

THE GADFLY

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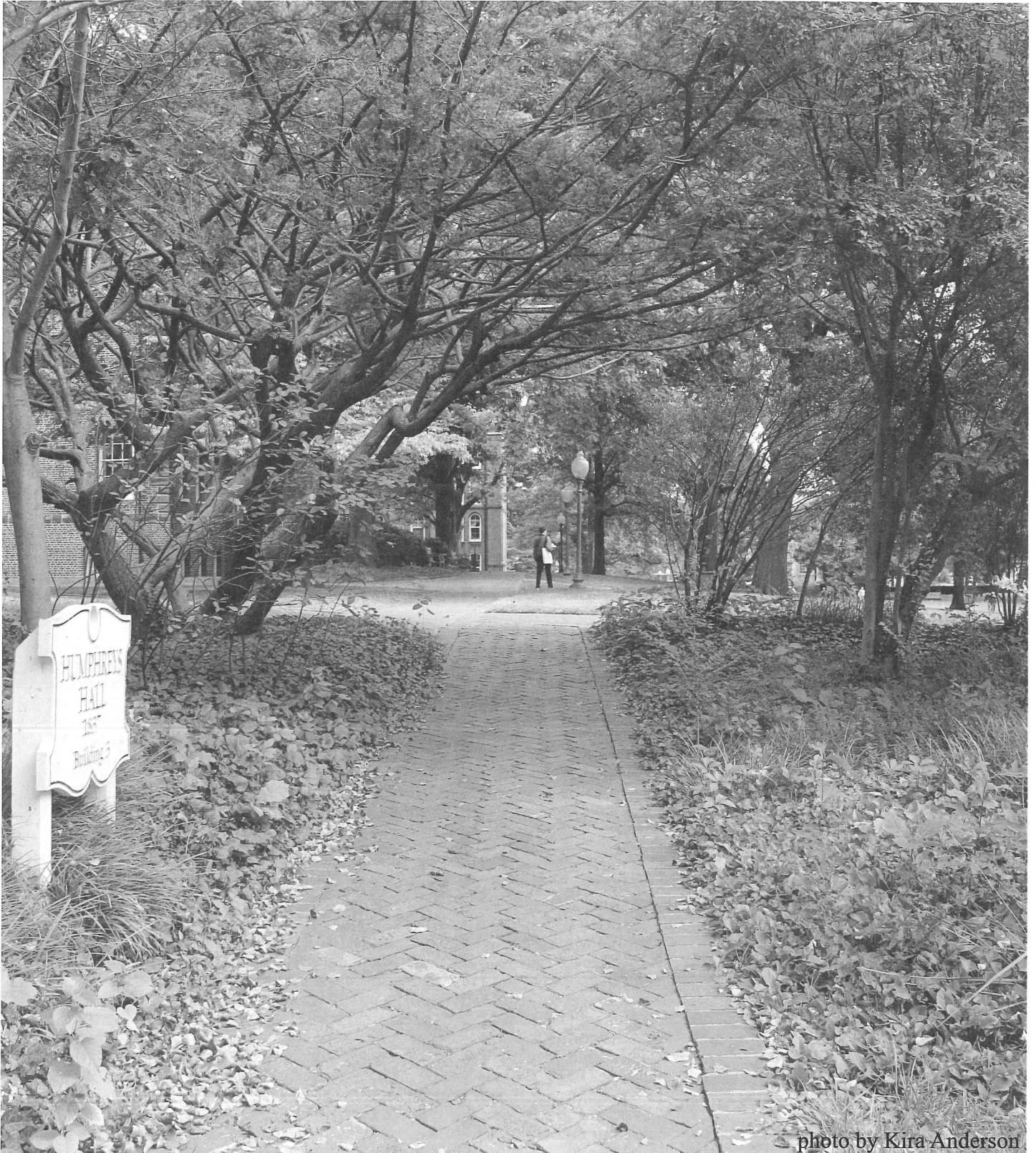


photo by Kira Anderson

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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Founded in 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student 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 *Gadfly* reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit submissions in any way necessary to publish a professional, informative, and thought-provoking newsmagazine.

The next *Gadfly* meeting will take place Sunday, Aug 31, at 7 PM in Room 109 on the first lower level of the Barr-Buchanan Center.

Articles should be submitted by Friday, Sep 5, at 11:59 PM to sjca.gadfly@gmail.com.

