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THE GADEFLY

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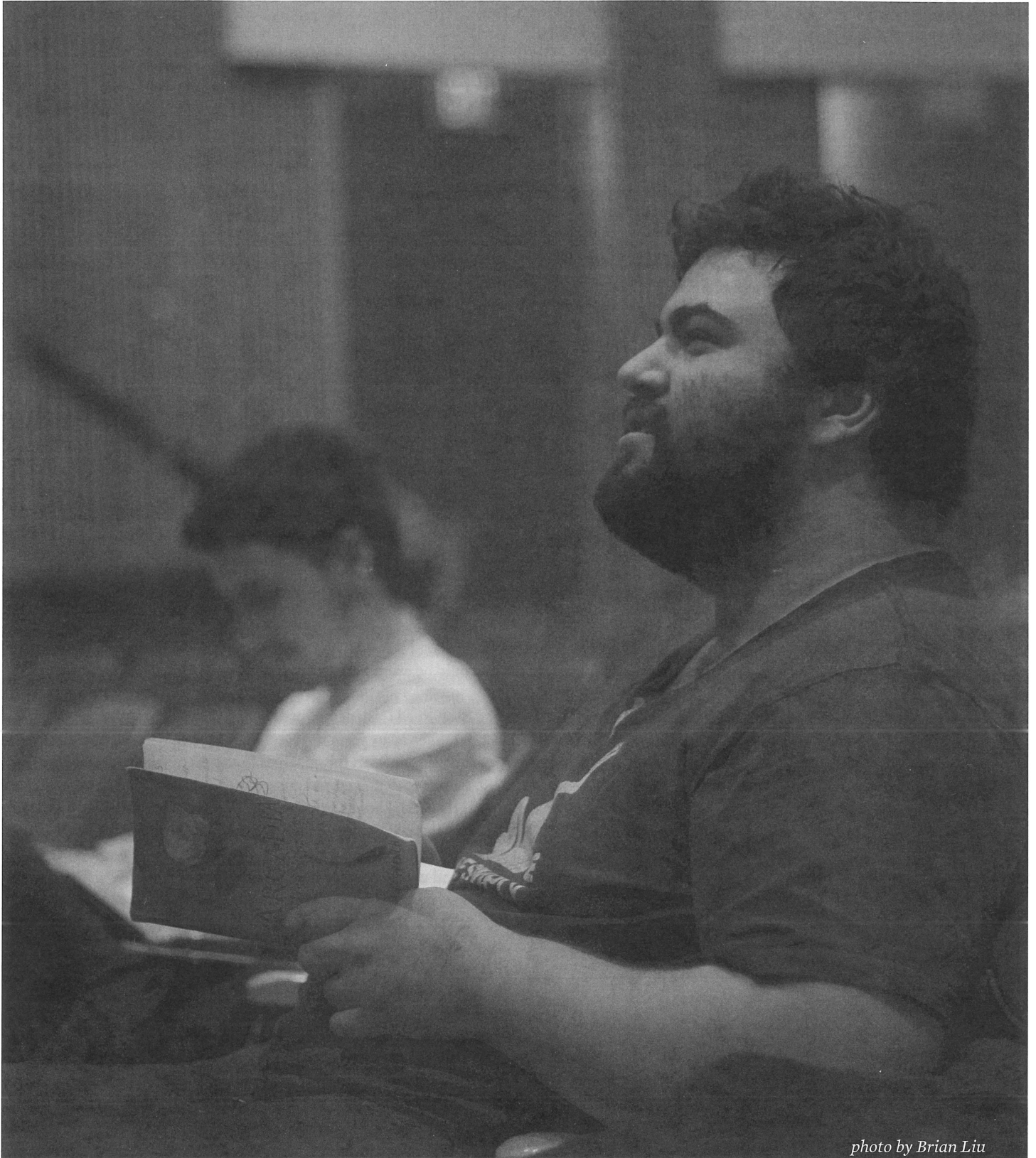


photo by Brian Liu

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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Founded in 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student newsmagazine distributed to over 600 students, faculty, and staff of the Annapolis campus.

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

The *Gadfly* meets on the Lower Level of the BBC every Sunday at 7pm.

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

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From the Editors:

Dearest Johnnies, an important note: The final issue of the year will appear the last week of the semester, May 4-8, and we will be dedicating the issue to our graduating seniors—the 100-plus-member Class of 2015. We will feature profiles, interviews, and odes from underclassmen. But, most importantly, we would like contributions from seniors! Reflections on your Annapolis years? Wisdom to pass along? We are interested in your thoughts. Send your prose to the *Gadfly* by Friday, May 1. And, as always, everyone is welcome to submit! We look forward to highlighting this year's graduating class. ♦

Accepted Students' Day: An Invitation from Admissions

Hello Polity! The Admissions Office will be hosting the annual Accepted Students Day on Saturday, April 11th. This is a large event which takes place in all major spaces on campus. It is a wonderful event for the Class of 2019; for some, it is their first experience on campus, others are seasoned visitors and are taking this opportunity to get to know their potential classmates.

