

# THE BADFLY



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An International Newsmagazine since 1772

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illustrated by lyra muerer

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSMAGAZINE  
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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Founded in 1772, the Badfly is an international newsmagazine distributed to over 600 students, faculty, and staff of the Annapolis campus.

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

The Badfly meets on the Lower Level of the BBC, once a semester.

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## Freshman Attempts to Spread His Love for Ancient Greek – Fails

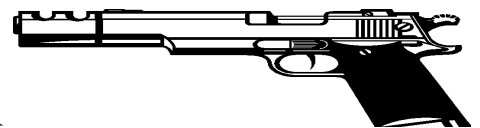
Current freshman Cutch Bassidy returned to his hometown of Bowie Maryland during the long weekend. He hoped to spread his newfound love of Ancient Greek to his high school friends. Upon returning home, Bassidy was shocked to learn that no one cared that he understood an outdated and unspoken language. “My flabber is gasted,” Bassidy stated, “I thought for sure that everyone would be so excited to learn how to translate a language that literally no one speaks anymore.” After being home for about a day, Bassidy visited his childhood friend who joined a fraternity at the University of Maryland.

Bassidy’s friend, Charlie McDouche, agreed to speak with the *Badfly* about seeing his old friend after half of a semester at St. John’s College: “That kid is so annoying! Seriously, a few months at that liberal arts school and he won’t shut up about seeking truth and becoming a philosopher king. You want to know what the first thing he said to me was? ‘What is virtue and can it be taught?’ Who asks things like that? How about ‘hello’ or ‘how are you?’” McDouche continued by saying, “The worst part was when he started talking about Ancient Greek. He spent like 45 minutes trying to parse my fraternity’s motto. Apparently we had a word in the genitive when we should have had it in the dative— whatever that means.”

When Bassidy returned to St. John’s College he was clearly distraught. When asked to comment on how he was feeling, Bassidy stated that he was “shocked at how little people care about Ancient Greek. Sure, it plays little to no part in modern affairs and has absolutely no effect on the average person’s day-to-day tasks, but it’s still kind of cool, right?”

It was clear that Cutch Bassidy had learned a valuable lesson about life as a Johnnie: St. John’s students aren’t impressed by your knowledge of Ancient Greek, and neither is anyone else. ☹

## Freshman Convocation Replaced with Mafia Initiation



In a surprising change of tradition, St. John’s College will no longer host a convocation ceremony for new students. Instead, incoming freshmen will be required to be initiated into a group that is being unofficially referred to as “SJC La Familia.”

It is unclear as to what this initiation will entail. But it is speculated that all freshman will be “jumped in” rather than sign in at the registrar. In addition, the student handbook will be rewritten. Some changes include the addition of a new code of conduct. New rules of this code include: no set trippin’, snitches get stitches, money over everything, respect La Familia, and remember the omerta. St. John’s College also replaced their disciplinary procedures with a simple “blood in blood out” policy. Sources refused to elaborate on any details concerning this policy.

In an effort to build comradeship between students, all Johnnies will be taught a unique hand signal to greet one another. This hand signal can also help Johnnies express their love for their school and show others what school they represent.

Student Services has implemented a new program that will allow current students to help and be of service to their peers. One La Familia member commented that this program, referred to as the “Death Before Dishonor Program,” will allow Johnnies

to “hold it down for each other” and “put a clappin’ to fools who step to La Familia.”

The changes don’t stop there. Don “The Boss” Nelson, the head of SJC La Familia could not be reached for comment, but Jennifer “Loca” Sandler, a shot caller within La Familia, agreed to comment on some of the recent changes. Sandler stated that St. John’s College will no longer use the Common Application. Instead, prospective students will be required to “put in work” for La Familia to prove their loyalty. Also, SJC will no longer charge students tuition. Instead, students will pay for their schooling by “puttin’ down for La Familia.”

