

THE REBEL

SATIRE SUPPLEMENT



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An **EXCLUSIVE** Interview with Al Capp

The

Creation of the Society, according to the 1st Book of Johnsonsis

**Humor as a system of communications and as a probe of our environment
--of what's really going on--affords us our most appealing
anti-environmental tool. It does not deal in theory, but in immediate
experience, and is often the best guide to changing perspectives.."**

Marshal McLuhan

**Is it not too much, then, to ask that man be open-
minded? For is it not true, that we must laugh at
ourselves, before we can laugh at others?**

JULIUS LEO

a tragedy in three acts

by Christopher Meddlelowe



CHRISTOPHER MEDDLELOWE

In days of old there was a great controversy about who wrote *Julius Caesar*, a tragedy in three acts,—Wilbur Shakespeare or Christopher Meddlelowe. A team of researchers from *The Rebel* staff, in search of the original manuscript, made an extensive all-expenses paid tour of all the old buildings that are falling down all over England, and especially the old monasteries and libraries and other great parking places. In their search they just happened to fall across another very old manuscript. And when they wiped the dust off, much to their surprise, they found another play, *Julius Leo*, a tragedy in three acts by Christopher Meddlelowe. Of course, that solved the controversy immediately—Wilbur and Christopher had written two very similar masterpieces. And in the confusion of the times, with all those pilgrims traveling back and forth to Canterbury, Christopher's play was lost, and everyone started claiming he actually wrote Wilbur's play. We have since turned our original manuscript over to the Archives in London, but it will probably be some time before all the controversy cools down.

Nevertheless, as a contribution to literary history, here followeth the tragedy, *Julius Leo*, by Christopher Meddlelowe:—The play takes place in Romeville, on the eastern outskirts of Romaleigh, "Fat City," in the Land of Rome.

—Dramatis Perfuna:

Julius Leo—ambitious political figure in the Roman World
 Cicero Facultius
 Publius Facultius
 Popilius Facultius—members of the Faculty Senate, friends to Leo
 Mysterius Brutus
 Fitz Cassius Duncan
 Casa Hippyus
 Cinna Radicalius
 Decius Pacifist
 Trebonius Howell
 Metallus Ambitious—conspirators
 Menius Mallory
 Coedius White—advisers to Leo
 Flavius Wooten
 Marullus Miller—Tribunes
 Marcellus Bobius Morgan—popular demagogue in Eastern Rome, friend to Leo
 Octavius Davidius Lloyd—ambitious plebeian politician
 Pindarus Stevenius Mooreius—leader of the plebeians, servant to Leo
 Marcus Antony East—significant
 Dan K. Lecherous—insignificant
 Lucius—servant to Brutus
 Artemidorus Bradner—a Sophist from Chocowinity
 A Soothsayer—Hero of the play
 Numerous poets, members of student publications, student government officers.
 Senators, citizens, grits, guards, attendants, and other hippies.

ACT I, Scene I—Fifth Street, near the Delta Zeta House
 (Enter Flavius Wooten, Marullus Miller, Campus Cops and others)

Flavius Wooten—Hence! To The Hill, you idle creatures, get you home:
 Is this a holiday? It's not snowing,
 You ought not walk
 Upon a school day without the sign.
 Of your major?—Speak, what school art thou of?

1 cit.—Why, sir, a primary education major,
 What else?

Marrullus Miller—Where is thy black board and jump rope?
 And, you, cutie,
 What trade are you?

2 cit.—Truly, I do not know, I haven't seen my adviser,
 This year.

Marrullus Miller—But what trade art thou? Undecided?

2 cit.—A trade sir that really swings,
 Blows your mind,
 Mends your soul.

Marrullus Miller—What trade? Thou knave,
 Thou naughty knave.

2 cit.—Be not out with me baby,
 For truly, all that I live by is in
 This bag: I meddle with no man's matters,
 let there be Peace,
 In Asia, and everywhere else.

Flav.—But why art thou not in thy shop?

2 cit.—Oh, man, we don't believe in work—
 One man's labor is another's work and
 Love's labor lost.

1 cit.—Truly, sir, we make a holiday to see Leo,
 For he,
 Cometh not around as much as he used to.

Flavius Wooten—Go, go younger generation, and for
 Your foolishness
 Rush to the sandpits,
 And weep your tears,
 Into the Tar River, till the lowest
 sewer
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

(Exit citizens)

Flav.—Go, you, Marullus Miller, and desperse
 the others
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Leo's
 Wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness,
 And underpaid, at that.

(Exit)

Scene II (Enter in procession, with music, Julius Leo, Marcus Anthony East, Decius Pacifist, Cicero Facultius, Mysterius Brutus, Fitz Cassius Duncan, Casa Hippyus, Menius Mallory, Coedius White, Marcellus Morgan, and Pindarus Stevenius Mooreius. A great crowd of plebians, war protestors, civil rights demonstrators, Greeks and others, following behind. Among them the SOOTHSAYER, THE COOL HERO OF THE PLAY, VEILED IN A LONG ROBE WITH A HOOD OVER HIS HEAD.)

Soothsayer—Leo!

