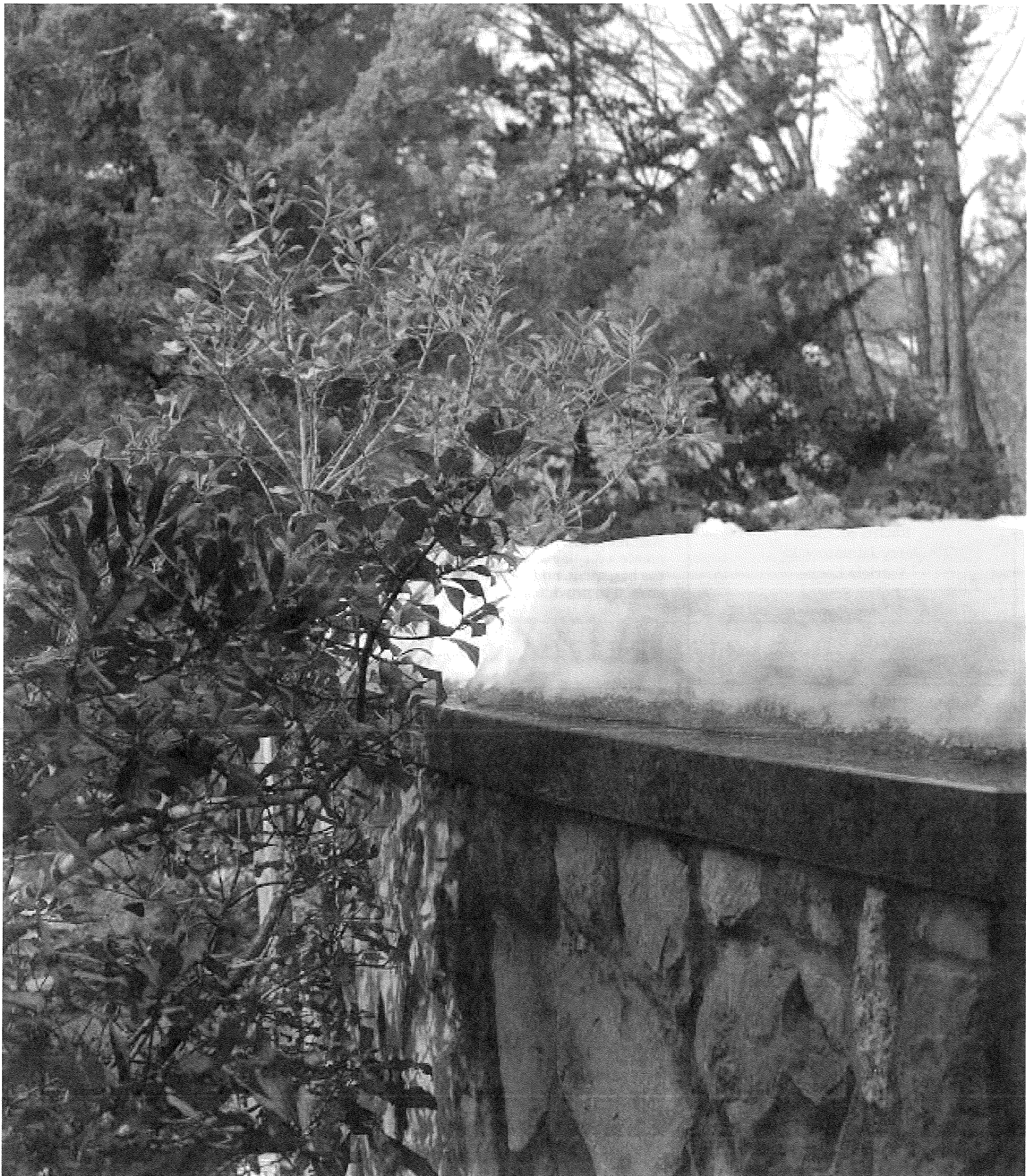


# THE GADFLY

An Incredible Personal Essay! • 04  
Why Liberals & Guns Can Coexist • 06  
Kira Reviews a Kitty Video Game • 08

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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.

