussion topic: "What is the significance of our community meetings?" January 27, 1998.

Fred Rabinowitz, "Community meeting drawings," fall 2017.



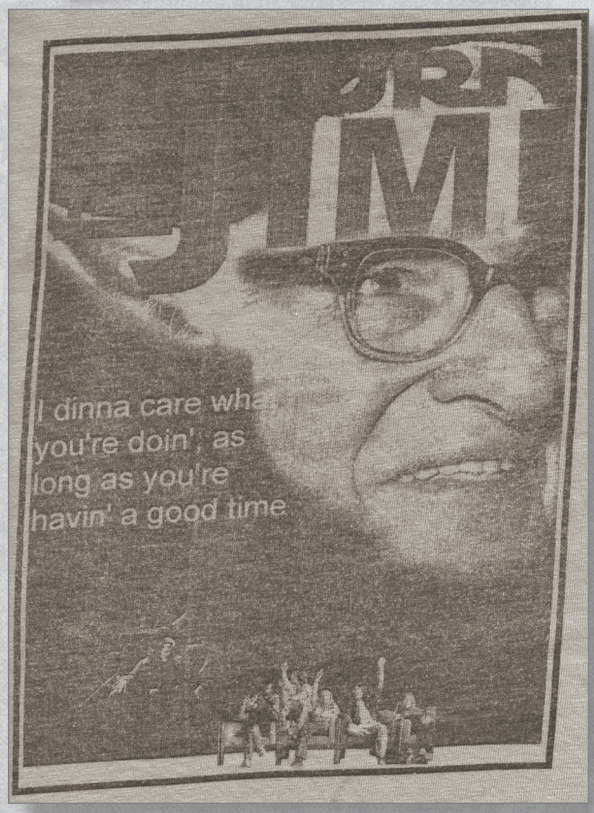
Johnston College, "James Graham Johnston," Dedication of Johnston College University of Redlands and Investiture of the Chancellor Johnston College, program, c. January 20, 1970.

JAMES GRAHAM JOHNSTON

James Graham Johnston, a Scotsman who came to the United States as a mechanic and rose to the vice presidency of an industrial empire, provided the founding grant for the University of Redlands' first cluster college, which is named in his honor. Mr. Johnston, now retired and living in Cannes, France, is a former vice president of IBM World Trade Corporation.

Before the death of his wife in 1963, Mr. Johnston established a foundation to disburse the fruits of 40 years as an employee and stockholder of IBM. He views his grant for Johnston College as "an investment in future generations of youth" and an expression of his desire to encourage "education for service."

Born in Galashiels, Scotland, in 1887, Mr. Johnston immigrated alone to the United States at the age of 20. In March, 1916, he started his career with IBM, then called Computing, Tabulation, Recording Co., working in the company's first experimental laboratory. As an experimental mechanic, he built the prototypes of a computing scale and a counting and listing mechanism which later revolutionized accounting practices. After 1935, he was engaged in developing IBM manufacturing throughout Europe.



The Johnston Center Magical Mystery Tour, faculty retreat t-shirt c. 2002.



Unknown "Jimmy R.I.P." mixed media sculpture, n.d

A STRANGER'S WELCOME

T. J. Stutman

Twenty-plus years on, I feel cheated out of my first year at Johnston. I did the standard tour and was escorted around campus by a dutiful but non–Johnston Admissions rep. When we walked by Complex, I asked for more info; I'd read the prospectus (and picked up on the Grateful Dead references), but I wasn't quite sold that it was the right fit.



The Grateful Dead mural in Bekins Hall, photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

"It's just Johnston," he said. "They make up their own classes, so if you want to study something, you tell a professor, and then you study it."

Didn't sound terribly rigorous to me (and I was somehow convinced that I needed my ass kicked in order to produce academic work). I chose CAS instead.

Fast-forward nine months. I'm a CAS freshman, living in East Hall (formerly Kofap, as revealed by the graffiti witnessed during my wholly unauthorized trip to the roof). I'd been on campus for a month or two; not jaded, but not completely engaged in campus life or academics either. I'd been passing for a college student—showing up to class and turning in assignments, but mostly choosing my classes as a continuation of high school. An English class, a Spanish class, a Math class, etc.

One night there was a commotion outside my window in East Hall. I looked out and saw hordes of people dancing around the firepit. Drums. Raging bonfire. Public nudity. What was it?, I asked a friend.

"Oh, it's just Johnston."

I crept out to the firepit and perched myself on the edge of the circle as the storytelling began. I was pulled in as people spoke. I heard hilarious tales and moving testimonials; people spoke of love, of community. And I began to realize that these people were my people.

Snapshot50.indd 11 12/10/18 12:26 AM

Long after I had transferred into Johnston and moved onto Complex, I realized just how misleading the admissions rep's pitch had been. This was the academic environment that truly kicked my ass; few syllabi to tell me exactly what to read; no roadmaps toward completing my major. It was all on me. And I was trusted with this responsibility. By the community.

I wrote a piece for the *Coz McNooz* a few years ago after attending Kevin O'Neill's alumni seminar on Death: "I feel like a better person when I remember that I came from Johnston. That person takes on new intellectual challenges for sheer edification, thinks creatively, and takes inspiration from a close community of fellow strivers. I lose this person sometimes, when I've been away too long. The alumni seminar was to help me recall my potential to be that person."

I realize that I've spent much of my adult life unwittingly looking to re-create that same feeling that I had at Johnston: of being challenged by a close-knit group of smart people, who want to learn and grow with me, who know what they don't know, and who don't forget the crucial importance of partying. The best experiences that I've had, whether in my Seattle neighborhood, with my family, my work, my shul…at their best they're all Johnston regained.

I remember that first night at the firepit every time I return to Complex for the JC Renewal. How I first encountered Johnston and was welcomed by strangers. My memories are vivid; I wanted to be a part of this community. I still do.



Advertisement mock-up for Johnston College, c. 1979.

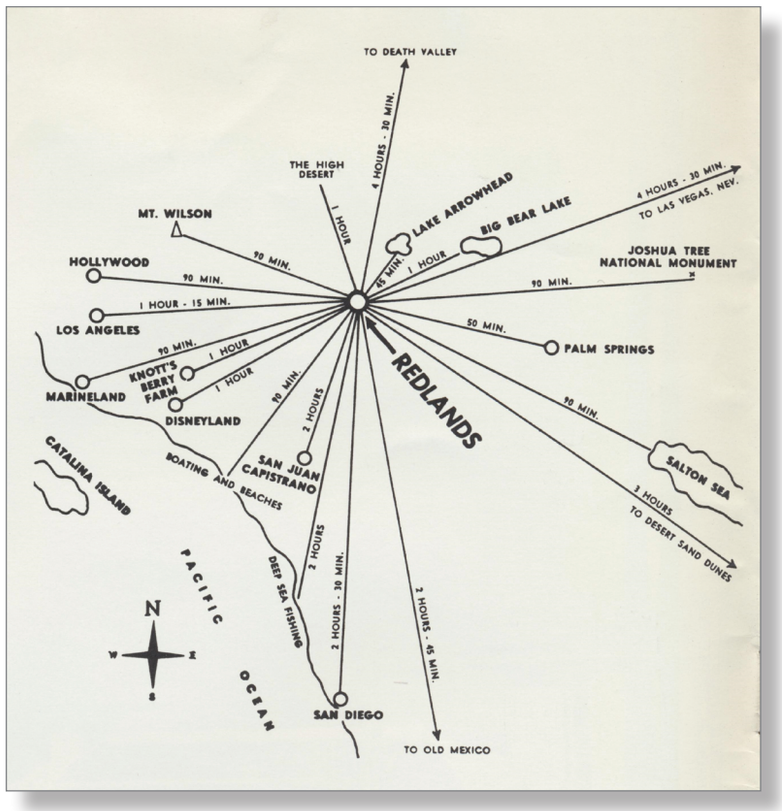
Snapshot50.indd 12 12/10/18 12:26 AM

WRONG EXIT, RIGHT LIFE

Taylor Miller

I debated writing an essay on the ten thousand ways that Johnston has changed my life and shaped who I am, which would have be a damn good essay. Instead I decided to share the story of how I arrived at Johnston. My mom and I flew out to L.A. in the fall of 1999 to visit the University of Redlands. A mentor and dear friend thought it would be a great place for me. She also spoke of a place called Forest Falls near Redlands and its incredible beauty. If I had a chance to go there while I was visiting Redlands, I absolutely should.

We got in the car and headed from L.A. to Redlands. Neither my mom nor I knew how far away Redlands was from L.A., so after we hit



Johnston College, map graphic, *Impetus 1, no. 1,* (1973): 2.

West Covina, I thought we had driven far enough. I saw a billboard for Forest Falls and told my mom we were getting close. I pulled off the exit for Forest Falls and proceeded up the winding hill. "It's lovely here," my mom said. I agreed and told her it seemed a great location for a university. Something felt off, but I considered this a battle of nerves, anticipation, excitement. I got out of the car and stretched my back, no one around at all except for a groundskeeper. I walked over to him.

"University of Redlands, just beautiful."

"Redlands?" He said.

"Yes," I said "Redlands."

Then he said, "No, Miss, this is not."

I said, "This is not what?"

He looked up at the building to my left, then back at me. He did it again. The building in front of us said Forest Lawn. I thought, that's interesting. Perhaps this is the town lawn of Forest Falls. I told him, "Forest Falls is right near the University of Redlands." He said, "It is." We looked at each other. He shook his head and took off his hat. "Miss, this is Forest Lawn Memorial Park." Sweet Jesus. I have always been directionally challenged, but this took the cake.

My mom was still in the car enjoying the view. Then a funeral procession passed us. I waved to the man driving the hearse like I knew him and got back in the car. We held out for a few miles and then broke into hysterics. When we arrived on campus I decided not to tell our tour guide that we were 30 minutes late because we had stopped off at the cemetery. As we were finishing up, he said he wanted to take me to a different part of campus because he felt it was a place I would really love. He said, "This is where all of the storytellers are." I walked up to Bekins and the entire atmosphere changed. It fit. I was home. After sitting in on one of Bill McDonald's classes, I knew right then, I wanted to BE Johnston.

On my first day of college I find myself exactly where I want to be. I am headed to a class called Eastern and Western Poetry. I'm feeling confident. I got this. I walk in and pick the first chair next to the door. This chair is special. I can lean back almost all the way to the wall and it balances itself perfectly. Until it doesn't. The teacher is reading a poem from the Qing Dynasty and just like that I flip, completely flip, over the chair and end up all the way under the table with my shirt coming undone in the process. The teacher stops. The entire class stops. My response? "Oh. Hey there. I'm Johnston."

I may have lost my way to the university and stumbled my first day, but I was Johnston. While that feeling will never leave me, I have something else from my freshman year. It's a brown candle with a glass bottom and a tan piece of rope tied around it. I've had this candle since

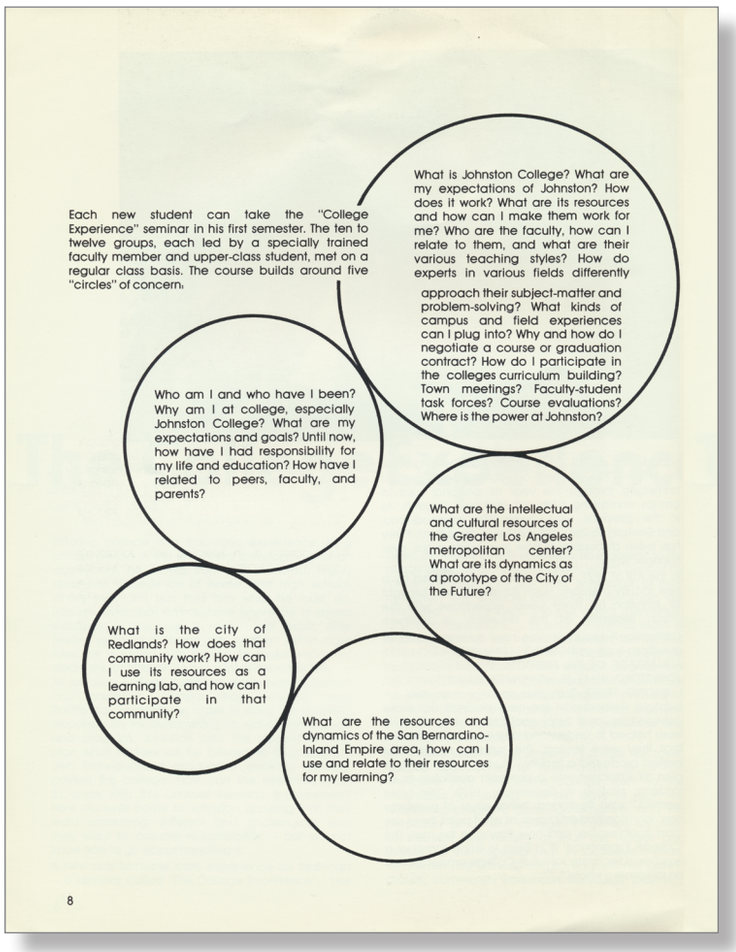
Snapshot50.indd 14 12/10/18 12:26 AM

the last day of my first-year seminar, Rites of Passage. It's a treasure that takes me back to Johnston and returns me to who I am today.

Like Proust's Madeleine, it has stayed with me, *this candle*, and it has become a tapestry of times in my life. I am there. Reading Dostoevsky on the porch of Bekins. Hearing someone playing the violin on the evening of September 11, 2001, and walking toward the sound until I found the orchestra rehearsing in the chapel. How the atrocities of the day sat heavy on our hearts, but the sound they made filled everything up with beauty. At Johnston, the world changed and I grew into an adult.

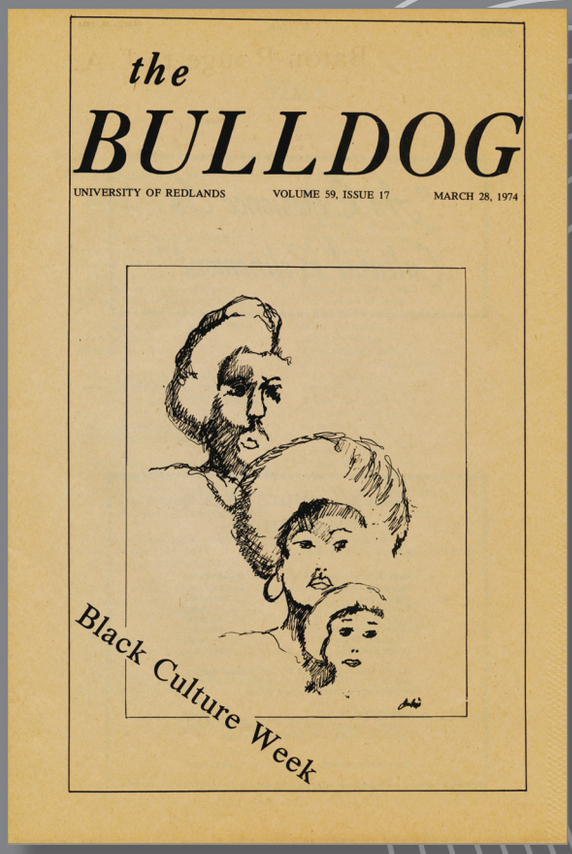
I light the candle for prayer and for light. I lit the candle when my dear childhood friend, Amanda Ross, was murdered as a result of domestic violence on September 11, 2009. I lit it when my mother survived a car crash that took her years to heal. The candle now sits honored between these two things: the photo of our son the day he was born and a Tibetan prayer wheel we got in Nepal last summer.

Of all the places I've been to in my life, I always carry Johnston with me. To think I didn't know about Johnston when I stopped off at the cemetery, but it was my future, my present, and my past.

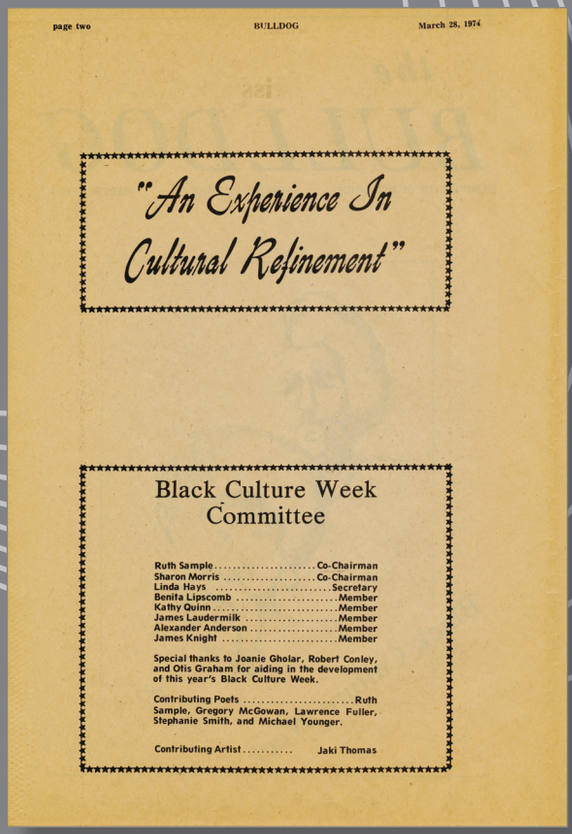


The origin of the "first year seminar." Johnston College, "The College Experience seminar," *Impetus 1*, no. 1 (1973): 8.

Snapshot50.indd 15 12/10/18 12:26 AM



Jaki Thomas, cover art, "Black Culture Week," *The Bulldog* 59, no. 17 (March 2, 1974): 1.



The "Black Culture Week Committee: Ruth Sample, Sharon Morris, Linda Hays, Benita Lipsomb, Kathy Quinn, James Laudermilk, Alexander Anderson, James Knight," *The Bulldog* 59, no. 17 (March 2, 1974): 3.



Black Culture Week Committee: (first row, left to right): Ruth Sample, Linda Hayes, Benita Lipscomb, Sharon Morris, Kathy Quinn, (second row, left to right) James Laudermilk, Alexander Anderson, James Knight.

"Quite frankly, Johnston College has not succeeded in fully developing the educational and social programs necessary to meet the unique needs and interests of Black and Chicano students. Nevertheless, we have made efforts to correct this situation, and we hope to continue making progress. For many years, a substantial portion of Johnston College's Student Fund has been reserved for the discretionary use of our Human Relations Committee—a group of Black, Chicano, white and Asian students who develop social and cultural events appropriate to cross-cultural growth and awareness. Recently, the University of Redlands student body government has created a similar budget for campus-wide programs. In 1977-78, Johnston's funding helped support Black Culture Week, the Cinco de Mayo Celebration, volunteer work in the surrounding barrios, and speakers like Black activist Stokely Carmichael." —*Johnston College of the University of Redlands 1978-79 Catalogue*.



Contributing Poets: (left to right) Ruth Sample, Gregory McGowan, Lawrence Fuller, Stephanie Smith, Michael Younger.

"Black Culture Week Contributing Poets: Ruth Sample, Gregory McGowan, Lawrence Fuller, Stephanie Smith, Michael Younger," *The Bulldog* 59, no. 17 (March 2, 1974): 4.

Snapshot50.indd 16 12/10/18 12:27 AM

THINKING TOGETHER

Sheila Lloyd

More and more, I find myself thinking about the place of "study" as it is present, or not, today in the academy. Rather than knowledge production and knowledge acquisition, which have been the business of universities, "study," as a social activity rather than simply isolated labor, involves "being together and thinking together," as Fred Moten and Stefano Harney put it in *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study* (2013). Study is important to this reflection, because it provides an occasion to consider social and intellectual lineages, which for me, most notably, include women's studies and black studies.

Looking at them admittedly from the vantage of hindsight, what I find is that the urgency and insurgent tone that they brought to higher education and beyond were muted as they sought legitimacy, as they continued to work to bring about change with very few resources, and as they sometimes appeared to devolve into bourgeois, straight black studies and/or women's studies. Both of these studies reached an impasse not many decades after their founding, and today, their work is incomplete, which also means that there is opportunity today to move beyond impasse and to continue to advance the generous, creative, and radical study that they brought with them into the academy.

What does this have to do with the Johnston Center, then? I offer these comments because 1968 and 1969, the very years in which Johnston was conceived and began its experiment in education, were also years that forced other liberating study into universities. Sometimes, this point is lost. If there are still any socially transformative and ethically responsible ways of being together and thinking together and of opening ways and spaces for intellectual self-determination—a first principle in black studies and women's studies—to take root, this point must be part of the remembering.

Snapshot50.indd 17 12/10/18 12:27 AM









Lino Lopez, an administrator in Johnston's Inter-cultural Dimension, produced a conference entitled, "Workshop on the Mexican-American Culture" in Johnston College, c. 1973.

11/3
10 am

5. Pastor Peter Luna. Born and reared in L.A. and attended La Sierra Campus of Loma Linda University, Riverside, California. In 1959 he graduated with a B.A. in Theology from Columbia Union College, Takoma Park, Maryland. He received his B.D. in 1969 from Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan. Besides Pastorates from 1961 to 1966 he taught at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, until 1970 and is now Associate Minister at The University Church of Seventh-day Adventists, Loma Linda, California.



Topic: "The Mexican American and the Church."

11/10
7:30 pm

6. Rafael Cardoza. Born and raised in Redlands, he attended San Bernardino Valley College, Los Angeles State, and University of California at Riverside. He has worked in the areas of business administration, economics, and Chicano Studies, with special emphasis on the rights of individuals in the Chicano community. He is presently employed as a Health and Education Specialist with the Dependency Prevention Commission in San Bernardino.



Mr. Cardoza will moderate a panel of 4 Chicanos: Pablo Carrion, Florencio Chavez, Jimmy Jimenez, and Chris Ramirez.

Topic: "CHICANO: Why Know Us?"

11/17
10 am

7. Leo Hernandez. Born in Rocky Ford, Colorado, and performed all types of farm labor in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Michigan. He served 21 years in the U. S. Air Force, meanwhile attending school in Merced and Modesto. In 1966 he completed his B.A. at the University of Nebraska; in 1968 he obtained his M.A. from Chapman College. He is now working on his Ph.D. at UCR. He was formerly with the Rural Development Corporation and was actively engaged with rural programs for agricultural workers and students in Health, Education, Housing, and Employment.

Topic: "The Farmworker Population and Education."

11/23
6 pm

8. Mexican Dinner. In Johnston College Commons. Cost $2.10. Reservations must be made by November 17. Note that this event is on a Tuesday.



WORKSHOP ON THE
MEXICAN - AMERICAN CULTURE

JOHNSTON COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS, CALIF.
Room 103, Armacost Library Building

LINO LOPEZ, INTERCULTURAL DIMENSION
TELEPHONE 793-2121, EXT. 494

--BIOGRAPHIES--

10/6
10 am

1. Leonard Olguin. He received his B.A. and M.A. from California State College, Los Angeles and taught upper elementary grades for five years. He was Director of Foreign Languages and Federal Projects for Fullerton Elementary School District for three years and spent three years working as a Special Consultant to the Mexican American Project for the State Department of Education. He assisted in planning one of the forums for the 1970 President's White House Conference on Children. He is presently a supervisor of teacher training at University of California, Irvine, where he is working on his Ph.D.

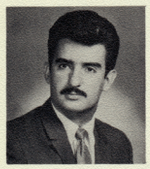


Topic: "Four Levels of Freedom - Need for a Change in the Social Climate for the Citizen of Mexican Ancestry."

Spiked with Mexican humor and Olguin's golden voice plus his idyllic guitar.

10/13
7:30 pm

2. Armando Navarro. Born in Artesia, California, he is now married with three children. In 1970 he received his B.A. from Claremont Men's College and is now working on his Ph.D. at UCR. He has been involved in vamous Mexican American political, educational and cultural programs and is currently active in the Mexican American Political Association and La Raza Unida.



Topic: "Politics and The Chicano Movement."

10/20
10 am

3. Leo Lopez. A native Californian who received his A.B. degree in Sociology from Redlands in 1953 and his Master's in Public School Administration from San Francisco State in 1962. He was the 1970 recipient of an Honorary Doctor of Humanities degree from the University of Redlands. In addition to teaching and serving as mayor of Pittsburg, California, Dr. Lopez as Chief of the Bureau of Community Services and Migrant Education helped to develop the California Plan for the Education of Migrant Children, the first compensatory plan for the involvement of the migrant child in the State. He presently holds the position of Associate Superintendent of Public Instruction and Chief, Division of Compensatory Education.



Topic: "Compensatory Education - Past, Present and Future."

10/27
7:30 pm

4. Carlos Cortés. Born in Oakland, California, he is now married with one child. He received Bachelor's degrees from University of California at Berkeley and from American Institute for Foreign Trade. He received Master's degrees from Columbia University and University of New Mexico. In 1969 he earned his Ph.D. at the University of New Mexico in History and Portuguese. He is currently on the staff of University of California at Riverside as Assistant Professor of History, Chairman of Latin American Studies, and Assistant to the Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs.



Topic: "Challenging the All-American Soul Course."

Snapshot50.indd 18 12/10/18 12:27 AM

FLYING BY NIGHT

Rebecca Bednarz

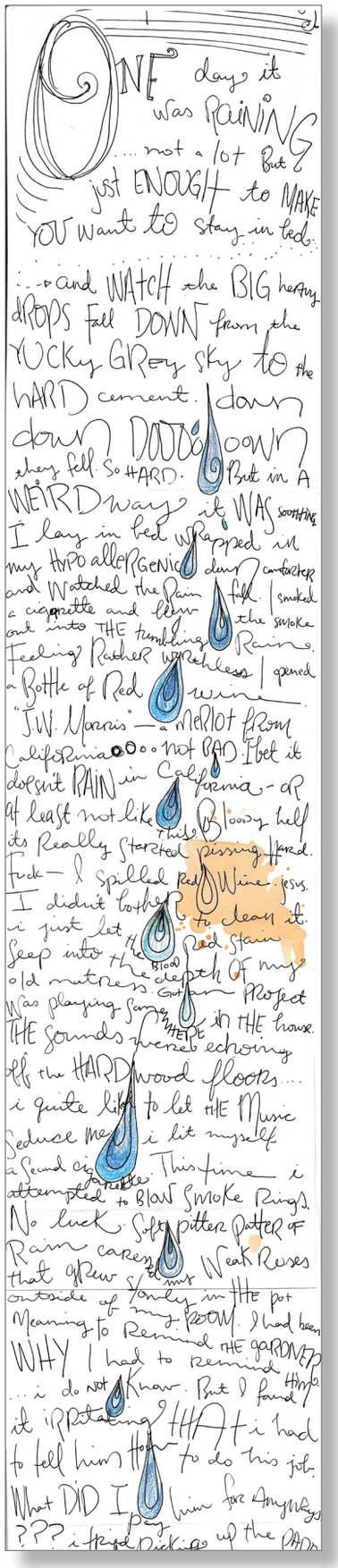
"I am an instrument in the shape / of a woman trying to translate pulsations / into images." So says Adrienne Rich on this fragment of paper. I still have my first art book, wrapped in a towel and stowed away in some box in my home office closet. It was not certain I would go to college—*it*, more than *I*. At seventeen, the space weather suspends some signal, a fog descends, and a shift occurs. It's the ethereal, revolutionary passive voice of our late teens.

But, in a last-minute decision, I brought this object—"watercolor on found book, gauze, pins, and found objects and papers"—to the one interview I had. What luck to end up talking with Johnston admissions counselor Nate Budington. I can't imagine the shy, awkward, and surely bewildering things I must have said about this crazy thing I had blooming for poetry, painting, and bookmaking.

That was 1996. A few months shy of twenty years later—last year—I sat down at what is now my desk as an art editor for exhibitions and books at a major museum.



Rebecca Bednarz's graduation review, a celebration of a student's academic and community work in fulfillment of their graduation contract. Faculty pictured include Emily Culpepper, Kathy Ogren, Joy Manesiotis, Penny McElroy, and Claudia Ingram. Photo courtesy of Ben, 2001.



MaryBeth Brön, *untitled*, Mail Art Exhibition, Johnston Journey of Renewal, 2009.

To say that Johnston provided me with opportunities or prepared me for this future—what I try not to blurt out as "my dream job!"—doesn't cut it. Yes, this special cooperative, integrative community transformed me, but even that seems much too easy.

From an early age, I have experienced the unexpected in the form of deep loss and profound luck. What has been a constant has been the arts. When I was eight years old, my mother, enthusiastically devoted to rising up above one's class, took me on a whirlwind tour to the Louvre, to Versailles, to the British Museum, to the Victoria and Albert. It was the first time for us both. I remember dragging my feet behind her through gallery after gallery, sneakily (I thought), unwrapping Starbursts and popping them in my mouth when the guards were turned away.

At that greatest of museums in Paris, she was after a sighting of the *Mona Lisa*, recently installed behind bulletproof glass, making the small rope cordon look like a diminutive but elegant formality, a decoration. There was significant flooding in the city due to a deluge of rain, and we found ourselves (finally) standing before da Vinci's woman with her strange eyes on us, and almost entirely, unusually, alone. My mother gaped and chattered. I traced the floor panels with my toe, moped. There was a faint hint of artificial cherry in the room. A couple of German tourists stood, then walked on. Three years later, she was gone.

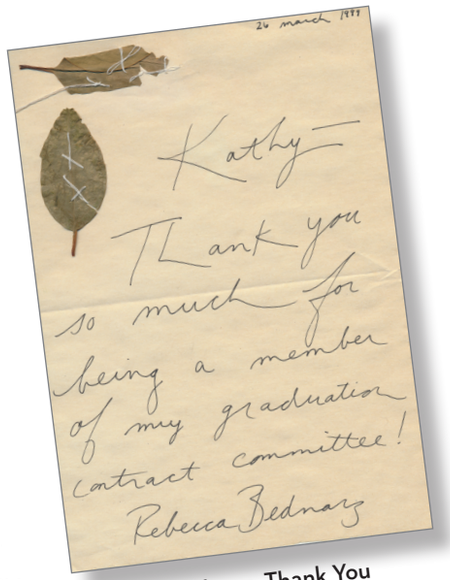
There is something to be said for allowing yourself to fly through life—in light of death—on passionate impulse. When I set foot for the first time in Bekins, on day one of my first year, I knew I was joining an institution—we can say that at this point, right?—in which I was certainly not the first to have lived, as Frank O'Hara writes, "on your nerve."

In my initial adviser meeting with Kevin O'Neill, he asked me what I wanted to do for a career. I said, plain-faced, "I plan to be a poetry professor." He belly-laughed and kicked so far back in his chair I thought I might need to swoop in to catch him. The stuffed hawk hanging from the ceiling was indifferent.

Johnston is the first and last place I felt fully surrounded by fly-by-nights. Johnston was the place where I—we—crafted that personal manifesto, whether written down feverishly, effusively in the conventional way, or on some mystic, imaginative plane. What the place teaches you—what it taught and continues to teach me—is about what matters in what you make manifest.

Later, the story goes, I was three years into a PhD in English studies, deep on the trail toward poetry professing, with some

Snapshot50.indd 20 12/10/18 12:27 AM



Rebecca Bednarz, Thank You Letter to Kathy Ogren, 1999.

secret and surprising (especially to me) audacity, I said to myself, *You know, no. I've learned what I need to here, thanks.* And I took a job editing for the Army and started a family.

And then even more life happened. My son was born chronically ill and needed special care, so I learned fast what to advocate for and how. And then I took a job writing for MIT and learned—among many things—how to talk about the literal nuts-and-bolts and ins-and-outs of the complex instruments on board NASA's great observatories and satellites.

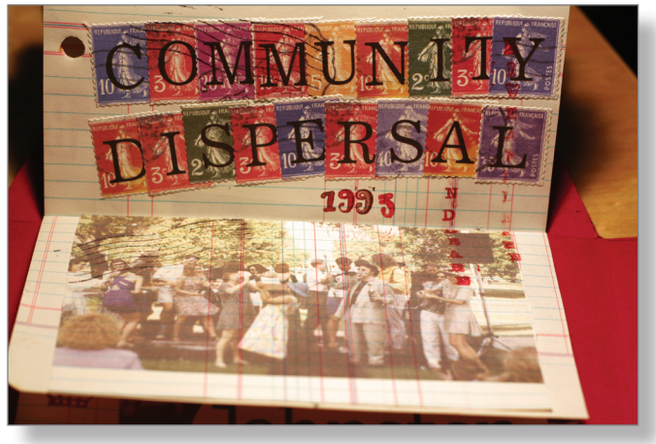
Through all these shifts, it was this other, less spoken of aspect of Johnston that came to my rescue: turn-on-a-dime discipline in interdisciplinarity. Joy Manesiotis and Penny McElroy, my words and images mentors, took me and my ambitions seriously. There's a line in one of Zora Neale Hurston's short essays that jolts the reader: "No, I do not weep at the world—I am too busy sharpening my oyster knife." For this editor, the metaphor is pristine. Some of life is survival. Some of life is extraordinary attention to the intellect and expression. To make beautiful, interesting contributions and to be fed by the process, hone, hone, hone.

A Johnston education is the process of a lifetime, a timeless stretching. It allows you to take certain risks and to bear certain failures and crises, and to bounce back. Once I experienced community with these passionate peers, I no longer had the choice to step back from what I knew I wanted at any given time. My Johnston cohort continues to teach and amaze. Between the losses and lucked-outs, I am suspended and inspired by this net and the greater story we are continually building together.



Painting found in Bekins basement. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.





Maureen Forys, *I Was a Young Chicken 1989–1993*, Mail Art Exhibition, Johnston Journey of Renewal, 2009.

Snapshot50.indd 21 12/10/18 12:27 AM

Time article features Johnston College

Johnston College at the University of Redlands is characterized as education's "New Eden" in an article published in the Oct. 3 issue of Time magazine.

The new experimenting college was the subject of a lengthy report in Time's "education" section.

"The new vision is a kind of academic Eden where students create their own courses, without grades or formal classes, and the key scene is the group-encounter session that joins teachers and students in working out their hang-ups together.

"Precisely this approach is now being tested in a remarkable experiment run by the otherwise conventional University of Redlands in Redlands, Calif.," the Time article says.

The article, accompanied by two pictures, is based on interviews with Dr. George H. Armacost, University president, Dr. Pressley C. McCoy, Johnston College chancellor, and several faculty members and students. Interviews were conducted by Timothy Tyler, Time correspondent in Los Angeles.

Tyler's impressions during a two-day visit to the opening retreat held at Oak Glen are the basis for much of the story. He observed:

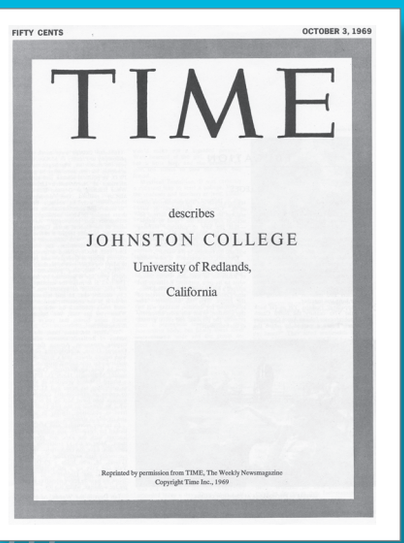
"These kids were so excited about the prospect of working out their own destiny as a group, instead of having it all done for them as it had been by their parents and high school teachers, that they they couldn't even go to sleep."

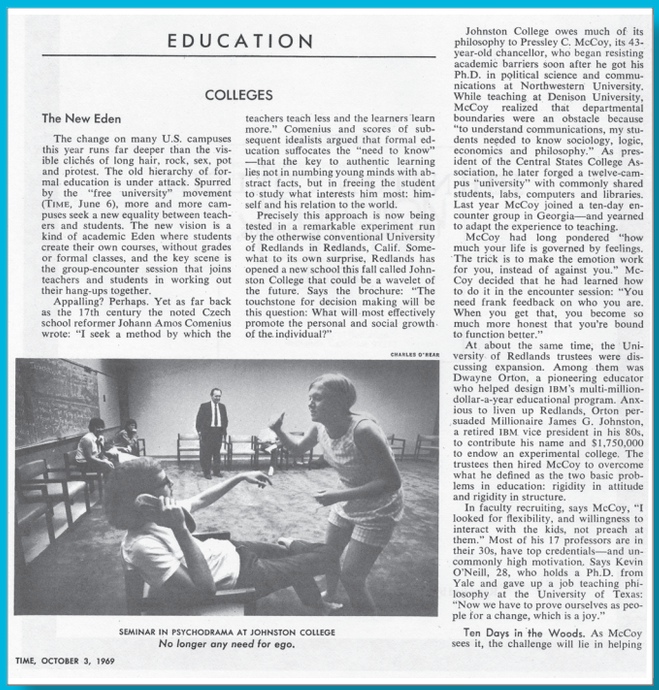
University of Redlands report

Published quarterly by the University of Redlands, 1200 E. Colton Ave., Redlands, Calif. 92373. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Redlands, Calif., March 13, 1962.

EDITOR: Ron Kibby, director
Office of Public Information

WINTER 1969 Vol. 16, No. 2





EDUCATION

COLLEGES

The New Eden

The change on many U.S. campuses this year runs far deeper than the visible clichés of long hair, rock, sex, pot and protest. The old hierarchy of formal education is under attack. Spurred by the "free university" movement (TIME, June 6), more and more campuses seek a new equality between teachers and students. The new vision is a kind of academic Eden where students create their own courses, without grades or formal classes, and the key scene is the group-encounter session that joins teachers and students in working out their hang-ups together.

Appalling? Perhaps. Yet as far back as the 17th century the noted Czech school reformer Johann Amos Comenius wrote: "I seek a method by which the teachers teach less and the learners learn more." Comenius and scores of subsequent idealists argued that formal education suffocates the "need to know" —that the key to authentic learning lies not in numbing young minds with abstract facts, but in freeing the student to study what interests him most: himself and his relation to the world.

Precisely this approach is now being tested in a remarkable experiment run by the otherwise conventional University of Redlands in Redlands, Calif. Somewhat to its own surprise, Redlands has opened a new school this fall called Johnston College that could be a wavelet of the future. Says the brochure: "The touchstone for decision making will be this question: What will most effectively promote the personal and social growth of the individual?"

CHARLES O'BEAR

SEMINAR IN PSYCHODRAMA AT JOHNSTON COLLEGE
No longer any need for ego.

Johnston College owes much of its philosophy to Pressley C. McCoy, its 43-year-old chancellor, who began resisting academic barriers soon after he got his Ph.D. in political science and communications at Northwestern University. While teaching at Denison University, McCoy realized that departmental boundaries were an obstacle because "to understand communications, my students needed to know sociology, logic, economics and philosophy." As president of the Central States College Association, he later forged a twelve-campus "university" with commonly shared students, labs, computers and libraries. Last year McCoy joined a ten-day encounter group in Georgia—and yearned to adapt the experience to teaching.

McCoy had long pondered "how much your life is governed by feelings. The trick is to make the emotion work for you, instead of against you." McCoy decided that he had learned how to do it in the encounter session: "You need frank feedback on who you are. When you get that, you become so much more honest that you're bound to function better."

At about the same time, the University of Redlands trustees were discussing expansion. Among them was Dwayne Orton, a pioneering educator who helped design IBM's multi-million-dollar-a-year educational program. Anxious to liven up Redlands, Orton persuaded Millionaire James G. Johnston, a retired IBM vice president in his 80s, to contribute his name and $1,750,000 to endow an experimental college. The trustees then hired McCoy to overcome what he defined as the two basic problems in education: rigidity in attitude and rigidity in structure.

In faculty recruiting, says McCoy, "I looked for flexibility, and willingness to interact with the kids, not preach at them." Most of his 17 professors are in their 30s, have top credentials—and uncommonly high motivation. Says Kevin O'Neill, 28, who holds a Ph.D. from Yale and gave up a job teaching philosophy at the University of Texas: "Now we have to prove ourselves as people for a change, which is a joy."

Ten Days in the Woods. As McCoy sees it, the challenge will lie in helping students to solve problems that really concern them. A "test" at Johnston, for example, might be the question: "How would you stop air pollution in Los Angeles?" The students would have a week or two to scout primary sources, gather the facts and work out a solution. Says McCoy: "When you use your whole self solving a problem, it's far more satisfying than sitting in a classroom and regurgitating facts."

What courses will the students actually study? To answer that question, McCoy, his teachers and 181 students (who were screened for psychological stability as well as brains) recently gathered at a church camp in the woods at the foot of the San Bernardino mountains for a ten-day "retreat." Among the course subjects discussed: Is man evolving as an endangered species? Does LSD expand the mind and how? Field trips in environmental appreciation and criticism. Hitchhiking and wilderness exploration as investigations into the nature of self and the universe. Can man survive the death throes of the nation-state?

TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler was on hand at the camp to cover the retreat. His impressions:

The first person I saw was John Watt, an Englishman with history degrees from Oxford, Harvard and Columbia. He's taught at both Harrow and M.I.T., and at 34 he's ripe to take up a pipe, a vest, a full professorship and the production of a lot of stuffy articles for learned journals. Instead, he's out here in the sticks wearing funny blue sneakers and shorts, sitting on the ground under a spreading oak, surrounded by young girls with long hair and Levi's.

