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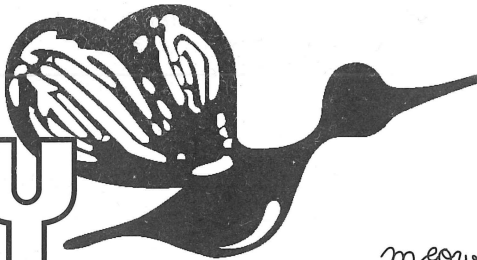
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# THE BADFLY



An International Newsmagazine since 1772

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE • 60 COLLEGE AVE, ANNAPOLIS, MD 21401 • OCTOBER 21, 2014 • VOL. XXXVI • ISSUE 5

Herodotus: Father of lies or father of fat butts? New evidence discovered.

Johnnie Problems Thirty pound baby

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Lyra Meurer

Chat (18)

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSMAGAZINE  
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

60 COLLEGE AVENUE  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21401  
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Founded in 1772, the Badfly is an international 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 Badfly reserves the right to reject, reject, and reject submissions in any way necessary to publish a professional, informative, and thought-provoking newsmagazine.

The Badfly meets on the Lower Level of the BBC, once a semester.

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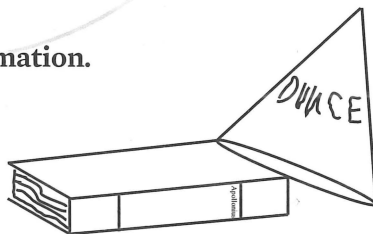
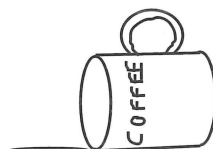
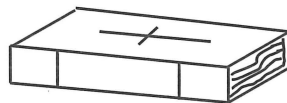
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# BREAKING NEWS

- ◇ Jellyfish gains sentence, relays the last number of pi.
- ◇ Perseus temporarily stops working, students riot in the coffee shop, breaking several windows.
- ◇ Kingdom of flesh-eating bacteria found at the bottom of College Creek with Spartan system of government.
- ◇ Students wins seminar, steals pants from tutor.
- ◇ Pallas Athena descends from heaven to declare Aristotle readings, "too damn hard."
- ◇ Iron Throne built in snow on front campus, blood bath ensues.
- ◇ Pirates have infiltrated crew team, insider says.
- ◇ Freshman stage coup de tat, calling Campbell the "new powerhouse of campus."
- ◇ Health center sends out helpful information.



## Sophomore Still Trying to Solicit Sympathy for Heavy Workload

Inside sources confirmed last week that sophomore Gunther Peterson (A'17) is still complaining about being overworked. "I'm so tired," he told an undercover *Badfly* reporter, "I got, like, six hours of sleep last night. I had to finish an essay, and I still have another to do for Monday. I am so stressed right now."

When our reporter asked why he was complaining to his own core members, who have the exact same workload as himself, Mr. Peterson replied, "Because I also have to work two and a half hours at the library, and then I have yoga later. I literally could not do a single thing more. I am so tired."

However, eyewitness accounts have shown Mr. Peterson sitting in his room at 3 PM on a Monday, eating potato chips and watching a Benedict-Cumberbatch-a-thon on Netflix. "That was literally, like, the one break I took," he explained, "All the rest of the time, I was working. Plus I've been sick."

Other Johnnies have expressed irritation with Mr. Peterson's attitude. "He needs to get over himself," an anonymous sophomore commented, "This kind of complaining was old even when we were freshmen. Hell, it was old even in high school, when you could talk about how many more AP classes you were taking than your friends. News flash: we're all taking the same classes now, dipshit. We're

not impressed."

Harvard psychologist Bertrand Bloomingham has identified a likely cause for Mr. Peterson's behavior. "We all do it," Mr. Bloomingham told the *Badfly*, reclining in his commemorative Harvard Class of '87 easy chair, "We all want validation. And sometimes, if we're going through a rough patch where it's not all that easy to see the benefit of our work, we want to be consoled. We want to reach out and find someone who will tell us that we're an impressive person, that what we're doing is valuable. And one very common way we have found to seek this validation is to whine incessantly like a little bitch."