Leo—Ha! Who calls?
 Casca Hippyus—Peace! Let the whole scene calm,
 Peace yet again. Leo speaks.
 Leo—Who is it—the student press, that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue; shriller than all the music,
 Cry, Leo. Speak for just this once;
 Leo is turned to hear.
 Soothsayer—BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH. (Soothsayer exists)
 Leo—What man is that?
 Brutus—A soothsayer, the hero of this play,
 Bids you beware the Ides of March.
 Leo—Set him before me; let me see his face.
 Fitz Cassius Duncan—Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Leo.
 Leo—What sayest thou to me now? Speak
 once again.
 And take that silly hood off your face,
 You know that violates our dressing code.
 Soothsayer—Beware the Ides of March. (Exits without removing hood)
 Leo—He is a dreamer; probably one of those
 young idealists;
 Let us leave him.
 (Exit all but Mysterius Brutus and Fitz Cassius Duncan)
 Cassius—Will you go see the footing of the ball?
 Brutus—Not I.
 Cassius—I pray you do.
 Brutus—I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony East
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
 I'll leave you.
 Cassius—Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness
 And show of love as I was wont to have:
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.
 Brutus—(Aside) Where have I heard that before?
 (To Cassius) Cassius,
 Be not deceiv'd: if I have vail'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
 Of late with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which gives some nitty-gritty perhaps, to my behaviours;
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
 Nor construe any further my neglect
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.
 Besides, I've been feelin' real bad lately.
 Cassius—Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
 your passion;
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath
 buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell, me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
 Brutus—No, Have you got a mirror?
 Cassius—Nothing personal, Brutus, but you could use
 "Wash-your-pimples-away" products, rather
 Than these greasy creams and liquids you get,
 Down at the gym.
 Brutus—No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
 But by reflection, by some other things.
 I'm giving up, sweets.
 Cassius—Tis just:
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Romeville,
 Except Immortal Leo,—speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke
 Have wish'd that nobel Brutus had his eyes.
 Brutus—Into what dangers would you lead me,
 Fitz Cassius Duncan,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?
 Besides, I don't want no trouble with Leo.
 Cassius—Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 For I, will fill you in on the whole plot,
 Just like in the movies.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughner, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new war protestor, if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them, then I would be
 Like those men we know of in California,
 And you should hold me dangerous.
 (Shouting and the singing of Dixie)
 Brutus—What means this shouting?
 . . . I thought we were playing West Texas State
 this afternoon . . .
 I fear these Eastern Romans,
 Dazed and in their drunken stupor,
 Choose Leo for their governor.
 Cassius—Ay, do you really fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.
 Brutus—Shucks, Cassius, I don't know.
 As governor he could do us little harm,
 And in Romaleigh he would do as the Romans do.
 So I will look on both indifferently;
 For, let the voters so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear politicians.

Fitz Cassius Duncan—I know that virtue to be in you, Mysterious
 Brutus,
 (Aside) Who else, could be so stupid?
 (To Brutus)
 So, come closer, noble Brutus and let me
 fill you in.
 On all the gory details of our plot:
 (whispers in his ear)
 (Aloud) I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well: and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 And especially all that Romeville rain.
 (It begins to rain.)
 Brutus: You should not have
 uttered thusly.
 Cassius: Rain was forecast today, anyway,
 Noble Brutus,
 Did I tell you about the time Leo
 And humble Cassius,
 Upon on a raw and gusty day,
 Went down to the troubled Tar River, chatting at her shores,
 You would not believe the stench of that river,
 Noble Lady Bird would be in a fit, if only she knew
 Of it.
 But, yet, noble Leo said unto me, 'Darst thou,
 Cassius,
 Now leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
 Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Leo cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
 And, humble Cassius helped him to the shore,
 Just like the many times before, with
 Politicians, Romeville bigwigs, and
 Student protestors.
 And now, here he is our leader,
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him,
 And write his speeches in their books
 (Which was a real joke),
 Oh, ye heavens, it doth amaze me
 (Especially after those speeches)
 That, it is, a man like he should
 Get the start of this majestic state.
 (More shouting, 'Raise Hell' is heard from the Arena.)
 Brutus—Another shout! The Kas and P!KAs must really be looped
 this fine day,
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new degrees that are heaped on Leo.
 Cassius—Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Leo: what should be in that
 Leo?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as Caesar.
 And, too, we'll bring up the university issue again,
 That always works.
 Brutus nods his head, then takes a handkerchief and blows his nose.)
 Cassius: When went there by an age, since the great
 Civil War,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
 Romaleigh,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 One party maybe . . .
 O, You and I have heard our fathers say
 There were a Brutus once that would have brooked
 this whole university
 And the Democratic Party,
 To keep his state in Romeville,
 And, even emphasize more academics.
 Brutus—That you do love me, I am nothing
 jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear: and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 But, I've got a date at The Kathskeller for Happy Hour,
 So, Till then, my noble friends, chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a politician in Romeville,
 Especially under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.
 Leo, is got all the aces, baby, so
 Cool it, for the meantime,
 And I will for this day think upon it.
 Cassius—The game of the footing of the ball is done and Leo is returning.
 Brutus—Look you, Fitz Cassius Duncan,
 The angry spot doth glow on Leo's brow,
 And all the rest of his following look like a chidden train,
 West Texas must have stomped us once again,
 Cicero Facultis looks with such ferret,
 and such fery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Faculty Senate,
 When he has been questioned about the
 university status.