At this point, these students have been bombarded with our stunning Admissions Propaganda, and they've examined the reading list 1,000 times. They understand the curriculum, and our approach to liberal education. They're on board with education for education's sake, and they're OK answering the question, "But what do you DO with that?" from well-meaning relatives, neighbors, teachers and friends for the next four years. They're well-read and well-informed about the academic program.

What they are lacking is exposure to the community that lives and breathes this program. It is the Polity that makes this Program a reality, and their lack of exposure to the Polity is precisely what we are trying to address at this event. This exposure is mutual—while we want the Accepted Students to get a sense of the current Polity, we want you to get a sense of this class too. We'd like you to meet these students face to face, show them around, tell them about your annual essay, and break bread with them. We'd also like to have all the club archons available for an activities fair (similar to the All College Fair in August).

And so, we urge you, comrades and citizens in the Republic: do not let this day's distractions become disruptions. Instead, rise up and meet the class of 2019; welcome them to the College. Next fall, these students will join you on the quad after seminar, sing to you at Freshman Chorus concerts, and marvel at the mysteries of the axolotls. They will live next door to you, sit next to you in the All College Seminar, and come to you for Greek Assistance. Don't wait until Convocation to feast your eyes upon the inheritors of your legacy. Come to the Accepted Students Day and help welcome these students and their families on April 11th. We hope to see you there!

For details, or to volunteer time that day, please contact Brittany McBride at 410-980-9149, email Brittany.McBride@sjc.edu, or just stop by the Carroll Barrister House.

The Power of Liberal Arts Education

Jac Holzman A'52

When I was told that I would be attending St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland (a "liberal arts" college), I was given no option.

My personal choice had been Reed College in Portland, Oregon, also a Liberal Arts college, but blessedly some 2700 miles away from my New York home. My dad, who was paying the bills, wanted to mute my inclination for mischief in the city where he was born, and thus I was sentenced to St. Johns, with no right of appeal.

Johnnies read and argued the actual books upon which western civilization had shaped its own evolution, The original texts, if by the Greeks, we read in Greek, Attic Greek—the language of Plato and Aristotle.

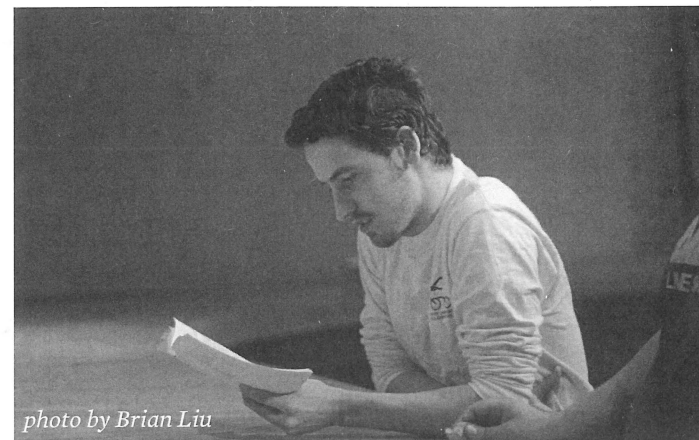
I was thrown off the deep end without water wings or redress.

My class attendance was ragged. I spent long hours in the electronics hut, the machine shop, for three up-and-down years; then I left St. John's with an unstoppable urgency to begin my personal journey.

Though I left St. John's with a sense of the incomplete, my exposure to the college guides my every step. It was the Liberal Arts, with its respect for truth, the felicitous use of language, and an appreciation for precision and logic in "process." These seeped into who I was "becoming" and would become. Happily, there was no escape.

The Liberal arts are not unlike a carom shot in billiards—touching your head and your heart. The ball bounces off the cushion in your line of sight and then careens around the table, coming at you from odd angles. You instinctively integrate the multi disciplines of the Liberal Arts, build upon them, and then bequeath those benefits to the generations that follow. ♦

KING WILLIAM PLAYERS PRESENTS ARCADIA



First, what made you decide you wanted to direct *Arcadia*?

I saw it, but I was sure it couldn't be done at St. John's. For one, it takes place in Derbyshire, and there was no way I could find twelve Johnnies capable of passable English accents. For two, the characters are really wonderfully complex, and I didn't know if students like myself with limited acting experience and Great Books to ponder would be able to do them justice. For three, I was pretty set on directing *Antigone* when *Arcadia* waltzed into my life (only plays starting with the letter A for me, thanks), so there was just nothing to be done about it. No reason to even consider. I still broke down and bought a copy of the script, though. Just for fun—for reading on the train. But then I was rereading, fantasizing about certain scenes and how a fellow might stage them, and how maybe if you changed "rather" to "really" and "bloody" to another word American accents would be fine, and wasn't Hannah Edwards spectacular in that play Sophomore year, and who really cares about some crazy girl obsessed with death in Ancient Greece? And then I was directing *Arcadia*, and there was nothing to be done about it.