Of all those interviewed, juniors and seniors were the least sympathetic to Mr. Peterson's complaints. Senior Orphilina Rhizomo (A'15) commented, "Don't worry. Junior year will cut him down to size. He'll be so tired, he won't have the energy to complain. Besides, it's really seniors who have it the hardest. We have to apply for grad school, and spend an hour a day minimum just generally stressing about our futures—and all of that's on top of our school-work. That's why we've only gotten six hours of sleep in the last week. Plus we've all been sick."

Mr. Peterson was too overwhelmed with work to comment. ☹

## Prospie's Question Perplexes Tutor

Every prospie who stays overnight has a chance to sit down with a tutor and ask any questions about St. John's. Alexander, an eager high school senior from upstate New York, very much looked forward to his interview. He had read all of Stringfellow Barr, Scott Buchanan, and Mortimer J. Adler and was well versed in the history of the liberal arts education.

Alexander asked several questions about life at St. John's and the Program. The conversation was comfortably well-paced—that is, until it came to an abrupt halt. Without realizing the weight of his question, the student asked, "What is the purpose of a St. John's education?" The tutor fell silent and slowly slid back in his chair. A few long seconds went by—complete silence. In a frantic effort to relieve the tutor, Alexander proposed his own answers. "Is it to make better citizens?" he asked. "Or, how about make students think on their own?" The tutor grunted—no reply. A few more long seconds rolled by, until finally the tutor sat up, looked at his watch, and said, "I think our time is up." Then, without a formal goodbye, the tutor stood up, put on his coat, and quickly walked out of the Coffee Shop. Alexander was shocked and thought out loud, "What the hell?"

Next fall, Alexander enrolled as a Freshman. ☹

## DINING HALL INTENTIONALLY SMASHES ALL PLATES

Recently, the dining hall has been denying requests for specific food items, which it identifies as "too unhealthy" for its students. Some such declarations state that lemon juice has "too much sugar" in it for the dining hall to put out in good conscience. (You know, compared to the Rice Krispie Treats they serve at the very beginning of the food line.) Also, a request for chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream was marked out in pen and the dining hall suggested kale flavoured ice cream instead. Needless to say, the dining hall's fascism is obviously executed with only the best health of the students' in mind, not the price of these items which we already pay out the nose for on the meal plan.

However, in a shocking turn of events, all of the plates in the dining hall have been broken, and a sign has been posted stating simply, "Watch your portions." As reminiscent of as this is of a "Big Brother is watching you," schtick, students should be reminded that you are in fact being controlled and your requests are being rudely denied for your own good. The dining hall knows best, children. Remember that. ☹



After disappearing from public view for 11 speculation-filled days, Russian President Vladimir Putin resurfaced Monday, March 16, meeting with Kyrgyzstan President Almazbek Atambayev at a St. Petersburg palace. The meeting marked Putin's first public appearance since March 5, when Putin met with Italian Prime Minister Matteo Renzi.

The strongman's abrupt and unexplained absence had set off a flurry of rumors, including that Putin had died or was in declining health, had traveled to Switzerland for the birth of his girlfriends's child, or even had been ousted in a Kremlin coup.

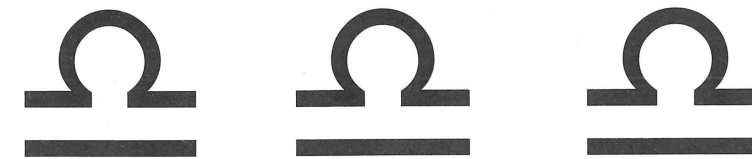
But there he was on Monday, most assuredly not dead and showing no outward signs of illness. The *New York Times* reports that during a joint appearance, Atambayev told reporters that Putin "had a philosophical emergency," and flew out to Siberia, where he dieted on "raw fish, black tea and parsnips."

