

The Calypsan

MUSIC REVIEW: Where It All Began
by Lenny Silberstein

When I was but a young and tender lad (15 or so) at boarding school (a bizarre experience in and of itself) one of my teachers asked me over to his room after classes and offered me a quarter if I'd...

Sorry. Wrong story. Anyhow, at the time I was deeply into my "folk phase"; one could not enter my room without being aurally assailed by twanging banjos, screeching fiddles, and high-pitched-nasally-distorted-mountainfolk-poor harmonies emanating from my cheap Japanese cassette recorder. One of my teachers (a different one, mind you!) offered to play me an album he'd picked up by some fellow of whom I'd never heard. He supposedly played a fine guitar, but his name was a funny combination of palatal and dental stops. I followed my teacher with an air of indifference, ready to give the usual speech of "Hunh! You call that 'pic-kin'? Why, old Blind Deaf Dumb Quadraplegic Black Louis Schwartzmeyer played better'n that in nineteen-ought-and-twenty-seven!" I sat down and waited, keeping one eye towards the door in case he made any mention of money. Once burned...

To make a long story short (would that I had done so earlier!) he played Leo Kottke's "Six and Twelve String Guitar" album, otherwise known as "The Armadillo Album". I was flabbergasted. Although his first, this is Kottke's finest album, a truly masterful set of tunes. He plays a guitar called a Bozo, a large, unwieldy device that produces a deep, ringing, stamping tone. His fingerpicking is incredibly complex; he uses all five on his right hand with such effectiveness that you'd swear two experts were duetting. The songs range from delicate almost-classical pieces such as "The Fish-

(continued, next column)

Issue #5, 3 July '80

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From the Editor:

Quack quack quack quack quack
quack quack quack quack quack quack
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k quack quack quack quack quack quack
quack quack quack quack quack quack
hot water bottle hot water bottle
mortal immortal immortal mortal
quack quack quack quack quack quack
Not much else to say. Enjoy the day
off.

Mark

This Week's Movie Schedule:

Saturday 8:15 p.m. Cat Ballou

Sunday 2:15 p.m. Lolita

Monday 1:15 p.m. Lolita

Wednesday 8:15 p.m. Promo Films

And don't forget the Waltz Party on
Sunday evening (8:15) in the boathouse

erman" and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" (a Bach piece) to heavy, grinding, violent ones; "Busted Bicycle", for example, or "Vaseline Machine Gun" which features his smooth and clean bottleneck style.

What more can I say? It's not "dancin' music", but I've never met anyone who didn't like the album or wasn't impressed by the technique. This is the album which no collection should be without; if ye have doubts ask me for a cut or two at the next party. You'll be amazed.

CROQUET CORNER by Evan Clemon

Prior to this week's dose of Calypsoid Croquet Calamity, I received a strange omen. I was eating dinner with Messrs. MacPhee and Walker at Chou Kao-Dungs Neo-Chinese Delicatessen (Chou is the son Chick 'n' Ruth seldom talk about), and afterwards we received the traditional fortune cookies.

Theirs said "The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none", and "You can never have too much of a good thing". Fine thoughts, indeed. My cookie said, "You will win at croquet tonight, and afterwards write an article about it; one that also gives this place a good review".

So I was feeling understandably confident as the game commenced. Messrs. MacPhee, Walker, Skinner, and Higgins had God on their side, but I had Confucius on mine; that, plus a double dose of Chou's "secret Oriental duck-gravy" (the moss grows thick in College Creek this time of year) had me racing around the course with inscrutable frenzy.

I won the game, but only after a last-gasp barrage from all quarters around the final post. Ahhh, it's lonely at the top.

In total fulfillment of the cookie's prophecy, I should say that the food where we ate was excellent, although the prices were rather of a Himalayan quality (as in "steep").

So the race for Imperial Wicket continues, and who knows? As the Yogi says, "Race not over until it over." (which Yogi is that?)

Two poems in honor of Dada:

I

"The little frog was colored pink
What does the pinkie froggie think?
I'll tell you what the froggie thunk
He thunk "Ka-Chunk! Ka-Chunk! Ka-
Chunk!"

II (my personal favorite)

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Some poems rhyme
But this one doesn't

TEA TABLE CHATTER By Davis Walker

"Bow to your lady, bow to, your beau,
grab you partner and do-si-do
Circle to your right and now circle
back,
turn to your partner and give 'em a
whack..."

What was that? Could it be...
Is it...? Yes. Yes, it is! Musical Armageddon!! SQUARE DANCING AT ST. JOHN'S!!!

Friday evening kicked off the first Real Hoe-Down here at the Ivory Tower, and a high ol' time it was, too. You disco-dancers and other unsociables really missed it- Mama Kates and Daddy Whalen swinging their partners 'round and 'round, Dan Higgins kicking up his heels, our fearless leader, E.Z., do-si-doing up a storm. A heart-warming spectacle.

Elsewhere, the search for truth went on. A number of people gathered on the boat-house perch to while away the hours in Platonic dialogue, as cool breezes gently wafted by. Truly enjoyable.