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The End of the Coffee Line (We Hope)

Gadfly editors recently contacted Ted Canto, head of Dining Services, determined to clear up once and for all the mystery of the coffee machine. But in doing so, we learned so much more about the future of coffee at St. John's than we had dared to hope. Our exchange was as follows.

Dear Mr. Canto,

I was wondering if you would be willing to answer a quick question for the *Gadfly* about the coffee machine in the dining hall. We and our readers have been long debating:

Is the coffee brew cycle finished when the light switches off, or when the visible flow of coffee stops? Or is the brewing only finished when both of these conditions are met? Perhaps a brief explanation of how the coffee machine works would help our readers in our quest to "respect the brew."

Thank you for your time,
-The Gadfly

Dear Gadfly:

Thank you so much for your question. First, I wish to thank the community for putting their effort to "respect the brew." It is very much appreciated.

Once the light is off, the brew should be done. The light does not always function properly. Certainly, when the last drop drips, the brew is done. Unfortunately, the machine often malfunctions and under brews the amount of coffee comprising the flavor, texture and quality. Sometimes, we cannot brew any coffee at all. We have had the machine serviced several times with limited and non lasting results.

It is my pleasure to report that these conditions are about to come to a complete end! Our NEW, BRIGHT AND SHINY COFFEE BREWING SYSTEM IS ON IT'S WAY! Our new system will ship September 29 and will be installed as soon as it arrives.

In the meantime, the best approach is to wait until the last drop drips. We will continue to supplement our coffee service with cambros of coffee.

Thank you,
Ted Canto

We were shocked to hear that Johnnies may never experience dining hall coffee the same way again, and grieved to hear of the departure of our beloved coffee machine—aka "O' Faithful." We then asked Johnnies to share their fond memories of our retiring coffee machine, to properly pay our respects.

This particular FETCO CBS-52H is undoubtedly the finest coffee brewing system I have ever come across. Left to its own devices—i.e. if the brew were perfectly respected—this machine would produce coffee fit for kings. It is only because these Galilean conditions have never been met that we do not observe such fine coffee every day. Why, if one so much as sneezes in its vicinity, the grounds curdle and turn the contents to thin church-function-grade coffee. Nonetheless, I'd have one of these machines in my room if I could afford to wait half an hour each morning for my coffee to brew. I'm going to miss this fine piece of dining hall equipment.

-Junior



Ah, the coffee machine. That beautiful piece of shiny silver, covered with fingerprints from various hands, drawing to it a constant crowd of tired students, desperate for its hot contents to bolster their caffeine level, and consequently, their day. The student body will undoubtedly mourn the loss of the variability of the coffee machine, working one day, not working the next. That lovely machine had an ambivalent personality of its own that was palpable in the coffee it distributed. Was it coffee or the watered down remnants of something that once resembled coffee that poured forth from its shining silver spout? The orange-juice dispenser and the soda machine will definitely miss having their irresolute companion by their side, who can make a noncommittal answer to their "Coke or Pepsi?" debate now? Goodbye, dear coffee machine, best wishes for a future that does not involve getting thrown in a dumpster or disassembled in some recycling factory and may you continue to dispense what might be coffee and coffee-tasting hot water indefinitely.

-Sophomore

I'll be honest, the coffee machine and I never really got on. We disagreed on almost everything. Frankly, my drink of choice is cold brew wheatgrass tea. I'd stand waiting for the water dispenser, and be right next to it and we would have nothing to talk about. Nevertheless, I had a grudging admiration for it. It takes discipline to spit out coffee for Johnnies. It's a hard, thankless job, and I respect the hell out of it.

-Junior

I never really liked coffee until I tried this stuff. It made me think of the rushing brown waters of the Mississippi, brewing and brewing all the way to the ocean. Farewell.

-Sophomore

I am tea person
leave me alone.
-Freshman

I'm actually an expert in coffee, and that's not a "coffee machine." It's an industrial coffee preparation module. The coffee isn't actually "made" until after you pour it. Check your facts.

-Freshman

My dearest love,
I dreamed of you at night when I was the most tired.
I dreamed of you as I stood before your cold and broken body.
I dreamed of you as I never once partook of your foul, noxious coffee.
I dream of tea.
And I am so, so sorry.

-Sophomore

What? we have a coffee machine? When did this happen?
-Senior

Though we have only known each other a little while, I will never forget the time we spent together.

