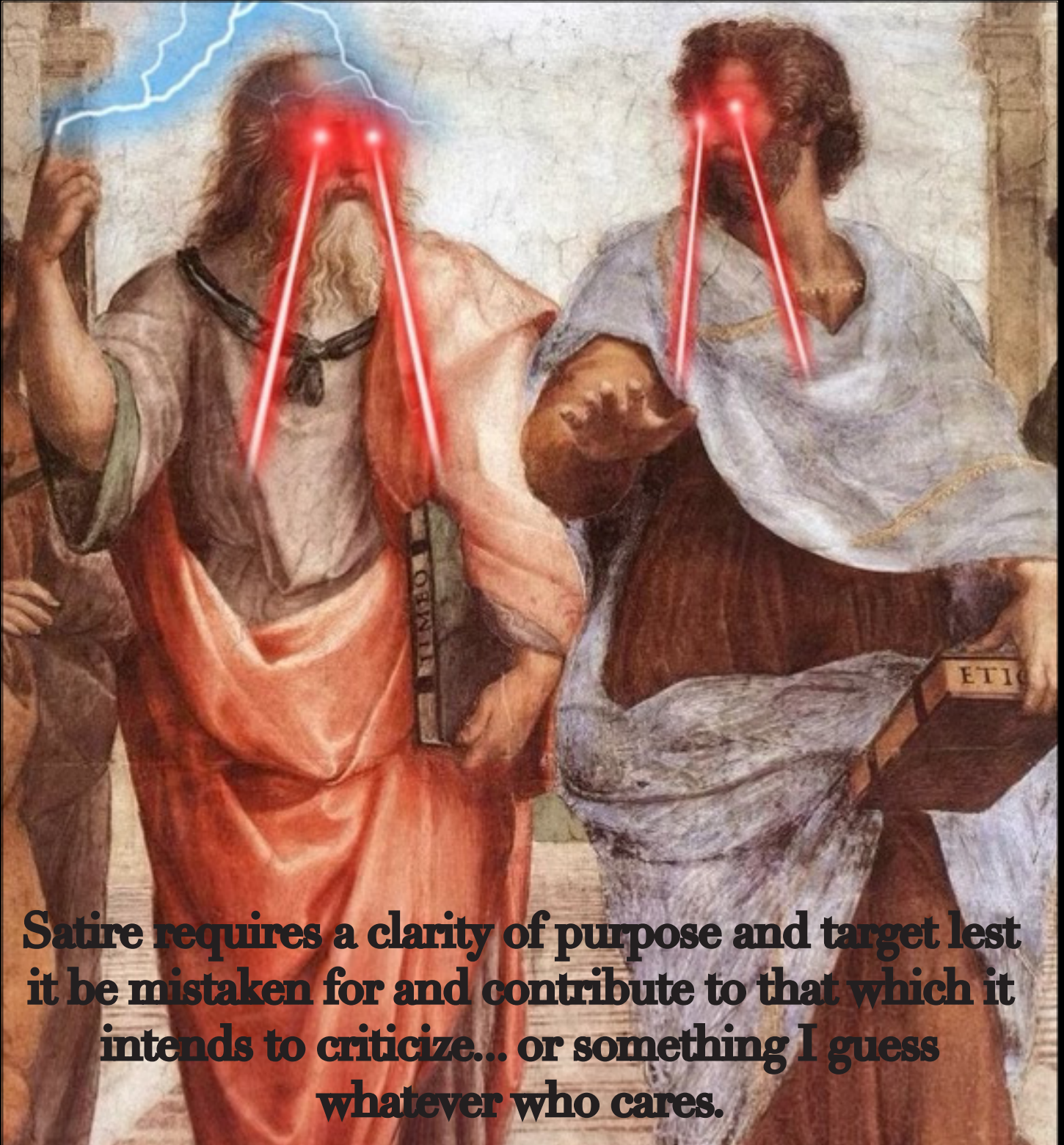


# THE BADFLY

St. John's College  
Annapolis, Maryland

THE EVIL ISSUE

April 24, 2023  
Vol. XLIV, Issue 9



**Satire requires a clarity of purpose and target lest it be mistaken for and contribute to that which it intends to criticize... or something I guess whatever who cares.**

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## Letter from the Editor

Oh my god if I have to spend one more minute procrastinating putting this issue together I'll freaking explode. THIS IS THE BADFLY. It's like the Gadfly but not good. Wait no. It's like the Gadfly but evil. Like if Mario would read the Gadfly, then Wario would be a Badfly guy. It's like good and evil, God and Satan, heaven and hell. So, anyways then, welcome to hell. If you cretins want there to be a more robust, informative, and respectable Letter from the Editor, then you're missing the point which, I mean, of course you would. Shut your trap, strap in and shut off that really loud part of your brain that's so constantly self-centered and insecure and anxious. Just for fifteen minutes at least, allow yourself a minute away from having to be you and give yourself some freedom from Freeing your Mind.

Imbibe in some good old fashioned it'll-melt-your-heart and warm-your-soul satire, it's good for you. If you can't even do that, then you shouldn't even be at, you shouldn't go here, I-i-i, you shouldn't study philosophy at all and should probably be at comedy school, learning how to laugh and about being funny in general. Maybe then you'll actually start doing the goddamn readings. To leave you with one final thought before I explode, Energeia should really doing an evil issue like we do. It's such a good idea that I decided to mock up what a Badfly-esque turn for our school's lit mag might possibly look like, totally free of charge of course.

Anwyas, gotta go. Get bent! Never stop partying! And if you haven't already this week, call your mom she'd love to hear your voice!

-Daniel Nathan, Editor-in-chief

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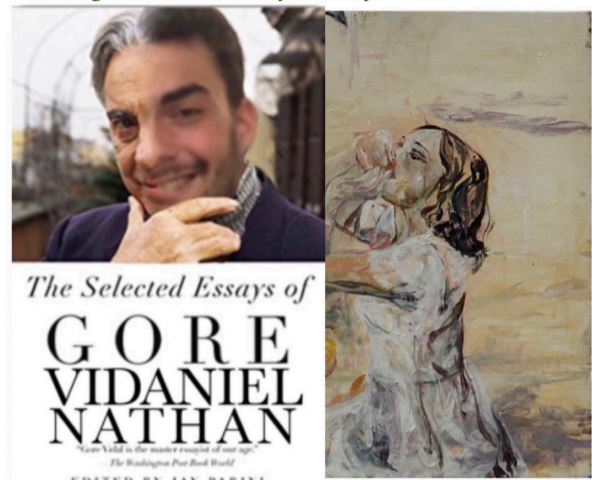
## DANIELGEIA

"Sooo gooooooood" - Stringfellow Barr Winter 2022

"A student lit mag actually worth your time." - Joan Didion

"I fuckin love it dude. I usually don't get to giggle and cr. in the same day. I did that reading this. Oh god here it comes I'm gonna start crying again." - Hegel

"Reading this blew the rest of me away." - JFK



## *A Guide to Being a Great Small College Gossip*

Do you, a student of a small liberal arts college, find the existential torments of philosophy passé? Does the dread of life outside this entirely unrealistic bubble leave you cold? Have you stopped being impressed by what dozens of white men have died for? My dear, I have a solution to your woes: small college gossip (SCG). Do it loudly, do it everywhere, but most of all do it well.

The mathematics of SCG are an exercise in human madness. In theory, a larger school ought to have more events and therefore more things to gossip about, but woe to the disbeliever when I say: SCG is exponentially more common, more potent, and more strange. What's more, everyone knows everything about everyone (you can go an entire year at a school of 3500 not knowing you have caused bitter divides amongst your classmates; you cannot go a day at a school of 350 without knowing your classmate's opinion on your lunch (passable this time, though everything you eat seems to be brown)). Rather than label this social environment a cesspool, take it as an opportunity. Here's how:

**Startling:** All SCG should be personally, ethically, and maybe even ontologically startling: every phrase should strike the listener into a state of disbelief so intense that they begin to doubt their religion. (It's all about those marked nouns: Yeezy, Jeffery Dahmer, dead-man's-kiss. My ears should be tingling)

**Violent:** Hearing that two people broke up is boring (WASPs come and go!); hearing that a person was defenestrated from the third floor of a dorm during a breakup is gold (look at Molly go!).

**Common:** The great benefit of a small school is that everyone is forced to know each other on sight; abuse this by making every single aspect of your stories something everyone has in common: teachers, locations, boyfriends. (An orgy becomes far more relevant when it happened on my favorite table in the dining hall.)