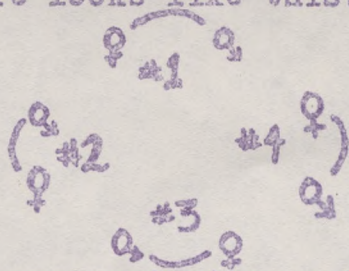
We here at The Calypsan were happy to see a few of our tutors put in an appearance. The above mentioned Mr. Zuckerman, Mr. Conroy (the Bill Murray of Freshman Greek), and, of course, Mr. Winters. However, we were unhappy to see that the ladies are again slipping in their attendance. Come on, girls, we need your support. And what happened to the G.I.'s? Don't be bashful, folks, we won't bite. Honest.

This Friday evening there will be no party, as such, due to the holiday (most people seem to have other plans). If enough people are interested, though, we will bring the stereo down to Chase-Stone basement and play a few tunes (patriotic ones, naturally). Let us know....

The Editor's Party Perspective: SQUARE DANCING MADE EASY

To my complete and utter amazement, we were actually able to perform a simple square dance Friday night. Some of those who shined especially brightly were Mr. Zuckerman (the cowboy in seer sucker), Dan Higgins (he claims it was his first time, but I don't believe him), and our own Dad (Jamie Whalen). Several people expressed interest in trying a more complicated dance, so a short section of future parties will be devoted to learning some new ones.

The basic moves are quite simple, and once you have them learned it's only a matter of learning the particular nuance to any given dance. The square looks like this:



Gents, remember that your lady is on your right. Couples number 1 and 3 are referred to as the "head couples", and numbers 2 and 4 are the "side couples". Here are the basic steps:

Partner: The person with whom you begin the dance

Corner: The person standing next to you who is not your partner (Gent's corner is the lady to his left, lady's corner is the gent to her right)

Bow to your partner or corner: Gents bow, ladies curtsy.

Circle (left or right): all join hands and move in a circle in the indicated direction.

Swing: two popular styles are: a) link right arms and skip around in a circle b) walk around in a tight circle in the "ballroom position" (just like waltzing)

Divide the ring: Dancers walk between the facing couple (i.e., couple #1 walks between the lady and gent of couple #3)

Separate: the partners split and move in opposite directions (often done after "dividing the ring")

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NEWS by M.M., from info. by Miss Lisa Ferrington

Yesterday, whilst madly typing The Calypsan, I spied a lovely young lass at my door. She purported to have a "hot news flash" for us, so, forcing aside numerous unmentionable schemes, I bade her "enter" my humble office, and I listened to her news. Her report was a surprise to me (my stay at St. John's has hopelessly and happily removed me from newspapers and other such news media; except, of course, for an occasional viewing of "alcoholic news" after "Benny Hill"), so I deemed her report "Calypsan-worthy":

News of the Week:

"From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoly
We will fight our country's battles
On land, in air and sea..."

Well, men, it's time to start worrying again. Pres. Carter has announced that 19 and 20 year old males will be required to register for the draft beginning in late July. He stresses that this is only a registration, for the purpose of speeding up a draft in the event of an emergency. Sorry, guys, the ladies got off this time.

FOR NOT BAD YOU CONJECTURE

Οὐ δὲ κακῶς δοξάζεις

From PHYSICS, beginning line 193a17

If and also of these each in reference to the other what itself this to have been so (for instance the one bronze and gold to water, the others bones and timbers to earth, similarly and also of the others whatsoever), that the nature to be and the being of them. On which account fire, but earth, but air, he said, but water, but some of these, but all of these the nature to be it of beings. Which for who of the same he took so many, either one or more, this and so many he said to be the all being, but the others all a passive state of these both and in arrangements, and of these whatever eternal (for not to be changed into themselves out of themselves), the and others to become and to be destroyed numberless times.

When is a beach not a beach?"
More cycling adventures in A.A.
County by M. Middlebrook

I should've expected problems. We didn't leave until 1:00 Saturday afternoon, and a late start always seems to be a harbinger of calamities to come. Melissa (my sister), Dana (her friend), and I had decided to head towards southern Anne Arundel County; to a spot marked "beaches" on the map. Great idea, I thought; I'll ride all afternoon without a shirt and singe my back, then toast my front on the beach. But alas, we were headed for other sorts of fun.

We struck out on Forest Drive, battling with poorly tuned and poorly driven Cadillacs for a few inches of road space, but fortunately we soon turned left onto Riva Road and headed over the South River. From Riva Road we took several smaller roads to Muddy Creek Road (rt. 468). These roads wind in and out of small farms and wooded areas; they were the nicest section of the trip.

After lunch outside a small grocery store, we pedalled to the end of Deale Beach Road to the... beach?? There before us lay scenic Chesapeake Bay, with nothing but rocks for a shoreline. Extensive searches for the other "beaches" on the map yielded more of the same, so we promptly snowed curses upon the mapmakers and their families, and began to look for a camping spot.