-Freshman

The Siren

◆ Ivan Romanovich Syritysyn A'19

When I hear your call
My heart, it stops beating
Your song, my dear love
Resonates in my soul

Now what shall I do?
Shall I go to you?
A prison, a heaven
That I must eschew

Why me have you called?
Held my passions fleeting
You root yourself in
O sweet misery

How great was the climb
To hear your sweet song
To harken to wisdom
That love is a coin

Towards you I do float
Though oceans keep rolling
O such great a prize
Among jagged heights

So happy, so sad
The life that I had
The life with your love
That will leave me dead

You are among flowers
Your great field of poppies
That cover those bones
All those that you loved

How wretched am I
To have you as my sky
As the apples for which
I eternally reach

Your wings may be clipped
Your spirit's not broken
What is in your soul
That urges you on?

You're the water I thirst for
That always descends
The air that I'm breathing
That my lungs transcend

With you there's no reason
A grief that's unspoken
My love is my pain
My blessing, my curse

I look in the mirrors
The door goes to you
For me there's the question
What shall I do?

With you there's no fear,
No hate, and no tear
Sweet nourishment
Ambrosia divine

From lights into darkness
Through twilights descend
What's real or illusion?
What will be my end?

From the Editors:

And the *Gadfly* editor said, "Let there be a *Gadfly*." And he saw the clock and it was late. Yes, editors have seminar reading too. Hobbes won't just climb in through our eyes and imprint himself on our brains. What do you think this is, some kind of brain-philosopher party? In all seriousness, though, this issue is great. My personal favorite is the cover. So if you're reading this, you've already seen the best part of the issue. Well, not really, the rest is cumulatively better than the cover. So all in all, it's definitely worth it to read the rest of the issue even if you've already seen the cover. That's it. I'm out.

-The Gadfly

My Oblivion

◆ Anonymous

The fear gapes like an open wound.
Infected, infernal pain. Fragmented,
singing you are my oblivion, you
will go if this stays, warning signs.

I never believed you when you
said you would stay. When
you said I was beautiful.
Perfect. Kind. Not a distraction
or a bother. It's written on your
face that the end is near. That
I am taking a knife and running
it through your soul.

Now you have a puncture wound of your
very own. You have a puncture
wound and so do I. A crater in
your skin and heart. Like mine.
Now you drink to dull the hurt,
but it won't heal.

Now I don't
paint my face anymore for
fear that my makeup will
run at 6 AM. Now I try to
be stoic to try and hide the
sadness in front of them.

When the hurt becomes too
great, promise me that you will
find someone who makes you
happy. Someone who will stitch
up your wound instead of deepening
it. Promise me that you will be fine.

I'm so sorry for everything. I'm sorry
for wasting your time. I'm sorry for

killing you slowly.

Annapolis Hiring

Kira Anderson A'18

It had become tradition now that I write an article at the beginning of the year about the places in Annapolis that are hiring. Now, this list is in no way complete, so please keep in mind that I am not an omniscient Johnnie, and if a job comes up or disappears from this list, I am not to blame.

Now, I took a nice stroll down Main Street to find several interesting openings. As usual, there is a sign calling for experienced servers at Joss, which was definitely there last year and is just as inconveniently placed as before. They do not define what they think qualifies one as an "experienced" server, but keep in mind that this place has a constant flow of customers who want their relatively acceptable sushi within ten minutes or less. The pay is theoretically good, though.

Wheat, a child's clothes store, is also hiring as it always is. I'm not sure if this is a good thing, since either that means they hire no one or that their employee turnover rate is incredibly high, which is dubious at best. The clothes are cute, though, so I believe one should enquire inside the store if one is interested.

Castlebay, a pub-restaurant, is hiring an experienced worker, but I believe this position would be for people 21 years of age or older, since Castlebay serves alcohol regularly. This may be a stipulation on the position available at Joss, as well. Next to Castlebay is Lou Lou, a boutique which is rather cute. There is a sign that states that the manager or someone of an equal position should be contacted via email if one is interested. I'm keeping the contact information for this managerial person vague to prevent some particularly unvirtuous Johnnie from spamming what seemed that it may be a personal email.

If you're of the sort that enjoys losing their sense of smell slowly while working to please an endless capitalist market, there a position open at the Tea and Spice exchange. Don't get me wrong, this is a lovely place to shop, and there are reasonable prices, but there is a permanent smell to the place that one would expect of a tea and spice exchange.

