

The Calypsan

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"Lies, lies, it's all LIES!"

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"What if Truth is a woman? What then?
Why, then all the philosophers would have to change
their systems, wouldn't they?"

-Arthur Kungle

GENESIS

by D.R. Sack

In the Beginning there was the College. And it was military and Lacrosse. And Stringfellow Barr said, "let there be the Great Books List." And Lo, there was the Great Books List. And Stringfellow Barr created Seminar and Tutorials and saw that it was good. And there was Convocation, one class.

And the Board of Visitors and Governors said, "Let us provide a comprehensive Liberal Arts Program based upon the principals of the most influential books of The Western Tradition." And it was so. And there was Convocation and Graduation. Two Classes.

And the Board said, "Let there be students to populate the College and attend classes, and have Reality celebrations, and let there be Tutors to watch over and protect them." And it was so. And the Board looked over all that was there and said, "Lo, it is good, and the College will not default on any of its loans." And there was Convocation and Graduation. Three Classes.

And in the Garden of the College there were two trees. The first was the Tree of Western Philosophy, and was known as the Liberty Tree. The second was the Tree of Eastern Philosophy. And the Board said, "Of all my campus you may partake, but of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy you may not partake, for I the Lord am a jealous and Western God.

One day, a Student was cramming for Seminar when a Creature who was studying to be from the seas, and lived in the garden over the wall on the other side of King George Street, came and asked, "What are the laws of this place?" And the Student replied, "That no one may partake of the fruit of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy." And the Creature who would be from the seas said, "Will you teach me of the fruit of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy?" And the Student said to the Creature, "I cannot, for the Lord my God is a jealous and a Western God." And the Creature said, "Aw com'on, You Johnnies are all alike. I bet you don't know anything about Western or Eastern Philosophy." And the Student said, "Let us go and study the fruit of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy." And together the Student and the Creature who would be from the seas ate of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy. And the Lord saw this and was vexed heavily.

And a letter came down from the Office of the Lord thy Dean and struck the Student. And the Letter said, "Thou hast eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy, and have vexed me heavily. Could you see me at your earliest possible convenience." And the Student went up to the Office of the Dean. And there were many Dons who flew around the head of the Dean. And the Dean said, "I and this Special Rag of Dons do not approve of your eating of the fruit of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy. Therefore go out from the Campus of the Lord and dwell in the Land of the Real World, and you shall never eat of the Tree again."

And the Dean spoke, and said, "We must remove the Temptation of the Tree of Eastern Philosophy from the Campus." And he did so. And he left only the Tree of Western Philosophy, also known as the Liberty Tree. And the Dean looked down from his seat in the Bell Tower and said, "Now it might be good." And it was so. And there were many convocations and Graduations. And the Board was happy.

Mother's Day, The Exploitation Flick of the Week

"Feminist Ideology Test, question 14: In a feminist exploitation film, women, a) ram car antennae through rapists' throats b) ax rapists' genitals c) choke rapists to death with feminine napkins d) pour Drano® in rapists' mouths e) all of the above."

Mother's Day is the latest piece of trash-horror to hit the exploitation circuit, and it's dismal, even on its own terms! The plot is that tired old cliché, "crazy backwoods family brutalizes small group of co-eds on camping trip; co-eds take bloody revenge." Mother's Day has nothing new to offer. It's all been done, and done better at that! The acting, editing, photography, script, and special effects are lousy, even for exploitation. No cult appeal, either. Oh well, I'm still waiting for Night of the Living Dead to become a T.V. sitcom. (Picture it: "This week Archie must flee next door to black neighbor after Mike and Gloria become zombies and eat Edith.")

By the way, my own litmus-test for a good horror-exploitation film is this: on opening day, see the last show. As the credits are rolling, locate a spot where you can get behind an usher without being noticed. As the lights come up, make an appropriate noise.* See how high he jumps. 2 feet is excellent, 1½ is good, 1 is O.K. Anything under a foot belongs there.

* In Humanoids from the Deep, I made a loud slurping noise. The poor kid wet his pants.

