

The Calypsan

THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE BORED IN SEMINAR:

Make a list of nicknames for everyone around the table.

Try to guess what will be served at the post-seminar gathering.

Count the number of forms of *now* you know.

Try to think of all the starving children in India (good for getting out mother-aggravations).

alphabetize the Great Books.

Count the number of people with round glasses.

Write a don-rag for each of the tutors.

Try to draw a dodecahedron (or alternately, inscribe all five regular solids in one sphere).

Using the tip of your tongue, see how long it takes to make your gums bleed.

Get the prospective's attention, and then mouth the words, "Lies, lies, it's all lies!"

Translate Heraclitus (for use in extreme cases only)

Make a list of things to do when you're bored in seminar.

Issue #6, 10 July '80

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From the Editor:

I'm happy to report that the response to last week's "from the editor" was overwhelming; and all good! Yes, it seems I know what the public wants to hear. Not this week, though. Too much of a good thing...

This week marks the coming-out of our "Astro-staff", which will hopefully be bringing you more "creative astronomy". To go along with the star chart, we've managed to hire one of Annapolis' leading astrologists to bring you the most complete and accurate horoscope available. Check future issues for valuable info such as navigation and weather forecasting by the stars.

Also, I've written an article of the "What I Did for My Summer Vacation" variety, but sadly (as you will discover) my writing style has not improved significantly since I last wrote one of these (in 5th grade).

By chance I found out today that Mr. Conroy is the tutor-in-charge of the Mountaineering Club (I know you're going to tell me that there are no mountains in Annapolis, but it just so happens that I know where one can climb not too far from here). We will be making a trip(s) to Carderock (one hour from here, on the Potomac River) sometime this summer, so get in touch with me or Mr. Conroy if you'd like to come along. No experience necessary.

Why are reading this when you should be working on your essay??

Mark

TEA TABLE CHATTER: by D.W.

"...the rustle of silk and taffeta, the glint of candlelight on medals and monacles..." A touch of Old Wien came to the Ivory Tower last Sunday in the form of the First St. John's Summer Waltz Party. This elegant affair

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took place in the boathouse and was sponsored by Kathy Abrams and genial Joe Roach.

The setting sun found this reporter on the porch, listening to Mozart and watching the eels writhe in College Creek. Soon strains of Strauss came dancing on the breeze and The Waltz began! Despite a meagre turnout (due to the holiday, we assume), couples were quickly whirling about the floor led by Daddy Whalen and dashing Jody Skinner, of the Savannah, Georgia Skinners.

We at The Calypsan were pleased to see a few of the G.I.'s put in an appearance. It didn't hurt at all, did it, folks? We also wish to compliment the powers that be on the unusually fine refreshments at the recent post-seminar gatherings. Carry on...

NEWSNEWSNEWSNEWSNEWSNEWSNEWSNEWSNEWS

"Despite the Southwest's searing heat of the past several days, 60,000 country music (cowboy music, dammit! -Ed.) fans were expected for the Willie Nelson Fourth of July Picnic at the singer's country club 27 miles from Austin, Texas. Security for the usual frenzy that attends the picnic began two weeks ago. State troopers set up a command post and medics were equipped with snake bite kits, disposable scalpels and oxygen."

-from The Evening Capitol, July 4th

T.V. UPDATE: A Baltimore news station took T.V. cameras down to Willie's place on Friday to show everyone drinking beer and fainting in the 105 degree heat. They filmed several people being carried off on stretchers to the first aid tent, where they were administered to by medics in cutoffs, t-shirts, sunglasses, and cowboy hats. The A.M.A. could not be reached for comment.

The Editor's Party Perspective: FORWARD EIGHT AND BACK

As promised, here are the details for the square dance we'll try at this Friday's party (assuming enough interested individuals). It will be held in the basement of Chase Stone after lecture. We'd love to see more tutors attend, and any G.I.'s who are around.

The caller's words are in CAPITOLS, the directions in small letter.

COUPLES #1 AND #3 GO FORWARD TO THE MIDDLE AND BACK WITH YOU: Head couples walk into the middle and back to place. FORWARD AGAIN, PASS THROUGH, DIVIDE THE RING, WALK AROUND JUST TWO: Head couples pass through the opposite side of the set and then walk away from their partners, around the side couples, and step standing next to their corner to make a line of four with the side couples. Couples #1 and #3 should be facing their partners across the set and near their home position. IT'S FORWARD AND BACK, EIGHT TO THE MIDDLE AND BACK WITH YOU, FORWARD AGAIN, PASS THROUGH, FACE YOUR PARTNER, SAY HI, DO-SI-DO YOUR PARTNERS ALL, SWING YOUR CORNER LADY: Corner lady now becomes your new partner. PROMENADE YOUR CORNER GIRL: Promenade the person you have just swung. (Figure repeats for couples #1 and #3. Remember that there are new partners each time through the figure. After a break, the figure repeats for couples #2 and #4).