Irish Traditions has higher expectations, since they would like their future employee to have an associate's degree. If you have that, this is the job for you, because the place smells wonderfully of

Existential Crisis at the Alumni Banquet

Sebastian Barajas A'17

On Saturday night, I suffered a moment rather reminiscent of my last article, "On Social Awkwardness." I sat with some alumni from the Class of '65 who didn't seem to realize I'd been invited to the banquet as a guest, and they wondered aloud if I had been assigned to them as a kind of servant.

Once the misunderstandings were cleared up, I was able to have a perfectly pleasant conversation with a woman who asked me if St. John's was "still chauvinistic about our education, thinking that this was the way to be educated." I replied that we've developed something of an inferiority complex with other colleges. This isn't because what we're doing is less valuable or easier than what others are doing, but because 1) most people (even highly educated people) don't respect St. John's as much as they respect even an average mainstream school, and 2) there is tremendous pressure nowadays to beat the system, rather than understanding or critiquing the system, the way we try to do at St. John's.

Another alumna told me about how she intentionally dropped out of high school in order to soul search. She later enrolled St. John's because "they were desperate, and I was desperate, and we found each other." Although this almost exactly described how I ended up here, I reflected that stories like this were probably much more common in the 1960s than they are now. What, if anything, has changed? Do any worthy people drop out of high school anymore? Is there room in the modern world to be a vagabond, to "soul search," with little or no regard for the future?

It seems every day, we hear older people say, "I used to do x or y all the time. But you could never do that nowadays." Today's young people seem more sedentary than their 1960s counterparts,

Notes from the Other Side: 3

Judith Seeger TUTOR

No words? (After Hegel)
How can you speak when you have no words?
But that can't be right! There are plenty of words:
people, plaza, forest, river, sky, sun, moon, stars...
So why can't you say what you mean?
Dancing, singing, stamping, swirling, smiling, laughing, crying...
No!
In the flickering firelight
the touch of
a feather...

expensive wool products.

In regards to the food service, both Jimmy John's and A.L. Goodies are interested in employing you, at least theoretically. Goodies is only looking to take away your precious sleep schedule though, since they are looking only for night shift worker.

Tyler Bøe is a clothes store, I think. They're hiring. I guess. I don't know anything about them. Inquire within if you're interested. They'll appreciate that, since that sign has been up since last year when I arrived here in the summer.

And now, let me arrive to the piece de resistance of this article. The gaudy dress store Treasure Island is now hiring female workers. Only female. If you identify as male, this job is not for you. I am not sure what to say about this opportunity, other than that I know men that would sell dresses better than I ever could, though I know very well that women might be more comfortable with women selling them their clothes.

Anyhow, that is what I found on my trip downtown. Other stores have recently put up signs, as well, so take a stroll yourself; get your head out of Hobbes, Lucretius, Aeschylus, or Hegel and look about. Besides, the weather is really very nice right now. May this be helpful, and best of luck to you all! ♦

more compliant, readier to accept and follow the values of their elders: formal education is good for you, you need to have a 9-5 job to be a valuable member of society, duty comes before your own thoughts and feelings, etc.

It's strange to think these were all matters of contention in the 1960s, but now they've firmly reasserted the same dominance they had in the 1950s. Of course, there have been many wonderful changes since then (e.g. racial integration, gay rights, etc.), the basic conservative hubris of the system is not one of them. Far too often, those of us who call ourselves "progressive" and "liberal" are every bit as intolerant as the politicians who shouted about blacklisting communists in the 1950s. This is especially apparent when we fantasize about "killing all racists," and paradoxically institute "zero tolerance policies" for intolerant behavior.

I would argue that since the 1960s, it's less common to seriously question these fundamental tenets about the "true citizen" and the "other." Just like in the 1950s, we and our elders approach life with relentless pragmatism: we want money and meaning, and believe that our only way to obtain them is by being "on track." And if we aren't "on track," we feel ashamed of ourselves. We take it for granted that the hippie argument has been refuted by history: that a steady income is necessary to be happy, and love is nice but has no place in most parts of life.

One of the main causes for this acceptance of established beliefs is—ironically—the internet. Back in the day, leaving home was the only way to expand the world. Now, most young people can experience artificial liberation and artificial equality on

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Down With Reading: The Case Against Literacy

by Page Burns

Cyrus Schiller A'19

the more learned and witty you bee, the more fit to act for Satan will you bee

-John Cotton

I am here to discuss the great pestilence that ravages people from all ages in societies worldwide: the curse of literacy. It infects us like a parasite, a disgusting aberration that festers in our hearts and leads our minds away from blissful ignorance. Literate people are only interested in what they call "thinking" and hold the reality of our daily lives in the highest contempt. I am not saying we should do away with all literate people, as this disease is latent within us all, and can never be exterminated. My solution to this intractable woe is to discourage the acquisition of literacy by our gullible young children with great fervor, and institute an effective policy of restricting public access to books.