"I'm a teacher; why should I also be an authority?" he said. "That's no longer the university's job. The kids out of high school today have very different perceptions than kids did ten years ago —they can't learn from an authority any more. So they come here, and they see us as humans; they see us at our weakest and at our strongest."

Just then a pretty girl rushed up, wrapped her arm around him and said: "I don't want to take world religion after all, John. I've already had too much philosophy and religion. More would make me a lopsided person." Watt beamed at the girl, agreed, gave her a little hug, and she pranced off into the forest to find her new boy friend.

Mystical Transition. It was certainly a different way to start a college. When the students and teachers arrived, Chancellor McCoy got them together in the camp's main meeting room, told them where they would sleep and eat, and urged them not to make too much litter. Then he walked out. They had no organization. They had no curriculum. Completely the opposite of the typical college experience in which you are presented, on arriving, with a series of established slots, and told to decide which one you will wedge yourself into for the next four years. Here the only thing on the agenda for ten days was a lot of encounter sessions.

They spent the night sitting on the floor, from right after supper until 2 a.m., hashing out how they would arrive at decisions about the curriculum. There were contingents that wanted a majority vote and some that wanted to elect a permanent leader and a representative body, but finally these ideas were thrown aside and the group decided to reach decisions only by consensus—that is, no decision would be made until it actually pleased everybody.

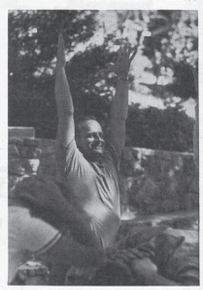
These kids were so excited about the prospect of working out their own destiny as a group, instead of having it all done for them as it had been by their parents and high school teachers, that they couldn't even go to sleep. "That meeting was like a mystical transition," says Physics Professor Paul Corneil. "There were no longer any adversaries, no longer any need for ego because we were all together."

As Coed [redacted] puts it: "When I was in high school, I smoked a lot of grass. Everybody did. But up here I've lost the need—I'm on the best high I've ever had, just working with these kids. It's so intensive, we've been getting to know each other so well that we lose all sense of time."

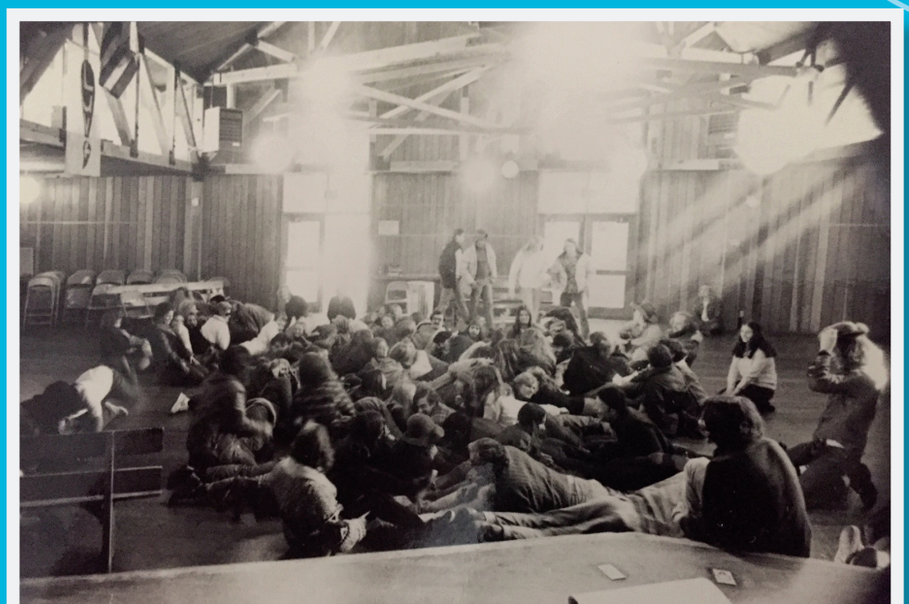
The source of all this friendliness was the encounter sessions. Everybody attended three a day. They sat in a circle for hours scrutinizing each other. They asked mean, menacing questions like, "Why are you being such a phony, Janet?" They aired sentiments like, "Ann, I love you no matter how s - - - - y you are." They cried and constantly embraced one another for saying something that was especially hard to say. The faculty members had to participate in the same way—be completely frank about how they saw themselves in life, about their personal backgrounds, divorces and problems with their wives.

The group sessions were a good way to start. But you have to be young to take it. George Armacost, 65, the about-to-retire president of the sponsoring University of Redlands, came out to the camp one evening and started talking like a normal college administrator until one of the kids cut him off: "C'mon, George, get with it." It was the first time a Redlands student had ever called him George. He was still up at 4 a.m., banging away on his portable typewriter, setting down his reaction to the experience. He didn't quite understand his new college, but it was making him think. Whether his new students will think as deeply as they feel remains to be seen. It should be quite a year.

CHARLES O'BEAR



McCOY IN "AWARENESS" SESSION
Certainly a different way.



Top: Kibby, Ron. "*Time* article features Johnston College." *University of Redlands Report 16*, no. 2 (Winter, 1969).

Middle: The article that put Johnston College on the national stage. Tyler, Timothy. "Colleges: The New Eden." *TIME*, October 1969.

Bottom: "During the week of October 24, 25 and 26, 1972 approximately 220 Johnston students, faculty and staff went on a retreat to Pilgrim Pines, near Oak Glen, California. This was the second such retreat and was billed as: G.Y.S.T., otherwise known as 'Get Your Self Together.'" —Sally Hickok (Registrar) and Ed Williams (Vice Chancellor), "Pilgrim Pines." *Impetus 1*, no. 1 (1973). Photo courtesy of Neal Bader, 1972.

Snapshot50.indd 22 12/10/18 12:27 AM

HOW JOHNSTON COLLEGE SAVED MY LIFE—
Yeah, Really

Raymond Obstfeld

The request was to write about an enlightening moment, an adventure, or an anecdote about Johnston that typified its physical or psychic space. Got a lot of those. But the thing is, for me Johnston wasn't about any one of those fun or surreal moments—it was about the accumulation of those moments that created an alternate reality in the educational multiverse. It was a choose-your-own-adventure at a time when going to college offered few choices and no adventure.

I came to Johnston College in 1970 after reading about it in *Time* magazine. At the time, I was enrolled in a typical small-town college in



Johnston College student (not Raymond!), n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 23 12/10/18 12:27 AM

my hometown in Pennsylvania, where attending chapel was compulsory and if a boy visited a girl in the girl's dorm, he was kept in the foyer while the receptionist called up to announce, "You have a gentleman caller." I'd been marching in antiwar rallies and chased by feds from demonstrations at a federal prison on behalf of Daniel Berrigan, the priest who'd burned draft files to protest the war. Gentleman caller indeed.

After reading about Johnston, I applied and got in, but my parents were determined to keep me in my hometown and therefore refused to pay for the school or offer me any financial assistance. I immediately left home, took a full-time factory job while finishing my second semester, and flew to California. I was eighteen.

Attending Johnston wasn't just choosing a college; it was choosing a life. Although my parents and I eventually reconciled, they never offered any help. I was the poorest student at Johnston. My roommate drove a BMW; I had two shirts and two pairs of pants. I didn't have enough money to buy a Coke. But I was the happiest I'd ever been. I was constantly making choices that I'd never had the opportunity to make before.

My adviser was Bill McDonald, a scruffy-looking guy with a deep radio-announcer voice who taught most of the English classes. I'd been bouncing between majors in Pennsylvania, moving from political science to theater to journalism. Once I sat in Bill's class and listened to him discuss our readings, I knew instantly that I wanted to be an English major, a writer, and a teacher. I immediately attached myself to Bill like a crusty barnacle. I jumped in on every conversation in class, whether or not I knew what I was talking about. After class, I dropped in on Bill during his office hours, whether or not I had anything to discuss. I soon had Bill playing tennis and basketball with me at lunchtime. I was Single White Female/Ingrid Goes West-ing him. Best part: he let me.

In Bill's Shakespeare class, my friend Peter Hiller and I decided to perform some guerrilla theater. The class was discussing the assigned play when Peter kicked open the door. He was dressed in a Clint Eastwood–style poncho, cowboy hat, and had a realistic .45 strapped to his leg. "Obstfeld!" he announced, "I've come for you!"

Bill looked up and muttered with slight annoyance, "Right. Of course."

As rehearsed, I pulled the BB gun from my sock, rolled, and shot at Peter. Both our guns were CO2 BB guns, both empty, but they made loud noises when fired. I wore a white shirt for the occasion and popped the blood capsules we'd made the night before, soaking my shirt. Nobody looked scared; they were all smiling. Probably because they knew Peter and I were best friends, and this couldn't have been more absurdly theatrical. After the shots, Peter came over, hoisted my limp body over his shoulder, and walked out as the class applauded. Now that was some

Snapshot50.indd 24 12/10/18 12:27 AM

righteous theater, though I can't image anything like that happening on a campus today, rightfully so after the violence we've all been through.

To us, Johnston was a new place still defining itself even as each student was trying to define him- or herself. It was a place where you could do something wacky just for the hell of it and teachers and students appreciated the effort. At Johnston, I did a one-man show of Lenny Bruce's comedy; I wrote a play about Edgar Allen Poe, which was presented in the cafeteria with sets, costumes, lighting, and performances all provided by supportive faculty and students. We started our own Johnston newspaper. I'm not sure I would have had the courage or the opportunity to do any of that at another school.

I was truly lost when I first came to Johnston. Alienated from my family, broke, three thousand miles from everyone I knew, no idea what to study. I graduated two years later with lifelong friends, a clear direction for my future, and a sense of confidence about what I could accomplish because Johnston let me try anything I could imagine. Four years after graduating from Johnston, I had my master degree in English, was teaching at a college, and had my first book published. In the forty years I've been teaching English, I have tried to be the kind of teacher that Bill was to me. Sometimes that means just being in a room when a student needs someone in a room. I came to Johnston thinking I would find myself through my accomplishments there; I left, thanks to Bill and everyone else, finding that the self I wanted to be wasn't just in doing what I wanted but in helping others do what they wanted.

For me, that is the Johnston spirit: be the raft when someone needs to hold on to something, if only to catch their breath.

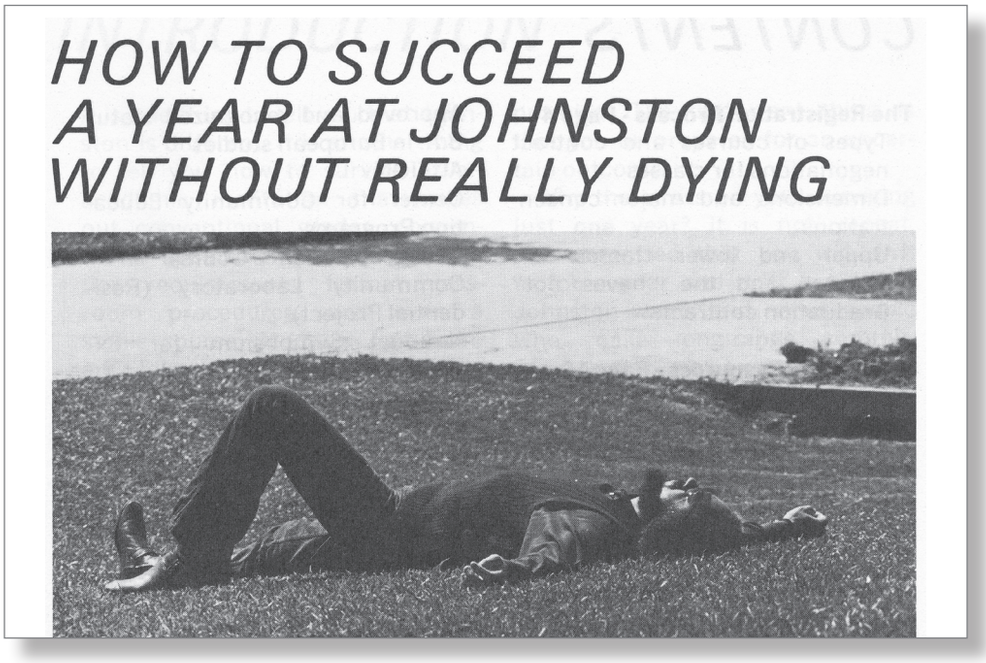


Photo and text from the *Johnston College Bulletin*, c. 1972–73.

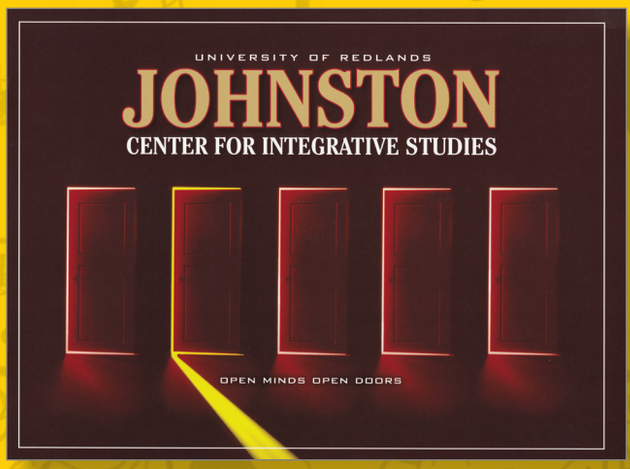
Snapshot50.indd 25 12/10/18 12:27 AM



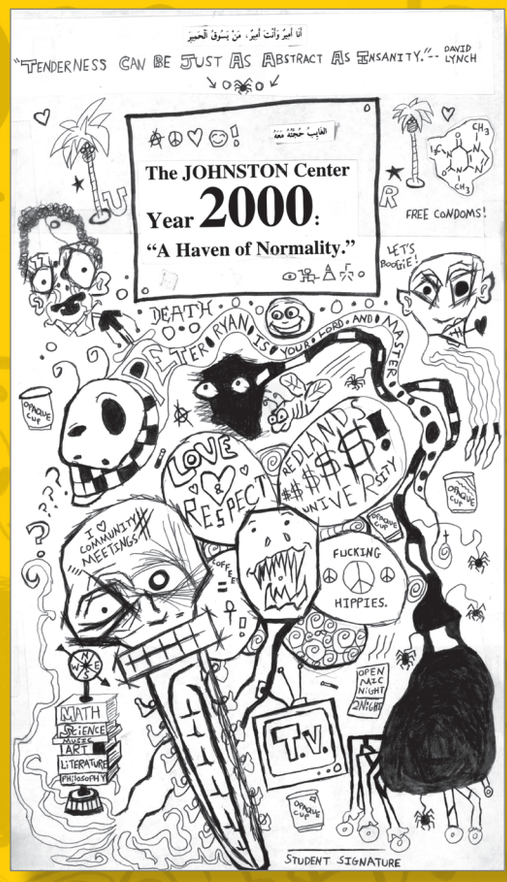
Kelly, at one of the Cult of Peter Ryan parades on campus. Photo by M. G. Maloney, 2002.



"The Messiah, Peter Ryan." Photo by M. G. Maloney, 2002.



University of Redlands, "Johnston Center for Integrative Studies: Open Minds Open Doors," viewbook, c. 2008.



The Johnston Center Year 2000: A Haven of Normality, mixed media, 2000.



The gospel of Peter Ryan on first floor Holt, Photo by Josh and Karen Tanenbaum, c. 2000.



Johnston students' parade for Pride and peace on St. Paddy's Day. Photo by M. G. Maloney, 2003. Karen Tanenebaum, c. 2000.



Peter Ryan. Photo by Josh and Karen Tanenbaum, c. 2000.



Johnston College, n.d.

THE INEVITABILITY OF THE SACRED

Peter Ryan

In Johnston, I was a devout absurdist. I decorated my freshmen dorm room with a string of naked Barbies. Not as a feminist statement, but because I found a box of dolls in a dumpster and I had no idea what else to do with them. I bought a purple rubber ball with a face on it at the grocery store. When I lost it, I put up desperate "missing" posters all over complex as if it were a stray cat. I scribbled terrible portraits with magic markers onto large sheets of recycled paper and hung them up at Johnston art shows. I read TV show theme song lyrics with a friend at open mic nights as if they were poems. I even let people start calling me "Messiah."

I had a long beard. That was my claim to the title. *The Bulldog Weekly* had a section at the time called the "rantline." People would call in and say whatever they wanted and see it in print. After a student left a religious appeal for the Christian faith, someone on Complex phoned in a rebuttal: that, in fact, Peter Ryan was their savior. After that, everyone on campus "knew" that there was a cult on Complex. And, because they knew it, we couldn't deprive them of it. We were obsessed with proving how much stranger we were than everyone else. After all, if Johnston students weren't somehow "different," what was the point?

When I was asked to contribute to this project, my first thought was: "I don't want to write about the Peter Ryan Cult." This appears to have been the karmic equivalent of saying, "I really hope it doesn't rain today," because I have found it impossible to write about anything else.

The "cult" was a parody religion, intentionally drawing from others of its ilk, such as Discordianism—although the Church of the Flying

Snapshot50.indd 27 12/10/18 12:27 AM

Spaghetti Monster has now supplanted that as the joke religion *par excellence*. When we pretended to have a doctrine at all, it was essentially sacralized individualism; we set up a "gospel wall" outside my room on first-floor Holt and invited community members to write their own doctrines and creation myths. I was mock-crucified in front of a passing campus tour. I baptized people in the fountain. I remember distinctly an observer happening upon the scene and tape-recording it intently, as if it were a moment of extraordinary significance. That was always the rub: being "inside" the cult meant knowing not to take it seriously. "Outsiders" were not always in on the joke.

A group of local Christian high school students tracked me down on campus and we had a long discussion about actual, nontrivial things. I was invited to write a regular column for *The Bulldog Weekly* in the persona of a messianic figure. Some people on campus came to believe that I was a fictional character. Even some new Johnston students were afraid to meet me, because the "cult" had been introduced to them by others with an air of seriousness.

We are deeper into the Internet age now, so the lesson is perhaps less surprising, but it occurred to me at the time that it's pretty easy to be "famous"—at least in a limited sense. Everyone at Johnston seemed to be running their own social experiment, and this had been mine. It's the same lesson learned by many an Internet troll: controversy can garner attention, but at what price?

This was around the same time I grew tired of it. I started to roll my eyes whenever someone introduced me as the "Messiah." I convinced myself that eventually it would go away; that people would stop talking about it.

I'm not sure they ever did.

For the French sociologist Émile Durkheim, all societies are fundamentally oriented toward the sacred. It is just as "religious" to salute the flag as it is to sing hymns. Even "individualism" can take on a sacred character.

Several years after graduating, I returned to sit in on a grad review, which is Johnston at its most emotionally raw. Kevin O'Neill described it as akin to "hearing your own eulogy." They had the potential, at least, to be "peak experiences." You are the focal point of a ritual, whose purpose is to shower you with unconditional love, even as both your successes and failings are laid bare.

Snapshot50.indd 28 12/10/18 12:27 AM

Coming back as an alum, something happened that I had never seen before, because at the time it was relatively new. A student, in the middle of a grad review, checked her phone for texts.

What I actually did was nothing, but what I wanted to do was to grab the phone and smash it against the wall; to say: "NOT NOW. NOT HERE."

I was surprised by the strength of my own reaction. She hadn't broken a "rule," but it was a violation. It was treating a ritual as mundane that I held as sacred.

Johnston, often so eager to do away with old social norms, inevitably opens itself up to new ones. We make light of the sacred only to stumble upon a sense of the sacred uniquely our own. The community is "religious" in this sense in a manner beyond parody.

We should be proud to be part of something that wields such power and that can feel so profoundly real to us.

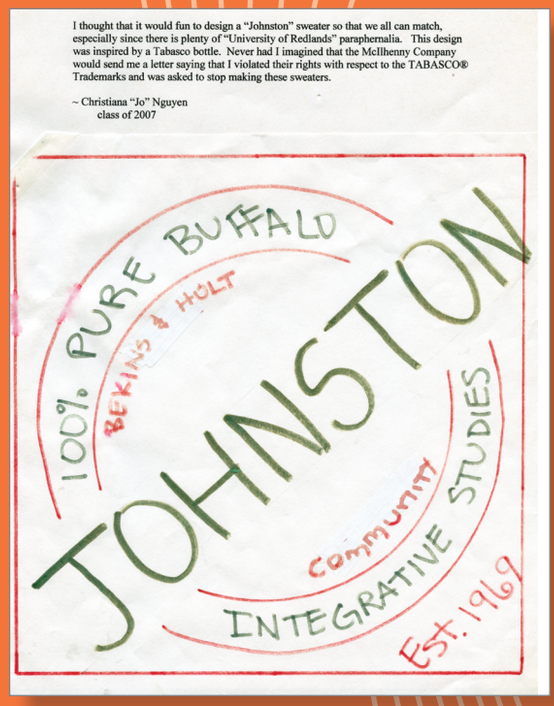
It should also probably scare us—if only a little.



Professor Kathy Ogren and Peter Ryan at the G.Y.S.T. (Get Your Sh*t Together) retreat. Photo by Josh Tanenbaum, c. 2001.

Snapshot50.indd 29 12/10/18 12:27 AM

"I thought that it would be fun to design a 'Johnston' sweater so that we all can match, especially since there is plenty of 'University of Redlands' paraphernalia." —Christiana "Jo" Nguyen, 2007.


I thought that it would fun to design a "Johnston" sweater so that we all can match, especially since there is plenty of "University of Redlands" paraphernalia. This design was inspired by a Tabasco bottle. Never had I imagined that the McIlhenny Company would send me a letter saying that I violated their rights with respect to the TABASCO® Trademarks and was asked to stop making these sweaters.

~ Christiana "Jo" Nguyen
class of 2007

100% PURE BUFFALO
BEKINS & HOLT
JOHNSTON
COMMUNITY
INTEGRATIVE STUDIES
Est. 1969

McIlhenny Company
ESTABLISHED 1868

Avery Island, Louisiana 70513/Telephone 337-365-8173

MANUFACTURERS OF
TABASCO
BRAND PRODUCTS

January 12, 2005

VIA UPS

University of Redlands
Johnston Center
Attn: Christiana Nguyen
1200 East Colton Avenue
Redlands, CA 92373-0999

Dear Ms. Nguyen:

As you may know, McIlhenny Company is the manufacturer of the world famous TABASCO® Brand Pepper Sauce and other TABASCO® Brand Products.

McIlhenny Company is also the owner of the TABASCO® trademarks, including the name TABASCO®, the TABASCO® bottle, and the TABASCO® diamond logo trademarks (collectively, the "TABASCO® Trademarks"). As one would expect, McIlhenny Company vigorously protects its rights in the TABASCO® Trademarks and does not permit third parties to make any unauthorized use of the TABASCO® Trademarks.

We have recently learned that you are producing a Johnston Integrative Studies Sweatshirt using the TABASCO® Trademarks, a copy of which is enclosed. Your use of the TABASCO® Trademarks to promote your sweatshirt design infringes upon McIlhenny Company's rights.

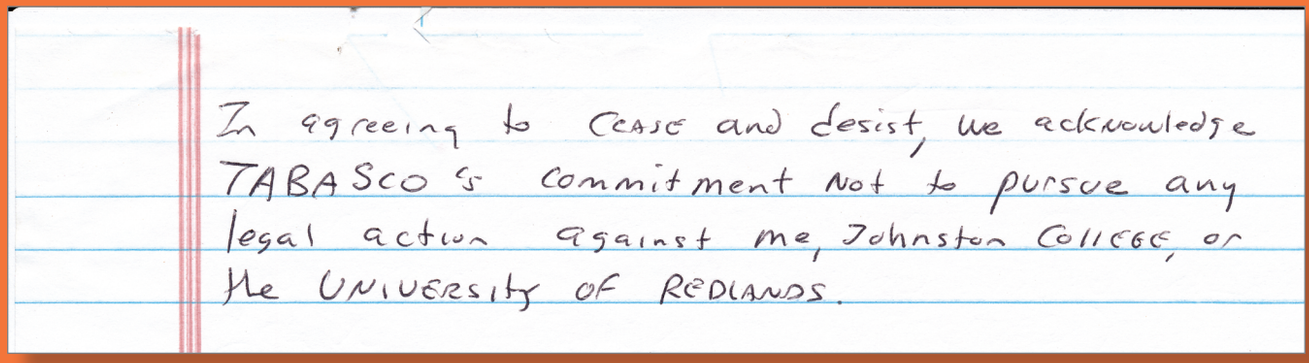
McIlhenny Company does not believe that you intended to violate McIlhenny Company's rights with respect to the TABASCO® Trademarks. However, your misuse of our TABASCO® Marks will confuse and mislead the public as to the sponsorship of your sweatshirts and suggests an affiliation or sponsorship with or approval by McIlhenny Company, which you do not have. Consequently, your misuse of our TABASCO® Marks constitutes trademark infringement and dilution, and also constitutes unfair competition. Therefore, to protect such rights, we request that you immediately cease and desist from any further misuse of the TABASCO® Marks or any colorable imitation or simulation of the TABASCO® Marks.

Redlands. Johnson Center. 001. doc

The cease and desist letter to Nguyen from McIlhenny Company, the manufacturers of Tabasco™ hot sauce. Courtesy of Pat Wasielewski.



Insert of Nguyen's sweatshirt design from the McIlhenny Company letter, c. January 12, 2005.


In agreeing to cease and desist, we acknowledge TABASCO's commitment not to pursue any legal action against me, Johnston College, or the University of Redlands.

Draft response acknowledging the agreement to cease and desist from future production of the parody sweatshirt.

THE ALACRÁN OF TIKAL

Patricia L. Wasielewski

In a shabby purple notebook I took on the 2006 trip to Oaxaca and Guatemala, I wrote:

Tonight I slept under a mosquito net, but this was no protection from scorpions.

I had forgotten the practical details of this event until I reread my hastily written notes about this experience that I had made the next morning on the van.

The Alacrán (Spanish for *scorpion*) is the best name for our guide; he was the one that set the sting.

He had done a good job of guiding our experience through the ruins of Tikal, with a focus on the *science* of Mayan astronomy. He gained the trust of group members by disclosing personal details. So, it wasn't a surprise that I would have faced a full-scale revolt if we hadn't taken advantage of his proposition: *You, maestra, and five students free ($15 a head for the rest) on a special trip into the heart of the park at night to see a special Mayan religious ceremony conducted by Rigoberta Menchú (Nobel Prize Peace winner and author of some of our readings)—herself.* No way!

No, I really mean there was no way that this was legit. But the students were so excited and hopeful. My choice was to pay extra for an unauthorized and potentially dangerous trip into the closed park in a country that eschews liability or…miss what students defined as a *once-in-a-lifetime* experience. The greater danger was clear; we signed on.

There was a pickup truck that we all rode in—me in front with the guides, students and other assorted guests at the hotel in back. It took two trips. We were ushered into one of the plazas of a temple we had walked earlier and told to wait—they had to get the rest of the assorted guests. They didn't know exactly where the ritual was happening. They did have walkie-talkies that they used to heighten the suspense.

Snapshot50.indd 31 12/10/18 12:27 AM

As we waited, we talked among ourselves and I strongly suggested we were being had. Paolo almost sat on a real alacrán but for the fact I had brought my flashlight and shone it where we were going to sit. Nothing worthwhile comes without risk, I guess. Sometimes we need to actually see for ourselves. The group's mood changed from excited anticipation to skeptical observation.

The Alacrán came back and informed us we were in the *wrong* plaza—it was only a short walk (in the dark of a jungle) to the *real* ritual. I hesitated but figured we had gone this far. We walked and after about 10 minutes came to a different plaza opening where we saw the fire. Women and a few men were walking around the fire doing a solemn version of the "hokey-pokey." One foot in…unlike any of the other rituals I had seen. Alejandro asked the Alacrán to point out Rigoberta, and when he did, Ale challenged him. The Alacrán asked, "How would you know?" And with the timing of a politician or stand-up comedian Ale simply says, "We know her; we had lunch with her when she came to our university last year."

The Alacrán quickly moved to separate our group from the rest. The *ritual* ended and the hotel guests received what they came for—a version of authenticity. We all moved back toward the trucks, now multiplied. We were segregated to a truck of our own and unceremoniously dropped at the hotel. Ale went to look for the Alacrán and returned with our money—was it meant as hush money?

One of the underlying problems of teaching about culture as you travel is to provide enough and varied examples of how a group's "culture" is presented. What is the line between a respectful discussion of the history, practices, or beliefs of a group of people and the exploitation of this knowledge for money or power? When does our exploration tip into a blatant expropriation of the exotic for our own peace of mind? What happens when our inauthenticity is mirrored in an unavoidable example of the inauthentic?

We were hungry. In order to participate we previously skipped dinner. The hotel dining room was closed but a comedor down the way was open. We trekked there to gain sustenance and think. They were just opening for the night and only had only a few things to eat. We didn't care—whatever—we had money!

It is rare that a professor gets this sort of opportunity—a major point of the trip and an obvious example of the readings landing in your lap in one experiential evening. Some students accepted that Rigoberta might

Snapshot50.indd 32 12/10/18 12:27 AM

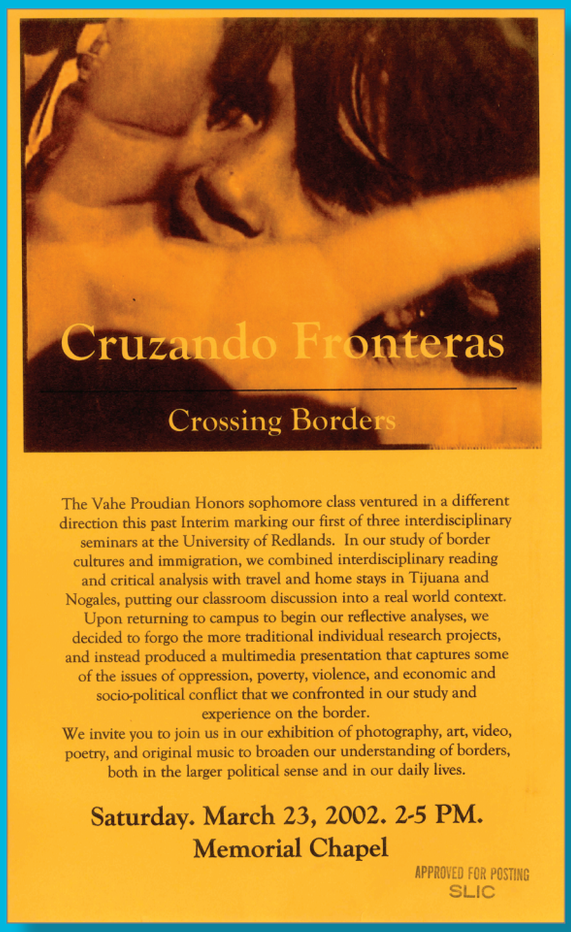
not be the practitioner, but surely the ritual was real; others focused their concern on the inclusion of children in the inauthentic presentation of their religious beliefs; still others became caught up in the excitement of being fooled. As we continued to discuss, we all observed two final things.

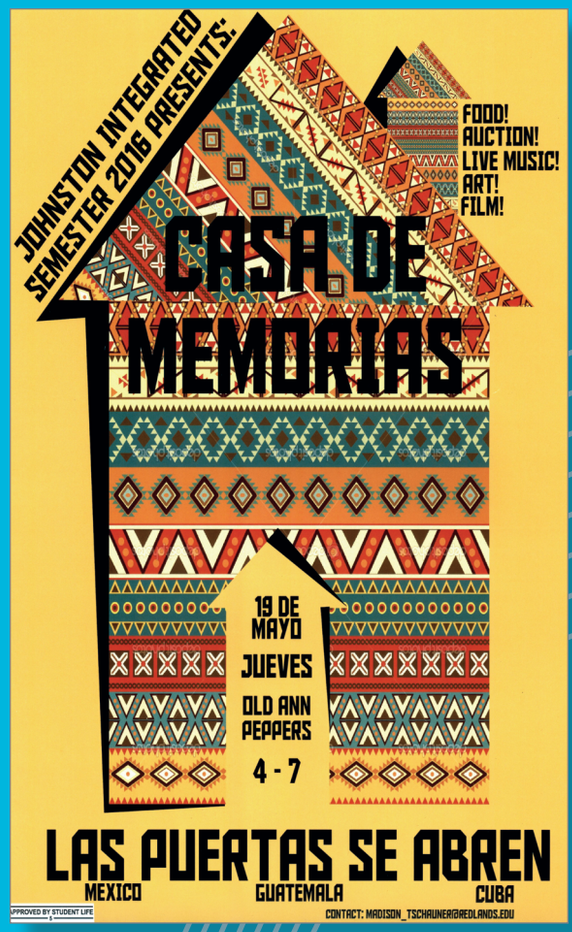
"Rigoberta" arrived to cook our meal and the Alacrán slipped away into the night, as they often do.



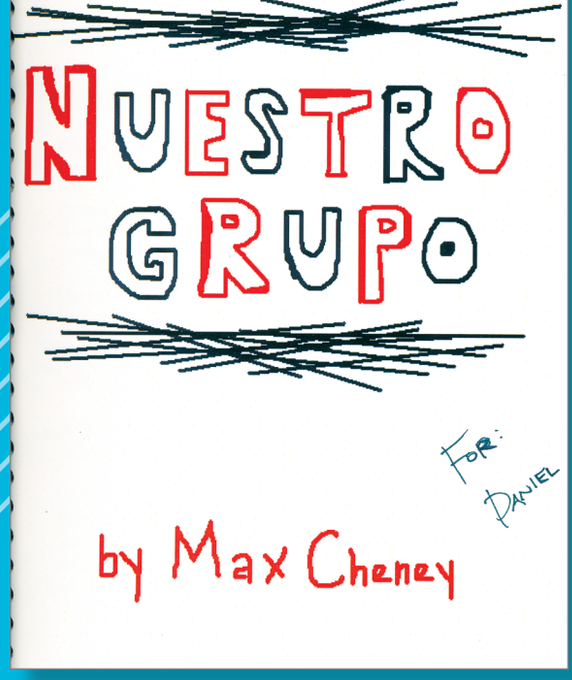
Mural in Bekins Hall by the Johnston Integrated Semester students from the 2012 Oaxaca, Mexico and Guatemala semester abroad, led by Pat Wasielewski. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 33 12/10/18 12:27 AM









Archives from trips and semesters to Mexico, Guatemala, and Cuba with professor of sociology Pat Wasielewski. Top left: Proudian Honors Interim students' poster, "Cruzando Fronteras: Crossing Borders." Photo on poster by Erin Minckley, c. 2001. | Bottom left: Johnston Integrated Semester in Oaxaca, Mexico, and Guatemala spring 2008," poster, c. 2008. | Top right: "Johnston Integrated Semester 2016 Presents: Casa de Memorias," flyer, c. 2016. | Bottom right: Max Cheney, "Nuestro Grupo," courtesy of Daniel Kiefer, n.d.



Manmit learning how to weave in Guatemala, 2014.



Malik and John Lennon (statue) from the 2014 Oaxaca semester.



"Johnston Integrated Semester in Oaxaca-Guatemala Presents: La Cara de la Globalizacion," poster, c. 2006





No Hay Inmunidad de Comunidad #OaxacaCampus" Integrated Semester class event flyers, c. 2014.



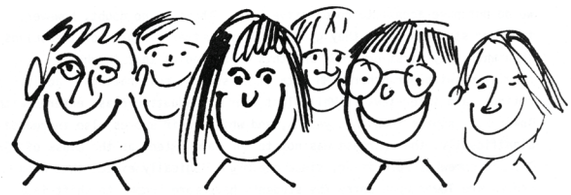
"When I came to Johnston I didn't have much confidence in myself as a student or a person. At Johnston I quickly discovered that we were all peers and were treated as adults, not children, capable of formulating and defending our decisions about our education. That made all the difference for me. I had the opportunity to chose exactly what and how I wanted to learn. As a result, for the first time, I learned how to learn. Also, this was the first time I felt part of a larger community and I'm proud to say I still feel part of it. Johnston also helped me to see myself as a responsible person in the world, supporting organizations and companies that I believe in. My hope is that every new Johnston student takes full advantage of everything Johnston has to offer and that they're proud of their education. Raising a ruckus from time to time included." —Kathryn Green, Johnston College alumna, who endowed a lecture series to Johnston in 1989, and contributed significant (often anonymous) gifts to the Center over the years. Photo courtesy of Bill McDonald, c. 1976.

Snapshot50.indd 36 12/10/18 12:27 AM

HELP WANTED:
A New Johnston Leader

REFLECTIONS OF THE 1975 CHANCELLOR SEARCH COMMITTEE

Rabbi Patricia Karlin-Neumann



This is how I remember it: The eight of us on the Chancellor Search Committee were gathered at faculty member Dave Bragg's apartment. Our charge from the Board of Overseers had been to put forward four names, unranked, from which they would select Gene Ouellette's successor. We undertook our mission with an awareness that the fate of Johnston was at stake—who would advocate for us in whatever battles might next arrive at our doorstep? Who would care for this fledgling experiment that had been embroiled in crises from its earliest days? Who would appreciate and foster the creativity, the energy, the radical equality, and commitment to a new kind of education that characterized our community?

Our motley band was equally divided between students and faculty members; we students regarded ourselves, and were treated, as having full responsibility and equal voice in our work and decisions. While our dedication was not in question, our wisdom was wanting. In true Johnston fashion, none of us—those who had been through many academic institutions and those who knew only Johnston—had any idea what we were doing. Undaunted, we evaluated over 200 candidates, interviewed the most promising by phone, and hosted not six, not eight, but twelve candidates for two or three days each on campus. We were determined to ensure that they experienced the fullness, complexity, and vision of Johnston College.

That evening, in Dave's apartment, fortified by food and friendship, we argued late into the night. We were not divided on who were our strongest

Above: Johnston College illustration from a study sponsored and funded in part by the National Institute of Mental Health, "How have they changed?: A Report on Student Changes on the OPI for Students Graduating in 1976," by Frank Blume, Dave Bragg, student Cathleen Crider, c. 1976.

Snapshot50.indd 37 12/10/18 12:27 AM



Professor Bob Treacy and students in Johnston College, 1974.

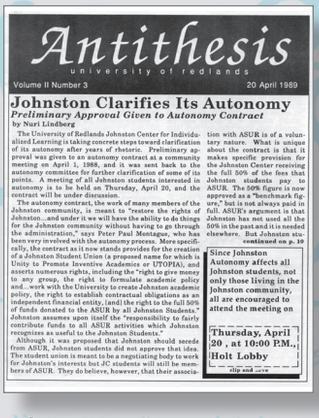
candidates. On that, we had consensus. No, our argument was a philosophical one—knowing that the Board of Overseers would only consider male candidates—it was 1975, after all—should we nevertheless recommend the two women we most wanted to be appointed as Chancellor? By putting their names forward, we would, in effect, be diminishing our influence by half. By not recommending them, we would be acquiescing to a world of inequality that we all, male and female, faculty and student, seasoned and wide-eyed, wanted to alter. Would we be pragmatic or idealistic? What would it say about the integrity of our process if, after devoting so much attention and care to the future of Johnston College, we withheld the collective wisdom we had developed? If we put forward the names of four men, two of whom we were less than enthusiastic about, we risked the Overseers selecting weaker leadership than we hoped for and deserved. There were good arguments on both sides, and while we advocated for our positions with passion, our strong bonds and belief in one another ensured that we would come to consensus on this as well.

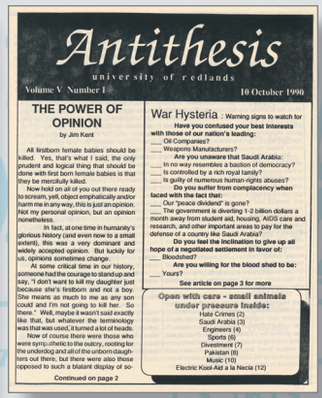
Finally, we did. While I can't remember now how the idea emerged or who suggested it, we came to a creative compromise. We would recommend our top four, including the two women. Although we had been explicitly asked not to rank our candidates, we would rank them nonetheless. Our first choice was one of the women.

Unsurprisingly, the Board of Overseers ignored our ranking. They hired one of the two men whose names we put forth. One of the "unchosen" candidates was chosen in a different way—a faculty member on the Chancellor Search Committee ended up dating that candidate. Years later, as one of two speakers at a conference, I discovered, to my delight, that my counterpart was one of the two women who we had championed.