After only eight passes up and down Deale Beach Road, we finally agreed upon a secluded spot twenty yards off the street. It didn't look like rain, but the tarp went up anyway; I certainly didn't expect our luck to hold. It was while we were unpacking that we discovered the ticks—lots of 'em. So there we were; hot, sweaty, tired in a tick-infested, poison ivy laden clearing. Gee, ain't camping grand.

Tired of slapping at the bugs, I bicycled back to the main road to buy our dinner: oatmeal cookies and a six of Molson's Golden. At least the trip wasn't a total loss. Trying to sleep was a losing proposition—it was just so damned hot and humid, and the bugs were everywhere. By midnight I realized that I would be in no shape to ride if I lay awake all night, so I

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Round (1, 2 or 3): Used after "separate" to denote how many people the dancers pass by.

Pass Through: Facing couples (e.g., 1 and 2) walk forward towards each other and pass right shoulders. When the pass is completed, the couples will be opposite their original position, facing out, awaiting the next call.

Do-Si-Do: Facing one another, the dancers walk towards each other, passing right shoulders, and then back around, passing left shoulders, to the original position.

Promenade: a) dancers cross wrists and hold hands, or b) the gent holds the lady's left hand with his left and places his right arm around her shoulder, grasping her right hand. Having completed (a) or (b), the couples "promenade" around the ring.

Break: the introduction to a dance. There is also a break at the end, and sometimes in the middle.

Figure: the "body" of the dance.

The Friday after next (July 11th) we'll try a dance called "Forward Eight and Back", an interesting figure in which everyone changes partners (swinging at St. John's). Check next week's issue for special instructions.

Future Bike Trips:

There will be an "early bird" ride on Sunday morning, July 6th. We will leave from the front of Chase Stone at 7:30 a.m., unless it's raining. The ride will be about 25 miles at a comfortable (i.e., moderately slow) pace. Bring some water, and perhaps a candy bar or other snack. Please get in touch with me Friday or Saturday if you plan on joining us, so I will know for whom to wait. (Mark Middlebrook, ext. 49, #302 Chase Stone, box 474)

I also have a longer trip in mind for some later weekend in July. I'd like to get over the Bay Bridge and explore the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, which I've heard is both scenic and relatively sparsely traveled. Let me know if you're interested.

And Yet More Aristotle:

Modern science, for some reason, is much more palatable than Aristotle. "Void" is an oft-attacked term, but who has trouble with "configurational space"?

One can erode a stone with only wind and water, but to erode a mind one needs... absurd arguments?

"I'm not sure what you're trying to get me to admit to, but I said this. .." A seldomly used statement; people are so unsure of the way they state things they'll admit that a subtle re-arrangement of their words is what they "mean", especially if the restatement is in better English (or more Latin-based words). This allows for easier destruction of arguments for or against anything.

Time: a label applied to the (purported?) sequentiality of events; "You cannot speak of Time without speaking of its measure" -L.W.

One profound consequence of altering the space-time continuum to, say, half rate, would be a bankrupting of Evelyn Woods' schools.

"Can we disregard Time for just a moment?" A "moment"? Even in speech we find it difficult to disregard Time!

Still Yet More Aristotle:

There was he who described "pure" language in the example of two stone-masons working; one holds out his hand and says "Brick!", the other gives him one. Sometimes I wish this were the case at all times, for at least certain important objects: Substitute "Beer!" for "Brick!" in the example.

"Definition"s definition might be "the equivalating of one word-sound with others". Of course there are other ways; nouns, verbs, and entire expressions may be "defined" in the "show me the impression" fashion.

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asked the ladies if they wanted to leave. They were still (understandably) tired and thought they might be able to sleep, so I set out on my own (they've had as many, if not more, miles of bicycling experience than I, including two long trips in Canada, so I had no fear that they couldn't make it back on their own.)

My ride back was both frightening and exciting. I had only a small flashlight, but my helmet and reflectors are visible from several hundred yards. The moon illuminated the road enough to see any obstacles, so I pedaled hard and completed the 23 mile trip in an hour and a half.

Words cannot describe the total joy that engulfed me upon my entrance into the air-conditioned room: truly a religious experience. After a much-needed shower, I was out like a light until 7:15 a.m., when Melissa and Dana arrived back (that was the shouting and giggling you heard in C.S. early Sunday morning).

Reflecting on the trip, it reminds me very much of my first boy scout backpacking adventures. Blisters from J.C. Penny boots, burned food cooked over a smoky fire, and soaking wet gear from sleeping under a ripped up plastic tarp. Yet somehow I remember all those trips quite fondly- proof positive is the many hours spent by old boy scouts swapping tales of disastrous camping trips. This bike trip holds much the same charm for me. Yes, I have perfected the fine art of being miserable and enjoying it.

(Giraffe. Smoking. Hit in the face with a shaving-cream/custard pie.)

On the other hand, some things cannot be reduced to such a physical demonstration. (Warm. Love. Knowledge, or "knowing" something.) However, "show me the impression" is the method that must be used for the complex socio-cultural phenomenon of Puerto Rican Television.

"Can someone help me out with this?" Sure...if "out" is a sort of shorthand for "out the door or window".



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"Infinite", by Rod Frechette