Easy, huh? If we get this one down, then we'll have a better record that's not quite so schmaltzy for next week. See y'all there...

P.S. We may be able to locate a real live square dance caller who not only calls, but also teaches the dances (including the Virginia Reel, a true classic). If anyone is interested in an entire evening of square dancing, let me know.

It all began when I discovered that Mark Jaehnig is from Washington state. Since my only trip "out West" was to Washington, I excitedly told him of my adventures on Mt. Rainier, south of Seattle (a fine story in itself, but another time). Mark had done a good deal of hiking, too, so we began to toy with the idea of a backpacking trip between semesters. This being Mark's first hike "out East", I wanted to make a favorable impression, so I chose the Dolly Sods Wilderness Area, a place I'd been to once before; with a 65 year old man who also took me up Mt. Washington in the winter (another story for another time). Dolly Sods is located in northeastern West Virginia, in a huge collection of forests called Monongahela National Forest. "Dolly" is a corruption of the name of the family who once lived there- the Dahles, and "Sod" is a Scottish word for pastureland, but the name simply cannot convey the beauty of the area. Strange weather and geographic configurations have shaped it into an almost sub-tundra climate. At higher elevations one finds large, open fields covered with moss, lichens, and low shrubs. It's like going to Canada, only cheaper!

The six of us (four Johnnies and two of my friends) left Washington at 5:30 Friday morning, and 3½ hours later we were staring up at Seneca Rocks, a huge (by Eastern standards) knife-edge ridge that is one of the largest rock-climbing areas in the East. (Trivia point: a ridge of this sort is called an Arête. It has nothing to do with Mene, though. This arête is of French-Latin origin, meaning either "awn of wheat" or "fishbone". Take your pick). Seneca Rocks has always been a traditional stop on any of my W.Va. trips; it is a beautifully breathtaking sight that was definitely worth the extra 30 miles we had to travel (If you ever go by there, stop in the visitor's center and see the 30-minute film "Solo").

We parked next to the ranger station and under a cool, mostly sunny sky shouldered our packs and headed up the trail towards Red Creek.

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MUSIC REVIEW: Just Plain Good-Time-Music
by L.S.

There are albums that shock and awe you with the performer's skill, there are albums that do the same with the lack thereof. This album is neither; it is one by a group of clean musicians attempting to be scruffy and having a hell of a good time in the process.

Early jug band music is not the easiest listening in the world. As it was recorded on the old "78" lacquer or acetate disks the sound reproduction is poor, and the music is often filled with obscure references (who out there knows what a thirty-two-twenty on a forty-five frame is, and why is it so special?). The album I have in mind, however, overcomes most of these difficulties: It is a "modern" recording (in stereo, yet) that just sparkles with clean production work so that each instrumental break shines through. I believe there is no "new" material on the disc; it is a very well chosen "greatest hits" model.

The name is "Jug Band Music" by Jim Kveskin and the Jug Band, and it is fun. They pick, they sing, they shout, bellow and stomp, and all of this to the lowing-ox counterpoint of a well-blown jug. The songs possess a great chronological range, reaching from the 1927 Wells-Dunn "Sadie Green, the Vamp of New Orleans" to Chu Berry's immortal and enigmatic "Memphis". One of the band's members, Maria D'Amato, sings a catchy little tune called "I'm a Woman", which was picked up by the Women's Movement as a sort of anthem. Another band member was Geoffrey Muldaur. Sound familiar?

What more can I say? It is bouncy, light, cleanly played music that's just plain fun. Through it one might gain a touch of curiosity about the original performers of this music, the poor, hoary, unintelligible street musicians of the Twenties and Thirties, thereby being possessed to dig up scurvier and more "authentic" versions of these classics. If so, good luck. As far as I am concerned, she just make-a me smile.