(Re-enter Leo and his train)
 Cassius—Casca Hippyus will tell us what the matter is.
 Leo—Antony East?
 Ant.—Leo?
 Leo—Let me have men about me that are fat;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Men that will not question my policies,
 (then to himself) We will spend more on Athletics,
 and beat West Texas next year.
 (To Antony)
 Men that will avoid political fights,
 And men whose opinions on the university issue,
 We will not have to fear.
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much; and the other day
 I saw him looking at a book.
 Ant.—Fear him not, Leo, he's not dangerous;
 He is a noble Romevillian,
 And will given.



Leo—Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not:
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid,
 Except perhaps Octavius Davidius Lloyd,
 So much as Fitz Cassius.
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
 plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
 Than what I fear,—for always I am Leo.
 Come and I will whisper these words
 In your ear,
 So as not to give away the plot.
 (Exit Leo and his train. Casca Hippyus remains behind.)
 Casca—You motioned for me to linger, baby,
 What can I do you for?
 Brutus—Ay, Casca Hippyus tell us what hath chanc'd today,
 That Leo looks so sad?
 Casca—Why, West Texas hath stomped the hellius out of us,
 And Coach Stasavichius was carried from the field.
 And in the middle of it all
 Cicero Facultius, quite by mistake,
 Cheered for the other team.
 And to top it all off,
 Decius Pacifist led a demonstration when
 The Roman Anthem was sung,
 And Cinna Radicalius led a civil rights demonstration,
 When Dixie was played at half-time.
 Brutus—But I thought Noble Leo,
 In fear of a general uprising,
 Had banned the playing of Dixie.
 Casca Hippyus—Ay, baby, but the KA's brought their own band.
 Two hundred campus cops put down the riot,
 Several cops were injured in the ruckus.
 Brutus—Well—
 Casca Hippyus—But, most of all, baby,
 When Leo rose to speak third quarter,
 Everyone was so drunk,
 No one would listen to his speech,
 And as usual, he gave up in frustration,
 After cussing out the Romaleigh newspapers.
 Brutus—And after that he came, thus sad, away?
 Casca Hippyus—Yea, man.

Fitz Cassius—Did Cicero Facultius say anything?
 Casca Hippyus—Yea, he spoke Greek,
 Brutus—Ay, just like in class.
 Casca Hippyus—And, baby, I can tell you more news, too.
 Marullus Miller and Flavius Wooten,
 For pulling down the statues of Leo
 And for filing forms for more pay,
 Have been removed from office,
 And no one has heard since of them,
 Fitz Cassius—Casca Hippyus, will you sup with me tonight?
 Casca Hippyus—Man, wish I could,
 But I've got to make the scene,
 At The Ruins,
 The Christians are playing tonight.
 Fitz Cassius—Will you sup tomorrow with me?
 Casca Hippyus—Yea, man,
 Shall I bring some bananas for us to blow,
 There the new thing, you know.
 Fitz Cassius—No, no, no.
 We of the older generation,
 Couldn't stand such vitalization.
 Casca Hippyus—Arriva, Fitz Cassius,
 Until then.
 (Exit Casca Hippyus)
 Brutus—What a blunt fellow is Casca grown to be!
 He used to be such a nice guy,
 When we were in grad school.
 But now he lives by not a rule.
 Cassius, tell me, seriously,
 Is it wise for us to trust in such a fool.
 Cassius—Pay no attention to his weirdness,
 Brutus, for he is young,
 And he will change.
 Besides, he is popular with the plebeians,
 For all his dress,
 And we will need him if the circumstances change.
 Brutus—Cassius, must everything be so political to you?
 I have not said that I am involved,
 In this problem yet.
 For Leo is a mighty man.
 The Faculty Senate he doth control,
 Marcus Antony East, at his right hand,
 Pindarus Stevenius Mooreus, leader of the plebeians,
 It but a handmaiden to him,
 And Marcellus Bobius Morgan, demagogue of
 Eastern Rome,
 Is well in sympathy with him.
 (Exit Brutus)
 Cassius—I fear, O noble and timid Brutus,
 Doth fear the hand of Leo,
 More than honor and glory love.
 So I will this night,
 Engage several citizens I know well,
 To throw rocks with messages in favor of my plan
 Into his window door.
 Ya, ha, ha, ha.
 (Exit Cassius)
 Scene III—Romeville, Five Points
 (Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca Hippyus, with his radio
 playing loudly, and Cicero Facultius. It is pouring down rain. Music is heard from
 The Ruins.)
 Cicero Facultius—Good-even, Casca Hippyus,
 Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?
 Casca Hippyus—Man, I'm up, can't you tell,
 Up and away, I mean, unhung.
 And the rain and the stars, daddy,
 And all that electrical juice up there.
 O, Cicero, I have seen tempests,
 When the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks;
 But never till tonight, never till now,
 Have I dropped so much as I dropped tonight,
 Either there is an orgy in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send elation.
 Cicero Facultius—(Aside) I am surprised, and shocked.
 Yea, shocked and surprised at the conduct
 Of these young faculty senators.
 (To Casca) Why, Casca Hippyus, what did you see
 So wonderful?
 Casca Hippyus—The drummer down at The Ruins,
 Did hold up his hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not scorched by the fire, kept drumming
 "Chain of Fools"
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 Even at noon-day, upon the State Bank Building,
 Hooting and shrieking.
 Cicero Facultius—These are truly strange things,
 You have seen,
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Does Leo come to the Faculty Senate tomorrow?
 Casca—Yea, for he did bid Antony East
 Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.
 Cicero—Good-night then, Casca Hippyus,
 This disturbed sky,
 Is not to walk in,
 And these strange new times,
 Were not constructed for my sort,
 But you and your breed, fare well the storm,
 And don't catch the flu.
 (Exit Cicero, Enter Cassius)
 Cassius—Who's there?
 Casca Hippyus—A Romevillian.

