

Department of Astronomy

*We are committed to the study of
extraterrestrial life.*

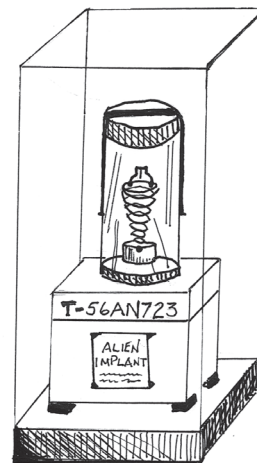
Extraterrestrials spreading love from Paris to Baghdad

(Please sing this to the tune of "By the light of the silvery moon"; words composed on 9 March 2011. The music was written by Gus Edwards, with words originally by Edward Madden; the song was first published in 1909)

By the light of the silvery moon
we're coming soon, as a friendly platoon, uh huh,
we're bringing love, from the stars high above.
Our silvery ship needs a good landing strip,
'cause we're spreading friend-ship,
by the silvery moon.

Earth's flicks – all tricks, making us space aliens look bad,
extra-terrestrials, spreading love from Paris to Baghdad.
Please don't shoot us, all we want to do is get a hug,
don't think that we'll be content if all we get's a shrug.

By the light of the silvery moon,
we're going to land, please bring out the band, uh huh.
We're bringing gayness from the planet Uranus,
we'll banish grey from every day,
we'll be cuddling soon,
we bring silvery joy.



Department of Philosophy

*We tried to tell them that everything in philosophy
is already covered in the departments of religion
and astronomy, but they wouldn't believe us.*

Tea with Aunt Mabel

(Composed on 27 March 2011, immediately upon waking up)

Aunt Mabel called, invited us
to join her for a spot of tea,
but on her kitchen table top
was something you don't often see:
a hologram of Nietzsche's teeth,
clearly marked, so no mistake,
but room enough on every side
for cups of tea and lots of cake.
We asked Aunt Mabel what's it for.
She said, "Just decoration."
"But Nietzsche's teeth?" we were surprised.
Said she, "It's no abomination."
She was quite right, I'll grant you that,
and whose teeth would be finer
than those of such a major man,
a thinker – no one minor.
We looked around her lovely house,
and peeked inside the shower;
what did we find? I think you've guessed:
a bust of Schopenhauer.
And out on the veranda,
perched up next to the stucco,
she had placed a life-size statue
of the Frenchman Michel Foucault.
But what the most surprised me –
there I saw him on her roof,
poised like Santa by her chimney,
but it was François Noel Babeuf.

Aunt Mabel likes philosophers,
she also likes her tea;
I'm just glad her crazy genes
have no part in me.



Department of Religious Studies

*It is easier to change what you know, than to
change what you believe.*

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes

(Composed on 14 February 2011)

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes,
the angels eat nothing at all,
except for their boxes of chocolates:
with chocolates they have such a ball.

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes,
they know they are good for the heart,
but growing tomatoes in heaven
entails both some talent and art.

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes.
God, when he eats, prefers pears.
And when it is meal-time in heaven,
they all sit on benches and chairs.

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes,
drink juices from fruit on the vine.
All heaven's arranged as a kitchen,
with places to sit and to dine.

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes,
this news is important for you.
I think it is written down somewhere,
I know it because it is true.

In heaven, the saints eat tomatoes,
that's their reward for all time.
The meaning of life is tomatoes:
so be good, avoid evil and crime.