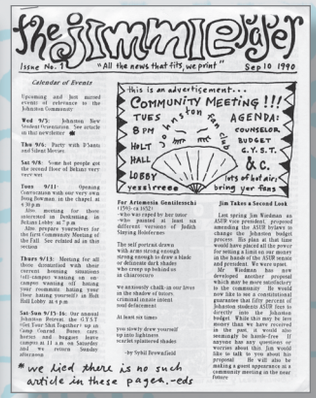
But more than the fate of those four candidates, whose names I will never forget, two of whom are no longer alive, the experience of being on the Chancellor Search Committee remains one of my most powerful and enduring experiences of community and commitment at Johnston. Being trusted to help shape the future of an institution and community I love, having a voice and influence in balancing the world that is, in relationship to the world we want to bring into being, and even emerging from disappointment, buoyed by those who shared in it, are among my most profound lessons from college. These lessons have remained with me and continue to be alive in me today, as I have navigated different institutions, affirming commitments and building community in new places. I am so grateful to my fellow travelers on the Chancellor Search Committee for creating together this invaluable educational experience.

Snapshot50.indd 38 12/10/18 12:27 AM

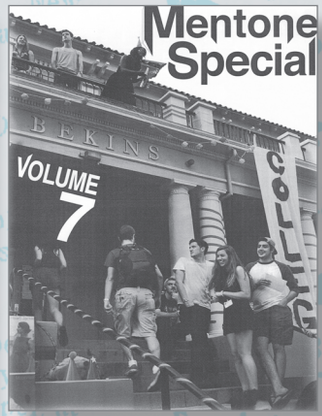

Antithesis
university of redlands
Volume II Number 3 20 April 1989
Johnston Clarifies Its Autonomy
Preliminary Approval Given to Autonomy Contract
by Nuri Lindberg
The University of Redlands Johnston Center for Individualized Learning is taking concrete steps toward clarification of its autonomy after years of rhetoric. Preliminary approval was given to an autonomy contract at a community meeting on April 1, 1988, and it was sent back to the autonomy committee for further clarification of some of its points. A meeting of all Johnston students interested in autonomy is to be held on Thursday, April 20, and the contract will be under discussion.
The autonomy contract, the work of many members of the Johnston community, is meant to "restore the rights of Johnston...and under it we will have the ability to do things for the Johnston community without having to go through the administration," says Peter Paul Montague, who has been very involved with the autonomy process. More specifically, the contract as it now stands provides for the creation of a Johnston Student Union (a proposed name for which is Unity to Promote Inventive Academics or UTOPIA), and asserts numerous rights, including the "right to give money to any group, the right to formulate academic policy and...work with the University to create Johnston academic policy, the right to establish contractual obligations as an independent financial entity, (and) the right to the full 50% of funds donated to the ASUR by all Johnston Students." Johnston assumes upon itself the "responsibility to fairly contribute funds to all ASUR activities which Johnston recognizes as useful to the Johnston Students."
Although it was proposed that Johnston should secede from ASUR, Johnston students did not approve that idea. The student union is meant to be a negotiating body to work for Johnston's interests but JC students will still be members of ASUR. They do believe, however, that their association with ASUR is of a voluntary nature. What is unique about the contract is that it makes specific provision for the Johnston Center receiving the full 50% of the fees that Johnston students pay to ASUR. The 50% figure is now approved as a "benchmark figure," but is not always paid in full. ASUR's argument is that 50% in the past and it is needed elsewhere. But Johnston stu-
continued on p. 10
Since Johnston Autonomy affects all Johnston students, not only those living in the Johnston community, all are encouraged to attend the meeting on
Thursday, April 20 , at 10:00 P.M., Holt Lobby
...slip and save

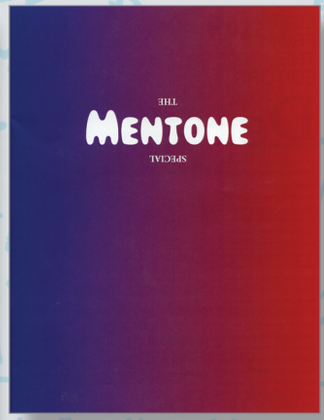

Antithesis
university of redlands
Volume V Number 1 10 October 1990
THE POWER OF OPINION
by Jim Kent
All firstborn female babies should be killed. Yes, that's what I said, the only prudent and logical thing that should be done with first born female babies is that they be mercifully killed.
Now hold on all of you out there ready to scream, yell, object emphatically and/or harm me in any way, this is just an opinion. Not my personal opinion, but an opinion nonetheless.
In fact, at one time in humanity's glorious history (and even now to a small extent), this was a very dominant and widely accepted opinion. But luckily for us, opinions sometimes change.
At some critical time in our history, someone had the courage to stand up and say, "I don't want to kill my daughter just because she's firstborn and not a boy. She means as much to me as any son could and I'm not going to kill her. So there." Well, maybe it wasn't said exactly like that, but whatever the terminology was that was used, it turned a lot of heads.
Now of course there were those who were symp□thetic to the outcry, rooting for the underdog and all of the unborn daughters out there, but there were also those opposed to such a blatant display of so-
Continued on page 2
War Hysteria : Warning signs to watch for
Have you confused your best interests with those of our nation's leading:
___ Oil Companies?
___ Weapons Manufacturers?
Are you unaware that Saudi Arabia:
___ In no way resembles a bastion of democracy?
___ Is controlled by a rich royal family?
___ Is guilty of numerous human-rights abuses?
Do you suffer from complacency when faced with the fact that:
___ Our "peace dividend" in gone?
___ The government is diverting 1-2 billion dollars a month away from student aid, housing, AIDS care and research, and other important areas to pay for the defense of a country like Saudi Arabia?
Do you feel the inclination to give up all hope of a negotiated settlement in favor of:
___ Bloodshed?
Are you willing for the blood shed to be:
___ Yours?
See article on page 3 for more
Open with care - email enimate under preseaure Inside:
Hate Crimes (2)
Saudi Arabia (3)
Engineers (4)
Sports (6)
Divestment (7)
Pakistan (8)
Music (10)
Electric Kool-Aid a la Necia (12)

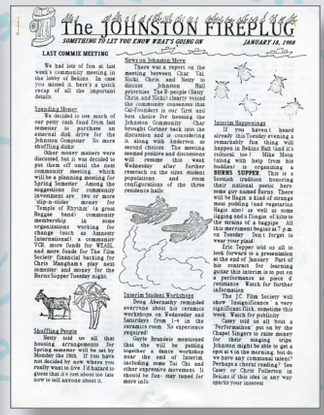

Antithesis
university of redlands
Volume I Number I 29 September, 1988
Rape Crisis Demands University Attention
By Cynthia Morris
The clock at the heights of the chapel chimes two o'clock in the morning. A woman walks through the quad, avoiding the sprinklers, shrouded in the shadows of trees. She fears a nameless, faceless stranger stalking her. However, sources indicate that a rapist on a college campus has a known name and face. It may be a class mate, an acquaintance, a friend. It may occur at any time, at any place, to anyone. What she fears is called "rape," an ambiguous term at the University of Redlands.
continued on p.)
Image Priority Jeapordizes Student Safety
By Doug Abernathy
There is a problem on this campus that you won't hear about, and this very fact is the essence of the problem. Crimes committed on campus are not reported to students to a sufficient extent for us to be able to protect ourselves. This campus is not the Disneyland that the University would have us, or our parents, believe—in fact, it is not even safe.
Since the begining of this school year alone, I have heard from people with first-handknowledge of a flasher, an attempted break-in for unknown purposes, a rape,- and shots. These are not isolated incidents. During the three years that I have been on this campus, there has been a steady increase in crime. The most visible culmination of this increase was the discovery of a dead baby in a trash can in Anderson and the abduction and murder of one of this school's community members. One would think that this would make the University wake up and start taking steps to make this campus safe. The administration, however, continues to do business as it has since the '60ies. The neighborhood around us and the students at the U of R have changed. We are no longer in an upper-middle-class neighborhood and surrounded by orange groves. We need to start making an effort to make this campus safe.
First, students need to report crimes and make sure that Public Safety takes them seriously. We can no longer assume that a crime is being properly handled by them. We need to make sure that crimes involving violence, possibly repetitive or serial crimes, crimes involving off-campus perpetrators, and cri-
continued on p.)


the JIMMIEPAPER
Issue No. 1 "All the news that fits, we print" Sep 10 1990
Calendar of Events
Upcoming and last minute events of reference to the Johnston Community
Wed 9/5: Johnston Saw Workout Organization. See article on that new fellow ☻
Thu 9/6: Party with D'Sauns and Silent Movies
Sat 9/8: Some hot people got the eternal flame of Delian very very wet
Tues 9/11: Opening Conversation with our very own Doug Bowman, in the chapel at 4:30 p.m.
Also meeting for those interested in fundraising in Beken Lobby at 7 p.m.
Also prepare yourselves for the first Community Meeting of the Fall. See related ad in this section
There 9/13: Meeting for all those dismantled with short (curved) evening sessions (all-campus warning on on-campus evening of) Inland in your roommate hating your floor hating yourself in Holt Hall Lobby at 9 p.m.
San San 9/15 Do. Our annual Johnston Protest the G.Y.S.T. (Get Your Shit Together) up to Camp Conrad. Buses cars, horses and buggies leave campus at 11 a.m. on Saturday the 15th . . . rotting Sunday afternoon
COMMUNITY MEETING !!!
TUES 8PM
HOLT HALL LOBBY
AGENDA:
COUNSELOR
G.Y.S.T.
&C.
bring your ideas
this is an advertisement...
its of bit air, bring your ideas
For Artemesia Gentileschi
(1593-ca 1652)
who was raped by her tutor who assisted at least six different versions of Judith Slaying Holofernes
The trial portrait shows with arms strong enough strong enough to draw a blade or delicate dark shades who creep up behind or in chiaroscuro
we anxiously chalk on our lives at the hands of a down-criminal inside street soul defacement
At least six times
you slowly draw yourself up into lightness world splattered shades
-by Sybil Brownfield
* we lied there is no such article in these pages.-eds
Jim Takes a Second Look
Last spring Jim Wirdman as ASUR vice president proposed amending the ASUR bylaws to change the Johnston budget process. His plan at that time would have placed all the power over budget money in the hands of the ASUR senate and president. We were upset.
Mr Wirdman has now developed another proposal which may be more agreeable to the community. He would like to see the budget process guarantee that representatives Johnston students ASUR (ten to twenty) join the Johnston budget. While this may be less money than we have received in the past, it would also mean that we would have a say in the use and spending of worries about this. Jim would like to talk to you about his proposal. He will also be making a guest appearance at a community meeting in the near future


MENTONE SPECIAL


Mentone Special
BEKINS LOBBY
VOLUME 7

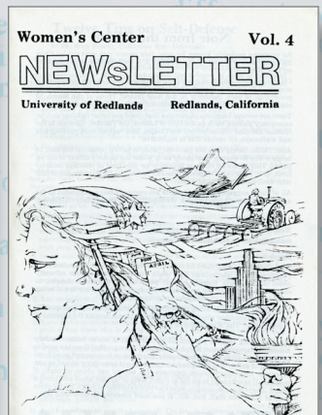

THE
MENTONE
SPECIAL

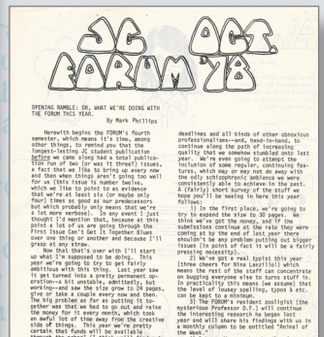

The JOHNSTON FIREPLUG
SOMETHING TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON
JANUARY 18, 1978
LAST COMMIE MEETING
We had lots of fun at last week's community meeting in the lobby of Bekins. In case you missed it, here's a quick recap of all the important details:
Spending Money
We decided to use much of our petty cash fund from last semester to purchase an overhead projector for the Johnston Computer So more shuffling done!
Other money matters were discussed, but it was decided to put them off until the next community meeting, which will be a planning meeting for Spring Semester. Among the things to be discussed are investment ure, two or more skip-in-skiier money for Temple of Flyrish (a great Reggae band) community membership in some organizations working for change (such as Amnesty International, a community Thanksgiving Feed, and more funds for The Film Society financial backing for Chris Maughan's play next semester and money for the Bertes Supper Tuesday night.
Shuffling People
Betty told us all that Johnston's production for Spring semester will be set by Monday the 18th. If you have not decided by now where you really want to live I'd hazard to guess that it is not about too late now to tell anyone about it..
News on Johnston Move
There was a report on the meeting between Char Tal Sicki, Chris and Sonny to discuss Johnston Hall improvements. Char, Sonny, Chris and Dekel (nearly voiced the community consensus that Cal-Forsdale's is our first and best choice for housing the Johnston Community Char brought Corriere back into the discussion and is considering it, along with Anderson as well. Reactions to the proposed positive and discussions will resume this week. Wednesday after further research on the sizes student populations and room configurations of the three residence halls.
Interim Happenings
If you haven't heard already this Tuesday evening a remarkably fun thing will happen in Bekins Hall at 7:30 p.m. Jim Wirdman is talking with help from his buddies! is organizing a BURNS SUPPER. This is a Scottish tradition honoring their national poetic hero some guy named Burns. There will be Haggis, a kind of strange sausage thing, and other strange Haggis dishes as well as some lagging and a flingin of kilts to the strains of a bagpipe. All this merriment begins at 7 p.m. on Tuesday. Don't forget to wear your plaid!
Eric Tepper told us all to look forward to a presentation by Chris Maughan of the play his seniors for learning guitar this interim is to put on a performance as piece if resistance Watch for further information
The JC Film Society will show Rebel Without a very significant flick sometime this week. Watch for signs!
Casey told us all bout a Performathon put on by the Chapel Singers to raise money for their singing trips Johnston might be able to get a spot on it on the morning, but do not hold your breath. Perhaps a clever reader like Casey or Chris Tollerton in Bekins if this idea in any way sparks your interest.
Interim Makers Workshop
Gayle Brandeis mesmized (hah!) us with her pulling tapes & dance workshop near the end of last term including some Tai Chi and other expressive movements. Is there a fun -time listed for more info

Left: Mikyle Gray, cover design, *The Mentone Special,* Johnston Center, spring c. 2017. Middle: Cameron Tidball-Sciullo, cover photo, *The Mentone Special,* Johnston | Center, c. 2014. | Right: *The Mentone Special,* Johnston Center, c. 2018.

The Johnston Fireplug: Something to Let You Know What's Going On, Johnston Center, January 18, 1978.


Women's Center Vol. 3
NEWsLETTER
University of Redlands Redlands, California
I DREAM OF ANCIENT WOMEN WHO DID NOT APOLOGIZE
2-16-83


Women's Center Vol. 4
NEWsLETTER
University of Redlands Redlands, California
March 25, 1983


JC OCT. FORUM '78
OPENING RAMBLE: OR, WHAT WE'RE DOING WITH THE FORUM THIS YEAR.
By Mark Phillips
Herewith begins the FORUM's fourth semester, which means it's time, among other things, to remind you that the FORUM is your paper. Our feelings and feelings we come along had a total circulation-ation run of two (or was it three?) issues, a fact that we like to bring up every now and then when things aren't going too well for us (this issue is number two!no, which we like to point to as evidence that we're at least six (or maybe only four) times as good as our predecessors (we're not, but we're working on it) or be a tad more verbosey. In any event I just thought I'd mention that, for we've got a lot of us are going through the First Issue Can't Get It Together Blues over one thing or another and because I'll grasp at any straw.
Now that that's over with I'll start up what I'm supposed to be doing. This semester's FORUM is off to a very ambitious with this thing. Last year we it get turned into a pretty permanent-ersion--a bit unstable, admittedly, but working--and saw the size grow to 24 pages, give or take a couple every now and then. The big problem as far as putting it together was that we had to go out and raise the money for it every month, which took time that could have been spent on creative side of things. This year we're pretty certain that funds will be available through the school (I think we'll find out for sure just about two days before this gets into your hands), which means we can quit bumbling around and get go with fin--therefor our increased expectations and higher goals. The object this year is to STABILIZE things--set up a basic, fairly coherent production schedule with real deadlines and all kinds of other obnoxious professionalisms--and, hence-forward, to continue along the path of increasing quality that we somehow stumbled onto last year. We're even going to attempt the occasional "special issue" with extra features, which may or may not do away with the odly schizophrenic ambience we were consistently able to achieve in the past. A (fairly) short survey of the stuff we hope you'll be seeing in here this year follows:
1) In the first place, we're going to try to expand the size to 30 pages. We've got the room, the money, and the submissions continue at the rate they were coming at by the end of last year there shouldn't be any problem putting out bigger issues (in point of fact it will be a fairly pressing necessity).
2) We've got a real typist this year (three cheers for Rina Lanctot!) which means the rest of the staff can concentrate on producing copy and not worry when stuff that is practically this means (we assume) that the level of lousey spelling, typos & etc. can be kept to a minimum.
3) The FORUM's resident zoologist (the mysterious Professor D.F.) will continue the interesting research he began last year and will share his findings with us in a monthly column to be entitled "Animal of the Month."
4) Roberto Monoz, that bundle of tact and all around great guy, will keep us all informed on the interesting doings of nearly everyone he hears about (and we know what that means, duck wince...).
5) Johnston College can revel in the adventures of it's very own Superman, appearing monthly in the pages of the FORUM.


The Echo
Inside
ASUR
President Bynman bans smoking in Osage Mill. Page 5
Postcard
Features editor recalls Kenya and ritual healing. Page 8
Pig's Ear
English Pub offers a refreshing change. Page 10
New Fiction Section
Poems and story from campus writers. Page 12
Humor
ASUR officers engage in sordid combat Page 15
Sports
Women Basketball loses to Occ Page 17
Bye Bye Bulldog...
JASPER MASCOT
Premier Issue
"To comfort the afflicted, and afflict the comfortable"

Left: *Women's Center Newsletter,* University of Redlands, c. March 25, 1983. | Right: "I dream of ancient women who did not apologize," cover, Women's Center Newsletter, University of Redlands, c. February 16, 1983.

Mark Phillips, "Opening Ramble: Or, What We're Doing with The Forum This Year." *JC Forum,* Johnston College, c. October 1978.

The Echo, University of Redlands, c. February 8, 1993. One night, a group of revolutionary Johnston and College of Arts and Science students took over the office of *The Bulldog Weekly.* Together they reimagined their student newspaper with fresh editorial content and a tabloid size.

Snapshot50.indd 39 12/10/18 12:28 AM









The Bulldog Weekly student newspaper shut-down protest. | Top left: Photo by Blair Newman, c. 2015. | Top Middle: Johnston senior Malik speaks out at the student protest after the student newspaper *The Bulldog Weekly* was shut down over issues of censorship. Photo by Micah Escamilla © 2015 via *Redlands Daily Facts*. | Top Right: Photo by Micah Escamilla ©2015 via *Redlands Daily Facts*. | Middle right: Johnston senior Maya addresses the protestors. Photo by Micah Escamilla © 2015 via *Redlands Daily Facts*. | Bottom: Johnston senior and community organizer Harlin speaks out. Photo by Blair Newman, c. 2015.



FIGHT THE ADMIN

Morgan York

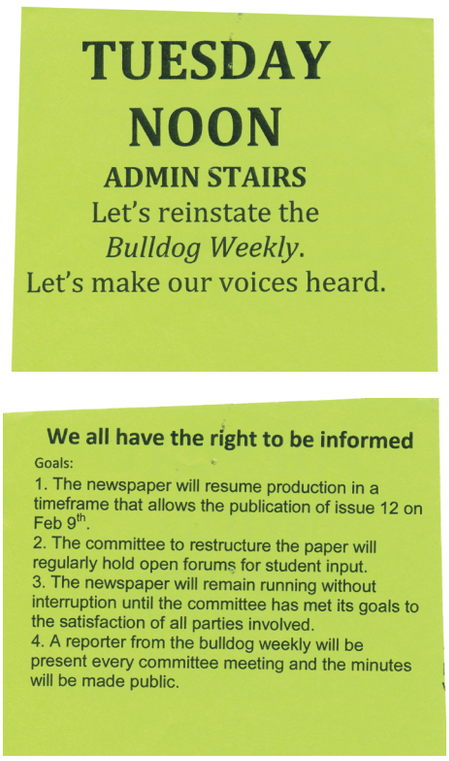
It was my first-ever Buffest when fellow student Jordan Marshak hopped onstage and unleashed a resounding battle cry: "Fight the admin!"

Of the many Johnston memories tucked into buffalo-shaped crevices in my heart, this blistering May afternoon in 2012 felt like one of two defining moments. Music blared from speakers set up on Bekins Lawn, thumping with a bass line that crackled and vibrated. Bruises layered my skin from hurling myself across the water slide that ended at the basement stairs. Professors and students alike wore brightly colored swimsuits and refused to wear shoes. Depending on whether or not anyone had thought to fix it, the "Johnston Center" sign that hung over the balcony may or may not have been crooked. I hope it was. Attached to a place like Johnston, that thing never looked right when it was straight.

And, of course, these students with their "made-up" degrees and a fondness for rebellion were singing along with Jordan. "Fight the admin?" Jordan would challenge. *"Fight the admin!"* Johnston roared back. It wasn't serious. It was fun. That was Johnston: defiant for the sake of defiance. Here for a party, not a real riot.

I'd forgotten that this attitude came from somewhere. I'd forgotten that Johnston had firm roots in taking a stance, in butting heads for a worthy cause. In shouting for justice from behind balcony railings.

I didn't expect to battle the administration myself until the university cut funding for *The Bulldog Weekly,* the newspaper I co-edited and that had a long history of employing Johnston and non-Johnston students alike. Already feeling emotionally drained by senior burnout, mental health problems, and multiple senior



Flyers for the protest and goals to re-instate the student newspaper. Courtesy of Harlin Kahn, c. 2015.



JC Forum, Johnston College, c. November 1978.

projects, I turned to Johnston. I didn't know where else to go. It felt natural. It was my community. But a part of me worried. "Fighting the admin" in a theoretical sense was one thing. Taking them on for real was another, and I was concerned Johnston wouldn't step up to the plate when it mattered.

But Johnston cared. Fiercely. They heard my side of the story at—where else?—a community meeting, many of them careful to balance my story with what student government and administration had to say, like responsible activists. I admired them for that. Once it became clear to them that this was a censorship issue, a controversy involving race, and an abuse of power, among other things, Johnston rallied. Harlin Kahn took the incident to heart and called additional meetings that I didn't have the energy to organize myself. He and other involved Johnstonians asked, "What do you need from us? How can we help? How can we best fight the admin?"

Those questions were the sound of community. I'm not sure I've felt something close to it since.

It was fitting that my second defining Johnston moment came in my senior year, on the administration steps in January 2015. Thanks to Johnston, at least a hundred students attended the rally to bring back *The Bulldog Weekly*. Protest posters dotted the hill overlooking campus. People clutched multicolored fliers handed out earlier in the week, advertising the event. Many in attendance took up the microphone to defend journalism, to express their embarrassment over how the administration had handled this, to condemn the university's actions. When I was drowning in self-doubt and fear and despair, certain the university had done something wrong but tempted to blame myself and my own failings, Johnston caught me. They held me like the pillars supporting Bekins—not exactly earthquake resistant, but sturdy enough to make me feel safe, feel at home. Previously, Johnston had freed me in ways I hadn't allowed myself in high school, with their half-naked journeys to the firepit and endless screams of *"BUFFALO!"* that I somehow joined in on without feeling self-conscious. On those admin steps, though, I clung tightly to the comfort of a community that wasn't just about fun. I was thankful that they'd stepped up when it was hard, and when I'd needed them most.

We may not have "won" in the traditional sense. *The Bulldog Weekly* never came back. The administration launched its own newspaper while my co-editor and I started ours, an online-only publication called *The Bulldog* that is, as far as I can tell, still going strong. But because of how Johnston responded to the controversy, my gratitude toward them has never gone away.

Thank you, Johnston, for keeping your promise. Thank you for helping me fight the admin.

Snapshot50.indd 42 12/10/18 12:28 AM

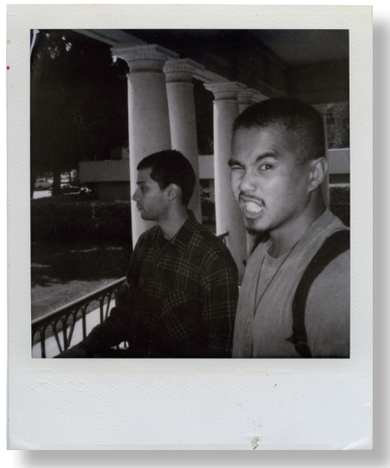
INCOMPLETE AND UNFINISHED

Michael Peñafiel

A little background about the story:

Kyu, Hammurabi, and I visited Johnston a few years ago (I forget exactly what year, but definitely between renewals) and tried to get into Bekins to walk down memory lane. A JC community member during the summer denied us, despite us sharing our credentials. We didn't mind and totally understood.

During the last renewal he saw me, came up to me, and apologized profusely for not allowing us to go inside Bekins. I commended his ability to tell us "no," and I had to convince him that it was no problem. He did feel bad after I explained that Kyu and Hammu weren't from here, like I was. He shared his fears and admitted some deep-seated racism that he didn't realize he had. We had a good conversation, and this story came from it.



Hammurabi and Michael on Bekins porch, n.d.

I refer to him simply as "he" because I don't think he wanted to be known. Hell, I don't even know if he still attends or has graduated. I can't even remember his name. But I do remember what he looked like.

Sometimes after my work shift on the campus crew for university summer events, I'll eat a Cuca's bean and cheese on Bekins's porch and watch the strangers come tour the U of R campus during July. Usually prospective students in their late teens with their parents just meander about, pointing and silently figuring out if they want to invest their child's life here for four years. My parents did! I just finished my first year at Johnston, and the community trusted me to keep my keys

Snapshot50.indd 43 12/10/18 12:28 AM



Kyu and Michael, n.d.

to Complex since I'm investing to be here all four years. I'll let visitors come through Bekins or Holt if they tell me they're future or prospective community members. But not when it's three grown men in old and worn-out casual clothes, looking as if they've been walking in the Redlands heat for days. They said they were alums. I told them I couldn't help them.

I wrapped up my unfinished burrito and walked down Bekins's steps headed back to Holt through the side door. The tallest one, with a shaved head—I think his name was Mike—waved at me and shouted in a pleasant tone, "Thank you. Please give Kathy, Bill, and Daniel our best, okay?"

I frowned, confused: "Like Kathy Ogren and Bill McDonald?"

Mike didn't break his smile: "And Daniel Kiefer, please. He's still here, yeah?"

I nodded. I must have looked fearful because the one who had a slight slouch—I think they called him Q—nudged the shortest one with a bald head and beard with gray highlights in the arm and said, "Great, Hammurabi, see! Mike's scaring them more. "

"You're really alums?" I asked.

"Just like Cuca's is good Mexican food," Hammurabi said.

Q rolled his eyes at Hammurabi: "Pssh. Man, there's way better Mexican food! You just like it because…"

"Because it's good," Hammurabi interrupted. "What don't you understand? I've been telling you this whole time why Cuca's is good Mexican and Lotus Garden is good Chinese."

Mike said, "I graduated in '99 and them in 2000."

"2002," Q disdainfully corrected Mike.

I just wanted to get away from them and out of this 100-degree heat. "Oh. Wow. That's cool. I guess?" My tone didn't come out right. I mustered something less rude: "So, you guys are visiting?"

Hammurabi stopped arguing with Q and broke away to walk up to Bekins. He cheerfully gazed up at it with both hands shielding his eyes from the sun.

Q asked, "What year are you?"

I guess it couldn't hurt to answer. "Umm. I'm a second year. Just finished my first."

"What's your emphasis?" Mike asked, smiling and genuinely interested.

Q backed up the sentiment: "Yeah, is your contract ready to go?"

Okay. So they are alums! My mistake. I felt sorta bad, but sorta not. How was I supposed to know? These are three grown strangers.

Snapshot50.indd 44 12/10/18 12:28 AM

"Hey, guys," Hammurabi called and walked over to Michael and Q.

They turned as Hammurabi began to talk. I overheard him begin to tell a story about someone else. I heard him say Charles Woolwine. Another alum?

"Thanks for talking," Mike smiled.

"Good luck," said Q as they walked toward their companion. "What about Charles? Can't you see I'm trying to be cool? They still won't let us in. Everyone's scared of Filipinos. "

"No," retorted Hammurabi. "It's because you're Korean and your kind are the most suspicious."

"At least I don't look like a failed terrorist," Q replied.

Hammurabi didn't miss a beat: "Carthaginians weren't terrorist and aren't suspicious like Koreans!"

"You're not Carthaginian," Q said.

Hammurabi replied, "Does it matter?"

Of course it does, I thought. Shouldn't it?

The berating went on to include the "white boy" Charles. They began reenacting memories: a G.Y.S.T Charles helped plan on BLM land, and the hypothermia the four of them got from that outing; Hammurabi and his Art of Subtlety Seminar; Mike leading the tarring and feathering of the Rock; Q making his action movie. I don't know exactly how long I was out there listening, but it was long enough that Bekins began to cast its shadow over them, and the temperature became more tolerable.

Each memory they brought back about Charles made them reverent; how he was misunderstood but sincere; how he enlisted in the Army after leaving Johnston; how his leg was blown up by a roadside bomb in Kirkuk, Iraq; how he received the Purple Heart; how they lost touch with him despite their best efforts.

They stood silent for some time.

Q broke first: "Lotus Garden, guys? We'll make sure we don't order anything that was cooked in nuts. You know? For Charles."

"Lotus Garden was his favorite," Hammurabi added.

They looked at one another, nodded, and smiled.

"Cuca's instead," Hammurabi asked.

They all nodded in resignation.

"Whatever," Mike said. "It doesn't matter. Nothing's the same without him anyway."

I don't remember if the sun set. I do remember holding my unfinished burrito, watching the three community members walk away.

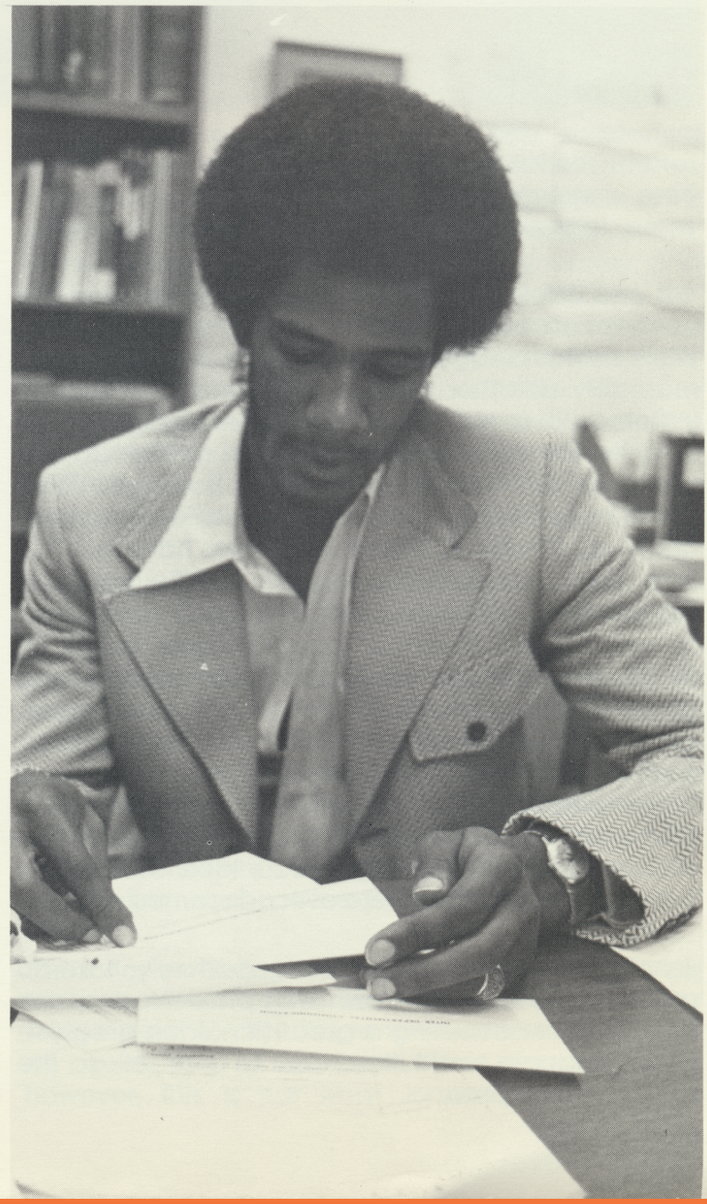


Charles on third floor Holt, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 45 12/10/18 12:28 AM

Johnston College: A place for Minority Students?

by Larry Holliday



Johnston College is a place where students can develop and control a great deal of their learning. Johnston is a place for students with direction, and the discipline and motivation to go it largely on their own. It is not, therefore, a place for everyone.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of college students: the type who knows what college means to him in relation to what he wants to do with his knowledge; and the student who is going to college only to acquire a degree, the mere certification regardless of the content. It is not the aim of Johnston to award the superficial badge of an education without any larger significance.

Johnston should be a place for minority students to fulfill themselves. That is a difficult task in itself. But since Johnston is so oriented to the student's self-regulation and discipline, it is not a place for the relatively unmotivated average fellow, content on just seeing the college through to the end.

If Johnston continues to grow and develop with a proper concern for the differences among its student population, it will confer on every minority student the same benefit it bestows on any student: and that is an education which will enable him to seek his own goals on a par with the rest of his educated peers.

Larry Holliday is one of Johnston College's newest faculty. He brings with him information and help for the minority students of campus.

Larry Holliday, "Johnston College, A place for Minority Students?" *Impetus 1*, no. 1, (1973). Holliday was appointed the director of Ethnic Program Development in Johnston College in 1972. Over his tenure, Holliday took an active role in inter-group communications among students, faculty, and administration. He was Johnston's head of minority student recruitment, led the community "Insight" program, an intensive cross-cultural experience for Johnston students, and coordinated the "University Year for ACTION," a federally funded outreach program to local young adults.

Snapshot50.indd 46 12/10/18 12:28 AM

COMING OUT TO MY GROK GROUP

Mark Carlson

My father dropped me off at Johnston College in early September of 1970 in the family's 1966 Buick Electra (a car which in the next academic year, Johnston friends turned into a junk heap by driving it in spite of the oil light being on). As we said goodbye, we looked around and saw lots of young people with long hair and dressed in hippie attire, and he said, "A lot of strange people here!" I, on the other hand, was thinking, "Home at last! My people!" Even in that moment, I was feeling that I fit in for perhaps the first time in my life, and I was *so* excited and *so* happy to be there.



We first-year students were assigned to Grok Groups (encounter groups, in non-Johnston lingo), each with a professional facilitator, along with a few older students and faculty spouses. My group was facilitated by Virginia Joyce, who lived in San Bernardino, and I remember at least some of the members of the group: Doug Manning (whom I knew from growing up in Modesto), Revalee Maase, Raymond Obstfeld, Leslie Coleman, John Somebody, Emalee Whitlock, and surely a few others not coming into focus in my memory of 47 years ago.

After a week or two, the Grok Groups were scheduled to end, but our group wanted to continue, and Virginia volunteered to keep facilitating the group. We took to meeting at a nearby church, for how long I no longer remember.

Somewhere along the line, I developed an overwhelming urge to tell the group that I was gay, a secret I had at that time not shared with a single other person. I so badly wanted to be able to come clean, to

Above: Sticker for Safe Space Allies (S.S.A.), a student organization co-founded in 2006 by Denise Davis. S.S.A. is a LGBTQA+ ally training program for students, faculty, administrators, and staff at the University. Allies who complete the training receive a rainbow "R" sticker to visually designate their room or office as a space for people of all genders and sexual orientations.

share this awful and shameful secret about myself with *somebody.* But the prospect of actually doing it was fairly terrifying, and I didn't know how to make it happen.

Then one night, Virginia gave me a ride back to the dorms, and I asked if I could talk with her for a minute. She was happy to listen, turned off the engine, and we sat there in silence. Trying to make it easier for me, Virginia started to ask helpful questions, but my answers came out only as one wretched and unbroken sob. I couldn't get any words out. "Does it have to do with sexuality?" she asked, and I was able to choke out a "yes." At last, I was then able to say the truth, telling someone for the first time in my life that I was gay.

She asked if I'd like to share this with the group, and I said that I would, but I didn't expect that this would happen at our very next meeting—I needed some time to work up the courage! But during that meeting, we decided that this would be our last. I knew it was now or never, and as the group started to disperse, at the last possible moment, I said, "Wait! I have something I want to share," and after breaking into sobs again, I told them what I had been waiting to reveal for weeks—for years, really.

I don't remember if anyone said anything in response, but what I do remember is that they all gathered around me, picked me up, and lifted me in a horizontal position, letting me "float" above them in the safety of their support for a few minutes. And what I remember most of all was the immense comfort that this brought me, and the feeling that I had taken a major step toward wholeness.



When an administrator publically claimed there were no gay students at the University of Redlands, Johnston students and the G.L.B.S.U. (gay, lesbian, bisexual student union) organized and made t-shirts, "Lesbian and Gay Pride on Campus, University of Redlands, 1990: Sometimes it Pays to be Indiscreet." Photo by Jeff Wilson, c. 1990.

Snapshot50.indd 48 12/10/18 12:28 AM

MARCUS GARCIA:
Live from Race On Campus

Interview by Hanna Bratton; transcription by Sketch Ree Mead

Why did you get involved with the Race on Campus conference?

With all of the racism on this campus, I felt like no one kind of had my back, even though, you know, Johnston always says they have my back, and I—I thought, I believed that at first, but I felt alone, you know what I mean? So after the sombrero thing, and that's something I would see as attacking my culture specifically...

What sombrero thing?

Around Halloween time there was a yard-sale-esque type of deal from the theater department, and they were selling a lot of their old things and materials they were using for, you know, for theater—and it happened to be a bunch of sombreros they were selling to white people who were rockin' it on campus. That felt just really weird, you know what I mean? That's not their culture, that very much signified and gives me great pride in my culture, and I like to own that. So seeing other cultures, especially from people who were saying a lot of really rude things to me, personally, when I got to this campus, to see that they can not only be rude to me and get away with it, but they can appropriate my culture, that didn't feel right, and I didn't understand a lot of things that were going on at the time.

What happened after that?

We had a lot of activist responses, especially from the faculty and specifically from Johnston, so that felt great. That led to the race forum...I think we had about seven hundred people in one forum, all discussing issues for students of color on this campus, straight to the president of the university; we had a bunch of publications in newspapers and things like that come out. Just seeing like how big of an impact that was on people in general meant a lot to me.

How did that lead to the conference?

It still didn't honestly feel like enough—like, yeah, we could talk about it, but we didn't see a lot of big change happening. Of course the president can just listen to us for three hours and then dip and then we don't have to worry about it. So, the people started "Race on Campus" last year, in May term. It kind of came up out of nowhere, and the fact that it came out of a big response and a lot of emotion, and as big as it was, that really set it in stone that I'm still supposed to be here. Like honestly, if it wasn't for the race conference, I would have dropped out, you know what I mean? Like three colleges, and still nothing? Like that's it for me, G.

Note: Adapted from Race on Campus 2017 open mic. This interview has been edited for length and clarity.

Above: Race on Campus logo, c. 2017.
Right: Race on Campus sticker, c. 2018.





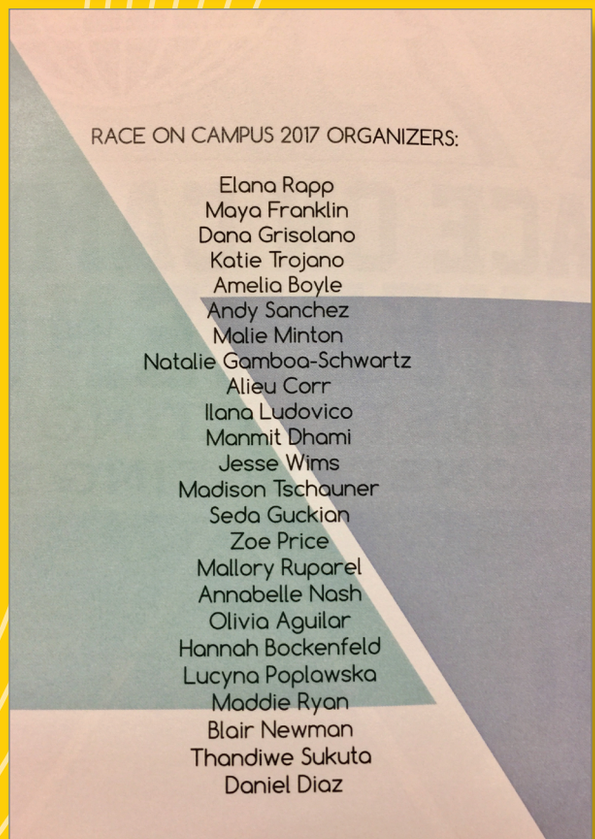






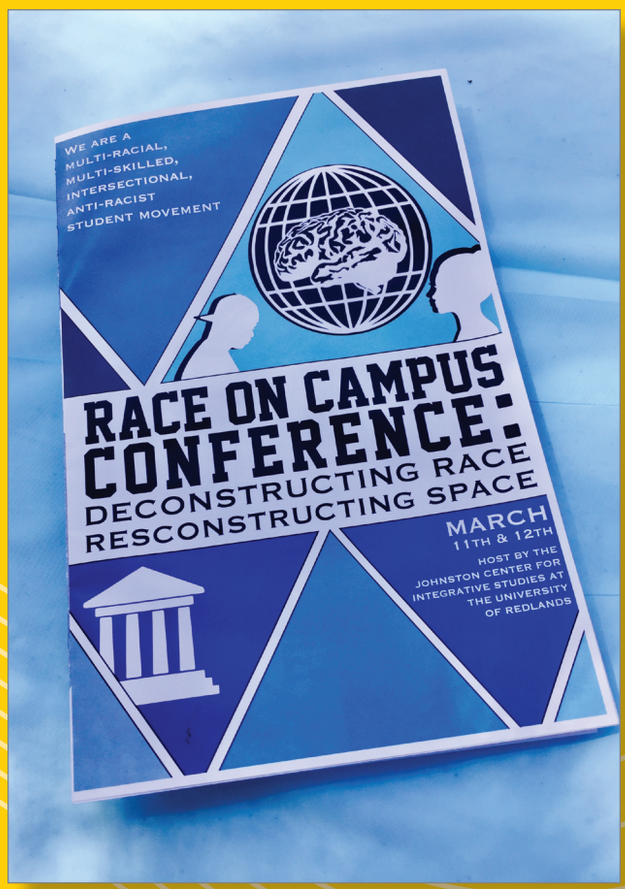
Top: Marcus, Cultural Appropriation Protest, c. 2015. | Bottom three images: Raquel, Kamal (center) Johnnie (bottom) speak out at the University's Forum on Race in Orton Center, photo by University of Redlands, c. 2015.





