



farewell issue

Pull-out Creative Writing Section

THE PRINCIPIA PILOT

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Seniors and where they're going

Read about a few graduating seniors and what they've learned, what they're doing, and where they'll be next year. It all begins on pages 13-14 of this issue.

photos // Ken Baughman

Committee on Publication addresses healthcare

Ginny Tonkin

Staff writer

Speaking from the floor of the Chapel on May 16, Phil Davis, the Manager of the Committee on Publication (COP) in Boston, addressed healthcare reform and its effect on Christian Scientists. Davis and Gary Jones, the manager of the Federal office of the COP, who aided Davis with his work in Washington, D.C., spoke about the state of healthcare for Christian Scientists and the work they are doing.

"You'd like us to get to the bottom

line," Davis began his talk. "We did not get what we were looking for."

"I'm not trying to mask over a defeat," Davis said. "I'm concerned with winning the war, not the battle. That's why we're not giving up."

Davis said that he and his team worked to keep spiritual healing an option for everybody, not specifically working for "my exemption." He explained that although he and Jones did not achieve their goal within the healthcare bill, the bill is still not a done deal.

In the end, when the bill reached a

certain number of passable votes, it was consciously passed as an imperfect document. Therefore, before the bill goes into effect in 2014, plenty of litigation and legislative haggling will change its shape.

Besides continuing to talk to congressional leaders, Davis said, their work now lies in partnering with corrective legislation that is open to language that will ensure a non-discrimination provision for spiritual healing with insurance companies. When viewed this way, insurance companies could not reject an applicant without considering

the options first.

Davis explained that while current healthcare standards are viewed as monopolistic and exclusive, his board wants to show the opposite: "We want to allow people a menu of choices that people are going to look at in 2014 that includes Christian Science."

When the healthcare debate began, Davis went to the Christian Science Board of Directors to discuss the options. These options included a way to opt into the system based on religion, a way to opt out, or a combination of the

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One love: Prinstock Jammin' with Amnesty

Kayleigh Kavanagh

Staff writer

For the Prinstock Jammin' with Amnesty festival on Saturday of Week 8, God blessed Principia with the most beautiful weather so far this year.

Prinstock, a throwback to Woodstock with less LSD and more Frisbee, was much more than just a tree-hugging hippie-fest. According to Prinstock co-organizer, junior Amelia Heron, the festival was about the free expression of creativity and celebrating the community's unique talents and individual passions.

Junior Kristen Rosen said, "Prinstock was a great opportunity for the

student community to gather together and emerge from their individual worlds."

Prinstock took place around the Chapel green, with a few booths spilling onto the grass near the concourse and the library. Designated areas were marked by lines of fluttering light blue sheets. Junior Daniel Georgatos, who helped man the solar car booth, said that the location was perfect. He estimated that about half the campus was out enjoying the day.

The variety of fantastic booths was even more impressive because they were all student-run. Students and visitors could learn from tables promoting various causes, and could participate in everything from painting to T-shirt

making, sunbathing to bocce ball, and jewelry-making to kite-flying.

Several bands sent their tunes floating across the field, providing a beat to help carry the energy of the day's festivities. Junior James Suber commented, "The band stage should have been moved to a more people-friendly location" that was out of the sun. He suggested that next year, the stage should have been put on the Chapel steps. Suber helped run the Native American Awareness booth.

Senior Kateland Oakes said she enjoyed just walking around and seeing the different areas. She said that it "made our campus feel alive." She added that the one negative aspect of Prinstock was that it would have been

better if it had been done earlier in the quarter. Prinstock was rescheduled because of weather, but Oakes thinks that there would have been an even higher turn out if people were not feeling guilty about studying or writing their capstones.

Junior Katie Hueffner said, "Prinstock reminded me of art festivals in downtown Dallas ... it showed a bigger sense of the community and revealed a changed atmosphere. It's like Prin had a different vibe for a day, and I really liked that."

Freshman Wren Saylor exclaimed that the entire day went "beautifully." Much of that was due to effective advertisements put forth by co-organizers

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Voice to the voiceless

Maija Baldauf
Staff Writer

Within the culture of India, there is a class of people so oppressed that they don't even register within the nation's theoretically abolished caste system.

During the fall 2009 India Abroad, seniors Anna Procter and Tabea Mangelsdorf lived with, interviewed, and researched the Dalit

cording to Procter, there are four or five colonies of Dalits in Udaipur, several of which she and Mangelsdorf visited during their stay.

Even within the Dalit community, there is a sense of hierarchy. Most Dalits do manual or "unclean labor" that no one else will do, including cleaning toilets, slaughtering animals for food, and repairing shoes. However, Procter said their translator was also a member of the Dalit class, but was able to interact with other Indians and study at a

days, she wrote a collection of ten monologues and Mangelsdorf wrote several songs. Although Mangelsdorf and Procter are performers, neither of them had experience writing their own songs or monologues before working on this project. Mangelsdorf said it was difficult to look through over 80 pages of notes from her interviews and choose just one concept for a song.

Mangelsdorf said she was unable to compose music in India because she didn't have access to an instrument during their stay. She worked mainly with lyrics and rhythms while abroad.

Although Procter and Mangelsdorf wrote the rough material for their presentation while in India, Mangelsdorf said she changed some of her lyrics when she returned from the trip. She also decided to include more vocals and both violin and bass accompaniment, and wrote parts for each of those instruments.

Through weeks of observation and conversation, it became clearer to Mangelsdorf and Procter that what they were learning needed to be shared with a broader community.

Mangelsdorf said, "These people poured out their hearts for us." Procter said, "It's just important and beautiful to share these stories; to just get a window into a way of life that's so completely different from your own." She added that Dalits are not paid any attention in their own country, much less in the United States.

Mangelsdorf also believes in the power of sharing these stories with people who might not otherwise know about the oppression and mistreatment of Dalits. She said, "Once you meet the people [involved in an issue], you actually really care."

Mangelsdorf said that it was difficult to write songs about the issue without sounding "preachy." She added, "I think the message will be different for everyone ... We don't want to tell people how to feel."

Despite the fact that Procter and Mangelsdorf did not create "Untouchable Voices" to deliver a



Tabea and Anna spending time with Dalit friends in India. photos courtesy of Anna Procter

people, and crafted a series of monologues and songs to commemorate their experience.

On Wednesday of Week 10, they will perform "Untouchable Voices," the culmination of their work, for the last time in the Black Box Theater.

Mangelsdorf and Procter first shared this performance with the campus on Saturday of Week 1. "Untouchable Voices" was so well received that the pair decided to schedule a second performance.

Procter said: "It was beautiful. The whole way along we had just been terrified ... We just had no idea if it would work or if it would come together."

Mangelsdorf and Procter first researched Dalit culture during the spring quarter before their abroad. Procter said that scholarly research was replaced by personal interviews once they arrived in India. Procter added that as soon as they started their interviews, it seemed necessary to change their intellectual or ideological questions in order to get more meaningful responses.

Mangelsdorf said one scene from "Untouchable Voices" depicts the struggle of asking very complex, entirely research-based questions to people who often didn't speak any English. Of course, Procter and Mangelsdorf worked with a translator, but as Procter said: "Our questions were just all wrong. You have such a different perspective from the outside than you do on the inside. First of all, we had to learn what the real questions were."

Procter said that most of the interviews used as inspiration for "Untouchable Voices" were conducted in Udaipur, a city in the Northwestern state of Rajasthan. She added that wherever the group traveled she spoke with sweepers, who were all members of the Dalit class. Ac-

university in the city.

During their home stay, Mangelsdorf and Procter were placed with a Dalit family. They soon found that none of their new family members could speak any English.

"It definitely pushed our limits in a lot of ways," said Procter. The pair stayed with a core family of 12, not including the many friends and visitors who were often around. As Mangelsdorf put it, they slept "like sardines" in two small bedrooms. "There was nothing physically comfortable about the whole affair," Procter said.

At the same time, Procter said she witnessed "[an] amazing sense of family and fellowship" in that home. She said she came to appreciate the rhythm of their lives and the fact that the family was so willing to share what little they had with foreigners.

Most India abroaders were required to translate their research and interviews into long papers, but Mangelsdorf and Procter wanted to do something different from the very beginning.

Mangelsdorf said, "I think Anna and I always wanted to combine our art with our passion for social justice." She later added, "You always want to raise awareness, but people are so immune already to all the things they read."

Mangelsdorf said she thought it might be easier to reach people through the arts. Procter said, "We knew we wanted to do something performance-based."

She added that while her peers worked on their papers for several



Tabea and Anna performing during week one.

specific message, Mangelsdorf said she hopes the performance will educate others about the humanity of the Dalit people. Mangelsdorf said, "You can see something really special and beautiful in every person."

She added that, despite our perceived differences, "We all have fears and feelings, and hunger and thirst."

The last performance of "Untouchable Voices" will take place at 9 p.m. on Wednesday of Week 10 in the Black Box theater.

TASK party helps rediscover art of play

Christina Schaule
Staff Writer

Holt Gallery: Usually an inconspicuous place, right?

Not on Thursday of Week 8, the night of the TASK party. At first glance, one might wonder if a hoard of 60 kindergartners had taken over Prin College. One could observe flying cardboard-box spaceships, wildly painted moustaches and noses, toilet-paper mummies, lampshade hats, group hugs, and students jumping across the room like penguins and stick-horse riders.

Each of these was a task at this party, organized by Dinah Ryan's class, Writers and Artists at Work, which examines the creative process and the idea of play.

The setup is simple: A "task box" filled with simple tasks such as hopping on one foot across the room to "propose to the first person you see" is placed in the room. Participants draw tasks at random, interpret them, and complete them in whatever fashion they choose. After completing a task, each participant comes up with a new task from "do a headstand" to "build a spaceship" or "tell a secret" and adds it to the box of tasks. At this point, the event is entirely self-perpetuating.

The TASK party was an opportunity for the students to actually put critical ideas into practice. "We deal with the notion of play, both identifying structures and reconfiguring them," Ryan said.

The mastermind behind this idea is internationally renowned contemporary artist Oliver Herring. Based in Brooklyn, Herring developed the idea

of a TASK party to create community bonding in a troubled urban neighborhood in 2002. Ever since, TASK parties of varying formats have been organized all over the world, with or without the presence of Herring.

Herring's TASK party provides a non-threatening, inclusive, and participatory platform for all individuals to interact. Thinking outside the box, stepping outside comfort zones, and breaking through habitual patterns of society are also encouraged in this event, according to Ryan.

English major Courtney McCall thoroughly researched Herring and was inspired by him during her creative writing seminar in Winter Quarter. Ryan had the opportunity to meet Herring briefly through her husband Paul Ryan, a professor of Studio Art at Mary Baldwin College, where Herring organized a TASK party. Dinah Ryan suggested that McCall throw one for Principia.

This quarter, members of the Writers and Artists at Work class made the project their own. McCall was in touch with Herring through email, and the entire class, composed of mostly of Art or English majors, had the opportunity to talk to the artist over the speakerphone. "Everyone was in love with him afterwards," McCall remembered. "He was so inspiring."

Ryan recalls from the conference call that Herring emphasized, "It's not about me, not about my art project. It's about you. Why is it good for your community?" She added that a TASK party provides the opportunity to "playfully explore controversial issues we don't talk about very openly in the community."

"TASK is good for us because we're letting go," Ryan stated. "It's not just fooling around; it has to do with what our culture is, who we are, how we live our imaginative sensibilities."

McCall explained that the aim of the event was to "bring a new sense of closeness to the community that can only arise when people are really playing like children." She stressed that there is an expected standard of behavior on campus and in society, referring to different behaviors depending on one's role as a professor, senior, child, etc.

At TASK, professors, staff, and students from all backgrounds are absolutely equal. They all have to fulfill the tasks, whatever they are. "This way, we are just as free with some random guy as I was with my best friend," McCall observed.

The idea of collaboration was also stressed in the implementation of this project. "I'm not the hegemon," Ryan stated. "Everyone in the class occupies a non-hierarchical position."

A spirit of exuberance, childlike-ness, playfulness, and complete surrender of roles, inhibitions, and fears dominated Holt Gallery during the TASK party last Thursday. "I felt a sense of warmth from everyone and was really amazed at how engaged everyone was," McCall said.



Sophomore Megan Scott and Junior Amelia Heron at the Task Party. photo // David Miller

A red moustache painted on her face, head decorated with a homemade tin foil hat, and sporting a toga, participant Laura Ainsworth said she thinks the party was "an awesome idea. People are becoming really close and breaking down barriers that society sets up sometimes. We're just allowed to be friends and be weird together." Laughing, she added, "There's a lot of weirdness going on."

Even a Media Services worker, after initially distancing himself from the craziness of the event, couldn't resist the fun and was seen with a painted face, pretending to have his leg amputated by a team of "professional" doctors towards the end of the event.

"We looked like a bunch of kindergartners," Ryan concluded. Theater major Erik Siegling summarized his feelings about the TASK party in one word: "Awesome. Awesome, awesome, awesome, awesome."

Game show tackles moral dilemmas

Kenny D'Evelyn
Staff Writer

Student response to the recent game show put on by the Office of Student Life (OSL) is mixed, but mostly positive.

The event, which took place on Friday of Week Seven and promised the winning team \$1,000 worth of prizes, centered on inter-house competition. Audience members weighed in through iClicker technology on each situation presented. House teams then guessed what the most chosen answer would be or what percentage of the audience would choose it. Freshmen, who were required to attend as part of the revamped moral reasoning seminar, comprised the majority of the audience, though Wanamaker was nearly full.

The program, titled "Whaddya Say?", was conceived of a "moral courage workshop or seminar" was included in the OSL part of the college's Strategic Plan. According to Dean of Students Dorsie Glen, the resident counselors "wanted to think of a unique way to present moral courage dilemmas." Glen said the goal was to "get students to think about every-day challenges they face and how they might handle them, and open the door for future discussions in houses or at dinner."

"We didn't want a program that presented OSL answers to these issues," said Glen. "We wanted students to think them through with each other."

Some students felt the show was successful in getting students to think

about moral dilemmas, and most agreed it was entertaining. Junior James Suber said, "I thought it did a good job of posing serious issues in a lighthearted atmosphere." Suber also said he felt the show was beneficial because "it got students who may have completed Moral Reasoning a long time ago to think about the issues again." Sophomore Steve Bailey noted that, "The audience seemed to be enjoying it, and the hosts did a fairly good job of making it entertaining." Freshman Jake Meier agreed that "the game was fun."