"He was not only dieting and meditating, he read voraciously," Atambayev added.

On the top of his to-read list, the Russian leader spent most of the week-and-a-half-long disappearance toiling over Nietzsche's *der Wille zur Macht* and Heidegger's question of authenticity. But more than these, he took to reading Žižek into the late hours of the night, trying to once and for all resolve all his persistent questions imposed by previous German philosophers.

Putin's "philosophical emergency" came during particularly dire times in Russia, with the country embroiled in Ukraine and amid the residual fury over the assassination of the leading dissident Boris Nemtsov. No one should be surprised. ☹

## FUN FACT: PUTIN IS A LIBRA





Rookie Satanist Accidentally Summons Son of God



At three in the morning this past Tuesday, I was abruptly awoken by an unearthly howling. At the outset, I didn't worry too much – the freshmen have been reading Herodotus lately and cries of lost souls have become a comforting lullaby on Sunday nights – but shortly after a desperate tapping came at my chamber door. Try as I might, the poor soul was insistent. Not even my slurred “Slerp stooody” could deter them; I stumbled to the door. Staring up at me with watery eyes was a girl I'd never spoken to, though I'd seen her on campus many a time.

“Sorry to wake you,” she said. “But I’ve got a bit of an, err, problem down in the Humphreys basement.”

“What?” I replied, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. Oh, right. Shit. RA Duties. Those are definitely an unfortunate reality. “Is someone hurt?” The possibility of a bleeding student in my care shocked me that much closer to full wakefulness.

“No, no. No one’s hurt, it’s just...” She huffed in frustration and raked a hand through her hair. “Can you come with me? Please?”

It was my duty, dear reader, to do so. After grabbing a pair of flip-flops and my robe, we trekked down from the third floor of Humphreys to its basement. Let me say this: I have been well acquainted with fluorescent lighting in my lifetime. One might even say ‘painfully well acquainted’ after viewing the buzzing ceiling panels at my public high school. I had grown used to such lighting in Humphreys basement, if only as a reason to avoid visiting it, but the soft, rosy-fingered dawn-like yellow and neon purple spilling into the hallway were most certainly not fluorescent.

“Excuse me?” A voice called from the room. The girl next to me, I think her name was Elizabeth, froze. Her fear made me cautious, but I entered the room anyway.

“Excuse me,” the voice repeated, but I couldn’t answer.

Jesus Christ floated gently in a ring of purple fire in the middle of Humphreys basement.

“Hello,” He said, lips curving into a smile. “Have you heard the good word of me?” His laughter rooted me to the spot. I have never been a religious person, but now seemed a great time to start. I straightened up and tried to breathe a little more deeply, fisting my

hands in the pockets of my robe. I bowed stiffly.

“How can I help you...Mr. Christ?” I managed to squeak out.

“Please, call me Jesus.”

“Alright then, Jesus. May I ask what you’re doing here?”

“I was hoping you could tell me,” He glanced into the hallway. “I believe I’m part of a séance gone wrong. It’s okay, Elizabeth,” He motioned for her to come into the room. “Everyone messes up their first invocation, but you get better. Why, I remember Mark tried to summon Beelzebub one time and just got bees and bubble bath.” He laughed long and hearty, like it was the funniest joke he’d ever heard. “Pronunciation is tricky, dear Elizabeth, if you inflect one word wrongly you’re likely to be given a phallus not a palace.” Jesus wiped a tear from his eye and I briefly wondered if Homer had these sorts of problems with his gods. Maybe.

“Oh, anyway, if you would just release me, I believe it’s time for me to get home. Daddy-o will be wondering where I am,” He almost started laughing again. My look of confusion must have tipped Him off. “It’s funny,” He said, “Because He’s omniscient. He’s never wondered in his life.”

“Oh, yes,” I nodded dumbly, “Very funny.” I turned desperately back to Elizabeth. “How do we let the nice man go?”

“That’s just it,” she said quietly, “I don’t know.”