Lest We Forget ... (Or, Bonzo Goes to Iran)

So now we have a president who believes that the Vietnam War was "an honorable cause." Why not get away from it all and take in a movie?

The War At Home is the show to see. It is a well-made, thoughtful documentary on the war-resistance efforts of the 60's. Unlike other attempts to tell this story, The War At Home does not take a sweeping view of what was happening across the U.S.A., nor does it bother with the so-called leaders of the left and right. The War At Home stays in Madison, Wisconsin, once referred to as "a hotbed of lethargy." The people on film are the ones who did the dirty work, from the student who later was elected mayor of Madison, to the chief of security of the U. of W. campus.

It is an interesting film to watch, mostly because it is not a strident, sloganeering, in demagoguery. While it is clear that the film makers' sympathies are with the anti-war students, this feeling comes out most strongly and effectively not (as you might expect) when you see kids getting bludgeoned, but in scenes like the one where Nixon promises a questioner at a rally that he would "never invade any of the countries surrounding South Vietnam" if elected president.

I found The War At Home a gratifying experience, for it is a film that reminded me that there will always be a spirit of resistance in this country. Reagan, watch out! These people didn't just fade away, and the lessons they learned cannot be erased.

Sorrentino

Late Film Flash: Fantasia is now playing at the Uptown theatre in D.C. There are two reasons you should see it: 1) it is "the greatest animation film ever" (-Sorrentino), and 2) the Uptown has a brand new print of the film- with a re-recorded sound track- in stereo now.

Late, Late Film Flash: Kagemusha: The Shadow Warrior, Akira Kurosawa's new film, opens Friday, November 25 at the Avalon Theatre in Washington.
-Sorrentino

MESSAGES:

A Challenge to all Serious Drinkers (and every other kind):
See if you can finish your drink before dutifully depositing the can or bottle in the recycling box.

to all males desiring that female legs be shaved:
please shave your forearms.
- a female whose legs are hairy by nature

Dear freshman male: Why don't you shave your legs?

-A Sophomore Woman

(This is getting silly; why doesn't everyone shave everything, then we'd really be "hairless apes", wouldn't we? -ed.)

CONCERT REVIEW: The Folger Consort

by James DeMartini

Music lovers who filed into FSK on Friday evening, November 14th, were treated to a most unusual and interesting experience, when the Folger Consort gave a recital of music from the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries.

The first thing to strike one as well-planned was the program itself, which provided an excellent sampling of the various Mediaeval and Renaissance national styles, drawing upon composers both important and little known. Major figures like Borlet, Dunstable, Caron, Obrecht, des Prez, Senfl, and Weelkes were well-represented, but then so were Frye, Hothby, Queldryck, and a number of other fascinating minor talents, all of whom were heard to good advantage in the concert. A further indication of the uncommon care taken in the Consort's presentation lay in the truly excellent, lucid sleeve notes, a real rarity at any time, and the perfect complement to a program designed both to instruct and entertain.

The performance itself, generally speaking, confirmed our first impressions. The Washington-based Consort consists of Robert Eisenstein, Christopher Kendall, and Scott Reiss, all of whom are proficient on a variety of instruments. For Friday's concert, three other musicians, David Carp, Dennis Godburn, and David Hart, and a tenor, David Gordon, augmented the group.

Together these talented men managed a beautifully balanced and distinctive performance character. They cultivated a "pure" and yet unaffected playing style and were well able to invest each piece with its own distinct personality, performing by turns with tenderness, humor, solemnity, and verve. What impressed the reviewer throughout was the very sound of the instruments; the timbres were unusual but not at all distracting. Furthermore, intonation was excellent and one had no trouble hearing at any time. "Authenticity" for these performers means acquiring a feel for the true style of the period; style, as opposed to the mannerisms, so often encountered, which encourage a dead textbook sterility. All the instrumentalists were of the first variety, but special praises were due to the harpist, Christopher Kendall (Dunstable, *Quam pulchra es*), and Scott Reiss, whose brilliant recorder playing illuminated the concluding work, the *Suite* by Anthony Holborne.

