

The Calypsan

Saturday Film: SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT

Smiles of a Summer Night is a comedy by Ingmar Bergman. It is one of the most delightful films ever made. That's why I got it.

Watching this film has been known to increase a person's sexual prowess.

3 out of 4 people who have not taken the opportunity to see Smiles of a Summer Night lead miserable lives. Some women who refused to watch this film last time it appeared on this campus ended up marrying middies. Likewise, many of the men who refused bought life-size dolls through "Hustler" magazine.

Don't let your summer end in tragedy! See this film!

-Jim Sorrentino

(If Jim hasn't convinced you, let me add that this is not a French film! It's Swedish. Ouh la la! -Ed.)

Endorsements:

Chico Escuela say:

"Calypsan been a-bery, bery good to me."

Mikey:

"he likes it!"

Mort Adler:

"What's this trash???"

Issue #8, 31 July '80

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From the Editor:

"Drink it up, this one's for you
It's been a lovely cruise.
I'm sorry it's ending, yeah it's
sad but it's true
It's been a lovely cruise.
There's wind in our hair
and there's water in my shoes
But it's been a lovely cruise."
-from a song by Jonathon Baha

The usual quack-quack about how grateful I am to all who helped with the paper, particularly my faithful ass. eds. (Lenny and Davis), and how surprised I am that anyone read this drivel (spelled it right this time, perhaps there's hope) for 10 weeks.

In view of the overwhelming support for The Calypsan by some of you, and in view of our overwhelming audacity, we have decided to attempt to put out a few issues during the sophomore year. Your feedback on this is welcomed, but please confine it to hate-mail and other harmless forms of self expression. Another fire right above my room might look just a bit suspicious.

It's been a pleasure...

Mark.

To the Editor:

Congrats on your audacity. I refer to the clip from Castaneda's first book, a strange and disturbing volume, to say the least. Here at St. John's I find the incredible hypocrisy of "Question all you want, but only along our (party?) line" rearing its ugly head at the worst of times. God bless one's soul if one wishes to question the validity of dialectical logic or even (horrors!) Euclid. There is a purile egocentrism that is attached to the Western philosophic view that we study; it shrugs off the rest of the worlds' philosophies with a simple "Oh. They're wrong". I hope that you've provided a swift kick in the gluteals to the smug pontificators of their own correctness, and maybe opened their eyes a bit to the wide and varied interpretations of that which is/may be around us. Keep up the good work!

-Leonard J. Silberstein

The Editor's Party Perspective

This is it folks, the last party for the febbies of '80. It is being hosted by Miss Alice Wells on Saturday, August 2nd beginning at 10:30 p.m. (after the movie). Tentatively, it will be held in Great Hall, but we should be sure of the location by Friday. We are asking that all students contribute two dollars to the cause (please give to Miss Wells or myself), in order that we may purchase large quantities of liquid refreshments (alcohol, beer, juices). We are also asking that everyone come in some manner of costume; whatever you have around or can scrounge up, but be imaginative!

In order to keep the costs as low as possible, the entertainment will be up to you. Besides the usual complement of bizarre and not-so-bizarre music, we hope to have some live entertainment from some of you folks. (Don't worry about lack of talent; no one will remember by morning, anyway). If you have an

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The following is a song submitted anonymously (and with good reason, I might add). It is entitled Dialectic in Oz, and it goes to the tune of If I Were the King of the Forest from "The Wizard of Oz"

DIALECTIC IN OZ

Oh Philosopher, if you were king,
you wouldn't be afraid of anything?
NOT NOBODY, NOT NOW!!
Not even a rhinoceros?
IMPOSSIBROSI!
What about a hippopotamus?
WHY I'D THRASH HIM FROM TOP TO BOT-
TOMUS!!
Supposing you met an elephant?
I'D WRAP HIM UP IN CELLEPHANT!!
What if it were an ogress?
I'D SHOW HER WHO WAS KING OF THE POLIO
How?
ARETÉ!! WHAT MAKES A KING OUT OF A
SLAVE? ARETÉ!!
WHAT MAKES THE FLAG ON THE MAST TO
WAVE? ARETÉ!!
WHAT MAKES THE ELEPHANT CHARGE HIS
TUSK?
IN THE MISTY MIST OR THE DUSKY DUSKY
WHAT MAKES THE MUSKRAT GUARD HIS
MUSK? ARETÉ!!
WHAT MAKES THE SPHINX THE SEVENTH
WONDER? ARETÉ!!
WHAT MAKES THE DAWN COME UP LIKE
THUNDER?! ARETÉ!!
WHAT MAKES THE HOTTENTOT SO HOT?
WHAT PUTS THE APE IN APRICOT?
WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT?!
Areté?
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN...