“Well, if this is the trap that I think it is, you can just erase that sigil,” He gestured with his sandaled foot, “And change that to an epsilon, I should be free to go.”

Elizabeth hurriedly did as she was instructed, and soon the room was filled with a white light. Jesus laughed again, he seemed like a pretty jovial guy.

“Farewell, my friends. I am gone.”

“Have a safe trip,” I waved weakly. Elizabeth did the same.

Afterwards, there was no evidence that anything had ever transpired there. Only Elizabeth and I knew what had occurred, but I didn’t have the energy or presence of mind to berate her. Forgiveness seemed like a good option.

“Elizabeth,” I began.

“Yes?” She sounded terrified.

“You know we have rules about this sort of thing.”

“We do?” She seemed genuinely surprised.

“You can hold as many séances as you want in Humphreys. You just have to get everyone’s permission first.”

“Wait, really?”

“Yes. Every resident has to okay it.”

“So can I—”

“No. Because I will never say yes to you again.”

I left her sputtering in the basement and returned upstairs, much too tired for this nonsense. I had a nine am in a few hours and I didn’t think my tutor would take divine interruption as an excuse.

Back in bed, I reached down to take a swig from my water bottle; dealing with Jesus was thirsty work. I gagged ungracefully at the sour taste and swiped at my bedside lamp to turn it on. I stared in frustrated disbelief. Pinot Noir glittered in my CamelBak.



St. John's College to Become Its Own Country



Saint John's College to Become its own Country

Recently, a bill passed through the legislation of the American country to declare the campus of St. John's College, formerly William and Mary's School, to become its own country. This bill was started by several students on-campus a few years ago, who have since graduated, but one of them was recorded as saying, “I just think that our college is so much more than a place of education, but... something more... like, a country or something. Yeah, a country,” while very drunk at a party. The idea gained steam, and slowly, petition after secret petition, the bill was presented to Congress. The president did not veto this declaration, perhaps because it was slid in as a clause on the one hundred and seventy second page of a three hundred page bill about the standards of elementary geology classes in the states. Nonetheless, we are excited to announce, here, in the pages of our very own school paper, that you are all now citizens of Saint John's!

It is with great sadness, however, that I must announce several drawbacks to this new status. Due to issues over land with the city of Annapolis, the BBC will no longer be part of the campus. In fact, after a lawsuit by the British Broadcast Company, the building can no longer be called the BBC at all, and is being renamed something considerably more boring. Also, residents of Pinkney and Randall are being asked to vacate the buildings as soon as possible, since these, too, have been taken by the city of Annapolis to be used as either tourist traps or restaurants which are in themselves a form of tourist traps.

The polity is also to be made aware of a few new rules that will be enforced in our great country.

- 1) Citizens must submit to the Gadfly at least one article per year.
  - 2) The New Year's celebrations on Wednesday may only continue if the singers reach no note higher than the middle “g” in the treble clef.
  - 3) Axolotls are the only pet allowed now in dorm rooms.
  - 4) For every Kant pun uttered, a citizen must receive twelve lashes.
  - 5) The existence of mountains is to be denied at all times. Any people who believe in mountains should be reported to the assistant dean immediately.
  - 6) Sophistry is no longer allowed to be mentioned in regards to the education our school is providing.
  - 7) The words “swag,” “totes my goats,” “weebs,” and “omg” are from this moment on forbidden.
- And finally,
- 8) Dogs are now allowed back on campus!

These rules are designed for the safety of everyone on campus, so please respect them. Also keep in mind that the Wi-Fi can be shut down at any time so that Perseus will no longer be available for use in “assisting” translations.

Even though these are dramatic changes, please know that many of

the things that you know and love about St. John's College will remain the same. For example, eating at the dining hall will still be mandatory for freshman, and Arcadia will remain on campus. In fact, she had been promoted as the national animal for our country! Isn't that charming? And for those of you that are wondering, smoking will still be allowed on campus, but only if one uses the ashtrays. We highlight this last part, since we feel this that this may be a habit change for some of our citizens. We also would like to reiterate that this new country is by no means anarchic. We do not know what it is, really, other than a country.