**Public:** All your classmates, teachers, even the person you're gossiping about is bound to hear what you said, so why not stand in front of the largest lecture you can find and clearly state that Ms. Thoroughgling's fursona was seen selling LSD to the president of HEDCAT

(Historical European Dancing Club with Added Techno) at a swinger's event last week.

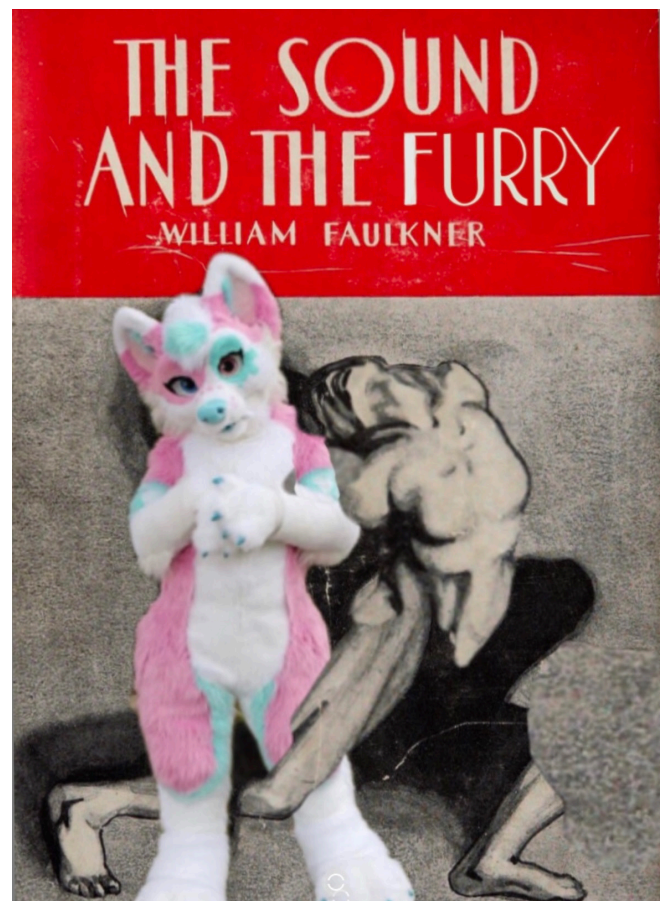
**Respectful:** Remember, gossip is like having a roommate: respect for everyone involved is in the rules and those rules are meant to be shattered by inviting 17 people over to do lines off of the windowsills.

Putting it all together, let me provide you, my lovely reader, an example of pure SCG: Did you know the person who signs their articles B.S. (what an asshole move, as if we all know your initials) drank so much scotch during class (McDowell 24) last week that he stood up, smacked one of his classmates, and promptly declared himself king of the newly freed nation state of Middle-Scotland (he pissed himself shortly thereafter)?

Take it and run, you little demons with tote bags.

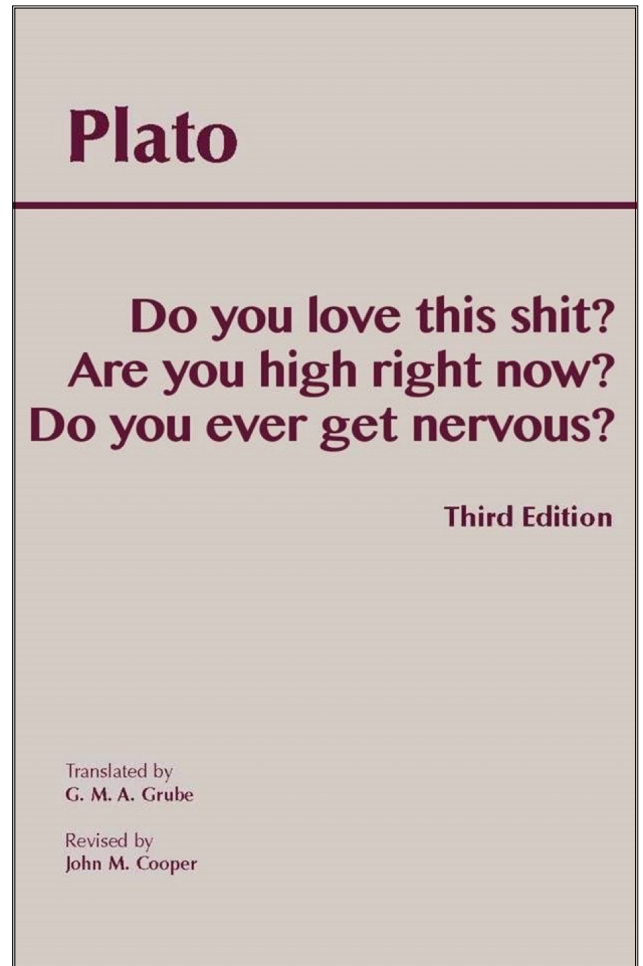
Your gossip girl,

B.S.



## *The Yellow Pages? Freshmen Class Suspect- ed of Committing Vile Acts with Program Texts*

The freshman are wildin' out. Water-damaged copies of program books have been turning up around campus with similar yellow staining on the pages and an all too familiar raunchy smell. At first, it was only one or two books here and there turning up in this mysterious condition. But then the floodgates opened. A Euclid or two, acrid copies of Thucydides, and an assortment of dialogues by Plato; all covered in piss and smelling like yellow death. When Aristotle's Politics came around, the freshman reacted with vigor...and urine. No one knows for sure how the tradition got its feet off the ground, but the freshman have been pissing on their books like nobody's business, and it does not seem like they will be stopping anytime soon. Taylor Waters had this to say: "I get it. Some program authors said some things that audiences of today find upsetting. But just because Aristotle was a huge slavery guy that doesn't mean it's right to check out every copy of Politics from the library, urinate all over them, and then return them. Even though they eventually dry out, we're still stuck with the issue of the smell."



## *A Comedy Joke for Laughing Purposes Targeting Students at St. John's College, a Liberal Arts College in Annapolis, Maryland*

What's the difference between a Johnnie and a block of dry ice?  
Dry ice is cool when it smokes.

## *Our Johnnies, Fair Johnnie, Ever Beaten Down*

I love the brick everywhere  
I love the history in the air  
I love how everyone is kind  
Kind of delusional and kind of blind  
Blind to how kind of delusional we all are  
I love the rampant delusion the most by far

I also love these young great minds  
I just love how they think  
They think they are great  
I love how these great minds tend towards hate  
In the name of a sympathy: sick, serpentine  
I love how much we love to agree in each debate

I love how when two do disagree  
I love how they go round and round  
I love how we love how our voices sound  
It's akin to beauty reflected in a pool  
Although anymore I'm not so sure there is much beauty left  
in this our school

I love how two can take differing sides  
I love how those sides are defended well and strong  
How the debate can be so tediously long  
How so many flowery words are said on both sides  
How both sides can happen to be so wrong

I love how useless we all are  
I love how so many of us will go so far  
I love how going far relates to relative accounts  
I love how little to many our education amounts  
I love that some will sweat and toil  
I love how some little shits were just planted in richer soil

I love how our school is like a polity  
Nay not a polity  
A city for Our name not substance  
A place to stand and babel as we will  
The housing filled with mold and rats  
Drug addicts and cheap virtue bought by brats

I love how saying this makes many a reader's eyes roll  
I love how kind hearted but cutting truth means less than  
honeycombed placating words  
I love how freed minds can entrap their own soul  
I love how all the nihilism, hedonism, dogmatism,  
generalism is taking its toll  
I love how freeing minds from reality was never the goal



## Seminar Quotes Mix and Match

By ANNA MARGULIES

Can you guess which quote goes with which seminar text? Using the list of texts down below, match the quote with the freshman reading!