There were only a few reservations. The tenor, David Gordon, had an excellent voice, to be sure, but did experience some problems with muddy diction in works like *Ma tredol rossignol* (Borlet) and *Like as the lute* (Daniel). On the whole, however, this did not manifest itself to the extent of lessening the total effect, either of the music or of the Consort.

Also, the musicians, talented as they are, did not always play together. This was most noticeable towards the end of the first half and the start of the second: it was almost as if the right hand did not know what the left was doing. The reason, in all fairness, was that the Folger Consort is a new group: it requires some time for any ensemble players to become used to each other. And, too, a number of musicians who do not normally play with the group were added for the concert. Under these circumstances they managed extremely well, we think.

To conclude. The evening was a marvelous experience, well-planned in all important respects. Music and program notes were both carefully prepared to complement each other, and the pure, straightforward instrumental technique gave life to the pieces heard. The reservations we had at times were slight ones, for both the muddy singing and the occasionally disjointed playing can be corrected with time. For the Folger Consort to have attained such proficiency in such a short span is really very impressive, and it should only be a few years before they emerge into worldwide notice.

The 23rd Dialogue

Plato is my shepherd; I shall not understand.
He maketh me to totally misunderstand the world about me;
He leadeth to the wells of the Dialectic method.
He confuseth my soul.
He guideth me in circles for his name's sake.
Yea, though I may become aware of other methods of discussion,
I shall fear no seminar,
For thou art with me.
Thy word and Plato's Dialogues, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a Republic for me in the presence of the outside world.
Thou hast annointed me in the sacred rites of seminar,
My lab experiment runneth over.
Surely logic and discussion shall follow me all the days of my
collegiate life.
And I shall dwell in the house of Socrates forever.

Simon Jester '85

FUNFAXFUNFAXFUNFAXFUNFAXFUNFAXFUNFAX (brought to you by Fun Fax Cereal...

"the box is more nutritious!")

Did'ja ever stop to think:

If one Rolaid wieghs five grams

AND each Rolaid "consumes 47 times its wieght in excess stomach acid"

AND the average man wieghs 150 lbs. (68.18 kg.)

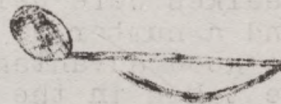
THEN if a man eats 290.13 Rolaid's, he'll turn into one.

(This is, of course, assuming that said man is 100% bile... and we all know someone, somewhere that is.)

More Music

COLLEGIUM MUSICUM:

by L.S.



Hi, gang. This event was difficult to review, not due to the quality of the music and performers, but to the fact that I realized a poorly chosen word or phrase could precipitate a bucket of gasoline being dumped under my door. However, I also believe that one has not taken a definite stand until one has offended someone, so here goes.

The review consists of more-or-less stream of consciousness comments generated by the performance. No names will be used (to protect the guilty); acts are listed in chronological order by instrument and/or most outstanding feature, impression.

HORN & TROMBONE: Lovely Lasso "Beatus", a hyphotic, meditative overture for the evening. Bach inventions were... outrageous and inventive transcriptions; a few klunkers but they got away with it.

RECORDERS & VOCAL: Somehow Elizabethan music goes well with a chill autumn eve. Well presented, voice was a bit thin in upper "reachings".

PIANO: Jarring contrast. An expressively played, fascinating piece; I'm not familiar with it, so I cannot comment on the interpretation, but it sounded interesting enough to spark further research.

SPIRITUAL & ENCHANTMENT: The arrangement had nice melody-harmony change-offs between voices. I personally don't like tenors, though, and my enchantment with "Enchanted" has been ended by Muzak.

GUJARIST: I've always had a soft spot for Pignose amps. The performer was no Joe but will easily Bass; the Dobro piece (entitled "Available Space" and sounding like a combination of "Fishing" and "Police Dog Blues") had a damned genuine style to it... not "too clean", but "dirty enough to make ya' itch."