If you want to put in an idea of how our new state should be run, there will be a meeting at 2 am in the bell tower of McDowell on April 16th, 2015. There will no refreshments nor will there be food, and if you arrive to challenge those in power, you will be removed from campus.

We at the Badfly sincerely hope that everyone enjoys their new freedoms and lack of freedoms! However, we ask that you contain your excitement enough that you do not draw the ire of the United States, lest they decide to conquer us.

May Socrates be ever in your favor,  
The Badfly Staff

Did You Know?

Famous sayings that originated from the Bible:

- ◇ ‘Judge not lest ye be judged.’ (Matthew 7:1)
- ◇ ‘Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone.’ (John 8:7)
- ◇ ‘Don’t throw your pearls before swine.’ (Matthew 7:6)
- ◇ ‘Damned if you do, damned if you don’t.’ (Job 3:3)
- ◇ ‘You gotta do what you gotta do.’ (Johah 2:2)
- ◇ ‘How do you like them apples?’ (Genesis 3:5)
- ◇ ‘Are you feeling lucky, punk?’ (Exodus 14:23)

St. John's New Revenue

There have been several questions about the economy of the new country of St. John's, all of which have pointedly asked what in god's name we should do to stay afloat. A questionnaire was sent out to students, and the Delegate Council has announced that tourism will be central to our new economy; namely, St John's will bring in people to watch the students like animals in a zoo, exactly like Prospies do already. Also, thanks to an overwhelming amount of unsolicited advice, geeks from all over St. John's have declared that the tabletop Role-Playing Games (RPGs) are something that should be factored as a way to make revenue. One letter to the Council declared, “We host the sweetest RPGs around. People would totally pay to watch me pretend to be a gnome paladin.” Another stated, “I know all of the rules of Dungeons and Dragons 2nd edition onward, and I am fully prepared to police all games played to make sure that nothing goes wrong. Also, I know Pathfinder.”



# Ceremony Coffee Roasters: Baconian Never-Neverland

This review will perhaps be most helpful for a specific species of modern coffee enthusiasts—at this point in our modern era an ever-expanding species—the torturers of Nature, or, the Baconian Vexers. It will therefore be most sensible to those who have already frequented the establishment this publication has occasioned me to review, as well as those who share my and other modern coffee enthusiasts’ Baconian inclinations, that I am indeed writing about Ceremony Coffee Roasters, perhaps the most torturous, but at the same time revealing investigators of Nature’s fruits.

It is a truism that is unfortunately unnoticed by most modern coffee enthusiasts that their own principles and *modus operandi* are in fact founded on Baconian principles. Thus, those who deviate from their own craft’s principles should not be surprised to find themselves befit for Idols of the Theatre and therefore subject to scrutiny and perhaps correction on behalf of their betters. (Dare I mention that most despicable venue, the that which something lesser cannot be drank, Starbucks?) Fortunately for us Vexers—would that fortune obeyed me more often!—our tasks have been re-delegated to those martyrs of scientific knowledge at Ceremony to reveal the shadows on the cave wall, disguising flat, weak crema atop a double ristretto-shot, and that over-aerated milk which, from afar to those in chains, looks like latte art but most certainly is not.

Ceremony Coffee Roasters was first mentioned to me by a colleague of mine in the basement of the Baconian Institute at M.I.T., an institute devoted to essentially putting various exotic flowers and animals through Enhanced Interrogation Techniques until they reveal to us Nature’s mechanisms. I was telling her that I was going to give a talk for a conference at the Naval Academy entitled, ‘Torture is Justified: Put it in Your Cup’, and she told me my pilgrimage would be remiss if I didn’t visit Ceremony, advice which, coming from the Chair of the Department for Nature’s Very Real and Reductive Mechanisms, I was required to obey.