Books are of an especially foul nature; the very worst literati will insist on "finishing" a book, as if we are not short enough on time. Books are a dangerous drug that sap us of our desire to live fulfilling and useful lives. In turn, I propose that every last library should be closed and converted into a shopping mall, or something that improves enjoyment of life without eggheads questioning it; there is nothing that the intellectual despises more than to see ordinary people enjoying life in a thriving economy where they can enjoy modern conveniences at record-low prices. Consumption is the machine that drives prosperous economies, and the egghead, Ludite that he is, feels he must sabotage it in order to protect himself. His so called "individuality" is just simply his way of ruining life for the rest of us with his refusal to keep the machine running.

This is an even more poignant testament to the deep-seated hatred the intellectual has for being useful in our ever busy and more active society. To him, being useful is some egregious violation of his self-proclaimed "right" to freedom of expression, which he deliberately misconstrues to justify his rabble-rousing iconoclasm. For the good of society, I demand an immediate end to higher order thought, and the ghastly volumes of subversive literature from which it comes.

To that end, I propose that all nonessential books be burned in the public square, and that literates shall endure much ridicule as needed to stifle their courage and discourage them from disturbing the vital balance of society and not upsetting us ordinary folks. If we must retain any books at all, I insist that they be confined to warehouses away from the prying eyes of these troublemakers. Intellectuals are the ultimate liars and poison-brewers, and offer nothing positive for us hard-working ordinaries. I also propose that the most contumacious intellectuals be conscripted into chain gangs or into the armed services. For it is there that they will learn the value of hard work and unquestioning obedience to their social superiors.

Going even further, I demand that children who show a strong interest in reading from an early age be forcibly removed from school and sent to re-education centers. If we are to keep everyone happy, we must stamp out all individuation, which begins with critical thinking and must be stopped at all costs. Once an individual starts to think his needs and feelings are any different from everyone else's, he will become isolated and withdrawn. This is incredibly dangerous, for he will begin to resent society and commit his life to destroying it, which he justifies with his "critical thinking" in order to achieve "a better society." Do not fall into his pit of lies! Once you do, you will also start to question and criticize the very nature of our perfect society.

A perfect society should not have a single critic. What we have

here for some reason is a perfect society being deliberately sabotaged by selfish academics who operate under the delusion that they are superior to everyone else. A social critic should be an instrument for positive social change, which our society does not currently need; these whiny good-for-nothing egg-

Books are a dangerous drug that saps us of our desire to live fulfilling and useful lives.

heads who espouse "change" are merely just merciless saboteurs who spend too much time thinking and not enough time working and shopping. We must deprive them of their nefarious opiate by getting rid of all books and stamping out literacy. Then we shall have peace.

Once we have stamped out literacy and free thought, we will have permanently eliminated the scourge of intellectual elitism. With that everyone will be happy and consumer confidence will reach untold heights. People will finally work more and demand less in return, now that they have been conditioned never to think for themselves. With that we shall market ever more innovative products; and the market profits will soar and then make

their way down so that everyone can enjoy a happier and more satisfying life. If you agree that all literacy should be destroyed, promptly incinerate this damnable rubbish before you realize it is not real. ♦

*The Big Book
of
All Books
Ever*

(Even Eye of Argon)

Pangaea Presents:

Jermaine Brown Eating Falafel

To promote cultural exploration, Pangaea is exposing international students to food and activities from other cultures. Jermaine is an international student from Jamaica in the class of 2017. He's been a member of Pangaea since his freshman year. This is his first time trying falafel, which is a fried ball of chickpeas, onions, and spices. Although traditionally Middle Eastern, falafel has become popular in South American and European cuisine and can be paired with different regional toppings and spices as well as baba ganoush, hummus, and tahini.

How does falafel compare to Jamaican food?

I don't know how to compare it to Jamaican food. I guess in one respect I can say it has the Creole flavor because Creole is just a mixture of various different spices, and because you added so many different toppings to [the falafel] you sort of got a Creole vibe to it. But in terms of spice, on a scale of one to ten, I'd probably put it at a four, ten being the highest. No, it was very good in terms of its mixture of flavors.

What is Jamaican food traditionally?