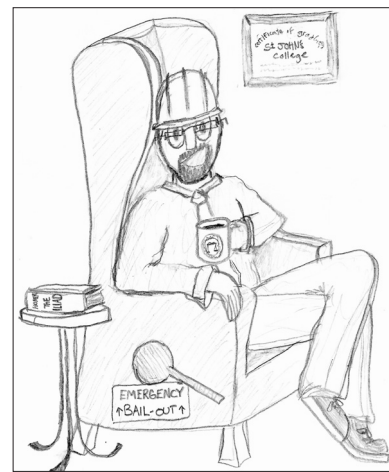
Since these changes took effect, the amount of applicants for the college has decreased 98%. The college has also received harsh criticism from organizations such as the FBI, DEA, Interpol, and the Maryland State Department of Education. The Princeton Review is calling these changes “harsh”, “crazy”, and “illegal.” In response to the criticism, one anonymous source in the admissions office stated that “They ain’t gotta like it ‘cause the hood gone love it.”

In a recent letter sent to the *Badfly* with no return address, Don Nelson stated, “Incoming freshmen will still receive their own lexicons. This is a school after all.” ☹

# Alumni Profile:

Hussein Chang-Longshanks, A'2114

*100 Years in the future, alumnus Hussein Chang-Longshanks works as an industrial philosopher on a mining facility in the most dangerous reaches of space.*



## What is your current job?

I am currently an industrial philosopher working in the android resources department on an asteroid mine in the Rho-12 belt. I'm essentially available 27/7 (that's asteroid time) to help our androids adjust to sentience while they extract helium-3 and other raw materials that are needed back on the colonies. How it typically works is, they schedule an appointment and then we sit in my office and talk over the nature of their souls, and in this way I try to help them find answers for themselves.

## Did you attend other schools after St. John's?

No. Unless you count my six-month Workplace Sensitivity and Space Safety course at the University of Colorado.

## Did you know what you wanted to do while attending St. John's?

Initially, I wanted to be a doctor and run a practice like in the old days. But due to my \$51,500,000 student debt and pressure from my parents, I ended up having to get a real job.

## Did St. John's help prepare you for work in the field?

In some ways my current environment is a lot like St. John's. The androids I work with are a great bunch, very inquisitive and eager to learn, even when they struggle with a concept like "rage." Sometimes I'll read them a passage from the *Iliad* to try and illustrate what I'm talking about. While it does help on occasion, sometimes it just seems to confuse them.

St. John's also prepared me for the fact that there won't always be an easy answer. This is something non-Johnnies don't always understand. The guys on the engineering crew hear that I went to St. John's, and the first thing they ask is, "So what is virtue? And can it be taught?" And when I tell them I don't know, they scoff at me and mutter about how they'd get fired for giving an answer like that. Poor engineers. They're underpaid, in my opinion.

## What didn't St. John's prepare you for?

Two words: space debris. Back on Earth, you hear a lot about space debris on the news alongside stories about time-travel conspiracies and space-yetis, so you don't think it's a real thing. But believe me, it's real. Space can and will kill you.

## Any specific disadvantages to a St. John's background?

Space debris management training. Seriously, we need to deal with this stuff before it crashes through both hulls and into the break room while I'm taking a shower.

## Any general advice, especially for an upperclassman who is interested in this field but is not quite sure what to do?

If you have the time, go camping on an asteroid. Try doing all the things you would normally do on Earth. That means showering, eating, making coffee, sleeping, exercising, etc. Try to live as normally as possible. If you survive two days and feel no hint of impending insanity, then this job might be a fit for you.

## How did you market yourself with a St. John's degree?

Are you kidding? The field is snatching up philosophers like crazy right now. And in case you haven't noticed, St. John's is the NASA of philosophy.

## How would you characterize your field as a whole? Is it accessible to newcomers or difficult to enter? Stable or fluid? Etc.

While the field of industrial philosophy is very accessible to Johnnies (and pays handsomely) this career has a high turnover simply because of—again, I cannot stress this enough—space debris. Planetary atmosphere is never to be taken for granted.

## What was your senior essay topic?

I wrote about *Gorgias*. I think Socrates drew a beautiful connection between body and soul by likening the art of philosophy to the art of doctoring: a connection that still holds true even though he renounces it in later dialogues. And while this reading was what inspired my initial desire to become a doctor, I suppose being an industrial philosopher is a reasonable compromise.