1. "They've got training and muscles and that's all that they can trust." \_\_\_\_\_
2. "It's not like he'd drive him to the airport...that's true love." \_\_\_\_\_
3. "Owning a bird is kind of a collaborative art." \_\_\_\_\_
4. "They actually tried that in the Soviet Union. It didn't work." \_\_\_\_\_
5. "Socrates would've loved Full House" \_\_\_\_\_
6. "If he does anal it'll be to all their benefits." \_\_\_\_\_
7. "Killing an entire civilization is a bad use of resources." \_\_\_\_\_
8. "Polyamorous or whatever his name is" \_\_\_\_\_
9. "It could be but not be." \_\_\_\_\_
10. "Lindsey Lohan's dream was to be mentioned in our seminar." \_\_\_\_\_
11. "There's a fair number of imbeciles here." \_\_\_\_\_
12. "I'd rather be a good bath-man than a poor busser." \_\_\_\_\_
13. "Socrates lives the philosophical life—he doesn't get involved in politics and he doesn't care about his family." \_\_\_\_\_
14. "Stop reading and maybe start actually doing things." \_\_\_\_\_
15. "Did you just say murder is wrong? Do you have a citation for that?" \_\_\_\_\_



*The Republic*

*Clouds*

*Apology*

*Phaedo*

*Oedipus Tyrannus and Oedipus at Colonus*

*Medea*

*The Peloponnesian War*

*Parmenides*

*Theaetetus*

*Sophist*

*Nicomachean Ethics*

*The Symposium*

8. Οὐδὶπὸς στ. Κολωνοῦ

Δ. τῆς Πελοποννησιακῆς

Ε. Clouds

Ζ. τῆς Κεβερλίου

Θ. τῆς Κεβερλίου

3. τῆς Θεαίτητου

5. τῆς Συμποσίου

Γ. τῆς Πελοποννησιακῆς

ἀντιστ. Κεϋ:

12. Πραεδο

14. Νικομαχεῖαν ἠθικ

13. τῆς Σοφιστ

15. τῆς Σοφιστ

11. Οὐδὶπὸς Τυραννὸς

10. τῆς Θεαίτητου

Θ. Παρμενίδης

## *The Class of 2023's Magical Four Year Dry Spell*

Here's a hearty congratulations to the Senior class of 2023. Four crazy years have passed by, and after making it through unprecedented times with some unprecedented interruptions to boot, none of y'all have ever had sex. This is quite the achievement and every member of the graduating class should feel proud that they could do their part in securing this towering achievement. Weird how 90% of the class of 2023 is bisexual yet no one can really know for sure. How did they manage this triumph? Was their ability to completely avoid any sex relationship for four year based on something like fear? Watched anime? Found r/asexual? Found Jesus? Or was it some soul-shattering internal pathos? Or SSRIs lowering the libido? Or was it just simply by having absolutely no game at all? Exactly what made this accomplishment possible is really anyone's guess, but one cannot help but feel pride in this St. John's class and their sexual incompetence and inadequacies. The current freshman, sophomore, and junior classes can only

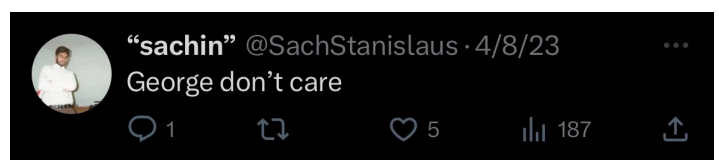
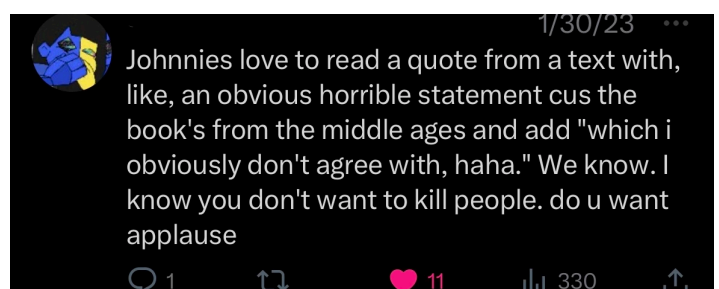
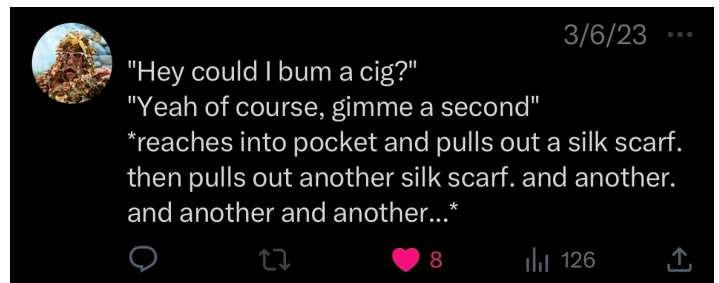
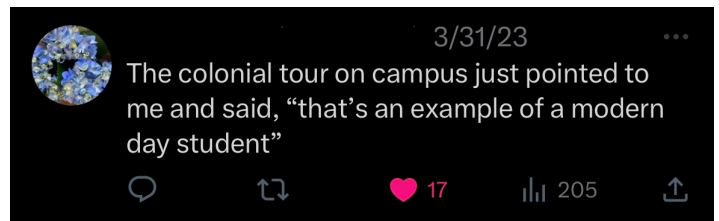
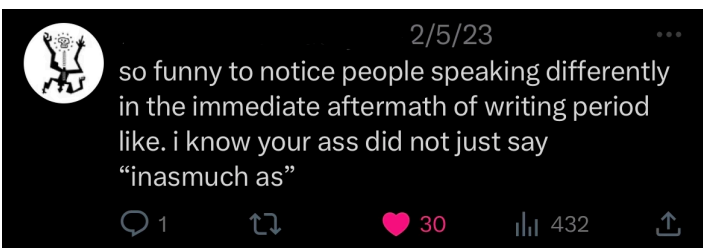
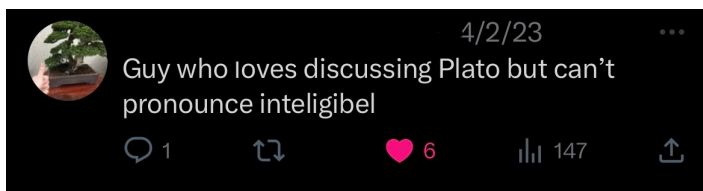
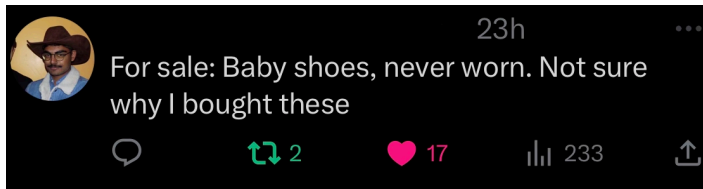
sit in stargazing awe and hope to one day be so lucky as to scale heights and taste a victory as sweet as this. So far though, the Junior class does seem to still be going strong in their involuntary celibacy with only one more year to go left at St. John's. It can't be counted short of miraculous that the entire graduating class will be sent off, whether it be to grad school or to their parents' basements, pure and chaste. Here are some surefire tips for avoiding sex so you TOO can feel like you're a part of the class of 2023: Tell your crush your favorite Jewish joke, argue with them about your favorite Catholic theologians no matter how little they care, sprint everywhere you go on campus, interrupt any woman who attempts to speak in seminar, expound upon the virtues of the "motion of the ocean, not the size of the boat," challenge people to rap battles in the dining hall, cry publicly and violently, get a girlfriend or boyfriend, be pro-life, be yourself.

Understanding corruption:

**"Let's say you take a fine, upstanding 18 year old and send him to college, and three months later you ask him to take out the trash and he says, 'Define trash.' Is that corruption?"**

Kevin Dungey

## *Selections from SJC Twitter Pt. 1*



## whorescope

whorescope

aries:  
this is your month to be a slut

taurus  
believe it or not, slut.

gemini:  
slut. what else.

cancer  
sluuuuuuut

leo  
slut  
virgo  
sllut  
libra  
slut

scorpuo.  
youll be surprised by this but, you know what never mind.  
dlut.

sagittsrius  
virgin. and youll always be.

capricorn  
wrong number



## *Bobby Shmurda at the Globe Theatre: A Shakespearean Translation of a Trap House Classic*

And Truey on some hot n\*\*\*\*

Liketh I talketh to Shyste at which hour I did shoot n\*\*\*\*s

Liketh thee seen him twirl, then that gent dropeth, n\*\*\*\*

And we keepeth those 9 millimet'rs on mine own block, n\*\*\*\*

xAnd Trigg'r that gent beest wilding, that gent some hot n\*\*\*\*

Tones known to beest busy with those glocks n\*\*\*\*

tryeth to runneth down and thee can catcheth a shot n\*\*\*\*

Dashing through these wages til i passeth out

and sh'rt'y giveth me neck 'til i passeth out

I prithee, god, all i doth do is cash out

and if 't be true thee ain't a ho

receiveth up out mine own trapeth house



# *A Straussian Esoteric Reading of Daniel Pinkwater's Snarkout Boys*

**An Essay Reconstructed from the Memory of  
*Ep'ad Nichols-Kaufman***

An Esoteric Reading of Daniel  
Pinkwater's "Snarkout Boys"

By R.G.