Jug Band Music, Jim Kveskin &
The Jug Band, Vanguard VSD-79163

That day's was a leisurely 7 mile hike with frequent stops to soak our feet in the ice-cold water (later at camp George and I went swimming and found out how cold it really was!). We found a nice camping spot 20 yards from the creek and cooked our pseudo-oriental dinner (noodles ramen and fresh vegetables, a fine suggestion on Mark's part), after which we started a fire (it's cold in them thar hills!). And of course it wasn't long before I had the whole crowd a-hoopin' an' a-hollerin'; singing classics that have been passed down from Scoutmaster to Tenderfoot for years: "Mr. Dunderbush", "Zulu Warrior", and yes, "Kumbaya". We even managed to slip in a few Calypso tunes, including "The Banana Boat Song". After spending a while looking at all the stars (you won't believe how many stars you can see out there!), we bedded down and were lulled to sleep by the gurgling of Red Creek.

Our second day was intermittently rainy and much cooler, but the hiking was just as enjoyable. We bushwacked along another creek for a mile or so and saw lots of animal tracks, as well as several beaver dams. Later, when we had hiked up onto the ridge, we saw the aforementioned sub-tundra fields, and also some small evergreen forests. We decided to camp in one of these forests, shielded from the drizzle and padded from the ground by the pine needles. Our campsite also turned out to be right next to a deer run, so we spent much of the evening watching white-tails wander by.

The weather was gorgeous for our last day. We spent close to two hours sitting on the rocks in Red Creek, procrastinating the painful re-entry into civilization. The thought of working for two weeks didn't help any. I would've been quite content to spend the rest of my life soaking my feet in the creek and looking up at the mountains. "Yes, this is living", I thought.

MRS. MANORS

Dear Mrs. Manors:

I spent this last Fourth of July holiday in New York City and the whole time I was there, I was pestered by crazy people. I'd be minding my own business, waiting for a bus or something, when a bag woman or a drunk would stagger up, muttering and drooling, and start shouting at me about how the U.N. was poisoning American water with flouride. (sounds like Dr. Bronner. -Ed.)

The problem is that in New York, just about everybody acts this way. So how can I tell the crazies from the non-crazies?

Nervous

Dear Nervous:

The nutty, their minds chockablock with conclusions, can be recognised by the immediate interest they are willing to take in you. Otherwise their dishevelment can sometimes be the key note, but beware there are some exceptions, and some dress to kill. With spats adorning gentlemen especially. Chaps in abbreviated trousers declaring that they have recent naval information should be immediately suspected.

Although one is cautioned always to be careful, most nuts are benign and usually only given to strong racial prejudices. The major thing in confronting insanity is don't be afraid. Stare directly into their eyes and intimidate them by a supreme demonstration of confidence. In facing a weapon, pretend to be mad yourself, as the lunatic is usually after the sane. Talk rapidly. Do not give the crazy person the time to fit bullets in between your words. Say you hope they are able to take advantage of a weekend you were planning with Dad since he invited you both over. But do not stake your life on this latter inducement which, if you yet have a chance after it doesn't work, the mention of Mom asking you over may have a more calming effect.

(Ed. note: I have found one phrase particularly effective with public handlers in Washington: "What do I look like, a (expletive deleted) bank???)

Feeling bootless and unhorsed? Send your etiquette problems to Mrs. Manors, box 112.

SEMINAR SCRIBBLES:

Another bunch of Aristotle: Happy 4th! empty fifth!

Bacchae:

I'm sorry folks, but I was too busy participating in the seminar to scribble. However, now that I have your attention I'll climb upon my Ivory soapbox and decry the monstrous injustice of the post-seminar shebang. There I was, after two hours of scintillating mental exercise... hot, tired, and smelly and in dire need of the rejuvenating effect o' the grape. I trot down as fast as my scrawny shanks can carry me. What do I find? Apple juice! Cranberry juice! And 2, count them, two bottles of Chateau de Urine. Now I've got nothing against fruit juice, I mean, like, some of my best friends drink it. But to supply such a slight quantity of the ever-popular Flor de Napa Valley ("tastes good, fine insecticide, too!") for close to one hundred people is just plain bad form. As far as I know we are not alcoholics, nor do we show tendency theretowards, either; why, then, must we be limited to (averaged out) an eyecup's worth of wine? Is not our goal here the Search for Truth? Who among us does not know that in vino Veritas!?!