(continued from last column)

idea for a short skit, play, musical performance, or whatever, please contact Miss Wells A.S.A.P.

With any luck, we will also be treated to a few waltzes at the able fingers of Mr. Zuckerman, so bring your dancin' shoes.

All students (incl. non-febbies), tutors, G.I.'s, and friends are invited, but if you do plan to bring a guest, please chip in extra so's that there'll be enough for everyone. We'd love to see all the tutors - this one's a freebie for you.

To the Editor:

The recent quote from Walter Goldschmidt's introduction to Castaneda's The Teachings of Don Juan brought to mind a scene from Molière's comedy "Le Mariage Forcé". An elderly gentleman who contemplates marriage with an inconsistent young thing and who suspects that he is in for trouble consults a philosopher of the skeptical school on the matter. The dialogue runs as follows (I have taken the liberty of abbreviating the scene somewhat):

Sganarelle: Professor, I need your advice in a matter and I have come here for that reason.

Marphurius: My dear sir, I beg you to change your manner of speaking. Our philosophy prohibits entirely the enunciation of unqualified propositions; one must speak of everything with uncertainty; judgement is always to be suspended. Therefore, you must not say, "I have come", but "It seems to me that I have come."

Sgan: It seems to me.

Mar: Exactly.

Sgan: Great scott! It ought very well to seem that way, since it is the case.

Mar: That does not follow. One must doubt everything.

Sgan: I'm here to tell you that I wish to be married, and that the girl is very young and very beautiful.

Mar: It isn't possible.

Sgan: Will I be making a wise or unwise decision to marry her?

Mar: Either the one or the other.

Sgan: Well, what do you think? What would you do in my place?

Mar: I have no idea. Do what you please.

Sgan: I am losing my patience. (To himself): I'll make him change his tune, the philosophical oaf! (He trounces Marphurius with his cane.)

Mar: What insolence! To have the audacity to beat a philosopher of my station!

Sgan: I beg you to change your manner of speaking. One must doubt everything, so you should not say that I have struck you, but that it seems

to you that I have struck you.

Mar: I have the very marks of the blows upon my person!

Sgan: It isn't possible.

It seems to me that Goldschmidt is maintaining the old doctrine of scepticism or relativism- that our world is just a "cultural construct", that there is no reality, there are no absolutes. The trouble with this philosophy is that no one can apply it consistently. My quote from Molière illustrates the ultimate results of this doctrine. The inability of the skeptical philosopher, Marphurius, to speak to the issue at hand, and the reduction of the whole business to personal preference (authoritarianism) finally and inevitably boomerangs: skeptical incapacity to recognize the objectivity of other people's situations prevents you from defending yourself against identical treatment. Selective skepticism proves impossible, and total skepticism cannot be carried out in practice. Even the most relativistic person objects when you mistreat him and claim he can't prove it; and the solipsist, just like anyone else, looks both ways before crossing the street.

As a Christian enrolled at St. John's, I am constantly running into this doctrine of "Better Risk Loss of Truth Than Chance of Error." Many tell me that skepticism is a duty until "sufficient evidence" for religion is found. This is tantamount to saying, when in presence of the religious hypothesis, that to yield to our fear of its being in error is wiser and better than to yield to our hope that it may be true. The reply- "Damnant quod non intelligunt. Magna est veritas et praevallebit." "They condemn what they do not understand. Truth is mighty and will prevail."