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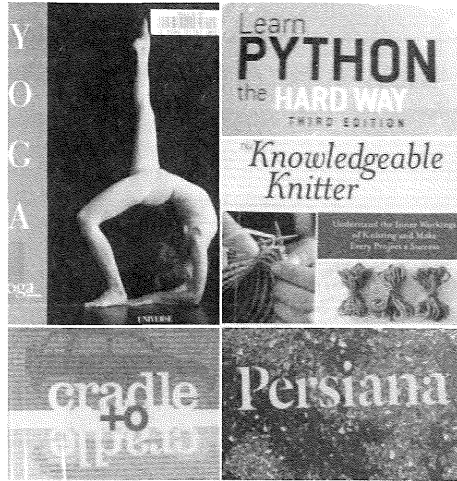
**STAFF**

Sebastian Barajas • Editor-in-Chief  
Kira Anderson • Managing Editor  
Cameron Byerly • Editor

**CONTRIBUTORS**

Elizabeth Akhvlediani  
Rachel M. Goad  
Jerry Januszewski  
Patricia Locke  
Judith Seeger

# Spotlight on the Greenfield Library Library Acquisitions



the Gaming Club Collection to allow the collection to circulate to the Polity. Moreover, there are various thematic books available (Yoga, Chess, Language Instruction, Cookbooks, etc.) in the Library collection based on lifestyle and interests of our community members. Library staff is open to new suggestions and is available to collaborate with any individuals/club or study group representatives in order to enrich our collection.

One way to make a recommendation on an item purchase is to fill out the Acquisition Request Form on Greenfield Library website:

<http://www.sjc.edu/academic-programs/libraries/greenfield-library/acquisition-request-form/>

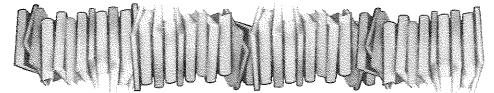
Or you can schedule an appointment with Associate Library Director of Greenfield Library, Cara Sabolcik (cara.sabolcik@sjc.edu) to meet in person and discuss the acquisition possibilities.

We are looking forward to hearing your suggestions!

The major part of Greenfield Library's collection consists of primary texts for the academic program. Nevertheless, Library staff constantly work to update the collection and make it suitable for the interest of our patrons.

Greenfield Library staff members have personally worked with various groups on campus, be it G.I. or Undergraduate study groups/clubs in order to support the groups by purchasing supporting material for them; some of these groups are: Environmental Club, Pink Triangle, Knitting Circle, G.I. Latin study group, Computer Programming study group, etc. This past fall, the Library staff met with the Environmental Club to create a display of environmental books in the basement, and met with the Gaming Club archon to provide a safe space for keeping

Elizabeth Akhvlediani (A'17)  
Greenfield Library Student Assistant

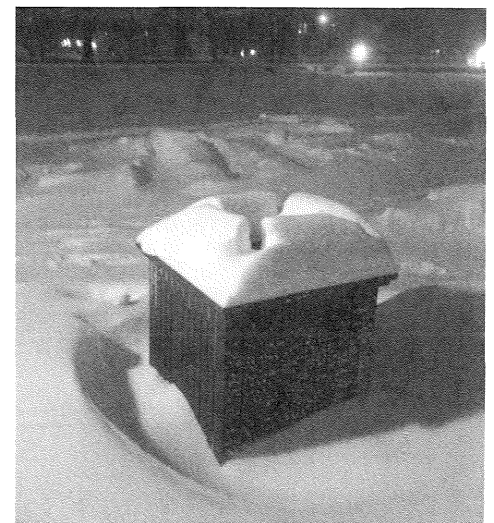


## BLIZZARD PHOTOS!

### From the Editors:

This is not a drill! Tubbs the Cat has gone missing! He hasn't come home to eat all of the food in the *Gadfly* office! If you see him please notify the nearest forklift operator and get him safely home to his mommy and daddy. We are worried sick! Also, we have a cat? Kira, we have to talk about this. I'm super duper allergic to cats. Seriously. It's life-threatening. It only takes two and half ounces of cat hair to induce an allergic reaction that will cause me to morph into a horrible cat! That's actually where most cats come from: they were once people who were allergic to cats. Little known fact. True story. True story...

-The *Gadfly*



- ▲ St. John's garbage cans are built to remain operational at temperatures of -65° C.
- ◀ Freshmen pose with their Titan Class snow fortress. Francis Scott Key would be proud!

# Smoking and Kissing in Aix-en-Provence

Patricia Locke Tutor

*This piece was originally accompanied by a color-coded map of France showing how many kisses are customary in each region. However, the black and white printing made this map illegible, so unfortunately, we have had to remove it. The map can be viewed at <http://www.radicalcartography.net/index.html?frenchkisses>*

Even with a delicious stack of books by my side in the early days of my sabbatical in France, I have ample time to people-watch. My tiny apartment is across the street from the Aix cathedral, up four winding flights of stairs, and this gives me that Impressionists' "under the eaves" perspective. Of course, I vary this with loitering in an outdoor café, an unread paper and un noisette (nuh-wah-zet) at hand. Here are my initial observations:

The Aixois are very adept at doing one thing at a time. Few people walk around carrying a cup of coffee, fumbling with their phones. No snacking, no eating while walking or driving. Only students have earbuds in, cone of silence enveloping them. Even the many smokers, unabashed about their habit, pause to inhale when they light up. When the homeless guy outside the church bums a cigarette, smokers sit conversationally on the stone bench with him and appreciate the moment, before heading briskly off on their appointed rounds.