## What is your favorite book on the Program?

While *Gorgias* is definitely a close second, I'm going to have to go with Tolkien's *The Hobbit*. Because it's the only program book written for children, it gets at the human condition in a way seen nowhere else at St. John's. With Bilbo, we experience an odyssey from a childlike perspective, in a world that at first seems wonderful, but gradually becomes tinged with sadness and loss. It's especially sobering, considering that this adventure is only the "doorstep" before the *Lord of the Rings* books (which are third, fourth, and fifth on my list, because I feel they drag a bit).

## Do you find that you lead a philosophical life?

Of course. While sometimes I do get tired of philosophy, and wish I could just eat pizza and play a few rounds of 5D Tetris, I realize that this isn't really escaping philosophy. I'm still thinking about which blocks to move, I'm still contemplating the taste of the pizza, and later I'll wonder why I prefer pizza and 5D Tetris to sitting at work helping existentially puzzled androids understand love. It is fascinating, is it not, that we can become tired of the most important questions that exist?



# Sophomore Doesn't Know the Words to Flood of Babylon

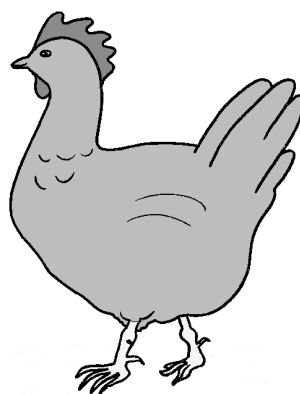
In an enlightening interview, the *Badfly* learned that current sophomore Zed Leppelin still doesn't know how to sing *Flood of Babylon* even after singing it at least once a week for the past year and a half.

Badfly reporters caught up with Mr. Leppelin and asked him why he can't seem to remember how to sing the song. "I don't know. I just never really paid attention during freshman chorus; I was always either half asleep or hung over. So, no, I don't remember how to sing 'Flood of Babel'. Sue me." Leppelin, a member of the bass section, went on to add, "I mean, I know how to sing the first few measures of the song, but after a while I just start humming and mumbling, hoping that no one notices that I'm not actually singing."

Zed's fellow sophomores were asked to comment on the issue. Joah Nones, a soprano, had this to say: "I don't really know what to say. How can you not know how to sing this song? We sang it like 10 times every class. I mean, come on! The entire song is like 3 goddamn sentences. It is not that hard."

Near the end of the interview we asked Mr. Leppelin what he thought of another beloved song: "Sicut Cervus." Zed rolled his eyes and replied, "Uh, it's pronounced 'circuit.' For a reporter you're not too bright." 🐔

# Student Steals Egg from Freshman Lab, Accidentally Hatches Chicken



<http://www.jojopix.com/chicken-clip-art/>

An unnamed freshman here at St. John's, Annapolis, has recently come to me and confessed something so deeply entertaining and disturbing that I must share it with all those who will listen. My anonymous source, whom I will call "E. G. Glives," came up to me while I was sitting in the Yew tree beside Humphreys. She asked, "Do ya wanna see something cool?" Being the curious soul that I am, I asked her what it was. She then produced a small, yellow chick from beneath her jacket. It had pooped in her hand, but I don't think that she noticed.

She was enamored with the small thing. "I stole it from lab," she declared, petting it with one finger. "Named him Mufasa. I put him under a lamp in my room and turned him for a while, and then- BAM! He hatched." She then confessed that she had

always wanted to hold a chick, and this was her reason for stealing the creature and saving it from dissection. "Besides," she chuckled, "This is the only way I could pick up chicks."

I asked her what she planned to do with the animal, but she simply shrugged. "I have no clue," she responded. "But do any of us really know what to do with anything?" she asked in her innocent freshman daze. As she walked away, I simply stared after her, wordless, wondering how the chicken would survive, how the girl would deal with the fine that she would have to pay if anyone found out, and how in god's name she managed to sleep with the light in her room on for 24 hours straight for 22 or so days. 🐔

# Horoscopes ~ Week of October 19

## Aries (March 21 - April 19)

You have already met your significant other. August 2nd, 2011. Don't you remember? No? Well, then. You are destined to live a life of loneliness and heartbreak for eternity.

## Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Stop. Do not read further in this edition. Misfortune awaits you. Continue reading, and you will become self-aware. Aware of your clothes against your skin, your tongue in your mouth, how your breaths are coming in too slow or too fast. Self-aware. Do not continue to read.

## Gemini (May 21 - June 21)

Remember this phrase: linear and punctual apples. You will need it. Good luck.

## Cancer (June 22 - July 22)

Your subjective, fleeting beauty will start a war. Perhaps in yourself, perhaps in others, perhaps across the universe. Don't worry. The outcome will be violent and disappointing regardless of who is fighting whom.

## Leo (July 23 - August 22)

The character you most resemble is Xerxes. Learn from his mistakes. Rule yourself. Rule the world. Rule the infinite nothingness that will consume everything at the end of all.

## Virgo (August 21 - September 22)

There is a monster under your bed. It is merely a human child. You must raise it. Accept your new task and embrace the greatest horror of all: responsibility.

## Libra (September 23 - October 23)

Your roommate does not actually exist. Think. Think hard. How do you know your roommate is real? You don't.

## Scorpio (October 24 - November 21)

Moths.

## Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

You feel strangely compelled to write a *Gadfly* article. Do it. It will be bad. Do it anyway. Embrace your mediocrity.

## Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

Get back to your roots. Learn about the big bang. Remember your shared nothingness with the rest of the universe. Fear the end and the beginning.

## Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

Do not make decisions this month. In fact, do not make decisions ever. Or... maybe do. The choice is yours. Live the dream. Or don't. It's up to you.

## Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

After months of your Kant-related puns, There is nothing hERE for you aLL; there is great Pain and Most cannot feEL it. . . but it is still tHERe, Little do People know. 🐟

## In Other News:

□**Plato Announces Gritty Socrates Reboot.** "This Isn't Your Ancestor's, Socrates."

□**Students Petition Delegate Council to Construct a Subway Line Between Spector/Gilliam, Mellon Hall, and The Quad.** "It's just too far to walk."

□**St. John's holds referendum to secede from union.**

□**Junior takes first shower since freshman year** "It wasn't so bad," he says.

□**Junior Seminar Kan't Even:** As of 10:34pm, an entire Freshman Seminar has gone missing. Last seen entering Mellon Hall around 8pm. Please contact local authorities if you have information about their whereabouts.

□**Don Quixote Sighted on Back Campus.** Reports have been received of a duel with Navy's Water Tower.

## Cady, the Campus Dog, Gets Ebola

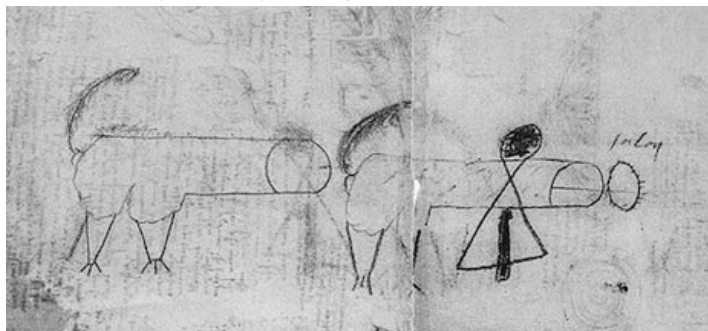
The Ebola crisis in the U. S. took another alarming turn Sunday with word that the first dog has caught the disease: Cady, the St. John's campus dog. Amid growing concern, President Barack Obama cancelled a campaign trip to address the outbreak and vowed that his administration would respond in a "much more aggressive way." By late Sunday evening, the U. S. military formed a 30-person "quick-strike team" to evacuate the dog from the college premises.

The animal hospital expects to keep the dog detained for at least the next month or so. "We were not ready for this," one of the doctors told the press. "We never imagined that Ebola could be transmitted from people to animals." Although two of the four patients in the U.S. appear to be recovering from the disease, it is too early to determine how a dog will recover, if it all.