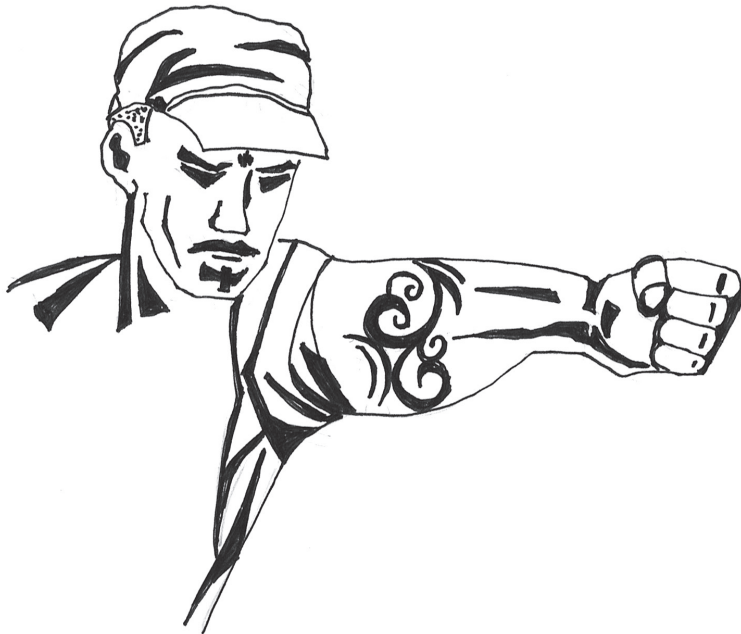
*Department of Political Science &
Psychology*

Which is which?

Forward, brothers!

(Composed on 29 July 2011)

Forward, brothers! We will win:
if we don't, we'll lose ag'in.
Everyone should think like us,
if they don't, we'll make a fuss.
We'll commit mass suicide
if the people won't decide
that we brothers know what's right:
Right is right, and might makes might.



Department of Zoology

We study insects too.

Animalosity

(Composed on 10 November 2011)

Do cuckoos spit and, if they do,
do you think they'd spit at you?
Might a cockroach take a stroll?
Does a cockroach have a soul?
A worm can wiggle for a mile,
but have you ever seen one smile?



Department of History

“There are known knowns; there are things we know we know.

We also know there are known unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know.

But there are also unknown unknowns – the ones we don’t know we don’t know.” –

Donald Rumsfeld

Here in the Department of History we want to know both what we know and what we don’t know.

*You cannot be right against the
party, or Trotsky agreed with
himself*

(Composed on 27—28 August 2010)

It's clear that if the party's right
and you don't agree
that you are clearly in the wrong
and don't think that you're free,
'cause freedom means that you are right
and not to be in error,
to choose to stay in ignorance
is self-inflicted terror.
You cannot be right
you cannot be right
against the party, no!

This insight came from Trotsky,
before he lost to Koba,
At least he didn't lose his teeth,
for that he thanked his zubar.
But once he'd lost to Stalin
ole Trotsky said the key
would be to make another party
with which he could agree.
You cannot be right
you cannot be right
against the party, no!

An International was what
was needed all around,
it would be number 4 because
the Third had run aground.
And if he ran the party, well,
he knew he would agree

with everything the party said,
the slogan would still be:
You cannot be right
you cannot be right
against the party, no!



Department of Music & Dance

If you can sing it, it must be true.

Luminous nose

(Composed on 21 December 2010)

A luminous nose
glows in the dark,
it cries out to me
and sets off a spark.
A waltzing frog
shows elegant poise
and turns into music
all manner of noise.



Department of Archeology

In the Department of Archeology, we dig up old stuff. These "courses" were included in previous "catalogues."

Machiavelli on the Streets of Firenze

*(To the tune of "The Streets of Laredo,"
a traditional song popularized by Johnny Cash and Arlo Guthrie, among
others. First published in 2008)*

When Machiavelli grew up in Firenze
the land was in turmoil and torn up by war,
rampaging soldiers swept down and sacked Roma.
The Italian people could take it no more.

In Firenze, his city, the Medicis held power
until they were thrown out by a large angry mob,
For Machiavelli this would prove auspicious
The republic soon hired him and gave him a job.

For the next 18 years he would work for his city,
It was a republic – which is what he liked best.
But then the Medicis came back into power,
They snuffed the republic with vengeance and zest.