-Davis W. Walker

"Thus the skeptic still continues to reason and believe, though he asserts that he cannot defend his reason by reason, and by the same rule, he must assent to the principle concerning the existence of the body, though he cannot pretend by any argument of philosophy to maintain its veracity." -D. Hume

(submitted by D.W.)

TEA TABLE CHATTER: by D.W.

Well, boys and girls, all good things must come to an end. The summer is almost over and naught remains but fond memories: croquet on the lawn, followed by tea and scones - Liz's gold earring - those strange, furry bugs in the Chase-Stone Showers - The Case of the Missing Icon and The Night They Raided Frame's - trekking down to Chickaroos for a bagel - Peter's disgusting snuff - the clash of foils during fencing practice on 2nd-floor Campbell - Creative Grammar in Greek - Phip's slot machine - star gazing on the back campus - strange apparitions on 3rd floor Chase-Stone - trekking down to Chickaroos for a #3 - Jody, The Muzak King, singing Barbara Streisand songs in the shower - existential French movies with stupid white-on-white subtitles - Friday night revelry (Fear and Loathing in C.S. Basement) - Mr. Smith's snappy turquoise cufflinks - Mom and Dad - the lecture at which three out of the four tutors fell asleep (the fourth was delivering the lecture) - trekking down to Chickaroos for cheesecake - the G.I.'s - do-si-doing in the boat-house - Jim's now-you-see-it-now-you-don't beard (How come he didn't disappear this semester?) - the "forer loquendi" in seminar (closed minds and open mouths) - Lenny's cryptic, one-liner newscasts ("St. John's teletrite"-L.S.) - trekking down to Chickaroos for a Miami sandwich - wardrobe supplementation at Goodwill and Clothes Box - The Great Fire of '80 ("like rats from a sinking ship") - "Specials" in the coffee shop - this rag and being pestered by the Editor about deadlines - Annapolis is Decadent and Depraved - Der Valtz - trekking down to Chickaroos for a doughnut - The Saint John's Reality Marching Calypso Orchestra - odd smells in the hall, and so on... 'Til next semester, ave atque vale!

Goodnight, Billy Carroll, wherever you are.

IN DEFENSE ...

Because my printing of Goldschmidt's introduction to Castaneda's book last week caused a slight stir, I feel obliged to comment on it. First, for those of you who haven't read it, The Teachings of Don Juan, A Yaqui Way of Knowledge is an allegedly factual book written by Carlos Castaneda about his tutelage under don Juan, a Yaqui Indian (Northern Mexico) sorcerer who uses, among other things, hallucinogenic drugs (Peyote, Psilocybic mushrooms, and Jimson weed) to "produce stages of peculiar perception". But it is not merely a book about drugs; what is most remarkable, for me, is that it is the only book examining non-Western thought I have encountered that has been widely read in the U.S. (There must be others, but I haven't been exposed to them yet). I printed the introduction because I hoped it might, as Mr. Silberstein says, "open (our) eyes a bit to the wide and varied interpretations of that which is/may be around us".

I realize that at St. John's we study only Western philosophy, but that need not close our eyes ^{to the fact} that there are other, radically different ways of viewing our world. I fear that at St. John's we run the risk of not only not considering "non-Aristotelian, non-Euclidean" thought, but not even acknowledging its existence. Yes, one can view the world from the standpoint of Aristotelian logic, but one can also view the world from entirely different logical bases. The general maxim I apply here is "simply because we see something a certain way does not mean that it must be that way". (I mean "see" in the sense of "understand")

When I bring up the possibility of an "alternative logic", I am usually told that it just doesn't make any sense. Of course not; how can one expect to see another logic on the basis of one's own logic? We would certainly laugh at a person from a radically different culture

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SEMINAR SCRIBBLES

Aristotle, Axolotl, Dat's why dey's so Mean!

General Seminar Etiquette: never, repeat never plonk yourself into a seat, turn to the one next to you and delicately bellow "So, did 'ja do the Reading this time?"

What's all this brou-ha-ha about the contemplative life? I quote Zorba; "It's easy to say 'now, now, you musn't bite' when you're a toothless old grandfather, but when you're young and have a full set--- you bite!" There is a joy to working with one's hands or body, and a vision of dry old geezers preaching their ineffectuality as the ultimate "pleasure" scares me. Doesn't "moderation in everything" apply to contemplation?