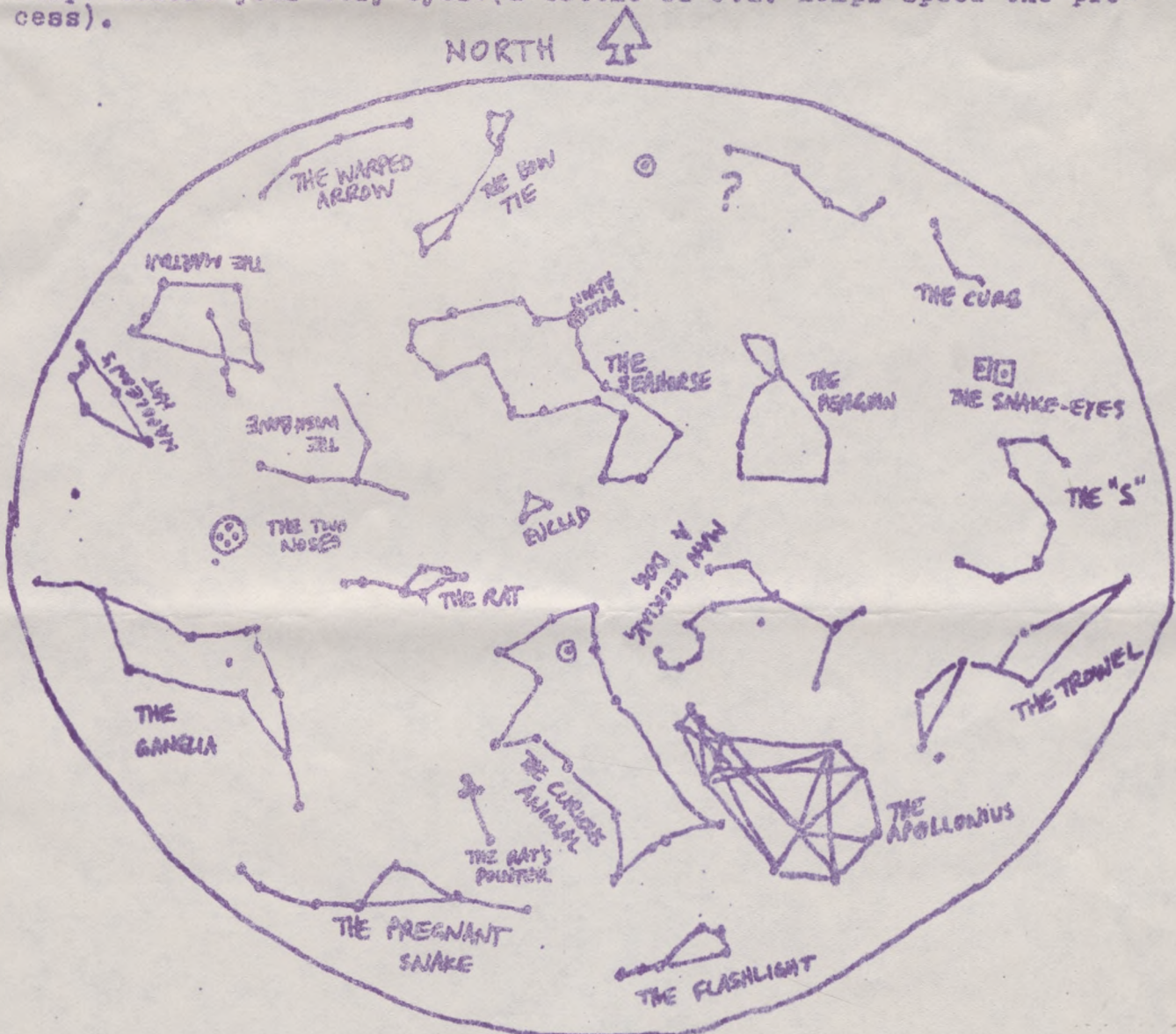
I hope travesties of this sort will be avoided in the future. I may not know what Justice is... but I know Injustice when I see it.



Talented guitarist does Elvis impersonation for Bar Mitzvahs, Weddings. Will travel. Write box 460, Paramus, New Jersey.

CREATIVE ASTRONOMY
by L.S., L.F., M.M.

It seems like only yesterday that we were discussing "that which has no part", and other similarly absurd notions, and yet here we are with all of The Elements under our belts (not to be confused with having all the elements below one's belt), and moving onward and upward to Ptolemy. Now doubt you will now wish to spend countless hours gazing into the heavens, and one of the first things you will run up against are the constellations- you remember- those configurations of stars which bear absolutely no resemblance to that after which they were named. Therefore, as a public service, The Calypsan's Astro-staff has prepared this star chart showing some more realistic constellations. Simply take the chart out with you on a clear evening (preferably hundreds of miles from polluted, over-lit cities such as Nap-town, but anywhere will do) and hold it over your head with the arrow pointing North, and soon you will see the constellations take shape before your very eyes. (a bottle of J.D. helps speed the process).