Nationwide people have been extending their sympathies to Cady's caretaker, a senior resident on campus, as well as her regular walker, Marybeth Beydler. When investigators asked each of them about the incident, Marybeth replied, "I am not very upset that she has Ebola. It is sad. But I am more upset that I no longer have a job." Cady's caretaker expressed relief, "I have been taking care of this dog long enough. It is nice to finally have some time off." ☺

## New Exhibit Penetrates the Mitchell Gallery

*Written by Kerkylas of Andros*



*Photo from dangerousminds.net*  
**Note:** this is a real live actual drawing by Da Vinci. No joke. Look it up. This is not just the Badfly pulling your leg. Really, would one of us sketch this?

As we all know, the Mitchell Gallery strives to bring about interesting exhibits that both tantalize and amaze students and the citizens of Annapolis. Recently, though, few students have been visiting, so the directors put their heads together and came up with a new concept that would unite everyone in interest: a collection of different art pieces that detail phalluses throughout time. I was privileged to penetrate the sacred hall of art to see what would soon be open to the public. There are some Grecian vases, elaborately painted, with phalluses across them. There are several homoerotic Roman paintings which cling to the walls like lovers at night. The climax of the exhibit comes in the form of a replication of a page from one of Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks; on this page are two elaborately drawn pieces of anatomy from the celebrated artist himself. If this peaks your interest, stay tuned. The Mitchell Gallery will soon release more information about when this exhibit will be open to the public. ☺

## EDITORS WRITE SEVEN EIGHTHS OF ALL GADFLY ARTICLES

The *Columbia Journalism Review*, committed to high journalistic standards, has begun a short series on undergraduate newspapers around the country, beginning with the *Gadfly*. The investigative series reveals that *Gadfly* editors write seven-eighths of their articles themselves, under assumed names. Of the one-eighth not written by the editors, most of the articles come from the Alumni Office and a tutor. The Alumni Office contributes, because it is part of their job. The tutor contributes, because he feels "pity" for the editors.

"Most publications large and small are dependent on their staff to produce a majority of their work," explained an investigative journalist for *CJR*. "That's understandable. But never do the publications use student's names for pseudonyms. That's absurd!"

According to statistics, last spring marked a dramatic decrease in *Gadfly* submissions. Many of the regular contributors had graduated. This left the publication in dire need of submissions. "The *Gadfly* has been printing since 1980," senior editor Sylvestre Pergerzein explained. "We were left with no choice: either write the articles ourselves, or let our paper die." The ultimate hope was in time, the student body would start to contribute. But that has yet to happen.

For such a small publication, as the *Gadfly*, the *CJR*'s series is a great way to get recognition from those outside the campus. Looking at the final reports, however, the recognition may not be such a great thing. ☺

# Q&A with the Dining Hall

*At St. Johns, we do things a little differently. We all have the same classes, we don't get grades, and we think Herodotus is much funnier than any normal human being would. Our dining hall is no exception. I've heard my classmates wondering about rules like the proper way to dispose of dirty dishes, and where you get the trays from. As an employee of the dining hall, I'd like to clear up some of that confusion by adding more confusion, but on a deeper and more lasting spiritual level. Here are some answers to common questions I've heard.*

## **Q. Is there any limit to how much food we can get at the dining hall? Or is it just an all you can eat buffet?**

A. The dining hall doesn't have any hard and fast rules on how much you are allowed to take. Technically, you can take as much food as you can fit inside of your body in one sitting. The average stomach holds about a liter of food, but if you were to hollow out your chest cavity by removing unnecessary organs like a kidney or an appendix, and pack the extra space around your organs with food, it would add another two to three liters of capacity. So, we'll say about a gallon maximum. Of course, certain foods have special rules for how much you can take. Officially, you're only allowed three scoops of ice cream per day, and on weekends only 1.5 pieces of pizza.