Did you face any difficulties putting this production together?

I did indeed. We had a couple cast and crew members bow out near the beginning because of their schedules, and while they told me insanely early and it was completely fine, it may have induced some minor panic attacks. Besides that, *Arcadia* is the first play I've ever directed, and figuring out what needed the most time and attention (plus how to actually administer that attention competently) was something I had to learn a little bit on the fly. But the people who are making this play with me have turned what could have been terrifying into, honestly, one of the best experiences of my life. Still got a couple more weeks, though. Difficulties may yet be lurking. Will keep you posted.

What would you say this play is about?

It's basically *Jaws* meets *Les Misérables*. No, that's not true. That would be ridiculous. But it's kind of hard to say what it's actually about. Here, let's give it a go: It's about a rakish-but-lovable liberal arts tutor in England circa 1809 who discovers that the 13-year-old girl he teaches may well be a genius. It's about a pair of modern day academics who descend upon an English country house, and through no fault of their own stumble onto the story of the house's past residents. It's about Byronic poetry and landscape architecture and whether to sleep with that skeezy guy who keeps negging your last book; it's about chaos versus order, science versus philosophy, sex and waltz-

Tom Stoppard's Arcadia merges science with human concerns and ideals, examining the universe's influence in our everyday lives and ultimate fates through the relationship between past and present, order and disorder, and the certainty of knowledge. Set in an English country house in the years 1809-1812 and 1989, the play examines the lives of two modern scholars and the house's current residents with the lives of those who lived there 180 years earlier. Director Carlos Henninger took some time to discuss his production, which plays in a couple of weeks on April 24 and 25 at 8pm in the FSK auditorium.

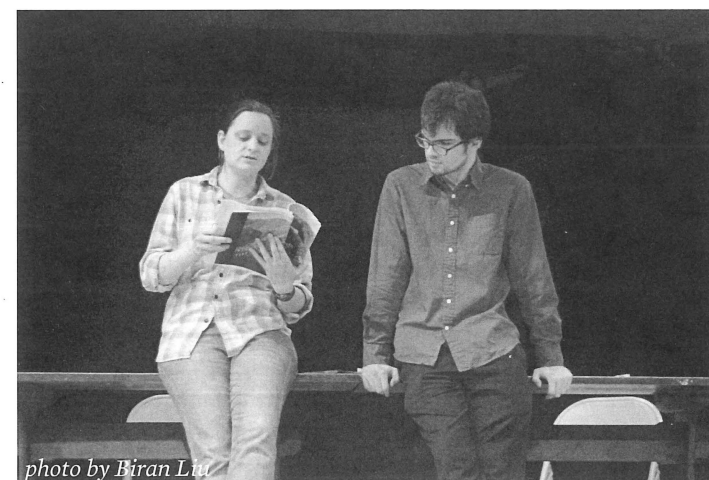
ing versus the inevitable heat death of the universe. And it's really funny. Which is to say, a hell of a thing to describe.

What were some of your favorite memories directing this play?

Casting: it was wonderful, although I did end up making a bunch of people sit in a hallway doing nothing for a few hours. It's a very music heavy show, so picking what songs to play when was great, if really stressful. Probably the best part of the whole experience, though, was watching all the actors go from people I thought might someday be sort of right for the role to people who were embodying their characters and bringing to life my favorite scenes in ways I never would have hoped for. It was all the moments where I got to stop directing and just sit back to watch my favorite play.

If you could have your audience take away one thing from the show, what would it be?

Okay, this is a really difficult question. I think what I most want people to take away from this play is its profound connection to the Program. *Arcadia* for me has always felt like St. Johns, both in what the College strives to be and what it is. Anyone can enjoy it, but I strongly believe that engaging with the texts we engage with—and in the way that we do so—makes us uniquely prepared as a polity to receive what this play has to offer. *Arcadia* is full of ideas, and it's full of people grappling with them in deeply personal ways. I want students to come out of this play having seen the worst and the best of themselves in it, having been reminded of why they fell in love with knowledge (or the lack thereof) in the first place. ♦



St. Paul, Minnesota

Where's the Pizza?: Papa Dimitri's Classic Pizza and Ice Cream in St. Paul, Minnesota, was exposed as a front for marijuana sales, which were delivered in pizza boxes. "Police began investigating the shop last summer, after receiving reports that it was rarely open and sold very few pizzas," *Mental Floss* explains. "Someone had noticed that the employees went out to eat lunch. Employees also complained about the lack of heat in the building, despite the presence of pizza ovens." According to the *Huffington Post*, matters came to a head when the postal service reported three intercepted packages containing a total 37 pounds of marijuana. The owner, Ryan Dimitri Brooks, was arrested last Friday, along with his mother, his 82-year-old grandmother, and a woman he lives with.