One afternoon, I was startled to see the changing of the police on duty in front of city hall. Smartly dressed, both male and female cops kissed each other as they passed on their tasks. It warmed me to see men air-kissing while grazing each other's cheeks, and I felt very protected. Tip: never, ever give French acquaintances an American-style bear hug, which feels way too intimate. Instead, touch cheeks on the right, then left, and if you really mean to indicate warmth, right one more time.

Aix has a serious outdoor café culture. Mornings, le place hôtel de ville has small restaurant tables just touching a flower market filled with tulips and mimosa. By afternoon, the flowers are gone and more café tables take their place, along with musicians singing opera and passing a hat. On Saturdays, one can assess fashion-forward wedding attire, as bridal parties roll up to briefly register their marriages before heading off to a many-hour feast. Just last evening, a couple of big screens were set outside, so that people could watch soccer together under the full moon and the severely pruned plane trees that

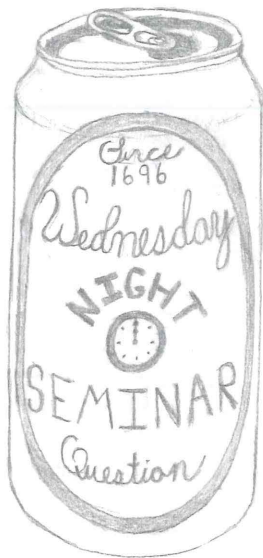
watch over le place richelme.

My pals all meet at Happy Days café on Fridays for an apéro; kids run around in the twilight or collapse in a chair with a slice of pizza while the adults catch up. Mind you, this is January, so some tall space heaters make sitting outside quite pleasant. Sometimes there are 20 people, sometimes 5 or 6, but you can be sure that someone will fill you in on what is playing at the cinema. Right now, besides the theatre that runs VO movies (version originale: English, Chinese, Japanese anime) there is a month long retrospective of the La Nouvelle Vague films of Jacques Rivette. If you like Truffaut or Godard, check him out.

Lunch is long and savored. All children have a hot lunch at school and learn what a proper cheese course is. No packed pb&j, no hot dogs. Actual sautéed spinach. Likewise for adults, with an entrée, main course and light dessert with an espresso, before they return refreshed to their work. No sandwich crumbs on the laptop. No coffee drunk from cardboard cups.

Some days I find this all quite annoying: who dictates that one must get fresh vegetables in the morning, and ought not order "un café crème" after noon? Absolutely one must not walk around town in exercise clothes. But why is this annoying? Isn't it remarkable to go by the sun and the cathedral bells in a daily rhythm that provides ample time to eat, converse, rest and work? Why not aspire to elegance and harmony with one's surroundings? I ask you.

Au revoir,  
Patricia Locke  
Tutor



Q: If everything aims at the Good, then how do you explain Disney villains? ♦

## Notes from the Other Side: 7

*Watercolor: Going Up the Xingu River in the Rainy Season in an Aluminum Motorboat (December 1972 or so)*

Judith Seeger Tutor

Billowing curtains of rain smudge the forest.  
Pillars of mist rise like smoke from the river.  
Falling and rising the boundaries are blurred.  
The world is a study in gray.

What could be more fragile than our little boat beating its way upriver against the fierce torrent draining the high plateau?  
When the motor falls silent we drift in a moment  
much farther downstream than we've come.

A black tattered tarp keeps out some of the rain,  
while the cold silver hull makes a hard drizzly bed,  
as lulled by the deep throb of the laboring motor  
I dream the long hours away.

# Seeking Sophrosyne

Rachel M. Goad A'19

Have you ever tried to measure the circumference of your thighs?"

The ice cream I had been delightfully doting on suddenly tasted like brine. At once, all of my capillaries spilled shame into my skin; I recoiled, a snail being bopped in its eye, back inside myself, back within the shell that secured me from the outward salt-strike.

Mall patrons swarmed about, hasty feet moving hasty legs, hasty hearts under hasty heads. My heart was stapled to my sternum, seduced by listlessness. That numbness I'd come to call my own bloomed into my torso, whispered motion into my limbs, and turned me round.

Please, implored the twelve-year-old me as she made distance between herself and satisfied snickers.

Please, as she amputated her ice cream cone, as she abandoned it in the waste bin.

Please, as she went home and consumed her discomposure.

The subsequent swell of her satiation was enough for the numbness to withdraw, and her feelings came out to play; regret was always the first to unveil itself, followed shortly by shame. She sifted them one-by-one through her mind until she exhausted the ready wellspring that was self-reproach.

