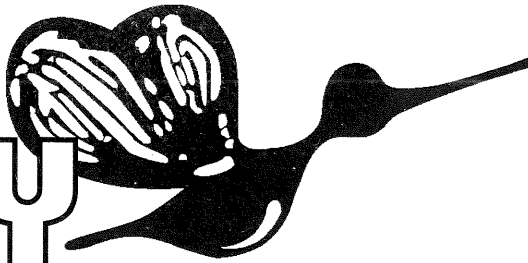


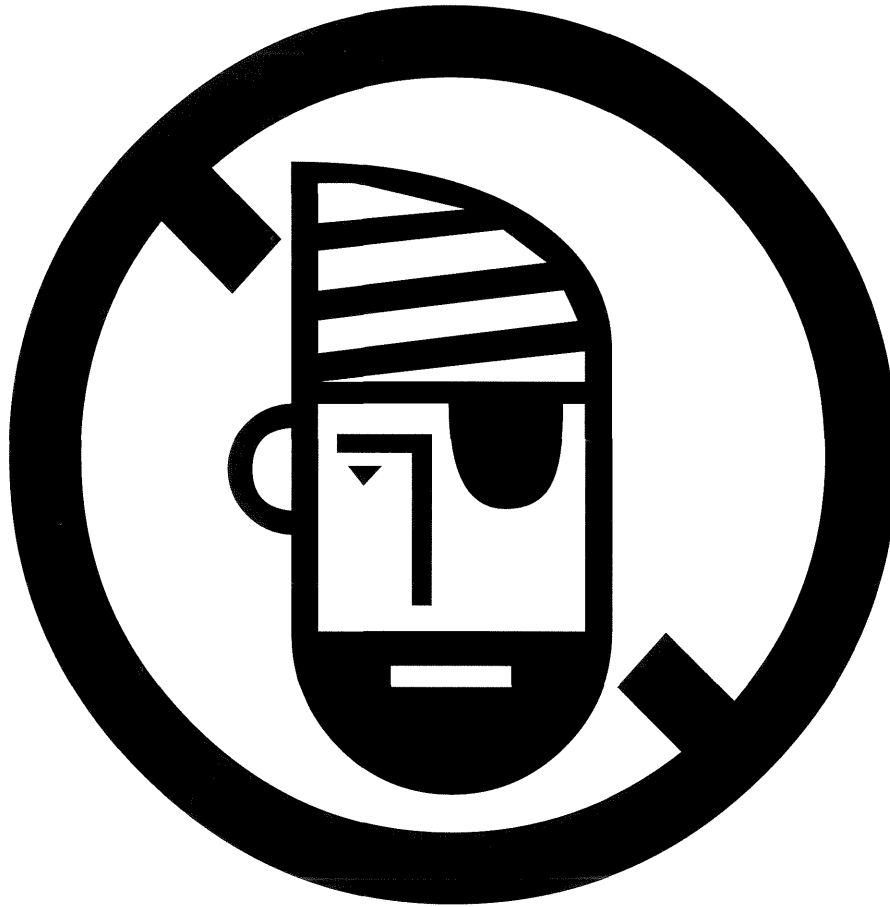
THE **BADFLY**



*just open it.
lazybones.*

An International Newsmagazine since 1772

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE • 60 COLLEGE AVE, ANNAPOLIS, MD 21401 • OCTOBER 27, 2015 • VOL. XXXVII • ISSUE 5



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THE EVIL STUDENT NEWSPAPER
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

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Founded in hell, the *Badfly* is the student newsmagazine distributed to anyone who dares to touch its demonic evil.

Opinions expressed within are the sole responsibility of the *Badfly*, one of the many demons who fell in battle with the Lord Satan, who fought against the Enemy, the hated one who expelled them from Heaven along with many other angels, simply for having rotten breath and getting a Grateful Dead tattoo.

Badfly meetings are never held. The *Badfly* disgorges the magazine from his festering maw and we humble acolytes are left to translate it into English for the tiny minds of mortals to comprehend.

Submit to the *Badfly* or else.