When I arrived at Ceremony I was presented immediately

with one of the most serious and profound displays of Baconian investigation and rigor in the modern Western world. One of these displays can be found at the most immediate part of Ceremony’s brand, its logo, which features an exquisite set of leaves that house one of the Baconian’s foods and jewels—the Arabica bean, that sweet, complicated question that is the subject of the modern coffee enthusiasts’ and Vexers’ project alike. But Ceremony’s displays grew that much more striking when I soon discovered the tools at Ceremony’s disposal for extracting Nature’s nectar, impressively varied and powerful: a set of calibrated kettles designed to put Nature through a most vexatious routine in the public spectacle, that most divine and zenithal symbol of the Baconian Vexers project, the (Synesso) espresso machine, as well as modern science’s most sophisticated roaster equipped with the appropriate graphing functions for roasting and extraction temperature, and finally a glass-encased room for tasting various aspects of the answers with which Nature has decided to present us. One merely has to watch one of Ceremony’s baristas—or should I say Bacon-istas?—grind Nature to a fine, powdery condition, tamp, beat, and pound onto the portafilter a *lá Novum Organum*, making Mother Nature finally acquiesce underneath 9-bars of pressure of the espresso machine’s unceasing power. And EUREKA! Nature’s secrets are revealed in its most delicious form! There are absolutely no idols and idolaters to be found at this establishment—this most glorious kitchen of Nature!

Comrades of the Baconian Project—I beseech you for a cappuccino at Ceremony! Imbibe Nature’s answers and savor the fall of its last stand against Man’s unceasing efforts! Cease your Interrogation Techniques, and grant Ceremony the privilege to supply you with the fruits of its torture!

In natura constricta et vexata,  
Dr. Jack Brews, Ph.D

*Atticus Beaumont is no ordinary college student. He has broken many boundaries to arrive where he is now—St. John’s College, Annapolis. Not only did he have to overcome a rather offensive policy that animals, no matter how intelligent, are not allowed on campus, but he also, without the ability to read, had to convince the admissions office that he was worthy of acceptance.*

*Atticus’ story begins when he was just a kitten, craving knowledge and asking questions such as, “What is virtue?” and “Is virtue a teachable thing?” As he grew, he found that institutes of learning would not accept him. After Atticus heard about St. John’s he knew that this was the place to come. He had a friend with opposable thumbs post a picture of Atticus looking melancholy on the internet and asked for support. The picture became an internet sensation. With over one hundred thousand notes on Tumblr and six hundred thousand retweets, and even becoming a popular meme for a solid day and a half, it became hard to ignore Atticus’.*

*Though he does not speak English, cannot read, and needs a litter box and cat food, Atticus was accepted into St. John’s, and it was disclosed that, since he had no concept of currency, the Admissions office offered him a full ride scholarship. Atticus has made a brave step for all cat-kind, so feel free to congratulate our new peer if you see him walking around campus. Please be aware, though, that is in fact offensive to confuse him with the local raccoon, who was spotted again recently after the long winter. If you wish to address the raccoon, he has been dubbed Agamemnon “King of Trash” Rocket Raccoon, and also wishes that people would stop throwing beer cans at him when he comes too close.*