Top: The program to the first Race on Campus conference. Art by Mikyle Gray, c. 2016. | Bottom: Race on Campus 2017 Organizers, c. 2017

Snapshot50.indd 50 12/10/18 12:28 AM







Top: Race on Campus: Deconstructing Race, Reconstructing Space, program, photo by Monica Lee, 2017. | Middle: Artists contributing to a mural at ROC. Photo by the Race on Campus Collective, c. 2018. | Bottom: Manmit, Ria, and Elana at ROC. Photo by Monica Lee, 2017.









Top: Organizers welcome alumnus Jonathan Garcia back to ROC. Photo by Monica Lee, 2017. | Middle Top: Katie, Hedy, Dang, and Morgan at ROC. Photo by Monica Lee, 2017. | Middle bottom: Alumna Hanna Bratton shares during a session. Photo by the Race on Campus Collective, c. 2018. | Bottom: Xiadani and Giana co-facilitate the keynote address at the third ROC. Photo by the Race on Campus Collective, c. 2018.



"The Johnston Audacity" 35th anniversary t-shirt, c. 2004. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.





"Johnston Center Magical Mystery Tour 2002" faculty retreat t-shirt. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.



Amber Rose Bauer, Orientation Team t-shirt, c. 2016.





Blue and gold knit Johnston College shirt. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.





Michael Peñafiel's Residence Life shirt. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.





30th Anniversary shirt, 1969–1999: "Removing Obstacles for 30 years." Courtesy of Ben, c. 1999.



David Danielson, Johnston College lemming t-shirt, n.d.



Race on Campus t-shirt, 2017.



Tabasco™ inspired sweatshirt. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.



Johnston College peace sweatshirt. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.



Om vest courtesy of Kathy Ogren, n.d.

JOHNSTON 50

Lisa Beth Robinson

There's a strange intimacy and intensity that comes with being Johnston. It defies time and it defies geography. It's so Johnston and is hard to explain to people outside of the community. There are certainly times we can use phrases like "living learning community" and "self-directed curriculum," but conveying the experience itself is a totally different task and challenge. It goes well beyond the camaraderie and slogging through the difficulties together. Beyond late nights, beyond immersion in thought and ideas, beyond the typical college experience. Maybe it's better instead of asking "what" to ask "why"?



I had a strange experience recently when in the same month, a high school friend I hadn't spoken to for over a decade contacted me and a few weeks prior a Johnston friend I hadn't spoken with for twenty-five years got in touch. Our conversations were amazingly different. High school was a listing: who is doing what and where they were, physical injuries, and deaths. Johnston was so much more, as it always is: life philosophy, considered reflections, hopes and plans, soul talk, how events affected our lives. High school was a dinner invitation. Johnston was an overnight with short breaks for eating and sleeping. It's not to say that the Johnstonesque experience of friendship and intimacy can't be held with others—it can—but there's a difference because we lived it together.



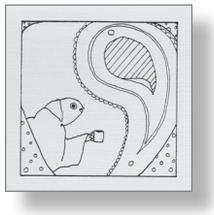
Johnston is bred in the bone. Sometimes I think we were Johnston before we knew we were, having friends but self-identifying as misfits, having minds that often exceeded our environments, and having hearts, still, that remain tender. High school was a long walk, but Johnston was a pilgrimage home, a gathering of tribes fraught with the hero's journey, difficulties and pain you thought you'd never feel, and an equal balance of joy that took you to the fifth rooftop. Johnston was the madness of one step beyond.

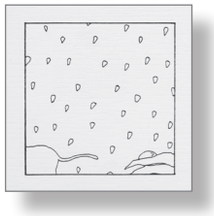




Above: Lisa Beth Robinson, illustrations, *The Forum*, Johnston Center, c. 1988.





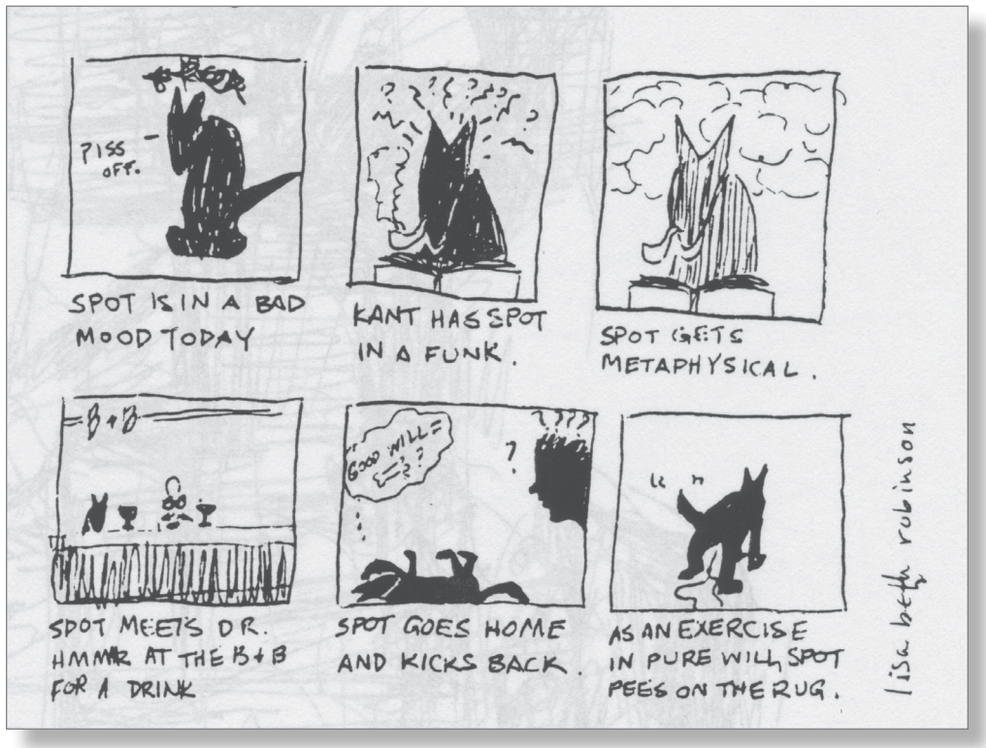


Lisa Beth Robinson, illustrations, *The Forum*, Johnston Center, c. 1988.

A list of our own: resentments and bridges; nicknames; connections and guidance; respect and vulnerability; safety and a danger that was visceral because it was shared. Finally, an empathy for the world met with a conviction and intelligence that we could change it, and the analytical skills to make things happen. All framed in the context of interpersonal memory. Not as much the thing as the feeling of the thing. This is what we carry.

Lest I over-romanticize the experience, I'll return to its intensity. I've never been somewhere I was turned so inside out, made angry, or wounded as I was by the words of my Johnston peers. I'd love to say it was our age, the storied "teenage angst" or emergence into adulthood, but it wasn't. It was the way we chose to face issues as a community and as individuals within that community that shaped and marked us. The scars have faded but remain.

I've always sorted non-JC folks in my life into "could be Johnston" or "probably wouldn't be Johnston" and even though they don't know what it means, I've told a small handful of friends that I think they would have fit into Johnston. It's one of the highest compliments I can give someone and feels good to say, even if the meaning is elusive. In relationships, one of the measures by which I evaluate my future partner is whether he would fit in with my Johnston family. My experience has become the standard of intimacy by which I hold others, find my place. Home.



Lisa Beth Robinson, "Spot is in a bad mood." *The Squealing Rutabaga*, Johnston Center, c. 1992.

Snapshot50.indd 54 12/10/18 12:28 AM

LILY GOMEZ:
Live from Kathryn Green Lecture Series

Interview by the Johnston Community; transcription by M. G. Maloney

What led you to Johnston?

I had just come off of three years of AmeriCorps—where do I go? I was the first one in my family to go to college. The Internet really wasn't a thing, so it wasn't like you just go online; none of that was there. A friend from my AmeriCorps days said, "You know, I graduated from the University of Redlands and I was a CAS student, but there's this school called Johnston and I always wished that I had been a Johnston student but I didn't even know about Johnston until it was too late. You should check out Johnston." So I did. I applied and talked to, for those of you who might remember, Nate Budington, and I was like, "This is it." I packed up my stuff and moved further West, and that's how I got here. Just really, by chance. I was talking to a few students earlier and they were saying, "Yeah, I just kind of found out by chance." Which I think is a great way of the universe sort of aligning things because Johnston was, as I've been reflecting on it leading up to this, Johnston really was the core of so much.

What are your most vivid memories?

My first night here, I was actually living in Grossmont and it's about nine o'clock at night or so and there's this bang on the door and I open it and it's John Rubio. And he says to me, "Hey, are you the Muay Thai girl?" I was actually a competitive fighter before coming here. That's how I got all of my frustration out in Santa Fe, at that college I was going to. So, I was taken aback, like, "Okay, how does this guy even know?" I forgot I put it on this piece of paper form that you sent in about your residency and all this stuff. And so I was like, "Yeah, that's me. I'm the Muay Thai girl. What's up?" And he says, "Okay. Thirty minutes. Bekins Basement. You have your gear?" I say, "Yeah, I got my gear." So



Lily Gomez (right) receiving her degree at Johnston commencement. Photo courtesy of Lily Gomez, c. 2003.

Note: Adapted from a Kathryn Green Lecture; edited for length and clarity.

he's like, "All right, it's fight club." "Fight Club" was a movie that was a thing and so he was like, "If you come to fight club, you have to fight." All right. So, I put on my gear and at first I was a little bit nervous because I spent the summer doing absolutely nothing. I was also really out of shape. And I go to Bekins basement and there's just a bunch of dudes there: John Rubio, Michael Peñafiel, Michael Padilla, and Ben. So I show up and I'm in my gear and whatever, we start sparring. Everything's going fine and then the intensity kind of increases. And all of a sudden, this guy Ben kicked me in the ribs so hard that I was pretty sure he had broken them. But it was my first day here! I was like, "All right, I don't know these guys." So I just kind of walked around like, "No, it's cool, it's cool. I got this, I got this." It turns out nothing was broken, so I went in and continued fighting. That was my first welcome to Johnston. And believe it or not, I don't know if anybody does martial arts or any kind of fighting, but you really do, through martial arts, through fighting, you form really strong bonds with the people you train with and the people you fight with. You have to trust somebody to let them punch you in the face, which sounds odd but is really true.

How about the academic side of Johnston?

Rites of Passage was my First-Year Seminar with Kathy Ogren. I was a First Gen student and everybody talks about "First Gen" now but at that time it wasn't a thing. I had no idea why college was so confusing for me. It was just hard. But in that class, through the first book that we read, which was *Woman Warrior* by Maxine Hong Kingston, it was such a great first class. I didn't actually realize or understand what coming to college meant, that it really was a "rite of passage," and so it was a beautiful way for me to really frame the rest of my years here knowing how this really is a big deal. Especially because I didn't know anybody growing up who went to college. I didn't even know anybody who left Texas! That was a really a beautiful experience, very well-thought-out and something that is very Johnston specific.



The Rites of Passage first year seminar, front-back, left-right: Jackie, professor Kathy Ogren, Lily, Taylor, Michael "Peaches," Chas, April, Ben, peer advisor Michael "Antonio," and M. G. in 2000.

Snapshot50.indd 56 12/10/18 12:28 AM

OWNING OUR EDUCATION

Kathy Ogren

Johnston invites us to "own our education." For students, outreach arrives through a counselor, friend, mailing, Internet site. Students recruited me with a heartfelt welcome. I learned Johnston was a place, a process, a phenomenon. Johnston does "not provide custodial education," then-Director Yasuyuki Owada explained. Johnston students individually "negotiate" their college educations.

Three decades later, I'm fortunate now to "own" my Johnston education, too, after negotiating approximately sixty courses taught with students. Few undergraduates in American universities are empowered to research, design, and teach their own courses. But in Johnston, student-taught courses are a long-lasting distinction for our learning community. I invited several co-teachers to reflect on this extraordinary Johnston learning opportunity with me. (Thank you to Diane Garcia, Michael Padilla, James Boobar, Jeremy Donald, Eric Wong, Chris Mangham, Monica Barra and Victoria Grubb, Taylor Miller, and Myranda Hunter.)







What brought us together as reciprocal co-teachers and learners? Our skepticism about the hierarchical authority of higher education institutions and a willingness to experiment. "We needed to take intellectual and emotional risks together to make possible unique and demanding courses," Taylor Miller writes. Students achieved mastery of content through many hours of preparation, teaching, and reflection, and I encountered invigorating new teaching opportunities.

Co-teaching grew directly out of my own research in jazz cultural studies. I arrived at Johnston in the era of "canon-busting" scholarship across American Studies primed to challenge master narratives and foreground multicultural

Above: Photos from the first Multicultural Festival: Living on Common Ground, founded by Johnston student Jana Wilcoxen. Photos by Maureen Forys, 1991.

perspectives. I was open to walking my talk. With Diane Garcia, my first collaborator in Justifying the Margins: African American and Native American Literature (1990), I brought my research and Diane brought hers: "I had little experience studying literature and none teaching it. My emphasis was philosophy…so this seminar challenged me to apply the rather esoteric ideas I'd been playing with in a new and very different arena." Diane's integration productively shaped our collective experience. Johnston students pioneered many courses like these, bringing path-breaking scholarship in race and ethnic studies, environmental studies, and women's gender and sexuality studies to the entire university.

Classes evolved with significant direction from student co-facilitators as we developed unique offerings in interdisciplinary humanities and arts: Documentary Eye/I (2004); American Roots Music (2007); Tricksters, Outlaws, and Exiles (2007); Art, Space, and Identity in Urban America (2008); Steinbeck (2010); and Jazz and Blues Literature (2010). James Boobar, co-teacher for Hard Travelin': Place and Mobility in American Culture (2001), identifies three defining characteristics: gaining individual "authorship" of learning, enjoying a dialogic relationship with faculty, and engaging community. James, like others, was "giving something, bringing something, back to the larger community, whether in educational, personal, academic, or professional fields…it was a lot of work and a lot of fun."

Student content authority expanded my knowledge. I was a complete novice in Powderpuff Auto Mechanics (2000). Jeff Wilson and Eric Tepper taught us how to rebuild a Volkswagen Beetle. My role? Guiding meta-cognitive pedagogical reflection on "cars and learning." Eric Wong, co-teacher of Seduction of the Innocent (2010), remembers a similar experience in a course on comics and graphic novels. I was "a total neophyte when it came to comics," Eric writes, but as sponsor, provided guidance on course design and management. Eric found a "reversal of the usual teacher/student dynamic [that] ended being very empowering."

Community colleagues supported experimentation and encouraged students to reach beyond their perceived limits. Curriculum-building sessions drew motivated peers together from the start. We started class with inclusive agendas, a technique learned from Bill McDonald. Many a conversation continued on the Bekins porch or Java the Hutt long after class concluded.

Teaching connected students to community negotiation in profound ways. Chris Mangham, who taught African American Literature (1991), reflects, "Reading, seeing and talking about lives other than my own in a context where one is explicitly charged with membership in a community created a dynamic where what I was reading translated directly into inquiry and empathy with those I lived among." One semester, sponsorship

Snapshot50.indd 58 12/10/18 12:28 AM

of four courses necessitated a "mini-community" that Myranda Hunter found "incredibly valuable…both due to the informal seminar that was set up for student facilitators, but also because it made very clear that I had my own 'style'…that was neither better nor worse than those of my peers." Myranda came to terms "with these differences and [embraced] them as assets instead of deficits, a lesson that is still valuable" to her today.

We crafted Johnston and CAS first year seminars together. Co-teachers and peer advisors did more than simply teach newcomers the basics. Michael Padilla was "astounded at the level of critical thinking and reflection of the first-year students." Jeremy Donald found that service as a peer adviser helped him "figure out how to make inquiry not just the means of learning, but the end, too." Our learning environments could take on ineffable qualities. Boobar remembers Hard Travelin' as "a lot of work and a lot of nerve-wracking, frustrating moments, yet also inspiring ones…. Hard Travelin', in the basement of Larsen, was where I first saw conjured the sacred space of joy that I see in discussion-based learning."

Empowering students to teach exemplifies what educational researcher and writer Ken Bains, in *What the Best College Teachers Do* (2004), calls an "authentic" learning task: "people learn by confronting intriguing, beautiful, or important problems, authentic tasks that [challenge] them to grapple with ideas, rethink their assumptions, and examine their mental modes of reality." I might call this learning through negotiating ambiguity and emotional honesty. Alumni fortunate enough to teach in Johnston attest to its value as a transformative lifelong experience.

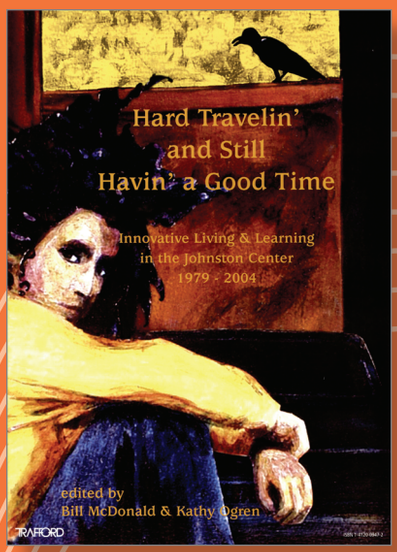
Former co-teachers now appreciate the disciplined preparation, sensitivity to complex group tasks, and appreciation for "thinking on one's feet" learned through teaching. Diane Garcia's experience set "the stage for my future relationship with philosophy…I've continued to enjoy looking for the underlying theories in my everyday life as I read novels or implement new strategies in my job as a speech therapist." As a librarian, Jeremy Donald's experience allowed him "to see how people are naturally drawn to use each other as resources." Chris Mangham, teaching these days in Dubai, observed, "Johnston guided [community] confrontations in a way that meant I was, and am still, critical of my own reactions and conclusions."

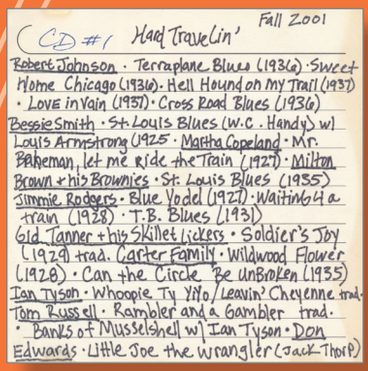
Taylor Miller provides an apt summary of our valued reciprocity, "Our opportunity to facilitate a course together was really an opportunity to communicate and listen in a new way….Reaching out to my peers, great friends, teachers, and mentors was just another way of reaching in, asking of myself the responsibility, accountability, and authenticity that I wanted in others."



Multicultural Festival: Living on Common Ground, founded by Johnston student Jana Wilcoxen, c. 1991. Photo by Jeff Wilson.

Snapshot50.indd 59 12/10/18 12:28 AM



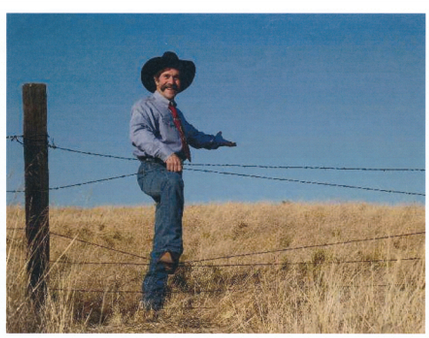




Top left: Penny McElroy, cover art, *Hard Travelin' and Still Havin' a Good Time: Innovative Learning and Living at the Johnston Center, 1979–2004*. Edited by Kathy Ogren and Bill McDonald. Trafford Press, c. 2003. | Top right: Poster for a live music event for Ogren's Jazz and Blues Literature seminar, n.d. | Bottom left: Required listening CD #1 for the Hard Travelin' seminar with Professor Kathy Ogren and student James Boobar, 2001.







Oh the Glorious Commotion of it All!

Poet/Lyricist/Humorist/Ex-Bronc-Twister, Paul Zarzyski, translates his Rodeo-Yoda lingo into Universal Idioms saluting love, wisdom, and a lusty gusto for life! Please join poet Paul Zarzyski, student poets, and the Sheptones for an evening of words and tunes.

Wednesday, November 1
Johnston Fire Pit
7:00-8:00 p.m.

Hosted by Office of the Provost



Left: The Buffalo Blues Band's CD, *One Last Look*, n.d. | Middle: Johnston friend Paul Zarazeski, a cowboy poet from Montana. Poster by the Office of the University of Redlands Provost Kathy Ogren, c. 2017. | Right: Robert Shepherd from The Buffalo Blues Band, performing at a Buffalo Fest. Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d.

RAIN OF FLOWERS

Karen Derris

Johnston's relationship to the Tibetan spiritual leader, His Holiness the 17th Karmapa, is often framed in my mind's eye by two photographs. The first was set on the steps of a Tibetan Buddhist temple in the village of Siddhpur, India. Because of the complexity of geopolitics between China, India, and the Tibetan exile community in India encircling the Karmapa at that time, he was seldom seen outside of his public audiences at Gyuto Monastery, where he resided. Word had gotten out to the local Tibetan community that the Karmapa was out and about with a group of American college students, and hundreds of



His Holiness the 17th Karmapa with professor Karen Derris's May term class. Photo courtesy of Karen Derris, c. 2011.

people had appeared and were now taking in the Karmapa when he told his attendant to take a photo of him surrounded by our May term 2011 group. We had quickly formed a new but heartfelt community of an extraordinary kind, made possible in part by the ethos of Johnston community. It was a beautiful, blue-sky day, and as we stood on the temple steps a perfect storybook cloud drifted right above us, dropping warm raindrops only on our group. It was a funny moment that came and went in less than a minute, but through traditional Buddhist narratives I'd read for decades, I understood this to be "a rain of flowers," an auspicious response of the earth to a moment of goodness and compassion. I looked at my friend, Damcho, a Tibetan Buddhist nun, who had made the May term course possible, and then we both looked at the Karmapa. He told us with a little mischievousness, "Now look for the rainbow...."

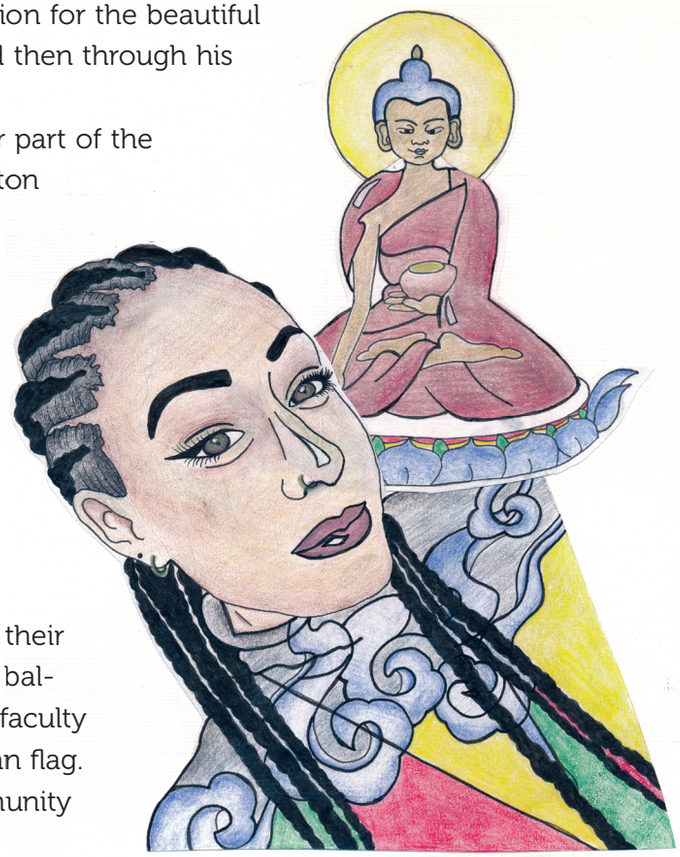
A close connection grew very quickly between the Karmapa and our Johnston students. While that too felt extraordinary, as did the chance to spend three weeks in conversation with one of the world's youngest spiritual leaders—he was just twenty-five in 2011—it was the result of bringing the right conditions with us to India. Some of those conditions were formal and ritualistic. In order to convey respect and gratitude for this opportunity, the Johnston students consented to act according to norms that would signal respect to the Tibetans working for and around the Karmapa. These included dressing modestly and somewhat formally, standing when the Karmapa entered the room, sitting lower than him, keeping voices low in the monastery, being intentional about how much space our group was occupying in the monastery. These were not superficial actions; our hosts clearly appreciated the efforts taken by young U.S. students to attend to Tibetan cultural norms. Each student's preparations also included giving a personal gift to the Karmapa at our first meeting. It is traditional to bring a high spiritual teacher, in Tibetan called a *Rinpoche,* a gift. Our students brought gifts speaking from their heart that shared a bit of who they were as well as their understanding of who they understood the Karmapa to be. The second time we visited the Karmapa he had displayed their gifts on the shelves around his library. His staff of Tibetan monks took time looking at them, acknowledging the heart-to-heart connections, and helped to make sense of the Karmapa's break from protocols as he came to sit on the floor with the students, played instruments and shared a lot of laughter with them. His attendant privately told me he hadn't heard the Karmapa laugh this much in a long time. As the Karmapa told us, Tibetans don't really conceive of him as an ordinary person. This is understandable in a Tibetan context; he was identified at the age of seven as the seventeenth

Snapshot50.indd 62 12/10/18 12:28 AM

reincarnation of the first Karmapa, who had lived 900 years before. Unlike our students, who had the freedom to decide who they are, what they would do, and how they wanted to live, the Karmapa had his life set out for him at that young age when he was recognized. These lenses were new to our students, and while they worked hard to understand them, our students brought a gift of freedom to the Karmapa, who could catch glimpse of himself as a person through their eyes.

Deeper still, there was a shared aspiration to be of service to others. For our Johnston students, these May term trips were not a chance to explore India or to consume a cool spiritual experience by presenting their own personal questions to the Karmapa. Because the Karmapa lacked the freedom of mobility that our students took more or less for granted, our conversations with him were intended to reach a global audience through books based on the May term courses. In order to cultivate this aspiration to fruition, we worked very hard—typically twelve hours each day—to prepare for our conversations with the Karmapa, dialogue with him based on sets of questions written and ordered through consensus, and then unpack his teachings so that we could prepare the next day's topics and questions. The ethos of consensus brought a feeling of prioritizing the community over self-centered aims, and I believe this was an important condition for the beautiful teachings the Karmapa shared with us and then through his books to a global audience.

The second photo that forms the other part of the frame through which I envision my Johnston experiences was taken during the Karmapa's first tour of university campuses in the United States in March 2015. As invitations from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Stanford piled up, I was told that the Karmapa insisted that Redlands must be on his itinerary. His tour of our campus finished on the Johnston complex, where he found the Johnston community—including twenty-two of the now alumni who returned to Complex for their reunion with the Karmapa. Bekins's porch, balcony, and lawn overflowed with students, faculty and staff, Tibetan prayer flags, and a Tibetan flag. With the energetic photo taken, the community embraced him with a loud "Buffaloooo!"



Nina Newman, *Vajra*, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 63 12/10/18 12:28 AM







His Holiness the 17th Karmapa visits Redlands: entering the Larsen Hall Meditation room (top), walking with professor Karen Derris (center), and forgiving the Johnston community for the flag (bottom). Photos by Carlos Puma c. 2015.

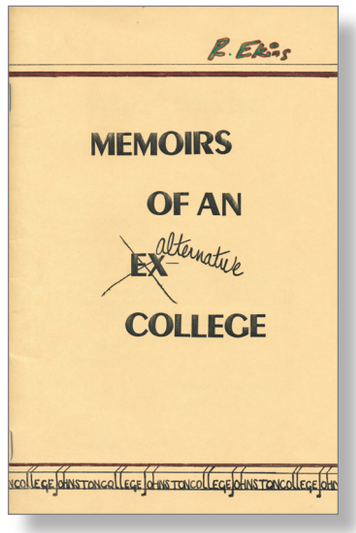
JUMPING IN. TAKING OFF.

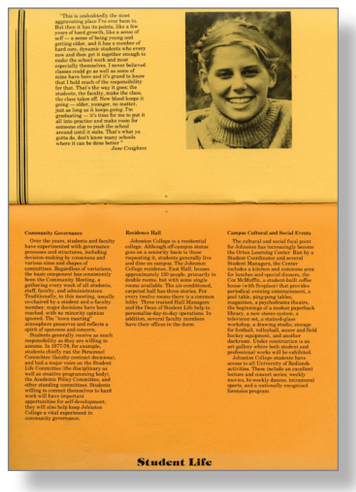
Jane Creighton

I arrived as a sophomore transfer in August 1970. I'd been a freshman lost to anonymity at Boston University, living out a college year memorable mostly for my first mass marches—October on the Boston Common, November in Washington, DC, where my roommate and I bonded over our frozen fingers, hot soup, and the earnest hope that we were doing something to end the war. I watched, amazed, as angry women stood up at a rally and shouted down activist lawyer William Kunstler for the antiwar movement's treatment of women. In the spring, waves of protest rolled across the country over Nixon's April invasion of Cambodia, protests that resulted in, among so many other things, the National Guard's killing of four students at Kent State University and the national student strike that shut down hundreds of schools, including mine. My mother had been dead a little over a year. My father, a little over five.

That's the working context I had for showing up on the Johnston quad in August 1970 after a six-day drive from the East Coast in a VW bug with family friend Tony Zuvich, who'd barely ever left the five boroughs. Tony took one look at Johnston, socked in by smog and that mellow California ethos, and climbed into the bug to drive straight back to Manhattan. I waved him off and took a deep breath. I'd never been west of Ohio. The home I'd known was gone, and I felt alone, terribly self-conscious, gripped by family tragedy, inarticulate, afraid. Hopeful.

The exhalation of that deep breath rolls into a river of images, varied and fast moving. Pilgrim Pines orientation and community building; gorgeous and mysterious fellow students who could actually be approached; professors who



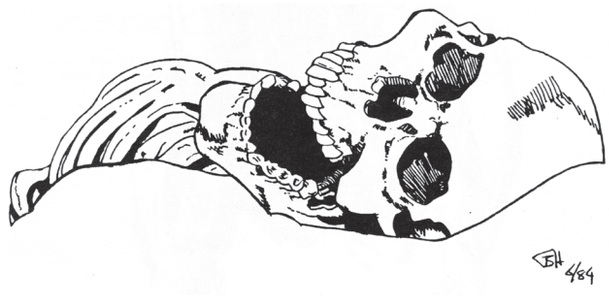


Top: Dawn DeAngelis, Lee Harrington, Diane Stemper, Ed Williams. *Memoirs of an Alternative College*. Johnston College, c. February 9, 1979. | Bottom: Admissions brochure for Johnston College, n.d.

sat down on the floor, looked you in the eye, and listened when you spoke; the hindsight comedy of early '70s sensitivity training; the awkward problem of feeling invisible turning into the interesting problem of feeling too visible. Then liking it, then jumping in, then taking off.

Then all those faces, the extraordinary people, the ones who survive, the ones who have passed, the ones whose status I don't know—but all of whom out of their own contexts enlarged my sense of the world and what my responsibility to it might be. Among the 1969 founding class are activists and professionals for indigenous rights, labor rights, certainly one brilliant criminal defense lawyer, and in that and succeeding classes experts in public health, folklorists, educators, writers, poets, artists, LGBT activists, all engaged in lifetimes of work that found early intersections at Johnston. I am still thinking about our conscientious objector friend, the medic in Vietnam who saved lives at great cost to himself, but who barely spoke about it, entering his piece of history in a notorious battle that was a turning point in the public perception of the war. How little I understood it at the time, how difficult to speak across gender frontiers for any of us, how much our speechlessness required a lifetime of persistence to undo. And persistent he seems to have been, organizing against the forever war through the end of his life. I am still thinking about the passionate friendships seeded at Johnston, the women with whom I discovered my own power to speak in the thrill of dialogue with them (not to mention some wild and crazy road trips).

There is that moment, too, somewhere in my first Johnston year, when I had an exchange with Bill McDonald, whose *Ulysses* tutorial I was almost silently taking alongside my loquacious, sharp-witted friend Raymond. Still a walking bruise of an orphan, I was about to leave his office after an advising meeting when I said something about having a special, particular connection to death and dying. Without missing a beat, Bill said, well, we all have a special, particular connection to death and dying. A bit abrupt, not the soothing embrace of my sorrowful condition that I was apparently shopping for. But I'll always remember it as a piece in the full fabric of Bill's profound mentoring, part of the tremendous, intellectually engaging, radically generous efforts of Johnston faculty to facilitate our ability to connect who we are and what has happened to us with the fate of others.

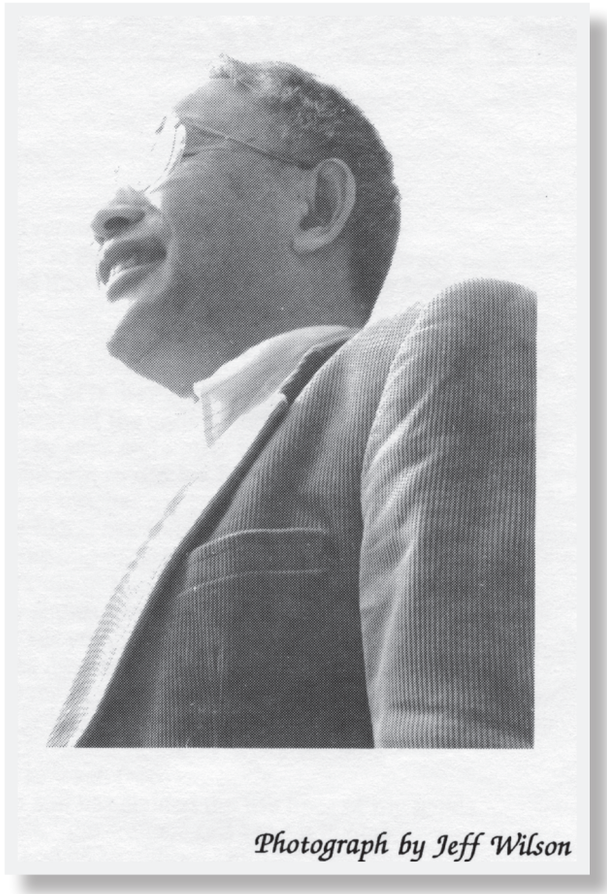


Snapshot50.indd 66 12/10/18 12:29 AM

YASH OWADA CHANGED MY LIFE

Hannah Schell

1987: The syllabus for our first-year seminar included books that I decided, in the profundity of my 18-year-old mind, were worthless smut. Put off by Joan Didion and enraged by having to read Bret Easton Ellis, I must have made some comments during our class discussion that suggested my frustration, because Yash invited me to come talk to him about it. "To offer your critique," he said with his wry smile. Unsure of what "critique" entailed and ashamed that I might have offended my teacher, I tried to backtrack. Yash quietly insisted, and so, a few days later, I found him in his office and tentatively put forward what were undoubtedly some boneheaded claims. I'm horrified now by the thought of my immature moralizing, but Yash didn't seem to be—in fact, he nudged me to sharpen my arguments. I came away even more confused about why a professor would require readings that he could then readily pick apart. But I was also thrilled by the intellectual exchange—a light switch in me had been flipped.



Professor Yash Owada, photo by Jeff Wilson via *The Forum*, Johnston Center, c. 1990.

My mind was further rearranged when he had us read *Habits of the Heart*. The book offered a critical interrogation of

American culture generally and of individualism specifically, a trait celebrated at Johnston. What most shook my world was the way in which the book suggested that religious ideas and expressions of belief were historical, social categories that could be examined. As a new Johnstonian, I was savvy enough to understand Marx's quip about religion and opiates, but here was a way to trace *how* religious ideas were woven into the larger culture and how aspects of the culture impacted religion. There was also a hint of nostalgia in the authors' view, a sense that something had been lost, and I struggled to come to terms with that in the context of an educational community that privileged the overthrowing of traditional boundaries. As good teachers do, Yash messed up all my categories and strategies for making sense of the world, and then waited patiently as I tried to put the pieces back together.

I went to Yash in a panic because I wanted to drop a class (failing Physics for Poets?) and needed to pick up something else. He recommended an Art History course called Asian Culture. I imagined a class sitting in the dark looking at pictures and memorizing the names of artists. Yash didn't have much to say about the details or the content. "You should take this class," he said, signaling the conclusion of the conversation. We did spend a lot of time in that class in a darkened room, but the wild images of multiheaded, infinitely wise gods and fiercely powerful goddesses, and the accompanying myths about time measured out cyclically in vast eons, lit up the universe for me. I was only beginning to learn how narrow my life in the LA suburbs had been.

At some point in the fall of my sophomore year, Yash told me that he had learned that an economics professor was going to China in January and that she was reluctantly willing to take a couple of students with her (under pressure from the dean, as I recall). He compelled me to go to her office straightaway and make a pitch for why I should be one of those students. Terrified, I could have worked up any number of reasons for why I should wait and think about it. I can't recollect now exactly how Yash convinced me, but it was if he opened a door to my future and stood there, arm outstretched in invitation, waiting for me to go through.

(What I can picture easily, even to this day, is his wide, knowing grin.)

Later that spring after I returned from Beijing, I grew increasingly unhappy and eventually made the difficult decision to leave Johnston. That decision haunted me for a long time because, as a student and even now as a college professor, I continue to believe in the educational philosophy of the living-learning community, coursework tailored to student-directed goals, and narrative rather than quantitative evaluation.

Snapshot50.indd 68 12/10/18 12:29 AM

Yash supported me through the decision to leave, too. In retrospect I see that this also taught me something: mentoring resides in the commitment to the particular student sitting in front of you, and goes well beyond institutional affiliation. And that is a lesson that I have drawn upon many times when my own students have struggled with the decision to stay or go. Somehow, mysteriously, a good mentor is able to see versions of a student's future in the opaque mess of the present. Yash practiced such magic.

(As for Didion, she is now one of my favorite writers. "Where I Was From"—the title alone is arresting in its tricky simplicity.)

The Johnston Center is rich in its abundance of great professors—all wise and wonderful, each idiosyncratic and challenging. I was extremely fortunate in my short time there to take courses with the likes of Bill McDonald, Kevin O'Neill, Frank Blume, Fred Rabinowitz, Bill Huntley, and Barney Childs. These teachers are larger than life and deservedly have their fan clubs. But it was Yash Owada who, in his own quiet and enigmatic way, changed my life (and I'm sure many others' as well). The debt is infinite and can only be inadequately paid forward.



Professors Frank Blume (back right) and Fred Rabinowitz (left front) with their Psychology of Interpersonal Relationships seminar students. Photo courtesy of Hannah Schell, 1988.

Snapshot50.indd 69 12/10/18 12:29 AM





Johnston 2012–2016 by University of Redlands art professor Tommi Cahill, Artist statement: "In the Fall of 2012 I contacted a number of students from the University of Redlands Johnston program to see if they would participate in a long-term collaborative photographic documentary project. I was looking for a group of interested first year students that were willing to let me photograph them in their living spaces once a month for the duration of their time at the U of R. The days and times would be negotiated to accommodate our schedules. The documentation would chronicle the physical journey students take during their time at the university. Typically while students are working their way through undergrad they simultaneously struggle with the notion of self, making friends, negotiating life without parents. Some struggle with laundry, budgets and things as complex as their identity. Originally we were supposed to meet every month or so in their dorms. Sometimes this became more challenging so we met only a few times a semester and some of the students either did not live on campus or they wanted to explore other parts of campus with me. Led by the students I would meet up with them and we would spend 20–25 minutes together. I photographed them during this time we shared together, everything was open for discussion and or debate. These topics sometimes included: race, social class, politics, academics, relationships, fashion, sexuality, gender, and God. These pictures represent only a fraction of the time spent together and the pictures we made." –Tommi Cahill, c. 2016.