Maywood, Illinois

Better (Not) Drink My Own!: According to *Smithsonian.com*, a 2014 study from Loyola University Chicago on the causes of urinary tract infections has found that urine isn't sterile, much to the chagrin of aspiring mountaineers worldwide. When researchers utilized an analysis technique called expanded quantitative urine culture (EQUC), they found that urine from individuals unaffected by infections does, in fact, have bacteria in it, completely debunking the decades-long notion of urine as being completely sterile. "While traditional urine cultures have been the gold standard to identify urine disorders in the past, they do not detect most bacteria and have limited utility as a result," said Dr. Alan Wolfe, one of the researchers who headed this study.

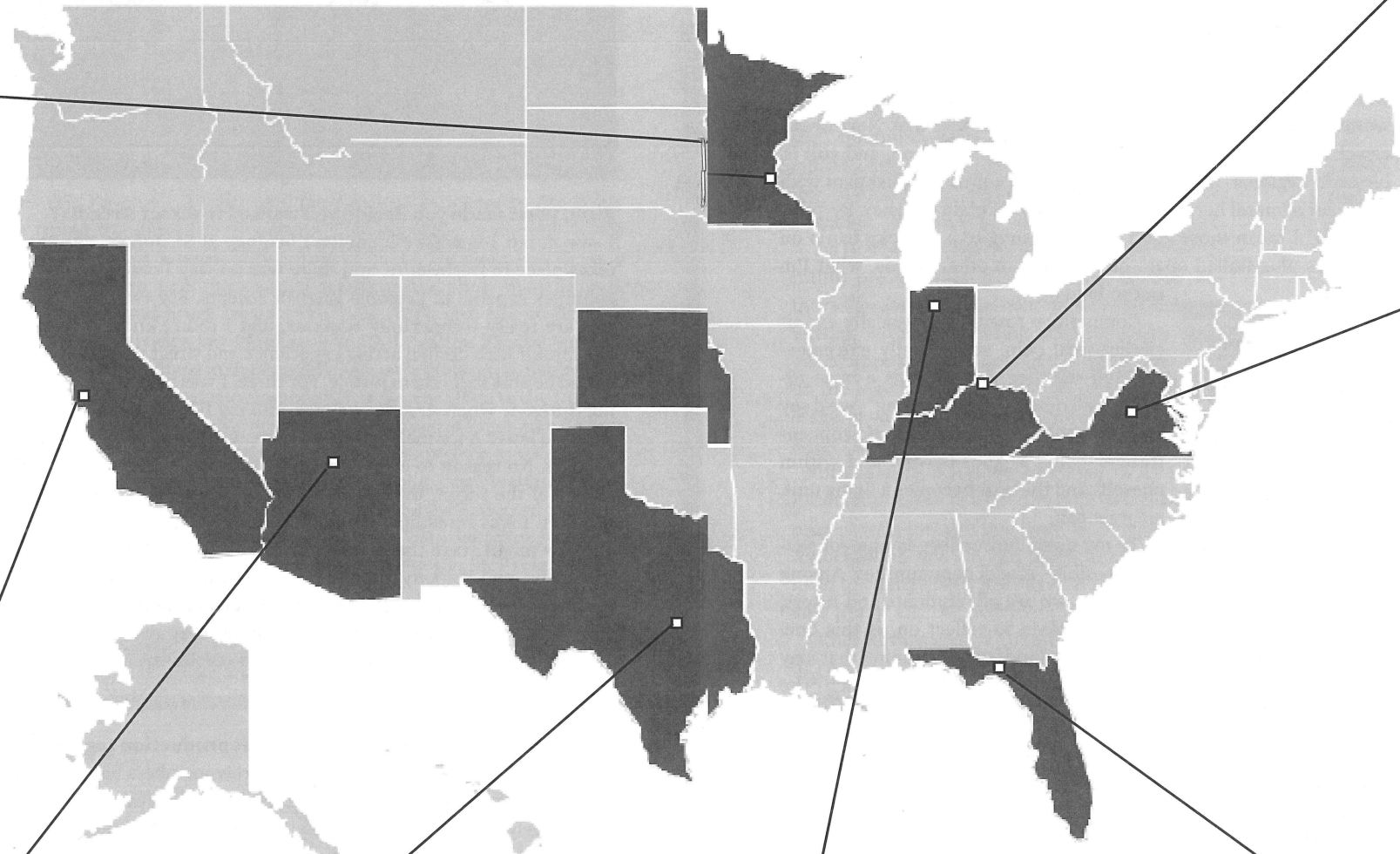
Stanford, California

Prestigious Doesn't Have to Mean Elite: One prestigious university is taking a big step to make education more accessible: Stanford University. As of March 27, 2015, parents with an annual family incomes below \$125,000 and typical assets will be expected to pay no Stanford tuition. According to *Mic News*, parents had to make less than \$100,000 in order to qualify for free tuition. But considering that the median household income nationally was around \$52,000 in 2013, Stanford was really only a school for the elite. Libby Nelson, at *Vox*, pointed out that the median family income at the university was estimated to be around \$125,000 in 2010—an income shared by at least the upper middle class.

Flagstaff, Arizona

Woman Finds God (In Her Molars): Kym Ackerman had an X-ray worthy of a new Passion from Bach, according to the *Huffington Post*. During a routine dental check-up, Ackerman, 35, saw a spot with what she claimed was a stark resemblance to Jesus. After getting concurrence from a baffled hygienist, Ackerman now plans to frame her X-ray. "My mom passed away from breast cancer when I was 17, so when I saw this, I thought, 'That's my guardian angel,'" Ackerman said. Her dentist, however, seemed less enthused. Upon agreeing that the X-ray indeed had holy resemblances, "He wasn't as excited as we were," Ackerman said.

Around the U.S.

**Austin, Texas**

Park It Like It's Hot: After being featured in a photo on rap sensation Snoop Dogg's Instagram with the caption, "Men my deputy dogg [sic]," Texas State Department of Public Safety trooper Billy Spears is being forced to undergo counseling, according to the *Dallas Morning News*. After the photo, which was taken while he was providing security for the Southwest music festival in Austin, surfaced, Spears was unofficially reprimanded by the department, which said that taking a photo with a figure with such a "well known criminal background... reflects poorly on the Agency." In response to this photo, Spears was forced to undergo a counseling session with a superior officer, a form of unofficial reprimand from the Department. Trooper Spears was told to be mindful of the impact of photos with figures such as Snoop Dogg, who received 4x platinum status for his debut album *Doggystyle*. Trooper Spears' attorney has responded that Spears was unaware of the rapper's criminal history, saying that, "Believe it or not, some folks don't watch TMZ or read *People Magazine*."