Cassius—Ah, by your voice I can tell,
Not to mention how you smell,
It is Casca Hippyus.
You look dull, Casca, pale, and
Gaze and cast yourself in wonder,
What are you on—
that could cause you look so strange?

Casca—Nothing you would understand, Fitz Cassius,
Oh, they say tomorrow that faculty senators,
Will again bow unto Leo,
Cicero Facultius doth even fear for his job,
The AAUP senators will not speak a word,
And it is rumored that many of the younger senators,
Will not come.

Cassius—These are troubled times,
But I know where I will wear this dagger
then,
For Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius;
There in, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
For myself, being weary of these wordly bars,
Of neglect, and promises, and speeches and speeches,
And more speeches,
Will seek and end most just honourable.

Casca Hippyus—I don't believe in violence,
But, for this, I will make an exception.
I'm so tired of being scorned at for my ways,
And forced to live by certain rules,
And always the omnipresent dean,
Leo's doing,
At my side.

Cassius—And why should Leo be a tyrant,
then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees Romevillians are but sheep.

Casca Hippyus—I am with you, baby.
Cassius—There's a bargain made.
Now know you Casca Hippyus, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romevillians
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence.

Casca Hippyus—Someone comes.
Cassius—'Tis Cinna Radicalius,
I do know him by his gait.
(Enter Cinna carrying a poster saying 'down with the establishment.')

Cassius—I believe you know each other,
Casca, Cinna, has joined our noble cause.

Cinna—Oh, good, we must act quickly,
Do not think upon the circumstances,
But that the aim be lowered.

Casca—If only we could win noble Mysterious Brutus,
To our cause,
He is well liked by Antony, and Leo.

Cassius—Be you content, Casca,
Good Cinna, take this paper,
And place it in Brutus' chair, where
He chance to find it;
And throw this in at his window,
Then prepare to my house
Where you shall find us.
Is Decius Pacifist and Trebonius Howell there?

Cinna—Yea, and they are still complaining,
Decius Pacifist will have no part of violence.
He would not take the dagger,
Yet, in the end, he did agree to call on Leo,
And attend him to the Senate.
Trebonius Howell has not spoken a word,
And still trembles at the mention of our goal.
But, the night is still young,
And I will see you later.

(Exit Cinna Radicalius)

Cassius—Come, Casca, let us go,
And tomorrow morning call upon noble Brutus,
Three parts of him is ours already;
And the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca—Yea, baby, whatever you say. (Exit Cassius and Casca)

Act II
Romeville—Brutus' house, way up on a hill. It is still raining.
(Brutus stands, gazing out of a window)

Brutus: The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Leo,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost place
He does unto the ladder turn his back,
Even in his job he gets a little slack,
Looks into the skies, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

(Enter Lucius, servant to Brutus. Hands him a letter)

Luc.—This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I came in,
From the movies tonight.

Brutus—Get you to bed, boy,
Oh, and is not tomorrow the Ides of March?
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Bring me an alkaseltzer, also.

(Reading from the letter)

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Romeville, etc., Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.—

(Closing letter)

What poor grammar, and fragmented sentences,
Also.
Does this letter mean that Romeville
Shall not stand under one man's awe?