Snapshot50.indd 70 12/10/18 12:29 AM

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS

Harlin Kahn

The room upstairs is the same as every other room: cool tile floors, cinderblock walls, a syrupy mass of thick white paint. Cheap wood paneling envelops stout closet doors, entities as careless as they are inanimate, indifferently whacking into poorly placed air-conditioning vents. Two beds live in each of these rooms; wooden heads stare at wooden feet, and a black spring skeleton supports a navy blue body. Fluorescent lights attach themselves to porous white ceiling tiles, perfectly square. Previous residents have learned that the tiles here are soft enough to sink a solid indentation of a fist into with minimal effort.

The room upstairs is not like any other room. It is a place of perpetual fluctuation, a near-constant hubbub of commotion that will occasionally morph into a subdued conversation or an eerie noiselessness. The floors are thin here, but the ceiling is thinner. From bed I hear every word, every opening of the door, every line of the music. Sound and small objects penetrate the ceiling. The wasp nest outside the upstairs window will often grant me some meddlesome visitors. They buzz through the open window, eager to explore, until they forget their way out and panic, smashing into the window again and again. I can assure them that the window in front of them is not the way out, nor was it the way they came in, and I gently usher them to the fresh air with a paper or an old magazine.

Gravity rules the separation between the rooms. Music and voices, screams and secrets, all make their way down, but never drift up. Sometimes a stray bottle cap will seep through some unknown portal, startling me. If the cap has a reason for leaving the room upstairs, I will never know it. It will clink down through floor and ceiling, bouncing and rolling to a stop next to my refrigerator. Do the caps have a mind of their

Snapshot50.indd 71 12/10/18 12:29 AM

own? Are they an inadvertent gift, or an exchange? A token with some purpose, awaiting something in return?

The room upstairs officially belongs to one person, but a constant stream of attendees arrive, blending the realm of public and private. During the daytime or early evening, some do homework or socialize. Yet for many the room does not have a purpose other than a welcome space. The room attracts them the most, those with no reason to be there. They wander in, lost souls of the halls, looking for something even they don't realize. They stay in the room until their mysterious purpose is fulfilled, and then, as suddenly as they arrived, they disappear, soon replaced by a new soul in need of this haven. I know this because I have lived in the room underneath for some time, and I have come to see the pattern of people and voices, of discovery and of withdrawal. Does the keeper of the room evaluate these lost souls, and perhaps, when they are ready, gently push them from the nest? Or perhaps the souls are more intelligent than wasps, and they have discovered how to show themselves out.

The keeper of the room is a mysterious figure. She evokes images of the Statue of Liberty, well known, but rarely known well. She welcomes the huddled masses that use her room as a refuge, receiving them inside whether they are the closest of friends or the furthest of strangers.

Sometimes curiosity turns to procrastination: addictions turn to dependencies. The lost and the found converge on a location, to introduce and enjoy themselves in a room of broken hearts and temptation and overwhelming generosity. All seem to know that they are invited. I know this because I hear it. The inhabitants of the room upstairs are constantly changing, and all but the keeper of the room have a place to go back to. But I live in a limbo. Often I am a singer of the carols sung upstairs, a jubilant participant in that spirit of joy and camaraderie. Other times I sit in my room, trying to concentrate on some menial task, but end up as the inadvertent voyeur. In times like these, I think of the Grinch, high in his cave, overhearing the rabble and babble of Whoville. But the time comes when my menial tasks are over, and I do not have to be the Grinch, jealous of the merrymaking above me. I leave my cave. I walk twenty-seven steps to the stairs, go up one flight, and walk twenty-seven more steps to the room above mine. At this point I barely knock. A knock is a question, and what I give is more akin to a tap of notice. I do not wait for a response. I open the door.

I am greeted by wide-open windows and the warm glow of hundreds of Christmas lights. The room is filled with open space; beds pushed far against the walls to leave room for desks and people. Both serve as

Snapshot50.indd 72 12/10/18 12:29 AM

constantly shifting entities, rarely in the same place for very long. The desks often transform into a couch, a table, or a makeshift bar. Empty cups and bottles remind me of a birthday party last night. But as I enter this morning, something rare occurs: the room is empty. I imagine the keeper of the room, upon coming back from class, would probably be more surprised to find her room empty than she would to find me or someone else sitting on the couch, reading a book or rolling a joint. I can see remnants of last night's party on the floor, slightly sticky from the bottle of Redi-Whip that was applied to the face and hair of the person who had this birthday, as well as the mouths of the devoted spectators, awaiting their treat like baby birds. The room feels very different now. The blur of the evening is gone. The quick movements and loud noises made way for serenity. The room is different, neither better nor worse.

The spirit has a time limit. The room upstairs will exist in its current state for four months, and will soon join the ranks of every other forgotten room whose inhabitant has left it behind. This is what frightens me. The room upstairs will be there forever, but time passes. Things will change, and as soon as the month of May has come and gone, this place will never be the same again. The oldest and wisest will accept that it is time to move on, and a new horde of confused children will wander into these same halls. They will not know the room upstairs, just as I will never know the true history of any of these rooms. The room will not mind. The room will continue on, not noticing its constant stream of guests disappear. It will continue to be white walls and blue mattresses, and the only thing that will register the passage of time is the knuckle marks so impeccably notched in the ceiling tiles, acting as rings in a tree, growing evermore until the room is finally gone.



Snapshot50.indd 73 12/10/18 12:29 AM











Photos by Tommi Cahill, c. 2016.





Photos by Tommi Cahill, c. 2016.



Sophie on guitar, photo by Ian Spencer, n.d.



Kamal, photo by Blair Newman, 2017.



Peaches, photo by Jon Grant, 2002.



Daria and Maya, Cosmic Cactus, photo by Em Kilroy, 2018.



Graduation night in Holt Lobby. Photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2011.



Students playing on Bekins Porch, n.d.



Blue, Crawford, and Aria in the Bekins Jam Room. Photo by Blair Newman, 2017.



Marcus, photo by Hedy Yu, c. 2017.



Joel and Andrew, photo by M. G. Maloney, 2003.



Jamming on the lawn at the 25th Renewal, 1994.

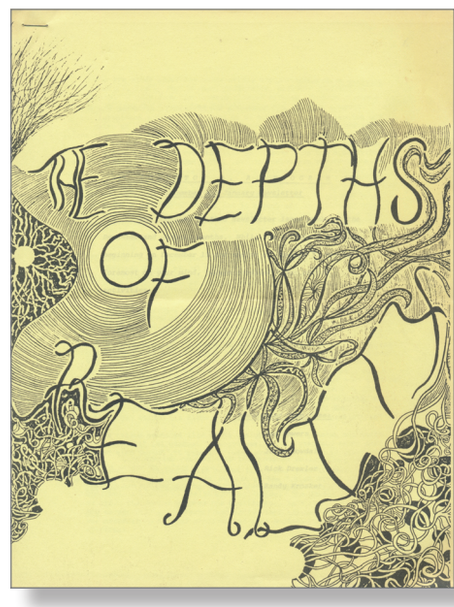
DARK STAR ORCHESTRA FIELD TRIP RAMBLINGS

Fred Rabinowitz

I had not seen a Dead show since 1994, the year before Jerry died. Teaching the Johnston seminar, Eyes of the World, had always been a dream: to bring together the musical evolution, the insanity of the sixties and seventies, and the social consciousness and influence of the Grateful Dead to a new generation. We had hundreds of pages of readings, live shows to hear, and hours of riffing discussion for the semester. I was hoping that our field trip to hear and see Dark Star Orchestra, the band that covered the Dead by replaying live shows, would re-create the experience. Brittany, Rick, and David piled into my car to head to the House of Blues in Anaheim. Rick, the newbie Deadhead, needed rest and slept, but I found out that it was David's 24th birthday, and that it was a ritual for him to go see a Dead-style band on this special day. Brittany could hardly contain her excitement to see the show, and I felt like the luckiest college professor in the world to be able to have the concert be a part of our study of the Grateful Dead.

The House of Blues had outdoor seating for dinner. We sat next to the keyboard player of the band, we realized after the show had begun. There were lots of longhairs in tie-dye, evoking the spirit of the Dead. Alex from the class showed up and then Laurie. One by one we caught sight of the sixteen Johnston seminar souls coming together for the show.

As it got closer to 8 P.M., we wandered through security, up the stairs, past the Wharf Rats, the drug and alcohol-free Deadhead support group, and into the venue. It was a very cool two-floored structure,

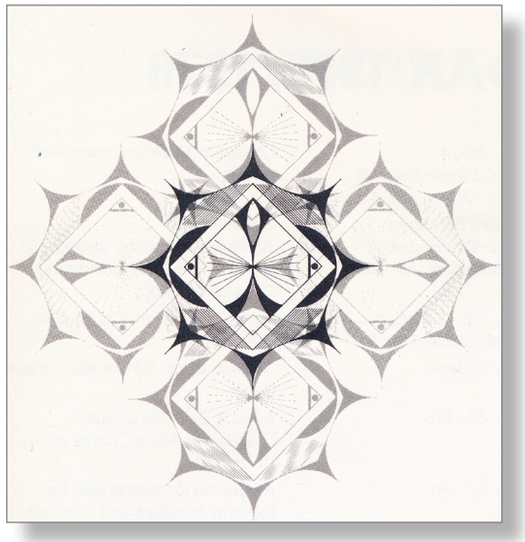


Above: Johnston College Master of Arts in Transpersonal Psychology and Education, newsletter, "Depths of Reality," Johnston College, c. 1979.

tables upstairs, bars all around, and downstairs an open floor. Our group gathered together near the front of the stage. When the band came out, my curiosity piqued. How good are these guys going to be? How can they actually do a Dead show? The lights went down and the first notes of "Bertha" played. I was transported back to being a college student seeing the Dead at Cornell in May 1977. My body moved without any conscious effort. I glanced over at the students. They looked like me from 30 years ago; long hair, happy, loose, and already entranced by the music.

I smiled as I watched a 60-year old reincarnated "Jerry Garcia" papa dance with abandon. Leslie, a lit-up hippie caterer, was making friends in the crowd. She gave me a spontaneous hug, kissed me, and handed me an orange substance from her drink. It tasted like melon soaked in vodka, which it probably was, but I had a momentary fear that I may have been dosed. The thought passed as I took in the whole experience with my 300 fellow revelers. The whirling dervish dancers were cranking out their spins, and the whole floor swayed with the music. Individuals from the seminar were grooving to the tunes, mixing easily, befriended by various Deadheads of all ages. The smiles and the openness of the audience reminded me of the ideals that Jerry and the band had tried to communicate through their shows. The spirit was still alive. The lights came on. I awoke from the dream. But alas, there was still another set to go.

At the break, I was taken by Jen to meet guitarist Craig Marshall, of the Grateful Dead tribute band, Cubensis, who told the story of meeting Jerry Garcia in Portland. We exchanged phone numbers and promised each other to make contact so the band could visit and play at the Johnston 40th reunion in February. The other person who spent time with the students was the original Grateful Dead soundboard mixer, Dan Healy, who did Dark Star's sound. Everything was falling into place.

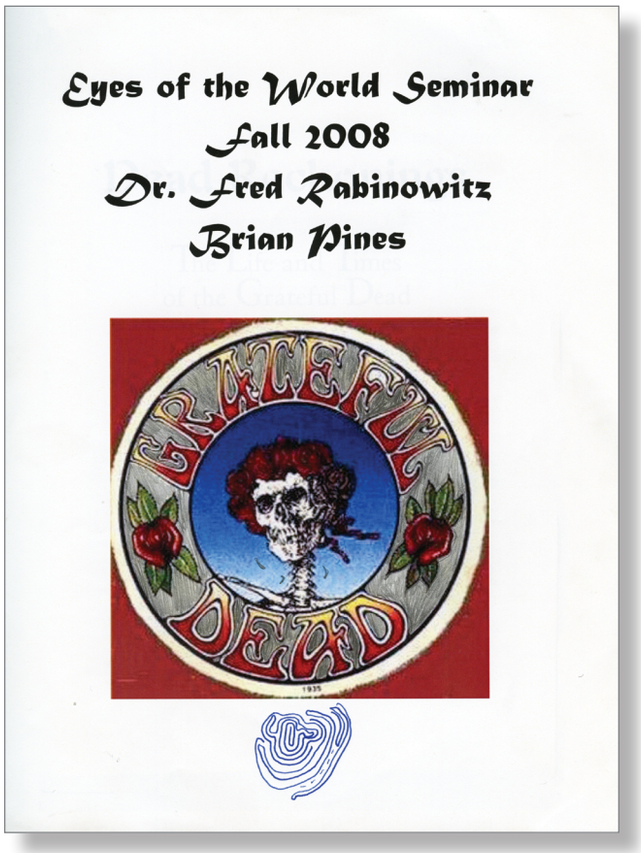


Snapshot50.indd 78 12/10/18 12:29 AM

When Dark Star came back out, Chris and Jen waved the group over to the left side where the longhaired, whirling flower-child dancers were going all out. Wild spinning, rocking, and free form dance was in order. Everyone was singing. The band launched into "Brown-eyed Woman," "Me and My Uncle," "It Must Have Been the Roses," "Jack Straw," "He's Gone," "Weather Report Suite," "Let It Grow," "Spanish Jam," and into an awesome "Eyes of the World."

The smell of weed wafted through the crowd. Unfortunately, over-zealous security brought a paranoid vibe. Rick, enjoying his first Deadish show, was falsely accused of smoking. Could it be that he was singled out because he was one of the only African-Americans in the crowd? Rick was eventually released, but not without dark mood repercussions that were softened by our group support. The phony bust was a big bummer and reminded me of the inherent racism and profiling that happens in our society. It also highlighted the fears about young people letting loose. When they look like they are having too much fun, it must be time to bust them. Neal Cassady is smiling somewhere.

The show let out just around midnight. I was a relieved chaperone. We made it home with no casualties. My throat was raw, and my old body was beat from four hours of dancing. I crashed hard, dreaming of psychedelic dancing bears.



Snapshot50.indd 79 12/10/18 12:29 AM



When the College became a Center, the students' literary magazine, *The Forum*, published this photo on its cover in March c. 1979.

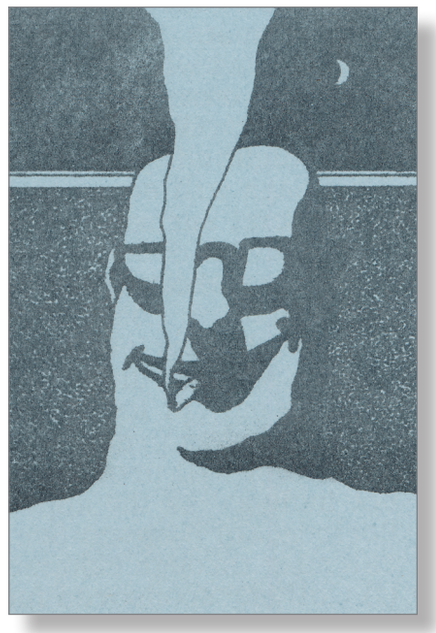
SMALL-TOWN BUSINESSMAN

Eric Wong

Fall 2009, some October evening or possibly November. I don't remember when exactly because southern California's seasons are just "sun" and "why the hell is there no sun?" I do remember a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed Johnston junior waiting in line at the CVS suffering a crisis of conscience.

I was gearing up that semester to co-teach a class on comics with Brendan Mead and buying comics by the dozens for research. As any voracious comics reader knows, they don't grow on trees. Trees are cut down to be turned into paper—quality paper with a nice feel at that—so comics are expensive. More than someone living on desk sitting wages could afford.

My options were twofold: do the unthinkable and buy fewer comics, or find an additional source of income. But how? The question gnawed away at my brain for days until, like all great conundrums I faced during my Johnston years, the answer came from the community.



David Rosenak and fox, "smoking," *The Juicy Handbook*, Johnston College, c. 1974.

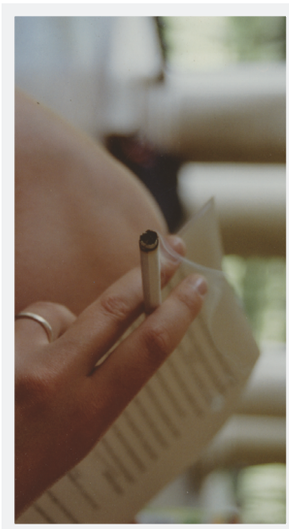
After a fashion.

Dinnertime at the Commons, and by dinner, I mean the usual servings of unwashed vegetables and lukewarm meats ladled onto gray and maroon plates. I sat at the customary Johnston tables on the outdoor patio, engaging in lively Johnstonian conversation on the usual topics. Identity politics. Globalism. Speculation on what Man-Cat, the feral feline who fed on our table scraps, did before dinnertime.

And like always, someone asking their friend if they could give them a ride to buy cigarettes.

Then it hit me. Like I was shot with a diamond. A diamond bullet right through my forehead.

Snapshot50.indd 81 12/10/18 12:29 AM



In all the time I lived on complex, I never went a single day without hearing some smoker nagging and needling their nicotine-addicted compatriots who had automobiles to take them to CVS or the smoke shop or the liquor store down Colton (run by very shady characters even for Redlands). There was a running joke my friends and I had that with so many chain smokers stranded on complex, one could make some easy cash if they provided a readily available stock of cigarettes.

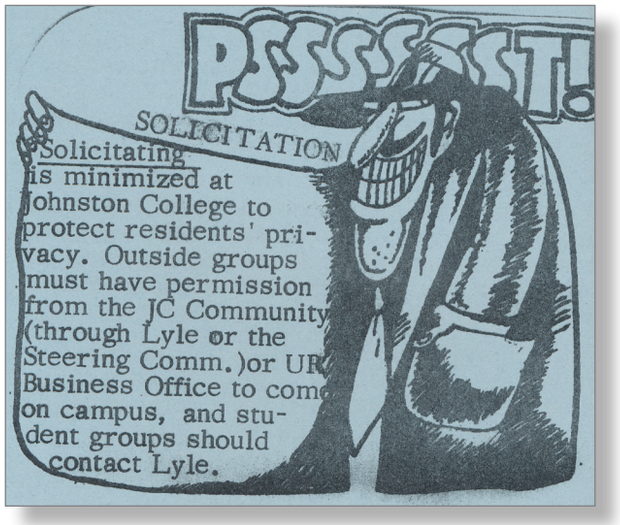
Enough to be rich? No. But enough to buy a few extra comics per week? Absolutely. All I needed was a plan, some gumption, and a car to get cigarettes myself.

The plan was easy. I consulted a few business major friends of mine who gave me a few basic pointers. What I brought to the table for the Johnston smokers was convenience. All I had to do was hang around Complex like I always, and the cigarette fiends would come to me. They'd grumble at my price point, of course. Twenty-five cents for a tobacco cigarette, fifty for a clove, five dollars for a pack of cloves. But they would always cave.

The gumption was even easier. I wasn't the first enterprising Johnston kid to take a crack at the cigarette game, but I was the first nonsmoker to do so. As they say on the streets, "Never get high on your own supply."

All I needed was the car, and luckily for me, I was friends with plenty of Smash players who had one. We already made regular trips to get the oatmeal cream pies and Arizona Ice Tea for our gaming sessions, so I simply added a carton of Marlboros and/or Camels to my grocery list.

But what I didn't account for was my sense of morality finally unearthing itself from the depths of my black heart when I stood in line at the cashier.



The Juicy Handbook, Johnston College, c. 1974.

Snapshot50.indd 82 12/10/18 12:29 AM

Oh sure, I'd thought about the legal ramifications of selling tobacco without a license, but I was going to take precautions. Only sell to trusted smokers on Complex and never to total strangers. And technically I was going to violate school policy, but who gave a shit about that?

But it finally occurred to me, on the cusp of putting my new enterprise into motion, that maybe this was how it started for those tobacco executives. A rationalization here, a rule bent there, and before you know it, you've become comfortable with selling death to young people.

There was a heaviness in my chest, the guilt weighing me down like an anchor. Yet somehow, it didn't stop me from buying a carton of Marlboro Reds. It did make me feel like a monster as I sat in silence in the backseat of my friend's jeep on the way back.

Is this how evil is born? That was the question I grappled with as I walked into Nighttime Java when I got back to drown my sorrows in an Oreo milkshake.

But it's for your class, I said to myself as I nursed my dessert drink. On the counter was a black faux leather briefcase, now carrying ten packs of cigarettes. I thought it a cute gimmick, a funny bit of salesmanship.

But would it be worth in the end?

"I'm going to go find some cigarettes." That was Emmett, seated on the couch, studying. He stood up, about to leave to go find one of his fellow smokers to bum a smoke.

"Hey, I have some cigarettes," I whimpered. "For sale."

"You do? How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"That's it? Awesome!" He dug out a quarter from his pocket. I opened up my briefcase of ill-gotten goods like in the movies.

"You have a briefcase? Hilarious!" He took a pack, plucked a cigarette, and headed out the back to smoke. "Thanks, Eric, you're a lifesaver!"

And just like that, all the guilt and conflicted feelings vanished instantly. I made my first sale. And I never looked back.

So began the saga of Eric Wong, who ran a viable gray market cigarette business on Complex for seven months, and from what I'm told, the only successful one to date.



Nate and Steve, photo courtesy of Nate Budington, 1976.

Snapshot50.indd 83 12/10/18 12:29 AM







"... Johnston was a pilgrimage home, a gathering of tribes fraught with the hero's journey, difficulties and pain you thought you'd never feel, and an equal balance of joy that took you to the fifth rooftop. Johnston was the madness of one step beyond." —Lisa Beth Robinson. Photos by alumnus Jeff Wilson of his photography students in 1997.

THE QUAD IS LIKE THE INFERNO, EXCEPT IT'S WET INSTEAD OF HOT

FIVE QUOTES THAT BRING ME RIGHT BACK TO COLLEGE

Emily Wick

Some souvenirs aren't valuable until they've survived years without being discarded. Out of everything I heard during my college years, there are a few sentences that have stayed with me verbatim.

Much of my Johnston experience itself can be conjured from the following five quotes, each spoken without a hint of hesitation by five distinct characters.

1. *"I read the first two chapters of that book and dropped out of high school."*

   —ADAM BYRNE walking by my room to see I was reading *The Teenage Liberation Handbook: How to Quit School and Get a Real Life and Education*, by Grace Llewelyn.



Photo by Jeff Wilson, 1997.

Adam explained that after reading it, he had gone to community college instead of high school. I couldn't believe it: I'd barely cracked the book, which I'd borrowed from another student, when this testament to its lessons happened to walk by.

It was obviously too late for me to drop out of high school. But the idea of getting out of the path of compulsory "schooling for schooling's sake" and creating a "real life and education" so perfectly reflected what I was learning at Johnston: that my education and life were my own responsibility, mine to carefully scrimp and to lavishly squander.

2. "The quad is like the inferno, except it's wet instead of hot."
—AMANDA PECKHAM

In between the dorms and the dining hall was a large, grass-covered quadrangle, watered with sprinklers. It's easy to remember college life in generalities: staying up all night with friends, favorite professors, the fear of post-graduation life. Amanda's quad observation, so good and true that my roommate Jennifer printed it out for her photo album, makes tangible the physical experience of walking from bed to breakfast, the distance a hallmark of institutional life.

We navigated around painful sprinkler heads, sandals thoroughly slimed by the time we reached the opposite sidewalk, our first few steps leaving wet footprints before everything evaporated. I'm homesick remembering the feeling: a discomfort strong enough to dread but never strong enough to walk a hundred feet out of the way to use a sidewalk.

3. "Holt is where the heart is."
—HAMMURABI KABBABE on the benefits of living in Holt over Bekins.

My first year, I thought I'd won the housing lottery. My roommate Jennifer and I were among the few freshmen whose dorm room was in Bekins Hall. Our room, 207, had huge windows and wooden moldings and was extra long. Holt, which was essentially an office building with beds, seemed like the "worse" place to live.

Sure, hobnobbing with upperclassman was entertaining. On our door's whiteboard was a cryptic tally of the times the surliest senior said "hi" to us in the hallway versus the times he snubbed us (about 4 to 14, respectively). But there's part of me that wishes I'd spent my first year in the crowd of my own class, that a deeper connection with them would be more valuable than anything.

Or would it? The room was a friend, too, my bed surrounded by windows, prisms of sunset streaming in through eucalyptus dust, painting themselves luxuriously on the kind of plaster walls that never needed posters.



Hammurabi, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 86 12/10/18 12:29 AM

4. "I buy flowers every week."

—HEATHER DELANEY upon bringing me to a farmside fruit and flower stand deep in the orange groves.

I grew up in a house where my mom loved fresh flowers. But I could never bring myself to buy them at the farm stand, even though they were only two dollars. What if I didn't enjoy them enough? I told myself that someday they would be part of my life. It was over a decade out of college before I even tried to keep my own vase full.

It is easy to smile at flowers on the table, but it isn't easy to be the one who has to throw them away and then replenish them, living with the lesson that flowers have to offer humans: enjoy this time of being alive, not despite its temporary nature, but because of it.

5. "That's where the real talent is."

—PATRICIA GEARY, creative writing professor, on revision

It was my second year, and I'd turned in my final three stories for Pat Geary's Intermediate Fiction Workshop. All I remember of the assignment is that she'd written "beautiful, but excruciating" in the margins of one particularly over-the-top tale, one based on a true story from my hometown in which a boy with dreams of heroism set a horse farm on fire.

Pat had taught us that, in general, computers had lowered the quality of writing, because physical re-copying, which forced one to read and process everything again, was no longer necessary. Though it always made me feel nauseous to read over what I'd written along with the suggested revisions, I had done it carefully this time. It shows, she said. That's where the real talent is. All these years later, I couldn't agree more. Real talent requires a strong stomach.



rofessor Pat Unknown

It was also at the U of R that she red her love for the Johnston Center. ary said, "The Johnston Center is ich like New College. They are both perimental."

ve taught creative writing for seven- ars, and it never gets tiresome or because there are no two classes that r the same. The students are always jects, and the subjects are always g. There is always the chance to read ing different each semester.

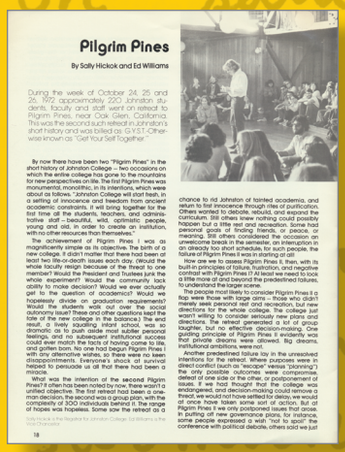
ou can not predict what is going to rough [in a creative writing work- and there is always the feeling of tion that something is accomplished- lents in every class are always im- ," said Geary.

major influence in Geary's writing s been novelist/essayist Joan Didion. s clean and beautiful writing style strong impressions in Geary. "Didion of the finest contemporary artists, ith Anais Nin, who wrote five nov-

Professor of Creative Writing Pat Geary

Author and professor Patricia "Pat" Geary featured in *The Echo* student newspaper, c. 1993.

Snapshot50.indd 87 12/10/18 12:29 AM



Pilgrim Pines

By Sally Hickok and Ed Williams

During the week of October 24, 25 and 26, 1972 approximately 220 Johnston students, faculty and staff went on retreat to Pilgrim Pines, near Oak Glen, California. This was the second such retreat in Johnston's short history and was billed as G.Y.S.T. (Otherwise known as "Get Your Self Together."

By now there have been two "Pilgrim Pines" in the short history of Johnston College -- two occasions on which the entire college has gone to the mountains for new perspectives on life. The first Pilgrim Pines was monumental, monolithic, in its intentions, which were about as follows: "Johnston College will start fresh, in a setting of innocence and freedom from ancient academic constraints. It will bring together for the first time all the students, teachers, and administrative staff -- beautiful, wild, optimistic people, filled with the energy to create an institution, with no other resources than themselves."

The achievement of Pilgrim Pines I was as magnificently simple as its objective. The birth of a new college. It didn't matter that there had been at least two life-or-death issues each day. (Would the whole faculty resign because of the threat to one member? Would the President and trustees junk the whole experiment? Would the community lack ability to make decision? Would we ever actually get to the question of academics? Would we hopelessly divide on graduation requirements? Would the students walk out over the social autonomy issue? These and other questions kept the fate of the new college in the balance.) The end of Pilgrim Pines I was marked by a climax as dramatic as to push aside most subtler personal feelings, and no subsequent institutional success could ever match the facts of having come to life, and gotten born. No one had begun Pilgrim Pines I with any alternative wishes, so there was no keen disappointments. Everyone's shock at survival seemed to persuade us all that there had been a miracle.

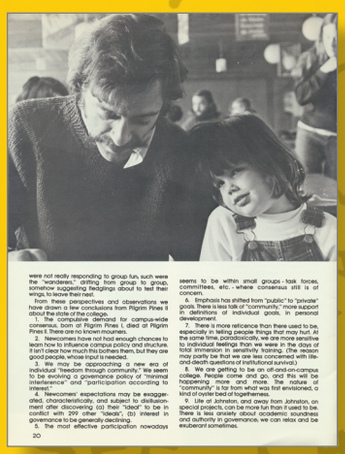
What was the intention of the **second** Pilgrim Pines? It often has been noted by now, there wasn't a unified objective. The first retreat had been a one-man decision, the second was a group plan, with the complexity of 300 individuals behind it. The range of hopes was hopeless. Some saw the retreat as a



weren't ready. The spirit of calm seemed to dominate - "there's no emergency, we don't have to rush." Such group responses avoided win-lose outcomes, and left frustrated only the anxious people who thought life-or-death questions were being ignored.

Whether or not they were inevitable, a good many secret disappointments also occurred among those who had been anticipating re-orientation, transformation, or new joys of friendship. There were some hidden hopes for personal miracles (even though the odds are known to be unfavorable). But one surprising turn in Pilgrim Pines II was its unpredicted attention to individual unhappiness. Such was the unforeseen subject of many a small group session, and of many a private conversation.

We became more openly sensitive to the fact that cliques form within a couple of weeks of the beginning of school, and individuals tend to be locked in (or locked out!) prematurely. Just as in high school, too many people are forced to play unnatural or unwanted roles, and balked in their experiments to discover potential in themselves. We also became aware of how many lonely people



were not really responding to group fun, such were the "wanderers," drifting from group to group, somehow suggesting fledglings about to test their wings, to leave their nest.

From these perspectives and observations we have drawn a few conclusions from Pilgrim Pines II and from the whole year:

1. The compulsive demand for campus-wide consensus, born at Pilgrim Pines I, died at Pilgrim Pines II. There are no known mourners.

2. Newcomers have not had enough chances to learn how to influence campus policy and structure. It isn't clear how much this bothers them, but they are good people, whose input is needed.

3. We may be approaching a new era of individual freedom through community. The need to be evoking a governance policy of "minimal interference" and "participation according to interest."

4. Newcomers' expectations may be exaggerated, characteristically, and subject to disillusionment after discovering (a) their "ideal" to be in conflict with 299 other "ideals"; (b) interest in governance to be generally declining.

5. The most effective participation nowadays seems to be within small groups - task forces, committees, etc. - where consensus still is of concern.

6. Emphasis has shifted from "public" to "private" goals. There is less talk of "community," more support in definitions of individual goals, in personal development.

7. There is more reticence than there used to be, especially in telling people things that may hurt. At the same time, paradoxically, we are more sensitive to individual feelings than we were in the days of total immersion in sensitivity training. (The reason for this may be that we are less concerned with life-and-death questions of institutional survival.)

8. We are getting to be an old-and-on-campus college. People come and go, and this will be happening more and more. The nature of "community" is far from what was first envisioned, a kind of oyster bed of togetherness.

9. Life at Johnston, and away from Johnston, on special projects, can be more fun than it used to be. There is less anxiety about academic soundness and authority in governance, we can relax and be exuberant sometimes.

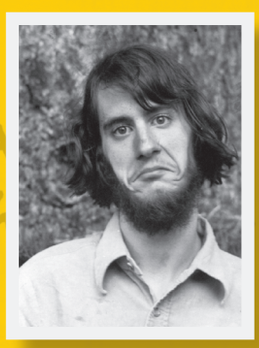
Ed Williams (JC Vice Chancellor), "Pilgrim Pines." *Impetus 1*, no. 1 (1973).



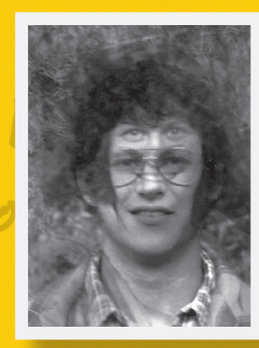


Top: Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d. Bottom: G.Y.S.T., photo by Amanda Schmalzried, 2017.









Photos by professor Bob Treacy, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 88 12/10/18 12:29 AM

Photos by Clarke Henry, c. 2009.









Photos by M. G. Maloney, 2016.







G.Y.S.T. community meeting drawing, "get your ear pierced together," 2017.



G.Y.S.T., photo by Amanda Schmalzried, 2017.

on saturday and sunday, 15th, 16th
will you attend the
owada - fullerton - metzgar - mcdunnah - gaines - wilson - krocek - pope - ecker - robinson - wiesner - srivastrava - piatt - starkweather - oasis

GYST

OR will you make it your own?

(THOSE NAMED ABOVE HAVE BEGUN THE PLANS FOR OUR MAJOR COMMUNITY BUILDING ACTIVITY FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR)

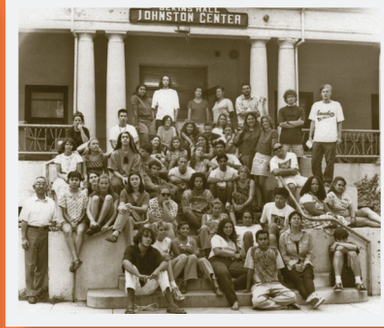
SEE CHRIS F. (HOLT, x3571) WITH YOUR IDEAS right away !!!

Otherwise...
SEE YOU SATURDAY MORNING 11 A.M.
at the Bus in front of Bekins

Advertisement for G.Y.S.T., *The Jimmy Paper*, Johnston Center c. 1990.



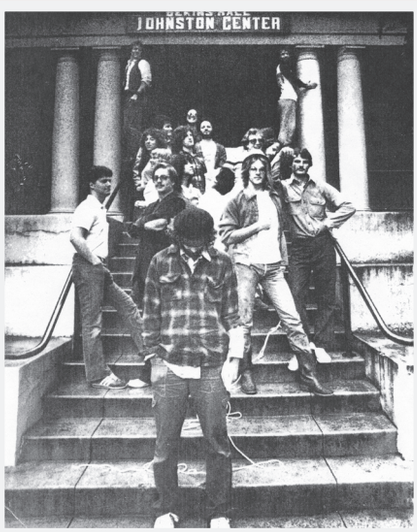
















Bekins porch photos. | Top left: Photo courtesy of Michael Peñafiel, 1997. | Top center: Community portrait in front of old Johnston College East "Fokat" Hall. Photo courtesy of Nate Budington, 1981. | Top right: Photo courtesy of Michael Peñafiel, 1996. | Middle left: 1980. | Middle: Photo courtesy of Jeff Wilson, 1993. | Middle right: Photo courtesy of Caren Andrus, 1986. Bottom left: n.d. Bottom middle: 2006. | Bottom right: Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2008.

TRIBE

Emily Pepin

Let me be clear: I never had a tribe. My DNA didn't dictate what foods my family cooked or where I grew up. I'm a Heinz 57 American mix of Puerto Rican, Russian Jewish, Irish, French, and Eastern European.

My mother's parents were both first-generation New Yorkers who wanted their children to assimilate, to wash over their old-world roots with the new suburbs of the tristate area. My depressed, agoraphobic grandmother did not teach her daughters Spanish. My father grew up an Army brat, and he moved from place to place desperate to escape the violence and ignorance of his extensive family, their missing teeth and unhappy marriages. My parents met when they were 15, fell in love, and fled.

When I was 8 we moved to New Mexico. We left what I thought was an idyllic childhood in blue-collar New Jersey, the kind of blocks you ride your bike around and summers spent down the shore, blue mountains, its stretching sunsets, its endless aching horizon, that captivated my father, and he could not be deterred. And so we moved.

The move was hard on our family; both my parents had to work more, and my mother went back to school. Our new home was sprawling in the desert lowlands, far away from, as far as I could tell, anything. I was one of a dozen girls in my Catholic junior high and high school with curly hair, and the only one of my friends who didn't have a first holy communion or attend Catechism class. I did not excel at sports, and there was little else offered in the way of extracurriculars. I wasn't Native American and didn't know how to make posole. I didn't grow up speaking Spanish or know how to ski. All the culture around me was rich, and it did not, fundamentally, fit.



Drawer found in Bekins laundry room. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

And then I went to college.

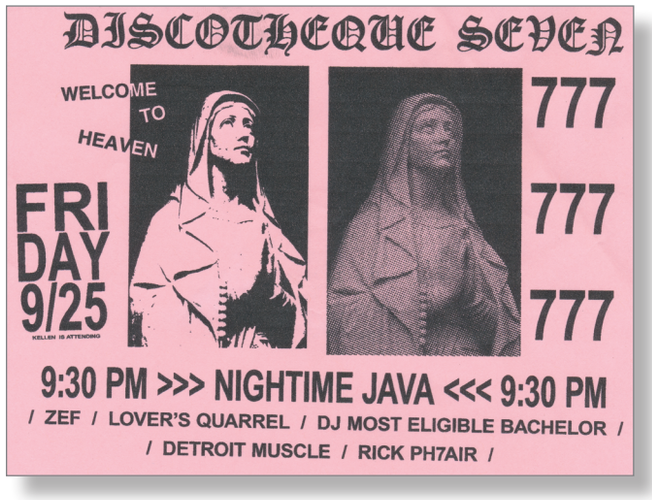
Sometimes, the universe knows what you need better than you do. Sometimes, the universe offers the ignorant and unassuming a gift so impeccable it almost hurts to bite into: that was Johnston for me.

I didn't know that I had never felt like myself until a moment, maybe a week into my freshman year, when I was standing out on the quad across from Complex, looking up at a ring around the full moon while in the background a party raged on the Bekins porch. I had never seen a ring around the moon before, and I had never had a conversation with five other curly-haired people at once. My acquaintances that night all happened to be from Chicago, and they all wanted to talk about books. We were transfixed by the moon, and below it, spinning from the tree in front of us, was a spider dangling by a long string of its web. The night was a deep midnight blue, and there was music playing behind us, loud and emotional.

I was barefoot. I no longer wore the Catholic school uniform that had plagued me for six years, starchy navy blue and khaki. I had escaped my first relationship, which was a cruel one. I wore a halter top and a flowing skirt and I remember someone telling me about how there was a place we could go to practice Buddhist meditation up in the nearby mountains.

Even now, over a decade later, when I am feeling panicked and out of touch, when the animal of my body is feeling hunted or hungry or tired or raw, I close my eyes and come back to that moment. I see the ring around the full moon and the fat spider dangling beneath the tree, I hear Bright Eyes and chatter and feel cooled sweat on my young body. I remember in perfect clarity the first moment that I belonged anywhere. I remember the first time I ever experienced the almost unbearable pleasure of letting go, of sinking in, of being.

This is the impeccable magic that Johnston offered, again and again, and continues to offer me today, that word I didn't know yet for a feeling it has taken over a decade to articulate, the vital and enduring experience of tribe.



Discotheque Seven flyer, 2015.

Snapshot50.indd 92 12/10/18 12:30 AM

LEGEND

Echo Jardini

The Johnston dinner table: twilight falling and dropping long shadows as we waste another hour swapping stories after our plates are long empty. This is how oral history is made and youth learn the tales of old.

I ask, "Okay, but aren't there people who are important to the community that everybody knows?"

Jordan explains in his Marshakiest voice, "Mythology is not something that can be achieved by mere mortals like yourself and me. It is something beyond."

I have to admit I was a little offended. What did he mean, that I could never be a Johnston myth? I was indignant; I would prove him wrong.

Did I know then, of ignorance? A person does not become legend, does not enter into myth from sheer will alone; some do remarkable things and become great icons with many stories, and those like myself drift away, ghosts. Marshak did pretty well for himself, though, considering how Bekins One was and is referred to as Jordan Marshak's office. I recall hours trapped in his cellar playing Arkham Horror until a strange smell permeated the basement as spirits nightly descend from riding daytime thermals of heat and enter the basement smelling vaguely rotten. "The spirits like the lonely, desolate souls, like myself," Jordan once said. The spirits used to bother me but I learned how to become a ghost like them.