If I'd had an ounce of the confidence that comprises me today, I would have steadily replied "Have you ever tried to measure the circumference of your brain?" to those boys. I would have allowed myself the essentiality of anger. I would have known that I didn't warrant those words—that no twelve-year-old girl ever warrants those words, no matter how wide she is.

Most importantly, I wouldn't have scrapped that ice cream, because Haagen-Dazs was the Rolls Royce of sweets and my allowance money made for a paltry sum.

I don't quite remember when I started substituting food for feelings. As a chubby child, I was told by my mother that I just needed to "outgrow my baby weight." I grew into a portly pre-teen; she invested in the Atkins diet program for me, bringing home pre-wrapped, processed "nutrition" bars, shakes, and microwaveable meals; I also nourished myself with pure proteins, ingesting cheeses and meats to any extent which pleased my palate. This was all permissible within the constraints of the diet plan, but there was no pleasure greater to me than to sneak away and squander my sustenance in the throes of gluttony. In these cases, pleasure was not pleasure, but the absence of pain; a neutron where it should have been a proton. I would lose weight per the terms of the diet, and as each pound slinked away, it would drag with it pieces of will power, discernment, and discretion. When I would have a lapse in perseverance, my mother would remind me that "No boy will want to date you if you're fat."

She meant well. She always means well. But my mother prefers *seeming to being*; so what if the wall is cracked if the paint is new? Deriving no self-esteem from herself, my mother swept all her unsavory facets beneath a rug. If I insisted we sort through them, she would snap at me, snatching the rug and rubbing its corners down. This was how she overlooked a loveless marriage. This was how she excused the atrophy that was our familial bond. And this was how she hid me. My mother would buy me clothes with the express purpose of deemphasizing my stomach (the largest part of me; I've always had comparatively small limbs.) She would have my hair cut so it thinned my face. She would embellish the parts of me that were acceptable and ensure the snags were stowed away. I followed suit. In this way, my body became unfamiliar to me. I only truly existed in the form of my potentiality, my eventuality. I began to keep valuable virtues in reserve: motivation, self-sufficiency, respectability, desirability—these would surely be hidden beneath the bulges I'd been obliged to budge.

I don't blame her. How might one know fear when it looks so much like sorrow?

Everything hinged on my becoming.

I convinced myself that fatness was formulaic: only lazy and useless duds had enough idle time to waste themselves to such a detestable degree. And this was how people began to react to me. Giggles and guffaws, initially, then outright indignities: the time a stranger responded to my photograph with regurgitation imitations; the time a friend of a friend yelled out "Here comes the whale!" as I walked towards him; the time a friend insisted that I "do myself a favor" by not eating.

Foolishly, blissfully, fatally, I swallowed each of these stones. They welded to my insides because I put them there, because I valued them enough to offer each a piece of my inestimable real estate.

As ludicrous as the concept seems, I did not yet know my body as a home, but as a bullpen. When I took the oath at fourteen to remain sexually abstinent until marriage, I knew that it went without saying. It was laughably presumptuous of me—who would care to caress me, let alone commit his or her life to me? At seventeen, when I shaved my head in support of a friend who'd been diagnosed with cancer, I knew that I would incur no loss. How could I become 'less beautiful' if I was not beautiful to begin with?

At eighteen, meeting my best friend tore a hole in the fabric of my perspective. She was (and is) brilliant, confident, courageous, compassionate; she was (and is) these things and otherwise unquantifiably beautiful. And she was (and is) fat. This was a Copernican shift in everything I had convinced myself.

How could she thrive as so many 'oxy-morons'? How could she be content and connected to herself in the satisfactory symbiosis of her own mind and matter? She excelled in this way because she simply made the decision that there need not be a distinction between "fat" and "happy." Beside her, I felt substantially insignificant, at least at first. She loved and lusted and leapt, and here I was, still coping with what I was allowed to feel and who I was allowed to be. During the dawn of our friendship, she turned to me and said, "Rachel, you are flawless." I doubt whether she holds that to be true now (and I wouldn't want her to), but for a moment, she had me believing that I could be a blessing to somebody else. I could enrich the life of someone just by being silly, speculative me. And she took my hands away from the malignant menagerie of thoughts which kept me dormant. Selflessly, she pulled me up to the promontory of *amour propre* and said, "Look."