The sky as seen at about 10:00 p.m., this time of year

Astrology

by Mme. Floristan Mariani Tarot, the Chiromancer, Soul-Healer,
and Deep-Down Diviner of Fates and Furies

Ganglion "The Ganglia"-March 8-March 27, Birthstone-soapstone, Lucky numbers-11,2 You are a person having many ideas thoughts and designs. You are active and determined, not to mention proficient in your profession. This Week's forecast-This week will be filled with delays, discord, stagnation, and domestic quarrels. Beware of jealousy.

Prester Gravidia "The Pregnant Snake"-March 28-April 26, Birthstone-granite, Lucky numbers-8,10 You are a crafty person without virtue. You are shifty in dealings and the cause of many a scandal. This week's forecast-You will enjoy newly acquired prosperity. Romance will blossom while you are appreciating the fruits of your labor.

Fulgor Lux "The Flashlight"-April 27-May 27, Birthstone-Marble, Lucky numbers-5,7 You are a person of great ingenuity. You are successful in business dealings which have brought you wealth. This Week's forecast-You will have trouble launching new projects. Your work will be riddled with mediocrity and embarrassment.

Appelonius "The Appolonius"-May 28-June 27, Birthstone-sand, Lucky numbers-9,3 You are a versatile and adept person, capable of adjusting to changing conditions. This Week's forecast- You will be revealed as an imposter. Illness is also possible. Lack of preparation will be your downfall.

Trulla "The Trowel"-June 28-July 29, Birthstone-shale, Lucky numbers-17,1 You are a precautious and circumspect person with somewhat excessive and exaggerated ideas. This Week's forecast-You will be inattentive to important details and careless in your promises. New opportunities beckon: frenzy, levity, passion, delirium, extravagance, exhibitionism.

S "The S"-July 30-August 29, Birthstone-pumice, Lucky numbers-23,42 You are a warm-hearted and fair person, possessing loving intelligence. You are practical, honest, and a good friend. This Week's forecast-You will enter into an insincere relationship with unknown enemies. Your failure to face facts will result dishonesty, disgrace, and error.

Crotali Oculi "The Snake Eyes"-Aug. 30-Sept. 29, Birthstone-coal, Lucky numbers-0,37 You are a capable person who is knowledgeable and competent. Your intelligence and reason are dominated by your emotion and passion. This Week's forecast- Your failure to control petty emotions will result in indecision and feebleness. Your acceptance of superficial knowledge will delay your progress. Unexpected events may occur.



Astrology
continued

Vespertilion "The Bat"-September 30-October 29, Birthstone-limestone, Lucky numbers-19,4 You are a sly and cunning person skilled in flattery and artifice. This Week's forecast. Continue your efforts until success is attained. An old friend will return and will inspire a new approach to an old problem. Beware of offers of advancement.

Erro "The Hitch-Hiker"-October 30-November 28, Birthstone-chalk, Lucky numbers-16,13 You are a studious and intent person willing to offer services and efforts towards a specific goal. This Week's forecast- Ridiculous expenditures will result in new opportunities. Beware of hesitating instead of diligently proceeding ahead. Don't listen to advice, especially concerning relatives.

Lacerna Pergionis "The Goat Hanger"-November 29-December 28, Birthstone-concrete, Lucky numbers 87,52 You are a loner and incapable of participating with another person. Your tendency to withhold emotion often results in the appearance of being insincere. This Week's forecast- Your expedient manner will result in a voyage. Slanderous gossip will put you in temporary favor. Adversaries may arise, and the violent strife will cause infinite delay.

Bulbus Lucis "The Lightbulb"-December 29-January 26, Birthstone-flint, Lucky numbers-41,63 You are a daydreamer given over to foolish whims. Your unrealistic attitudes often only bring partial fulfillment. This week's forecast- You are entering a stationary period and will experience troubled relationships with friends and relatives. Don't give up hope, though, there are opportunities ahead. You will make an intelligent decision and your strong willpower will see it to its ultimately satisfactory end.

Barbetus "The Poodle"-January 27-March 7, Birthstone-slate, Lucky numbers-12,3 You are a person who responds favorably to the good nature of others. You take pleasure in the daily existence. Your practical knowledge gives you courage in undertakings. This Week's forecast- Hidden enemies result in loss of full tranquility. An unfulfilled romance will give you prosperity without happiness. Unwise investments are the source of new troubles arising.

Mme Floristan Mariani Tarot will answer your questions and counsel your personal problems. All correspondence is confidential, and she will send personal replies to all inquiries. Write-Mme. Tarot c/o The Calypso box 474 St. John's College, Annapolis. Please allow at least two days for reply.