Kenton County, Kentucky

Good Thing I Brought My Library Card: Democratic Lieutenant Gubernatorial candidate Johnathan Masters was reminded to return his library books in the worst way possible: a trip to the local police station. After allegedly not returning a library book to Kenton County library for 11 years, Masters, an activist and campaign coordinator turned candidate, was arrested while driving to a local radio station for an interview, the *Huffington Post* report. He was initially pulled over for an expired sticker on his car, but when the arresting officer checked his record and saw an outstanding warrant for "theft by failure to make required disposition of property," Masters was arrested and held for roughly 3 hours. Masters, who was arrested in February for allegedly harassing the dean of a local university, whom he challenged to a boxing match, is reportedly using his arrest as motivation in the race. He is showing no intention of dropping out.

Charlottesville, Virginia

"You Fucking Racist!": When third-year honor student at the University of Virginia, Martese Johnson, tried to enter the Trinity Irish Pub with a fake ID, he had a bloody arrest. *Cavalier Daily*, the student-run newspaper, reports Martese charged the police trying to arrest his with "resisting arrest, obstructing justice without threats of force and profane swearing or intoxication." A video of the arrest revealed that the student, bloody and pinned to the ground, yelled at an officer, "You fucking racist!" The student group Black Dot on the campus emailed the *Cavalier Daily*. The email read, "Outside of the doors of Trinity Irish Pub, a mass of university students bore witness to the officer's animalistic, insensitive and brute handling of Martese."

Athens, Georgia

300-pound, 10 ft. Rooster Stolen: Harris, owner of Lexington Village, an art studio and store in Athens, Georgia, commissioned a sculpture of a rooster to draw attention to the shop. "Rocket the Rusty Rooster" is a ten-foot-tall, brightly colored, 300-pound rooster. According to *CBS news*, it disappeared from in front of the shop sometime last Friday night or early Saturday morning, just hours before it was scheduled to be welded in place on a metal platform. "The rooster is valued at \$3000, but Harris is concerned that whoever took it might sell it for a few dollars in scrap," *Mental Floss* explains. "The perpetrator of the fowl play will face felony charges."