The discussion generated by the show, according to most students interviewed, has been sizeable. Glen concurred, saying that "based on the feedback we received, and what we have observed, students have been discussing the issues raised, and the answers given, so it appears the show was in fact successful." Much of the discussion, though, has focused on how the audience responded rather than how to deal with each situation. Junior Lauren Powers commented that she was most interested "to see how people responded to the various questions asked." Bailey said, "If nothing else, it made people reconsider the popular opinions of the students on campus with regards to moral dilemmas."

Other students doubted the effectiveness of the program. Freshman Leah Mack said, "I can't say the game show had a profound impact on me, and I know many other freshmen feel the same. People were having fun, but I doubt anyone felt majorly impacted, in



'Whaddya Say?' was performed in Wanamaker. photo // Kaitlin Roseman

any way, by the experience."

Bailey said he "got the feeling that a lot of the students were participating simply because of the rewards," both the monetary house prizes and the individual door and participation prizes, and added that "it bordered on treating morals too lightly." He also commented that although the show was successful in getting students talking about the issues, "it seemed like a rather extravagant and expensive way to go about doing it." Meier commented that because some audience members didn't select the answers that a majority of the audience chose, the game "really just showed what kind of rule breakers

we were."

Despite the concerns, 82 percent of students in the audience responded they would like to do the show again. Glen said OSL is considering the prospect, but would likely have a much smaller budget for prizes. She also said students would probably be involved in creating the questions and that some form of discussion may be included in the future. While it seems that both students and staff are pleased with the outcome of the program, no one is happier than the gentlemen of Buck, who walked away with \$1,000 worth of prizes.

COP continued from Page 1
two. Jones explained that opting into the system was the only reasonable direction.

The only way Christian Scientists could opt out of the system would involve assurance from the individual that they come from a community, like the Amish, that takes care of all needs and bills.

Davis shared anecdotes about meeting important members of Congress, gratitude for individuals that helped establish connections, and all-nighters on Capitol Hill. He explained that when dealing with the bill, “Everything’s about money, politics ... Nobody’s ever talking about effective healthcare.”

He explained the real work of the COP is to protect the population’s access to Christian Science. “How are we

making the Christ available?” Davis asked, adding that their work was really about honest healthcare reform for the world.

Jones agreed, stressing the need for “caring for humanity, and not for a sect.”

The job of the Committee on Publication is two-fold. First, the COP is a sort of media relations head, ensuring that information published about Christian Science is accurate. This often requires interviews with the media. Second, the COP works with lawmakers to ensure the rights of Christian Scientists and to ensure that those in political power understand Christian Science.

It is this second job that had COPs across the nation putting in long hours during the formation of the healthcare bill over the past year. Davis worked

with the COP office in Washington, D.C., visiting members of Congress.

President Barack Obama emphasized the need to bring everybody into the system and make sure that all Americans are cared for without being a financial burden on taxpayers. For example, if someone outside of the healthcare system needed to go to the emergency room, he or she would need to personally pay for the cost of the ambulance, care, etc., otherwise that cost would fall to taxpayers.

Roger Gates, the Illinois COP, and David Corbitt, the Missouri COP, were in attendance to answer questions as well. After the talk, the Principia Christian Science Organization presented Gates and the Illinois COP office with a \$10,000 donation. Spanish professor Duncan Charters proposed to the CSO board the idea of the donation when he

discovered that the Illinois COP office was struggling financially.

Anderson RC Reid Charlston, head of the Outreach Committee, helped to see the gift through and presented the donation alongside Charters and the CSO president, junior Jodie Maurer.

“The COP for Illinois is so grateful,” said Gates, expressing his gratitude to the CSO. “It will go a long way. We’re doing more; we’re proactive. We’re building relationships with the media.”

Relationship-building with individual members of the media and government is one way the COP is reaching outside of the Christian Science community.

“It’s so much harder to communicate if you’re working through another medium,” said Gates. “We need to build credibility and trust to show we’re worth talking with, listening to.”

Prinstock continued from Page 2

Heron and sophomore Nick Tosto, Student Activities Director Yvonne Quinlan-Pierce, and the bands. A large map hung in the concourse with sticky notes on which interested students could stake out an area in which to share their hobby. Additionally, creative fliers adorned bathroom stall doors, specifying the time and date.

However, the most effective advertisement was the Prinstock Preview that happened several weeks before. Prinstock was originally scheduled to happen on the weekend of Week 5, but ominous storm clouds convinced Heron and Tosto to reschedule the event. Instead, a stage and tables and benches were set up under the covered walkway between the School of Nations and the School of Government.

Under strands of cheery Christmas lights, many international students generously shared tastes of delicious ethnic foods from their home countries. Students danced to the music from bands that played in this inti-

mate setting. This music provided the soundtrack to a delightful evening that kicked off the idea of celebrating and sharing creativity.

One of the most beautiful outcomes

achieved by the Prinstock Preview, last week’s TASK party, and the actual Prinstock Jammin’ with Amnesty festival was that social barriers are being broken down so that stronger bridges

within the community can be built. Rosen said she was grateful to hang out with people that she normally doesn’t get to on a regular basis.

Students gather on the grass for Prinstock on May 22 as custom-painted shirts dry. photos // Heike Verleih



Prin News Brief

RC Changes in the Men’s Houses
Jonathan “J.D.” Daugherty, the current Resident Counselor (RC) of Lowrey, will be transferring to Buck House at the end of the school year. The former RC of Buck, Garry Sprague, resigned earlier this quarter. Brandon Frank, the Director of Owatonna, has been filling in while he was on campus to prepare for the upcoming Japan abroad, for which he will be the RC on in the fall. J.D. and his family will be moving into Buck over the summer, and Lowrey is currently in the process of searching for a replacement for their long-time RC. Lowrey will also be tem-

porarily moving to Clara McNabb for fall quarter while their house undergoes Life Safety renovations.

Publishing Good

Sophomore Matt Donatelli has founded a non-profit organization called Publishing Good with his close friend David Denninger, an Upper School alumnus from the class of 2005. Publishing Good is a communications program aimed at broadcasting the positive effects that the United States armed forces and other programs are having on the world through the creation of an interactive map that will allow potential donors to donate to specific projects that they want to support. When asked about the beginnings of his organization, Donatelli said, “David called me and he said, I had this great idea. You’re the first person I thought

of to make it work, and that’s how it all began.” As far as the name Publishing Good, Donatelli said, “It was just there. It *wasthe* idea.” The organization took off immediately, raising \$837 in the first eight days. Hopefully their website will be up and running soon.

Peace and Conflict Tackles Domestic-International Relations

Billy Miller’s Peace and Conflict class has been working this quarter to tackle one particular issue on campus. As senior David Miller, one of the students in the class, put it, the goal of the various programs are, “to raise consciousness about the problem of alienation between domestic and international students on campus.” Through a variety of projects, including the story sharing that took place Tuesday night in the Pub and the large racial discrimi-

nation sign in the dining room, students are aiming to stir up awareness regarding relations among the diverse student body on campus. As Miller said, the goal is to “bridge gaps in understanding and promote basic knowledge about where people are coming from.”

Upcoming Events

The end of the quarter is packed with upcoming events. Tomorrow, Saturday, will be an athletic day filled with the ultimate Frisbee tournament, the second annual Escape to the Bluffs triathlon, and the Rumpus/Luau in the evening. The Senior Sale will also be taking place Saturday afternoon out on the Chapel Green. The awards ceremony will be held on Monday, and Baccalaureate, a program of speeches by four seniors who have been selected by their peers, will be held next Saturday.

Faculty/staff tuition discount reevaluated

Amanda Stephenson

Staff writer

One of the advantages of being both a Principia employee and parent is the Tuition Discount Benefit, which can be ap-

plied to student tuition on the St. Louis and Elsah campuses. The Principia website briefly outlines the program, stating, "Most employees qualify for discounted tuition for children admitted to Principia at any academic level." The discount often reaches 20 percent of the employee's yearly salary. Under this system, parents who have higher annual salaries are eligible to receive a higher discount than those who have lower salaries. In other words, the more one makes, the more will be discounted from their child's tuition.

This program is currently under review for a possible restructuring, according to Chief Financial Officer Douglas Gibbs. Gibbs said of the process, "We have taken some initial steps to begin reviewing the existing faculty-staff tuition discount benefit." He explained, "While 20 percent of salary can be a substantial benefit towards tuition, there is concern that it may not be the best system for the future."

Gibbs commented that his group was seeking out "ways to enhance the

fairness of the system for all benefits-eligible employees." Gibbs also stated that his group has yet to carry out extensive surveys of the tuition discount programs of other schools and colleges.

Director of Financial Aid Tami Gavaletz said that a faculty or staff member is eligible for this benefit once they

Under this system, parents who have higher annual salaries are eligible to receive a higher discount than those who have lower salaries. In other words, the more one makes, the more will be discounted from their child's tuition.

have worked at Principia for five years. Although she did not create the policy, she administers it and works with parents who turn to financial aid even after receiving the benefit.

One of the perceived flaws of the benefit system is that it works in favor of those who make more than their colleagues, although those who make less are often the individuals most in need of financial support. Gavaletz said that financial aid is the last source of help that parents and students should turn to. She added that the benefit is applied to the parent's oldest child, and it is easy for all of the benefit to be drained on one tuition. If any money is left over after this ap-

plication, it is used for the next oldest child.

When only one parent is employed by Principia, 20 percent of their annual salary may be applied to their children's tuitions, but this amount is not multiplied and applied to every student's tuition. This scenario makes things difficult for families with more than one or two children.

Every parent interviewed expressed their gratitude for the tuition discount program and indicated that it had made a positive impact on their experience at Principia. Theater professor Chrissy Steele said that she and her husband both enjoy working for Principia and are very grateful for the Tuition Discount program. Her husband, Jeff Steele, who has been a visiting faculty over the past seven years and was only

One of the perceived flaws of the benefit system is that it works in favor of those who make more than their colleagues, although those who make less are often the individuals most in need of financial support.

awarded the Tuition Discount Benefit this year, said that without the discount his wife receives, their family would be asking for a substantial increase in financial aid support to send their three

children to Principia.

When asked for suggestions on how the policy could be improved, Steele said that he supported a pro rata distribution of funds for parents working for Principia, or even a reduction that is based on a percentage of the tuition rather than the employee's paycheck. He said, "Everyone wants to keep their kids enrolled at Principia," but indicated that at a certain point, some can no longer afford to do so. Steele cited professors who have moved to Webster Groves and Kirkwood near St. Louis to send their children to more affordable public schools. Steele suggested that Principia could help encourage faculty and staff struggling with tuition rates to keep their children enrolled at Principia by rethinking the structure of the tuition discount benefit.

English professor Heidi Snow commented that some schools and colleges provide a full tuition break for children of faculty and staff members, and said that Principia's current reduction program is not applicable to room and board. It is true that tuition discount programs across the country run the gamut from providing full tuition to hardly any, but a model which could work for Principia is one that provides the same benefit to all of Principia's parent-employees.

Principia Commencement 2010

Sunday, May 30

2:00 p.m. Strawberry Festival (for graduates only), Hutchinson House
7:30 p.m. Open baccalaureate rehearsal, Chapel

Monday, May 31

4:00 p.m. Annual awards ceremony, Wanamaker Hall

Saturday, June 5

1:00 p.m. Parents' gratitude session, Chapel, Mandatory rehearsal for grads, Cox Auditorium
3:30-5:30 p.m. President's reception for parents, grads, faculty, and staff, Hutchinson House
8:00 p.m. Baccalaureate ceremony, Cox Auditorium

Sunday, June 6

9:00 a.m. 1st Christian Science Organization service, Chapel
10:45 a.m. 2nd Christian Science Organization service, Chapel
11:15a.m. Buffet luncheon, Concourse
1:00 p.m. Child care opens, Gehner Child Care Center
1:15 p.m. Cox Auditorium doors open for commencement ceremony
2:00p.m. Commencement (colonnade processional followed immediately by the ceremony in Cox Auditorium)
3:45-ish p.m. Recessional from Cox to the Chapel Green
4:00 p.m. Celebration on the Chapel Green



The Pilot's Perspective

How the year has flown by! It seems only yesterday that I sat before an empty computer, pondering the content of my very first guest editorial for the Pilot. Since then, I have served the paper as a guest designer and occasional contributor, then design editor, and now as co-editor in chief for a year. Looking back over my time with the paper, I have had the opportunity to work with some wonderful people, engage with a range of issues from the sublime to the ridiculous, and tread softly (though sometimes not softly enough) around sensitive topics.

Most importantly, I have experienced what it means to be a functional member of a group with a common purpose: producing a newspaper that acts as a positive force within the com-

munity.

This is a purpose in which we are destined to instances of failure. There are moments in which a lack of foresight leaves somebody upset, in which an angle is missed, in which controversy is stirred rather than lifted, and so on. Yet our common purpose turns these instances of failure into lessons.

Working in a position that has involved managing others, making judgment calls about content, and handling interpersonal conflicts has yielded many lessons. These lessons are mainly practical steps to take regarding various tasks. But there has been one uber-lesson, a lesson so big that it has had an impact on my life far beyond the scope of any Pilot role. This uber-lesson is that good communication is a two-way process of careful, patient listening.

I have advocated many things in my

editorials over the past year: bicycles, baseball caps, and fine art. Looking back, I see the foundational theme of improving communication. In light of that, I would like to leave with the following (hopefully positive) message.

We are a small community, striving to be many things. We stumble into issues at no greater rate than any other community. However, because we hold ourselves to such high standards, the temptation is to see a stumble as a failure and not a lesson. It is evident that the uber-lesson of communication as a two-way process plays into all of these things. When our sense of the community fails to meet expectations, it is easy to complain that communication is not happening. But remember that two-way process of careful, patient listening. When we grumble about a professor, housemate, Campus Security, or

“the administration,” we do the opposite of communicate: we create barriers. When we run into problems, they are ours as a community and as participants in a two-way process.

My co-editor in chief and I have spent a year learning how to better communicate and have truly enjoyed this rewarding opportunity. With twelve issues of hard work and strong journalism in our pockets, it is now time to invite another pair of hands to participate in this role. Hillary Moser and Warren Curkendall will be next year's editors in chief, and we wish them every success for the coming year. We know that they will continue to produce an insightful, positive, and high-quality newspaper. Congratulations, Hillary and Warren!

David Miller and Katie Ward

“These works shall ye do also”



A common question around graduation time here at Principia College is what it's like to be a Christian Scientist out in the “real” world, where you aren't surrounded by the Principia bubble of protection. I can't really talk about what it's like out there after graduation, but I can talk about what I keep in mind every time I leave campus.

No matter where I'm going, what I'm doing, or who I'm going to be around, I've found it good to remember that the Science of Christ is always present. We often forget that Christian Science is first and foremost a universal understanding of the way things ARE! This universality allows us to keep Christian Science close to our hearts and present in our minds as we tackle the great adventures that life has to offer. In the Science of Christ, there

really is no “out there.”