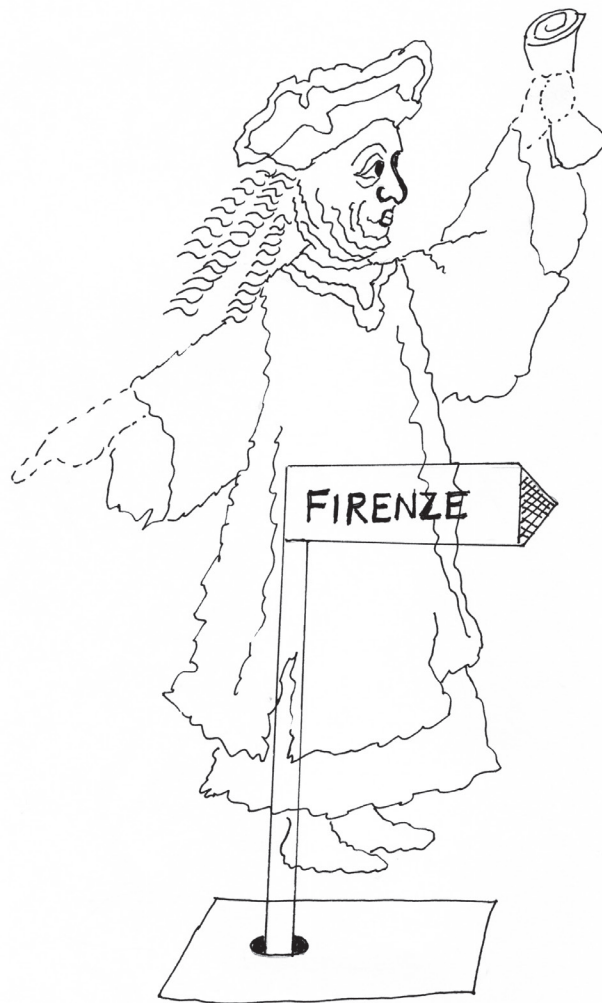
So Machiavelli was packed off to prison
but he pleaded 'not guilty' and soon was released,
He wanted to find a way back into service
but the man who could help him soon was deceased.

He wrote *The Discourses* and drafted *The Prince*,
He considered that violence was useful at times,
And when politicians kill critics and rivals,
these actions are justified, they are not crimes.

Winning is wonderful, losing is lousy –
So said Machiavelli, who lost in the end.
The Medicis contracted a book from the author
But when they collapsed, he was left without friends.

As I was a-walking the streets of Firenze
I spied Machiavelli or, rather, his ghost.
I asked him what mattered, he said it was power,
Power that mattered to him uppermost.

But Machiavelli is long dead and buried,
In a church in Firenze he rests in his tomb,
But just you imagine him soaring above us,
eating a coconut chick chicka-boom!



Wie einst, Platon-Liebling

(May be sung to the tune of "Lili Marlene" (1938), music by Norbert Schultze. Text first published in 2006, revised and expanded for this edition)

When I'm reading Plato, I can see the truth
All the politicians – they seem so uncouth,
They're living in an ill-lit cave,
they don't know how they should behave,
but Plato, he's my guide
but Plato, he's my guide.

Tom Aquinas wanted people to be good
so that we would do exactly what we should,
He wrote about the Natural Law
'cause knowing what he knew he saw,
Morality seemed given
Morality seemed clear.

Hegel helps us realize, if we are confused,
the problem may be that our brains are barely used.
If every cow looks black to you
it may be darkest night to you,
But Hegel brings the sun out,
but Hegel brings the sun.

Marx and Engels figured, people would arise,
nonetheless the twosome were in for a surprise,
when workers swallowed lots of pain,
in hopes of just a little gain.
The revolution waited,
it was a little late.

Berkeley in a forest heard a crashing noise,
but if he hadn't been there, then come on, girls and boys,

there would have been no noise to hear,
'cause "noise" means that it's loud and clear,
and that means someone's list'ning,
and that means someone's there.

Finally, I'm thinking, on this I will insist:
René Descartes once told us, we think and thus exist.
If we did not exist in time,
we would not think or speak in rhyme.
Thus, those who've not existed,
have neither thought nor sung,
yes, those who've not existed,
have neither thought nor sung.