Tallahassee, Florida

Punished for Phrase "Climate Change": Florida is the first state in the nation to punish someone for talking about climate change. According to the *Guardian*, Barton Bibler, a land management plan coordinator at the State Lands section of the Florida department of Environment Protection, will have to take a leave of absence and submit to a mental health examination. Why? Because he included the phrase "climate change" in official notes during a Florida Coastal Managers Forum teleconference on March 4. Apparently there has been a *de facto* ban on the mention of climate change since 2011, when Republican Rick Scott took office. "I think it's ridiculous that there is a ban on speaking about climate change in the state of Florida," Bibler said. "I didn't know there was such a ban...I sort of stumbled [into] it."

Walkerton, Indiana

Homophobia Earns Business \$1 Million Dollars: Owners of Memories Pizzeria in Walkerton, Indiana made nearly \$1 million dollars by promoting homophobia. Last week co-owner Crystal O'Connor spoke out in favor of Indiana's notorious Religious Freedom Restoration Act, a legislative effort that many consider to be a deliberate effort to legalize discrimination against gay and lesbians in the state. For O'Connor, the law would protect the pizzeria's status as a "Christian establishment," allowing the pizzeria to refuse to cater a gay or lesbian wedding, ABC reports. Here's where the money comes in: After O'Connor spoke forthright about his company's stance, the pizzeria was inundated with comments, threats, and negative reviews. This influx of responses caused the pizzeria to shut down temporarily. So the co-owner set up a GoFundMe account "to relieve the financial loss endured by the proprietors' stand for faith." It raised \$842,387 within days.

A Book Report:

On Daniel James Brown's *The Boys in the Boat*

Eva Brann Tutor

Kimo Mackey, Annapolis Alumnus (1976), also father, brother, uncle to alumni, is a racing sailor, boat restorer and reader of the kind of book I love—books by and for sailors. (I used to sail a little sloop of my own, which now belongs to the college.) When he's finished he sends me a copy. With this last one, he hit the spot, big time, and I want to tell about it, especially since St. John's is a rowing school.

It's about the nine boys who won the gold medal for the main rowing event in Berlin at the Olympics that the Nazis mounted three years after they seized power. The book has so many resonances that I hardly know where to start. That's in spite of the fact that competition plays a huge role in it—a passion which leaves me baffled; at most, I'd go for "personal best." (Decades ago I read a joke, probably in an old *Reader's Digest*, that describes my state perfectly: Father takes little daughter to football game. Watching her first scrimmage, she asks, "Daddy, couldn't we buy each team its own ball?")

Except for that, it's a book I took personally but also a book for us all. So first: I was born in Berlin, a German Jew in the Nazi era. For the Olympics, Göbbels' propaganda ministry had cleaned up the city; the "Jews not welcome" signs displayed in most shops had been stored away. Now, the coxswain of the University of Washington shell, the *Husky Clipper*, was the, later legendary, runt (that's in the job description for coxswains, as for jockeys), Bobby Moch. The coxswain is the practical wisdom (*phronesis*) incarnate of a row boat. He receives the strategy from the coach and tweaks, even scraps it, in execution. That is, he calls the strokes per minute, from a leisurely 28 to a flying 44. On the eve of the crew's departure to Germany, Moch got a letter from his father revealing the family secret: They were Jewish. So when Moch stood on the podium to receive his gold, surrounded by swastikas, something was, unbeknownst to the world, being proved, an evil intention was being secretly nullified. Jesse Owens' four golds in track were the more public counterpart, as was heavyweight Joe Louis's defeat of Germany's Max Schmeling a couple of years later. A Jew and two black men were undermining the Nazi myth of Aryan racial superiority. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make blind," say the Greeks; a less deluded leadership would have read the omens: their nemesis was readying in the West. One of the excellences of Brown's book is that, unlike some writers born in the later twentieth century, he is vividly aware of the ominousness of these Olympics and of that Germany, and so, of the service "the boys in boat" did to human decency.

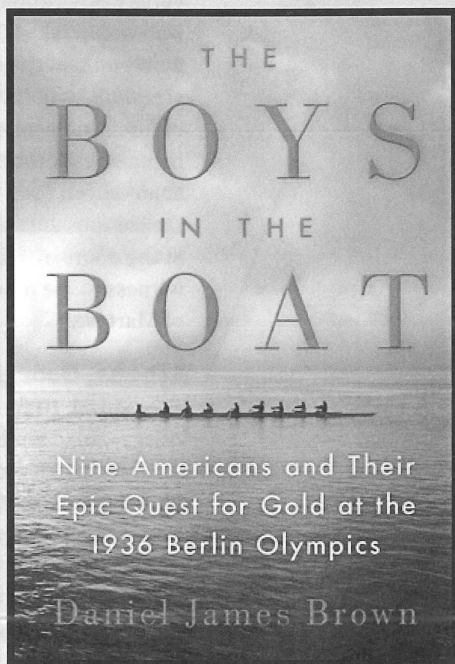
And that's the next point. It was the West of the West that was representing the United States. All the boys belonged to the working class of the Northwest. Here again, there's a personal note: I spent a glorious year playing hooky from St. John's, teaching at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington. There I fell in love with Northwestern scenic beauty and learned to respect just that Northwestern character depicted in the book.—America was then, and still is, blessedly regional. It's what you might call cultural philistinism with a descendant of moral heroism and a continuum of plain decency. By "philistinism" I mean those good old tunes sung to a plunky banjo on weekdays plus Italian opera on Sundays; in other words, what I'm not so fond of.