If you were raised in Christian Science, you are probably familiar with the children's rhyme, “There is no spot where God is not.” Usually I think about this phrase as a comforting reminder when I'm stuck in bad weather on a mountain, but I've started to realize that it applies to everyday difficulties as well. It is not just a way of saying God is here, but a way of saying that we have the ability to use Science to see Him in everything we do.

One of the big attractions for prospective students at Principia College is the fact that it is a dry and “safe” campus. There are few colleges where you can go about your day without being pressured by the majority to get drunk, get high, and get laid. Naturally, one of the big fears is that once you leave this college, you will enter into a world full of people who want you to do the things you came to Prin not to do. It's important to remember that regardless of the material pictures we try to paint of society, God's perfect expression is always present. Because of this, we can

rest assured that the world is not full of problems and impurities designed to destroy our faith. We can look at the world not as a scary place, but as a perfect playground where we can joyfully express ourselves. We'll start to feel genuinely excited to get out there!

Another challenge we might worry about facing is how to identify ourselves as Christian Scientists. Some people graduate from Prin ready to go into the practice. Others graduate feeling alienated by their experience at the college. Regardless of our experiences with Principia's Christian Science community, I believe that we can all identify ourselves as Christian Scientists. Living the Science of Christ can be as slight as a small act of kindness or as monumental as raising the dead. If you've done either of these, or any good thing in between, you have expressed Christ, Truth — “the divine message from God to men speaking to the human consciousness” — as it is found in Christian Science (Science and Health 332:10-11).

We shouldn't be ashamed to be

Christian Scientists, nor is our religion something we need to parade around. The Bible says, “Take heed that ye do not your alms before men” (Matt. 6:1). Our identity as Christian Scientists is not based on the legal history of our church, false rumors, chiding jokes, or human opinions. As we search for our own meaning of what it means to be a Christian Scientist, we make spiritual discoveries that cement our individual identification with the Christ.

I don't think there are two people who look at their relationship with Christian Science in the same way. Because of this, we can celebrate our unique points of view. Some pop culture and even some parts of church culture would have us believe that “unique” is a bad thing. It isn't. I can't count the number of times my identity as a Christian Scientist has come up in social situations, dinner parties, coffee houses, and nightclubs. And every time, “cool” has been part of the other person's response. This tells me that the more I dig into and love what Christian Science means to me individually, the more it will be seen and appreciated by those I meet.

Understanding Christ's universal reach can help us with big life decisions after graduation as well. There are a few schools of thought about Christian Scientists in the workplace. One is that we should get jobs that “make a difference” and excel so we can be CS role models. Another is that if we truly understand and love our relationship with Christ, Science — or if we are too afraid of life outside a large CS community — we should work for the church. When it comes to choosing a career, I think it comes down to first understanding what our relationship with God is. From that we can open ourselves to the questions, “What would inspire me most?” and “How can I really bless others?” Finding the answers to these questions will lead us to professions that are perfect for us.

Graduation is very close. Some of us who aren't graduating will be taking summer jobs and internships or catching some much anticipated summer rays. No matter where we find ourselves, we can feel confident about living our lives as Christian Scientists, looking for ways to express the Christ in everything we do. We don't have to worry about labels, pressures, or challenges. The world is perfect by design, and all we have to do is fearlessly join in the fun of perfection.



Prinstock

Elena Kagan: Those who can't do, teach?



Ezra Ranz
Liberal columnist

THE PRINCIPAL PILOT

Conservatives are up in arms again over President Barack Obama's nomination of Elena Kagan to the Supreme Court. We've heard accusations leveled at Kagan of radical leftist leanings, a lack of non-academic experience, an anti-military stance, and homosexuality. Fear-based rhetoric such as this is counter-productive for the GOP in two ways. First, it widens the schism between left and right. Second, through the radicalization of Kagan's image, the GOP might inhibit the nomination of a centrist, pragmatic woman opposed to same-sex marriage.

Accusing Kagan of being an academic with too little judicial experience is not entirely transparent, although Kagan does indeed have little experience with a gavel. However, her academic experience should not be spun as a negative aspect. Currently, every other Supreme Court justice, regardless of the party that nominated them, has attended Chicago, Harvard, Columbia, or Yale. With this in mind, Kagan's academic history should not be seen as an obstacle, but in fact a shining gold star on her resume. By attacking academia, the conservative pundits are alienating the very institution that has made America different and exceptional: our education system.

By mentioning Kagan's business relationship with Cass Sunstein, my esteemed counterpart means to connect Kagan with the radical left wing. Yet if we look more deeply into her time at Harvard Law, we find that Kagan supported the controversial hiring of Jack Goldsmith, a key player in constructing the Bush administration's interrogation policy. Kagan is

clearly able to see both sides of the issues, and is open to the free flow of ideas even if they do not mesh completely with her own. This is a hallmark of the cautious pragmatism of which Kagan has been accurately attributed by less sensational political pundits.

The greatest legitimate obstacle to her confirmation is her very real lack of actual judicial experience. This obstacle is not insurmountable. Kagan clerked for Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall for a short time in 1988, but in truth, the majority of her professional career has been in academia. However, Kagan has significant experience with legal issues as an academic.

Many right wing pundits have chosen to focus solely on Kagan's decision to prevent military recruiters from coming to Harvard. They have extrapolated this to show Kagan as a man-hating, anti-military radical. The issue here is that Kagan's decision to prevent military recruiters from being active on campus stems from Harvard's anti-discriminatory policy towards gays. The military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy clearly violates Harvard's policy. However, Harvard's policy is enforced by other potential recruiting entities and is widely used in America's law schools.

Kagan has been labeled many things by the conservative pundits, but it remains to be seen what the Senate will decide through the hearings. Either the Senate will recognize Kagan's centrist, pragmatic leaning, or it will focus on sensationalized aspects of her character. In 1995, Kagan wrote that Senators had an obligation to ask Supreme Court nominees probing questions about their ideals, and that nominees should answer them. It will be interesting to see how well she is able to follow her own advice.



Ron Meyer
Conservative columnist

THE PRINCIPAL PILOT

Those that can't do, teach. Either that, or they become the President or a Supreme Court justice.

Our Professor in Chief has nominated fellow ex-professor Elena Kagan to the Supreme Court, thus giving another academic a shot to swing our country to the left.

Ever since Obama arrived at the White House, he's been appointing his old academic friends to high places. It's not strange for presidential administrations to have a revolving door with Ivy League universities, but this administration's door is spinning off its hinges.

Like Obama, Kagan never made it big in the economic world. They earned their names by being blessed and selected by the self-perpetuating academics who fill our "best" schools. Even within the Obama administration, you can connect the dots in Kagan's rise to power.

Kagan graduated from Princeton, Oxford, and Harvard, served as a law clerk, and then almost immediately went back into academia as a professor at the University of Chicago. Coincidentally, from 1992 to 1995, she taught in the same department at Chicago as another young and promising liberal: Barack Obama.

1995 marked the first time Kagan went through the revolving door between academia and government. She was appointed by President Bill Clinton to be his associate White House counsel. After four years with Clinton, her nomination to the D.C. Circuit Court failed and she returned to academia.

In 1999, she was courted by Harvard's then-president Larry Summers to become the dean of the Law School. Yes, this is the same Larry Summers who is currently the chief economic adviser to President Obama.

In her rise, Kagan certainly knew how to network with the right people, or in her case, the left people. Her connections with Obama and Summers ensured she would be taken care of. She wanted to make sure her second trip into politics would not fail like the last one.

Kagan's plan seems to be working. The communications officials at the Obama White House have done a good job marketing her candidacy, portraying her as an open-minded intellectual with a wide base of legal experience.

White House spokesman Robert Gibbs and company are doing all they can to protect the true identity of Elena Kagan. In their estimation, the fact that she doesn't have a long written record is a plus. It makes it much more challenging to find out where she stands on the issues.

The relatively few things we have found out about Kagan point to some radical tendencies.

We know she is not a huge fan of the military. While Kagan was dean at Harvard Law, she banned the ROTC from meeting on campus and didn't let military recruiters come to Harvard.

In an email to students in 2003, she justified this action by stating that the military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy was "a profound wrong - a moral injustice of the first order ... I abhor the military's discriminatory recruitment policy." She took out her anger at the military on Harvard's students, and not just any students: she took it out on the ones who were planning to serve our country.

Kagan's radicalism does not stop there. One thing the media has missed (surprise, surprise) is the fact that she hired Cass Sunstein while she was the dean at Harvard. Sunstein - Obama's regulatory czar - has become well-known, mainly because Glenn Beck has gone after him on his TV and radio shows.

Beck has called him "the most dangerous man in America." Sunstein has publicly stated that he wants animals to be represented in court, and he would use the courts to create a "chilling effect" in order to regulate speech that might hurt someone's feelings. He also wants to repeal the Second Amendment and ban hunting.

We can't necessarily infer that Kagan supports the same wacky ideas that Sunstein professes, but we can infer that she is sympathetic enough with his ideas to hire him. If she doesn't consider Sunstein radical, she cannot be too far away from him ideologically.

Kagan's intertwined relationship with our country's influential and left-leaning intelligentsia leaves some questions about her nomination. We must be skeptical about people who arise out of this self-perpetuating academia. Kagan's only qualifications are her connections to powerful people.

Obama's administration is filled with people with sketchy views who haven't done anything substantial in the private sector. Kagan has been a teacher or government official nearly her entire life. According to President Obama, this is the type of wisdom and experience we need on the Supreme Court.

A version of this article was originally published at HumanEvents.com.



President Barack Obama meets with with nominee Elena Kagan. photo // Pete Souza for White House



Spring Theatre Production
Robin Hood
photos by Karlin Krishnaswami



This year, a group of thespians gathered to sport medieval English garb while they performed *Robin Hood*, written by American playwright Don Nigro. Directed by Principia College theater professor Chrissy Steele, the production was well-received. The title role was played by sophomore **Hunter Hoffman**, seen fending off the Dark Monk, junior **Nathan Blaisdell**, at right. The cast was diverse, including Asst. Director of Operations of Dining Services, **Trey McCarth**, who played a peddler in this springs production. He is seen below trying to sell an all-curing potion as the townsfolk listen carefully. Top right: The court jester, senior **Erik Siegling**, entertains Prince John, played by senior **Jon Nacewicz**, as a guard, senior **Gwyn Ochs**, keeps watch. Top: A guard entertains the audience during intermission as he compares the illustration on a "wanted" poster to junior **Nate Hey**. Above: Junior **Ali Vice** applies make-up before the play starts.



The Life of a Real Ultimate Prankster

Justin Taylor
Senior

As a young girl, you develop the ability to identify what a person cares about. These cares are called a person’s buttons. You find ways to push them and you begin to do so as an infant. While you are sucking on your mother’s teat, you give her a bite. She pushes you away. You cry, scream, flail your limbs until she can no longer stand the sound, and she brings you back. You pranked her and won.

When you are in elementary school, you take the teacher’s stapler and pop out a handful of unbent staples. You take two and join their straight backs, like this][, and twist them until they are firmly corkscrewed together. You toss ten of the twisted beasts onto Jamie Cutting’s chair when she is wearing a skirt, the metal ends will point upward at her downward-sitting butt. You will have to deal with the emotional effects of her tears, but if becoming a Real Ultimate Prankster were easy, you wouldn’t be drawn to it. There would be no legends.

When you are in middle school, you take the cling wrap from your kitchen as well as the ketchup, mustard, and mayonnaise. You meet your friend outside, stretch the wrap across the street, and cover it with the condiments. While you wait in the bushes with your friend across the street in his own set of bushes, you realize that this idea could go wrong, in a dangerous way. Then you remember how fast you can run and your ability to lie. You push the thought away as a car comes, and you and your friend grab the ends of the saran wrap

sheet and lift it into the air. The sheet sticks to the windshield and the car rolls through it like a finish line. You raise your fist in victory and run into your house. You are caught within minutes.

In high school you discover antiquing. You buy a bag of flour from the supermarket, a bottle of water, and you take a pair of pantyhose from your mother’s drawer. You watch Raising Arizona and see Nicholas Cage wear pantyhose over his face while robbing a store. You follow suit. Because you want your reputation to flourish, you go for the sheriff of Noltingham, Mark “Fat Hand” Plank, the worst hall monitor the school employs. Never will he forget the day you whistled at lunch, causing the two hundred kids on the grass and school steps to look your way as you splashed his face with water and threw a fistful of flour into it. Your pantyhose mask betrays you. Its only effect is flattening your nose, and your wild, terrified eyes are still clearly visible. You no longer attend the school. When you thought your classmates would revere you, they only forgot about you. You lose your name. Although your sto-

ry of antiquing Fat Hand circles the student body every year, your name is lost and you are referred to as “some kid.” You hear about this from your younger sister. You write sad poetry for three days before you renew your efforts to attain Real Ultimate Prankster status.

You enroll in the only college that accepted your application. You fly to St. Louis and drive to Elsah, Illinois where you become a Principia Panther. You are banned from basketball games when you release thirty-eight black feral cats onto the court during a game and yell, “Ain’t no party like a panther party!” You have few friends on campus because almost no one understands your humor or your Real Ultimate Prankster ambition. Those friends you have barricade their doors at night. You take trays from the scramble room, pee on them until they are full to the brims, and put them in the freezer. Then you take the sheets of urine ice and slide them underneath your friends’ doors. They melt and you win.

You fall in love when John Burgundy, Mass Communication major and Pilot TV anchorman, put Nair in your conditioner bottle and patches of your hair fall out. You fill the lotion tube on his bedside table with Elmer’s glue and get even. A few weeks later, you squirt Visine into his orange juice and he gets diarrhea. When he returns from the bathroom, he gets on his knee and proposes to you. You slap his face and laugh, but he is serious. You marry. You have a child. The child won’t stop biting your teat.

Levelled
Kimberly Distel
Senior

He had not come to meet her at the dock. He had sent Bridget and Mr. Till, so when they pulled up to the house, Essie had dropped all expectations. Mr. Till took care of her suitcases while Bridget followed with the hatboxes. It has been four years since she’s been home, since she has seen her father, Charles Griffin, he had not come to meet her at the dock. Her street was familiar, the front of the brownstone was possibly the same, she could not remember. It was like someone else had lived here. Essie turned the brass doorknob and stepped in.

It was not the same, not even similar. The front parlor was barren, the black silk Japanese fans were gone from the walls, the hand-painted vases, the Wedgwood in the delicate wooden display case. She walked into the drawing room, dining room, billiard room, and music parlor, everywhere. The imports and antiques were gone, all the French furniture done in Louis XV style that her mother had custom made just for this house, the Japanese drawings, her Moroccan bird cages smelling like sandalwood, the scalloped tea tables, the whole billiard table, the East India Company china, all the carpets from Israel, even the green velvet curtains were gone, the satin or silk pillows. All that remained in the music room was a few plants, and sheet music in the cabinet. The piano, her mother’s oak piano was gone. There was still some furniture, but it was painfully obvious how empty the house was. Especially after the extravagance Essie had experienced in London with her Great Aunt Aurora.