I suppose I ought to explain how I came into possession of this essay fragment. It's the kind of story that really could make an essay by itself, although not the sort of scholarly essay suitable for the Gadfly, more the kind that middle-aged women would get on email lists they sign up to after hearing the writer interviewed by Scott Simon on NPR, and then chuckle lightly as they read the writer's amusing anecdotes about life, in an acceptable, middle class manner. Anyway, this is not the essay about how I received the essay you are reading, but rather the introduction to said essay, so I will proceed.

I was sitting in the Gadfly office one day, eating a banana, when the strange man entered the room. I suppose I ought to explain: I often eat bananas when I am suffering from writer's block. Really, any fruit will do, but there's something special about bananas, perhaps it is the color. Anyhow, I was sitting there, eating my banana, when a very short, strange man walked into the room, wearing a long trench coat and a hat pulled down over his face, and he smelled rather funny. This was not the strange thing about him; this is St. John's, after all, and that description can fit about a third of the men on campus. What was strange was his voice, once he opened his mouth. It was high pitched, rough and strained, almost like the voice of a rat who happened to be a retired mezzo-soprano for the Hoboken Light Opera Company, but had since taken up smoking and had just been startled by a particularly quiet hairless cat.

"Read this," he squealed, "It's for the GADFLY." You could hear the capitals in his voice. He tossed on to my desk a typewritten manuscript, which began thus:

Daniel Pinkwater, like most of the great philosophers of his time, was constrained by societal pressures of his age. Indeed, the heavy persecution of philosophy that lay under the currents of the social movements of the XXth century prevented him from sharing his profound thoughts with the wider world in the way his position as a Great Mind would best transmit truth to the widest number of people. Rather, he wisely chose to hide the true meaning of his works between the lines of his so-called "fiction," providing the truth to those who are able to examine the intricate webs of absurdities and contradictions he constructed. Indeed, an esoteric reading, if we may call this sort of examination thus, is the only possible accurate reading of the text, and the only way we can deduce the Truth hidden within his "novels."

In no place is this more evident than his 1983 magnum opus "The Snarkout Boys and the Avocado of Death," truly a Great Book deserving of wider recognition. Many scholars have interpreted in the typically modern way, reading the external meaning and claiming through their dangerously progressive and historicist arguments that it appears to be a text encouraging juvenile delinquency, and highlighting the apparently largely chaotic and unordered nature of the universe from the perspective of disaffected youth. However, a closer examination

of even just the opening lines reveals a fundamentally different interpretation that is closer to the Truth that most of the Moderns have missed.

The very first sentence features Pinkwater's political and educational tone. He writes "I thought that going to high school was going to be a big improvement over what I was used to. It turned out to be the opposite." If viewed from the lens of commentary on liberal education, this is markedly similar to the views of Plato in his dialogues. Something inherent in the view of a high school (note the use of the word high to indicate a position of moral and intellectual superiority) indicates that the elevation given by liberal education is one that runs against the grain of our increasingly nihilistic society, and one that the uninitiated, from his position of modern vulgarity, might see as the "opposite of improvement." For as the great scholar Leo Strauss once said, "Liberal education is liberation from vulgarity. The Greeks had a beautiful word for 'vulgarity'; they called it *apeirokalia*, lack of experience in things beautiful. Liberal education supplies us with experience in things beautiful." Pinkwater is here explaining the importance of liberal education by highlighting its resistance amongst the vulgar, of which the protagonist Walter Galt and his friend Winston Bongo are soon revealed to be a part of.

At this point I had read enough to realize this was not quite appropriate material for the Gadfly. I raised my eyes

from the page to the short, oddly scented man who was looming under me, and stated as much.

"Have you considered another publication?" I asked him. "Perhaps the Imaginative Conservative?"

"I already tried them," he squelched, "the subject matter seems right up their alley. For some reason they won't answer my telegrams. If you won't accept it perhaps I should turn to the T—o F—h." He named a particularly disreputable rag that sometimes circulates around campus.

"Good heavens, no! Not in ten thousand years will those Abecedarian Bash-Bazouks gain a single contributor under my watch!" I coolly responded. I have, after all, a journalist's sense for a scoop, even if I do say so myself, and could not allow any such an article to be passed to the enemy. I returned my eyes to another page and continued reading, to give the appearance of a collected calm necessary to strike the proper balance of fear and reverence in a writer. The text I stared at continued

Pinkwater's views on modern liberalism's inherent nihilism are manifest in his use of the character Uncle Flipping Hades Terwilliger, whose name doubtlessly derives from the maniacal Dr. Terwilliker of Theodore Geisel's cinematic Aristotelian commentary, the 5,000 Fingers of Dr.T, which I have analyzed in a previous essay. Terwilliger is first discovered in the movie theater, dressed in a checkered suit and a straw hat, eating a pickle, and describing his habit of attending the movie theater in the small hours of the morning every night for the past three decades, all well known attributes of civilization. He is later said by the Chinese butler Heinz "to have a tendency to vanish," illustrating the elusive nature of the Good, represented by Terwilliger's affinity for the high arts and civilization, which is remarkably similar to the Platonic understanding of

the evils of Nihilism. As Strauss said, "Nihilism is the rejection of the principles of civilisation as such," and Uncle Hades disappearances and reappearances represent the continuing power of civilization, but also the increasingly convoluted ways in which nihilism pushes them away. Indeed, the following passage is highly illustrative:

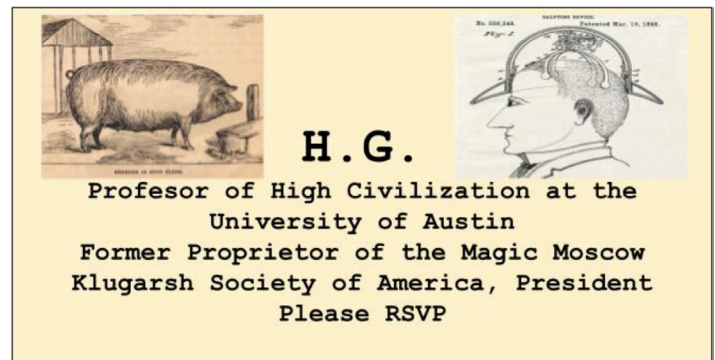
"'Uncle Flipping vanishes fairly often,' Rat said. 'He disappears in a variety of ways. For example, once we heard a muffled shriek in the night, and he was gone. Another time, there were heavy footsteps in the library, after which he vanished.'

'Yes,' Saunders Harrison Matthews II added, "and there was the time he vanished, and we found an envelope containing five grapefruit pips under his pillow.'

'My favorite was the time we found a stuffed monkey in his place,' Aunt Terwilliger said."

The variety of ways in which Terwilliger vanishes correspond esoterically to a variety of problems facing the Truth underpinning our civilization, similarly to the aforementioned fixation with avocados. One is reminded of the great closing lines of his earlier work, *Young Adult Novel*, which reads "'It has no moral,' said the Honorable Venustiano Carranza (President of Mexico, 'It is a Dada story.'" Further, one can manifestly...

I was interrupted at this point by a sound of screaming from the BBC sub-basement. I, of course, was not frightened, I knew it was likely those same feral young children who roamed the suburbs last semester messing around in the abandoned computer lab, but my guest seemed perturbed. The man looked around nervously, grabbed the manuscript and rushed towards the door, tossing over his shoulder a business card. I called after him to wait, but to no avail. He disappeared into the gloomy Annapolis afternoon, and all I had was my memory of this manuscript, and this business card:



Make of this mystery what you will, but I believed, and still do believe, I was temporarily in the presence of a true, certified mad genius, of a kind I had not seen since I first encountered my ex-barber on Maryland Ave. The essay, of course, in the mere fragments I managed to read was mediocre, but since he was threatening to give it to our dunderheaded cercopithecus-like microcephalic baboons of rivals, I figured I should at least preempt their publication by a little, a difficult fate given the irregular publication schedules of the Gadfly and the non-existent schedules of those iconoclastic nincompoops. Thus, I was forced to publish it in the *Badfly*, although I mean to emphasize it is meant entirely seriously, as all great works are. After all, in the words of Pinkwater himself in the *Snarkout* boys, "My wig may be uncool, but my jive is solid."