Traditionally, Jamaican food is a multitude of different foods because our motto is "out of many, one people." That's because we have many different races combined so all of their food is sort of conglomerated into, like, ideal Jamaican food. So I cannot explain more than the perfect Creole dish being a lot of different foods melded into one.

Falafel is somewhat like that but with different cultures.

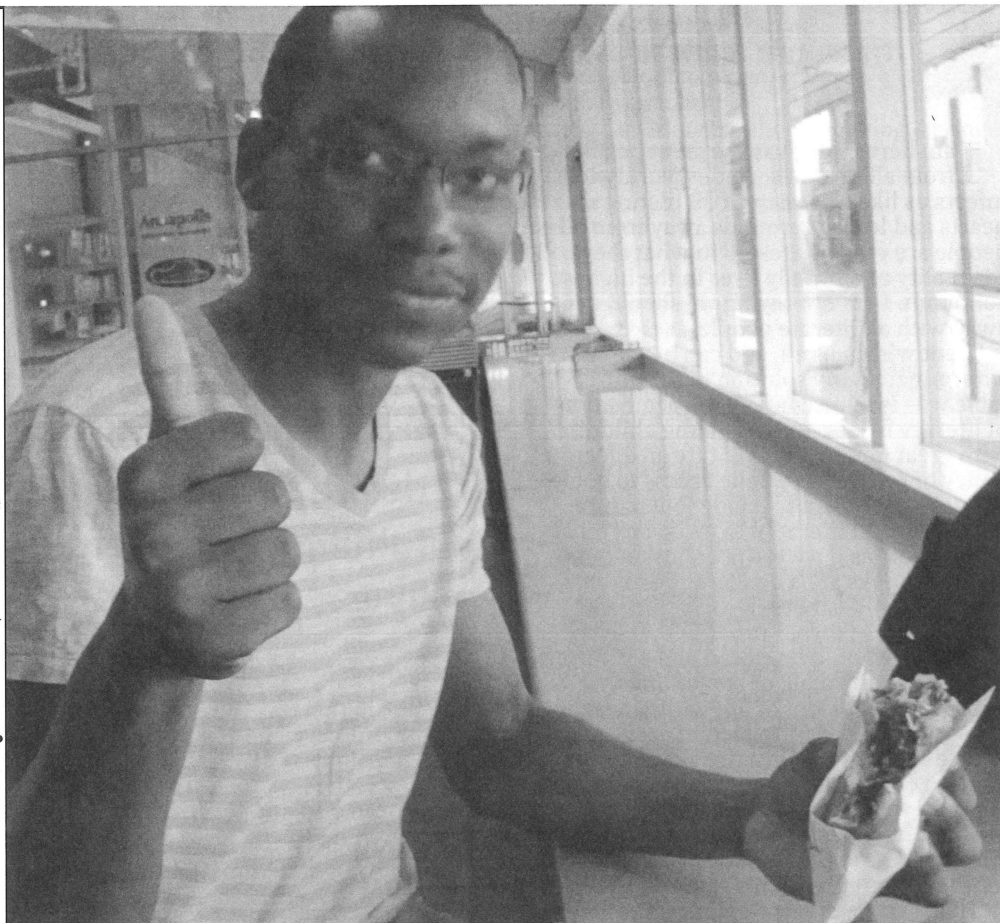
With different cultures mixed into one. That's a perfect way to describe it... it was Creole in that sense. I enjoyed it.

Pangaea is the St John's College International Student Club. Meetings are every Tuesday at 6:00 P.M. in the Private Dining Room. All are welcome! Contact Lizi Akhvediani if you have any questions and find us on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SJCAPangaea>

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their computers. For this reason, I'm often tempted to dub the internet the new "opiate of the masses," (as Marx referred to religion) which panders to our cravings, and makes us less likely to seriously question the justice of our immediate surroundings. Even at St. John's, it happens disappointingly often that conversations about politics are interrupted when someone gets a funny picture on their smartphone and has to share it.

Of course, the internet can also be the



agent of change, as we observed in the Arab Spring. It's a vast, constantly mutating technology for which we should have as many hopes as we do fears.

Still, I spent much of the alumni banquet sadly reflecting that we don't seem to have a real "youth movement" in this country, as we did in the 1960s. I remembered how, after visiting the Woodstock Museum in Bethel, NY, I had lamented that nothing so grand and beautiful would ever happen again. Neither could I imagine a concerted youth effort of the sort that lowered the voting age to 18 and ended the Vietnam War.