PIANO-VOCAL: Reminds me of Public Radio programs that I enjoy very much... when I don't give in to the primary impulse to turn them off.

BREAK (couldn't even finish my smoke!)

PIANO IMPROV: Fluid playing with obvious medieval/Church influence. Nice bass line, chords and "fugual" interchanges. "Lord Gregory": a sweet, but interminable, English 3/4 ballad.

TUBA-PIANO: Mozart never intended it to be this way; whether or not he would have objected is a purely conjectural point. I didn't, but... I ain't no Mozart. (All those lovely horn fifths kinda get lost in all that tubing, though.)

GILBERT, SULLIVAN & ROSSINI (sounds like a law firm): G&S survived quite well; pronunciation in Rossini was a touch off. Too cute for words.

ASTROLOGY

by Mme. Tarot

GANGLION (Mar 8-Mar 27): Plan how to acquire a greater income in the near future. Take no chances with your health.

PRESTER GRAVIDA (Mar 28-Apr 26): Be more understanding of a loved one. Be calm.

FULGOR LUX (Apr 27-May 27): Take time for meditation. Be clever with others.

APOLONIUS (May 28-June 27): Take no risks with your reputation; be cheerful.

TRULLA (June 28-July 29) Do whatever will add prestige to your present standing in the community.

"S" (July 30-Aug 29): During the next few weeks you will be imbued with all sorts of unusual charm.

COTALI OCULI (Aug 30-Sept 29): Plan to make your surroundings more pleasant and attractive.

VESPERTILION (Sept 30-Oct 29): Know what your true aims are, and then go for them in a positive manner.

EFERO (Oct 30-Nov 28): Don't retire too late in the evenings.

LACERNA PERGIONIS (Nov 29-Dec 28): You must be more practical now to gain your most cherished aims.

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(ASTROLOGY, continued from 4)

BULBUS LUCIS (Dec 29-Jan 26): Be more sociable.

BARBETUS (Jan 27-Mar 7): Take time to better understand friends.
Strive for happiness.

MME. TAROT RESPONDS:

Q: I was born on 27 August 1957 at 1:15 p.m. in Hartford, Connecticut and I seem to be attractive only to cross-eyed, flat-chested girls. How can I be attractive to a straight-toothed, big-bosomed brune, redhead, or blond (no grey!)? signed, Desolate.

Dear Desolate:

A quick glance at your chart reveals how dismal your situation really is. Miserable past events piling on one another have created a vicious cycle of disappointment. The future doesn't look much better. A solution is evidenced through closer examination and consultation of the cards. You must make radical changes in your lifestyle to break out of this cycle. An untidy, unkempt, informal appearance is out. Invest in a solid wardrobe of worsteds, broadcloths and silks: all rich and underplayed like a viola ensemble. Yet clothes indeed do not make the man. Be more discreet. Develop an air of mystery. Don't talk so much. Become an enigma and let the women secretly fall in love with you before making your move. Create reverse chase situations. Retreat from women slowly and coyly. When you do make your move, carry it off with grace and ease. Wear a tie and carry a bouquet of flowers. Forget trying to imitate Brando, James Dean, and Rock Hudson; Cary Grant is the image you want to project. Romance and gentility will win over the women you want. As for the women you don't want, ignore them.

Mme. Tarot will answer your personal questions and assist with problems. Write to her c/o The Calypsan, box 330.

For a complete star-chart, personal life-analysis, and long-range consultation send your name, date, time and place of birth, and \$1.00 (a tax-deductible Calypsan donation) to Mme. Tarot.

News from Santa Fe-Town

"go west, young man!"

Imagine reading Nietzsche in the mountains, Plato in a cave, or Don Quixote in a bilingual town.

The tutors are just as good.

The students are not over-ripe space cadets;

And the Program is the Program is the Program.

Can you stand to be 2000 miles away from D.C., New York, your family, your lover?

Do you see any difference between British Colonial Kitsch and Spanish Colonial Kitsch?

Would you rather look at jackrabbits and ravens than squirrels and midshipmen?