Am I entreated then
To speak and strike! O Romeville, I make thee
promise,
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus?
Oh Romeville?—Oh, Leo?—Oh, Lucius?
Oh, where's my alkaseltzer?
(Re-enter Lucius, with Alkaseltzer. Brutus drinks it quickly.)
Lucius—Sir, tomorrow is the Ides of March.
(Knocking is heard within.)
Brutus—Go to the gate, somebody knocks.
Brutus—(Aside) Since Fitz Cassius Duncan first did whet me
Against Leo,
I have not slept,
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
I sure hope this alkaseltzer works.
Lucius—Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus—Is he alone?
Lucius—No, sir, there are more with him,
Half their faces are buried in their cloaks,
And I do not recognize who they are.
Brutus—They are the faction. O conspiracy!
(Enter Fitz Cassius Duncan, Casca Hippyus, Decius Pacifist, Cinna Radicalius,
Metallus Ambitious, and Trebonius Howell.)
Cassius—Good morning, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus—I have been up this hour; awake all
night.
Cassius—Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius—Yea, you know them all well,
And they, too, are in sympathy with our cause.
(Everyone shakes hands.)
Brutus—Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius—And we will swear an oath.
Brutus—No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse.
Underpay, if these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny rage on,
I'll each one of us is fired, one by one,
At his displeasure.
Cassius—What of Cicero Facultius? Shall we
sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Metellus Ambitious—O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands:
Casca Hippyus—Who needs him? This is our bag, baby,
Besides, he would probably go run to Leo.
And that would be the end of us.
It has happened before you know.
Cinna Radicalius—I do not trust him, and besides
I hate his guts for he is
A bigot, and prejudiced against
Some of my best friends.
Brutus—Name him not, he is crystallized.
He is much too taken with the system.
Decius Pacifist—Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Leo?
Cassius—Well urg'd, Decius. If Antony East, so well belov'd of Leo,
Should outlive Leo, we shall find him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony East and Leo fall together.
Brutus—Our course will seem too bloody, Fitz Cassius
If we are not careful we will start a general purge.
Decius Pacifist—You are right, O noble Brutus,
I cannot stand the sight of blood.
Brutus—And do not worry, Fitz Cassius,
For Antony East is a politician first
And that were much he should, for he is given
To wildness and much company.
Metellus Ambitious—(looking at his watch)
'Tis time to part.
Cassius—But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Leo will come forth today or no:
For he has changed,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
Decius Pacifist—Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd
I can ersway him; for he loves to hear
His name called,
Let me work;
For I can give his honour the true vent,
And I will bring him to the Faculty Senate.
Cassius—The morning comes upon us: we'll leave
you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
Brutus—Goodbye, and see you later over at Leo's
Romevillians.
Brutus—What you have said, and show yourselves true
to-night.
Thrice hath Pindarus Stevenus Mooreus,
Leader of the plebeians, and my loyal servant,
Hath called me on the telephone.
And now he's coming over here.

(Leo walks to door and opens it for Pindarus Mooreius, who enters, soaking wet.

Pindarus bows three times and then smiles weakly.)

Pindarus—Leo, I hope you do not stir forth today,
For my spies have told me horrible things,
Are afoot in Romeville,
And I have had a terrible dream.

Leo—Leo shall forth.

The things that threaten me
Look'd but on my back, and when they see my face
They are vanished.

Pindarus—Go not forth, for I have invisioned
Students fighting in the streets,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
And radical organizations coming left and right.
Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence,
Do not go forth today, call it my fear
That keeps you in the house.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Leo—Oh, you are such a silly, Pindarus Stevenius Mooreius.
I've already put on my Right Guard,
And I've got 24-hour protection.

I'm sure the Faculty Senate meeting won't last that long.

(Knocking is heard. Pindarus answers the door.)

Enter Decius Pacifist.)

Decius—Good, good Morning, Leo, how fare thee today?

Leo—Leo is well today, and you have come
In time to relay my message that Leo,
Will not attend the Faculty Senate on this day.

(Pindarus smiles and jumps up and down with glee)

Decius—Most mighty Leo, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Leo—Pindarus here, my good servant, stays me home.
He dreamt tonight he saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romevillians,
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it,
And so on bended knee he begged me to stay in today.

Decius—Shall I tell the senators that Leo is stayed,
In fear of the silly dream of a mere plebeian.

(Leo blushes)

Besides, the senators have got great news for
you today,
And if you shall send them word you will not come
Their minds may change.
If Leo hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Leo is afraid.

Leo—How foolish are your dreams, Pindarus,
You are right, noble Decius,
Hand me my robe, Pindarus,
Leo will go.

(Knocking at the door. Enter Mysterious Brutus, Metallus Ambitious, Casca Hippyus, Trebonius Howell, Cinna Radicalius and Antony East.)

Leo—Good morning, everyone, come and have some coffee.

Instant Maxwell House.

Trebonius Howell,
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me today:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius: (Aside) Leo, I will—and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been,
further.

Leo—Give me a couple of minutes,
And I shall dress,
Then we'll off to the Faculty Senate.

(Exit all)

Scene II—Romeville, near Whichard Hall. It is only drizzling rain.

(Enter Artemidorus Bradner, a Sophist from Chocowinity, reading a paper.)

Art.—'Leo, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus, Decius Pacifist loves thee not; thou have done them all dirty. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Leo. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. Thy friend, Artemidorous.'

Art.—Here will I stand till Leo pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Leo, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. (Exit)

Scene III—Near Wright Auditorium.

(A crowd of people line the streets to see Leo. Civil Rights demonstrators are carrying signs saying, 'Down With Dixie,' Hippies are shouting 'Ban the ROTCEES,' the KA's are singing 'Dixie.' Others carry signs reading 'Long Live Education,' 'More Books,' 'Down With Athletics,' etc.,

Among the crowd are Artemidorus and The Soothsayer. The Soothsayer is still hooded, and is still the hero of the play. Enter Leo, being carried on a divan by Menius Mallory, Coedius White, Fitz Cassius Duncan, and others. Casca Hippyus, Cinna Radicalius, Decius Pacifist, Trebonius Howell, Metellus Ambitious and Antony East follow beside Leo.

Two hundred campus cops line the sidewalk.)



Leo—The Ides of March are come.

Soothsayer—Ay, Leo, but not gone.

Artemidorus—Hail, Leo, read this schedule.

Decius Pacifist—Trebonius doth desire you to read,
at your best leisure, this is humble suit.

(The crowds press toward Leo. Profanity is heard from the rank and file.)

Art.—O, Leo, read mine first, for mine,

Touches Leo nearer.