What makes humans uniquely human? If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times: Chromosome count! Not contemplation, but karyotyping. How often must this be repeated before it is accepted as Truth?

Sorry, Prudence is not present. She's gone out to play.

But isn't the perfect example of the contemplative man something "alien and repugnant" (M. Adler) to the St. John's ideology? I refer, of course, to a Tibetan monk (with or without a cave) (Bho-di-sat-tua here I come, right back where I started from...).

Aristotle Politicotl

"But this type of state would exist only as long as the conditions it needed existed." So what? This is true for everything; the conditions for the existence of a vase include the one of a sledgehammer not attempting to occupy the same space at the same time. If this condition is violated, the vase no longer exists.

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who dismissed our logic because it did not fit the logical pattern of his culture.

After all, is not part of the goal at St. John's to "free (our)-selves from the wantonness of prejudice and the narrowness of beaten paths" (St. John's College catalog)?

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All politicians should be allowed to serve one term, and one term only. After that they should be publicly executed---along with their campaign managers. This would cut down on debauched political conventions (everyone would be too busy thinking "Dear Lord, don't let them pick me!" to chant the praise of Idaho or New York), and offensive advertising during election years. (Perhaps prospective office-holders would spend millions of dollars trying to make the other candidate look good.)

The curious end of genetic engineering might result in the transaction started by "I'd like a Mark IV type 15 genetic defective... good for washing dishes. Maybe floors, too. I'm having a party Wednesday."

Yes, we must educate everyone to show them how miserable they really are. (Can education ever show anything "real"?)

"Of course I should honor my parents! They made me, didn't they?" Oh... and what's so special about you?

The Greeks were notoriously anti-Primitive; the arrogance of "barbarian" makes me bristle.

A Nother Poem

To hell with Capital Letters. to hell with periods to hell with spaces between the sentences to hell with spaces between the words to hell with any manner of content whatsoever
hey, folks, we must have Meaning here:

LOOKING AT SEMINAR THROUGH NIETZSCHEAN EYES

Babble, babble, blather, drivel
Chase the discourse 'round the middle
Of the four adjacent tables
Such a glory for Greek fables!

Here I sit amongst castrati
Squeaky - voiced literati
Solipsistic verbal wizards
Who show marks of Nature's scissors.

And now they cry "Achilles' noble!
To him the crown and purple robe-les!"
His bones long since, though, turned to dust
Is this the man whom we should trust?

Now come the query, oh most queer-o
Shall this Greek geek be now our Hero?
Wherein's this Virtue that he's got?
Perhaps in his gold - perhaps 'tis snot.

Then speaks a clear-complected girl:
"These things do cause my head to whirl!
The clash of men, the falls of cities,
All I can say: I'm glad I'm pretty!"

A baritone: "I think 'tis so ..."
His words to hard shillelaghs grow
And 'round one's ears they start to laying
While he's forgotten what he's saying.

There in the window sits a bust,
Well-kept, with not a trace of dust
About the eyebrows, nose or ear.
Now blessed be! He cannot hear.

They term this volume "Homer's Gift".
I think the students get short-shrift
For many tones are finer species;
Why, then, must we read this feces?

This session now draws to it's close,
I'll open eyes, unstop my nose
And toss off Homer! Time is now mine...
I think I'll go read Wittgenstein.

Gerhard Floosterhazy

Standing on the sidewalk, wearing sandals, blue jeans, and a white tank top I-shirt with my black leather shoulder holster in plain view; I felt like a cross between Charles Bronson and Clint Eastwood as I stepped off the curb towards the long line of cars stopped at the light. Only the middle-aged lady in the green Chevy Impala, with her nine-year-old son, had spotted me as a threat.

"Look mommy, that man has a gun. Are they making a movie?"

The lady watched with uncertainty as I took out my black beauty and held it in my hand, pointing it up, as I contemplated the cosmos in all its splendor; knowing that I was doing the people of this world a justice. Their lives were held by mere threads, and I was responsible for reminding them of that fact.