But I digress from the telling of Johnston myth: the legends learned at Bill McDonald's



Above: Johnston Seder in Bekins Basement. Photo courtesy of Josh and Karen Tanenbaum, c. 2001.

knee; the stories swapped in those liminal dusks at the dinner table. That evening they were telling the tale of Jake Kandl, class of 2012. Frankly, I couldn't stop hearing about him all that fall, even though I've never met the man myself—as I was walking down the hallway "Jake Kandl used to live in that utility closet." And "Jake Kandl once climbed onto Holt roof," and so on.

Or another time, "When Jake Kandl graduated he called everyone on stage—all kinds of people crammed on stage—some people fell off! And then when it was over he handed Hannah Pope his diploma and asked 'Hannah Pope, how does it feel to graduate?'" ("I still have his diploma," Hannah Pope chimed in.)

One night I was handed a white envelope with my name spelled strangely in Sharpie on the front. Inside was a weird, incomprehensible printout of a comic page:

> You think you know my life? I have something for you: I'M RONDOR. Nothing comes before, after, or during me. I am all but one, a whole. I am the fire
>
> Really? Do you believe in make believe?
>
> NO.
>
> Do you forgive me for touching myself? Late at night?
>
> NO.*
>
> (*Rondor forgives none)
>
> Say, have you found Rondor?
>
> Nope.*
>
> (*Bad idea)
>
> RONDOR KNOWS
>
> For, lo, on the third moon, he who loadeth his chariot sans belief was cast into the eternal flame of non-Rondonia, forever deprived of his essential juices.
>
> CLEANSE THY LENS
>
> Rondor may not have died for your sins WHO CARES???



Photo by Jon Grant, 2002.

Snapshot50.indd 94 12/10/18 12:30 AM

Rondor: 1) Makes a mean omelet 2) Calls his gramma 3) Comes in many forms 4) Technicolor

BURNING WITH DESIRE!

All Are Accepted

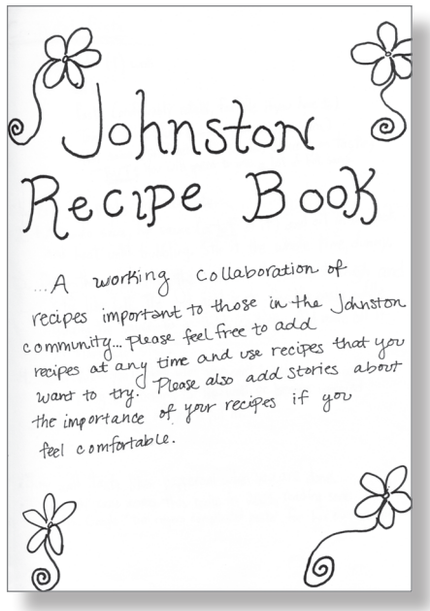
"What? Why?" I sputtered with confusion and indignation.

I was informed, "Jake Kandl used to give these out," which I found to be an unsatisfactory explanation.

"Jake Kandl left three jugs of pee in the Bekins laundry room."

Wait, really? That's...really gross. And years later the jugs of pee were found in a community-wide attempt to clean and revitalize Bekins's basement and people were rather horrified and they had to call a biohazard waste cleanup team.

If that's the legacy a legend leaves, I think I'm okay not being a legend.



Johnston Recipe Book, n.d.



Annie DaSilva, Dearest Buffalo, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 95 12/10/18 12:30 AM

Johnston College Confounds the Skeptics

Experimental institution has survived a rough shakedown period that included deep conflicts with its parent U. of Redlands

By Beverly T. Watkins
REDLANDS, CAL.

In 1969, when the University of Redlands, a traditional institution, launched Johnston College, an experimental institution, many people in higher education were skeptical that such educational opposites could live together.

A year and a half later, when the college's first chancellor was fired by the university trustees and its faculty and students split over whether to move or to remain at Redlands, those skeptics considered Johnston's demise only a matter of time.

Today, as a third chancellor assumes office after four stable Johnston years, there is no doubt that the experimental college is here to stay. The question now is what comes next.

Although the basic plan worked out six years ago remains the core of the college, the shakedown years witnessed substantial change.

Johnston College opened in the fall, 1969, but planning for it had begun at the University of Redlands four years earlier, according to Eugene E. Dawson, president of the university since 1970.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE CHRONICLE BY NORM SCHINDLER

Students at Johnston must determine their own educational goals and are responsible for fulfilling them through the experimental college's system of contracts.

Conflict over Autonomy

In the mid-1960's Redlands was faced with a mushrooming student population. "The university had the feeling that it didn't want to grow any larger as a university," said Mr. Dawson, "so it began thinking in terms of cluster colleges."

Although the original plan called for Johnston to be the first of several such cluster colleges, today it remains the only one.

Johnston College opened in true nontraditional style, with a 10-day mountain retreat during which the first chancellor, Pressley C. McCoy, 20 faculty members, and 182 students "decided the design of the college," according to Eugene G. Ouellette, who was appointed chancellor in 1971. "The group came back from the mountains and away they went," he said.

A year and a half later Johnston College and the University of Redlands were in deep conflict over students and autonomy.

Lack of Understanding

"This was the period of Vietnam and Cambodia," said Mr. Ouellette. Johnston students, with their activist politics and their long-haired, barefoot lifestyle, met with a hostile reception from the traditional university and the largely conservative community here.

Johnston's view of itself as "a totally autonomous nontraditional college" also clashed with the university's somewhat narrower view of the college's autonomy.

"There was lack of understanding on both sides," Mr. Ouellette said. "No one really knew what would happen until everyone got here."

The conflict turned to crisis in January, 1971, when the university trustees abruptly fired Chancellor McCoy and appointed Mr. Ouellette. Johnston faculty members and students, after two months of heated meetings and negotiations with other colleges for a new home, decided to remain at Redlands.

After its tumultuous beginning, Johnston set about becoming a worthwhile experimental institution.

"The basic design of that first group—with some changes—is still the core of Johnston College," said Mr. Ouellette.

When the original faculty members and students met to work out the academic design, "we all agreed on what we didn't want," said Edward K. Williams, vice-chancellor and faculty fellow in English, "but we had a harder time agreeing on what we did want."

The group, according to Mr. Williams, worked out a liberal arts program built around some classic educational concepts:

- That education is a process, not an accumulated package; the purpose is to gain skills for lifelong learning.
- That academic disciplines can't be isolated from real-life problems.
- That emotional development is as important as intellectual growth; evaluation is part of growth.
- That student goals and needs should be met through individualized programs.
- That perceptions, understanding, and communication among different cultures must be improved.

"We ended up with a conservative and all-embracing set of educational goals that no one could argue with, and no way to achieve them," said Mr. Williams.

Faced with devising a curriculum and a process for the college, the faculty noted on 3x5 cards their own academic specialties, subjects they wanted to explore, and other expertise. They put the cards on a wall, grouped loosely under the headings "interpersonal," "intercultural," "international," and "special."

Unorthodox Registration

The students followed the same procedure. After some shuffling, the large groups became seminars, the small groups tutorials, and the singles potential independent study.

This unorthodox procedure, with a few modifications, is still used at Johnston, according to Isobel C. Corneil, faculty fellow in biology. "The faculty sit in the commons [student center] at the beginning of each semester with a list of the courses they want to teach," she said. "The students select what they want."

Students can also arrange for particular courses, as well as cross-register at the University of Redlands for courses unavailable at Johnston.

Underlying its flexible curriculum is the Johnston College system of contracts.

For a course contract, "faculty and students decide within the first two or three weeks specifically what will be covered in the course," said Ms. Corneil.

"This becomes the minimum group contract," said William McDonald, faculty fellow in literature. "After we all agree on the minimum content, the books to be read, and so on, each student writes his own contract, adding to it and going as far beyond as he wants," he said.

The student is responsible for fulfilling his intentions in the course as stated in his contract.

Instead of grades, Johnston faculty members provide each student with a written evaluation at the conclusion of a course. Students, in turn, evaluate the course and the faculty.

Students and faculty members are both candid in their evaluations, said Kate Higgins, who graduated this year. "You can be open in your evaluation," she said. "The teachers don't put you down. It doesn't put student or faculty in jeopardy."

"Total floundering is no good and total guidance is no good either. We needed guided floundering."

When students take courses at the university they can elect a grade, pass-fail, or evaluation, according to Mr. Williams. "Some Johnston students try for grades," he said. "They seem to want to test their ability to perform in a traditional institution."

"The graduation contract is the heart of the college program," said Mr. McDonald. By the junior year, a student must prepare a written record of work completed and a proposal for work to be done toward his specialization.

'Heart of the Program'

The graduation contract is a statement of where the student is and where he's going, said Mr. McDonald. "There are 350 contracts for our 350 students," he said.

Drafting a graduation contract and appearing before the faculty members and students on the graduation review committee can be an intense experience, according to Ms. Corneil. "The committee has to be very careful" in assessing the contract, she said. "The student's whole guts are out there."

Freshmen enrolling at Johnston this fall will complete an entering contract. The need for an agreement about first-year expectations grew out of the identity crisis students experienced when they moved from a traditional to an unstructured environment, said Ms. Corneil.

"Total floundering is no good and total guidance is no good either. We needed guided floundering," she said.

The early curricular "dimensions" at Johnston "began to function like departments with heads, weekly meetings, and budgets," said Mr. Ouellette. "The students and faculty voted them out in 1972."

Community Insight Program

Today the curriculum is organized loosely around programs such as crosscultural education, transpersonal psychology, and community service.

Johnston's community insight program, during which students spend some time living in another culture, is one of the college's earliest and most successful programs, said its director, Roger M. Baty, faculty fellow in anthropology. Johnston has sent 70 to 80 students to Indian reservations, Chicano and black communities, and Mexican villages.

Transpersonal psychology became a core program last year. The curriculum is built around Eastern religions and studies of the mind. Students often work off campus at such places as the Esalen Institute and the Center for Study of the Person in California.

Participation in the federal "University Year for Action" program, as well as extensive work-study internships, enables Johnston to provide students with community-service experience.

The consensus government chosen for Johnston by charter faculty members and students immediately proved unworkable. "Total consensus, where everybody had to agree on everything and everyone had to be able to live with every decision, was just too cumbersome," said Mr. Ouellette.

Decisions by Consensus

Today Johnston is governed by nine committees of students and faculty members, which make decisions by consensus. "These decisions are brought to the entire Johnston community of students and faculty, which meets once a week, and voted on," said Mr. Ouellette. "The community now requires only a two-thirds vote."

The original administrative plan has also been modified.

"Originally the University of Redlands handled recruiting, admissions, registration, and development for Johnston College," said Mr. Ouellette, "but we found our constituencies were so different, we couldn't stay with that organization model."

The college hired its own admissions officer and registrar, and this year established its own development program.

Johnston receives 16 per cent of the university budget, according to Mr. Ouellette, and pays 16 per cent of the university's total cost of the services it uses, such as library and computer facilities.

Although "Johnston College is secure and viable," said Mr. Ouellette, it has not resolved all its problems.

'Three-Story Tombs'

With Johnston's emphasis on cross-cultural understanding, the college is troubled that its student body is still composed largely of sophisticated, upper-middle-class white students, mostly of traditional college age, whose parents are in the professions. Of the 25 full-time and 3 part-time faculty members, most are white men in their mid-30's. Johnston is making efforts to diversify both groups.

Johnston's attempt to provide an inseparable living-learning environment is still thwarted by its campus and dormitory arrangement. The college occupies a student center and two dormitories, with administrative space in the basement of the university library. The dorms, block buildings constructed before the college was designed, are called "three-story tombs" and "cement boxes" by students and faculty members alike. So far, efforts to humanize the Johnston campus have not succeeded.

The current calm on the campus has convinced both Redlands and Johnston people that two opposite lifestyles and educational approaches can coexist in peace. "It's still a miracle to me," said Mr. Ouellette, "but over the years we have all learned to live together. We have influenced each other, no question about that. Trust has grown between the two institutions as both have seen that each works in its own way," he said.

Although it was not established with that in mind, "Johnston College has been a workshop for the university," said Mr. Dawson. The college has promoted "a tendency within the university faculty to experiment," he said. "Our students see what is happening at Johnston. They say, 'Why don't we try it, professor?' "

Greater Student Freedom

Johnston College has also fostered greater student freedom at the university. "Parietal rules have gone by the board everywhere," says Mr. Dawson, "but the freedom that Johnston students had from the start had an impact on the total campus life. It has been easier for the university to make more rapid strides with Johnston here."

"The role of Johnston College is to probe for new directions," said William G. Thomas, the new chancellor. "Individual faculty and students are looking for new thrusts." Mr. Thomas was dean of experimental programs at the University of California at Los Angeles until he joined Johnston this month.

"Johnston College should be a higher education laboratory. It's an experiment in itself. It's cutting its own swath, making its own wake. It's a leader in experimental education," he said. "It should continue to look for the leading edge and maybe even go beyond it."

COPYRIGHT 1975

Snapshot50.indd 96 12/10/18 12:30 AM

IN PRAISE OF REFUSAL

Daniel Kiefer

Twenty five years ago I prepared to offer my first Johnston seminar by posting in Holt and Bekins a list of possible topics, each with a short description. The headline read, "Pick Your Poison," and two days later someone scrawled across the flyer, "BULLSHIT! Give us the seminars we really want." Earnest and hurt, I showed the message to Johnston Director Yash Owada, who said most kindly, "That's Johnston. We're here to help students discover their own minds." To my surprise I found myself agreeing with him.

The seminar topic turned out to be The Erotics of Reading, and students divided quickly into those who wanted a highly theoretical discussion and those who just wanted to read. Each side had nothing but scorn for the other. Their opposition became so fierce that we had to meet in separate groups, the practical folks on Tuesday and the theory folks on Thursday. Then discussion became more agreeable but far less adventurous. For our final class I insisted that we meet all together, and the exchange of views was mighty tense. Neither side would give in.

Over the years I have strong memories of those Johnston students who directly refused what I was offering. One gave up on our first-year seminar when I wouldn't allow Dr. Seuss as a text for study. Another slept contentedly through many a class devoted to Romantic poetry and painting. Another loved to draw in class, wouldn't even listen to what was going on, defied every invitation to join the conversation. Many of my Johnston advisees rejected outright my insistence that they take mathematics or lab science or foreign language. When I tried to persuade or inspire or bully



Johnston College student, n.d.

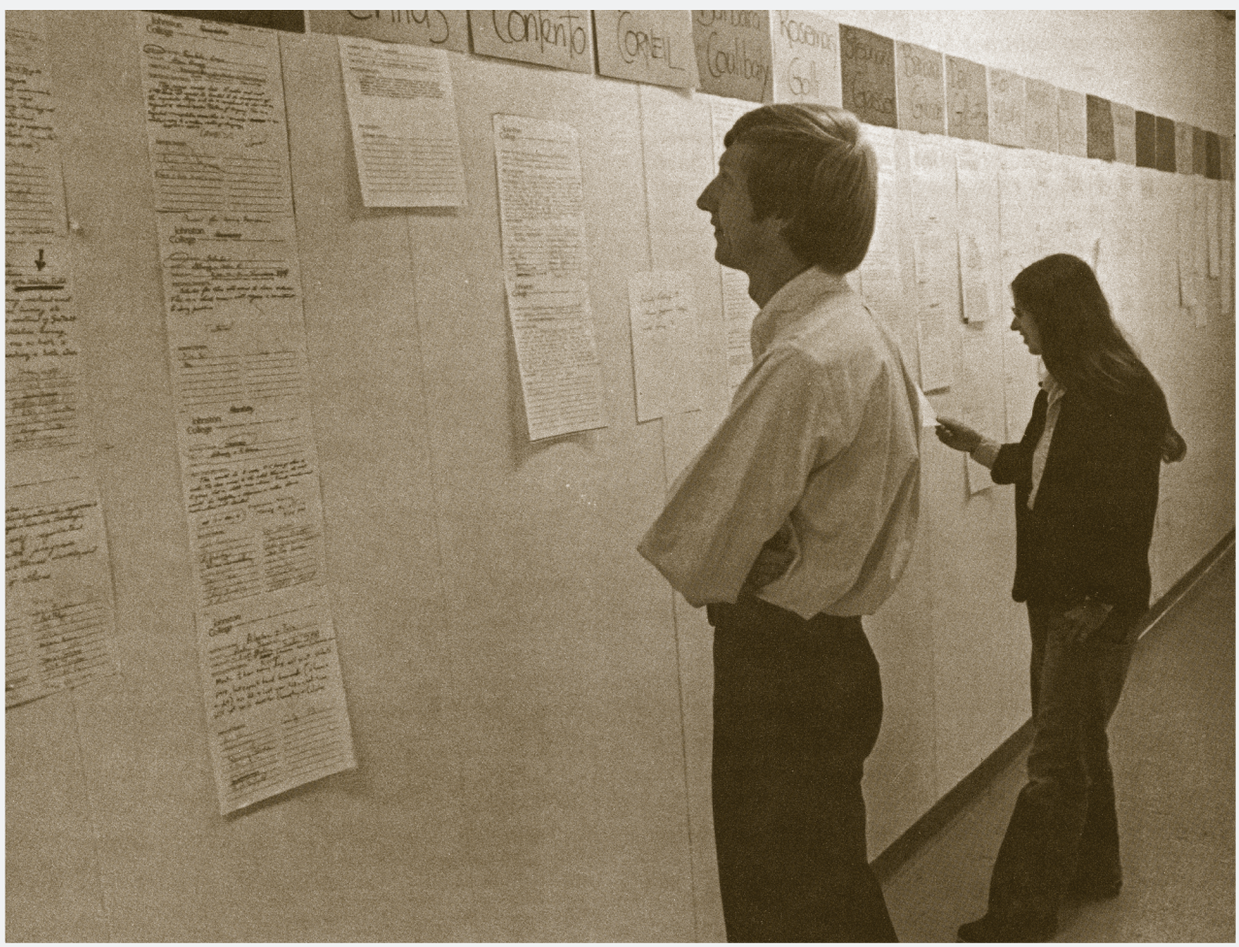
Opposite page: Watkins, Beverly T. "Johnston College Confounds the Skeptics." *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, c. September 15, 1975.

them, I rarely got anywhere. My antagonism only made matters worse. Whether willing or not, I had to give way.

Now I see that these Johnston students, in their quiet or noisy revolt, were simply claiming their own education. In repudiating my claims upon them, they were declaring their intellectual independence. They remind me of Melville's Bartleby the Scrivener, who answers every demand placed upon him with the mild assertion, "I would prefer not to." Occasionally a student has become repentant, like the one who loved the calculus course he took long after graduating and wished he had accepted my guidance early on. But as we celebrate fifty years of alternative schooling, let's acclaim refusal and give negation its triumphant force.

I love the story Kevin O'Neill tells in the history of Johnston College he wrote with Bill McDonald. It's 1969, the first year of the college, when the father of a first-year student pays a surprise visit to founding chancellor Pres McCoy with his son. When Pres asks the young man what courses he's taking, Steve replies, "None right now." To the dismay of chancellor and adviser, he's not enrolled in anything, he isn't doing anything. The father asks, "So what *are* you doing?" and Steve replies, "We talk a lot about things in the dorms." The father is satisfied to find his son doing so well.

Curriculum building wall, photo from the *Johnston College Catalog: 1975–1976.*



Snapshot50.indd 98 12/10/18 12:30 AM

STAFF WRITER, DAYTON DAILY

Cornelius Frolik

I write words for a living and have done so for years, and yet I constantly struggle to find the right ones when asked about my college experience.

People cannot easily wrap their heads around the idea that I majored in "Humorous Creative Writing with an Emphasis on Social Criticism." Those words, in that arrangement, seem to them like a bunch of pretentious babble from the sick bed. Definitely not the sort of thing that should help you earn jobs at media companies of any standing. Did I mention that I write for a living?



Professor Daniel Kiefer, *O-Team zine*, Johnston Center, c. 2005.

And it's harder still for people to grasp the Johnston concept of communal living, learning, and decision making.

"Cult. You were in a cult, Cory. It's easy to mistake that as college."

But I tend to fall back on a description that everyone seems to immediately understand and most seem to instantly envy: I was friends with my professors. My dad is a professor, and though I am sure he respects his students and undoubtedly shares some chuckles with them, he definitely likes to keep his distance. First name familiarity, I think now.

I have friends who say their college instructors never cared to learn their names or got them hopelessly wrong. Kaylie is very different from Katie. Just for the record.

But at Johnston, you know, you just hang out with people like Daniel Kiefer.

Looking back, that's just stunning. He's a Yale scholar. I was a Red Bull–fueled yahoo who saw the *Jackass Movie* twice in theaters. He without question has read more novels than I have read soda labels. And yet we were close.

Snapshot50.indd 99 12/10/18 12:30 AM

I wish I could recall some profound discussion we had, but my memory is severely faded by time and endless viewings of Facebook animal videos. But one story comes to mind.

Daniel took our class to see a showing of "Homebody/Kabul," the Tony Kushner play that was put on at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. It was spectacular. Beautiful dialogue and a hard-hitting topic, given that this was in the thick of the Bush administration. And it had a strong performance by Maggie Gyllenhaal, who is the lesser-known sibling of the heartthrob Jake Gyllenhaal. Maggie, if you don't know, is a talented and attractive actress who people like me and some of my friends had a celebrity crush on because of her sultry and scandalous turn in a wicked little movie called *Secretary*.

I wanted to be the envy of my friends, and I asked Daniel to get me her autograph after the show. I could not try to get it myself. My ride back to Redlands was leaving.

Daniel was firm. He said he never would ever do something like ask a Hollywood star for an autograph.

It was lowly and pathetic.

So, that was that. Or so I thought.

But when I saw him next, a mischievous grin spread across his face. He pulled out a playbill with Maggie's autograph and he said—I'm probably paraphrasing here, because it has been thirteen years—while shaking the playbill at me, "You really (expletive) had better enjoy this. And your friends had really better (expletive) enjoy it too."

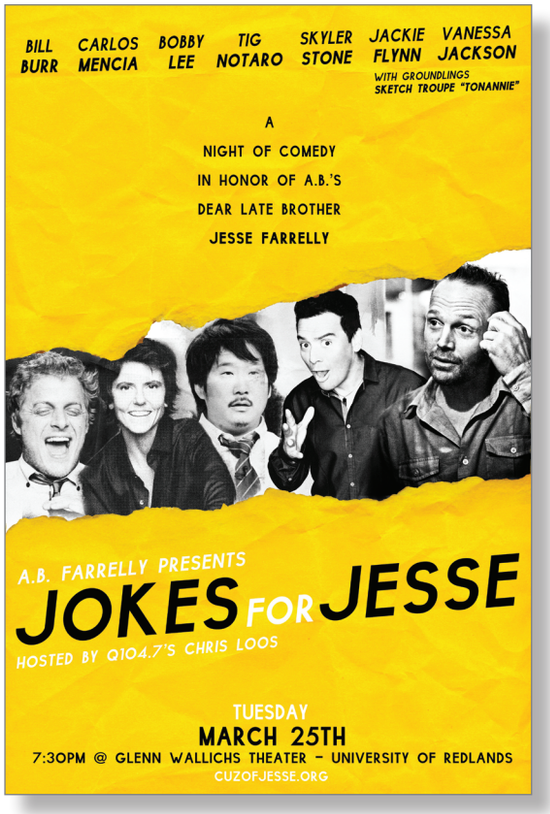
It was a hilarious moment. Dan came through. I wouldn't have had the moxie to ask her for that. And it clearly was a minor triumph of some sort for him. He definitely laughed about it later.

The playbill is surely around here somewhere. It's one of the few lasting relics of school.

I don't know what's playing at the Mark Taper theatre these days. But if you go with a certain Johnston professor—or perhaps another—I think you might be able to a walk away with a pretty nifty souvenir if you play your cards right.

Don't let their initial resistance fool you. They'll cave. You're friends, after all.

Daniel will probably resist a little at first, of course. But that's classic Kiefer. He's good for it.



Theatrical senior project: AB Cassidy, *Jokes for Jesse: A Night of Comedy in Honor of AB's Dear Late Brother Jesse Farrelly*, program cover, c. March 25, 2014.

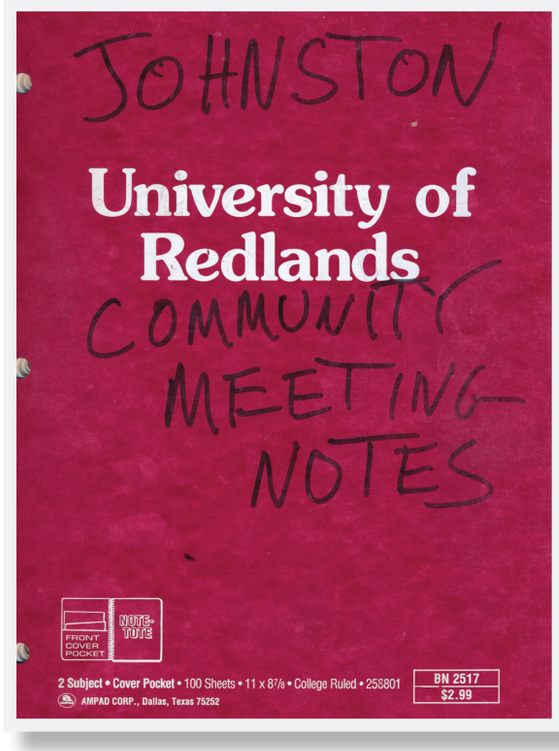
Snapshot50.indd 100 12/10/18 12:30 AM

COMMUNITY IN CONSTRAINT

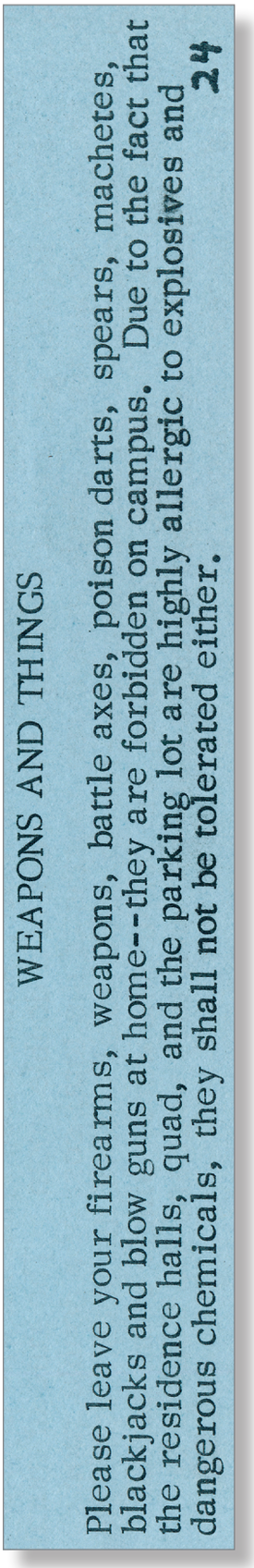
Cole Cohen

It's two hours away from the deadline for this piece, which was already extended by a month, and here I am pecking away until the last minute. I am horrible at writing assignments—a bit of setback, given that I'm a writer. I balk at deadlines, swerve to miss pitches, and when I meet a word count it's by chance on my way to somewhere else. I'm passionate and stubborn about what ideas I spend my time on. I'm not proud, I'm just Johnston. Over the past fifty years and into the future, Johnston students and alums maintain certain characteristics that have led us to believe that we should take charge of our own education. We are single-minded, unquenchably curious, and helplessly quirky. Most of us mapped our own survival strategies by remodeling what the world interpreted as faults into personal advantages. We are experts at playing the hand that we are dealt. Johnstonians are a group of singular thinkers who commit to four years of making a life together. We wouldn't let anyone else tell us how to think, so we left behind homes and families to join an educational commune.

It's ironic, then, that the binding governance of Johnstonian society is one that works by laying waste to the characteristics that we are most proud of. I'm speaking here of consensus, which we



Johnston Community Meeting Notes, notebook, c. 1997.


WEAPONS AND THINGS

Please leave your firearms, weapons, battle axes, poison darts, spears, machetes, blackjacks and blow guns at home--they are forbidden on campus. Due to the fact that the residence halls, quad, and the parking lot are highly allergic to explosives and dangerous chemicals, they shall not be tolerated either. 24

The Juicy Handbook, Johnston College, c. 1974.

explain to horrified first years as the obligation that "no one can leave until everyone agrees." Consensus is the perfect torture advice for the Johnstonian persona, which makes it our best teacher. We all recognize it as one of the tenets of participating in living and learning community, a process that is uncomfortable and humbling when we're doing it right. Fully engaging in community means living in constant tension between individual desires and communal intentions. I learned from consensus that my characteristic impatience ebbs when I'm engaged in the work of making community. As a writer, I'm also a narrative junkie; I love to watch interpersonal drama unfold, and community meetings never disappoint in delivering high-stakes elaborate plotlines about the most mundane aspects of living, like pest extermination and budgeting. Now, as an alum, I find these to be much more boring chores because they are not decided by seventy strangers forced to live together, work together, and have their lives written down in the minutes of a meeting.

I witnessed a legendary example of what happens when individual desires collide with community goals during one early aughts-era community meeting where a group of students brought forth a proposal to turn an empty community space in Bekins basement into a space dedicated to sadomasochistic fetish practice. We have a meditation center and music room, and we have had a photography studio and I believe a film editing bay on the complex, although obviously not everyone in the community meditates or makes music or is interested in photography. However, we agree to dedicate our common space to these pursuits; it's fair to say that we as a community value our artistic fetishes enough to make space for them. Many of us who don't meditate or play music enjoy the notion, no matter how unrealistic, that we may take these pastimes up at any moment. Having dedicated space supports both practicing and potential future artists.

The S and M practitioners focused their pitch on why they as a niche group needed their own territory instead of how a sex dungeon would better serve the community as a whole, although they did offer to give lessons. The main complaint that they brought to the community was that safe sadomasochism takes a good amount of space. One student pointed out that his nine-foot-long flogger couldn't be unfurled in his cubby-like dorm room without destroying the rest of his belongings. One crying student cited the lack of space as a form of personal persecution. I found it confusing to hear someone argue that she did not have enough space to be physically restricted in. While everyone should, after all, be able to demonstrate their sexuality as they wish, given that consent is in order, the sex dungeon proposal failed in part because

Snapshot50.indd 102 12/10/18 12:30 AM

picking up a flogger, arguably, perhaps wasn't as commonly aspirational as one day picking up a camera or learning to meditate. Consensus is about persuasion and compromise. Participating in the process teaches us, sometimes through our failures, how to manage our individuality as members of a larger group.

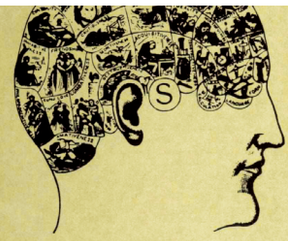
The meeting was a uniquely Johnstonian in that a long, spirited debate about where to house inconveniently sized sex toys challenged us to look at ourselves and ask difficult questions about where private space ends and public space begins. Though not everyone left the meeting with what they wanted, we all got an education. Members of the Johnston community, as distinctively individual as we tend to be, are also among the most empathetic people I know. Through consensus, we learn that there is a reservoir of compassion, an individual capacity for investing in the needs of others, within each of us that is greater we knew—especially when the cafeteria is about to close.



Community meeting, 2002.

Snapshot50.indd 103 12/10/18 12:30 AM

Written evaluations can be translated into letter or numerical grades if you need them for traditional institutions.





Sample Evaluation of Student Performance

Course Description: ROMANTICISM: AN INTERDISCIPLINARY COURSE IN LITERATURE AND MUSIC. Primary attention was devoted to the Romantic movements in Germany and England, and more particularly to English poetry and German music. The course included several live performances by class members and local musicians, and a trip to the New York City Opera production of Rigoletto in Los Angeles. Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Donizetti, Verdi, Wagner, and Berlioz were among the composers studied. The reading list included J.L. Talmon, Romanticism and Revolt; Lillian Furst, Romanticism; Goethe, The Sorrows of Young Werther; Novalis, "Hymns to the Night," "Klingsor's Last Summer" from Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and the essay "Christendom or Europe;" Mary Shelley, Frankenstein; Blake, Songs of Innocence and Experience; Peacock, Nightmare Abbey; and selected poetry of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats.

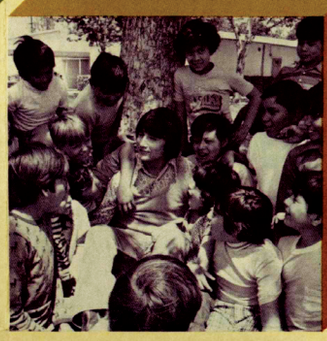
Evaluation: In contrast to her other seminar with me this semester, where she wrote some seven analytic papers, Tonia wisely chose to develop other skills in her projects for this course. She committed herself to two projects, both of the performance variety. Accompanied by her sister, she sang a group of Schubert lieder for the class. She began a bit shakily, but sang the last two songs very well indeed. She also wrote poems in the manner of Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth, researching carefully what each man said about poetry and poetic theory. While her accomplishment can hardly be fairly compared with the originals, she clearly learned a good deal about Romantic poetics from the exercise. I think she would have done even better if she had paid less attention to the rather hazy theoretical claims of the three poets and concentrated instead on imitating the poems themselves. She came closest to doing this with Coleridge, and the results were, in my view, the best she achieved.

Tonia's class preparation continued at the high level she has set for herself, but her participation was not as effective. In her self evaluation she noted several reasons for this, emphasizing the difficulty of discussing a poem in detail with fifteen students and two faculty members. She performed much better when the group was divided in two. I have come to expect so much from her, however, that I was somewhat disappointed with her comparative silence during the first weeks of the course. In sum, Tonia's work in the seminar was very capable, but not up to the extraordinary level she attained in the "Women in 19th Century Literature" seminar.

Faculty Signature: William E. McDonald
William E. McDonald



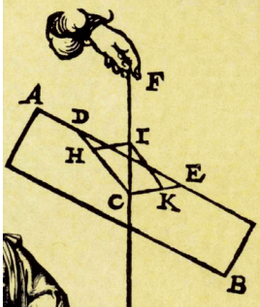




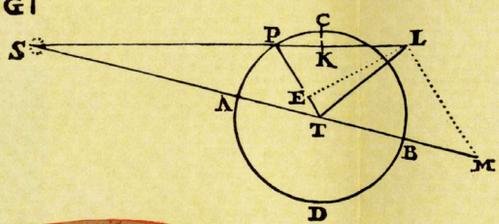




Johnston College, *It's your decision,* "You are part of the governing body," admissions poster detail, n.d.





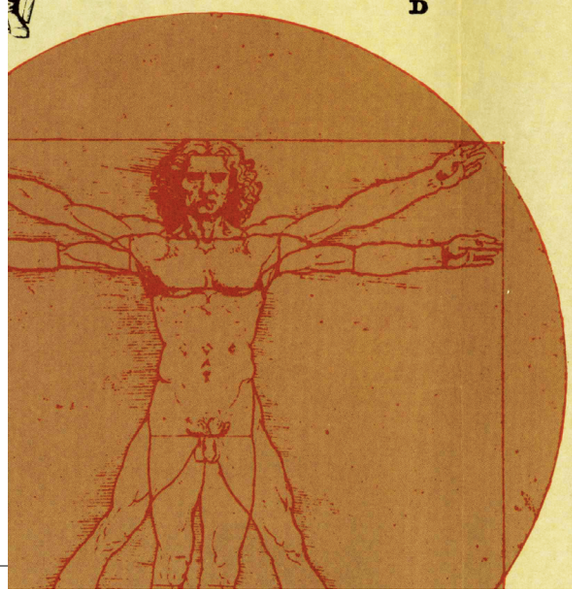


You are part of the governing body

You have a deciding voice in the vital affairs of Johnston College. Community involvement includes full student participation in governance. Committees of students and faculty members make decisions and recommendations on every aspect of college activities, including personnel, budget, academic policy, student life, and admissions.

Your service on a governing committee is voluntary, depending on your particular concerns and interests. Committee recommendations are presented to the full Johnston community at weekly meetings, and you have a vote on every issue.

Your active role in governance allows you to influence the college's outlook and environment, which are dynamically changing to meet the needs, wants, and inspirations of each group of students.









Snapshot50.indd 104 12/10/18 12:30 AM

EBHON

Chris Harshman

EBHON. An Emotional Black Hole of Need. We had a silicon-based one, living at *ebhon.jnst.uor.edu*. I wasn't there when it began, but I've tried to piece this together from archeology I did at the time, from brochure propaganda, and from prehistoric web pages preserved at *www.archive.org*.



Professor Mike Bloxham and Jeff Keays in the XCC.

EBHON began in the early 1990s, when Jeff Keays and others found nine Digital Equipment Corporation (DEC) VT220 terminals in a dumpster behind the Armacost Library. These beige antiques had amber or green monochromatic screens that could only display text—no graphics—and they were already obsolete, but Jeff saw that they could be the start of something more: a Johnston computer center.

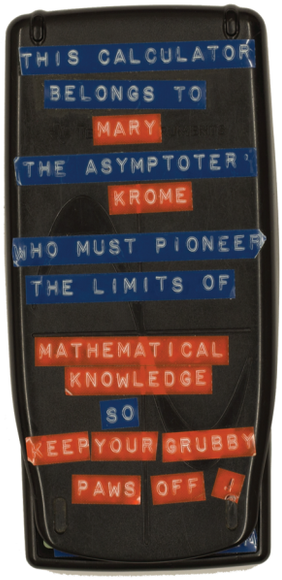
In those days, few students had their own computer; laptops were expensive luxuries. Writing a paper, checking email, or looking something up on the still-nascent World Wide Web meant trudging across campus to the Jones Computer Center (JCC) in the basement of the campus library and dealing with its limited hours.

Jeff worked with Johnston professor Mike Bloxham and, with some community and alumni support (and $7,000), built an 80486-based server—EBHON—running Novell UnixWare that talked to those VT220 terminals, and other computer hardware, via some expensive DigiBoard multiport serial cards. The Johnston Computer Center (XCC) took up residence in Holt 212, a dorm room that happened to be empty at the time. (Keays had commandeered it for some time before anyone even noticed!)



Photos courtesy of Chris Harshman, 1995–1998.

At first, the XCC connected to the campus computer network and the Internet via Rolm data phones at a crawling 19.2kbps. A pair of stripped-down PCs acted



Mary Krome's calculator, photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

as routers, running obscure software meant for ham radios (KA9Q) from floppy disks. Those gateway computers were the marijuana-themed "mota" and the more administration-friendly "jnstgate." The Johnston Computer Center now had computing facilities, accessible 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Next, long serial cables were tediously hand-assembled and run down to the first-floor faculty offices and study lounge, with hardware tucked into what used to be fire-hose receptacles.

With the EBHON server, we had our own *@ebhon.jnst.uor.edu* email addresses (which abandoned the rigid convention the university imposed on "official" student accounts; I was officially *99charsh@ultrix.uor.edu*, but *crank@ebhon.jnst.uor.edu* was my EBHON address). We had our own web server and our own uncensored web pages. Corel WordPerfect churned out student papers on an old dot-matrix printer, and Lynx provided a very rudimentary text-based web browsing experience. It was primitive, but it worked—and no other community on campus had anything like it.

When Jeff left for Europe, he left Dave Rudder (drig, "Dave Rudder is God") in charge; from Drig, the baton passed to others, including Bryce Hilton and Ben Groseclose.

I showed up the fall of 1995, with vague notions of wanting to do "something with computers," and a Macintosh computer that smiled at me warmly. EBHON was in pieces, and no one was around who knew how to run it.

I was able to get it running enough to see the web pages stored on it and found off-campus contact information for Drig, who'd recently graduated. Drig held my hand from Wisconsin and showed me his SUID shell, "drigsh," a backdoor into the system. But I was still clueless. I lost a lot of sleep getting EBHON and the XCC back online.

Novell wanted hundreds of dollars to answer "tech support" questions for UnixWare (which we couldn't afford), so over the interim semester (January) of 1996 I started moving the XCC to the revolutionary free-as-in-beer, free-as-in-speech Linux operating system, using the Slackware distribution (all of which seemed apropos for Johnston). We used the very first release available on CD-ROM. Cutting edge.

Meanwhile, Netscape Navigator had exploded onto the scene. With the graphical World Wide Web now becoming increasingly mainstream, the XCC had to modernize.

I moved EBHON to the JCC, for its year-round air-conditioning and high-speed Internet connection (and also to reduce the traffic clogging the skinny pipe into Holt). I also installed Slirp for dial-up PPP Internet access. Getting online from your dorm room or home still wasn't easy—you needed an analog phone line or to know a trick involving the headset cable for the standard issue digital Rolm phones—but with our

Snapshot50.indd 106 12/10/18 12:30 AM

software, at least it was possible. The JCC offered something similar, but only for faculty.