## **Q. Why do we have to put our plates on trays?**

A. Unlike a lot of cafeterias, we don't get trays at the door to put our food on, but we do have to use them to send our dirty dishes down to the kitchen. This is clearly part of a mystic *feng shui*, and as a bonus trains students to balance a superhuman number of plates and cups in their hands as they carry their food to the table. But why do we need the trays to send our dishes back? The answer to this is less obvious, but as a dishwasher I have learned that the point is to give students a place to properly sort their leftover food scraps. The procedure for this, though few people follow it, is fairly simple. After balancing your plates on top of your cup in the center of the tray, all you have to do is line any bits of food left on your plate around the edge of the tray in alphabetical order. So, a typical tray would have an apple core, crumbs of bread, egg, ketchup, lemon wedge, sauce, and a watermelon rind. Remember, peas go under 'P', but chickpeas go under 'C'!

## **Q. Where do my food scraps go?**

A. A lot of people who are just starting to use the dining hall aren't sure if plates should be cleaned off before being sent down to the kitchens or not. While I appreciate people trying to be helpful, it's important to send all food scraps down to us to collect. This is part of a little tradition we have here at St. Johns, where every night after dinner the kitchen staff sorts out food scraps and brings them to a special council of tutors, who burn them at a brazier in the woods at midnight as an offering to the Greek gods. It's crucial for St. John's to maintain support from Zeus Almighty by having plenty of food to offer, so please don't waste it by throwing it away. In fact, if anyone has any hearts or livers from large mammals they want to contribute to the brazier, please send them down to us on a tray in the usual way.

## **Q. What's the deal with the conveyor belt breaking?**

A. The St. Johns dining hall makes an effort to be environmentally friendly by serving humane organic food and by using renewable energy sources whenever possible. Our conveyor belt is no exception. A miracle of German engineering, the Pimmel-Kanu Plate-Lowerer-Downer system is fueled entirely by theta waves. A renewable, green energy source, theta waves are naturally generated by the Old Ones, planet sized spider-squid-things that, according to whispers emanating from campus trash cans on cold winter nights, will one day consume all life in our universe. Thanks to our designated portal to the Outside in Randall basement, we can power most of the appliances in the kitchen off a single ancient hell beast. We like to call her Big Betty. Anyways, sometimes the belt operator forgets the regular sacrifices Big Betty demands, and in her wrath she has a tendency to drive them mad, and then the gibbering lunatic tends to smash up important bits of the belt while screaming something about the unknowable void. You know how it goes. On an unrelated note, if anybody is looking for a work study email Mr. Canto, we have a new opening for a conveyor belt operator.

## **Q. How many teeth?**

A. This is a question I get a lot, sometimes even from upperclassmen who were here last November and should really know by now. The answer is, of course, at least 97. And don't forget, watch your hands and feet! Seriously, keep watching them. You can never be too careful!

## **Q. Do you have any suggestions for getting more variety in the dining hall?**

A. We have a pretty quality dining hall here at St. Johns, but for students on the 21 meal plan it can get a little monotonous. But this lack of variety is partly just a lack of imagination on your part. Next time you're eating in the dining hall, look around at all the things you can eat. There's the food on your plate, sure, but you've already tried that. How about the food on that girl over there's plate? With a quick pounce and a few eagle shrieks to distract her, that food too can be yours. Since she got it from the same place you did, though, it's probably still pretty similar to what you've been eating. What else around you is edible? What about the plate itself? Porcelain doesn't contain very much protein or fiber, but it does have some important vitamins and minerals and can be very filling. If you're looking for a salad, wood from tables and chairs makes an excellent source of vegetable matter. What about meat? Look to your left. Look to your right. Look across the teeth marked remnants of your table. Unless you're just the loneliest dork on campus, there's a person sitting in at least one of those seats. Guess what people are made of? So, you see, it's not the dining hall that's restricting the variety in your diet, but your own inhibitions.

I hope this little guide has been helpful and informative. There are a lot of questions I haven't even been able to get to, but if you want to know more about your local dining hall just ask an employee next time you're in there. Just preface your question by chanting *Klaas d'kell, mistkerl oohleh*: "I bind you, creature of the Deep, to obey my will and give answer to my questions!" We'll be happy and physically bound to help. See you all at dinner! ☞



# Student Profoundly Affected by “Dick-Article”

A student, wishing not to be identified, approached *Badfly* reporters whilst they lay slumbering in their beds, to praise their so-called “Dick-Article.”