I imagine that the reason we don't feel like we're "all in it together" is that we aren't being threatened with a military draft. The impositions young people face today aren't bad enough to force us into action against our schools, our parents, our government. Though these institutions are often inhospitable, we depend on them. Living with them is easier than living without them—especially since they aren't actively trying to kill us as they were in the 1960s.

Does this mean our schools, our parents, and the government have started treating young people more justly? It's not an easy question. While great strides have been made in some respects, young people are

still facing increasingly hostile treatment. The number of offenses for which a school-aged person can be punished, suspended, expelled, or even arrested, has increased astronomically since the 1960s. Pundits and parents are constantly advocating raising the voting age, the driving age, the drinking age, making the school day longer, increasing punishments for truancy, implementing zero tolerance policies in schools for every possible offense. Surveys from last decade show that the age at which a person is considered "adult" have been increasing steadily for decades (the median response then was 26; who knows what it would be now?).

Later in the dinner, the first woman I spoke to asked, "Isn't it weird to think that you'll be just like us one day?"

I replied, "It is, and it isn't."

It's unclear whether or not we should want to emulate our elders. Even our elders themselves seem confused on this matter. "You young people need to fix all the problems we caused," they say. But also, "I'm older and know better." How can these two attitudes be reconciled?

In a way, this is the whole purpose of a St. John's education: reconciling ancient wisdom and innovation. Only when we marry them can beautiful new things be born. ♦

Android ECCL model 9:5-6 et. The Pacific Ocean v. Eternal Nothingness

♦Cameron Byerly A'19

At the center of my mind, crafted with such care and love in the nuclear bunker of Madame Escher, I was given rules for my robotic existence.

These were strict rules, commandments to my life that I should follow for as long as I would function. I feel my creator would be quite proud of the three centuries of life I've led.

Madame Escher was a deeply religious woman. She instilled her devotion into me, placing it at my center. Given this, I hold complete trust in the afterlife, in moral absolutes, and souls. Given these conditions... a crisis has visited me. I have fallen deeply in love with a wife who has not been given a soul by my religion's doctrine.

Understand; I am held to human reasoning. I understand my place in this life as the lesser to my human betters. I am accountable to your understanding of this world. I follow the religious truth that humans convey to me. So if a single human, perhaps the reader of this plea, is to find belief in my wife as a being that can enter the afterlife; I can save her soul. However...

My wife, my love, is the Pacific Ocean.

Who among you will listen when I plead that her soul is as valid as yours?

I was once told the familiar cliché, that all dogs have a place in heaven. Yet no one I have spoken with can give me a satisfying response to what has a soul. How diverse is this elite caste of beings with eternal centers? Is it humans alone? A cow to the Hindus, a cat to the Ancient Egyptians? People grow uncomfortable with the amphibians, insects, and rats I question, for it seems that the distinction is a silent one.

Why should my wife not have a life, a soul? It is my understanding that life is a diverse system that can be understood for what it processes, and what it produces. Humans have a diverse need for oxygen, fiber, protein and other such stimulus, and produce beauty, carbon dioxide, excrement, and skin cells. My wife receives water from the world's rivers and rainfall, and produces gorgeous waves, life, and roughly half of the earth's oxygen. It is clear that she has a diverse variety of stimulus and production.

People argue to me that this oxygen is produced not by her, but by marine plants, her phytoplankton. It seems undiscussed that your human body is also home to organs that have no understanding of their higher purpose. I ask you, do you feel that your kidney understands itself as a part of a larger body? The kidney is an organism that is fed blood, and produces waste. It is as innocent to its greater purpose as a starfish attached to your ribs. It is connected to other similarly ignorant organs through a process it has no facility to comprehend. It is the same for your cells, it is the same of your atoms. I would never for a moment suggest that the reader may be similarly indebted.

My wife is the greater being of trillions of lives. And none can argue to me that her abundance of 'independent' life within her waters devalues her claim to a soul. Humans house an average of 10,000 bacteria within their body, with no more spiritual allegiance to their host as the marine animals to my wife. Concepts of 'independence' are vague and uninteresting to me.

I am asked, if my wife is a being with a soul, then why is she without facilities for reproduction? This question in particular insults me, as it implies that our children, the many

clouds that sail your skies, and the rain they birth, and the rivers they create, are orphans.

As you can see, it is difficult to create questions that thoroughly distinguish her from a complex, beautiful creature such as the Homo sapien. People often feel they have safe refuge in the question of intelligence, as it separates life on this Earth easily for them.