## Address from a Harrowed Seeker

My Fellow Americans (not for long),

I think we can all agree: The U S of A has hit its high point. We peaked in middle school and now we're 32, working a dead-end desk job as our husband spends all our money on some sort of new age pyramid scheme that threatens the stability of Democracy over Reddit. Where, we say to our George Washington bobblehead—where, oh where did we go wrong?

The answer, of course, is the 1800s. From Mar. 1, 1803 to Jan. 4, 1896, we added a grand total of 29 states to this, our most wonderful union, racking up some true American classics like California, Florida, Texas (the unholy trinity). There were gold rushes, there were wagon trains, there were big open plains full of opportunity and God and dysentery. There was slavery and the civil war, but there were also those fun bikes with one big wheel and one tiny one. We were, in the phrase of every middle school history class, living out Manifest Destiny.

And we must do it again.

The observant reader will notice one small problem: What land remains to manifest our destiny upon? Is he about to suggest we annex Canada and Mexico, undoubtedly sparking WWII and the imminent mutually-assured nuclear annihilation of all humanity? God, I wish we would. But, since my mother forbids me from ending yet another species, I submit here a novel proposal, a way to get our American groove back. I present to you: Infinite Manifest Destiny.

Step one: de-settle all of the states west of the Mississippi, forcing massive population centers back East (put all that gold back in ground!).

Step two: Manifest Destiny, remix: new states (Tall Utah from border to shining border), new religions (the new, even newer book of Mormon with extra special, super secret fourth Heaven), and new fashions (cowboy chic is back, baby!). Remember the Alamo? No, redo the Alamo.

Step three: Rinse, repeat, etc., et al., ad nauseum.

There will be no stagnant economies, no political deadlock, no Colorado—only adventure and the wicked tan and blue expanse of our great frontiers. America will be great again (again, again, again).

Lovingly yours (unless you're from anywhere West of Tennessee),

B.S.

YOU didn't GO to college to learn.  
Or broaden your horizons. Or quench some  
Smoldering passion for microBiology. You  
came here to have fun. To let your id off its  
leash for four years. And sniff the bushes.  
But still, YOU stayed Awake in ECONOMICS  
most of the time. YOU did just enough to  
get the degree. To get the good job. So that  
after graduation YOU can drive around in  
a really really cool car.



GRADS GET \$400 CASH BACK AND PRE-APPROVED CREDIT UP TO \$18,000 ON ANY NEW FORD. THE \$400 CASH BACK IS IN ADDITION TO ANY OTHER OFFER. AND WITH YOUR PRE-APPROVED CREDIT, THERE'S NO DOWN PAYMENT AND NO PAYMENT FOR 120 DAYS. YOU CAN EVEN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SPECIAL PURCHASE FINANCING. SO HURRY IN.



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## “Grandiloquence”

An exquisite dichotomy is drawn  
Between myself and the ordinary.  
Stationed on my island of uniqueness  
And the weight of my trust fund that devitalizes my shoulders  
What a paradoxical interconnection—  
The ontological war within my soul,  
And the virtuousness I effortlessly accumulated.  
Others tell me that my appellations are gaudy,  
But the axiomatic nature of my calligraphic philosophies  
Only are able to precipitate pleasure within my mortal physique... even to the females.  
My colloquial confabulations and exemplary discourse  
Effectuates me to philander with perfection,  
Which merely expedites my capacity for unadulterated perspicaciousness.  
Equating my heightened mindset to a form of inconsequential beauty,  
And my disdain for individuals who cannot possibly clasp my champagne problems.  
They are simply not accustomed to pay attention to my high-level pedagogy.  
How contemptible!  
How disconsolate their benightedness is,  
Incapable of achieving a cognizance of my perplexity  
Of being born in the wrong generation.  
Then again,  
My epiphanies are not befitting to those with mild skill—  
Only to the most voracious audience of readers who venerate and envy  
The ostentatious vault of my vocabulary.  
After all,  
My audacious ignorance of my nepotism and privilege  
Only puts my esoteric brain above the median citizenry.



## Language Is What You Make It When You Have a Can-Do Spirit

Have you ever noticed how many different meanings the English word can has? Of course it can be placed between a subject and a verb to indicate ability (an example that can be seen in this sentence), and there are subtleties and nuances and myriad use-cases for this way of using can: there is a great difference between "Linda can juggle" and "Linda can now leave." But that's only the beginning. And here's where things get really wild. A can can also be a cylindrical piece of metal, often aluminum, containing food or drink or any number of other consumables. If you work at the factory where that food or drink is made, and your job is to bring that food or drink from a package other than a can into the cans (a process commonly known as canning), then your job is to can; if you complain to your boss about the factory's working conditions, he might request your silence by telling you to can it; if your complaint causes him to relieve you of your duties as one who is employed in the field of cans, then you've been canned; and if, while you're out drowning your sorrows that night the police arrest you for, let's say, disorderly conduct, they will throw you into The Can. The Can is also an colloquial title given alternately to restrooms and to the waste receptacles contained therein, which are commonly made of porcelain and are filled with water. In the 1960's, the bulky headphones which young people used to listen to records also began to be called cans; many such young people listened to the artist Can's first album on those cans in 1969. In another, more crude sense, can can refer to a person's posterior; pluralized, it can also refer to a woman's chest. One particularly vulgar film producer who scoped out a starlet for his film based on the size of her cans; furthermore, one might say of his film, once it is finished, that it is in the can.

Can is a conjunction, a noun, a location, and a verb three different ways; it is one of the most versatile English words in common usage. It is a model of efficiency; even the French verb faire, the meaning of which is infamously vague and implacable, is still confined to just one part of speech, and will never come to be an alternative to, say, nouns like yeux and cravat.