“It made my day,” said the unnamed Johnnie, “It really did. I was having a rough morning: smashing my head against the wall in Math, and then nursing my swollen head in Greek, and then spending three hours at the Health Center being treated for mild head trauma during my lunch hour. I was stumbling back to my dorm, when someone—as I recall, it was the Lord God of Abraham and the Israelites—pushed this *Badfly* issue into my hand. I flipped it open, and the first thing I saw was this terrific picture of two dicks drawn by Leonardo da Vinci. And at that moment, believe it or not, I was cured—not just of the head trauma, but of my confusion about Ptolemy, Aristotle, and every other reading that’s

ever given me trouble. ‘Of course,’ I said to myself, ‘Uniform circular motion. I get it. And that which is potentially totally is acted on by what is actually, such that the former and the latter are the same in kind. It all makes sense now. Thanks, Aristotle!’ Of course, people told me I couldn’t have seen the dicks, since this issue hadn’t come out yet. “But I know that this was a sign.” As to what the sign meant, the student would only say, “Read the Old Testament. You’ll figure it out.”

In the meantime, the student donated all of his personal wealth—totalling \$418.33—to the *Badfly* for the express purpose of including phallic and otherwise dick-related materials in future issues. The *Badfly* accepted, with the intention of utilizing the funds for the purchase of 35 pizza combo meals, including cheesy breadsticks and drinks. 🍕

## Cigarette Butts Finally Allowed to be Dumped on Ground – Students Start Using Ashtrays

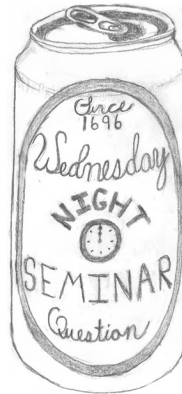
While previously, students were required to dispose of their cigarette butts in the ashtrays distributed every four and a half feet across campus, a new policy was recently enacted, allowing them to simply deposit their butts anywhere.

“The whole campus is basically an ashtray anyway,” a high-ranking St. John’s official lamented, “We figure, why bother fighting it anymore?”

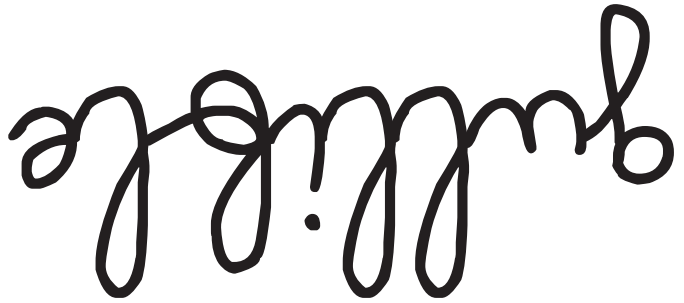
However, this new policy has shown unexpected results. When asked why he walked three feet out of his way in order to dispose of his butt in an ashtray, senior Pratton Spewitt replied, “Because I’m stickin’ it to the man, see? The man don’t respect you if you follow his rules. If I drop a cigarette on the ground, it’s like I’m dropping a cigarette on FREEDOM!!!!” The senior then proceeded to put his hand over his heart, and sing the *Star-Spangled Banner* at the top of his voice.

This, in turn has provided another difficulty for the College, which had hoped to pawn the campus ashtrays for in excess \$12 each. “We came in there ready to take the things out,” reports Timothy “Torque” Jenkins of Building & Grounds, “There were a bunch of students standing holding hands around the ashtrays singing Cumbaya or some sh\*t. Like they were saving a tree.”