Maybe everything was still here, just in storage, somewhere in the city. Perhaps the after death

of her mother, Lydia Griffin, her father could not bear living in a house filled with her treasures from her travels as a young woman. Her father had an odd way with grief. Essie learned this very quickly. Lady Aurora Mabrey, her Great Aunt, came to the funeral of her favorite niece, Lydia, all the way from London. Essie thought this was a great devotion on Aurora’s part, but Essie learned that it wasn’t the only reason her Great Aunt was her. Essie had been in the music parlor trying to fix the last calla lily arrangement, because the florists had done it all wrong, as usual. They both came in and told Essie that she had a week to pack and than she was leaving with Aurora, a relative she had only met once before. She felt odd as they talked to her, well, as her father talked to her, like the whole thing was happening to someone else and she was watching from far away. There was so much to be done, accounts to close, people to write. How did they expect her to catalogue her mother’s things and make the appropriate social calls from an ocean liner?

Aurora explained that she would stay at with

her at her Pent house in London, and then at her country estate or perhaps the villa for the summer season.

“Summer season? How long will this trip be?” No answer. “Father?”

He didn’t look up, “I just need to process this –I need some time. She will be good for you.” Essie glanced up and Aurora smiled.

Her father spoke again. “Some time apart may do us good. I’ll send for you, when, when things are better.” Her mother’s death had been a long one, it was drawn out and messy, Lydia had always been a little frail, too many miscarriages after Essie. Yet, Essie could hardly see a separation between her and her father as a beneficial decision.

“Won’t you need me here? To help with,” she paused, “with it all?”

She had been 15, now she was 19 and had finally been brought back to New York, but only because Aurora had too passed. She had thought her father’s grieving was the reason he had not sent for her all this time. Now she wasn’t sure.

Essie sat on one of the remaining chairs in the grand hall and stared up at the ceiling where a small mark of white something was smeared on the exact spot the crystal chandelier had previously hung. Essie was fuming, as she tried to calculate why, he would have possibly have taken down the chandelier if the antiques were missing for sentimental reasons. It became very clear her great inheritance of all the artifacts and antiques her mother collected, Lydia’s piano, the parts of her house Essie remembered most vividly, were not sitting in some warehouse waiting for her.

“I’m a senior creative writing major and I first began writing when I took a creative writing class my senior year of high school. My teacher was inspiring and the work taught me a lot about myself and opened up how to see the world around me. I think these simple reasons are part of why I continued with a creative writing major. My capstone piece is titled, Leveled, and is the start of a historical fiction novel. Although for the purposes of the capstone I am writing a novella (short novel). It is a historical fiction piece set mainly in the Spring of 1911, New York City, and was inspired by the tragic Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire. It centers are the transformations of two characters. Marzena Gruenewald, a second-generation immigrant who travels from her country farm in Wisconsin to live with her Aunt and Uncle in the city after her father dies in order to send money back home to her family. The other main character, Essie Griffin, returns to New York after a four year absence to find her life altered by a basically arranged marriage. Both women struggle to find a balance in their lives whether it is with power or sanity while they try to find a sense of independence in their relationships.” - Kimberly Distel

Poems
Benjamin Chernivsky
Senior

EIGHT HOURS

1
Look at that crack
 in the aisle seat.
Or even the aisle, grand as imagining.

2
But the crack! So many asses wearing
that blue seat down to a weary whisper
of ass stories.

Can you imagine?

3
A barefoot mother, her children,
her sari, all eclectic, all singing the sounds
of a slum and her caste
 and all that.

How it peppers the grit of India
onto each seat.

4
Through the scent of sweat and salt
stirs the decadence of November air. The sun murmurs
as daylight drips from children running up and down
the aisles.

(how the train thirsts for their jubilant momentum)

5
The taste
 is delicious.

6
A midnight breeze crawls into the cars
carrying a crescendo of clapping tracks
and stirs the slumbering stew
of dreamers within.

7
Can you hear the whispers?
The tracks are clapping. The winds are whispering.
Are those worlds within the cracks?

8
A few snore, the children sleep.
The train kept on,
 rattling and roaring.

NAKED

*Eyes see, as eyes often do, such a small
sense of what I sense as being true.*

If I sipped on the milky stream
of your skin, its temporary being
as delicate dandelions yellowing
under the sun and steaming,
 would I see you? How tart
the smell. How yellow the crisp
crimson of sky. The sharp summer!
As it dies beneath a coming autumn.

You undress. Your fair bareness,
the mess of clothes. That precise
necessity of a moment
 mellowing the mind.
Staring at you is like watching a melody
of whispering trees, a sea
of sorrow spilling as I
rise into a star-brewed sky, rise
into the vessel of heaven.

What if we undressed
the years, unraveled the conundrum
of our histories. What if we folded
the ecstasy of youth into origami cranes,
together tossing them into the wind?

What if I held you, delicately?

First Love
Megan McGinnis
Senior

“I started out writing poems and had one published when I was sixteen. I chose to be a creative writing major when I heard that I would get to make up stories for my capstone! Of course, the process is more complex than simply making things up and writing them down. As a creative writer though, I get to bring the worlds in my mind to life, which is pretty cool.” - Megan McGinnis

The first time she saw Lola, Estelle was fifteen. The sun flickered on Lola’s black body as she zigzagged up the road to the farm. Estelle stood just outside the front door in her dirt stained overalls with her long brunette braid hanging at her back. She watched, excited, as the new Model-T Pickup came toward her. The closer it got, the more she could see the fright exploding from her father’s dark blue eyes. The pickup skidded to a halt just in front of Estelle. Her father got out and fanned the swirling, choking dust with his straw hat. Estelle covered her mouth and nose with her arm as the dust settled back onto the ground.

“How was it, Pop?” Estelle asked.
“A dangerous mistake!” Her father muttered. He continued to fan the air even though there was nothing more to fan away. “We’re taking it back!”
Disappointment slammed Estelle’s anticipation. Her stomach filled with a bitterness that seemed to punch her from the inside out. “But why?”
“Hey Pop! How was the drive back?”
Frank emerged from the chicken coup a few yards away.

“How’s she run?” Roger shouted opening the kitchen window.
“I was right. These rigs are useless—not even drivable!”
“It can’t be that bad, Pop.” Frank circled the truck to look it over.
“You boys are not to drive this thing. You hear me?”
The boys shouted a muddle of objections, but their father stopped them.

“Boys! You need to focus on your studies like Eddie says. We can’t send you to college if you’re dead. That’s final.”
Eddie Pratt was a tall and skinny middle aged man with the palest blonde hair Estelle had ever seen. He had tutored the boys for the past year in exchange for free eggs from their farm. Before the boys had gotten too old, they had gone to the school in town. Estelle had gone, too. She remembered her teacher’s warm chestnut colored eyes. She liked to examine the way the skin around them creased as her teacher smiled.
Frank and Roger shrugged at their father’s demand. Roger shut the window while Frank drifted back to the chicken coup mumbling, “Who needs college anyway?”
Estelle’s mouth hung open slightly. How could he say that?

“That goes for you, too, Missy. You aren’t to touch this car.” Her father went inside. Estelle was left to stare at the shining mass in front of her. It beckoned her.

All was unusually quiet. The only sound came from Frank’s hammer in the chicken coup. Estelle looked from one end of the farm to the other and then back to the Model-T Pickup. Then she tiptoed to the driver’s seat and hopped up onto it. The black seat welcomed her, cradling her backside in smooth leather. From the moment she slid her fingers over the steering wheel, she was in love. A booklet sat looking up at her in the passenger seat. She grabbed it and began to skim the pages.

...Three pedals... Clutch (C) Reverse (R) Break (B)... To start... open throttle... place foot on clutch... Release to go faster...

Estelle practiced navigating the pedals and levers before causing the car to groan to life. Lola... Lola... Lolahaaa it seemed to gasp. She circled the dusty space in front of her and took off down the road. The adrenaline pulsed through her veins causing her to shake. She breathed to gain control of her body and found that she moved in straight smooth lines. She finally turned back around and started back toward the house. Lola...Lola...Lolahaaa...
She saw the frantic faces of her father and brothers as they rushed outside. Her mother was at the door wiping her hands with her apron. Estelle slowed down before bringing Lola to a halt by the front door. She paused to savor the delicious moment before hopping out.
Her father’s arms were folded and he glared over them at her.

“Estelle Tucker!” His voice boomed. “I told you not to do touch this car! Do you realize you could have been killed?! You completely disobeyed me!” Estelle stifled a smile. His bark is worse than his bite, her mother always said when he wasn’t around.
“Pop, don’t be too sore. Maybe she can teach us all to drive,” Roger laughed

BEING

The bed sheets lay still as windless white flags over our bodies. Our cold toes

exposed, our beings beneath, also still.
The wake of our dreams drag

us into another night as we drift
between body and the moonlight beaming

from the open window. There, a wintery wind
glides within, curls into our bodies’ crevasses,

weaves us into a womb of dreams. Even
bird singing won’t wake us, or the sun’s

morning roar. We just pull closer,
resting, breathing beneath our sheets.

“My love for poetry began with my love for photography, and a man named Li-Young Lee. Look him up. I ran into poetry a few years back during my second year of college when I thought I was interested in it. But I wasn’t ready for it, and I remember nothing from the class. My deeper interest for poetry began at Principia with a class of eight students. I had no interest in it, but I was ready for it. The power of language with its ability to dive deeper into our human being holds onto me.”
- Benjamin Chernivsky

Eternal Childhood

Courtney McCall

Senior

“When I Began Writing: Diaries When I Was Seven/ I’ve been an English major on the Creative Writing Track for my entire time at Prin
Why I Chose Creative Writing: Writing is the form of art that most appeals to me.

This piece, Eternal Childhood, is an experimental narrative, and I think it begs for a little bit of an explanation. There are five different moments from the narrator’s life--each written in present tense to give the feeling that they are all present at once. Then there is a poem that weaves in and out of the narrative, surfacing between each of the moments. The snake in the poem represents the energy the narrator has felt for their whole life but has never been able to release.” - Courtney McCall

There is a snake
coiled in my stomach
heavy, pure.
I’m always yearning
to let him out.

I am outside dancing one afternoon in celebration of the coming night. My parents will be going out, leaving me with someone who will jump with me from one piece of furniture to the next. I spend the day on the walkway beside the townhouses, feet scraping against concrete, sliding over granular pebbles and landing in the dirt beside the walkway. As I spin, imagining the game of furniture-jumping, my big toe meets a brown bottle shard, which slides deeply in and becomes my first memory.

My stomach,
a hibernaculum,
in which the snake waits and writhes.

I am on an island in the Adirondacks. My love and I leave the tent in the middle of the night, and we walk through the woods to the cap of the island, a giant egg of a boulder at the southern

end. We sit, shining our flashlights in the water. If we dive in, we could swim for three hundred feet before getting to the bottom. It is impossible for me to put my fear into words.

Letting the snake out involves a lot of blood, probably death.

I am in a hotel in England. My love and I go up the stone staircase to our room, drop off our luggage, and then go back down to the desk to request tea. We sit in the lounge in a big burgundy sofa, and the maitre d’ brings tea, scones, and cream. We split one of the scones, and then reach in our packs for things to do. She reads. I write. I am more conscious of her than I am of the writing. She smacks the book down on the coffee table. “This man is brilliant,” she says, “He’s writing about immortality, and I swear, if someone came in right now, put a gun to my head, and said he was going to kill me, I would say, ‘You can’t. It’s not possible.’” She picks up a scone and butters it. “It’s so obvious,” she chomps on the scone, “Even if the bullet went through my brain, and I went limp, I wouldn’t be dead. I don’t believe I could die.” I am silent but smiling incredibly wide. She says it is good to finally talk with someone who

understands.

The snake has always been ready to lunge.

Lately, my love has been absent from my life. Fed up with everything, I run to the corn fields. At the top of the hill, I throw myself onto the ground, curl myself into a ball, and address God, “I’m not going to do shit.”

The snake sees
a fissure in me.
His tail starts flipping.
I know how beautiful he is: orange,
a bit of green, yellow.

I am sitting here with my love in the sunny dining room. Her face is soft like cake, her features as clear and careful as decorations. I cannot let the snake out, even for her, but sometimes I’m happy just to feel it, just to know it’s there.

He is unagitated,
resting in my stomach, a heavy,
comfortable coil.



left-right: Senior **Courtney McCall** at the podium during her capstone reading; audience at her creative writing capstone reading; Senior creative writing major, **Kenji Yoshinobu** in his chosen writing spot. **photos // Benjamin Chernivsky**

Can’t (Hurry) Love - a two woman monologue play

Alice Stanley

Senior

“I’ve been involved in theatre since I was 8 years old and writing soon followed. You can’t perform skits during holidays with your cousins if no one can write them. My interest in sketch comedy throughout high school and my time here on Lazy Zipper has fostered a deep love of writing for the stage. I chose the Creative Writing major because I believe communication and expression are two of very important aspects of life and relationships always worth improving.” - Alice Stanley

JACKS:
The day Teddy first came to my office for lunch. (Backtracking) I learned a long time ago that the age difference down from students is smaller than the age difference up, which is why you never allow yourself to get close. Funny business aside, you don’t become even friends with someone you control. It’s not right. To my students, I am very old and wise. Which, is partially true. But, they see me as a whole person, as someone who knows what I’m doing. But, no one knows what they’re doing. It bothers me to see some of my colleagues allowing their students to drool over them—Jerry Schmitt. Jerry is the kind of man who thinks he has already learned everything there is to know. Also the kind of man who exists on a diet of bratwurst and potato salad—extra mustard. And young women see his ego and mistake it for the confidence men their age lack. He shouldn’t take their love notes personally. They do not know him.

To me, my students are my job, but they can be older and wiser. We are not so different. Some stu-

dents prove the difference of age. But, most of the time, their questions aren’t far from mine.