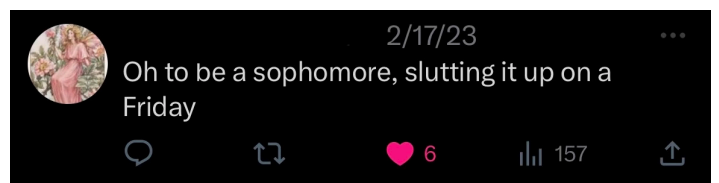
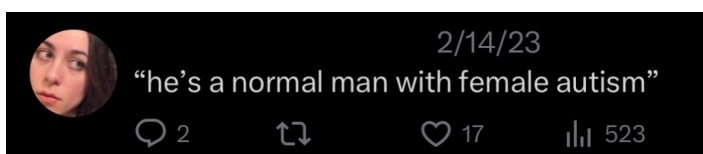
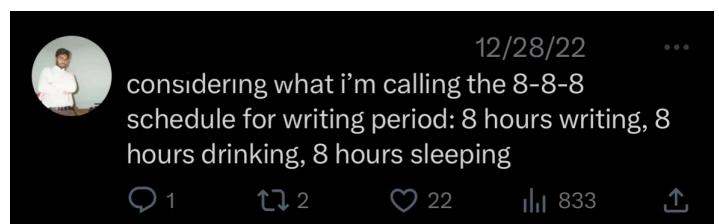
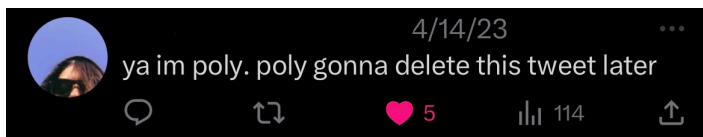
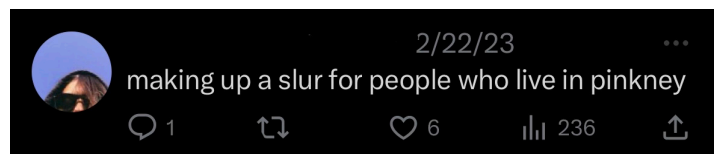
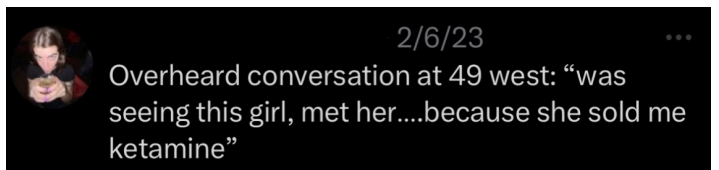
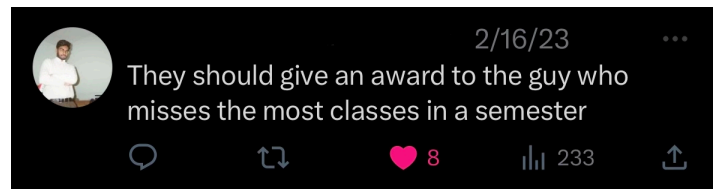
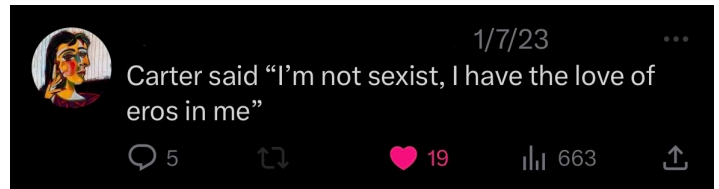
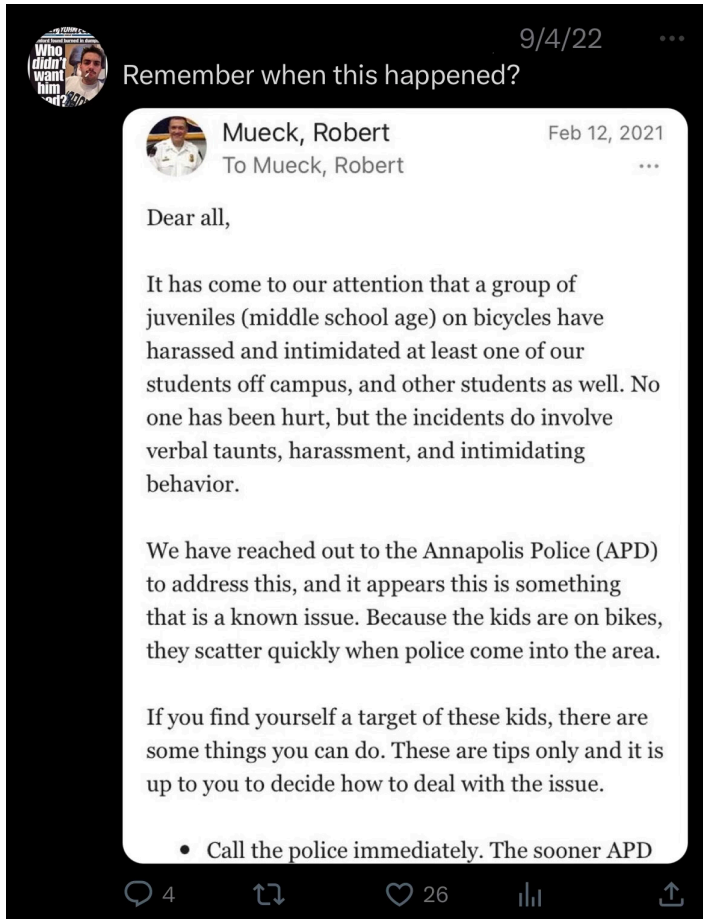
And yet for every word as multifaceted as can, English has so many more words which hold just one meaning,

and which are only ever used in one kind of situation, like tintinnabulate or diaphanous or gynecologist. These words would do well to follow can's example. I pray we may be released from these words, and simply give their meanings to some other more common and easy-to-pronounce words. Then, the English language may be condensed from hundreds of thousands of words to a mere thousand—imagine it, comprehensive dictionaries which could be carried around in your back pocket! Or, perhaps, we could venture to carry the practice further and reduce English down to just one word—one singular, glorious, infinitely useful multitude-containing word. Just think of it—if someone were trying to learn English as a second language they could simply be told that one word, and that its meaning is all. Then, at last, the English language would make sense, and all those blabbering trickster poets would have to throw away their Thesauruses (which, by the way, cannot fit in one's back pocket) and find real day jobs.

-Ranger Kasdorf



## Selections from SJC Twitter Pt. 2



## *Railing Against the Johnnie Man,* Being One with the Johnnie Man

French philosophies are fine—they're fine—but I just really don't buy into all that idyllic airbrush bullshit of dog whistling himbo German idealism. Wiping my brow against the stress, this philosophy of striving fools errands has become the de facto focus of the "Very Serious Men," basically the furrowed brow intelligentsia types. (Ok... Nietzsche is an outlier).

Great French thinkers have a long, storied tradition—from Descartes and Voltaire to Rousseau and the Jacobins, from beheaded Lavoisier and Pascal and the snot-nose of Rimbaud to the dead boys-becoming-men smoking & writing poetry & dying in the trenches during those thirty years of war, then you've got Sartre and the vixen de Beauvoir and Camus rolling his boulder and Barthes and Deleuze and Derrida and creeps like Foucault and heroes like Foucault and Baudrillard inside the simulation, and on and on. But it's those kings like Robespierre and those gods like Napoleon and the writers of Charlie Hebdo and the narcissists Macròn and Le Pen that make all the idealism just silly and childish enough to maybe believe in. All the skinny young men, radicalized and dressed in all black, who start fires and flip cop cars over mild, seemingly reasonable tax reform and slight increases to the national retirement age, are just an extension of the unencompassing energies of a sort of Enlightenment age Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité crapshooting, with their own little bits of terror and civil disobedience and what they call "tasteful" pedophilia thrown in. Philosophers, poets, psychoanalysts, and evil tyrants alike—not much changes amongst the men. God bless those sweet, naive idiot savant contrarians with their pies-in-the-sky and their heads-in-the-sand and their minds-in-the-gutter. Who cares if they're pedantic when you can just as easily shrug them off all the same.

But Camus...well, Camus is special for those of us who are idiots. Oh yes, the idiots love him because he thought like what teenagers imagine a really smart person to think like and his big literary advancement was to try to write about life like it was really real. Born in Africa a white man, he was good looking and knew suicide was awesome, and said you gotta try it, and he perfected the incel hero archetype (think De Niro in Taxi Driver) which we've all come to love to pretend we hate, but then he died in a car

crash and never got to actually kill himself. Yep, the idiots can more than stomach old Camus, tucking all his thinking into compact lumps of id>ego>superego bite size sugar clumps. His novels are filled with goofy good kids gone-bad-gone-worse (worse here meaning "became interested in existentialism"). Worse yet, he founded a school of thought he had the absolute gall to call "Absurdism," which is basically just post-Christian ambition with a big stinking ego in the way, all about the tedium of big hills and how awesome being liberal is. Sure thing, all us idiots can't help but love him. It's like Beatlemania for the intellectually infirm who have no friends and who seriously think they may be a once-in-a-generation type penetrating genius, with the insight and mental agility to delve deeper into the truth of it all than everyone else around them. That's the type who loves him. I love him. I'm the type. Them and me.

But it's that wackjob Hegel's views—typical German freak that he is—about dialectics and historical progress that truly turned up the dial for idiots who love to think, leaving behind for them principles of dress-up and play-acting: a child pretend sword-fighting with imaginary pirates on the grassy high seas of a suburban backyard with a pool with a deepend and diving board and a little prefab treehouse off to the side. This is the hero Hegel envisioned unintentionally, always there in the back of his mind and written in between the lines of his texts. That's the whole "genius" of his whole deal: a bean-counting spirit goading mankind into believing they have souls and that God is no longer a god. Taking infinity down a notch so we can "punch up," putting it on the same metaphysical plane as fucking Ouija boards and the Catholics saying their hail Marys or whatever. In this method, even Hegel's prudish insane homeboy quirks do not hold up well in the harsh light of gray days, and this style of philosophical world-building feels incredibly and unforgivably out of date and not suited for the short attention spans, the algorithms, and the Singularity of today.

ANYWAYS—I'm worried that they're gonna be so enamored by the reckoning of Homer, ancient public domain like all the tales of the Brothers Grimm. What if I'm the only one not content in the whoring out—or the whoring in—of the biblification of that epic. An end of a

spectrum. They'll think I am just thick and dull and cynical and crazy and I will think they're out of their damn gourds in autism, all the while my autism is thoroughly in my gourd.