## B&G To Give Student Award: Most Annoying Trash

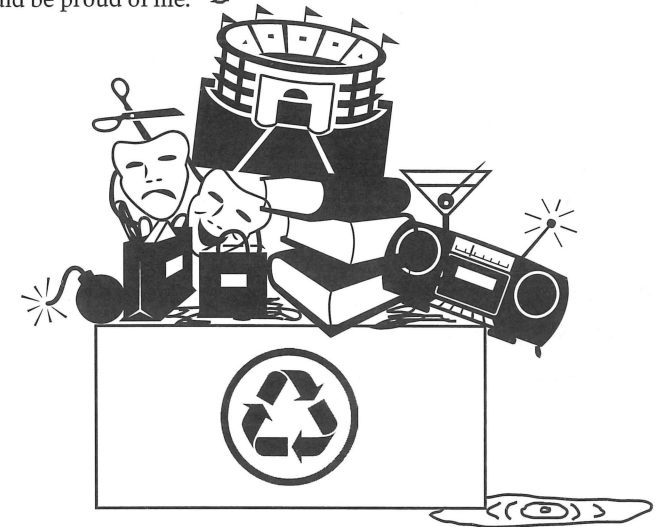
This Friday, a Buildings & Grounds spokesperson announced that senior Todd Billings (A’15) is scheduled to be given the first-ever life-time achievement award titled Most Annoying Trash. “This is the first time we’ve given this award,” B&G spokesperson Roy “Rope-A-Dope” Carter told Badfly reporters, “... or any award, for that matter. And we’re doing it because honestly, we’ve never seen such consistently annoying trash come out of one student’s room before.”

A team of trash analysts has kept careful records of the annoyingness of trash throughout the St. John’s campus, and discovered that the highest concentrations are always found in the trash areas closest to the residence of Mr. Billings. Recent surveillance footage from his nearest trash area shows him depositing, within the span of a single night: a CVS bag full of assorted sharp objects, three dozen half-full cans of Milwaukee’s Best, and a refrigerator-sized cardboard box filled with loose packing peanuts.

When interviewed as to why he decided to leave half a Domino’s pizza in the recycle bin, Mr. Billings replied, “Well, it was a lot of food. I didn’t want it to go to waste. I thought maybe they could turn it into stationery or one of those post consumer recycled Frisbees. I’ve been making an effort to be more environmentally conscious.”

While many Johnnies see this award as a rebuke, both parties firmly deny this. “We’re honestly just amazed,” B&G spokesperson Carter told the Badfly, “I mean, we’re used to picking up annoying trash—that’s part of the job. But this guy’s trash is annoying to the point where it’s like, ‘Hats off.’ You know? I mean, we didn’t even think this kind of annoyingness was possible.”

Mr. Billings had a similar take on the matter: “Yeah, I’m pretty psyched about it, actually. It makes me feel like I’ve really had an impact on this community. Like, I’ve never really been all that great at Greek or French. And I’m kind of so-so in Seminar and Math and whatnot. But when I look at that award, I’ll be able to think to myself, ‘I was truly outstanding at something.’ And you know, like Socrates probably said, any action can be virtuous. I think Socrates would be proud of me.”



**I FORGOT HOW  
EXCITING  
CROQUET CAN  
BE, SAID NO  
JOHNNIE EVER.**

**#RaceTogether**

For once ever, the United States wants to come together and have a real dialogue about an important issue, thought Johnnie Philip Anderson when he learned about Starbuck’s new campaign, called “Race Together”. “Okay, really, the campaign only inflates the ego of a gentry liberal billionaire CEO, but what the hell?” Philip told his friend, on their way to Farbucks. “An excuse to ask philosophical questions is an excuse to ask philosophical questions.” Immediately arriving at the counter, Philip asked the barista, “When is civil disobedience justified?” The barista stopped what he was doing, and the two of them had an engaging conversation on the issue for nearly three hours. Then, the barista was fired.



After the fifth Frank Underwood quote, the Sophomore seminar had enough. “We wanted to throw something at her,” says one her peers. “Are you really going to try to defend Machiavelli with the opening scene of House of Cards? Like, are you for real?!” That is the reaction coming out of the seminar on Machiavelli’s *Prince*, where a Sophomore reportedly only referenced the TV show House of Cards for the entire seminar. Says a classmate, “We were just going along, having a great discussion, and he brings this shit up. I mean, at least, bring up Season 3, if you are going to give a half-convincing argument.” Another one of her peers was more upset she never referenced Clare Underwood. “Once we started wondering about the Prince’s virtue, she went on and on about Frank Underwood, but without ever mentioning the sexiest person on the show, Clare. How is that even possible?” The student in question, who requested anonymity, said: “I mean, I thought I was focusing on what was important.”