Competitive rowing is physically excruciating—real pain, and morally extreme—real self-sacrifice. But there is a huge reward, called being in "the swing"; we'd say "in the zone." It's a sort of ecstatic concentration—being at once beyond and within oneself. And the boat becomes a living unit, an organism.

To my mind, our college is one—of several possible—model communities. Among the topics we are all, students and tutors, in a good place to reflect on, is this one: What are the kinds of communion that may hold a community together, of which "the swing" is one, beautifully delineated in this book?

That brings me to my last item. Extremely well-researched detail, put into bated-breath order in visualizable language, is one of the virtues of Brown's book. Of these, the element I liked best is the one that fills a lack in our lives with the Program. We are, after all, devoted to theory and to amateurism—to living theory, to be sure, and to amateurism taken literally: "the lover's way" (not to be confused with amateurishness, that is cluelessness). So much the more do I like to read about the ways of craftsmanlike production, how it's done when it's done with expertise and love. *The Boys in the Boat* has a lot about building these slender marvels that accomodate very skinny behinds and very long bodies. One of the lovingly detailed heroes is George Yeoman Pocock, who built, with hand tools, these sleek shells, clad in paper-thin cedar shingles, and who was a fountain of rowing wisdom, from technical detail to transcendent insight. In his sayings you can smell the pungent sweetness of the wood.

A last delight: The Greek epigram in front is from that most magical of sailors' books, the *Odyssey*: actually from Book V, Lines 220, 223. *And all the accents are correct.* ♦



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A Typewriter for the Internet Age

Siqi Zhao A16

You are reading an article written in LaTeX. Are you distracted by the format setting of Microsoft Word? Do you hate to use mouse all the time when you only want to type and type your essay? Are you troubled by the mathematical formula typing system in Word? Now it is the time to switch to other document preparation systems.

First, For anyone who wants to go into the fields of science and engineering, it is never too late to switch to LaTeX. LaTeX is a markup language that is widely used for the communication and publication of scientific documents in many fields, including mathematics, physics, computer science, statistics, economics, and political science.

LaTeX follows the design philosophy of separating presentation from content, so that authors can focus on the content of what they are writing without attending simultaneously to its visual appearance. Therefore it helps you focus on the logical structure and the content of your essay, instead of the appearance. Also, you no longer need to worry about the required formats.

For example, if you want to write in APA (American Psychological Association), you just need to type `\usepackage{apacite}` at the beginning of your essay. If you want to change to MLA (Modern Language Association), you do not need to change every citation, you only need to change the previous line you wrote to `\usepackage{mlacite}`, and that's all, the software will do the rest of format changing.

Other advantages of LaTeX include: automatic generation of table of content (which is pretty useful for senior essay writing), graduate school preparation (LaTeX is a required skill for many science programs), paper publishing (many publishers and journals only accept submissions in .tex format), speed (just think how much time will it take to open a two hundred page word document), etc.

However, the disadvantage of this word processor is also obvious. First of all, you have to learn its commands. For example, bold is not simply by pressing Control + B, but by typing `\textbf{}`. And many other commands like that you have to memorize. Secondly, this text intermingles with code command makes it harder to reread and edit. You have to convert it into a .pdf file to view the text only. But for scientific writing, or for Johnnies who want to eventually write one of the beloved St. John's Manuals (Yes, our manuals are written in LaTeX), it is the necessary tool to use. And after certain time of practice, all those difficulties can be overcome.

Despite the fact that LaTeX is the standard text editor for most of the academic journals, it was indeed invented before the idea of PCs. Many of the commands of LaTeX might seem to be counter-intuitive. So the newer solution of this problem is a text editor called Markdown. It is an invention in the Internet Era; it is more compatible with the modern habits of PC users, and it is very easy to learn. Markdown is a easy-to-write plain text processor. That is to say, the author can focus only on the text itself. It comes only with a little grammar. # means first class title, ## means second class title, etc; text between * * is italicized, between * * * is bold; citation starts with >, and that is almost all the grammar

it has. So the user can really focus on the text and nothing else.

The philosophy of developing new softwares now is basically towards user-friendliness. However, it might be very efficient for entertainment or performing a task, but text-editing is quite different. Comfortableness is quite secondary, but the smoothness of the convey of your thought into text is more primary; the beauty of the interface, the quality of the design cannot inspire one's writing.

