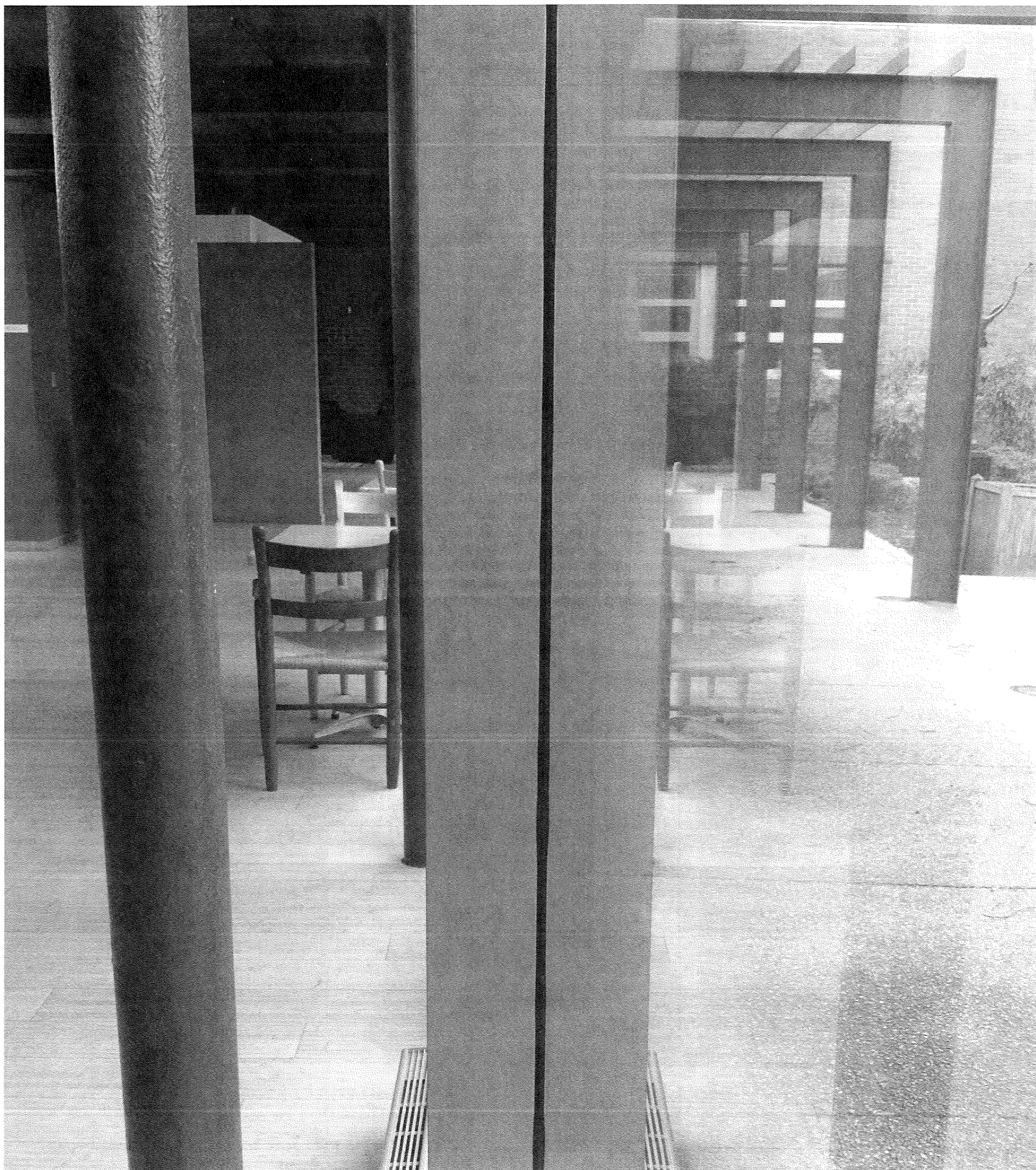


THE GADFLY

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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.

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From the Editors:

Some of you may have heard the rumors that Rupert Murdoch bought out the *Gadfly* for \$37.12 and a big belt of those lollipops you get at the doctor's office. While we can neither confirm nor deny that this buyout took place, you may rest assured, Polity, that our journalistic integrity is beyond reproach. Here at the *Gadfly*, Truth comes first, big payoffs for our staff second. It may be a close second, but dammit, that's still second. We don't do this for the money. And I certainly don't do this just to fund my expensive CVS brand mouthwash habit. No, we exhale the fresh airs of unbiased reporting into the face of the Polity. And that's final.

-The *Gadfly*

Spotlight on the Greenfield Library

FAQ

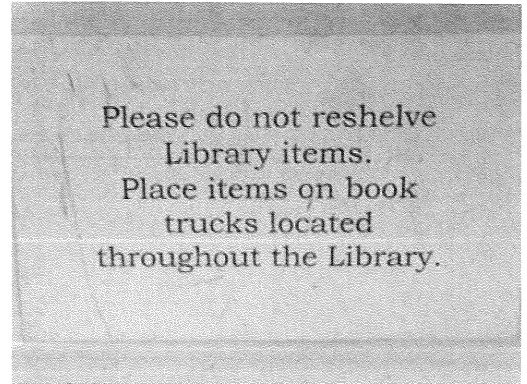


Last semester Greenfield Library introduced a Q&A Board where the Library visitors are given chance to leave their question and get a response on it. The library staff has been keeping track of the Board. In this article I decided to answer the library-related question that has been asked most.

You probably noticed that book trucks throughout the library have a sign that says: "Please do not reshelve Library items. Place items on book trucks located throughout the Library." Some of you were wondering why we ask you not to reshelve Library items.

Every day Library staff walk around the library and collect items that are on tables and carts throughout the building. We then scan those items in the system and shelve the items back to where they belong. Scanning in items allows the Library to keep statistics on the frequency of usage of Library items. These statistics allow us to get an idea on, for example, what the most popular items, authors, or publications are. This information is very helpful when making acquisition decisions and gives staff a sense of how collections are being used.

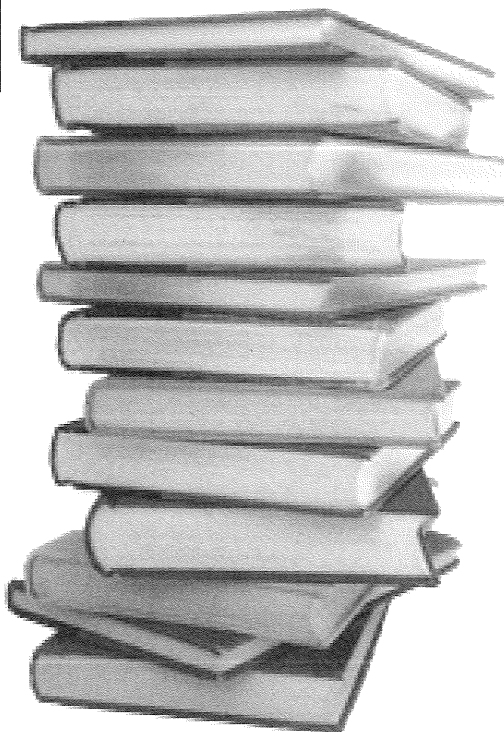
Besides statistics, Library assistants undergo quite a bit of training, which includes learning how to shelve items properly using the Library of Congress classification system (we are even tested using a computer program LC Easy, which features a wizard, yes a wizard, to make sure that we understand how to sort and



shelve items). In order to keep Library items neatly placed in their proper places, so that they can be found, it is best if trained staff do the work. So don't be afraid to leave items on tables and carts. We want you to!

I hope this answers your question! We encourage you to ask more questions and we will do our best to address them! Meanwhile, keep in mind that the deadline for the Book Collecting Contest is January 21st!

Elizabeth Akhvlediani (A'17)
Greenfield Library Student Assistant



Immortal Spirit

◆ Ivan Romanovich Syritysn

Immortal Spirit everlasting
I have come far to hear your groan
Immortal Spirit come beside me
To teach me with your wordless moan.

How much it took to say I love you
How much it took to see my wrong
To tear the veil and to adore you
To hear you even while alone.

I pine for you with every moment
My Love, what do you have in store?
By need I'm living through your essence
That all around you must adore.

Yet will I ever reach the moment
When I'll embrace you in my arms?
You are a wisp eternally floating
And all who see you know your charms.

Eventually I'll know that answer
I wait for now my good or ill.
And so, dear Spirit, come much closer
Until I finally have my fill.

Why You Should Attend the Marchutz Summer Program

Sarah Stickney Tutor

If St. John's teaches you how to think by extended, serious engagement with books, the Marchutz School teaches you how to see by means of extended serious engagement with the visual world.

It is surprising how little time we spend truly looking at things given that we use our eyes from the moment we wake up until the moment we fall back asleep. We are quick to ignore what the eye takes in, quick to assume we know what everything looks like. Imagine looking at everything with the care you devoted to the magnolia for a couple of days in Freshman Lab, and you will have some sense of what it is like to be at the Marchutz School. It is a continual awakening to the strange marvel of the world.

The curriculum is very simple: paint, look at paintings by masters, look at the world, talk about all of the above at a weekly seminar, and then go back to painting. Of course in between there is ample time in which to study the art of flânerie, to watch the light move across the golden stones of the old buildings, to eat cheese, to work on your French.

The school is located in Aix-en-Provence, in the South of France just inland from the ancient port of Marseille. It was founded by the Romans, became the capital of Provence in the Middle Ages, and has remained a center of art and learning ever since. You can trace its history architecturally out from its center like the spiral of a snail shell. Stand under the spreading plane trees of the Cours Mirabeau or sit down at the Café Deux Garçons where Zola, Hemingway, Heidegger, Milhaud, Picasso and Cendrars have also taken their ease. Follow the sound of water in this "City of a Thousand Fountains" until you find the perfect place to have a glass of wine in the cool of the evening. Wander out into the country where you will smell wild rosemary and thyme as you tread them underfoot.

The two professors at the Marchutz School, Alan Roberts and John Gasparach, studied with its founder, Leo Marchutz. Marchutz came from his native Germany to Aix in order to study Cézanne, and began to teach there. Though the spirit of Cézanne watches over the school the way his favorite motif, the Montagne Ste. Victoire

watches over Aix and the surrounding landscape, the school does not subscribe to any particular style of painting. If you have never held a paintbrush you are welcome. If you are a long-practiced artist, you are welcome. John and Alan are as generous, as intelligent, as broad-minded, and as devoted to your education as any teacher you will find. Their endless energy will keep you painting or talking or walking in any kind of weather or mood.

Of course, I don't pretend to speak about the school from a neutral perspective; I am deeply and personally grateful to the Marchutz School. It allowed me to better love the things I cared for, and to begin care for things I hadn't known I loved. It helped me to start becoming "one of the people on whom nothing is lost" as Henry James advises one to be in his remarks on the art of fiction. Above all, the school helped me begin to understand how to put my St. John's education to work, which brings me to an important point.

Your work at St. John's provides you with a dense, bright kernel of potency that will last you as long as you live. But it is your job and your job alone to discover what kind of pursuit will cause that seed to grow. One of the best ways to figure out what might satisfy you during the rest of your life is to try out different things. I am here advocating the Marchutz School's summer program as a good venue in which to do just that, but I want to make a wider claim while I'm at it. When you leave here, or during your summers, consider doing something radically different from what you do while you're here. Study with a boat builder, or spend time at a monastery and take a vow of silence. Try working a desk job and getting a paycheck, or living in a teepee and trading pieces of quartz for eggs to eat. Move to where you must speak a language other than English, and spend time with people who are not like you. Use your hands, live in your skin, try painting, for instance. ♦

Program Dates: June 4th - July 17th

For further information and to apply please contact:
Sarah.Stickney@sjc.edu

Notes from the Other Side: 6

The Mystery of the Tapir's Anus

Judith Seeger Tutor

One day someone killed a tapir—enough meat for the whole village in those days!
And they gave us the anal sphincter—well boiled, to be sure, but still—the anus!
The body part we always laughed about!

Why did they give us the tapir's anus?

Was it a delicacy?

Was it a joke?

Was it acknowledgement that we were the only ones in the village whose teeth might be strong enough to chew it? (They weren't; we tried.)

What do you do with a tapir's anus?

Cut it up somehow and eat it?

Wait until dark and heave it into the woods or the river?

In the end, we gave it back: "This is not sweet to us."

Why did they give us that tapir's anus?

I didn't ask them then and I didn't ask them later.

I guess I decided that some things don't need to be known.

Don't Follow Me

♦ Anonymous

What does it take to lock you in?
Keep you from the smoky room
Where smoky things happen?

Your conscience knocks along my spine,
Grinding orange juice pulp,
Inks and colors bleeding out of me.

Where can I go to outrun your trust?
Where your agents cannot find me,
Try to save me from the overseas?

Stay in the town where you were born.
Talk about the weather.
Don't follow me.