Do you hate humidity and love sunsets?

Would you prefer a hike in the mountains to a stroll on the dock?

Don't your eyes deserve a sky full of stars and 60-100 miles of uninterrupted vision?

Aren't you at least curious enough to visit?

-Sorrentino

"Reports of my demise were premature. I am alive and well, living under the guise of an honestly employed citizen. Truly this is the land where the Calypso spirit lives, where tequila flows, everything is put off until manana, and truth is sought for its own sake. All Annapaloids (so they call us - or you, I should say now) with any sense should transfer. Hi & Best wishes to all surviving febbies."

-J. Philip Cass, reporting.

"Name, Please" by Robert Benchley, Harvard class of 1912

In reading books about Russians or the Ancient Romans, there is an extra hazard which makes the going very difficult for us old plodders. The names of the characters don't mean a thing.

For example, a Roman Emperor's name may have been Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus (it was, as a matter of fact), which gave quite a lot of leeway for anyone who wanted to call him quickly. The only trouble was that his uncle's name was Germanicus, and his successor's name was Nero, all probably ending in the other four names.

A Russian character's name could very well be Stepan Nikolaevitch

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Gubaryov, and he be called Grisha, which is the nickname for Gregory. Or sometimes he is called Stepan, sometimes Nikolaevitch, sometimes Gubaryov, or sometimes just Pishtchalkin, meaning "Boy with the Long Ear Lobes."

It would be only poetic justice if a bunch of Russians should find themselves in a novel about ancient Rome. Confusion would be, for the moment, rife.

Vasily Ivanovitch Popof Tchitchorna Grushenkov comes to see Caius Gallus Drusus Postumus Galba on business.

"May I speak to Gallus?" he asks the secretary.

"What name shall I say?" asks the secretary.

"Popof," he replies.

In a few minutes the secretary announces:

"Drusus will see you now!"

"I said I wanted to see Gallus."

"That's Drusus."

"Gallus is Drusus, eh. That's fine! Oh, and by the way, if a call comes for Grushenkov, please tell them that I am here and will be leaving in about half an hour."

"I beg your pardon, but I thought you said your name was Popof?"

"I did. Popof is Grushenkov--same thing."

"I see. And, if I might suggest, it would be better if you left word that you would be through in fifteen minutes. I know that Postumus has an appointment in that time."

"I am caring what Postumus has? I'm calling on Gallus."

"Sorry sir, but Postumus is Gallus, you know."

"O.K.! Gallus, Drusus--so long as I get in."

He enters the inner sanctum and the following greeting takes place:

"Hi, Galba!"

"Well I'll be darned-- Vasily!"

The natural outcome would be that the Russian's daughter marries the Roman's son, and they have a little boy named Vasily Caius Ivanovitch Gallus, Popof Drusus Tchitchorna Postumus Grushenkov, Galba, or "Jimmy" for short.

The Pleas of a Desperate Man...

My self-appointed duties as editor are simple-- whenever I get the urge I go through my file shelves, separate what I think is the wheat from the chaff (then throw away the wheat and print the chaff, obviously), scribble down a few of my own blurbs, and somehow put together a "news-paper".

There is one problem. Unfortunately things cost money, and being a poor college kid doesn't pay very well. Each issue only costs about \$15, but you can see the cumulative problem after 6 or 7 issues. Thus far we've subsisted on a champagne sale held at the beginning of the semester, but that money is used up now. We hope to throw together some sort of "fundraiser" for the second semester, but until then, here's another idea:

If you like what we do, and you have a spare dollar or two laying around, why not stuff it in an envelope and mail it to The Calypsan, box 330. And if you don't like what we do, then send more, so we can print lots of issues and get it all out of our systems more quickly.

This may seem a rather strange way to raise money for a paper, but think about it: most folks will drop a buck in the hat for a party-- why not do the same for a paper that will certainly last longer than any keg ever did at St. John's!

Thanks, Mark & the Staff

“Gobble, gobble”

“... Quack, quack!”