Who would fate snuff out today? I was not prejudiced. My victims were anybody, anybody whose number was called by fate. It was just my job to be an impartial implement of fate. Chance would deliver those persons whom I would eliminate. Sure I liked the feeling of power, fear, and awe that went with the job. It made me feel like God, knowing that I could spare some people just as easily as point the most powerful handgun in the world at them and pull the trigger.

The lady's face changed from that of uncertainty to sheer terror as I coldly leveled the huge black cannon at her. I had a sparkle in my eyes and a smile on my lips as I pulled the trigger and that first big hunk
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I'd like to dedicate this story to the late, great Edgar Allen Poe. As Mark Twain and J.R.R. Tolkien have said, so will I: "Don't look for any hidden underlying moral statement, just enjoy it." Sera Sera. The author wishes to remain anonymous in order to escape reprisals.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN NAPTOWN "Massacre on Main Street"

It was a hot, humid, busy, bustling Sunday, around noontime. Tourists all over the place. I was at Church Circle looking down Main Street towards the water.

Six, sleek, smooth, cold, brass, and lead hollow-point .44 magnesium cartridges sliding into the deep, dark, empty chambers of my hair-trigger, black .44 magnum.

Click. The spindle back into place. The gun felt smooth in my hand. It was a fantastic, overwhelming feeling that now overtook my whole body. A calm, cool feeling; knowing that I could play God again... Yes again.

On an identical Sunday, two weeks ago, I snuffed out the lives of 19 tourists and three coppers. I then walked off into the mass panic; nobody could identify me, cause I wasted anyone who got a good look at me.

The cops questioned me:

"No, officer I did not get a good look at him. I saw his figure silhouetted against the church, and that was all. Then he started shooting, and I ran. - Oh my God, where's my daughter? Where is she, dammit? I then ran off.

STOPPP

MADAME TAROT REPLIES

Dear Mme. Tarot:

I have two questions.

1) Why is your name so long? How do you fit it on government forms and the like? What does it mean?

Aside from being an obscure literary reference, the length of my name suits me. I don't use government forms. What does anything mean?

2) What ever happened to the "Age of Aquarius"? Back in the sixties I heard all this hub-bub about the "dawning of the age of Aquarius", but I don't see any signs anywhere. Am I not looking hard enough? Is it over yet, or is there more? Where do I have to go to find it?

Your problem lies in believing those astrologers who tell the public that they were born under such signs as Leo, Pisces, Virgo, Gemini, etc. These astrologers are members of a world-wide communist community whose goal is to ultimately gain control of the United States. The rumors of the idyllic Age of Aquarius were designed to lull the public into complacency while the astrologers finished preparing nationwide recession, oil embargos, heat waves, unemployment, and the hostage situation. However, followers of The Calypsan's guide to astrology were not deceived. I am afraid that a peaceful paradise such as the Age of Aquarius will remain undiscovered for many years. For the present, prepare yourself for hard times.

dada

Editor R. - Lisa Ferrington

Staff - Mark Middlebrook

St. John's College - Annapolis

(cont'd)

of lead flew out of the barrel of my mini-monster. There was a sudden void of time and space as the gun barked, spitting its load at that ignorant, middle-aged lady driving the green Impala, with her nine-year-old son, and that sheer look of terror on her face. It seemed that everything had paused for the moment as the bullet shattered the windshield and struck her in the right breast tearing off her arm; instantly snuffing out her life, as darkness shrouded her eyes.

Time seemed to rush out, all at once, to make up for its pause at that fateful moment. Screams were heard, people looked in my direction with panic and disbelief on their faces. They just stood there, frozen, watching as I quickly pumped another round into the screaming little boy. It passed through his jaw, wrenching the entire head from his body, and tossing it into the dashboard.

The thunder rollicks in the heady air
And rain begins to saturate your hair;
You run for cover underneath a tree
And wipe your sweating face - When suddenly,

A streak of light, a corruscating flash -

You smell a body burning into ash -
You look, and see your cinders blow away

Like chaffy refuse, worthless dross of hay.

Then you remember, feeling like an ass,

The rules and lessons taught in safety-class

Concerning rain and lightning, where to go

And what you mustn't touch when such things show.