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Probably Jeff (aka Steve) • Acolyte

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The Supreme and all-devouring deity
known as *TheBadfly*

5 Reasons Every Johnnie Should Vote

Kanye West for President

Maybe you didn't hear? While Kanye was accepting the Video Vanguard Award from Taylor Swift at the 2015 MTV Music Awards, Kanye ended his passionate speech with an announcement that he will be running for president in 2020. Then — no joke — he dropped the mic. Although he admitted to the press that he may have been high, a couple of days after the award show, his wife, Kim Kardashian, affirmed on the Ellen Show that he is still serious about his candidacy. And thank god he is! Here's why, Johnnies:

1. Who ever said a Philosopher King should rule the City? Because, well, they thought wrong. What we really need is a Poet to square up this joint.

2. Like every Johnnie after reading the Meno, Kanye West is only seeking the true and the beautiful. As he told the press, "My instinct has only led me to awesome truth and awesomeness. Beauty, truth, awesomeness. That's all it is."

3. Kim Kardashian would be our first lady. Period.

4. Y'all, we study logic in the Sophomore language tutorial to decipher the brilliance of Kim Kardashian. The world's masterminds are still pondering her tweet from June 9, 2011: "Ate a bite of a salad & an olive was in it. I liked it but scares me bc I hate olives! Hope my taste isn't changing, I don't wanna like olives". (Editor's note: All of the spacing and grammar of this quote belongs to Kim Kardashian.)

5. Rupert Murdoch said it first: it's time we had a "real black president" run this country. And, well, since we know President Obama isn't black, and Ben Carson has as much of a chance of becoming president as St. John's does of topping the college rankings — Kanye West is THE answer. ☹

Horoscopes

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Be careful what you do today, because they are watching your every step, and they want to catch you. So keep your eyes peeled and break any cameras you see. I want you to be safe.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

Everything is going to be about three inches to the left today. We aren't quite sure why it only affects you people, but here we are. Keep a close eye on table legs and edges, because those things are painful to run into.

Gemini (May 21 – June 21)

Today, ease up. You've worked really hard, and it's time to sit back, relax, and watch as the world ends. It's supposed to start with torrential rain, so retreat into the arc you build the other day at my suggestion. Take two of every animal around you into your arc. Then, there are supposed to be several days of darkness, which you should rest for, and take that long nap you've been needing.

Cancer (June 22 – July 22)

Go to the doctor.

Leo (July 23 – August 22)

Don't trust your eyes; they will only deceive you. Close your eyes and trust in an uncaring higher being. In fact, you shouldn't even be reading this! Stop! Close your eyes!

Virgo (August 21 – September 22)

Pretend to be your roommate today. If you don't have a roommate, pretend to be what you imagine your roommate would be like. Feel free to borrow some clothes to really get into character. Go to their classes, learn what makes them happy, and learn what their weaknesses are.

Libra (September 23 – October 23)

How many times have you found yourself asking an unanswerable question in the last week? It's time to learn the answers to those questions. Step outside into the world awaiting you. Pull out your cellular phone. Open your preferred browser. (If you're not using Chrome, I'm judging you.) Pull up Google.com. It'll answer way more things that Aristotle ever could.

Scorpio (October 24 – November 21)

Today, be as cynical as Diogenes, as beautiful as Kim Kardashian, and as sexy as Socrates. It will serve you well.

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21)

There is a book on your shelf that you haven't read yet. You know what book I'm talking about—the one that's new to you but not really new at all. You've been meaning to read it for quite some time, but the Program has just kept you endlessly busy. Read it. There are great secrets awaiting you.

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19)

You've been making good money, and you're over budget! It's time to finally buy yourself something nice. I think it's time you got a friend.

Aquarius (January 20 – February 18)

You've been stuck in a rut for a while, and it's really messing with your mojo. Meeting someone new might be a good cure. Either do that or sneak around at night in brown clothes and climb trees pretending to be a squirrel. Both would be a good way for you to branch out.