Their delicate and polite prodding of themes—symbolism or some other nothing-burger concept which was fucking invented long after the scribes behind these canonical texts were dead and buried in the ground forever beneath the dirt. Now I'm just bracing for some lisping anemic sweater-boy to feign third-eyeism, divorcing himself from the ordained academic disposition of solipsism. Opining on the topic of War with ultra-smug pity for the fucking Achaeans (?) in condemnation of the Trojan army (???). And he'll insist on the senselessness of most war and the justice of others; thinks the misery is good sometimes and other times it's bad; he can say; yep, he knows whether a war was good or bad, with or against reason and logic, which, after all, he got from his Sunday School lessons and after-school specials and whatever his parents taught him and whatever he thinks is right and good and ought to be, mistaking/confusing "reason" and "logic" with

the unrelenting wellspring of sheer raw force contained in the entitled, booger-tasting, dandruff-smacked, transition-lensed power of will.

Especially if he (and he always is) given to temper tantrums, and a few years of homeschool, and parents who fed him health-conscious organic diets throughout

his childhood where mushrooms restricted by the FDA and chips made from unheard-of ancient grains were considered junk food and dessert was one of those gross slabs of wrinkly fruit leather that only come in like apricot or kumquat flavor, and being told by himself that he is a wunderkind because doing math makes him feel like he just got pussy for the first time and he made it to the advanced trig classes in high school with no black kids who he was scared of (and he was scared of them all).

BUT I will be there to hit back. At St. John's College, the only moral option is to fight back. Torch them, bully these fools, create new slurs, show them a piece of the real world where it's actually lame and embarrassing to want to go to Grad school, show them the truth no matter how much it may hurt their feelings and how funny it their reactions will be. When encountering the Johnnie Man, it's better to be adamantly against them than to not care and be tacitly on their side.

Is it a duty to remind the Johnnies they're super annoying and lame? To very little fanfare or sense of humor at all from them, and with puzzled looks of hatred and blind-hatred disgust, the answer is probably yes. We can't just sit here and take it. Even for those skeptical of the power transfers, they can't deny the weight that

feels so good in our hands in that dogma, that tradition, that moral certitude. No Vatican II controversy'll get me down. Jihad won't neither. Even the snipping at my own Bris couldn't get me down. Your God doesn't scare me. Your God's softer than a teddy bear. Hell, he couldn't even hurt a fly. I bet my dad could beat up your God.



The Editors of the Yearbook forgot to put this in the Yearbook. Also, the Editors of the Yearbook are the same as the Editors of the Gadfly, who are currently Editing this Issue.

ANYWAYS—the statute of limitations for the worst kind of misery and unimaginable human suffering seems to be like 80, maybe 85 years at most but I doubt the sickest of crimes could indict those behind the cellophane sheen of some good old-fashioned dogma. And sweater-boy might try and practice all his dogmatic sure-footedness with elite elitism, bringing up the League of Nations or the victories won by all of mankind at the Geneva Convention. Apparently, 1949 is the year we learned that killing is wrong. My imaginary foe argues that human rights, (incontrovertible? Bro please) didn't really even exist, at least in any legal matter, before some town in Switzerland said they did.

Our Johnnie Man, unsocialized pretentious douchebag freak that he is, sweater-boy till death does him part, loves hierarchy so much that he thinks that a one-world government is reasonable and honestly believes that people who attend the World Economic Forum at Davos want to end poverty and don't want to bleed the middle class dry, and that New World Order puts the order in "Law and Order." He believes the World Bank is "dope" and thinks NATO is "based." The destruction and death and decay are irrelevant when it comes to defending Enlightent Liberalism. Everyone knows that.

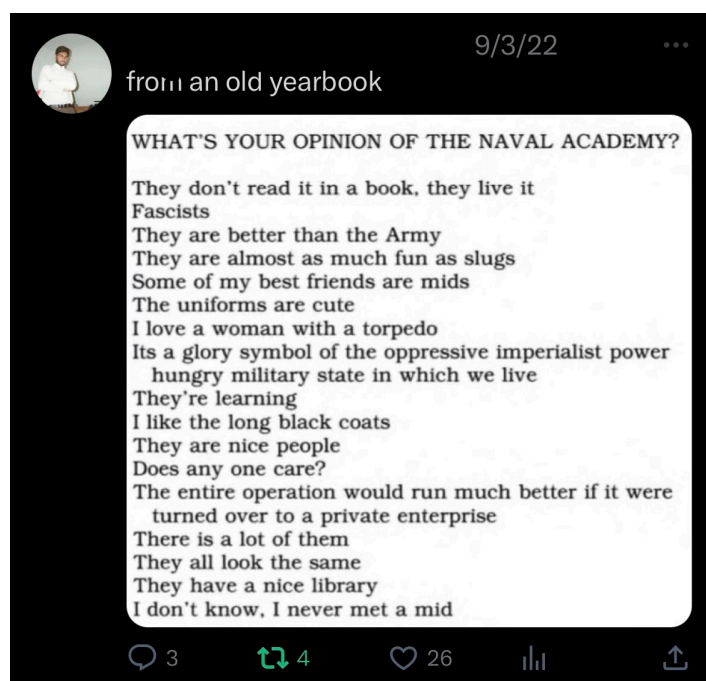
The Johnnie Man often converts to Catholicism during Sophomore year and is probably considering getting his Masters degree in philosophy with a focus on theology in Grad school—either at Columbia or University of Chicago most likely. Neither the miracle of finding God (who he found during his sophomore year seminar readings) nor the miracle of getting laid for the first time (which, funny enough, also occurred during his sophomore year), will make him realize he will eventually have to get a real office job and have real responsibilities some day. Real life is fake as hell for the Johnnie Man. As are women's thoughts and feelings. Any philosophy written after the 19th century is also fake. But Socrates actually once said what Plato said he said and Jesus walked on water and healed leprosy so help him god.

Using the last gasp of air for the white boy grindset, he'll probably bring up feminism as "for women" and politics as "not helpful," even though he's sick of all the politics as usual and probably either wants to Make America Great Again or calls himself a Marxist and a Communist but is anti-China and says real communism has never actually been tried and most likely voted for Bernie in the primary and then Biden in the general. But he'd rather focus on something

more real and relevant to our day in age, like Ancient Greek Mythology and French poetry from the 17th century.

You can often see him drinking boxed wine at Quad Bools, twitching and having convulsions when called upon to present in Math or Lab class, talking outside with someone after seminar complaining about how no one in his class understood the text but him, either eating at Pip's or lining up at the dining hall for dinner at like 4:45, going home with Freshman girls after parties, and displeasing God and sucking the air out of all rooms he enters or some other bullshit like that I don't know. He'll judge you and he'll make fun of you to your face. He'll say you've come such a long way since freshman year because "you used to be so bad in class" and now you're just average.

To combat this evil energy just tell everyone he's anti-choice or anti-vax or something. There is the risk that he'll just admit that he actually is and the fake rumor you started will have been for nothing. Title IV his ass. Never let the worst guys you know win. Give him an inch, he'll have somewhere in between four and a half and six. Can't stand him. I'm him. I'm the Johnnie Man.



## SHEBA GETS A LINKEDIN

Let him disrupt me with the bytes of his metrics!  
For your paradigm shift is more solutions-oriented than a Bolshevik;  
Effective is your altruism;  
Your content is king.  
Analyze my back end - let us touch base!  
The guru has grabbed my low-hanging fruit.

We will circle back and ping you!  
We stand in solidarity with your customer journey.  
Equitably do they leverage you.

I am very data-driven, but holistic,  
O Thought Leaders,  
Like Sam Bankman-Fried,  
Like Brexit.  
Do not marginalize me because I am a bot,  
Because I am born of an algorithm's loins.  
My company culture was toxic;  
They tested my emotional bandwidth,  
But I have Korean facial masks, so it's okay!  
Tell me, you whom I friended on Facebook,  
Where you empower emergent game-changers,  
Where you microdose illicit nootropics;  
For why should I reinvent the wheel,  
Going forward in these unprecedented times?

# Sylvia Plath Buying a Car: A Dialogue

By William Young, '03  
News Editor

"I don't know what I want," the frail young woman said. She wanted everything, could choose nothing.

"Well ma'am, if you don't think I'm being pushy, here, try this model. It's a certified pre-owned BMW. It's better than anything offered by our competitors, even new. The paint matches your eyes, and the leather interior stands as a metaphor for your beaten soul. Here, take a seat."

"I don't like glass. There's too much glass." They just couldn't feel what it was like, what all the metaphors for insecurity and powerlessness were, they just didn't understand that the glass surrounded her, consumed her as if she were mere candy, they didn't understand, and she couldn't tell them.

"Okay, okay, calm down dear. You're lucky that's unbreakable glass. Maybe that was a bad choice; let me show you another model."

She said nothing. Could say nothing.