In third grade I was looking at a book about the solar system while waiting to see the dentist. The receptionist saw me and started talking in a silly little voice. (Condescendingly) “Oh, do you know all the planets?” Uh, yes. I do know about the solar system. I am eight years old. I learned the solar system at least two years ago. “So, how many planets are there?” (Deadpan) Nine. Nine planets. (Pluto counted then). Then, I thought of something new. “We are the only planet with people. How did it get that way?” She laughed, “Well, I don’t know!” But, why are we here? And she said, “I ask myself the same question every day.” And then Dr. Kyll was ready. Oh. Right, my childhood dentist was named Dennis Kyll. I called him Dr. K for the first couple years until once I heard my mom saying it on the phone. I was shocked. She rolled her eyes, “Oh, Jacquelyn, it’s spelled with a Y!” Like that makes it better. A homicidal dentist and he can’t spell. Anyway, I thought about that

receptionist, “I ask myself the same question every day”. I remember thinking, “Okay, either this lady is really dumb” (a face like “probably”) or “This school stuff is a hoax because no one ever actually learns the answers.”

Teddy and I talked about his mother’s death at first. I think that’s why he thought I had asked him to meet with me. And, I did have advice and empathy. I lost my mother young, too. It was my first year of college. “I miss her,” he said. (As herself) “Do you?” Caught again. He didn’t, and I knew. (Hesitates) I swear, I do not do this with students, but it was so right for us to be honest. I said, “You haven’t missed her at all, but you think you’re supposed to.” He nodded. Paused. Shook his head. “Actually, it’s not even that. I know I can, and it helps me get what I want.” The brutal truth. “Like the “B”, Teddy?” My body pulsed at my own mouth’s pronunciation of his name. He nodded.

CREATIVE WRITING CREATIVE WRITING CREATIVE WRITING



You may have noticed a cornucopia of creative writing events around campus this term. This is a big year for the creative writing major, with eight seniors graduating. Here at the *Pilot* we thought this would be an excellent opportunity to publish some creative writing. You can pull these four pages out of the paper and take them with you, fold them up, cut them out, show them to your friends or make them into paper planes.

The Beautiful Nightmare

Lauren Cornthwaite

Senior

Prologue

In ancient times, Dreams and Nightmares walked the earth. Walked and danced. Dreams were the darlings of the human world because they brought amusement, strength, and hope. Nightmares were needed, but feared above all else.

Jealous of the love Dreams received, Nightmares pulled darkness out of the human mind and displayed it for everyone to see. In retaliation Dreams came forward with their own manifestation of mortal wishes and desires. This started a war in which humans were no longer safe. Their greatest fears and hopes were torn from them and exposed for the amusement of others. Humans cried out to Morpheus, the God of dreams, and begged him to end their suffering.

Infuriated, Morpheus caged his warring creations inside the heads of humans. Once so powerful and independent, Dreams and Nightmares became pitiful echoes of themselves. This ended the war, but humans couldn't contain such fractious beings alone.

Morpheus sent his own children down to Earth to help mortals through the night. These children, called Nightbrights, pass for human by day and go unseen in the dark. Their only purpose is to safeguard the Dreams and Nightmares until humans need them.

Centuries have gone by, and still the power has been contained. Humans have long forgotten the terrible war and now take for granted the power Dreams and Nightmares once held. Nightbrights

still exist all over the world, protecting humans but remaining unknown. You walk by them everyday. Maybe they're your neighbors; maybe they're your friends. But you'll probably never know. After all, don't I look human?

Chapter 1:

The Night Light

Flopping down on her bed, Aislin James went over the list she knew by heart. Abigail Dresdan, age 7. Michael Goslin, age 13. Cassie Crandel, age 9. Laurel Richards, age 12. Lying back against her midnight blue comforter, Aislin calculated how long it would take to get to the first address on her list.

This aspect of what she did was one of the things she hated the most. Always scheduling her life around something that she would never choose to do were she a normal girl. But normal girls went to school, talked to ordinary people and slept through the night. Aislin hadn't been allowed to do any of those things since she was thirteen.

She ran her fingers over the velvet bound notebook she held in her hand. Aislin could just make out the worn lettering of the word 'Journal' on

the cover. Her father had given it to her when she turned thirteen, something she would need now that she was old enough to start training. He taught her how to write down all of the information for the people she would be 'helping', as he had called it back then. That's how he had seen it, how he had justified what he and his little girl did to people every night when they fell asleep.

"Mommy, Daniel, and Miranda help people too, but in a different way than we do, Aislin." She could hear this conversation as clear as day. As if it had happened a few hours ago, as if her father were still here to have it with her. "But you and I, we're special. Because you see, everybody dreams. But not everyone has nightmares. Nightmares come to those who need them, who have to have them to go on with their lives."

He'd tapped her on the nose, held her tight against his side until she could smell his after-shave, and said the words Aislin would never forget. "People will tell you that what we do is wrong. Others like us may act differently, may be nastier than your friends, but don't worry about them. It's you and me, night-light. We're going to face the darkness together."

Night-light. That's what he'd always called her, his illumination in the dark. They'd been great together, an unstoppable team of two who could face what they did and still live with themselves in the sunlight. Things hadn't changed much, now that her father was gone. Aislin still wrote down every name in careful handwriting. She still tried to be a light in the dark. It was just harder to justify now, with only her voice giving the excuses.

"I began writing creatively my freshman year in college. Creative Writing speaks to my soul. I've always had stories inside my head, and now I have the tools to help me put them out there for others to read. I grew up reading young adult fiction, and through my writing I hope to inspire teenagers as this genre inspired me. I chose Creative Writing because it blesses me, and I want it to bless others as well." - Lauren Cornthwaite

Untitled

Kenji Yoshinobu

Senior

"Have you ever worked with antiques before?" the shopkeeper asked James.

"No. I have none."

James had reached his first destination: The Antique Store. There were glass bowls shaped like circus animals on the shelves. Plastic seagulls, paper mobiles of butterflies and silver wind chimes hung from the ceiling. The store was dimly lit and a radio was on playing jazz.

The shopkeeper got up from his tall chair behind the cash register and took off his watch. He placed it in a pile of watches on a platter to the left of the register. He sifted through the pile and the watches made a pleasant, earthy noise as they rubbed together. The shopkeeper picked up a silver, held it close to his face, then put it back into the pile. After some more sifting, he found a gold one. He looked over his thick glasses at the face of the watch, then held it close to his ear.

"Something great about the antique business is you never have to wear the same watch," he said, putting the gold watch on his right left wrist. "I have a new watch almost every day."

James was a little disgusted by the shopkeeper, but he smiled.

"Of course," the shopkeeper continued, sitting down. "The batteries in them aren't always working, but it's nice to have something new to wear."

He cleared his throat and adjusted his glasses.

"So, how much experience did you say you had with antiques?"

"None," said James. He was sitting in a recliner that the shopkeeper had pushed over to face him in front of the register.

"Excuse me for a second," the shopkeeper said, as a customer brought up a lamp. The customer stepped around the recliner James was sitting in and placed the lamp on the table between the register and the pile of watches.

"How much for a watch?" said the customer.

"Depends," said the shopkeeper. "Do want one that works? Or are you looking to impress somebody?"

"Never mind," said the customer. "The only one that looks decent is the one you're wearing. I can't see any in that pile that

looks like yours."

The customer paid for the lamp and left the store.

James ran his hands over the suede arm rests of the recliner. He looked behind him and saw a customer looking at a miniature collection of glass dinosaurs. He turned back to see the storekeeper slip off the gold watch from his right wrist and place it on top of the pile of watches. He chose a black digital watch that appeared not to be working. The shopkeeper smiled at James as he put the watch on.

"So, do you live in the City...pardon me...Jason?"

"James. And no, not yet. I want to, but I need a job first."

"Of course. Say, do you have the time?" James looked at his watch.

"11:40."

"Thank you. Golly, the day is really moving, isn't it? By noon I usually close up for lunch. Care to join me at the sandwich shop a couple stores down?"

"Sure. Mind if I look around before we leave?"

"Go right ahead," the shopkeeper opened a drawer below the register. He pulled out two tiny watch batteries. He tapped his wrist to show James what he was doing. "I like this one. Figure I'll wear it a couple days. The darn thing might as well be working. 11:40 did you say?"

"I began writing yesterday. I chose to be a CW major for two reasons - writing is a great way to examine your ideas and learn how to best express them. Also, the English department at Principia is one of the best departments, if not the best."
- Kenji Yoshinobu

CREATIVE WRITING CREATIVE WRITING CREATIVE WRITING

Seniors reminisce and reflect

by Anne Goodrich-Stuart
Staff writer

Chelsea Kendrick

Hometown: Bethesda, Maryland

Chelsea Kendrick will be serving as house manager for the Boston Asher House after leaving Principia in June. In this position she will manage the finances of the house while spiritually and morally supporting its residents. While there, Kendrick also hopes to be active in Discovery Bound and volunteer at the local reading room and The Mother Church.

“One thing that Principia has taught me is how much I value Christian Science, and this position will allow me to both give back to other Christian Scientist undergrads and grad school students,” Chelsea explained. Other than that, she hopes to hike, bike and take advantage of all the outdoor activities that New England has to offer.

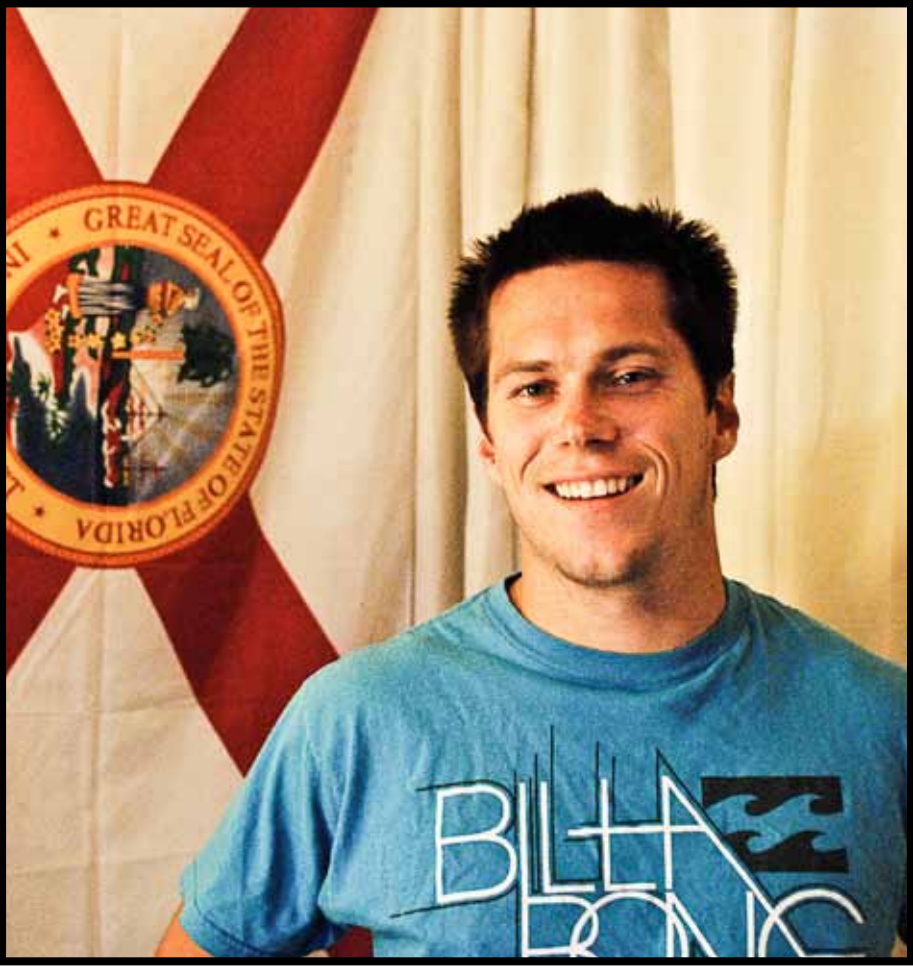
Kendrick said she is excited about her post-graduation position because

she will have more time to delve into her study of Christian Science. She wants to focus particularly on practicing Christian Science because, besides possibly attending graduate school, she is open to the idea of Christian Science nursing or even becoming a Christian Science practitioner further down the road.

“In that light, I see this position as really helping me to lay a foundation for any future work,” Kendrick said.

Principia has provided Kendrick with many good memories. She said she has truly loved every minute of her experience here. Her highlights include: co-directing the Public Affairs Conference in 2010, serving as student body vice president, and being a captain of the women’s lacrosse team.

photo // Katie Duntley



Ricky Seaman

Hometown: Winter Park, FL

Ricky is well known for his love of the world’s different cultures and languages. This passion ties in directly with his post-graduation plans. After school, Seaman will travel to Argentina to solidify his already impressive grasp on the Spanish language. To make some money while he is there, Seaman will teach English or soccer skills to the local youth. He plans on living in Argentina and immersing himself in its rich culture for at least six months before traveling to Syria. In Syria, Seaman will study Arabic at the University of Damascus. He plans on being in Syria for at least one year before moving on to the next country he will explore.

At Principia, Seaman studied Mass Communication and had the chance to produce his own radio show featuring

the best artists from the international music scene. He also played in several bands over the years at Principia, most recently as a member of the reggae band The Simba Locos. He played soccer for four years and captained his senior year. He broke several records, including most all time goals and most game-winning goals. He interned in Guatemala doing video production work and studied abroad in Greece and Turkey. As long as there is an exciting new place to see or an intriguing dialect to master, Seaman will be happy to do so with a smile on his face.

photo // Ken Baughman

Ginny Tonkin

Hometown: Erie, Pennsylvania

This summer, senior Ginny Tonkin will be working in Erie, Pennsylvania, for *Erie Times-News*. She will be the content manager for the paper’s website, GoErie.com, until the fall, at which point she will move to Asia. Her intention is to teach English abroad. She will start in Phnom Penh, Cambodia where she will take a four-week training course to earn her Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages (TESOL) certification. Tonkin plans to teach in either Vietnam or Cambodia for one full year.

Tonkin said, “I was really interested in teaching abroad because it would give me an opportunity to see and experience another part of the world from an insider’s perspective, as well as allowing me the opportunity to give back to the world a little bit before launching my own career.” Further down the road, Tonkin hopes to attend graduate school, possibly in a dual degree pro-

gram for marketing and international relations

Tonkin’s favorite memories from Principia are hosting her own radio show on Principia Internet Radio, anchoring for Pilot-TV’s coverage of the 2008 election and researching on the 2007 India Abroad. She added that she has enjoyed “living with the fabulous women of Joe McNabb and serving on the 2010 PAC board.” While those memories are among her favorites, the abroad program has stood out in her experience.

“I loved getting to travel on two abroad programs,” said Tonkin. “Traveling to India ... had a profound impact on my life.” Of her time on the PAC board, Tonkin said, “Using what I had learned in my Mass Comm classes to bring people to our conference, learning a lot about our topic, working with such a fantastic board, and finally seeing it all come together was such a cool experience.”

photo // Kaitlin Roseman
Seniors continued on page 14



Prin prepares for post-grad push

by **Janet Irvine**
Staff writer

With ten days until graduation, Principia College seniors are thinking hard about life after college. In today's unpromising job market, finding the right next step to employment may seem intimidating to this year's graduates.

Fortunately, there is good news for 2010 graduates from employers nationwide. A report from the National Association of Colleges and Employers (NACE) found that the job outlook for this year's graduates has improved, projecting that 5.3% more graduates will be hired this year than in 2009. Furthermore, almost a quarter (24.5%) of this year's graduates already have jobs lined up for after graduation.

Principia prepares its students well for life and employment after graduation, said Jim Brandt, ACA's Career Coordinator: "Graduates come out of Prin well-rounded, educated people." Results from an ACA survey of the Class of 2008 showed that 44% found their first career-related position in the first three months after graduation, and 65% were in a career-related posi-

tion within a year.

Brandt encouraged students, saying, "The job market is not as bad as everyone says it is. People are looking for young, bright people to employ. Millions of people are finding jobs. ... and I've spoken to more than one employer wanting to hire another Prin grad."

Some Prin grads choose not to dive right into career-related employment, but rather take time to be with family and friends, or travel. Brandt said, "The first year out is the time [to do this] ... A lot of people like to take a deep breath, maybe go to work in retail or temporary employment—if Mom lets you live in the basement!" The joke echoes the recent national trend of graduates moving back home with their parents after graduation, which 80% of 2009-2010 graduates did last year, according to a report by CollegeGrad.com.

ACA continues to offer support to students after they've left Elsah. Brandt estimated that he spends about 20% of his time working with alumni. "We'll work with alumni of any age, especially in the first five years after graduation," he said. This is especially helpful to students who do other things before beginning a career.

Post-graduate internships are another option for recent grads. "Intern-

ships can be a great option for that in-between stage after college and before a long-term job," said Linda Hannan, ACA's Internship Coordinator. "Post-graduate internships in particular are a great opportunity to position yourself for a career." Post-graduate internships are often paid training programs, lasting at the longest 18 months, and they may lead to subsequent employment with the company.

Currently, 63.1% of the responding 2008 graduates are employed in career-related positions, 12.3% are employed in non-career related positions, 10% are full-time students, and less than 1% are unemployed and still looking. Brandt said that these results represent a typical year. ACA sends out surveys every year to alumni in the five most recent graduating classes.

Graduate school often features prominently in Prin grads' futures. The proportion that eventually attends is usually around 60%, according to Brandt. Many Prin grads change their area of focus from their undergraduate major to their graduate study, and for this, their liberal arts education comes in very handy, Brandt said: "The long run matters, and the liberal arts background is desirable in many, many fields" to both universities and employ-

ers.

"If you want to succeed, Prin gives you the tools to succeed," said senior Mass Communication major Ginny Tonkin. Some of the tools Tonkin cited are leadership opportunities and hands-on learning experiences, "like when I managed the radio station as a sophomore – cool!" Tonkin said, "At Prin, anyone can be a leader and get involved. You learn how to be well-organized and manage people, which are more important skills than the knowledge you learn in class."

Some seniors do not yet have definite plans under their belts. Senior Biology major Luisa Gomez does not feel confident about finding a job after graduation: "I don't feel like I'm in a good position to be employed. I know how to look for a job ... but it looks like my qualifications aren't the ones that are required in the job applications I've filled out." Echoing many seniors she's talked to, she said her future "feels up in the air, and I don't like it feeling up in the air."

Senior Music major Tabea Mangelsdorf, who is also uncertain about her future career path, said, "I'll do whatever God tells me to do. I've got my antennas up!"

Seniors continued from page 13

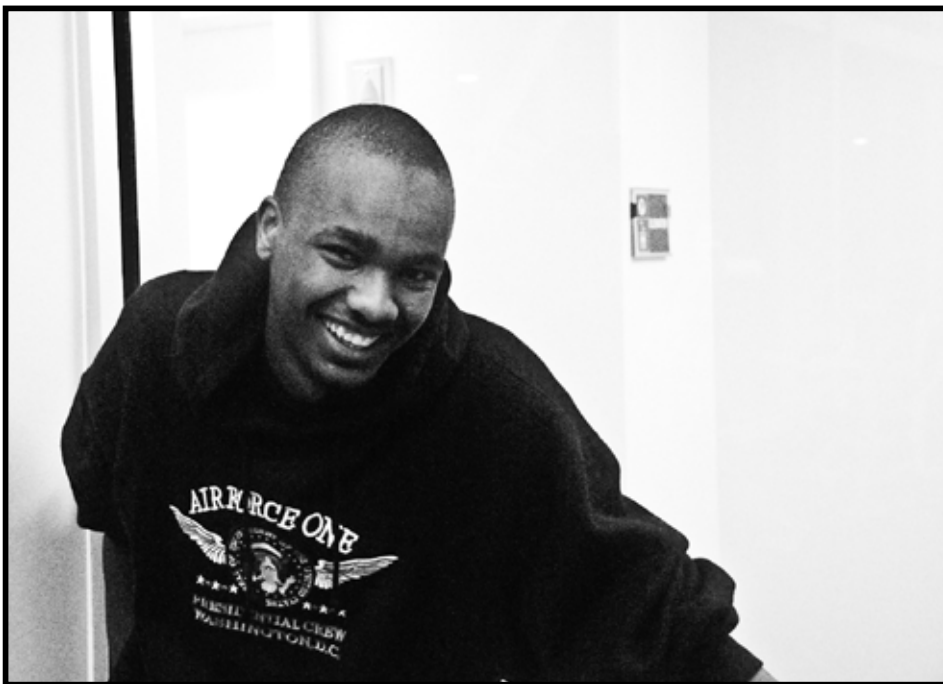
Amos Muiga

Hometown: Nairobi, Kenya

Following graduation, Amos will travel to Dallas for the summer where he will work for The Leaves. The Leaves provides skilled nursing, residential living, and opportunities for study and renewal in a Christian Science atmosphere. Once the summer has come to an end, Muiga will relocate to Boston where he will work for The Mother Church's Committee on Publication Department. This exciting job will allow Muiga to utilize the skills he learned while at Principia and also will grant him the opportunity to travel around the country, an opportunity he is more than happy to seize.

At Principia, Muiga studied Political Science with a focus on internation-

al relations and theory. In the spirit of his major, he participated in Model United Nations in St Louis and also helped run the Whole World Festival on campus. Muiga worked as the manager of the gym in Hayfield House and as a cashier at the Bookstore. Amos was also fortunate enough to study abroad in Barbados and learn about the culture and history of the island and its people.



Cate Norton

Hometown: Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

After graduation, Norton will spend the summer searching for the perfect apartment in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Why? Because she'll be attending law school this fall at the University of Pittsburgh. She chose Pitt after receiving a substantial scholarship, but she said that's not the only perk. It's also close to Norton's home, and she has made some personal connections talk-

ing to a professor with whom she has common interests.

While she said she is not sure what she wants to do with her law degree, Norton plans to study abroad in France and hopes that her time there could lead to a position at a law firm abroad. She is also interested in working as a lawyer for an American embassy.

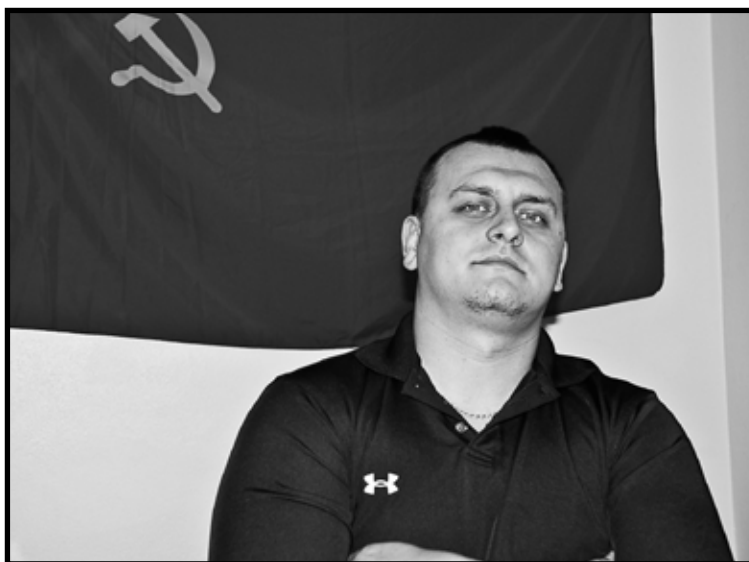
"I'm both nervous and excited," Norton explained. "I'm nervous because I know that the workload is going to be much bigger than anything I've ever experienced, but I'm excited to

try living on my own and meeting new friends in law school."

Norton's favorite memories while at Principia include participating in the 2008, 2009 and 2010 Dance Productions and being a member of the cross-country team in 2008. She chose these activities to challenge her limited view of herself, she said. Before

taking part in either of these activities, Norton had always hated running and never thought of herself as a dancer.

"I'm really grateful to have been given such wonderful opportunities to grow in so many ways!" she said.



Alex Strezev

Hometown: Kishinev, Moldova

Once the pressure of papers and presentations is but a memory and graduation is over, Alex will travel to Los Angeles for a summer internship with a film production company. He will do camera work, video editing, and possibly land a minor role as a gangster in the romantic comedy he is helping make. Following his intern work, Strezev hopes to obtain a full-time job working in the movie business and to one day produce films of his own. Strezev also has the backup plan

of moving to Florida and re-opening a performance automotive business he once co-owned with a friend. Either way, Strezev will do something he loves in a beautiful coastal state.

At Principia, Alex studied Mass Communication and minored in Business. He hosted his radio show "Club PIR" and played only the best electro/trance/house he could get his hands on. As a talented electro DJ himself, this wasn't much of a challenge. He lent his skills as a DJ to numerous dance events on campus and kept the party going all night long with his pulsing tracks. Strezev played three years of football,

when the program existed on campus. Strezev is also an avid car fan and his 1994 Toyota Supra could often be heard rumbling along from clear across the campus. Not known by many on campus but a boisterous and loyal friend to a lucky few, Strezev surely has the drive and talent to make it big in the entertainment world. Look for his

name: you'll read about him one day.

photos // **Ken Baughman**

Principian programmer on the premises

When I told a few friends that I would be writing a profile on the visiting Computer Science professor, one exclaimed, "Oh, good. He seems cool!" Another asked, "The one with all the kids?," and the other said, "I hear his classes are really hard." So what's the truth? Read on.

Clink Staley joins the Computer Science department while Tom Fuller is on what Staley referred to as a "well deserved" sabbatical; and yes, the adorable kids are his.

After graduating from Principia in 1980, Staley came back to teach here from 1986-1987. Since then, he has taught at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo, California for 22 years. After he was asked to fill in at Principia for a quarter, he and his family drove across the country, bring-

ing with them three scooters to keep his children mobile on campus. A fourth scooter and all of the kids' bikes, he said, were given to them by members of the Principia community. He remarked that the brief move has given his family a chance to experience Principia while giving him the chance to "come back home."



When Clink Staley isn't teaching Computer Science, he spends time with his family around campus. **photos // Amber Dahlin**

Staley is currently teaching a course called Compilers, in which students learn the codes that compile computer programs, which he said includes linguistic elements as well as elements of programming. He is also teaching Advanced Algorithms, in which students learn about sophisticated types of programs. He said, "I teach difficult classes. ... I want to prepare people very well for a de-

manding field."

Staley wrote his first computer program in the early 1970s while ex-

perimenting in high school, which he said was an unusual opportunity at the time. His high school was one of few that owned a computer. While a student at Principia he took a couple of computer science courses, and actually began his graduate studies in Electrical Engineering before switching to Computer Science. He went on to get a Ph.D. in Electrical Engineering.

Staley and his wife Cathy have four kids. The oldest are eight-year-old twins from Thailand named Pantitra and Panwasa, whom most people know as Titra and Wasa. Andrew, also from Thailand, is six, and the youngest is two-year-old Samuel, "Spunky," from China. Mrs. Staley is a lifelong Christian Scientist who never had the opportunity to come to Principia before and is grateful to be here now. The whole family has felt very warmly welcomed by the community, said Staley.

Staley said his hobbies are his professional work and keeping up with his family, but "if he had free time," he might read history books.

In the early 1980s, Principia's Computer Science program consisted of courses taught in Colorado

during winter quarter. Staley was asked to help move the program back on campus in 1986 before the Science Center had been built. He said they worked in a temporary building where the goat pen is currently located, with a dozen machines that, while primitive with a RAM of about 1 megabyte, were state-of-the-art at the time. In addition, Staley said that when he was a student, fewer students went off campus in their free time, as there was more social activity happening on campus.

While a lot has changed since Staley was here last, he said that the spirit of kindness on campus remains the same, as well as the "underlying presumption of [a] spiritual outlook." He said he hopes to be able to come back occasionally to teach courses here in the future.



3-on-3 tourney is nothing but (chain) net



Eric Odanga
Sports columnist

THE PRINCIPIA PILOT

For the price of two rusted chain basketball nets, 15 teams of three competed for nearly five hours Saturday in a three-on-three basketball tournament. The second annual Chain Net Classic was held at the outdoor basketball courts, just behind the outdoor tennis courts.

Sophomore Sarah Corbitt sunk a three-pointer to clinch the 13-11 win for her team, which also featured junior Muguna Siameja and senior Todd Zimmerman.

Their opponents were Principia basketball legend Laura Saucedo-Williams (who now works in Human Resources), junior Stanley Beal, and Upper School senior Matt Jones.

In the semifinals, Corbitt's team beat out the trio of junior Sam Douglas, junior Dani Corbitt, and freshman Zach Becker, while Saucedo's team defeated basketball coach Sarah Jarvis, senior Stuart Waller, and junior Spencer Brown.

Waller, Brown and alum Christina Speer (C'09) won the competition last year, and though Saucedo came out of a brief hiatus from basketball, she demonstrated energy and passion for the game.

The cost of the tournament was minimal: just \$6.95 to replace the chain nets. Philosophy professor Chris Young came up with the idea after seeing a similar one at Fort Lewis College in southwestern Colorado during his undergraduate years.

"It was fun and relaxed, yet a competitive way of bringing students and

staff together," Young said, "and I thought it would be a good idea to replicate here."

Siameja, an ardent supporter of the Los Angeles Lakers who sported a dreadlock hairdo just for the tournament, said he was excited, and his teammate Corbitt agreed. "You just notice the various skill levels," Siameja said, "and it is a good way of bringing people together."

Despite falling on a busy social weekend when there were activities galore at Principia, the event was still highly attended. Prinstock, various sports matches, and the spring production of Robin Hood competed for campus attention.

The large number of students, family, and staff who turned up at the courts despite the sweltering heat indicates that the tournament can only expand in popularity.

The relaxed outdoor atmosphere intentionally provided a different atmosphere from the controlled room temperature of indoor basketball courts. Varsity basketball players had to adjust to the hoops and hot sunshine. "It is very hard to shoot at the hoops with the chain nets," said Young. "You have to be very close."

There are plans to make the competition more attractive. According to Young, introducing prizes could raise the profile of the competition. "We could have T-shirts and something better than a handshake at the end of the competition to reward the players, although we still want this to be a fun event," Young said.

The modified rules kept only the scoring system of a regular basketball game intact. However, the stringent rules only added fun and did not dilute the competitiveness. Teams of three

took turns using only half of the basketball court so that two games could go on at one time. Each match lasted 15 minutes, and the teams kept their own score. Players also called the fouls, which effectively eliminated the need for officials.

For fairness, each team was required to have one female member. Varsity basketball players were widely distributed, because each team could only have one player from a varsity basketball team.

Coming after a busy athletic season, teams had players from basketball, soccer, tennis, lacrosse, volleyball, baseball, and softball, among others. Some of the participants had not played basketball before, but had the necessary skills.

Even though some players came from other matches, they were still able to give it their all. "Some of the players

showed fatigue after playing rugby and soccer," observed sophomore Colin Angle, one of the competition's organizers, "but their input and passion was invaluable. [Junior] Matt Bowman, who would rather be playing baseball, has a good touch."

Waller said that the competition was a good way to identify skilled basketball players, observing that there were some whose raw talent could be nurtured. Waller, a varsity baseball player, added there were quality players who opted for other varsity sports but would be an asset in basketball.

Angle said he sees a bright future for the two-year-old tournament. Falling on a visiting weekend, some of the teams had high school players who blended right in, and it was difficult to distinguish them from their college teammates, even though they had not practiced together.

Students play at the second annual Chain Net Classic. **photo // Stuart Waller**



Natural disasters, economic consequences



Oliver Simpson
World columnist

THE PRINCIPAL PILOT

The earth's changing tectonics and its industry have always had the potential to affect our lives. Two significant disasters in the last couple of months remind us of this fact. Firstly, the Icelandic volcano erupted on March 20 and caused widespread travel chaos throughout the majority of European airspace. Then there was the April 20 oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico from a British Petroleum (BP) oil extraction platform, which has affected the Gulf Coast with particular damage to the coasts of Louisiana and Florida.

The eruption of the volcano Eyjafjallajökull gradually built up a sizeable volcanic ash cloud that spread across most of Europe via easterly winds. The eruption was caused by the North American and Eurasian Plates moving apart on a divergent plate boundary that forms part of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge.

Since then, airlines flying over European airspace have not been able to travel because of the threat posed by volcanic ash clouds. According to the British Civil Aviation Authority, aircraft jet engines will be damaged by ash clouds unless the volcanic ash air density is less than 0.002kg. If the concentration of volcanic ash is too high, it forms a layer of molten glass on the engine's turbine blades and prevents the engine from functioning properly.

This event brings back memories of a British Airways plane that barely avoided a volcanic ash cloud while travelling over Indonesia in 1982. According to CNN, the pilot rescued the plane from an ash cloud resulting from the eruption of Mount Galunggung on the Indonesian island of Java. The pilot saved everyone on board by gliding under the cloud and removing the glass by blasting cold air into the engine, restarting the failed engines.

The impact of this Icelandic eruption on the European airline industry has been immense. Effects range from a week's worth of flights cancelled across Europe to the complete closure of the majority of European airspace, stranding many passengers abroad. There have been more cancellations in the last few days over Britain with airports such as London Heathrow (one of the world's busiest airports) and London Gatwick closed for business. This not only affected people's journeys to, from, and throughout Europe, but also had a negative effect on airline profits, especially as companies like British Airways were already struggling from the recent recession.

This was so much the case that British Airways employees will be asked to accept a one month pay freeze while still working, which is still being negotiated. Since then, instability strikes have been organized. Volcanic ash clouds disrupting air travel over Europe are the last problem the company can take for a while.

Major disruptions to passenger travel throughout Europe and other continents continued into April, as custom-

ers were not sure where or when they could get a flight. The most worrisome statistic about this eruption is that it has the potential to affect air travel over Britain in particular for 20 years, depending on how long the volcano continues to erupt. If this is the case, this forewarns great economic issues in Britain's future.

The oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico has had a heavy impact on the industries and the coastal environment of the U.S. Gulf Coast. According to the BBC, on April 20 an oil extraction platform owned by BP exploded in the Gulf of Mexico, killing 11 members of the crew on board and sinking two days later. Once it had exploded, the pipe connecting the platform to the sea floor bent and broke. According to the BBC, that same leaky pipe is currently sending 210,000 gallons of crude oil gushing into the sea every day.

This leak is causing great worry for industries along the coast, including fishing businesses. The fishing industries in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana will be tremendously affected by this oil spill if it is allowed to worsen, and the economies of these southern states rely heavily on seafood production.

According to the BBC, Alabama restaurant owner Kendall Stork said that although this would be a very tough situation and "could damage the seafood business for years," the seafood industry "will be back." Stork added that the people involved in the industry "ain't going anywhere." As the industry is currently "bouncing back" from the Katrina disaster, those fishermen have seen hard times before.

For many like Stork, this incident is all too reminiscent of the 1989 Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska. An oil tanker bound for California hit Prince William Sound's Bligh Reef and spilled at least 10.8 million gallons of oil into the ocean, causing serious problems for the fishing industry in Alaska.

The underlying issue of the Gulf Coast oil spill has been whether responsibility lies with BP, the owners of the oil rig; Transocean, the company responsible for drilling; or Halliburton, the company that helped construct the rig and laid the cement of its foundation. People are outraged that none of these companies will accept blame for what has happened. According to the Christian Science Monitor, President Barack Obama included himself in this criticism, stating that the Senate hearing of the three companies was a "ridiculous spectacle" of the companies "falling over each other to point the finger of blame." The main feeling is that BP and its partners were not regulated enough to protect the environment against such a disaster. Therefore, it is likely that offshore drilling will not be as common in the future. Whatever is to be done here, the needs of the coastal community must be taken into account first.

These two disasters spell out the need for better contingency plans. Such plans seem to have become more regular in recent years in order to prevent loss of life and damage to our environment. Although we may seem helpless to stop the increase of natural disasters and oil spills, it is the way we deal with them that is critical.

Less pot, more talk: addressing marijuana

by **Justin Sinichko**

Guest writer

Everyone knows "it" is going on, but very few people are talking about it on campus. This isn't necessarily a bad thing. Some things simply sit a while before they are brought up, and that's natural.

Pot has a history on this campus, just as it does on every college campus. The issue is like a piece of driftwood lying lifeless on a beach. Every day it is touched by little waves, but occasionally a monster set rolls in and the driftwood is pushed a mile beyond the tide line.

This issue operates on both an individual and a community level. Occasionally, an individual is overwhelmed by a realization — maybe they are addicted, maybe they don't belong at Prin, or maybe their roommate needs help.

On a community level, it seems that the storm that builds the swell and moves the issue has been brewing for a while now. Maybe it's time to talk about things. Let's start that discussion.

As honesty is the only foundation from which we can actually get at this issue, and freedom from judgment is the only preserving quality with which we can continue this conversation, all individuals who have graciously agreed to be interviewed will remain anonymous.

As one interviewee explained: "Getting high makes you feel 'floofy.' Drugs take you beyond yourself. They literally make you go crazy; it's like being in

the back seat of a moving car while no one is driving." Perhaps the sensation is beyond words; if you've been there, you've been there.

Another interviewee described it plainly: "Sometimes, I was really nervous. High and nervous: the worst combination in the world. The euphoria was still there, but it wasn't at all fun, especially afterwards." They continued, "The next day I couldn't function. No matter how great the high was, it always boomeranged back into my gut the next day. The worst part was having responsibilities that I really meant to do well in. But I was failing at those things more than ever. ... Sometimes, and I'll call it an addiction for simplicity's sake, the addiction took preceden[ce] over the things that I used to put at the top of my list."

A third interviewee mentioned a subtle change in their schedule over time which reflected new values but still leached onto old ones. "It all escalated. By my [high school] senior year I was doing ecstasy and cocaine. And I always felt sick. There was a direct correlation between getting sick and doing those things." The interviewee said this behavior continued in college. "[At Prin], I felt like I was living two lives. Good Jane that went to church and was sober on Sundays, and bad Jane that partied and drank and did drugs."

The interviewee went on to say: "I was addicted to the [pot] culture ... there was something about being associated with this culture: it seems bigger than you, and that's appealing. There is also this sense of doing something illegal, which is exciting." This inter-

viewee found themselves at odds between the crazed appeal of getting high and maintaining an otherwise "normal life." While referring to their use of pot at Prin: "I would sneak out to be a part of this shadow culture that, during the day, I would ignore my association with; and not just the culture, but everyone associated with it."

This interviewee succinctly defined addiction as the following: "It's what you fantasize about. It's what consumes your thought. It's not only a body thing, but it is very much a mental thing as well."

I presume this is a definition we can all relate to. (By this definition, I would admittedly be addicted to running.)

Among those interviewed, one similarity was that the primary concern associated with smoking is the fear of judgment both by authorities and by peers, rather than being concerned with health.

Speaking very generally, there can be a perception from the non-smokers that a person who smokes pot, or who has ever smoked pot, remains labeled as one who smokes or used to smoke pot — and that's it, that's who that person is! This is an incredibly limiting perspective for all, including both those who are still struggling with addiction and those who may have reformed their habits.

I was astonished by the response of one interviewee's friend when they heard, for the first time, of the interviewee's past habits. The friend's whole demeanor changed, and it was clear that their view of the interviewee had shifted.

Let's be honest. We care about one another despite past faults or missteps. Perhaps the expression of this care is reduced through the haste of a day or while judging someone else's actions. Unconditional Love is where we naturally begin, and the rest is just a digression.

I believe sincere care for one another is truthfully what has been missing in most people's thought. There is not much to argue with regarding the drug's illicit nature or its effects on the human mind. Everyone knows marijuana is against policy, yet at times the bluffs reek of the stuff. So why has drug use primarily been a concern of administrators and not all students? Isn't it time to blow this issue out of the water and examine it more closely as a community?

You decide: should we be focused on solving a pot issue, or a lack of care issue? The intent of this article is not to get involved in evaluating people's personalities, but to point out that we can be open in sharing care and compassion for each other. We are a Christian community. It is our responsibility to support our brothers and sisters, to love them, respect them, and cherish them.

Chronicle of a gay rights activist



As this is my last Pilot article of my college career, I feel the need to express my gratitude for the opportunity to have been a columnist these past few years. I extend warm thanks to my first upperclassman house roommate, Abby Becker. She was the co-editor in chief of this fine publication in 2007, and without her coaxing I never would have realized how much I enjoy journalism. Thank you to all who have read and appreciated my column. I cannot tell you how my heart swells when people tell me how they have laughed, thought, or considered vegetarianism because of my column. Writing for the Pilot is one of many, many blessings I will have to count as I look back on college. Principia is an excellent institution academically, artistically, and socially. However, for all that is grand about Principia, I would like to spend my last article reflecting on one thing I wish might have looked different by the time I graduated: the homosexuality policy.

In the fall of 2005 I sat at my family's computer, staring at a blinking cursor. I was filling out my Principia application and was stuck at the part that was asking if I had any issue upholding Principia's standards. For the most part, the question was easy, but I struggled knowing that I was about to apply to an institution that categorized homosexuality as wrong. On my application, I ended up solving the conundrum temporarily by writing something like "I have difficulty supporting the anti-homosexuality policy, although I am not gay, so it should not be a direct problem for me should I attend Principia." I doubted I was the first applicant to have such an issue. It has always been supremely clear to me, as a Christian Scientist, that homosexuality has nothing to do with one's morality.

Briefly, here's what I figure. All of God's children are whole — male or female. In fact, Mary Baker Eddy goes to great lengths to explain that we are not actually males and females but male and female qualities. To me, this has always been comforting. I am a woman, but I do not have to accept anything about myself that society says is true about women. I do not have to be overly sensitive. I can be strong. I can be a good driver and an astronaut, for Susan B. Anthony's sake! So, my sex should never dictate who I am as a spiritual expression. Cool.

Now, here is my understanding of romantic relationships: two people who love one another enough to accept each other as family — a committed relationship not just to one another, but to the ideals that the couple would want to support in their lives. I do recognize that marriage is an option for romantic relationships, and marriage is meant for the generation of mankind. But, call me crazy, seeing the giant problem of overpopulation in today's world makes me think childrearing might not be the most needed progression for mankind. Couldn't marriage and romantic relationships generate good in the world through other media? Or, couldn't the couple adopt a child — thus helping with overpopulation and generating good, whole-souled people into the world through parenthood? If a couple is committed to the generation of good, maybe even in the form of a child they did not conceive, does it matter if they can physically reproduce? This concept applies to more than homosexual relationships. What about a woman who has been told she is unable

to conceive? Would Principia, or any Christian Science institution, really see it as best if we told her she must have a healing about her ovaries before she could even consider having a romantic relationship with a man? After all, her relationships, like a homosexual's, would not be able to lead to a physical generation of mankind.

Basically, what I am saying is that I don't see any possible argument against homosexuality that doesn't offend me as a woman. If having a romantic relationship is good, but only if it is with a man, we are either admitting that there are certain qualities a man can have that will help me grow that a woman couldn't have, or we are admitting that the physical ability to have sex for a couple is necessary. If the latter is the case, why are we trying to rid ourselves of sexual desires when it is clearly important within relationships?

That's my piece. That is how I feel. I want my romantic relationships to be barely focused on sexuality and physical attraction and most focused on love, commitment, work, and Truth. Since those are my standards, I get a bit offended when a policy inadvertently slams them as insufficient. So, what do you do when you feel something isn't right?

My freshman year, I did little. I joined a Facebook group called "Principians for Queer Equality." It made me realize there were interested students, past and present, who were unhappy with the policy. However, I should note that, at the time, this was actually against the homosexuality policy, which included a clause stating that attempting to change the anti-homosexuality policy was considered homosexual activity. The issue could not be truly discussed until this clause was amended.

Thanks to the dedication of a committee of students in 2008-2009, the Free Speech policy was passed. Thus, the homosexuality clause could be amended. By the end of my junior year, it was no longer against the rules to publicly argue the policy with others. Here, gratitude is once again part of the story. During the time when it was still against the rules to work for a change in the policy, I wrote a Pilot article about it. The article was well-received by the community. (I received no hate mail, but many thanks.) I also wrote a letter to the Trustees of Principia. They responded politely, but forwarded the issue to OSL. I understood. I took the necessary steps and talked with both my RC and Dean of Students Dorsie Glen. They were both loving, helpful, and encouraging, but did not have certain answers as to why the policy itself existed — just talking points.

This fall I asked the Principia community to join in a writing campaign. Via another Pilot article, I asked anyone in the community either solidly opposed or in support of the homosexuality policy to step forward and make this an issue worth reconsidering or casting aside with excellent reasoning. I managed the e-mail account and received a whopping fifteen letters on the issue. Some from staff, some from family, and most from students. Every letter was well considered and offered new ideas to the debate. There were fourteen letters from folks displeased with the policy and one letter from someone who thought it was well founded.

I combined bits from all the letters (including the naysayer) into one super letter to the Trustees once again. This time I mentioned how grateful I

was that the Free Speech policy was finally in place so a letter-writing campaign could happen at all. Secondly, I mentioned the importance of actually having a public rationale for such an unwelcoming policy. The Trustees once again wrote back politely telling me to go to OSL. I was privileged to talk again with Dorsie Glen, the dean of students, but as it was once again without any institution-sanctioned reasoning for the policy, the conversation did not help me realize why homosexuality directly affects spiritual growth. We could only muse over ideas and more questions — which is fruitful in itself — but does not help me support Principia's practices.

Now, according to Glen, "The All-Campus [Student Body] President has asked each house to have a discussion within their house on homosexuality before the end of the quarter to hear the underpinnings we think are behind the policy. Unless there are some major objections to the points presented, I expect that we would put a link in the Blue Pages on the web for next year that would give those underpinnings."

To me, offering reasoning for a controversial policy is crucial. Without reasoning, the policy cannot help students. Students who are satisfied with the policy do not have to consider or defend their views. Students who are not satisfied with the policy do not take it seriously because it has no argument for itself. The fact that this policy may finally have some underpinning — whether or not we agree with it — is a huge step in the history of this policy. Again, sound the gratitude gong.

When talking with students who are somewhat or extremely opposed to the position Principia has taken on homosexuality, sometimes it has been all too easy to sink into a steaming heap of frustration. But, this experience has taught me (and others) the power of patience. Certainly, when something is wrong (as I believe this policy to be), we feel that

change should be immediate. However, the beautiful and terrible truth about multifaceted institutions is that many voices must call for and make change. In line with last week's article, I want to express just how much can happen or at least how much peace you can learn to make with a situation by continuing to prod at things that bite at you — especially within the institutions we support.

My gratitude for the communication system of Principia is great. The Trustees are accessible. They didn't offer answers or support to me, but they did read what I had to say — which is actually a pretty big deal. At Principia you can be heard even by the Trustees. Jonathan Palmer makes himself accessible to students all the time in the dining room, at campus events, and, heck, I just spent a weekend seeing him backstage in the spring play. Dorsie Glen was never hesitant to discuss this issue with me. I thank her for considerately listening to the opposing side of the policy several times in the past year in order to find answers, peace, and harmony. Principia! We do not have to go farther than our own homes to talk with our RCs about anything (shout out to Connie Crandell — one of the most wonderful women I know)!

Super. It's my last article in college, and I have managed to seem like a scatterbrain. Basically, out of everything at Principia, what I most hope I can come back to as an alum is a reformed way of thinking about homosexuality and gender equality on this campus. What I most hope for the next couple years is that this issue will not fall to the side just as these small changes are being made. And, finally, I encourage everyone to be grateful that while sometimes we complain about Prin and how immovable it is, the steps along the way to change can be fruitful and full of love. Thank you for reading.

DON'T MISS OUT ON THESE LAST WEEKS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL!



"Sometimes I find myself brought to tears or smiling broadly from the way Love and Truth change me so deeply in Sunday School. In addition, it is very heart-warming to be a part of the communal hymn singing at the beginning and end of class. For me, Sunday School is one of the highlights of Principia. (and the best part is you're not graded in class.)"

— College Sunday School pupil
Fall Quarter

SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE CLASSES

Join us in the Village or in the College Dining Hall at 10:30 a.m.

Sponsored by First Church of Christ, Scientist, Elsayh

'There's nowhere else
I'd rather be.'



10 songs that will always remind me of Principia



Kenji Yoshinobu
Music columnist

THE PRINCIPIAPILOT

This is the last column I'll ever write for the Pilot, so I've decided to dedicate it to ME! (My apologies to the practitioner and others to whom I promised a whole quarter of this column.) In the three years I've written for the Pilot, people have approached me wondering what music I really like. Since every column is about a new album, song, or topic in pop music, do I have favorite bands? Favorite albums? Favorite songs? I distinctly remember the horror on the face of a friend when I told him my honest opinion of his favorite band, the Decemberists, and their latest album, *The Hazards of Love*. "Their music seems to be getting a bit gimmicky," I said. "Too predictable. Too heavy on the pretentious folk narratives. After all, a band has to earn my respect before it drifts into that whole rock opera territory. And I feel like the Decemberists have always come close to crossing that line." My friend blinked at me, then finally declared, "You hate music!" Then he refused to sit with me at dinner.

I have never forgotten that interaction. Because I DO love music! I really do! But I understand why people might think I don't after I have written a bad review or verbally degraded a treasured

artifact from an artist or group of artists that they hold dear to their hearts. I want to make sure I leave this column letting people know that I do have a heart when it comes to music. I don't criticize everything I hear. I don't strictly like certain music because it might be "culturally relevant" or innovative in style or craft. To prove it, this last column is about ten songs that I will always love, because they played a part in my experience at Principia, and not because they tickle my propensity for deconstructing music. Consider this a mix-tape for the Principia community. I'd burn every reader a copy, but I think that would be illegal and a bad promise for me to make through this publication. (You can find all these songs on just about every digital music distributor.)

In this last column, I would like to thank my parents, fellow Pilot columnist Alice Stanley, and Dinah and Paul Ryan for their support of my writing. And most importantly, I would like to thank former Pilot editor Abby Becker and former Pilot faculty adviser Craig Savoye for giving me this column. I've loved writing it, and thank you to everyone who has ever read it. Keep listening.



Wilco
photo // <http://www.wilcoworld.net/photos/index.php>

1. Wilco – "Hummingbird"

I've probably listened to Wilco more than any other band in college. I also saw them live twice. It is hard to pick one song from Wilco's deep catalog because so many of their songs will forever be engrained in many of my experiences with people and places from ages 18-22. I chose "Hummingbird" because of the first line of the song, "His goal in life was to be an echo." Everybody has wanted to be an "echo" at some point in their lives - to be remembered

for something, or even to be so good at something that people forget all your "competitors" and you stand alone in their memories. I think my education at Principia has really taught me to let go of this desire, and I'm always humbled by the chorus of this song: "Remember to remember me / standing still in your past / floating fast like a hummingbird." The reality is that we'll never be bigger than our expressions. Even Paul McCartney will be forgotten someday, but the influence of his music will live forever.



SPRING 2011 ABROAD APPLICATIONS ARE DUE WEDNESDAY, WEEK 2 FALL QUARTER APPLICATIONS CAN BE FOUND ON THE ABROAD WEBSITE.

2. Pavement – “Gold Soundz”

I once had a radio show at Principia and named it after this song. I remember being angry when the radio station put up an advertisement in the concourse for my show and spelled it “Gold Sounds” with an “s.” The radio show was a lot of fun – it was mostly playlists with a dumb theme and my friends calling in to heckle me. I also skipped a lot of the promos so I would have more time for the music. (Sorry, Rick!) I only had the show for one quarter, and I wish I could have kept doing it. Instead, I kept busy with the idea of being busy. I think most of Pavement’s music is about being preoccupied with ideas, rather than actual tasks. You can hear the apathy in Stephen Malkmus’ sarcastic voice.

3. The Shins – “Australia”

The first concert I ever attended in college was the Shins at the Pageant after they released their third and still most recent album, *Wincing The Night Away*. I think all freshmen have that moment when they are like “COLLEGE! I AM FREE TO DO WHATEVER I WANT AND NO ONE CAN STOP ME!” I had many of those moments, but I’ll always remember when the Shins tore into this song after their mellow introduction. I looked at my four other friends bobbing next to me, and thought, “I am so glad that I am here.” I later went on an abroad to Australia.

4. Spank Rock – “Bump”

I’d say the first half of college is at least 70 percent dance party. At these dance parties, there are way too many awesomely inappropriate and vulgar rap songs that get played, and for those readers who may or may not know, these awesomely inappropriate and vulgar rap songs are heard at Principia. So to refrain from mentioning the long list of songs and artists that will always remind me of dance parties at Prin, I’d say this song pretty much sums them all up.

5. Tokyo Police Club – “Nature Of The Experiment”

I was training for a triathlon spring quarter of my freshman year, and this song always sent a charge through me before bike rides or runs. I had a single on the first floor of Anderson, and my friend Ezra had one across from me. When we weren’t having dance parties to awesomely inappropriate and vulgar rap songs, like Spank Rock’s “Bump,” we were blasting this song into the hall from our speakers. What a fun time that was. Really, anything the two words “freshman year” conjure up for you can be heard in this two minutes and two seconds of pure head-shaking, arm-flailing pop punk.

6. Sigur Ros – “Svefn-g-englar”

I never had much of a connection to this Icelandic band until I saw the music video for this song during the spring quarter of my junior year. I was lying in bed with my laptop and reading a music blog that claimed Sigur Ros made some of the most moving videos to accompany their music. Little did I know when I began watching one of these on YouTube that a music video would affect me in such a way that I would begin to see art differently. Maybe it was special needs acting group dressed up like angels in the video. Maybe it was the lead singer Jónsi’s celestial croon, or maybe it was the stellar hum that sounded like a spaceship making a delicate landing periodically throughout the song. Maybe it was something entirely separate from the experience. But after I watched the video, I remember crying for a good five minutes. Then I went for a walk around campus in the early evening and came back feeling unusually grateful and optimistic. For the rest of that quarter, I listened to the song over and over and was really grateful for the grace that artistic freedom can bring.

7. Animal Collective – “Summertime Clothes”

I was on my abroad in Australia when I first heard this song. I had counted down to the release of the al-



bum, Merriweather Post Pavillion, and I decided to skip my internship to grab the CD at a record store. I spent the morning walking around Sydney, but I only listened to the album up until “Summertime Clothes.” I listened to it on repeat until I needed to meet up with the abroad group again. It was one of the most beautiful experiences of my life – walking through Sydney’s fish market and hearing Animal Collective’s ethereal noises swim through me. Ironically, the internship in Sydney got me an interview with Animal Collective – a dream come true. And I did the interview inside the Chapel because I needed good cell phone reception and it was raining.

8. Caribou – “She’s The One”

One of the greatest discoveries I’ve ever made was when I found the Biliken Club at Saint Louis University. This small venue, similar to our Pub, hosts about five to eight shows every Prin quarter. Some of my favorite live music experiences have happened there, but one of my favorites was seeing this band perform this song during my sophomore year. I went with my roommate, Greg, and we stood in front of the drummer who pounded the crap out of his poor drum set. Greg and I spent the rest of the quarter going to sleep to this song in our room on the second floor of Syl. Remembering how calm those spring nights were, hearing the vocal falsettos and swirling orchestra strings, makes me wish I could go back to being a sophomore instead of being a senior, scrambling to finish my capstone.

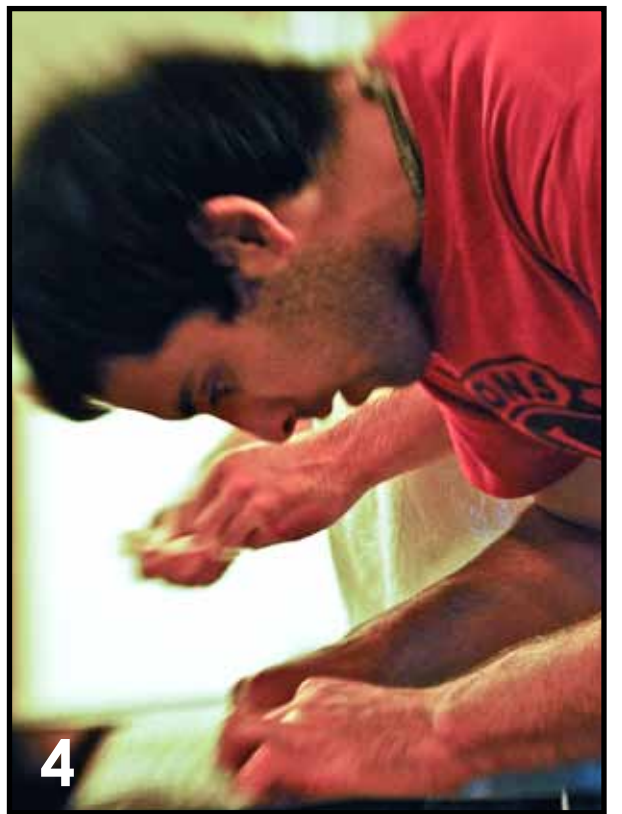
9. Silje Nes – “Ames Room”

Winter quarters have been tough for this California native. One of the things that brought me comfort on cold nights was this song from Norwegian singer-songwriter, Nes. Her light guitar picking and adorably imperfect voice whisked me off to dreamland, especially during my sophomore year when I was tired after swim practice. The first line, “We go ashore / to a place that is warm” could never have been more relevant after dragging myself out of the pool, walking hungrily to dinner through the cold, then into my bed for the night.

10. The Flamingos – “I Only Have Eyes For You”

If I remember any song I’ve enjoyed the most while being a senior, it’s got to be this one. My final year at Principia has been one of much growth socially, artistically, and spiritually – and the summation of this year could be described the same way I would describe this song. There’s an eerie uncertainty in the melodies and doo-wop vocals, but it all eventually culminates into a gorgeous wave during the chorus. “I Only Have Eyes For You” has also kept me great company at all times of the day – prepping for class in the morning, procrastinating after lunch, and studying late into the night. The song just sounds like a memory, and I’ll never forget how special it has been to hear it on a daily basis as I overcame challenges here at Prin. To me, “I Only Have Eyes For You” sounds like coming home after participating in the Iditarod.





CAMPUS SNAPSHOTS

1 Senior **Anna Procter** enjoys a game at a birthday party on campus. **Katie Duntley**
2 Sun spreading across the sky over the **Science Center** **Amber Dahlin** **3** Senior **Jon Hammond** gets excited before eating a large load of pizza during a weekend trip off campus. **Katie Duntley** **4** Sophomore **Michael Dutton** prepares french fries in the Sylvester rec room while making food with a group of his friends. **Ken Baughman** **5** During Principia's first ever TASK Party, freshman **Lila Morse** performs a randomly chosen task in Holt Gallery. **5** A photograph from senior Cameron Dutro's blog, covering his experience with the **Peru abroad**. **Cameron Dutro**