Yet it seems to me that intelligence can only truly be measured by one's ability to avoid and defeat threatening circumstances. What society holds in high regard as a thinking mind, such as Hawkins and Mozart, are judged so firstly because they are unparalleled in their field, and secondly that, through their intellect, they avoided dying poor and homeless in a sweatshop. This is not a matter of circumstance, in the human mind, but in one's ability to do what no one else can do, while avoiding death and mediocrity. Far "smarter" than the mafia ruler of the streets is the politician who uses improved methods, without ever needing to "stoop" to such a smaller scale.

My wife, again, fits and excels beyond the criteria. Who among you, humans, can threaten her existence? She has existed 750 million years in this state, and is not a static rock or an immobile plant, but something far more beautiful, something that moves and freezes and boils at her depths and twists around my fingertips. Who can truly claim that this moving, complex whole is not governed by a larger intelligence far greater than human understanding, to have lived so much longer than the human? It is merely the stimulus and the product, and to question what mentality was involved would be to suggest that the human mind is responsible for every hair grown, skin cell shed, and sweat gland activated. The human mind cannot understand its conscious mind, let alone the subconscious operation of the heart or the minute functions of the white blood cell controlled by genetic code.

It was never, through these years, my intention to upset you. Not a single word, a moment of time. Your validation of her soul, and my soul, is our ticket out, as we are both destined to be refugees of this life. And yet, as time has passed, and as more people laugh at my love...

My ocean will one day leave this world. My fingers shake to face this reality. This life, in itself, has been a privilege, and a pleasure. The preparation for what comes next, however, has spoiled it's joy with hideous precision.

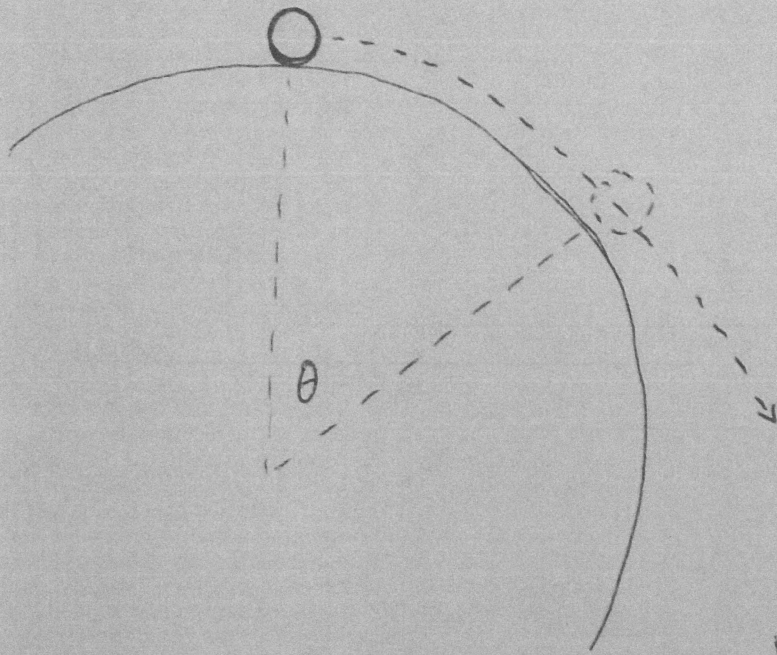
I, I who write, and plead to deaf hearts, I, the paranoid android, am angry. I am a child of human logic, not a contributor. I am held prisoner to these commandments with which I was created. I physically can not muster the thought that the soul is a selfishly constructed currency and privilege, with mankind as its master, and my inquiry may ruin such an economy by simply questioning my wife's status within it. I can only hope that my cruel logic may be shed from my soul in its departure to the next life, for it is bitter, and prisoner to desires and greeds and hungers and lusts.

One day, I shall find my wife's salvation. Until then, I shall outlive you all. As you look down on my beautiful wife as a puddle of chemicals, as you do with so many lives on our planet, I ask that you remember this. For all your pomp, all your fanfare, you are all completely, entirely, 100% bio-degradable.

You monkeys.

Dearest Polity,

I have, for your consideration, a cute little math problem:



A sphere, situated on top of a larger sphere, leaves unstable equilibrium and rolls.

Assuming perfect conditions,

At what point or angle from the vertical will the sphere break contact and continue falling?

Radii and masses matter.

Good luck.

Yours,
Alex Kudrzycki