But now you're dead, so what is there to do?

You linger round until the sky turns blue.

-Peter Gilbert

turned into a "divine madness" (speech #2). What is the significance of this transformation? I see it as a way to justify our feelings of ~~love~~ ^{eros}. If our ~~love~~ ^{eros} is merely an "irrational desire", then according to Socrates it is a personal shortcoming which draws us away from the (rational) contemplative life. On the other hand, if we conveniently speak of ~~eros~~ ^{eros} as "divine madness", then the problem disappears. But why must we devise a divine explanation for something which is a natural part of us? Other animals are provided with the biological instinct to mate - survival of the species is totally dependent on it. Why then must we try to convince ourselves that we are so different? We, too have instincts. Granting that man is the reasoning animal, then love can be viewed as another instinct provided by nature to ensure that we will "couple" (in both senses of the word), since we seem intent upon scorning physical functions as "beneath" us. Make it part of the soul, and everything is fine. This infinitely simpler explanation bypasses the troublesome notions of ~~eros~~ ^{eros}, seeing "the beautiful itself", and the horses with alternately growing and shrinking wings; which all seem to me, at best, strained.

I'm not so sure that Love can only live in books, but I certainly couldn't see Socrates' Love outside Plato's book.

Postscript: Perhaps it is Napoleon Bonaparte who best hedges his statement on Love:

"I have never loved anyone for love's sake, except, perhaps, Josephine - a little!"

It was late; I couldn't help it! There I was, sitting on my bed reading the Phaedrus after having discussed with Jody Skinner the subject of Love for at least two hours. At 4:00 a.m. I was struck by a sudden urge to write (perhaps it was divine madness, I know not), so I wrote. The following are notes about a different interpretation of Love that occurred to me while talking and reading. Though I enjoy reading Socrates' account of Love, and particularly his use of metaphor, his interpretation does not seem plausible to me. Thus I offer:

MAN AND BEAST: What do they got that we ain't got?

-Mark Middlebrook

"Perhaps they were right in putting love into books...Perhaps it could not live anywhere else."

-William Faulkner, Light in August

I've been puzzling over this statement for a number of hours now, and it seems particularly timely since, if it is true, it leaves both Lysias and Socrates with feet planted firmly in mid-air. I have, at times, felt something which I call "love", but how can I correlate what I've felt with what someone else has felt; or how can I even correlate my individual "love experiences"? On the other hand, could love be another of those nasty "cultural constructs" which, if accepted as such, threatens to tear apart the very fabric of society, not to mention our seminars? How can one speak of something if it varies from person to person? Easily, as long as one defines the term at the outset (even Socrates, despite his ~~eros~~ ^{eros}, defines love at the beginning of his first speech, and then gradually alters it in his second). To coin an all too familiar phrase, "The meaning of a word is in its use" (Sorry, Mort).

As I understand him, Socrates defines Love as an "irrational desire" (speech #1) which somehow is trans-

Snuggled softly between
Baltimore and Washington
You can find the child
Of Camelot and Brigadoon.

An ancient village
Filled with gabled domes
Stained glass
And cobblestones.

City of presidents and peasants,
Refuge for sailors and sinners,
Home of St. John's and Anne's,
Stately houses and pleasant people,
Where parks are dedicated to Wiseman.

From Rowe boulevard to
The Harbor House,
Annapolis is a
Cashbah by the Severn
Where even the clocks refuse the time.

SLOGANS

If life was a slogan,
We would take stock in America,
Put your money where it counts,
And buy a car you can believe in,
One that is oven-tempered for flexible strength,
And is slightly ahead of our time,
But not too far from innocence,
One that says with flowers
You've come a long way baby,
Now your in good hands,
Your moving up, but
Dyeing for a change,
Nothing is better for thee than me
Says Uncle Sam, who wants you to
Reach out and touch someone
Who has a better idea,
It's can dog food without the can.

Slogans,
Slogans, why is it everything I buy is broken?
Oh well, when it rains it pours.

Richard O. Mills
Graduate Institute
Summer 1980

DON RAG WEEK: WHAT A LONG, STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN