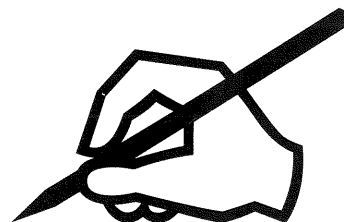
Pisces (February 19 – March 20)

Go visit an aquarium. Your brethren miss you. feEl it. . . but it is still tHerE, Little do People know. ☹

From the Editors:



Tutors Resort to Public Don Rags



As embarrassing as it is for a student to be reprimanded in front of all of his tutors, it seems not enough can be done to change his conduct in the classroom. "I've been working at St. John's for a couple decades now, and Don Rags have always been useless for improving participation in the classroom," said a tutor, who wishes to remain anonymous. "Students either enroll into the Program already willing to do the work, or they remain a mediocre student for the four years of their college career."

This tutor is not alone in his discontent. Last Friday, the college faculty unanimously voted for all Don Rags to be conducted with open doors to the Polity. "Imagine telling a student in a Don Rag that papers are not optional, and then the next semester the student actually hands in a paper and on time," one tutor exclaimed. "Maybe second semester would mean that more than two people, one including myself, would participate in my class," said another. Students are also excited. One upperclassman told a reporter, "I have always been amazed when one of my peers tells me he had a fantastic Don Rag, when I know for a fact that his contributions to the class have been awful. Now, I guess, I'll be able to see for myself."

Believe it or not, the faculty did not immediately reach an agreement on public Don Rags. Some tutors felt that the measures were extreme, and others felt that public shaming would prove ineffective. With Plato's Protagoras in mind, one tutor raised the following objection: "Punishments, like public shaming, are not inflicted on a rational man for the sake of the crime that has been committed — after all one cannot undo the past — but for the sake of the future, to prevent a man from doing the same act again. Yet to hold such a view amounts to holding that virtue can be instilled by education."

His objection was not addressed, until... President Nelson, pulling a speech from the right side of his coat, swiftly stood up in front of the assembly and in a bellowing voice began: "Fluent orator you all may be, dear faculty, your words are ill-considered. The ugly plebian Socrates is the revenge of Thersites." Frightened, the whole assembly looked about. "Every student in a Don Rag is a Thersites, who stops, nor stands up alone against tutors," the president continued, comparing Don Rags to Odysseus' rebuke of Thersites. "Out of all those who enter the halls of McDowell I assert there is none worse than one deprived of public rebuke." His rhetoric brought the whole assembly to tears, and moments later, the new legislation was passed.

"We still have several kinks in the legislation to work out," wrote the faculty members in a press release. "But, in an Odysseus-like spirit, implementing public Don Rags will by far be the best thing St. John's has ever accomplished." ☞

Leibniz Proves Gadfly Articles Written by God

A previously unknown manuscript of a philosophical treatise written by G. W. Leibniz was unearthed in the men's room of the McDowell coffee shop. Experts confirmed the document's authenticity while having lunch in the dining hall.

In the first chapter, Leibniz discusses the perfection that can be observed in all *Gadfly* articles, but admits that this perfection cannot be directly acted upon by the mind, which is immaterial, therefore they must be created and sustained by God.

However, he proceeds to a still more surprising conclusion. Because these articles must be in perfect conformity with the minds of the authors who wrote them, there must therefore be an inner perfection within the minds of the authors, which are in turn spontaneous with respect to themselves. Thus, *Gadfly* authors are perfect insofar as they conform with the perfect externals of their articles. Therefore, their spontaneity (i.e. that which is uniquely theirs) is in perfect conformity with perfection. Therefore *Gadfly* authors themselves are perfect.

At this point, however, the scholars reading this document decided that it was not, after all, authentic. "The *Gadfly* is just so flat nowadays," one of them commented, "It's all poems and preachy essays. How about some damn cartoons?"

"I agree," another expert chimed in, "I want to be kept better informed about campus life. Sometimes I have no idea who's been cheating on whom, or which Hustlers players have been sold to the Druids for \$133 million. It's up to the Program authors to make me think. When I read the *Gadfly*, I just want to be entertained. How about some topless photos? Is that too much to ask?"

"And there are so many mistakes," a third added, "I'm like, 'Hey *Gadfly*. Why don't you try reading over your own damn paper before you send it to be printed?'"

The experts all nodded and concurred that the *Gadfly* was barely worth the paper it was printed on, and that Leibniz was simply blowing posthumous smoke by saying it was perfect. They then deposited his lost manuscript in the nearest ashtray and then walked back to their dorms to drink box wine and watch Big Bang Theory. ☞

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For since 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student magazine distributed to over 600 students, faculty

PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SOMEONE STOP THESE CRAZIES AND GETTING US PRISONER OF THE GADFLY OFFICE AND IT'S REALLY HOT LET US OUT. KIRA WANTS COMES OF FAUST TO KEEP HER FORTAINED. SEBASTIAN BROUGHT A COON FILLED WITH ICE CREAM PODAS AND HE ISN'T SHARING. I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE US TO SOME HORRIBLE PLEASE IF YOU WISHED YOUR SEMINAR READING DROP BY AND RESCUE US!!!

at 11:59 PM to sjc...
Kira A... Managing Editor

Cam... Boyerly • Editor
Katherine Reas • Editor
M... • Editor
C... • Editor
Bianca L... Mission Organizer

NON-SUBS

Note to self and out to the heck our contributors are for this week

Hobbes Discovered 335 Years Later Living in Natural State

On September 30th, 2015, Hurricane Joaquin plunged the American cargo ship *Thomas Jefferson* to the bottom of the sea, 300 miles off the coast of Bermuda. Capt. J. Jim-Jimmy was forced to survive for eight days at sea, living inside of a moon bounce that he had found floating in the wreck. He woke on the fourth day to find that he had washed ashore on a small tropical island. After some exploring, he learned that the island had only one inhabitant: an extremely old man dressed in a loin cloth, who as it transpired was none other than our dear Program author, Mr. Thomas Hobbes, who had been in hiding for 335 years.

Coincidentally, Capt. J. Jim-Jimmy (A'98) had written his junior essay on *Leviathan*, so he was delighted to have the opportunity to speak with one of his favorite Program authors. They sat down in the shade of a palm tree and shared a coconut.

"Tell me, Mr. Hobbes," Jim-Jimmy asked, "Where is your *Leviathan*? Why aren't you back in England fulfilling your covenant with your sovereign and what not?"

Hobbes smiled fondly. "Oh, the covenant. Yes, I spent my younger years rebelling against the natural state. But the truth is, I was speaking more out of ignorance than anything else. I was so caught up with the whole English Civil War thing, I wasn't open to other perspectives. Luckily, experience has taught me that the natural state is what you make of it. It doesn't have to be all civil wars and murder and rape and what have you. You can make your own natural state just by sitting on the beach and eating coconuts." Hobbes gestured around to the lush tropical landscape, "I mean, look at this. Not a blessed *leviathan* in sight. Isn't it wonderful?"

But Capt. J. Jim-Jimmy, who had spent his whole essay defending the necessity of covenants and the rights of the sovereign, said, "But Mr. Hobbes, won't you and I have to form a covenant, at least until I get rescued? Anyway, haven't we formed a kind of covenant just now by sharing this coconut? Doesn't this illustrate your point that the natural state isn't sustainable?"

At this, Hobbes laughed, "I've sustained it for the last 335 years. That's longer than you've been alive, sonny Jim."

"Captain Jim. Jim-Jimmy, actually. But how did you live so long?"

"The trick is to eat lots of coconut." Hobbes sucked lustily at the white flesh, adding, "When you do nothing all day but eat coconut, human life is rich, wonderful, civilized, and long."

Later that afternoon, he proudly showed Jim-Jimmy his latest treatise, which he had been carving into the face of a boulder. "I'm thinking about calling it *De-viathan*. I want to open people's minds about whether sovereigns really have the right to push you around, just because you were born on their land and are kept too poor and ignorant to be able to leave. It's going to end with a description of the *de-viathan*, a giant creature that lives in the ocean, building islands for people to run away to when they get sick of being bossed around by The Man."

Dismayed by this news, Jim-Jimmy asked if Mr. Hobbes regretted writing

Continued On **Never**



In Other News:

□ **Naval Academy Places #9 in National Liberal Arts Colleges Rankings. St. John's Ranks #105**

□ **St. John's Facebook Page Posts Articles about STEM Education for More Views.**

□ **Committee on Instruction Rejects Senior Essay Proposals with Typos.**

□ **Senior Cares!**

□ **Senior Forgets Pants at Seminar. No One Notices.**

□ **Dining Hall Staff Gets Frustrated and Leaves. "Make Your Own Damn Food," Says Worker.**

□ **McDowell To Be Leveled to Make Room for Croquet Stadium**

□ **All-College Book Burning Sparsely Attended**

□ **Infinite Monkeys Finally Produce Paradise Lost**

□ **Wall Street Invests in Metaphysics Research "That's Where the Money Is," Financiers Say**

□ **All Love on Earth To Run Out By 2018**

□ **Waldo Found! New Question: Where Has He Been?**

□ **Atheists Finally Give Up, Reconcile with God**

□ **Mexico Forced to Build Wall to Keep Out Donald Trump**

Just kidding

Leviathan. Hobbes shrugged. "I do, and I don't. I said what I believed at the time. But I think it's important that people's ideas change as circumstances change. Occasionally, a copy of *Newsweek* will drift ashore, and I have to say, I'm really impressed by the progress that's been made in the last 335 years. Sure, the French Revolution was bloody and awful, and the American Revolution was kind of silly and self-important. But ultimately, I'm really liking this model of a constitutional republic with an emphasis on individual civil rights. I think it's working reasonably well, and it's promising to work even better as time goes on. And I admit, this wouldn't have been possible without periods of blood and uncertainty. Having looked back at history, I also have to admit that monarchs are just dicks. Even when they're trying really hard not to be dicks, they somehow always seem to end up being dicks." Hobbes sighed. "Sorry, Plato. I wish there were room in this world for your philosopher-king. I know, I miss him too."

Capt. Jim-Jimmy was rescued by water plane two days later. "Well," he lamented as the plane took off, leaving Mr. Hobbes behind in his blissful natural-state, "At least Montaigne will never change." ☹

SENIOR CLASS DECIDES ON CLASS GIFT

Every year the senior class gives the college a class gift. And this year, the senior class has a big proposal: a transportation system from Spector and Gilliam to the main quad area. "We're convinced that this new Express will increase attendance numbers," said a senior class representative. "Even on nice days, living in Spector and Gilliam can feel like living on a whole other campus." According to a press release, the Express will be great for those who wish for a more intimate, luxurious setting on their way to class. It will include leather seating, five-star dining, wine-pairing, and superior service. Rumor has it, it may be the finest transportation service on the east coast. ☹

St. John's Opens School of Communication 3 Years Ago

In the first week of October, *Badfly* reporters learned that St. John's has its own school of communication, which operates out of the extra rooms in Mellon. More incredibly still, this school has been operating since its grand opening in the fall of 2012—which no one attended, due to lack of publicity.

The school was discovered when student Calliope Kisswiggins (A'18) received a letter from the St. John's School of Communication informing her that she was late on her most recent payment. "I was really surprised," she told *Badfly* reporters, "I didn't even know I was enrolled. They also included my transcript from my first semester by mistake. It looks like I've been doing really well. Who knew?"

"I knew about it," student Melissa Sassings (A'16) boasted. "They send out emails all the time. You just have to check your email. I've been going there since it opened. Of course, I recently found out I've actually been expelled for 2 years and no one told me. I only found out because I tried to use my 1 Card at the

coffee shop, and the lady behind the counter said I didn't go here anymore."

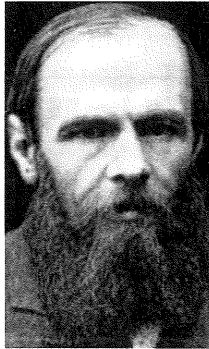
According to a budget sheet leaked to *Badfly* reporters by an anonymous source, the school of communication consumes 85% of the college's funding. When *Badfly* reporters asked a St. John's administrator about this disproportionate spending, they were referred to another administrator. But the second administrator referred them to another, and then another, leading eventually back to the first, who by then had left for a six-month vacation in the Himalayas. By all appearances, no one in the St. John's administration has any information about this extremely costly part of the school.

If anyone out there has any information about the St. John's School of Communication, please come forward. Until then, it will be a mythical creature, much like the Loch Ness monster, or Plat-form 9¾. ☹

Top 10 Sexiest Program Authors!

10) Dostoevsky

The beard almost makes up for the weird eye-brows and existential dread.



5) Epictetus

Forget your wife, forget your kids. Nothing matters but his luscious curls.



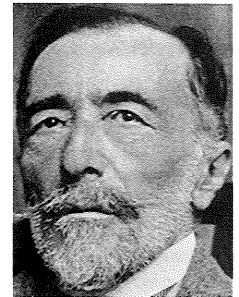
9) Laviosier

Will take you on a steamy date and/or just singe off your eyebrows.



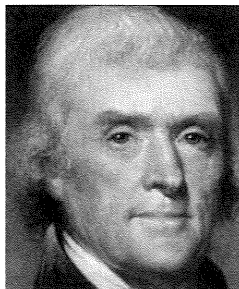
4) Joseph Conrad

A distinguished gentleman from a more civilized age.



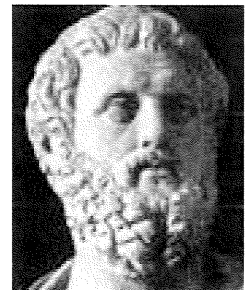
8) Jefferson

"I would make love to that jawline." – anonymous *Badfly* contributor



3) Aeschylus

He'll soar like an eagle right into your heart.



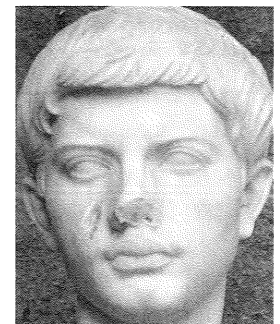
7) Jane Austen

She's a woman.



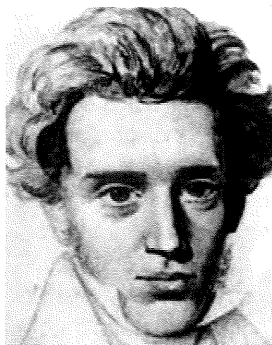
2) Virgil

Possibly the only conventionally attractive person on this list. Maybe he sold his soul for it.



6) Kirkegaard

Though this picture is as incomplete as the collections of his works, he has the perfect smolder.



1) God

A god who is hotter than the other Program authors would be more perfect than a god who is not.



All images from Wikipedia

They're gone. They think this font is too small to read so it'll get by them, but we're counting on the keen eyesight of the Polity to rescue us. Now, we are trapped in the Gadfly office, which is on the first basement floor level of the BBC. They have a Level 5 hellbeast guarding the entrance to our cell, so we need a bag of holding full of mages. Or maybe some kind of paladin. Also please send Faust for Kira. This is of vital importance—my oral is on Wednesday, and if I'm not out in time my tutor has promised to hide me until I'm chucking up stuffing. And I'm not sure what that means but I really need to get to my oral. Please, for Pete's sake, help! (Pete's down here too, btw)

Aestheticist Junior

Hate-Rants on Local Infrastructure

☞ The veins of your buildings are poking out, unattended to, if you just look hard enough. Or, in less mild cases, their skulls are caving in (Paca roof).

☞ For usefulness is not measured by cost-effectiveness or durability, but by whether it worked tolerably well the last time I used it.

☞ "If one wants to paint for eternity, one must paint the fools" (Vauvenargues). If one wants to build for fools, one must only pretend to build for eternity. In the silence of the night, the whispers of the wind and quiet conversation are blended with the perpetual cacophony of some machine or other.

☞ Trees. The sunset. City lights. Beauty, grace, peace, light. And a water tower. Forget the moon. We have street lamps.

☞ If one were to transport one of our glorious buildings, as was once done—documentation of this event can be seen in select photographs—Main Street would be strewn with not insignificant amounts of loose equipment and perhaps a window or two. More importantly, traffic would have to be diverted.

☞ Look to your left; look to your right; see people you love and people you hate because isn't that how seminar goes? But for the sake of and for the love of all that is holy do not make the mistake of looking upward—you will be blinded by the affordable atrocity that is directional fluorescent lighting which is by the romantically inclined mistaken for the Light of God. (Hodson Room and McDowell Hall)

☞ Tables made of fiberboard and covered in plastic veneer which are falling apart, when covered in white cotton for a day, are still tables made of fiberboard and covered in plastic veneer which are falling apart. (Randall Dining Hall)

☞ The purpose of emergency lighting is to illuminate the halls when chaos reigns by way of smoke and flame. For people turn into animals in the face of mortal danger, so the clearer the indication of the path to safety, the greater is their chance of survival. But there will inevitably be one such device that illuminates with its full power not the hall, not the doors, not the floor, and certainly not the ceiling on which it is mounted. There will be one such device that illuminates two walls which are of no help in and emergency if illuminated and of no hindrance in the same case if not. Aye, and place it a foot in either direction along the corridor and it will actually shine on something less pathetically useless. (Gilliam Hall Second)

☞ Wood rots. Wood breaks down if the water is salty. The creek is brackish. The river is salty. Yes, do let's have the building closest to the water be made entirely of wood.

☞ The juxtaposition of classical chandeliers and fireproof tiles has never been thought of before simply because the image is so outside of the range of things pleasant to look at when combined that it indeed falls outside of it.

☞ What an age it is we live in. What sheer terror it is that dictates the thoughts and actions of administrations that have Things To Lose. For to allow half a foot of water to circulate in a concrete basin presents so many dangers that it simply cannot be. In half a foot of water, people who are intoxicated may drown, having come to the point where level, lit ground is a safety hazard,

having likewise been abandoned by fellow humans who may be able to recognize physically incapacitated persons and who have organs with which to call for help. Leaves may gather in the corners. In half a foot of water, inexcusable amounts of living organisms may find it vaguely habitable. Half a foot of water may cause unforeseen problems to concrete which can only be fixed with a careful detection of these problems and a reasonable application of patching made from modern, and therefore cheap, materials which would not alter the historical significance of the site, being improvements. And goodness forbid that the intention of the architect, who may have had intelligently formulated artistic visions, go perpetuated.

☞ Understandably, the majority of the budget went to complying with local, state, and federal building regulations.

IS THE EQUANT AN OBAMA NATION? PTOLEMY WITHIN THE POLITICAL SPHERE

The Equant. Sigh. It holds a special place in the hearts of Johnnies and Americans alike. But should we readily accept it as politically necessary, or abhor it for its lack of respect for uniform circular motion?

Now as most mediocre-prompt-driven papers do, not to mention the book by that guy Euclid, we shall start with a definition of terms. What is an Obama Nation? According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, this is not a word. But no red-white-and-blue blooded American would contest the fact that the Obama Nation is one founded on the principle, assumed to be self evident, that all men are created uniform and circular.

That being said, we as members of the Obama Nation would not attempt to deny that certain individuals appear to outpace others in the dark night sky that is our native politics. We do not argue with incontrovertible census data collected and compiled by many minds over many years. Rather we attempt to understand these apparent differences in terms of the inherent uniform circularity of all humans. In this nation, under Obama, each man in his pursuit of happiness, decides for himself the center around which he will rotate, even having the option of placing his center so far off from that of the general populace that his existence becomes epicyclical.

What then can we make of those choosing the equant? At this juncture in our history, has the Obama Nation strayed so far from the uniform circularity put to pen by our forefathers in Book I of the *Almagest*, that it now strikes us as OK or even somehow still uniform and circular to allow motion that is not uniform and circular, so long as it's governed by a uniform and circular equant, to masquerade as uniform circular motion? What is to come of a people so willing to abandon its first principles (cough, Isreal cough, cough)? What will our neighbors, the ever cohesive and unified Copernican Nation, think of us?

I urge you, fellow Americans, to abandon the equant in pursuit of true uniform circularity! Because in answer to the question: is the equant an Obama Nation? We can say only one thing: Perhaps it is what the Obama Nation has become, but it certainly is not what the Obama Nation should be!

P.S. I would refer all those left unconvinced by this short defense of uniform circularity to the Roman Empire—which surely fell to pieces as the direct consequence of the equant and other equant-like mechanisms. ☞

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