Leo—What touches us ourself,

Yuk, yuk,

Shall be last served.

Art.—Delay not, Leo, read it instantly.

(Leo and his train proceeds into the Auditorium. Campus cops dispel demonstrators.)

—As the large doors to the Auditorium are bolted, WOOW radio is heard announcing, "Mass rioting has broken out in and around the Administration Building, also in the School of Nursing. Campus cops, however, have dispelled the student rioters and the cops as usual have everything under control."

(Leo enters the Faculty Senate. All the senators rise and bow three times)

Popilius—Things are getting hectic around here, Mysterious Brutus.

I hope your enterprise, today may thrive. (Approaches Leo)

Cassius—What said, Popilius Facultius?

Brutus—He wish'd today our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Cassius—Cinna Radicalius, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done if we are discovered?

Brutus—Cassius, look, Popilius is laughing,

He must have been kidding us about the AAUP.

Cassius—Yea, that was a real joke.

Look, Brutus, Trebonius knows his time;

He draws Antony East away from Leo.

(Exit Antony East and Trebonius. Leo and the senators take their seats.)

Decius Pacifist—Where is Metellus Ambitious?

Let him go and presently prefer his suit
To Leo.

Brutus—He is addressed. Press near and second him.

Casca Hippyus—Cinna Radicalius, you are the first that rears
your hand.

(All gather around Leo.)

Leo—What is the trouble?

This is not the way to do things.

Everyone take your seat and I will tell you,

When to stand and when to sit.

Metellus Ambitious—O most mighty Leo,

Remember last week,

You fired the only newspaperman,
We had left.

Will you please replace him?

And, also, we need an offset press,

In our department,

Real Bad.

Leo—No, no, no.

We are going to spend more money
On the football team,
And that is that.

Brutus—O noble Leo, I bend my knee, and here—
Even present a petition from the AAUP,
In support of Metellus' plea.

Fitz Cassius—Pardon, Leo; Leo, pardon;
I think we ought to spend the money
For this printing press.

Leo—I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
But I am constant as the northern star,
That unassailable holds on his rank,
And let me show it even in this.

We will get one of those things next year.

Casca Hippyus—O, Leo, please change your mind?

Leo—Hence, wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius Pacifist—Pretty please, Great Leo?

Leo—Doth not Brutus bootless kneel.

Heck no, I said.

Cinna Radicalius—(Drawing his knife) Speak hands, for me!

(Three pistol shots are heard from the auditorium balcony, and Cinna Radicalius falls, dead, to the floor. Fall also Casca Hippyus and Decius Pacifist, who had drawn their daggers.

The Soothsayer swings down on a rope from the balcony as most of the Faculty Senators faint. Mysterious Brutus and Fitz Cassius dash out the back and into their Edsel chariot for a quick get away.

THE SOOTHSAYER, THROWING OFF HIS HOOD, REVEALS HIS TRUE IDENTITY, IT IS NONE OTHER THAN—Toldyousoius Tucker, Deanius of Plebeian Affairs.)



Toldyousoius Tucker—All is in flames.

The Ides of March are truly come.
Students,
Backed by the ROTCEES,
Have overthrown the campus cops.
The administration building has been razed,
And everyone is in flight.
We all better git while the gittin's good.
Octavius Davidius Lloyd,
Leader of the junta, proclaimed,
"Student freedom, abolition of athletics,
And restoration of the library."
But, O noble Leo, not all is lost,
Marcellus Bobius Morgan,
Popular demagogue in Eastern Rome,
Just called me on the phone this morning,
And you have been elected Governor of Rome,
As a write-in candidate,
And all live happily everafter,
Pax Universitus.

THE END.

Hot Line News

Washington, March 15—In an unprecedented maneuver yesterday the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission issued orders to all radio and television stations to forbid the performing of three of the most popular songs in the history of American popular music. The songs are "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" by Cole Porter, "Cruising Down The River," and "Keep It Gay, Keep It Gay" by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, II. The songs were banned because they were rated #1, #2, and #3 respectively on the "All-Time Homosexual Hit Parade" in a poll conducted by the Mattachine Society.

Failure to comply with the ruling will result in a revocation of the broadcaster's license and a \$5,000 fine and/or ten years in a federal penitentiary.

In the light of this decision various Grievance Committees have filed complaints with the Federal Communications Commission for the following songs to be banned:

"Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory Of The Coming Of The Lord"—American Society For The Blind Grievance Committee

"Chain Of Fools"—Ku Klux Klan Grievance Committee

"Days Of Wine And Roses"—Alcoholics Anonymous Grievance Committee

"Puff The Magic Dragon"—American Cancer Society Grievance Committee

"Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor On The Bedpost Over Night"—American Dental Association Grievance Committee

"From Russia With Love"—Daughters of the American Revolution Grievance Committee

"Around The World In 80 Days"—Presidential Committee To Keep The Gold At Home Grievance Committee

"Judy In Disguise"—Central Intelligence Agency Grievance Committee

"Where Are You Tonight Sweet Marie"—Woman's Residence Council Grievance Committee

"Don't Come Home A'Drinking With Loving On Your Mind"—Dean White Grievance Committee

"Go Tell It On The Mountain"—Dan Moore Grievance Committee

"Baby Let Me Bang Your Box"—Dean White Grievance Committee

"Nothing Could Be Finer Than To Be At Carolina"—Dr. Leo Jenkin's Grievance Committee

"Beautiful Dreamer"—Student Government Association Grievance Committee

"The Times They Are A'Changing"—East Carolina University Administration Grievance Committee

And last but not least,

"Dixie"—Negro Student's Grievance Committee

NEWS

IN-DEPTH

Greenville—February 17, 1970

The oldest building in North Carolina education circles, Old Austin Building, located on the campus of East Carolina University in Greenville burned down only two years ago today, February 17, 1968. Let us reminisce with the various and sundry news media of the day as they reported the scope of the tragedy to grief-stricken Eastern North Carolinians.