Whether or not the ashtrays should be forcibly removed has become a controversial issue. Some St. John’s officials argue that the \$12 per ashtray could mean the critical difference between another year of Socrates and Chaucer, and bankruptcy for the College. Others point to the new campus pride and the clean walkways, and argue that we are now better-off. However this situation resolves itself, campus smoking culture will never be the same. 🚬



Q: If Thrasymachus had beat up Socrates and made him agree to his definition of Justice, would Thrasymachus be just? 🤔



## “Gullible” Actually Written on Ceiling. Confuses Many

Recently, some vagabond wrote graffiti on the ceiling of Humphrey’s common room. It reads, simply, “Gullible.” Long-time Humphrey’s resident, Cat Baldwin, mentioned this to me, in all earnesty, nearly crying with laughter. She chased me down, her eyes brimming with hysteric tears, and said, “Gullible. It’s written on the ceiling.” She took me by the hand and led me to the Humphrey’s common room. Indeed, upon the ceiling, upon the mold-ridden ceiling, it is written in pencil, and very shakily so. So thank you, Cat Baldwin. Thank you for your service to the community. 🙏



## Be Aware and Beware

Be aware. Be very aware. Quick, look to your left! Nope, that wasn't fast enough. You need to work on your neck turning skills. You'll need them this week. There's something out there. Everyone said they weren't real, couldn't be real. But they are. And they're here. They could be right behind you. Seriously, you need to do that faster. Do some neck exercises. They could be waiting in your closet. Well, not your closet, you've got too much shit in there. But someone's closet. The asexuals. They're coming for you. Well, we aren't sure what they're coming for, but they're being awfully quiet and mysterious about it, so they've got to be up to something. And what's with the not liking sex? That's suspicious. Have you ever seen a dick? Everybody likes those. So you've got to be aware. Train yourself, watch the shadows. Practice looking behind you quickly in class, to see if you can catch one out of the corner of your eye. They're fast. With all the time they've saved not fucking people, they have trained their bodies and minds, honed their skills until they can fade seamlessly into the night. You won't even see them until they're upon you, knives drawn. Or, you know, some less phallic weapon. A garrote maybe? Be ready. Be aware of the asexuals. 🐞

## Public Safety Creates "Don't Be Stupid" Program

In response to the seemingly constant presence of debauchery at St. John's, Public Safety has created a new program to reduce stupidity-related incidents. "The program is simple," says public safety officer John L. Wayne, "When you decide to do something, think to yourself, 'Is this stupid?' If the answer is yes, don't do that thing. If the answer is no, proceed to do that thing." According to Public Safety, some stupid things include, but are not limited to: setting shower curtains on fire, starting mosh pits on people's beds, trying to crawl through a small opening between the first and second floor of a building, jousting with mop handles, drinking until you go to the E.R., park-ouring on the quad steps, going to backcampus with someone who looks or otherwise acts like they want to attack you, spoiling *Game of Thrones*, agreeing to getting cup-checked, hosting dance-battles in the Pendulum Pit, and eating an entire 20-piece meal from Kentucky Fried Chicken. We believe this will be an effective program," Wayne stated, "We noticed that most incidents on campus don't occur because there is actual danger, but rather because people are just being stupid." 🐞



## Website Deceives Incoming Student



Incoming freshman leaves St. John's within two weeks. "The website explicitly stated that they have electives," he explained. "Then, I get here and realize that 'electives' really meant studying *Wealth of Nations* for over a month. I was disappointed." The student is now enrolled at University of Maryland, studying graphic design. 🐞

## SOPHOMORE MUSIC CLASS STUDIES LADY GAGA

Sophomores will be "taking a break" from the *St. Matthew's Passion*, an anonymous tutor told the *Badfly*. "Every year we struggle to find a composer who surpasses Bach. This year we think we have found one: Lady Gaga." Many of the other tutors expressed disappointment. "This decision might be worse than Siegelvision." But after a few heated meetings on the issues, the tutors resolved that it will be good to finally think about Judas in another light.

The first class will be on "Bad Romance." 🐞

## FRENCH MANUAL RECEIVES POOR REVIEWS



*French for Reading Knowledge, 2nd Edition* receives no more than one-star reviews on Amazon. Two of the reviews can be read online. One reviewer writes, "I gave this language textbook—if that's what you want to call it—one star, because Amazon doesn't allow you to give less. This is the worst language book I have ever used." A leading academic at Oxford also shared his thoughts about the authors. "Monsieur Palmeri et Milligan, c'est vraiment des conneries!" (\*Closest English translation: This is absolute bullshit!) All other reviews have been deleted from the site. 🐞