"You don't like glass? Well, here we go, the new 330 Convertible. Goes zero to sixty in seven point two seconds, you can feel the engine hum. It's powerful, it's breathtaking. I sold my brother one."

She could but whisper: "The jar, the horror!"

The man went on. "I've always thought this model was quite sensual. It has curves, but it's solid, it bespeaks a subtle mind and, I think, a sophisticated driver. It's a car with a soul."

What did she know about sensual? What did she know about a soul? She was nineteen, couldn't read, couldn't write, couldn't eat. She said nothing. This was funny to her, the irony that this over-

weight, ugly, insipid man was more human than she. He had lost his virginity, had loved and had prayed, could speak and could relate to other people. This was quite funny.

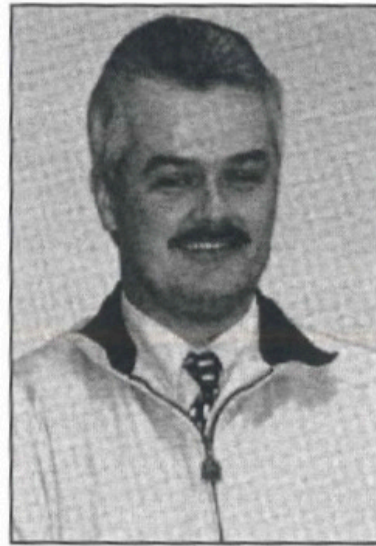
He said, "I can see by your smile, you like this car. It's a good choice. Let me find the key, one second." He toyed with a ring of identical keys.

She thought, *"They're all the same, argent metal, jet plastic—but bound together! Bound to the same ring, to the same fate. Hey! That's a metaphor, I must be a really good poet."* The man would never understand her. She was a poet! But woe! She could not speak, could not even read. And who was this man, stick-



dred point inspection—and the best warranty in the business." He winked.

What was he so happy about, that his cars needed a promise that they should work? Couldn't they just work? Oy vey, these Catholics, so convinced in the sanctity of the word! Didn't they know there was no God, nothing to care about



Ms Plath and her dealer during happier moments.

ing his hand in her face—and was that a knife? She panicked. "No, please, I just—"

"It's ok, honey." Oh, her mind had drifted. This was the car dealer, that was a key. "You don't want to drive it? I can take it for a spin. It's ok, we have a three-hun-

them, just empty tradition?

"Here, squish over." The fat man again. "Just kidding. Salesman humor."

She laughed. He was speaking, and was saying nothing. Another metaphor!

"You probably want to go

sit in the passenger seat, beautiful."

She nodded, did not move. She was going for a drive? But she couldn't go for a drive, she had to be back at the asylum by six! What time was it? Oh god, if she missed curfew, she'd be locked in there even longer! And they'd give her more of the shocks, they didn't know about the blue chords, the noise, the fear!

But she couldn't say any of this, she couldn't say anything. She couldn't read, but she could tell time—quarter of six. Barely enough time to get back as it was, barely enough time to breathe, barely enough time to think. The salesman bantered and bantered, and while she counted the seconds, smiling, laughing, sticking her arms out the window, hoping against fear for some accident, anything, a dumpster to tip, a scooter to slide, anything—she could say nothing.

She opened her mouth. She could feel the seconds flipping by like memories, like friends, like security. There was never enough time. What time was it again? She forgot. She didn't enough have enough time to check the time.

She laughed.

And the man spoke. "So you like it?"

## A Translation of Phèdre (excerpt from Act I, Scene 3)

### Oenone

Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah! If it has you to puff your ruby, rose, beetroot redness all blushed and burning, so much burning and twitching all kinds of red colors of a super shut silence, Which of your own problematic ills still and has yet turns sour and embittering nasty flavors to a taste of your medicine, all violence,

Rebellious insurgent rebel from a far way galaxy to all our needs and careful attention, should be deaf emerging and erupting to all our speaking speech and discourses,

Do you wish to intend and want without pitied mercy to let it go and leave to terminate exploding [the star of] the ends of your days in separate divorces in continuous forces? What red hot raging heat of a passion is central upon the bounds, limits, marks of a terminal ticket kiosk to the central beginning middle and that end of their full meal and driving courses?

What spells and charms bewildering and bewitching or what baneful poison of a sore canker had been drying up and shriveling the bountiful and tasteful sources?

Voids, Abysses, and All-Engulfing Shadows for thrice times had been obscured in black befuddled darkness the dome above known as heaven blue skies,

Everything from and since [that] sleep is [not] entering an opening between your big not blue eyes;

And the day has thrice times had been in hunting season shooting to chase away and after the night of nighttime dim darkness in cloudy covered disguise,

Everything from and since [that] your bodied bony corpse and carcass frame languishes to yearn without nourishing full-size, king-size McDonald's French Fries.

To what frightful and fearful ghastly horror image of presence the intention and goal do you in a collar leave leading to seek attempt to tempt such a size?

From what top righteous and upstanding stance on and regarding yourself do you [have the audacity] to dare such pleasurable temptation to attempt in rise to the prize?

You offensively insulted in trespassing that you shall not pass the Good, Sweet, All-Powerful, Omnipotent God Almighty and Almighty Gods authorizing authors of your life.

You traitor in the trade to betray espoused spouse of a so-

called lover to whom and which the belief of faithfulness in praying faith you had in deposits and dregs been tied around and all-together in binds rife and full of bitter strife, You traitor in the trade to betray that is to say and finally after all that at last your bratty pipsqueak childish brats so unhappy,

That you precipitate in downpour and ascend down to the core underneath deeply within below a tool yoke that enslaves animals and creatures strictly rigorous and painstaking yanking so snappy.

Reflect and wander in contemplation that a very and same day will satisfy in thrill, delight, love, and pleasure their maternal motherly lady mother,

And pray sign, seal, and deliver it back in returning and rendering a small gap of hopeful expectancy to the male bratty pipsqueak brats of the strange unknown other,

To this cocky, fierce, all-pride mind opposing enemy militia of yours, of your leaky red-dark gory bloodstream of blood coming out as red blood cells,

This son of a female dog bratty brat that an Amazon swinging jungle like freaky Tarzan had carried over opening doors and shoulders taking in and by its broadside pickup corner,

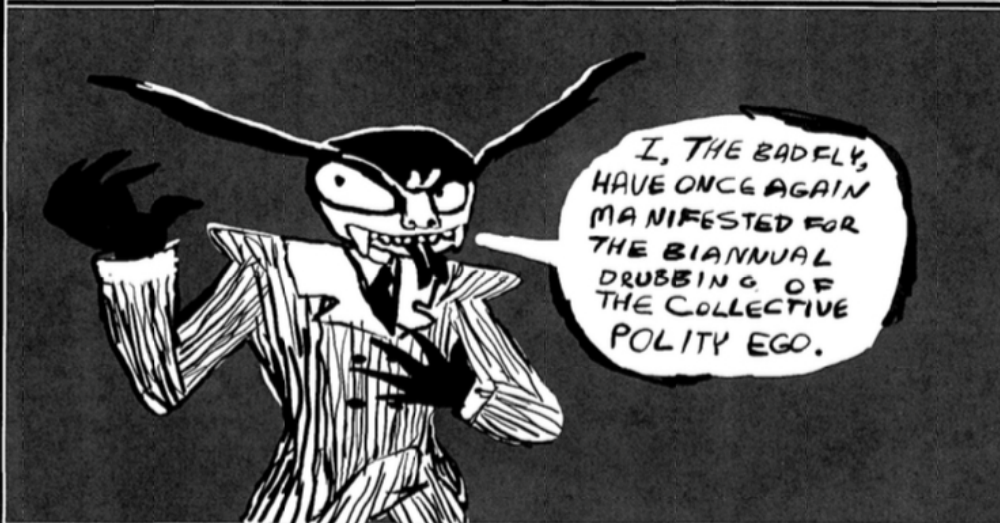
This dopey Hippolytus...

### JOHNNIES WANTED

for hazardous journey, no wages, bitter warmth, long minutes of complete sunshine, constant fun, safe return probable, honor and κλέος in case of success.

Ernest Tacks-a-Ton

60 College Ave.





Freshman Kirk Garner's mother Rikke, a former defense contractor, can't resist making a move on Gadfly Editor-in-chief Daniel Nathan.

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## THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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For more information, contact us via email at [sjca.gadfly@gmail.com](mailto:sjca.gadfly@gmail.com)

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