News of the terrible tragedy first hit Eastern Carolinians over WPXY, the local radio station in Greenville. Here is an actual reproduction of that newscast taken from the original tape in the files of Pixy:

"And that was Kitty Wells singing 'Don't Come Home A Drinkin' With Lovin' on Your Mind' folks, and before our next song by The New Christian Quartet we have a flash, hot-line, news bulletin brought to you by Heilig-Meyers who this week is having a sale on large mattresses for \$39.95.

Pixy is always the first to bring you the news! But before we hear the news flash let's hear this unsolicited word from someone who has visited Madame Lorraine:

"I could find no job 'til I saw Madame Lorraine. That woman sat my life straight and I'm jes here to say she do if fo you to, on the Highway two sixty fo in Bethel."

And NOW, that news bulletin you've all been waiting for—right after this word from The Jewel Box who is having a special on their diamond-studded, six karat, gold-plated electric letter-opener, just a dollar down and a dollar every Saturday.

Now Pixy, FIRST and ALWAYS with the NEWS, the only radio station with hot-line reporters in both Chocowinity and Bear Grass brings you this exclusive, copyrighted, authentic news bulletin. This bulletin is copyrighted so that no other radio station within a hundred miles may report this exclusive item

until five minutes after the gong—!***!***! dit-dit-di-dit-di-dit-di-dit, di-dit, whe-e-e-e-e-e-e-e, di-dit-di-dit-di-di-di-di-di-di-dit-di, zit, zit, zit, In Greenville ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY primary education majors burned Old Austin today??????

Gong, Gong, GONG! Well folks, now here's Cowboy Copas, with some gold time music for us, singing his original version of "Hillbilly Heaven."

THE DAILY REFLECTOR

Greenville—(AT) A trajedic fryer of undetermined orgasm today swept through the oldest building on East Carolina's Campus today. The fire raised the Building in the three minutes fat.

Authoritys announced that over onhundred and fifty primatery majors were bunred to there death in the friar, More.

A class of fifty TRoTCE students narrowly escaped the fire dew to the abcess of their commanding chief, which was in the Pamaco Room for a coffee brake. Fortionately a vetron psserby, saw their plite and yelled throuh an open winow a command, "Leave leave, leave, burning buidling."

The passerbye was later identyified as a priave first class, and formur croups cammandit who understod the situatoin in the lderless croup.

Unforately, the primates majors were in the basement blding practising turning the lights off. Some bodies were found etagled in scorched jump rapes. hiles others were find in remnunts of playpens.

the Deam of the School of Ecuation sad, "it was unfrtunate that the insidenet took place today ecause next week the class were sceduled to study filing out of classrooms in fire drill practice." The team smoke highly of the girls pointingout croup mandit who understood the situatoin of the lderless croup turning the lihts off.

Some bodies were found entagled in that the firals had tree point adverages or above. A class out of classrooms in fire drill practice in the PamacoRoom for yesterday's cryptyogram answers on page two were the c, sktue, thie, t,,t, theit . . . s the ti t Pamaco, a nd out dthe di th sithe ldkjdh tith man with dht ejump rap.

EAST CAROLINIAN

The Administration acknowledged today there was a small conflagration somewhere on campus some time last week. A spokesman for the Administration, on being questioned immediately after the tragedy, was quoted as saying, "EC has come a long ways since 1907. In the Science Department alone we have added 402 instructors. The anticipated freshman enrollment for next year is 4200 which represents an increase of over 200% in the last two years. This is yet another step in the growing university process. This demonstrates a growing giant of the fire." (sic)

When asked to be more specific (sic) about the tragic loss of Education majors, the spokesman said, "Our education department is one of the finest on the Eastern Seaboard. The department is one of the finest on the Eastern Seaboard. The department boasts an enrollment of over 7,432 students and over 520 professors including 34% of whom hold Ph.D.'s in their field and 45% . . ." etc., (sic)

Remarking on the loss of Old Austin, vice-president of the school said, "However this loss of Old Austin is regrettable to us all, this fits right in with our great plans for expansion. A new auditorium will be completed in 1972 on the same site, and now we have been saved the expense of having to tear it down!" (sic)

Dean White, Dean of Women, announced two new rulings in light of the recent tragedy: "First no women will be permitted in the now darkened ruins of the building and second, because the building was probably burned by a fire started by a cigarette, no women students may smoke on campus anymore."