I realized that it starts here—everything starts here. In a most wondrous epiphany, I understood that I would never cultivate contentedness from its converse. Love breeds love. I could not dismiss or deride myself if I hoped to know any degree of prosperity. People spend years, as did I, believing in the unattainability of an extraordinary existence (in others and in themselves.) This last segment of life has proven pivotal for me; I ran my first 5k, then three more; I've renewed my discernment of all things-dietetic; and I am striving for balance, self-control, and moderation in all that I am and all that I will be. Those successes come from me—not my numbness, not my stones, not my "eventually." I am through submitting my life to stagnance. There is simply too much beauty in and around me to let it go unrustled, too many words which must be satisfied, too many moments which must be mustered. And that salt, that accumulation of corrosive wills and words, will just have to keep my sprinting feet from slipping. ♦

“  
In these cases,  
pleasure was  
not pleasure,  
but the absence  
of pain.”

# The Scream

Jerry Januszewski former counselor

In Ireland, I fell in love with all sorts of radio programs: news, interviews, music and sports broadcasts. Journalists seemed unselfconscious and sincere, no matter the topic. The passionate, melodious Irish voice made even the Farm Report interesting.

Interviews with professional athletes in the United States are a cliché-ridden waste of time. But interviews with Irish athletes were great fun, with their quirky, honest comments, such as explaining how a player was absent because he was still “on the piss,” or the how certain referees were “wankers.” There were personalities with great names, like Mossy Quinn being asked, “So, can the Dubliners hold on to the lead, Mossy?” I loved hearing all their opinions. One sports commentator insisted Muhammad Ali was Irish.

I recall my bafflement listening to a story about the history of whoring. It was about how, in the past, only Scottish men were allowed to participate in whoring. In fact, whoring was just for men, period. If women tried to get involved with whoring, they were beaten and imprisoned. How could that be? It took me a while, but I finally figured out the announcer was saying *hurling* not *whoring*. Hurling is a beloved sport in Ireland, similar to field hockey. That made the story only slightly less weird.

From the radio talk shows, I learned the Irish people were generous and open to receiving Syrian refugees. Also, the music programs were consistently interesting, assuming one didn't mind half of them being about Van Morrison. I happen to like his music, and so one day an advertisement for a band that played only Van Morrison music caught my eye. The band's unique approach was that all songs were to be sung, not in English, but in Irish.

This was intriguing, but I still hesitated because over the years I'd grown weary of live music shows. I frequently felt an awkward, self-conscious irritation with musicians for excessive “performing” - the contrived mugging and bizarre facial contortions they seem to think is required. “Just play the music!” - I want to say. I usually prefer hearing music in a disembodied way; melodies wafting through the ether in the dark, sort of like one gets from the radio. I did buy a ticket for the concert though.

At the theatre I snagged a front row seat. The crowd was middle-aged and mellow. Suddenly ten musicians pounced onto the stage and started rocking out, catching the audience off-guard.

This was good. There was something about this band that was straightforward and free of the performer's guile that usually bothered me. I knew many of the songs with the English lyrics, but there were several songs I'd never heard before. The Irish words were mesmerizing.

For a change I felt very unselfconscious, which mirrored my perception that the musicians were sincerely into each song, and not just “performing” in an affected way. I got into the songs too and was so enthused, I ceased paying attention to the crowd around me. It was just the band and me, jumping up, whooping it up, whatever I felt. The musicians on my side of the stage seemed to notice my antics and I think they liked it, smiling at me and nodding.

One of the songs I'd never heard before was *Ballerina*. That title suggests something pretty and delicate, but they played the song with a hard edge. At one point the lead singer let loose a soulful howl, more like a scream. My eyes were locked on him and when he screamed, not only did he really mean it, but I felt like I was screaming as well, somehow inhabiting his scream, strange as that may sound. I'd never had that feeling before; it was connecting and transcending as if I had received the music into my body. My chest felt full of the emotion; the scream located dead center. In that moment an astonishing new thought exploded in my head: *I don't ever want to feel ashamed of*

*myself again.*

“What the hell was that,” I wondered, feeling stunned and relieved and delighted all at once. After the last song, the band ran off, but I clamored for an encore. When they came back, the musicians near me also looked delighted; laughing and giving me a thumbs up.

I left the theatre feeling so light and airy, like I could fly home, but I just couldn't go home yet. I sat down on some steps and looked around. This was Main Street Letterkenny. The Autumn air was chill, I could smell pizza nearby, and there were lively people all around. I could hear a guitar player strumming somewhere; it was Saturday night. The eyes of my soul seemed to be directed outward in all directions, even as my senses took everything in. There was no self-concern; I was accepting of everything I saw and felt without judgment.

This was a state of super-receptivity, birthed by the music and the musicians, and consecrated by a scream. I don't recall ever having screamed in my entire life. But this vicarious scream, from a song I didn't know in a language I couldn't understand, overshadowed my usual way of thinking things out. This was not something I did to myself; it was something received, like a radio transmission.