I had the advantage of an employee discount at the San Bernardino Best Buy. I also worked off and on for the JCC, where director Dave Bragg (a mathematics professor in Johnston's earlier years) was my academic adviser, giving us first crack at cast-off hardware from the Library and the JCC without needing to dumpster-dive. I also regularly hit the computer fairs at the Pomona Fairgrounds for cheap parts. With about $2,700 annually from the Johnson budget, the XCC got laser printers (and regularly had to replace worn-out ones), fed their constant appetite for toner and paper, and cobbled together PCs running Microsoft Windows and the occasional Macintosh, with WordPerfect and Netscape and telnet clients for our still text-based email. The XCC workstations weren't locked down (a blessing and a curse, but very Johnston), so inevitably, to paraphrase Gibson, the street found its own uses for the lab, including marathon sessions playing the game Doom.



Michael Peñafiel in the (somewhat) modernized XCC (circa 1998)

A trip to the HIP '97 hacker conference near Amsterdam taught me a lot about security and fending off the occasional external hacker. (I'll also say our cyber security was much better than the university's, and leave it at that.)

I upgraded the XCC connection to a 33.6kbps modem (the best we could do at the time), and did my best to make the slow connection as tolerable as possible with cache and proxy software.

By the late '90s, most of us had our own computers in our rooms, so I ran Ethernet cables to hubs throughout Holt. (The one on the first floor was a nice 16-port unit mounted securely in a fire-hose receptacle that looked pretty good. The third floor didn't have the same access, so we had cables running out the window up to 312, and we used a lot of duct tape and a daisy chain of "personal" hubs and switches. It was probably a fire hazard. But what wasn't?)

My last year at Johnston, Napster upended the music industry forever and filled the small pipe of our Internet connection completely.

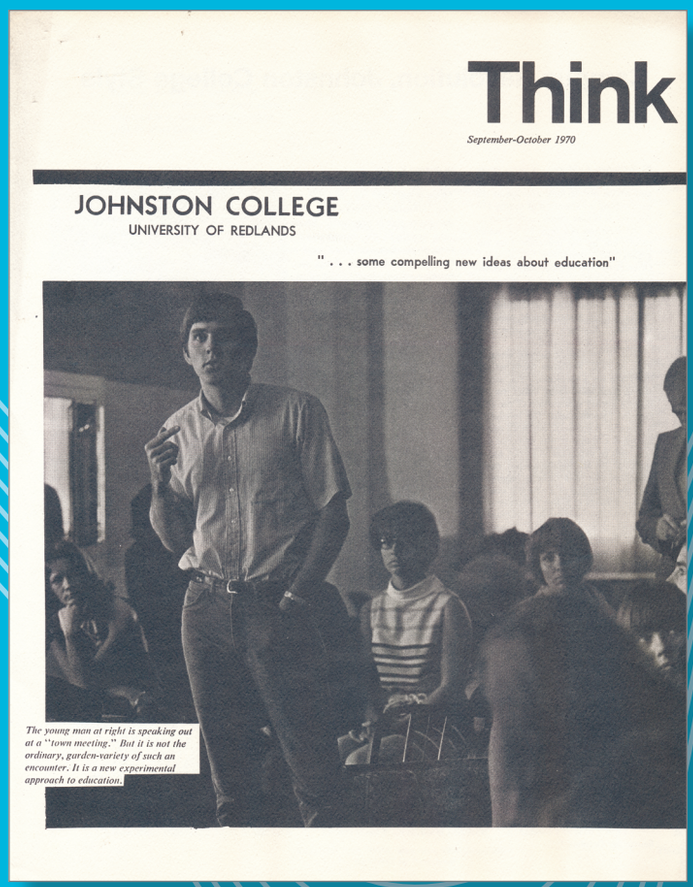
A year or two after I graduated, the university had run high-speed Ethernet connections into every dorm room and was providing the sterile, controlled, firewalled experience you'd expect. For almost a decade, though, Johnston lived on the electronic frontier, the "wild west" of the World Wide Web. We learned a lot in doing so.



"E.B.H.O.N." (emotional black hole of need) Johnston Center's computer server. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 107 12/10/18 12:30 AM

"The young man at the right is speaking out at a 'town meaning.' But it is not the ordinary, garden-variety of such an encounter. It is a new experimental approach to education." —Joseph M. Bell, "Campus Revolution: Johnston College Style." *THINK Magazine* © 1970.


Think

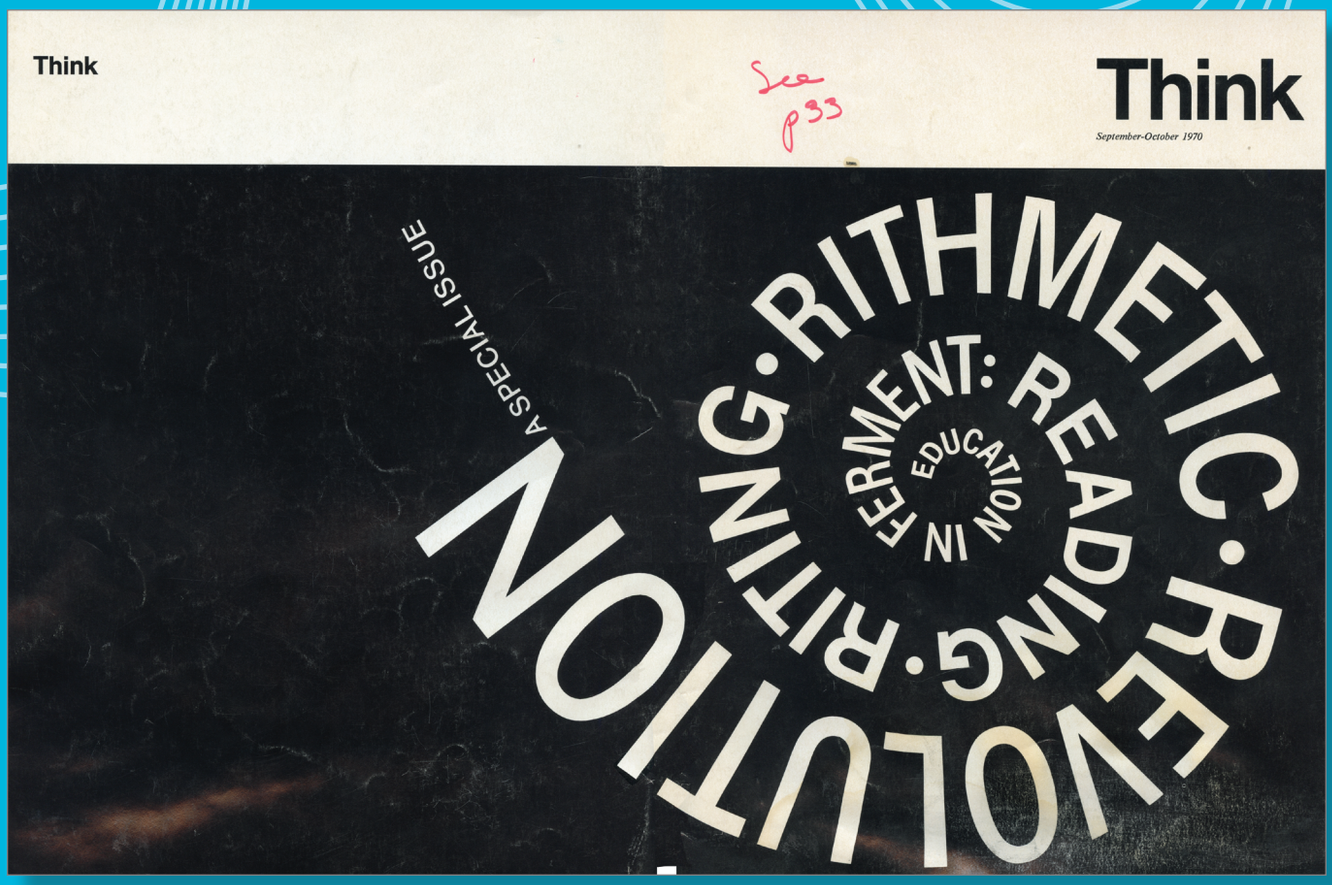
September-October 1970

JOHNSTON COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS

". . . some compelling new ideas about education"

The young man at right is speaking out at a "town meeting." But it is not the ordinary, garden-variety of such an encounter. It is a new experimental approach to education.



Joseph M. Bell, "Campus Revolution: Johnston College Style." *THINK Magazine* © 1970.

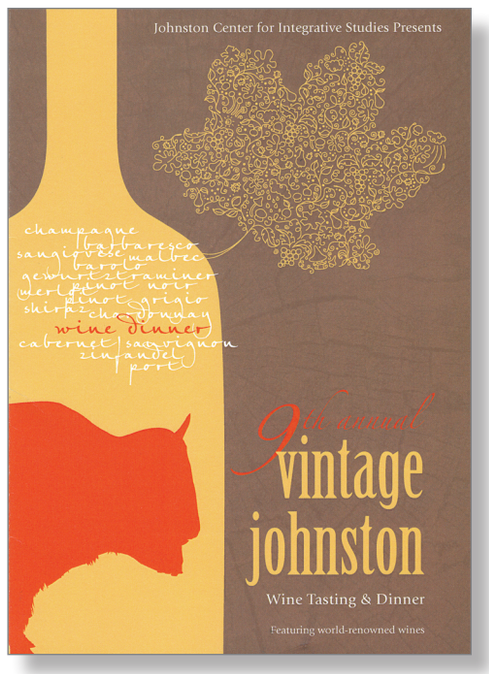
Snapshot50.indd 108 12/10/18 12:30 AM

COMMUNITY CRISIS, COMMUNITY RESILIENCE: *Who Does it Better?*

Bill McDonald

Friday, August 28, 2009. The new school year, Johnston's 40th, was just four days away, and I was entering my fourth year of retirement from full-time teaching. A careful soul, I had studied how my friends in the faculty generation before mine had negotiated the close of their careers, and so far my plan was working just fine: teach two courses a year, drop all other campus obligations, help strengthen Johnston's fundraising and alumni organization, and read up a storm. And it was working well, though not all roses and pinot noir: both Ted Kennedy and an old Redlands poker buddy had died just three days earlier, and my brother-in-law by marriage was also very ill. So there were some somber threads in my cheerful, well-woven plans as I headed out the door to campus that morning to help stuff a thousand invitations to "Vintage Johnston #3" into envelopes. Then the phone rang.

Within seconds I knew what College Dean Barbara Morris was leading up to, and that my cushy retirement was itself about to retire. She told me that Johnston Director Greg Salyer, two years on the job, was being "reassigned" within the university. Like most deans, she could provide few reasons or details about confidential personnel matters because of legal protections



Vintage Johnston, a fundraiser for the Johnston Student Project Fund, c. 2016.

afforded to all. She wanted me to accept an interim appointment as the Center's nominal leader "to promote healing," and to attend a hastily called assembly of Johnstonians before I decided. As she spoke several more things came clear. First, this was anything but flattering. She had no other candidates; I was both at the top and the bottom of her barrel. Next, I knew that Greg was popular with many students, not at all popular with some, and had both close friends among, and tense relations with, faculty and staff. And of course I had close colleagues of long-standing on both sides of the conflict. Third, I saw the obvious; if I agreed, I could only succeed by not focusing on Greg's situation and attending entirely to the Community's continuity and well-being. An emergency meeting of Johnston's one standing committee, Academic Policy, convened the following Monday, not in the Center itself but in the sedate Browsing Room of the University's Hall of Letters. Academic Policy Committee meetings typically drew a dozen or so; there were more than 50 students and at least 10 professors crowded into the room and, remember, this was the day *before* school officially began. I knew only a few of the students. Anger and grief, both the sullen and the aggressive kinds, filled the air. Dean Morris made a forthright (and politically astute) speech to the largely hostile assembly, announced her request to me and opened the floor for… whatever might happen.

Two hours of raw drama unfolded, and among many powerful moments I especially remember one student, Caroline, shouting out, "It's like our parents are getting divorced!" "Our," and not "my": Caroline nailed it. The intimate intensity of Johnston's individualized education made the family analogy spot on; it was a Community crisis. Her *in loco parentis* faculty were at odds, and she and her peers could do little to effect the decision—but they *could* shape the Center's future. And over the next nine months that's just what they did. They exemplified the spirit of Johnston for me, a spirit that I feel blessed to have had at the center of my fifty-plus-year teaching life. They rose to the adult demands of a wrenching dilemma and saw that the Center's future was the fundamental thing at stake. So this piece is a small tribute to the students who rallied to their Center, whatever their grievances about, or strong approval of, what had happened. They formed yet one more example of how the Johnston Community has held together, then prospered, in the midst of trauma. Of course they received help and support from their elders, Community members all, but the decisive actions and attitudes belonged to them. For once I had the foresight to keep at least some of the e-mails that students sent to each other, to those studying abroad, and to the Community at large. First, here's part



"Billy Boy McD" guitar, n.d. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 110 12/10/18 12:30 AM

of a group-written initial message to those studying abroad, followed by a few excerpts from the hundreds of messages that followed:

> In the eternal words of Bob Dylan: "The Times They Are a-Changin'."

Other topics discussed Monday morning included the immediate arrival of a new class of Johnston first-year students:



Professor Bill McDonald teaching Russian literature to Johnston College students, photo by *Think Magazine* © 1970.

> While we know that there is a range of responses within the community, all of them legitimate, we also realize that the incoming first-year students know nothing of these events and are coming here expecting a full Johnston experience—as they well deserve. Let us help each other make this new era into one of fresh beginning with what is bound to be endless potential and welcome the incoming class into our innovative community….
>
> Some of us may be angry, some of us may be indifferent, many of us are excited for the chance to build a strong, unique community—these are all fair emotions. As we take the next few days to work through this in our minds and through conversations with each other, and as we prepare for the new academic year, let's maintain what we pride ourselves on: sincerity and discretion, empathy and practicality, and, most importantly, an earnest desire for what is best for our community.
>
> *From Meg*: I really want this to be a positive change; I really would love this to be a chance for the community to stand up as a whole and claim our rights to find our new director. I also think that we need a chance to mourn and scream angrily about something that we have every right to be upset about, but there is a time and a place, and while the freshmen are obviously very competent and capable adults, they don't really know what our community even is yet. They'll find out sooner rather than later, if they don't already know, and I hope they'll find out in a way that makes them as confident in this community's ability to stay together as I am.
>
> *From Natasha*: Greg will not come back as director. The only thing we can do now is stand up together, go to the school, and show them we will not be moved…. Let's figure out how and what we are going to say to the administration to let them know how angry we are without burning bridges. We need to do this in a way that is calm and collected, shows them how strong we are, and above all else,

Snapshot50.indd 111 12/10/18 12:30 AM

shows them that we are mature, intelligent individuals who have learned so much from Johnston and from Greg.

From Amanda: Please, as we move forward with this, try to let the anger subside and in all actions keep the true goal in mind: an open and healthy community for everyone…. If we show the administration where we are coming from and what we need (and why), they will be more responsive than if we all storm the castle yelling over each other.

From Randee: As much as we will miss Greg, the fate of Johnston is not dependent on one person. We are a community of strong students and faculty that can overcome this tragedy through collaboration and creative thinking…. Stay strong.

From Chris: I do want us all to keep in mind, though, that while these events and timing are far from ideal, I think it's important that the community stay relatively united and approach this positively. And I don't mean that we should say what has happened is great (because it's not), but that rather than focusing on the bad stuff we can approach this as an opportunity for Johnston to take control of its process again and reaffirm our values and intentionality…I want to use this as a unique opportunity to catapult the freshmen into the Johnston community.

As one of Johnston's many historians I want that moment, and these words, to be preserved. Few, if any, college communities could have achieved what they did. When it came time for me to turn the Center back to its right and proper leaders—Kelly Hankin, Julie Townsend and their colleagues—I knew they were in good hands.



"…And Lo!, a Fire Hazard is Born… 1969–2009 Johnston Center 40th Renewal" mural in Holt Hall, 2009. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 112 12/10/18 12:30 AM

ONCE MORE TO THE BATH

Becca Schuh

The light in the room was tinted fuchsia from a gauzy piece of fabric fastened over the window, an ersatz curtain. We sat in the bath, the water becoming tepid around our naked bodies as we balanced two notebooks on the edge of the oversized tub. One notebook was for party schematics, the other for creating invitations.

We were nearing the end. The end of our time at Johnston, that is, but for the way I processed it, it may as well have been the apocalypse. To stave off the impending doom, we planned elaborate parties where we could revel in the world we'd created. The party Victoria and I planned in the bath was a partnered clothing swap, wherein each invitation, addressed to two individuals with opposite styles, or from unrelated social groups, asked them to meet before the party, pick out an outfit from the other's closet, and come to the house in costume.



David Rosenak and fox, "group bath," *The Juicy Handbook*, Johnston College, c. 1974.

A bookish Johnston CA and a surfing lacrosse player, an ultimate Frisbee captain and a fraternity bro. A messy artist and a soccer player. The invitations were calligraphic combinations of the two participants' names, illustrated with deference to their personalities.

This is what Victoria and I did when we were not making maps or writing or sitting in professors' offices or drinking or plotting how to best spit game. We planned these "social experiments"—for instance, a bracket-style keg race tournament that pitted the fraternities against Johnston, secretly pushing for bonding across the two polarizing campus groups. These parties are familiar to Johnston students—Kissmas and Buffalofest—and the ones created by each class as they learn their own desires for social experimentation.

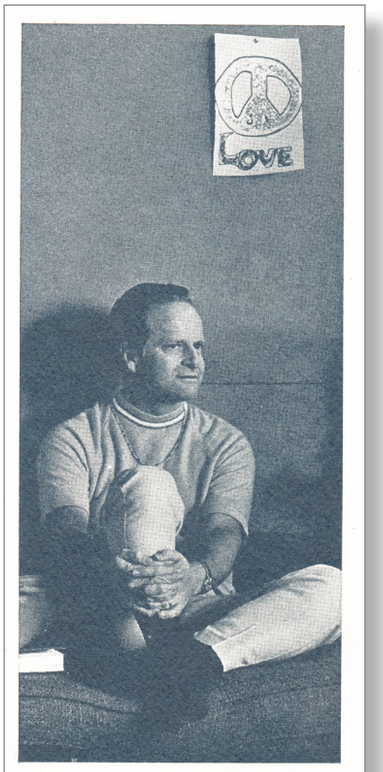
When did Victoria and I begin bathing together? Was it when we were getting ready for a party and wanted to keep talking, so we fit ourselves into a tiny Holt shower stall, passing shampoo back and forth and yelling when we got too cold? Was it at her off-campus house after a skinny dip in the pool, running back inside to keep from freezing in the desert night?

When did I realize it was beyond the scope of the friendships that normal people described? When my sorority sisters raised their eyebrows when I casually mentioned her washing mud off my drunk and crying body? When one of the many errant males I slept with said, "Wait, but you've never hooked up?"

By then I would never go back to the lines that box in traditional friendships and relationships. These new worlds that we created, these new spaces for different types of intimacy, are where I have lived the best moments of my life. Johnston gives us the ability to create these spaces, and to inhabit them with vigor.

During the founding of Johnston at Pilgrim Pines, Pres McCoy said, "We have the right to develop our own social rules." Crossing the Maginot lines of social boundaries was a cornerstone of my Johnston ethos, one that I've dragged with me into this thing we call adulthood. It's rarely easy, but there is no other way I wish to live. Johnston is a place wherein it was safe to mess with the social order, where you come out loved on the other side. How are we supposed to know what we want to do with our lives if we are not given the chance to experiment?

At the end of the bath, another of our friends took a picture of us, arms hanging over the side of the tub, caught in mid-laugh. Victoria wanted to send it to Kelly Hankin, whom by then we considered a friend, and I said, "No, no, that's inappropriate, she'd be mad."



Chancellor Pressley C. McCoy—here in a T-group session—a 43-year-old political scientist, is an innovator who feels that "the chief obstacle to growth in education is the rigidity in our attitudes reflected in rigid structures."

Chancellor Pres McCoy. Photo by *Think Magazine*, © 1970.

Snapshot50.indd 114 12/10/18 12:30 AM

That year we took the class, Image and Text with Daniel Kiefer and Tim Seiber. In it, we read Duras's autobiographical novel (a form I would come to revere) *The Lover*. Early in the book, the narrator talks about an image of her, crossing the sea, at a precipice of an important moment in her life. It is the image that she carries in her, as who she was before the world came for her.

For so long, this is how I thought of myself in relation to the picture of us in the bath. The place I was happiest, the person I was happiest with, sans clothes, doing something that I not only loved but also believed in. I remembered that fuchsia light for years—it became the color that I associated with fullness and joy and also, a sense of an ending.

We no longer have the photograph, Victoria got a new phone, and it disappeared into the technological abyss. Maybe she was right; maybe we should have sent it to Kelly! But of course, a photograph could no more preserve that moment than we could preserve the space. Life goes on, and we lose the things we think we cannot live without, and yet, like Johnston, like the Buffalo, we survive.

When I graduated from Johnston, I asked Bill McDonald to present me. He gave me a book, a biography of Lucia Joyce, titled *To Dance in the Wake*. I now see it as emblematic of those last months of Johnston, which, despite their sadness, remain some of the most joyous of my life. As the space we created was slowly demolished, the only thing we could do, the only thing one can ever do, is press the pen into the paper to inscribe the names, plan the last party, bathe in the fuchsia light.



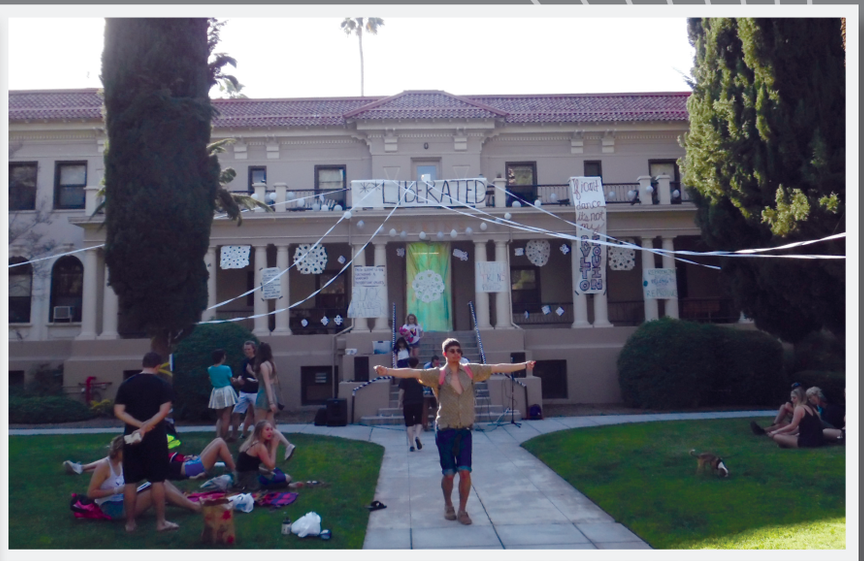
Victoria, photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2011.

Snapshot50.indd 115 12/10/18 12:30 AM















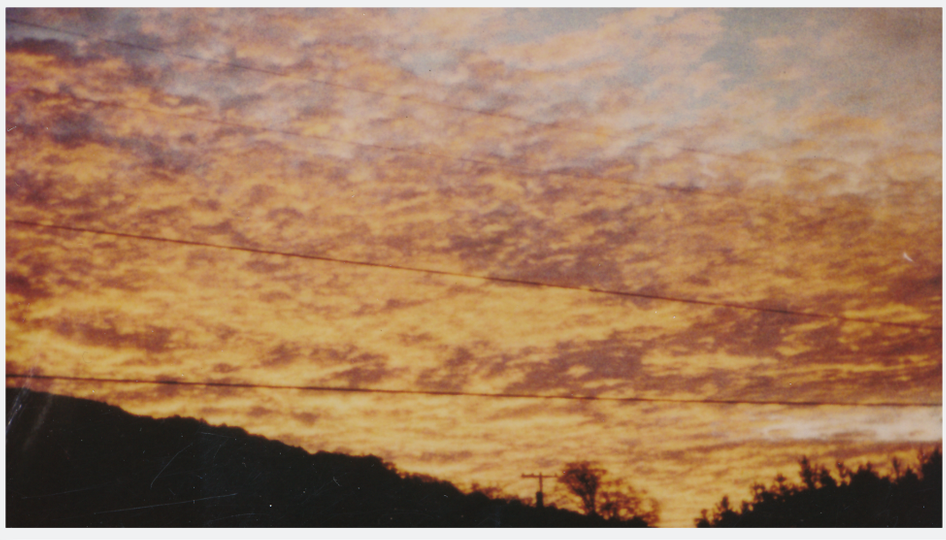
**LIBERATED photo essay by M. G. Maloney, 2017. | Top left: Zoë and Hiba, Gender Justice Center teach-in. | Middle left: "Snowflake" professors Julie Townsend and Tim Seiber. | Bottom left: Kellen applying glitter to professor Kelly Hankin's cheek. | Bottom center: Co-organizers Kai and Grace.

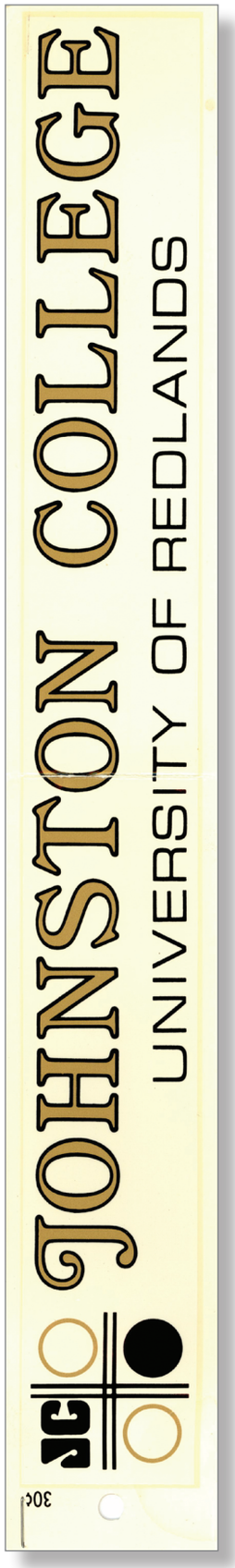
WE DID IT FOR YOU

Adam Ghovayzi

We were idiots. I mean we were intelligent young men at, perhaps, the peak of our physical ability, who were actively spending money (read, "going into debt") for *learning*—though we were also actively spending money on alcohol, cigarettes, and whatever else we could get our hands on. It was almost as if we were some backwater superheroes, *learning* by day, drunk by night. If 1 P.M. can be called night. We might have had no trouble pontificating extemporaneously on the lively pamphlet of Johannes Climacus, or investigating the litigious troubles of racial diasporas, but the reality was still pretty clear: we were idiots.

It seemed that staying awake long enough to enjoy another beer on the Bekins balcony and watch the sun come up wasn't such a bad idea. Hell, it might have even been a good one. More time up meant more butts crushed, and once we finished our packs my white Odysseus and I took a much needed solace from our somnolence. I awoke on his couch, or in his closet—really I stopped remembering which one





Johnston College
bumper sticker, n.d.

occurred on which day—and discovered we still had about 30 beers, and the room was covered in empty cans and bottles. Luckily for us it was a Friday and we'd done, we assumed, that clever thing smart college students did and eschewed all formal class meetings (allowing the day to become our collegiate Sabbath). This came with all the ceremony, pomp, and respect that ought to be tied to such a term.

On this grand holy day we discovered we'd yet again run through one of our necessary ecclesiastical items, namely the kind that delivered nicotine, tar, and all manner of other ailments straight to the body—utilizing the pulmonary system as the means of transportation. It also seemed we'd been increasing our monthly tithe in a manner befitting the devout. We were broke. The only proper thing to do then, far as we could religiously surmise, was to throw ourselves deep into the arms of that liquid anesthetic and begin praying…one can at a time. The word of God was clear on this; we had best gather all of our empty cans, bottles, and whatever husks, from what we could finish in the moment, so we might acquire the missing holy sacrament.

The plan was to take our discarded items to the recycling station out in Mentone, which wasn't terribly far away and happened to be covered, like so many unincorporated areas, in liquor stores. This meant we'd be good to acquire our twenty sacrosanct cylinders to fill our lungs with holy fire. We convinced a roommate, probably not mine because, for whatever reason, I was CA in East at the time (something I'm still sure was a dream). Which meant we were riding in this black Jeep Grand Cherokee, in order to reclaim money from spent materials, in order to obtain cigarettes, all in order to maintain obeisance to our divine pantheon.

The irony of our privilege to live so devoutly while careening down the street in a vehicle overtly labeled *Cherokee* was not lost on us. Numbed, but not lost. Our driver promptly cranked the music up. ZZ Top never did fail to shut down conversations. We pulled into the concrete lot peppered by a sports bar, animal hospital, grocery store, and various fast-food fronts; thus we knew we had made it to our altar.

We managed a hard $5.33 from the pleasant fellow who handled our wares. It was enough for both of us to get a pack of Pyramids, advertised at a Valero gas station with the humble slogan "We all deserve a bailout, 2 packs of Pyramids $4!" We agreed with this assessment and knew we'd made the frugal and modest decision befitting two upstanding citizens such as ourselves. (Later in our lives we did end up purchasing a carton to discover that the second ingredient after tobacco was high fructose corn syrup—corn subsidies really were behind all of the most affordable things.)

Snapshot50.indd 118 12/10/18 12:30 AM

We made it safely back to our sacred space now fully equipped to handle ourselves. We cobbled together the other devout and pressed ourselves to the deed. Obsequious doesn't begin to give credit to the friends we'd obtained, and often they went along with whatever we professed to be the current *word*. As such, it was no surprise that come nightfall we had drained our shelves of our prized liquid mood enhancer and had to, yet again, jaunt into the unknown—this time by foot, armed only with our lit carcinogenic batons and a crew of zealots, making our way to the gas station six blocks away.

On the way we passed a church sign that had become a familiar monument to us all. It read, in its marquee letters, "FACEBOOK LIKES, JESUS LOVES." The meaning didn't confound us completely as we shuffled past; we'd found understanding. This didn't stop us from yelling maniacally, emitting noises befitting creatures incapable of linguistic communication.

In our hazy state, we stumbled to the register with two crates and managed the purchase with as much amiable palaver and thanks, in large part to newly added tithes to the coffers from our beloved collaborators, as possible. Upon greeting the attendant of the establishment with debonair smiles and witty repartee, we promptly concluded our transaction and we made the journey home. The dreaded six blocks always seemed to take longer on the way out than on the way back. The way back was even on a slight incline!

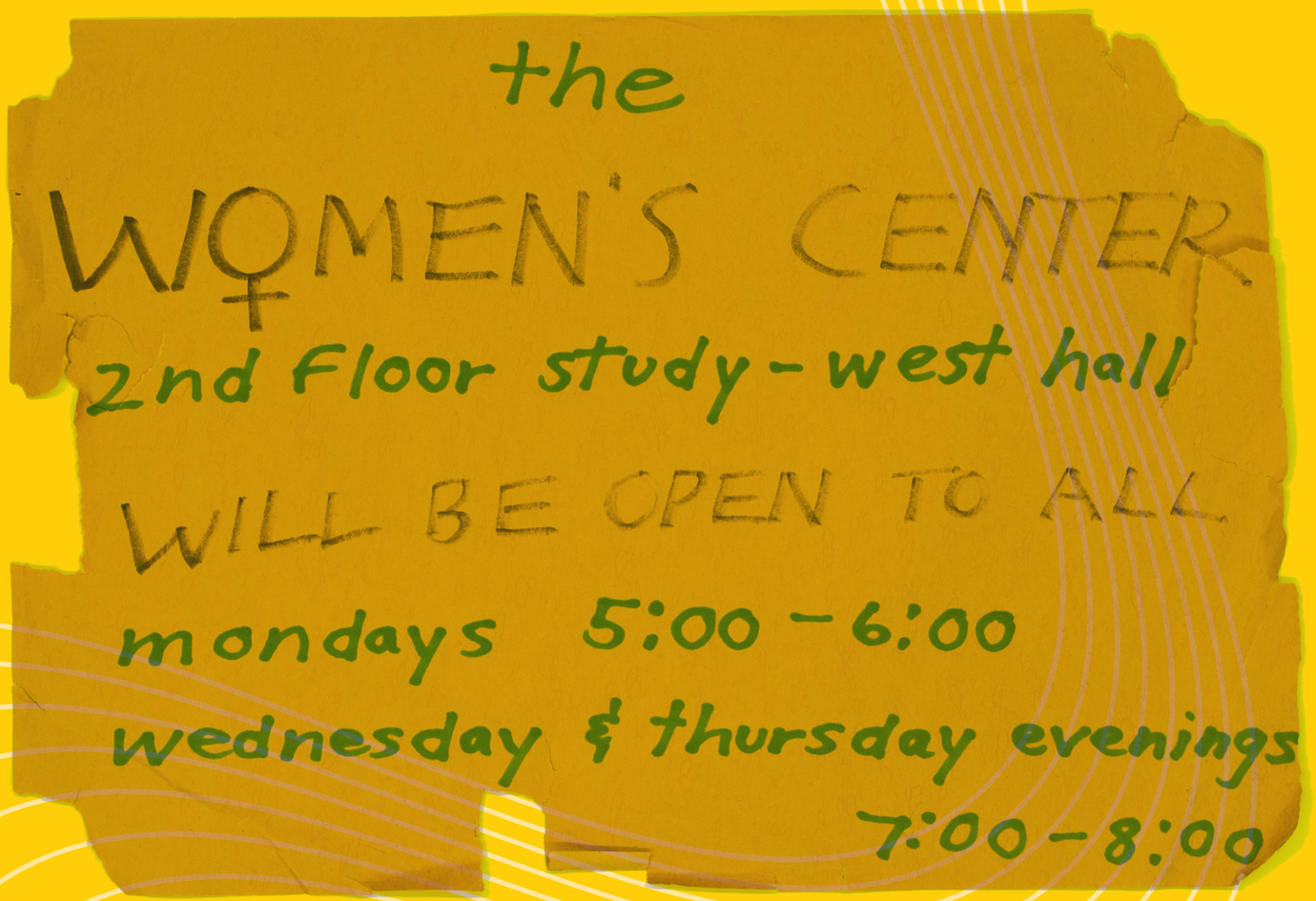
Upon return we welcomed yet more faithful to the fold. Ours was not a caste for discrimination, mind you, and those that only partook of the sacrament were still welcome. Just as those who evangelized at the organization with the emblematic marquee welcomed people who would only show up on Easter or Christmas. Our night continued on until just we two were again beset, this time on Bekins porch, with the sun rising and now once more out of some necessary materials.

Always we hunted for our resources, and always, we did it for you.



Students from the first class of Johnston College, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 119 12/10/18 12:30 AM



Johnston College Women's Center, n.d.

Snapshot50.indd 120 12/10/18 12:30 AM

THE 37TH CURRENT WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES *at The Johnston College/Center for Integrative Studies*

Addison Davidove
Lorraine Hedtke

There is a short distance in the thirty-seven-year landscape of knowledge between our feminist academic practices and experiences. We both graduated with degrees in women and gender studies, one in 1978 and one in 2015. Our tributaries, as mother and daughter, flow inside and outside of our Johnston experience, one that predates our time in Redlands, and one that will shape our pathways forward.

LORRAINE

My Johnston College BA holds an emphasis in women's studies. Like many degrees that highlight the effects of marginalization, my emphasis is a hodgepodge of other disciplines cobbled together to form a body of knowledge that challenges dominant discourse. I studied the experiences of women in literature, in art, in psychology, in medicine, and in law. Johnston allowed me to create a pedagogical patchwork with feminism at the core that has influenced both my professional and personal life.

There was one generation of Johnston students that came before me who I suspect opened the doors for my emphasis in women's studies. They upheld feminist ideals to learn about the voices of the



Above: John Winslade, Addison Davidove, and Lorraine Hedtke at Johnston's commencement. Photo by alumna Tabetha Wittenmyer via *Redlands Daily Facts* ©2015.



Nadia, Addie, Harlin on Bekins porch. Photo by Veronica Beman, 2015.

oppressed while seeking a just experience of a living and learning community. I stood on their shoulders to support the formation of a women's center on the first floor of East Hall. The currents of feminism explored and practiced by the students and the faculty legitimized the burgeoning emergence of the study of gender at Johnston.

While my own mother did not live to see me attend the 1978 NOW conference or my work with oppressed and subjugated women, I suspected she too would have relished a Johnston-like experience that was academically rigorous while inspiring action. She would have loved that I took her feminist teachings from our relationship into places she had not yet discovered, including in how I parented my daughter to care deeply about making the world right for those others. These values coalesced at Johnston to fashioning a formidable force to carry the ideas we spoke of in our weekly chats in the "women's lobby," our classes, and community meetings. The pride I feel to have my daughter pursue an emphasis in gender studies and community activism at Johnston is beyond what I could have ever imagined when I was a young student there. And it has meant a world of gratitude to an educational experience that supports such pathways.

ADDIE

My connection to a lineage of feminist thought started long before my time at Johnston. My mom raised me with fierce feminist ethics, things she learned from her mom and her academic pursuit. She reminded me, as I grew up, that I always have a voice, a purpose, and power to do what is right in the world. In high school, as I was thinking about my own future, she told me more of her academic experiences at Johnston. I was drawn to the center as it reflected my mother's values: doing what is right even when it is hard.

Attending Johnston not only allowed me to pursue a degree in the study of women, gender, sexuality, and queer studies, but also it connected me further to my mom in a unique way. In my graduation narrative I wrote,

> *I have always felt like I am a part of something larger. It is as if a part of me exists within a continuous current of feminist knowledge and action. This current is the channel that links feminists throughout time. Every feminist plays a role in sustaining and continuing its momentum. My time at the Johnston Center has clarified how I will be able to contribute to this current of knowledge and action through my education and professional work.*

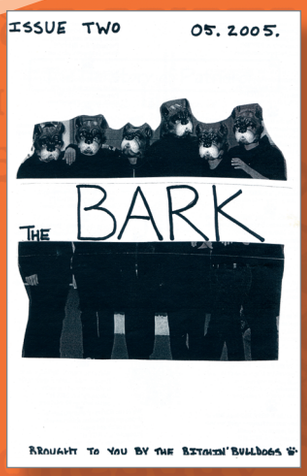
Snapshot50.indd 122 12/10/18 12:30 AM

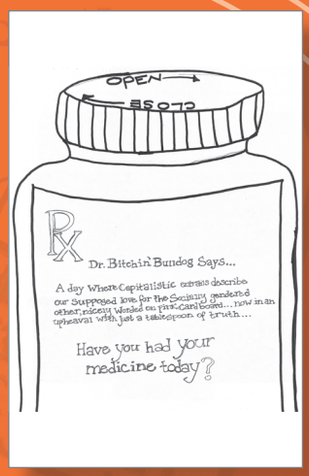
This current of feminist knowledge was directly inspired by my mother who helped me understand feminism and how we continue to fight for what is right and just. This thinking seeped into my academic practices in my studies and my internship at The National Organization for Women (NOW) in Washington DC, something I was able to do as part of my JC education. I studied social change and created intersectional networks of support and collaboration with hopes of connecting to my past legacy while inspiring multigenerational feminists in the future. I was almost twenty-one and felt proud to be a part of something that paid homage to both my maternal and activist lineages. Prior to presenting to NOW's annual conference in Albuquerque, New Mexico, my mom gave me a gift—a framed conference and hotel receipt from 1978, documents from her attendance at the 1978 annual NOW conference when she too was going on twenty-one. I found myself reflexively in the midst of a NOW/Johnston/Feminist parallel experience when time folded back on itself. The connection to my mother, and the feminists before her, was clear. I was able to see myself in my mother and thought, "I would be honored to be like her when I grow up." Although my mom and I have different career paths, we both developed our feminist and academic foundations that infuse our professional work while at Johnston. Our individual currents intersect from time to time, helping deepen our knowledge, understanding, and connection to feminist action and to each other.

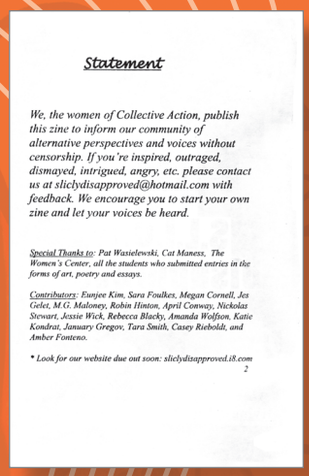


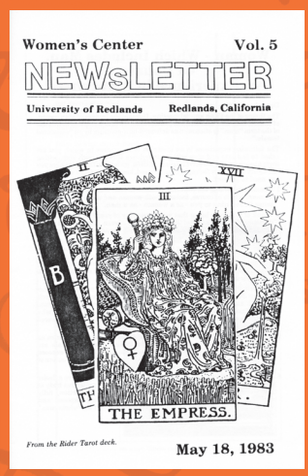
Photo by Meggan Austin, 2017.