## UPCOMING EVENTS

### Tuesday 03/24

All kazoo marching band practice on the roof of Mellon.

4 AM

Dining Hall serving sauteed campus bunny—get it while it's hot!

11:30 AM

### Wednesday 03/25

All classes meet as scheduled... upside down?

9 AM

Impromptu horseback Frisbee game on quad followed by horseback ice cream social in McDowell 33.

2:31 PM

Screening of educational film, "So You Married A Johnnie?" in FSK.

8 PM

### Thursday 03/26

SPRING BREAK BEGINS AGAIN!!!

10 PM

### Friday 03/27

Lecture: All Program authors return from the dead to wordlessly throw pies at each other for an hour and a half. No Q&A session.

8 PM

If you would like to see your event on the weekly schedule, please email [sjca.gadfly@gmail.com](mailto:sjca.gadfly@gmail.com).

## Crooked Croquet Capers at College Creek

*NCAA TO INVESTIGATE POSSIBLE WRONGDOING IN ST.*

### JOHN'S ATHLETIC DEPT AND CONSIDER LIFETIME SANCTIONS

It was only a matter of time. Following high-profile scandals in Syracuse basketball, University of North Carolina basketball and football, and the once storied and unimpeachable backgammon program at Princeton, St. John's now finds itself embroiled in its own version, which school officials are calling "outrageous", "an insult to our academic identity", and "a good laugh". The NCAA Committee for Integrity and Honesty in Wicket-Based Athletics announced on Friday that it is opening an investigation of the centuries-old croquet program, looking specifically into how players are recruited, how strictly their academic requirements are enforced, and how alleged perks—monetary and otherwise—have been channeled to them for years. CAIHWBA spokesperson Brouha Stricthorn confidently stated, "Well, it's a very tough decision to make, there are a lot of balls in the air and on the field and whatnot. The truth is, we're really looking for the deciding factor to push our decision one way or the other."

Indeed, eyebrows have been rising for some time around campus, with the appearance of subtle but suspicious signs that the balance between academics and athletics at St. John's was shifting. The gleaming 24,000-person capacity Mallet Dome facility, which appeared suddenly during Spring Break 2010 and all but dwarfed FSK; the hiring of a former University of Oklahoma Athletic Director as the Assistant Dean of Admissions; the housing of croquet players in the Varsity Yacht; not to mention the ever-growing share of incoming students with physiques resembling more that of an Olympic athlete than of a student of Olympus.

Not everyone is so sure that something is amiss, however. One anonymous student (who's a junior, living on the 3rd floor at Gilliam) opined, "I guess it kind of makes sense now, but I really didn't think there was anything unethical going on with croquet players. I mean, I did think it was kinda strange that they were allowed to Facetime into seminars, and that when they did participate it was usually to say something like 'Yeah, what he said', but it never occurred to me that they were getting special treatment or anything like that. I thought it was just another example of St. John's' constant push to innovate and embrace new technology".

Another student, who we'll call Shillabong Engelhoof: "Sure, yeah, there's the yacht, the cars, the 'no-show' courses with no reading requirements and only a diorama as the final project, but I thought this was in keeping with the St. John's philosophy that every student personally design and customize his/her own study program that best fit his/her needs."

Ultimately, St. John's will have to decide which is more important, the lure of the funds coming from alumni boosters and television rights for the post-season tournaments or the purity of its academic mission. Some are defending the croquet program, arguing that it goes hand-in-hand with everything the school stands for. As the current Assistant Croquet Coach Falable Croinkerblust—Head Coach Spratt was on a recruiting trip to Turks and Caicos, and therefore unavailable—put it, "Of course, right now everyone's piling on the croquet program, but they don't realize that it's because of high-profile revenue sports that other, niche sports at St. John's like basketball, soccer, and tennis are possible. Do you think St. John's could afford to have its precious intramural soccer field if it weren't for the money croquet brings in? Oh, and this 'Great Books' thing the school is so proud of. Do you have any idea how dusty those old books get? Do you think they think they get dusted for free?"

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