I looked again with affection at the people streaming this way and that. This was sweet and clear and distinctly sober. And I'm thinking: Wouldn't it be great if it were like this all the time? ♦

“ This was a state of super-receptivity, birthed by the music and the musicians, and consecrated by a scream. ”

## To the Future

♦ Sebastian Barajas A'17

As a teenager I longed  
For the shores of Mingulay,  
The Gray Havens  
Tolkien wrote of,

And I listened at my wardrobe door  
For sounds of Narnia,  
Whose yellowed pages seduced me  
More than girls at school.

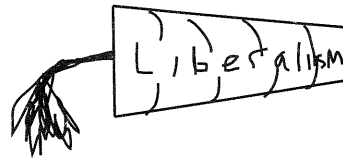
Now the second adolescence is here,  
With drinks at twenty-one,  
And night clubs where women argue  
Which Star Trek movie is best?

Age brings no peace,  
But only yellower books  
And the malt liquor taste of *Middlemarch*,  
The expectation of being something more,  
When everything is only more confused.

I melt in an agony of possibility,  
Too wise to sober up and too foolish to face facts  
About fairy tale bills in rent controlled kingdoms  
Where pages brown and blacken  
In artificial fires.

# THE LIBERAL CASE FOR GUN TOLERANCE

Sebastian Barajas A17



I'm a liberal. I believe in socialized healthcare, a progressive income tax, limited military, gay rights, and all of the good old gospels from the Book of Left. But over the years, I've been forced to draw a few large asterisks in this book, one of which is in my fellow liberals' attitude toward guns. I should make it clear that I'm not against strengthening our gun regulations—far from it. What I am against is gun intolerance: the belief that guns are inherently evil and that people who own them and defend the Second Amendment are morally reprehensible.

The arguments of gun-intolerant people tend to boil down to this: guns provide no substantial benefit to society, while providing an enormous and quantifiable liability. This is because they kill tens of thousands of innocent people each year, and don't do anyone any measurable good. I should note that most gun advocates argue against this last point. However, for the purpose of this article, let's assume this is true, and that guns serve no practical purpose.

It's a fact of reality that there are lots of accepted things that kill thousands (if not millions) of innocent people each year while providing few or no measurable benefits to society. For example: alcohol, unhealthy food, sports, smoking, cars, recreational sex, etc. But we consider all of these to be just parts of living a full life, and aren't willing to ban them just because they tend to kill lots of innocent people. I see no reason why owning a gun shouldn't just be classified alongside these.

Now, we could argue that guns are more dangerous than alcohol, fried food, or sex, simply because guns are specifically designed to kill people, whereas the others are not. But an object's intended use is beside the point. What matters is the harm it actually does in the world. This is why we don't worry too much about spears and cannons: although they're designed to kill people, they don't actually cause any appreciable harm anymore.

When we consider the big picture, we'll find that guns aren't as deadly as we think they are. Please indulge me on a few rough calculations: there are roughly 300 million privately owned guns in the country—which happens to be around one per person.<sup>1</sup> There are around 13,000 gun deaths each year, not counting injuries.<sup>2</sup> That's about 0.00004 annual deaths per gun.

Let's compare this to another prominent source of indiscriminate death: motor vehicle accidents, of which 32,675 people died in 2014.<sup>3</sup> There are roughly 250 million cars and trucks on the roads.<sup>4</sup> That's about 0.0001 deaths per vehicle, making a car 2.5 times as deadly as a gun.

Many of us will probably argue, "That's just because we're around cars a lot more than we're around guns." While this may be true, it doesn't weaken my point. I'm not claiming that spending a certain amount of time shooting a gun is less dangerous than spending the same amount of time driving a car. I have no idea whether this is true or not—and in any case it doesn't matter. What I *am* claiming is that in practice, given all of the real circumstances of the world, guns are less deadly than cars.

Hear me out on this point. We want to say, "But the difference is that no one needs a gun, whereas almost everyone needs a car." But this is simply untrue. Unless you live in a log cabin in the Rocky Mountains, you don't "need" a car (and even then, you probably have the option of living somewhere else). Some people might say, "Well, you see, I do need a car,

because I live in Manassas and work in D.C., and have to support my family." But no one makes us choose lifestyles like these. We *choose* to have a family that lives two hours of traffic from our workplace. If these kinds of arguments were acceptable, then whenever liberals tell gun nuts that they don't need guns, they could just answer, "Well, you see, I do need my gun, because all my friends and family are in the gun club, and how else am I supposed to hunt my food?" Beneath all the pretense, and all the excuses, driving and shooting are both lifestyle choices. By no stretch of the imagination does a normal person "need" a car, any more than he "needs" a gun.