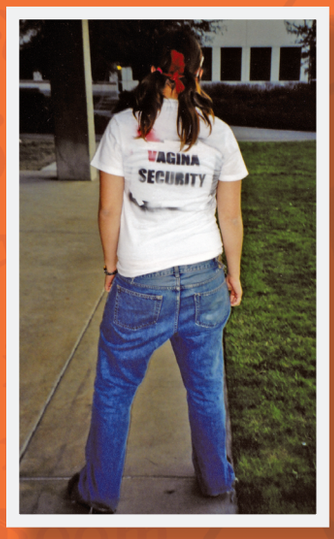
Snapshot50.indd 123 12/10/18 12:30 AM













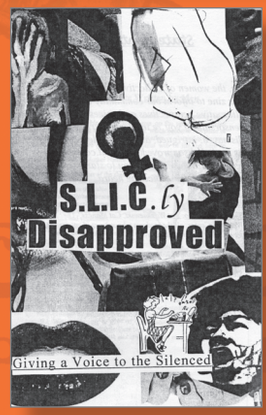








Top right: "Women's Center Newsletter," University of Redlands, c. 1983. | Top left: *The Bark* zine by The Bitchin' Bulldogs, c. 2005. | Middle left: Miriam modeling a "Vagina Security" t-shirt for "The Vagina Monologues" crew. Photo by M. G. Maloney, 2003. | Middle: Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017. | Middle right: Summer performing in "The Vagina Monologues" at the Glenn Wallichs Theatre. Photo by Erin Minckley, 2003. | Lower middle left: Professor Kelly Hankin and students Ysabel, Emily, and Livvy at a "pussy hat" knitting circle in Holt Lobby. Photo by M. G. Maloney, January 2017. | Lower middle right: "The Vagina Monologues" V-Day director, Jennifer (center) with cast at Glenn Wallichs Theatre, photo by M. G. Maloney, 2017. | Bottom left: "Slut Week" poster, 2011. | Bottom right: "S.L.I.C.ly Disapproved: Giving a Voice to the Silenced" zine by students in professor Pat Wasielewski's Women in Collective Action course, c. 2003.



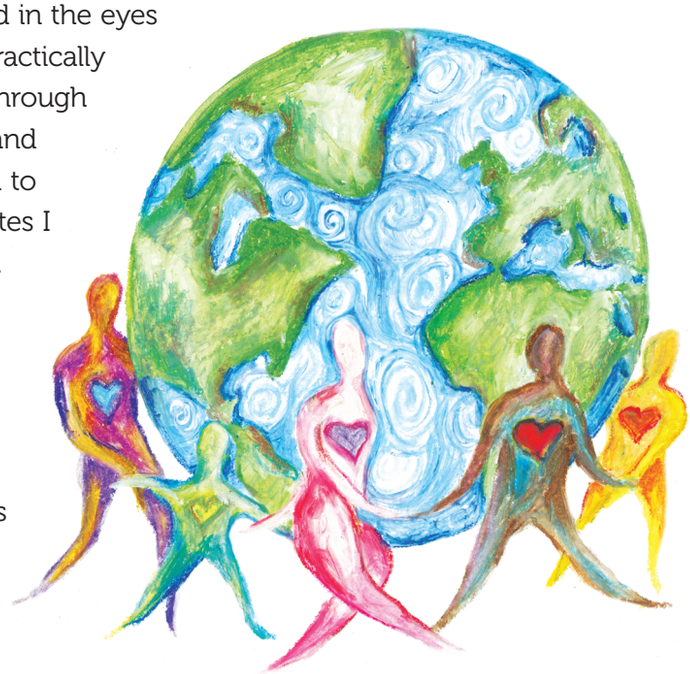
Snapshot50.indd 124 12/10/18 12:31 AM

THROUGH HER EYES

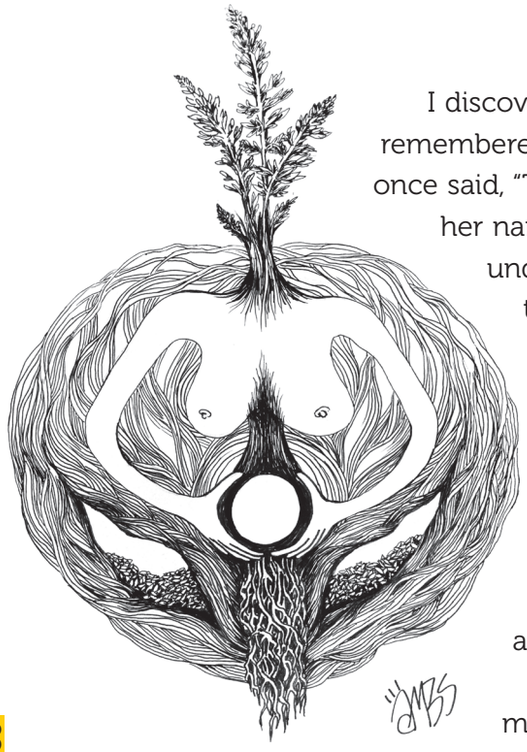
Radha Home (Alexis Cox)

When I graduated from Johnston Center, I moved with my roommate to Santa Monica. We arrived at our new apartment, full of hope for our futures, on September 10th of 2001. The next morning I walked into her room to see on the small TV with rabbit ear antennae the image of two planes, one after the next, flying into the Twin Towers. I watched as fear quickly became status quo... and my ideals began to wane as my own worries kicked in, along with my student loan payments, and I had to find a paying job. Eight years later, after forgetting my soul's desire, my heart's desire, to live in a way that feels natural and right, I had an epiphany....*it doesn't have to be this way*. A voice came into my mind one day that whispered "Go to India," and I went.

I traveled in a trance, discovering parts of myself that I had left by the wayside, seeing my Self reflected in the eyes of those I encountered. I felt seen by practically everyone. Not just noticed, but seen. Through the eyes, into the soul. I looked down and saw the path beneath my feet. All I had to do was walk it. That illusive set of dictates I was seeking to know what to do next... it existed! I felt myself remembering. I remembered how to actually connect with people. I remembered simple routines of healthy, balanced living. I remembered the importance of community. I remembered the Vedas. It was like waking up in the middle of a dream and realizing that dream was actually happening in real life. I felt suddenly alive and very, very right.



Amber Rose Bauer, *The Power of Love*, 2018.



Amber Rose Bauer, *Growth*, 2016.

I discovered that I was a teacher, and a healer at my core. I remembered that I was a spiritual being. A guest teacher at Johnston once said, "Theater is not my ends, but my means to my ends." While her name has escaped me, her words stuck. Each endeavor I undertake is part of a larger play, a *lila,* and the events that take shape, as well as my role, are ever-changing. If I get caught up in it, I will forget it is not the point itself. The point, according to the 5,000-year-old Vedic texts from India, is *Sanatana Dharma*, Eternal Truth. We are all going toward Truth, even if we appear to be moving away from it. Shiva is the eternal masculine, consciousness itself, the container. Shakti, his lover, is everything that is and the force that brought it to be. The Truth is that they are One.

Now LIFE is giving me a chance to integrate that truth with my actual reality—can we live in harmony with Nature and Her laws, enjoy our work and be happy?—and sharing our lives. Humans are, from birth, social beings who need other humans to feel truly contented. We might liberate ourselves to a state of enlightenment through actions that include solitude, but that state is very high and in it one feels connected to not just humanity, but to all of Nature. We are meant to live in communities, as individuals living our lives in a way that contributes to the life we all share. We are meant to work together, play together, pray together, and raise our children together.

In Jean Liedloff's 1975 book *The Continuum Concept*, she writes about a South American tribe of Indians who still live virtually untouched by "civilization" and raise their children the way we naturally expect to be when we exit the womb. She observed with the Yequana the absence of the word *work* from their language. They used words to describe activities, without conferring a label of "work" or "play." They had fun regardless of the energy the activity required; everyone happily did his or her share to upkeep community needs. Here Liedloff rediscovered "rightness," a feeling she had previously experienced only as a child, sitting in Nature. By working and growing up together, people form a bond that goes beyond personalities and preferences. Each person has a true connection to the other; their well-beings are inextricably linked. We understand that we cannot be happy and at peace if our neighbors are not also.

Johnston Center is founded on this idea of living communally and doing what one loves. I now live in a larger Living and Learning community, and I am seeing the many steep mountains we as a community and as part of this country and world have created to climb. As a new

Snapshot50.indd 126 12/10/18 12:31 AM

mother, I am being faced with the reality that I now *need* my village. I hear women all around the world calling out to one another so that we can see each other and hold each other up. I hear men wanting to join in too and often not knowing how. I see my precious little boy and wonder how to help him learn to honor his own needs and wants, while also witnessing and honoring those around him. I continue to listen to the wise messages within my own body and in the body of the Earth as I plant seeds in her soil. I pray for a future where we can all live in harmony with Her and ourSelves. In my yoga classes I tell stories of the Goddess Mother who is always there; we just have to call out for Her help. Everything is a part of Her; even the profane is sacred. We cannot continue to alienate one another, and ourselves. We must find compassion, and integrate the parts of ourselves and this world we don't like. We must love our Mother and, like children, love ourselves through Her eyes.



Christalene Rose mural in Bekins, c. 2006. When interviewed by Shayla for The Book directed study in 2018, Christalene said, "The story behind the mural is the creation of all life on earth and the health of the earth itself as connected to human life... The mural reminds us to respect our bodies, our ancestors, and our environment."

Snapshot50.indd 127 12/10/18 12:31 AM



Third Floor murals by Matthias, n.d.

IMPULSE, VOYEUR, PROVOCATIONS

Aninka Lemasson

My first party was the Adam and Steve party. Adam walked in front of my doorway wearing only a leaf bouncing over his penis, to be followed by God, double-fisting wine and asking me to adjust her bra. As far as I knew, I was the only one getting up early to go to church on Sunday.

Every year Johnston was accused of having lost its creative vitality. Every year students were creatively not giving a feq.

Most years there was a couch in the Tree of Many Things.

One day, T. J. Stutman and Mike Padilla stood in front of Bekins in their boxers with their pants down. They read at the top of their lungs from *The Communist Manifesto* as prospective-student tours gaped past. The lounging intelligentsia cheered.

In an illegitimate computer lab on the second floor of Holt, I spent many an evening staring at black screens with glowing type. That's when email was new, and where I wrote all the wrong details about my life. I wish I'd written less about how I felt and more about the textured facts of my days and the people who are no longer with us. Johnston is where I married myself to literature—a marriage that continues to force me to choose between living in the moment and witnessing it.

One interim session, I went to England for a literary tour with Daniel Kiefer. My hands were still stinging from applauding after a play. As we waited for the rest of our group, he asked me, "Why do we love tragedy?"



Third Floor mural by Matthias, n.d.



Adam Chapman, *untitled*, 1993.

For a writer, it's a profound question because it inverts into a suggestion for how to live. Tragedy is a word that serves the living. I think we love tragedy in art because it points to life's value. Being identified as Johnston was like a provocation to live as performance art; I chose to be a witness, however, not a performer, which is its own sort of tragedy.

At a G.Y.S.T bonfire next to East Hall, we told some stories and danced to our drums. It smelled of wood smoke mixed with pot, incense, and Jacaranda blooms. Hips twitched sensually in peasant skirts and jean shorts. Belly dancers emerged to the surprise of the body's owner. Many of my Johnston classmates were topless and their faces glowed beautifully in the firelight. I was moved, and proud. There my new brave friends were essentially walking onto a stage and saying, *this is me*, and doing it while smiling. A goldfish, named Fleetwood Mac, was awarded a eulogy that would be the envy of most grad reviews, before his bowl was ceremoniously upended over the flames. Although we defiantly drummed our way back to Complex, the leering-drunk-frat-boy element hovering out of East Hall raised a light to the thin membrane of our safe space.

We were trying to do something—not exclusive to Johnston, but that I have come to associate with Johnston—namely, that Johnston students often walk in the world as if it were more tolerant than it actually is. To live in the world as if it were the way you think it should be is a brave and tiring exercise in magical thinking, and it has led so many Johnston students to innovation, reinvention, and/or self-destruction.



Matthias, *Lukas (12/27/1977–4/9/1999)*, mural, c. 1999.

Snapshot50.indd 130 12/10/18 12:31 AM

As insulated as Johnston could be accused of being, we couldn't comfort ourselves and say "not in our house." One dark night, we left a community meeting en masse and came out to the quad to have a collective scream about campus rape because it *kept happening*.

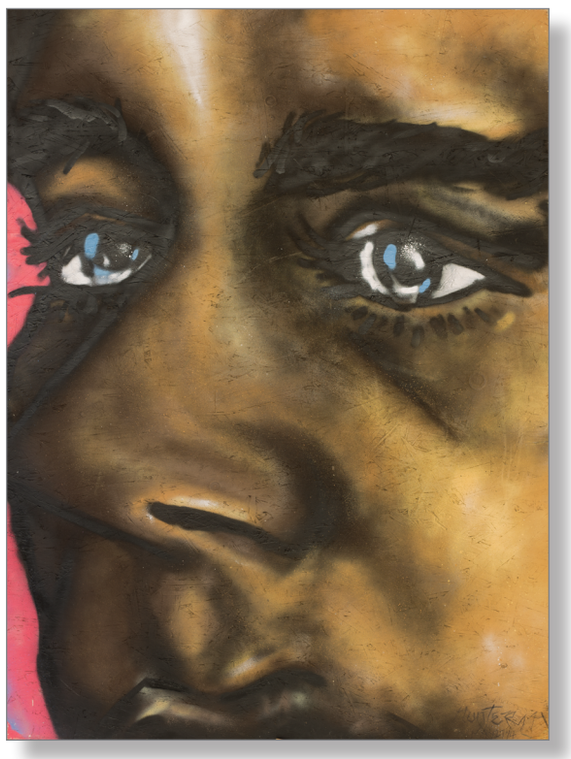
Diversity trended at a community meeting, and a classmate said to Mike Peñafiel, Johnston superstar, "When I see you, I just see Mike."

I'll never forget the adamant shake of his head and the flint timbre of his voice when he said, "NO. That's not true."

Artist, martial arts fighter, band member, friend—the guy who could not find a big enough space to fit all the people who came to his grad review—it didn't matter. He said he saw evidence all the time how the world saw and judged his Filipino face first, including us.

Lukas Soliunas died of an overdose during Spring Break. That inevitable, horrible thing that happens with death, appropriation, happened. A personal tragedy became about Johnston. Yash Owada came to a community meeting with tears in his eyes and his voice shaking, saying he would not hesitate to shut down Johnston, that it was not worth one life. He was bargaining with us to take care with our choices; he was pleading.

My class graduated months before 9/11. I was crashing on Lora Brill's floor, working at the Redlands Institute. She woke before me, listening to the radio as she showered. She came out dripping, her expression spooked. "I think something's happened."



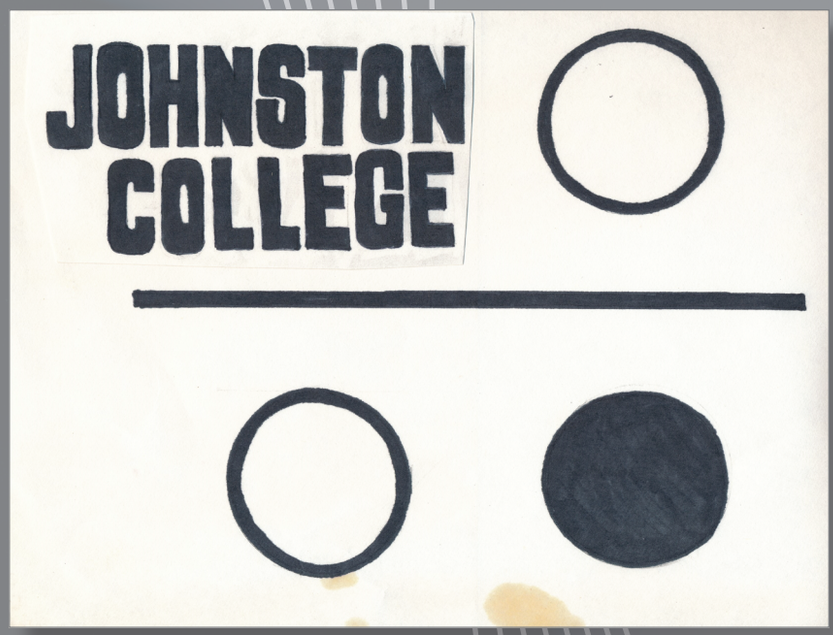
Hunter, *untitled*, 2014. Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Snapshot50.indd 131 12/10/18 12:31 AM

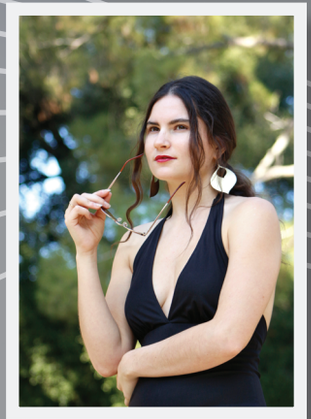




Johnny Cash Day. Photos by Blair Newman, 2015.



The original Johnston College logo, n.d.



Maddie, photo by Caillie Roach, c. 2017.



The OverEasy performs. Photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2009.



Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d.



Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d.



Mallory and Kane, photo by Caillie Roach, c. 2017.



Nate from Dearest performs. Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d.

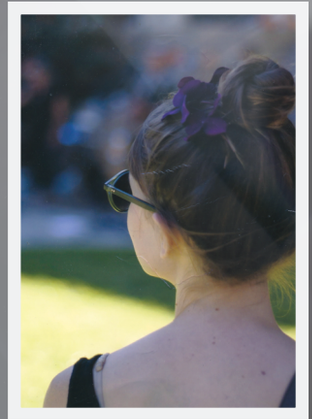


Photo courtesy of Adam Ghovayzi, n.d.

WAITING FOR JAKE

Annie Pennell

Broadcast of the Hajj played on every television. The men on the news covering the great pilgrimage to Mecca spoke Arabic and wore a white cloth slung over one shoulder, one nipple peering out. I had to go to Tarfaya. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, author of *The Little Prince*, had once lived there and I couldn't spend a semester in the same country as that westernmost Moroccan town without paying homage.

Anthony Walker gave me my first English copy and insisted that I read it. This time, not translating word by word as I had in high school French, I was able to see that this children's book said so much. A year later, the semester before studying abroad, I went through a difficult time that reshaped who I am and how my life was to look. I reread *The Little Prince* and was struck by how clearly it explained all of human existence. It laid out how I needed to take care of myself before I tried to do anything else. I went forward with this as my guide.

I left the Moroccan desert village on a bus of middle-aged French tourists and headed for my own Mecca. Two days, three buses, and 760 miles later, I stepped down onto the sand-dusted pavement of Tarfaya and surveyed the empty-looking town. I did my best to seem sure of myself as I walked, but my insides curled up and I wished I were back in Rabat with my friends. I had only considered the logistics of money and timing for this adventure but hadn't stopped to think about how difficult it would be on my own. I had forgotten about the constant fear I lived with.

I found the Musée de Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and hesitantly entered the building. It looked closed, but the man behind the front

Snapshot50.indd 133 12/10/18 12:31 AM

desk flipped a switch and the lights overhead flickered on, revealing a space lined with posters of photographs, drawings, and text. I took in the sight of a young boy looking out from a yellowed photograph. This boy became the man who wrote *Le Petit Prince*, the man who understood the world. His life story circled the room in French text, and I strained to understand it all, slowly making my way from poster to poster.

The man walked up to me with a glass of tea on a tray.

"*Shukran*," I thanked him.

When the museum closed for lunch, I left for the beach. At the foot of a golden dune was a tribute to Saint-Exupéry, a biplane atop a tiled cube covered by a thick coat of sand. I climbed the rippled dune and stared out at the ocean, scanning the horizon for a barge bearing Jake Kandlhoft, who I hadn't seen since last spring at Johnston. He went where the wind blew him, so I didn't count on him making it over from the nearby Spanish island, even though he said he would try. Still, I had hope he would appear. Jake wasn't afraid of anything and had been traveling for months around India and Europe. I knew that with him by my side, no stone would be left unturned in this town, no corner unexplored.

I turned back to the town to search for food. I passed several cafés with men gathered around glasses of tea but was unable to make my legs stop and carry me inside. I came upon a café with a dozen tables and forced myself to enter the dingy interior. The man behind the counter gave me a rotten-toothed smile. They didn't serve food, but after I paid for my tea, he invited me to join him to eat. I followed him to the back room and, after a vegetarian moment's hesitation, tore off a piece of bread to grip the brown sheep meat. We sat eating in comfortable silence as the warmth of strangers' hospitality began to fill me.

On the way back to the apartment I'd rented, I stopped in the owner's small general store for instant coffee and bread. He told me his brother was the Musée Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's curator. He hoisted a binder onto the counter and leafed through the ledger until he found a page and eagerly pointed excitedly. I was the first American who had ever stayed at his apartment, and he wanted to know why I was here. I didn't have an answer for him.

He gave me a photo of himself standing in front of a waterfall, then invited me to his family's home, where they served me sugar-filled tea and bread with Laughing Cow cheese. He gave me a whole wedge, splitting the other two in half between two young girls, his brother,

Snapshot50.indd 134 12/10/18 12:31 AM

and an old woman. I felt guilty for taking their food but accepted their kindness graciously and talked in broken French-Arabic with the family, learning about their lives.

The man's brother appeared at my door later with two books He handed them to me excitedly. *Le Petit Prince* and *Vol de Nuit*, another of Saint-Exupéry's novels. They were well-worn and each had a stamp from the museum inside. They smelled old and wonderful.

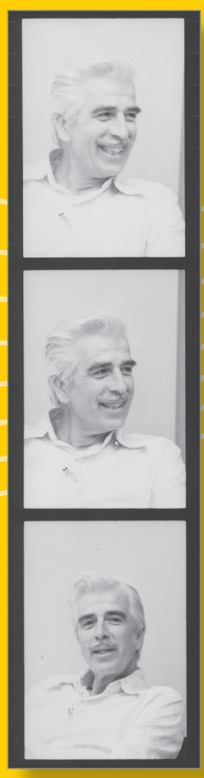
I didn't know how to accept these, how to thank him or express how much his gift meant to me. I had felt so fearful, so alone in this empty and foreign place. Yet without even trying, I had been met with more kindness from strangers than I had ever known.

"*Shukran*," I told him and shook his hand. I hoped he understood what my silence meant, could translate what my eyes tried to say.



Photo by professor Bob Treacy, 1977.

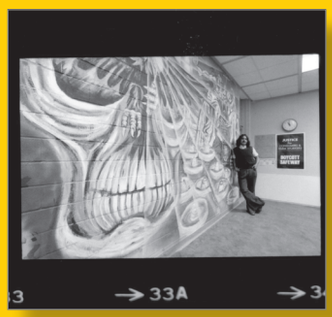
Snapshot50.indd 135 12/10/18 12:31 AM



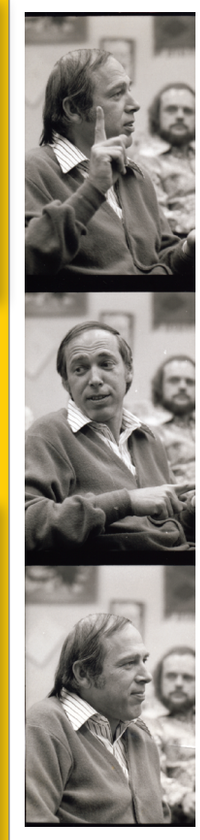
Ed Williams, vice chancellor of Johnston College, contact sheet, n.d.



Top row from left to right: Lee Jones on the phone. Jones was assistant to the Johnston College chancellor, public relations and development liaison, n.d. | Shirley Peck, Johnston College staff, 1974. | Professor Dan Gilbertson, 1974. | Professor Barney Childs, n.d. | Bottom row: Larry Holliday, Johnston College administrator, c. 1974. | Diana Hernandez, Johnston College staff, n.d. | Professor Bob Treacy, 1977. | Margie Austin, Johnston Registrar. Photo by Jeff Wilson, c. 1991.



Jesus "Chuy" Gonzalez, mural artist and administrator at Johnston College, c. 1974.





Professors Kelly Hankin, Julie Townsend, Tim Seiber, Kevin O'Neill, Bill McDonald, Yash Owada at O'Neill's *Internet Afterlife* (Praeger, 2016) book reading in Holt Lobby. Photo by Blair Newman, 2016.



Left: Professor Isobel Contento Corneil, 1974. | Right: Professor Frank Blume, contact sheet, n.d.



Professors Pat Wasielewski, Pat Geary, Kathy Ogren, Penny McElroy, "The Johnston Audacity" 35th Renewal, memorabilia. Art by Jeff Wilson, c. 2004.







From to top bottom: Associate Director Carlos Arboleda and Resident Director Matt Gray. | Professor Leslie Brody at the Creative Writing Department's Visiting Writer Series with Cole Cohen, 2015. | Professors Kelly Hankin and Kathy Ogren, 2011.

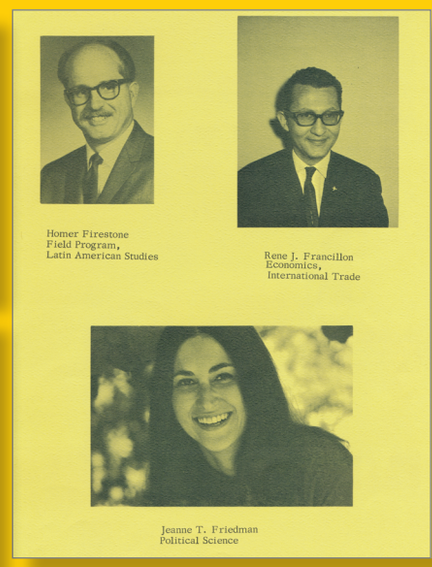








From to top bottom: Professors Pat Wasielewski and Penny McElroy, n.d. | Professors Daniel Kiefer and Judy Tschann, n.d. | Kerry Robles, Johnston Center department coordinator at commencement. Photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2011. | Teresa Area, Johnston Registrar at commencement. Photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2011.



Professors Homer Firestone, Rene Francillon, and Jeanne Friedman, "Who's Who at Johnston College," c. 1969.

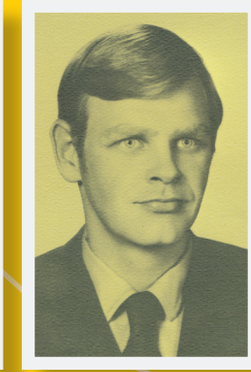


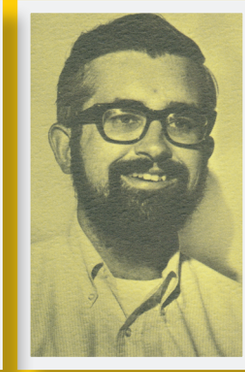
Top: Professor Julie Townsend, Resident Hall Director Adam Ghovayzi, Assistant Director M. G. Maloney at Vintage Johnston. Photo by Nicholas Sousa, c. 2016.



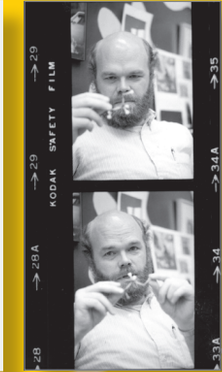
Professors Kathy Ogren and Kelly Hankin, Assistant Director Denise Davis, Professor Emeritus Bill McDonald, Professor Julie Townsend at Buffalo Fest. Photo by Clarke Henry, c. 2010.



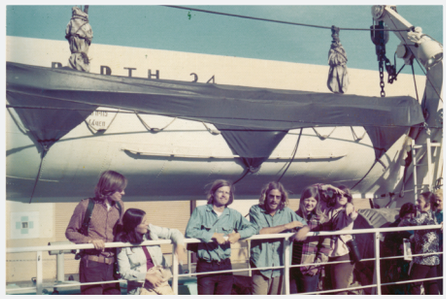








From left to right: Professor Yasuyuki Owada, "Who's Who at Johnston College," c. 1969. | Professor Kevin O'Neill, "Who's Who at Johnston College," c. 1969. | Professor Bill McDonald, "Who's Who at Johnston College," c. 1969. | Lee Jones, "Who's Who at Johnston College," c. 1969. | Professor Paul Corneil, contact sheet, n.d.





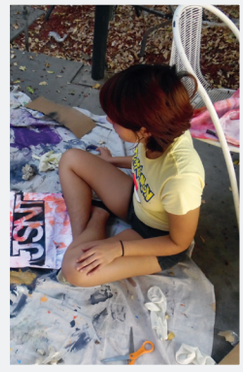
Johnston students on field trips, 1972.





Top: Professor Bill McDonald and Josh in McDonald's Bekins office. Photo courtesy of Josh and Karen Tanenbaum, n.d. | Bottom: Professor Julie Townsend, Grace, Mike, and Julia in seminar. Photo by Elana Rapp, 2016.





Top: Students in the renovated Bekins basement screening room. Photo by Blair Newman, 2017. | Bottom: Saraí stenciling an Orientation Team shirt, 2017.







From left to right: BioFeedback testing lab in Johnston College, 1974. | Photo by John Kruissink, Johnston College admissions publication, *Getting In*, c. 1973. | Jessie practicing Navajo weaving in Penny McElroy and Pat Wasielewski's seminar Women Weaving the Creative Process. Photo by Lily Gomez, 2000.



Johnston College seminar, contact sheet, 1974.

SELF PORTRAIT IN A LANDSCAPE WITH THE SUN GOING DOWN

April Conway

During my last semester as a Johnston student, I studied in Oaxaca de Juárez, Oaxaca, Mexico with Pat Wasielewski, who led the trip, and a group of fellow Buffalos and Bulldogs. We spent most of our time together taking Spanish classes and a course on globalization taught by Pat. We traveled to nearby villages, the coast of Oaxaca, Mexico City, and Guatemala. We also explored the city, conducted



Mural on canvas by Oaxaca/Guatemala Integrated Semester class, 2004.
Photo by Jeff Wilson, 2017.

Photo by Jerome, Oaxaca/Guatemala
Integrated Semester, 2004.



research, traveled, and hung out with our host families and new friends. While living and traveling abroad was at times difficult, the measure of this semester is for me of great significance for all that I took away.

Though what I learned was gleaned from everything I experienced on the trip, Pat's course on globalization provided a framework and opportunities in which to think about what we saw in Mexico and Guatemala and what we had and would see when we returned home. For example, we read an ethnography of Oaxaca and met one of the authors, Michael Higgins, and some of the people featured in the book. One night, Higgins took us to meet some of the trans* prostitutes—*los chicas,* they called themselves—he had interviewed. *Los chicas* had formed a union and so even before I met them they had impressed me. Once we did encounter *los chicas* out on the cobblestone streets, we were enveloped by their humor and ebullience. The most striking of the group—striking for her physical appearance as she was quite tall and beautiful, but also for her commanding presence—lavished attention on one woman in our group, saying she looked like Samantha from *Bewitched*, and flirted with one of the men. I had never learned about the day-to-day minutia of sex workers before reading about or meeting *los chicas;* this meeting demonstrated warmth for strangers like us and a capacity for empowerment through their relationships to one another.

Like the grassroots solidarity enacted by *los chicas*, Pat's course also taught me to consider other subversive acts of power. The *Popol Vuh* enacts anti-colonial efforts, and in Panajachel, Guatemala, artisans redesign traditional textile patterns to meet the aesthetic expectations of tourists in order to earn a profit. These practices reframed for me the possibilities everyday people have within systems of globalization, systems I had previously understood to be behemoth and absolute. Now I was learning that though public spaces like airports were being flattened, so to speak, through design principles meant to enhance ease of travel as secondary to ease of consumption, communities had ways to make these larger systems bend to them. Or, at least, these communities wrinkled the shroud of oppressing systems, however difficult and seemingly immaterial the efforts might at first appear.

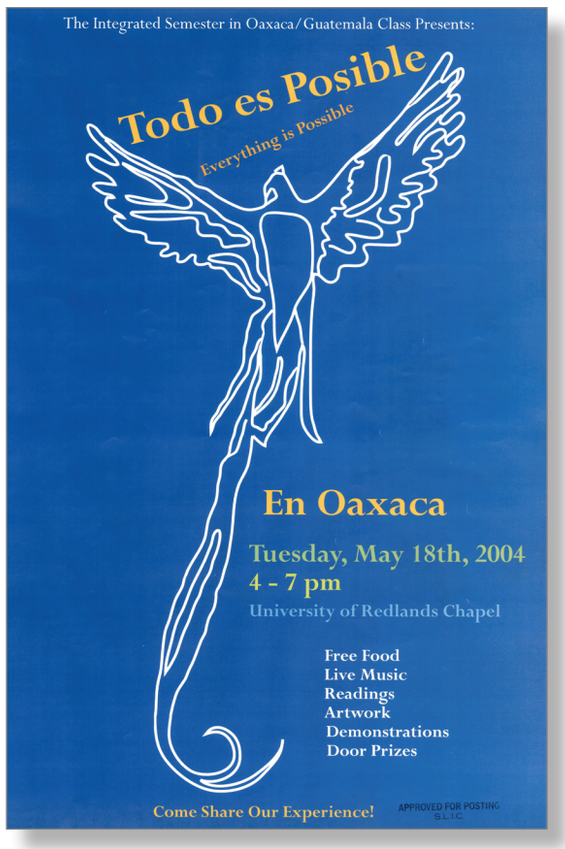
The idea of power as subverted by the common wo/man was, of course, constantly contested right before my eyes, even when "good"

Snapshot50.indd 140 12/10/18 12:31 AM

had purportedly triumphed. Because the end of a civil war, for instance, haunts a nation lifetimes over and Guatemala was only eight years out from a peace deal, I felt the tension of this haunting pull at the seams of moments we passed through. My lessons extended beyond our nomadic classroom because I saw or I sensed past and present tragedies, especially as night approached in Guatemala and we had to leave the streets or get off the road due to the lingering dangers from the most recent epoch of violence.

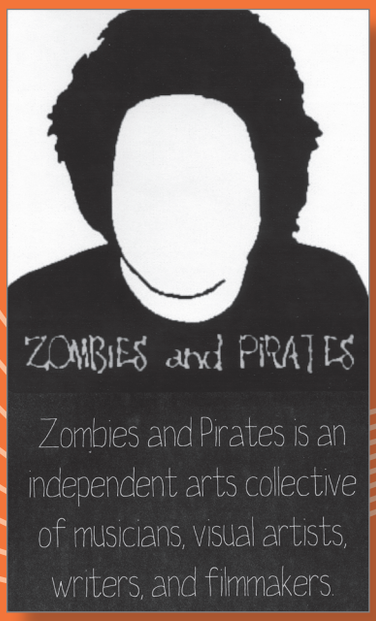
What I learned during this semester was, in essence, intellectual and embodied and also communal and spiritual. We visited Frida Kahlo's house, La Casa Azul, in Coyoacán, Mexico City. Seeing her bed, with one of the painted casts that covered her torso, I was struck by many things—how incredibly small she had been—but also how irrepressible her creativity was to be frequently confined to bed and yet to continue painting images that still ignite the imagination of millions. Frida (who painted *Self Portrait in a Landscape with the Sun Going Down*) is an idol for me and so seeing where she lived for most of her life was a pilgrimage of sorts. We visited another icon in Mexico City, the Virgin of Guadalupe, whose basilica is one of the most popular pilgrimage sites in the world. Being pressed among so many people who sought a glimpse of the Virgin—to see the image of her myself—was moving. Shuffling in the long line to the church's entrance and then filing by Our Lady made me feel as if I was in a true crush of humanity as people the world over moved by faith, desperation, curiosity, and love prayed and reflected with strangers.

In Antigua, Guatemala, we were fortunate to witness the Semana Santa processions and helped to construct an *alfombra,* or carpet of flowers, that lined the streets during the marches. We returned to Oaxaca at the end of Holy Week, and my memory of this time is one of color. Plastic cups of *aguas frescas* of every hue—peachy cantaloupe pink with rose petals, red watermelon, green melon, yellow pineapple—were handed out by store owners and the streets seemed littered with crepe paper. Whether because it was spring or because it was a celebration of rebirth, the saturation of color in the streets of Oaxaca is one of my final memories of this semester.



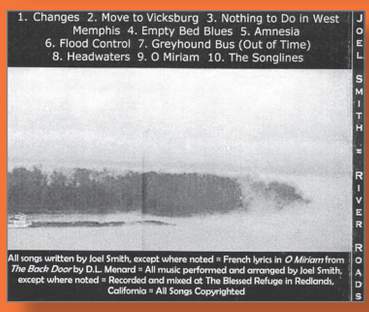
"The Integrated Semester in Oaxaca/Guatemala Class Presents Todo es Posible en Oaxaca," poster, c. 2004.

Snapshot50.indd 141 12/10/18 12:31 AM



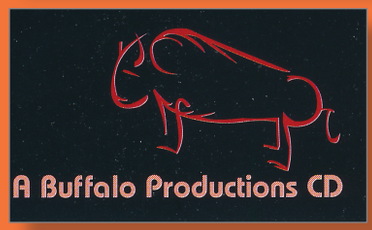






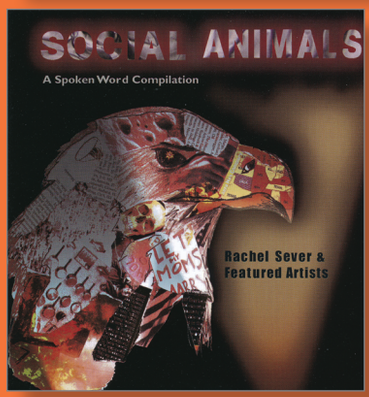


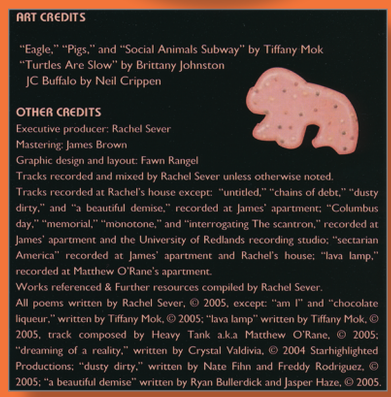














Top to Bottom: Zombies and Pirates arts collective, poster, c. 2004. | Joel Smith, *River Roads*, CD, songlist, c. 2003. | Neil Crippen, logo, *Buffalo Productions CD*, c. 2005. | Rachel Sever, *Social Animals: A Spoken Word Compilation*, CD, liner notes cover. Art by Tiffany Mok, graphic design and layout by Fawn Rangel, c. 2005.

Top to Bottom: Leah D. Wilson, "Peter and Melusine: An Original German Opera," DVD, c. 2005 | Redlands Media House, *Spring 2014 Mix*, c. 2014. | ZAP (Zombies and Pirates) compilation CD, c. 2004. | Rachel Sever, *Social Animals: A Spoken Word Compilation*, CD, liner notes. Art by Tiffany Mok, graphic design and layout by Fawn Rangel, c. 2005.

Top to Bottom: Joel Smith, *Moonwalk City Blues*, CD. Songs include the original "Johnston Song" by Andrew King, c. 1999. | Joel Smith, *Moonwalk City Blues*, CD, liner notes, c. 1999. | Joel Smith, *River Roads* CD, liner notes, c. 2003. | Zombies and Pirates arts collective, compilation CD of student musicians, c. 2004.

Snapshot50.indd 142 12/10/18 12:32 AM

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH BEN WYETH

Interview by the Johnston Community; transcription by M. G. Maloney

The "Coconut" by Harry Nilsson was adapted as an a capella project by Josh Tanenbaum your freshman year. Morgan Klein sang in it. It was kind of a wild situation in which people were all singing "Put the Lime in the Coconut"—a little maddening. Do you have any memories of that?

Did they perform that in the music hall? It might have been in the recital hall. I was so deep in my own hibernation of ambition that certain things were sort of tweaking from outside, I'd be like, "That's really cool and weird but I can't look at that." It was almost too much, too cool, because I wasn't cool enough yet. It was beyond me. I don't think I was ready for that level of coolness because I remember some serious freshness would be outside my bubble and I'd be like, "That's too cool. I can't look at that." It was almost the same with Crissy's stuff—"That's too cool, it's going to break me down. I gotta stay here." But I do remember some real freshness about it, like, "Whoa, that's an atmosphere that was actually amazing." But I wish I could listen to it again or something because I'd probably like love it now.

I don't think there's a recording that exists anymore.

Damn. It was probably like 10 years ahead of me—at least, that's my sense of it.

I'm curious to know your relationship with the School of Music as a student during your time here, what worked...

Marco Schindelmann taught me voice, so that was cool. That helped, the singing techniques and stuff like that. And then there was Angie Jelliffe, who was sort of my sponsor teacher over there, and she was just really cool and was just sort of like championing your vision, and sort of giving you some input and guidance and also really just letting you really roll with it. And I took a cool theory class once that I got something out of and I joined the choir the first year and that was *not* very helpful for me. I just wasn't very good at that, straight up. I couldn't find my notes, there's like four different parts going, I couldn't read music; I didn't have the



Professor of Music and Johnston College alumna Angie Jelliffe presenting Josh his diploma at Johnston's Commencement. Photo courtesy of Josh and Karen Tanenbaum, c. 2002.

This interview has been edited for length and clarity.