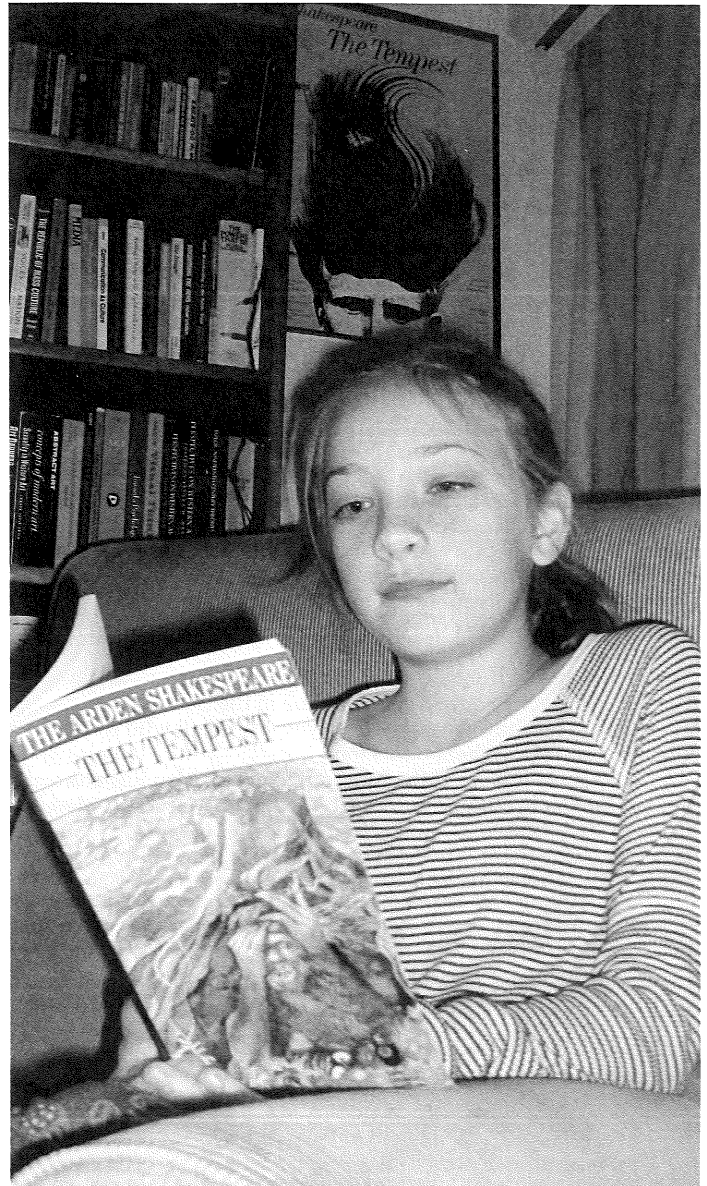
Animated Shakespeare?

Abigail Petrich Prospective Student

At my elementary school in Severna Park, we are reading a book about a twelve-year old boy whose teacher is making him read Shakespeare. Why doesn't our teacher make us read Shakespeare, too? Anyway, the first play the boy reads is *The Merchant Of Venice*. My teacher wanted us to understand the play's plot, so she made us watch a video. At first I was very happy because I thought we were going to watch a real movie of the play—BUT NO—we had to watch the ANIMATED version! And do you know why? Because the play is "violent" (something about paying a debt—when you don't have the money—with your own flesh), and because it shows a Jew being evil, which is bad to show to people. But all people are evil sometimes... like my older brother, Louie. I learned to deal with it. And I even miss him for all that (he's a freshman now). As for violence, the play *Macbeth*, which my daddy loves to recite (too loud sometimes), is about a mass murderer, with blood everywhere, and wild witches, and ghosts, and corpses, and murky hell, and a beautiful Lady who bashes babies' brains out! Now THAT'S violence—not like *The Merchant Of Venice* with its one pound of bloodless flesh. Even *Macbeth* has to learn to deal with evil, and he's a pro. At first he doubts himself and everything around him. Remember when he is about to murder the king? He asks himself, "Is this a dagger I see before me, the handle towards my hand?" He has to learn to see it. And then to grasp it. And then... well, anyway, the boy in the book has to read another play called *The Tempest*, which takes place on an island. I already know about island life—we go there a lot—so before my teacher could entertain our class with more animated videos (she doesn't understand something my brother just taught me, that there is nothing more evil than a false opinion), I pointed out that my dad likes to perform Shakespeare on stage, and so we asked him to come and do something from *The Tempest* with his friend, Mr. Will Williamson. I asked them to do some Caliban, an islander, like this: "Toads, bats, and beetles spit on ye," or "The red plague rid ye," and maybe even "The southwest wind blow on ye and blister you all over." But I'm afraid all that good stuff might be counted as too "violent" for Severna Park. I can yell these lines at my mother, and she won't know what I mean, or she'll think I'm just "brushing up my Shakespeare" (hehehe).

I guess there is nothing more I have to say for now, except be good, and "Goodnight, Goodnight, parting is such a sweet sorrow."

-Abigail Petrich, prospective student, Age 10, with a little help from her father. ♦



Q: What circle of Dante's hell would you be in if you betrayed Satan? ♦

The Jesuit and the Grandfather

♦ Sebastian Barajas

I am the grandfather,
Guess my age.
My daughter is younger
Than I am older
Than this bottle of Chardonnay.

My son-in-law served in Iraq,
My granddaughter's dating,
My nephew is too old to cry.
So how old am I?

I am the Jesuit.
Fifty-five?
Christ.
They must not teach math anymore.

When I was a kid,
Everyone understood
All grandparents are precisely
Sixty-seven years old,
Until they die at eighty.

That St. John's must have
Some serious holes
If you can't add and subtract
Like a grown-up.