Now, I think we as liberals can all agree that it would be better if there were fewer cars and fewer drivers, just as it would be better if there were fewer guns, and fewer gun owners. And we can all agree that society could in theory function perfectly without either one of them (except for a few industrial uses). But this doesn't mean that we don't have a genuine interest in both pursuits. We derive real satisfaction from driving cars, just as many people derive real satisfaction from shooting guns. The only difference is that we liberals tend to grow up forming cozy associations with our cars, while experiencing guns only on the news being used to commit crimes. We need to understand that in much of the country, people form exactly the same cozy associations with their guns that we do with our cars. Guns are unwrapped on Christmas morning and taken on family trips. They mark milestones and serve as heirlooms, and the family gathers around them and bonds over them. It's the height of cultural snobbery for us to insult these intimate experiences just because we're blinded by our own limited upbringing.

I think it would deal a great blow to our country's culture, and to the fullness of its life, if gun ownership were reduced to something that could no longer be called a freedom. Regulate guns? Yes. Monitor them? Absolutely. Let's do it more. But there is no reason to hate guns, any more than there is a reason to hate cars. Not only are there far better things to hate, this attitude goes completely against liberal doctrine's big selling point: valuing and tolerating cultures other than our own. Hating guns and the people who own them just shows how narrow-minded and illogical we are, and ultimately undermines all the good things liberalism is supposed to stand for. ♦

When we consider the big picture, we'll find that guns aren't as deadly as we think they are.

#### Sources:

- 1 <http://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2013/06/04/a-minority-of-americans-own-guns-but-just-how-many-is-unclear/>
- 2 <http://www.gunviolencearchive.org/past-tolls>
- 3 <http://www.nhtsa.gov/About+NHTSA/Press+Releases/2015/2014-traffic-deaths-drop-but-2015-trending-higher>
- 4 <http://www.latimes.com/business/autos/la-fi-hy-ih-automotive-average-age-car-20140609-story.html>

## Chess with Lucifer

◆Cameron Byerly A'19

### Part I

Your God and I sat Somewhere Else,  
and played a game of Chess,  
Beneath our pieces, gently pushed,  
Earth groaned with man's new stress.

We watched and planned for *Times to Come*,  
And learned of *Deathless Laws*.  
We pondered deep, we spoke and wrote,  
Yet presently, took pause.

"Oh King of Pain, foul Lucifer,"  
*he called me such in jest.*  
"This game of ours, again, is doom'd,  
Man falls just as the rest."

"In all our play, the pieces rise,  
And mine the board beneath,  
Their nest, on which their lives rely,  
Shall rot between their teeth."

"Same Will that rose them 'bove the Beasts,  
*Such pluck as we admire.*  
Is too entrench'd to cease in time,  
They're doomed in their desire."

"Agreed I am, oh Lord of Light!"  
*I called him such to mock.*  
"Might I suggest new spectacle?  
We crave some novel shock."

"In lieu of this repeated play,  
I wish to try a bet.  
Instead of watch them fall this way,  
Let me create new threat."

"I think I may, if given chance,  
Destroy man's clemency:  
If dressed as you, *with three short words*,  
Pervert their destiny.

"I'd give Commandment fresh to all,  
*Such as they never knew.*  
And they shall kill themselves outright,  
*Once they accept it's true.*

"You doubt my skills, mine brother dear?  
I shall complete this deed.  
And when I win, allow me this;  
Next game we play, *I lead.*"

And God laugh'd loud, and said to me;  
"What you suggest intrigues...  
I do have doubt you'll pull this stunt.  
They've borne such grand fatigues."

"You claim you merely need three words?  
Like Job, I must comply.  
I grant you leave, go speak your trick,  
We'll see if they should die."

His words upset me, so I turned,  
I left to test mankind.  
I'd prove him wrong, my brother God,  
*I'd tear apart your mind.*

When I had left, God chuckled soft,  
*(I know this recently).*  
He'd guessed my words, and said aloud:  
"Complete your irony."

### Part II

I came in Light upon mankind,  
And stole my brother's claim.  
They looked upon me as their God,  
*I found I liked that name.*

I looked below, I shook their sky,  
And spoke The Words to all,  
A gasp did roll across the Earth...  
And thus began the Fall.

The nations fell within the day,  
Their leaders fled in fear.  
Relief swept through your yearning mass,  
*My words were quite severe.*

Those Souls Enslaved all quit their work,  
The rich were now deprived.  
And waves of purest anarchy,  
Had finally arrived.

Who bother'd now respect their boss?  
All Those In Charge had lied.  
I'd ripped the spine from culture's back,  
And man was unified.

The jail that held you nine to five,  
Was now an empty hall,  
The money was not needed now,  
*It'd never been at all.*

My words, the end of how things were,  
The answer to man's prayer,  
Had set them free, and broke their world,  
I told them 'Life is Fair.'

### Part III

What reason now could hold excuse,  
For lean to work for fat?  
My words had cured the heart of this,  
Such balance ended that.