Markdown is developed under that philosophy

RStudio (an open source integrated development environment (IDE) for R, a programming language for statistical computing and graphics.) as the environment to use Markdown, since the user can do some programming and formula writing to compensate the lack of complex functions in Markdown.

Even for social science academic writers, comparing to MS Word, it still has its advantages. Less distraction, version track, automatic layout, etc. Many people have complained that when they open a Word file, most of the time is spent on changing the font or margin,

but Markdown is a software that is free from those distractions.

Another software is very convenient to use with Markdown + RStudio is Pandoc. It is a tool that can convert formats for text documents (of course it does not support MS word documents), you can use it easily convert .tex (format for LaTeX), .pdf, .md (format for Markdown), and around twenty other types of formats.

All in all, writing is a process of expressing one's thought through words. Many great writers prefer to use a typewriter, I guess Markdown + RStudio is a typewriter for Internet Era. ♦

Related links:

R: www.r-project.org

Rstudio: www.rstudio.com

Latex: www.latex-project.org

Little Toad

♦ Len Sive, Jr. (GI)

"Little toad on the street

Why croak ye me as if to greet?"

"Because I'm lost, Sir, please take me home."

He wept and wept, "I'm all alone."

He was an ugly toad, 'tis true,

Though toads I've known so very few—

But could I leave him there to lie?

For on the street he'd surely die.

Now croaks he oft, by the bye;

He croaks, We're friends, you and I."

UPCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday 04/07

Crossfit

11:40 AM

Kunai

4 PM

Fencing

7:30 PM

Wednesday 04/08

Crossfit

11:40 AM

St. John's Chorus, Great Hall

7 PM

Thursday 04/09

Crossfit

11:40 AM

Friday 04/10

Crossfit

11:40 AM

If you would like to see your event on the weekly schedule, please email sjca.gadfly@gmail.com.



HOMEMADE RECIPES

Patricia Locke Tutor

Perhaps you are tired of the long Russian winter? This may cheer you up: an hour in the kitchen and a nurturing supper. Note one of the rare moments in which the Bros K enjoy one another's company takes place around the dinner table in a tavern:

"--you don't live on tea alone, do you?" cried Ivan, apparently terribly pleased that he had managed to lure Alyosha....

"I'll have fish soup, and then tea, I'm hungry," Alyosha said cheerfully.

"And cherry preserve? They have it here. Do you remember how you loved cherry preserve at Polenov's when you were little?"

"You remember that? I'll have fish soup, tea, and preserve."

Ivan rang for the waiter and ordered fish soup, tea, and preserve. ♦

LOCKE FAMILY FISH SOUP

Feeds 10, (or lasts for 3 days at the end of writing period).

3 quarts of fish stock, or water doctored up with a couple of bottles of store-bought clam juice

2 onions, chopped

4 large carrots, peeled and sliced into rounds

3 celery stalks chopped, and all the leaves from the center

2 zucchinis, cubed, or 1 cup green beans if either are available. if not, how about a root vegetable?

3 potatoes, cubed

2 lb. fish: salmon, white fish, clams, mussels: whatever you've got, or is fresh at the market. When based on wild-caught king salmon, this soup is locally called, "Jet Fuel." By local, I mean the Pacific Northwest, and it can fuel intense writing. But I digress...

Salt and pepper

Handful of chopped fresh parsley or 1 T dried dill

1 cup heavy cream, warmed (or at least room temp).

1. Sauté the onions in butter or olive oil, then add the fish stock. Bring to a boil, then add other vegetables, dill, s & p and simmer until potatoes aren't too hard.

2. Raise heat and add fish; cook for 5-8 minutes, just till cooked through. Turn down the heat and gradually whisk in warm cream. Taste and correct seasonings. Serve with crusty bread, or a dry roll from Alyosha's pocket. ♦

KARAMAZOV STYLE CHERRY COMPOTE

3 cups fresh cherries, pitted, preferably Rainer. Darker varieties will heighten the Russian depressive effect. Or

1 & 1/2 cup dried sour cherries (@ Trader Joes).

2/3 cup ruby port

3/4 cup dry red wine

6 Tablespoons sugar, or to taste

1 cinnamon stick (2-3" long)

3/4 tsp black pepper (yes, it is essential)

2 tsp. cornstarch

2 tsp red-wine vinegar

1. Bring cherries, port, wine sugar, cinnamon stick, pepper, and a pinch of salt to a boil over moderate heat.

2. Stir cornstarch and vinegar together until lumps are gone, then stir into boiling cherries. Boil one minute, then remove from heat and cover. Let stand 15 minutes, while you get the samovar boiling. Serve with hot tea.

Za vas! ♦