Unspoken Rules, man came to see,  
On which those Cruel relied.  
Came down like walls of Jericho,  
Your social contracts died.

Those factories, once filled and loud,  
Lay empty of their swine,  
I thought that this would cause collapse,  
*I thought the bet was mine.*

I had intent to break mankind,  
Mine int'rests purely cruel.  
*Yet something I had not foreseen*  
*Caused God to win our duel.*

This time they coined The New Dark Age,  
So poorly did they see.  
This was not true, it was not Dark,  
*They'd never been so free.*

For Pyramids, always rebuilt,  
Since you coined rich and poor.  
were useless now, for man had then  
Forgotten life before.

Man went and found his older life,  
Returned to better ways.  
New communes rose, those healthy tribes,  
and set my plans ablaze.

This grand new life, now far less cruel,  
*Allowed the Earth to heal.*  
These clans now worked for good of all,  
*This was their world ideal.*

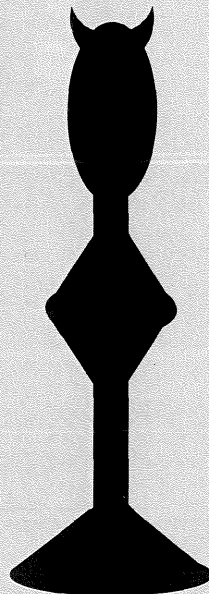
In one stroke I, without intent,  
Had solved two plights of man:  
Now no man was above his peer,  
And Earth had new lifespan.

While man had lost much of his world,  
At least he had survived.  
With his old pace, all life was doomed.  
Your Brave New World arrived.

And there, One Man, who'd once been rich,  
Gave cause for my last grin.  
He lost his wealth, he had no home,  
He'd practised every sin.

He climbed atop the highest peak,  
And shouted at the sky.  
It seemed his type could find no place,  
and he had come to die.

This gifted fool, who'd lost his world,  
Had proven too headstrong.  
He cut his throat, and bleeding, wrote,  
his words three, 'God is Wrong.'



# Game Review: Neko Atsume, Kitty Collector

Kira Anderson A18

I will preface this review by stating that both my brother and I will one day be crazy cat people, so it should be no shock that I love a game which consists solely of taking care of stray cats.

You start this game with a simple introduction to how the mechanics work. Cats visit your house, and leave different types of fish. These fish act as currency, so the gamer may buy new toys for visiting cats. The more you spend, the more cats will come by. If one spends gold fish, as opposed to silver fish, which are easier to come by, rare cats may show up. These cats are not only adorable, but also have pun-based names like "Joe DiMeowgio," "Saint Purrtrick," and "Billy the Kitten."

Now, this is a simple game. You can only see your backyard where the cats visit from a static viewpoint, as though you're looking out a window. You cannot interact with the cats when they visit. Some toys, though, have animations that cats can interact with. Cats never arrive or leave when you are looking at the screen, so there is not much animation involved at all. Regardless of how simple the concept is, this game is wildly popular, with five million downloads and receiving a straight 4.6 rating on the Android Play store. In the Apple store, Neko Atsume has a 4.5 rating, but gives no approximate download count.

Remember the Tamagotchi toys that were so popular? This is the phone-app version of those addicting little shits. So, I rate this game a solid 5 out of 5. It's fun, cute, addicting, and best of all? It's free.

## Johnnies' Responses to Neko Atsume:

◆ "It's an adorable game with entertaining animations, adorable cats, and a surprising amount of content. My only complaint is Tubbs. If I met that cat in real life I would 100% fight him. Overall, 10/10." - *Olivia Ferrante, Sophomore*

◆ "The little kitties make everything much less stressful. And when I forget to feed them for a week, nobody dies!" - *Anonymous*

◆ "You are: unimportant. Objective: More cats." - *Cameron Byerly, Freshman*

◆ "I only have one thing to say, 'DOWN WITH TUBBS!'" - *Anonymous*

◆ "Cat capitalism." - *Scout Brouns, Freshman*

◆ "Stop body shaming Tubbs. He is my favourite kitty by far. He knows what he's about, and that's Thrifty Bitz." - *Kat Mahaney, Freshman*

◆ "Other apps like 2048 get your attention by frustrating you, but Neko Atsume just entertains you by being cute." - *Kelsey Cuminsky, Freshman*

◆ "It's bad for procrastinating, good for people missing their pets." - *Falon Muire, Freshman*



## (MORE) BLIZZARD PHOTOS!



◀ Students brave the long and perilous journey up to McDowell after exploring the giant iced cake that is Annapolis this morning.

▶ This photo is either from the blizzard earlier this month, or the dining hall's catastrophic meltdown in the powdered sugar reactor in '72—it's hard to tell.