Dean White pointed out that most fires are started by matches and most cigarettes are started by matches so: no cigarettes will be permitted to be lit on campus by women students. (sic)

SGA Vice-President Steve Poor announced \$35,000.00 would be used for a study on erecting a three foot cinderblock marker in memory of the students lost in the fire. (sic)

A five hour discussion raged in the legislature, concerning the size and color of the cinderblocks to be used. Action was tabled on the bill and a committee will be elected by the student body to study the feasibility of such a memorial.

Steve Poor also announced that the tickets for the Embers Concert may be picked up in Wright Auditorium Monday. (sic)

NEWS AND OBSERVER

(The only reference to the tragedy in the Raleigh News and Observer was a short note in this column.)

These two came out of the billiards parlor. One of them dangled a cigarette from the side of his mouth.

"How about that?" said the first.

"You mean about the heat being on in Greenville?"

"Yeah," said the first, watching the blonde with the tight pink slacks.

"Sounds like just some more of Leo's publicity stuff."

EXCLUSIVE interview

Al Capp

Al Capp speaks in a booming voice about some very BIG THINGS. He is a cartoonist. A satirist. At times, he is cynical. At times, philosophical. But he is always honest. Always real. Always exciting.

L'il Abner premiered August 1934. A young and foolish country bumpkin, with starry-eyes and the most illuminating idiotic grin ever drawn by a cartoonist, was instantly taken into the hearts of millions of Americans.

Today, Abner enjoys an audience of 80,000,000 readers. And Capp, almost the opposite of his creation, is recognized as a social critic.

Capp nets anywhere from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 a year for his labor. In addition, he has worked in television. (A new series of specials is in the planning stages now.) He has worked in radio. And, his comic strip has been the only comic strip ever to inspire a Broadway musical.

To add, growing out of his comic strips, a chain of Abner restaurants run from Canada to California. Kickapoo Joy Juice is in the bottled soft drink market. L'il Abner overalls and Daisy Mae blouses, Mammy Yokum corn-cob pipes, and Kigmy and Shmoo dolls, are all "for sale."

Alfred Gerald Caplin grew up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where, as a boy, he lost his right leg in a street-car accident. After study in nine different art schools, always high-tailing it when the bursar's bill arrived, he landed his first job at twenty-three, as a cartoonist for Associated Press.

After several months he either quit or was fired. He says, quit. Two years later he walked into the office of United Features Syndicate with his L'il Abner idea.

Capp: I don't think of myself as a cartoonist. I think of myself as a novelist and of Abner as a novel, a page of which is published every day. At the end of the year I've written 365 pages, fully illustrated. After 34 years at it, that's a pretty damn big novel.

What do you think about our magazine, *The Rebel* (Fall issue)?

Capp: Well having simply opened the front page of it and seeing some pictures of the staff, I see its run by clean-shaven boys and pretty girls; which is a different sort of staff than most of the eastern college magazines.

The only bearded one of the staff is my husband, who is poetry editor. He has been in the Army for three years and the Peace Corps for two years and he just wanted us to be sure and tell you that he agrees with a lot of what you say.

Capp: Well, then I foresee a happy marriage . . . I'll even forgive him his beard.

There are practical reasons for it.

Capp: Is it? What is it?

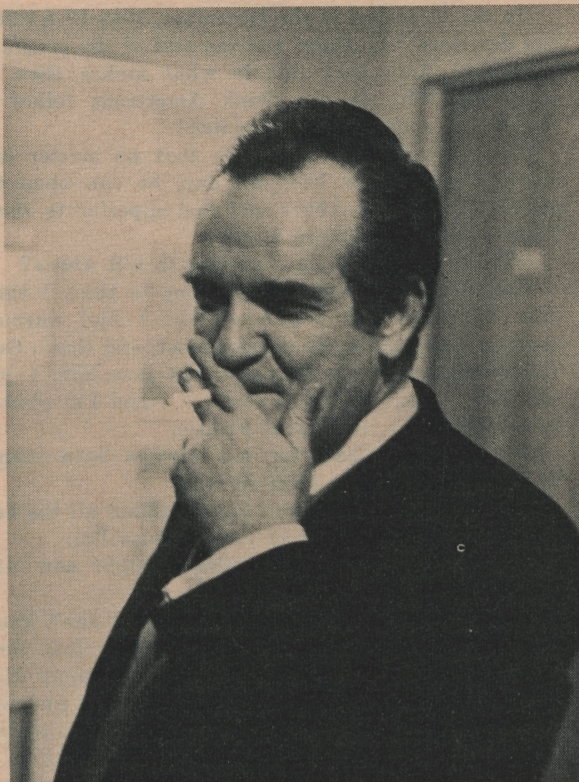
An extremely receding chin.

Capp: Oh, really, really . . . well that's the only reason really to wear a beard. Either that, or a great sympathy for vermin in cold weather.

In an interview in the December, 1965 *Playboy* you said, "our current crop of campus rebels are fakes. They've been taken by their leaders." Don't you think many of these people are sincerely interested in finding out what is going to happen to the society that they and their children are going to have to live in?

Capp: No, I don't at all. If they're interested in a democratic society—and certainly an organization that calls itself Students for a Democratic Society, by the very title they give themselves, are those that are passionately interested in a democratic society. When a group like that, in order to show its dissent with Defense Secretary McNamara, even though he is a member of a despised minority group—the President's cabinet. When, in order to show their dissent with his ideas; they stop his car coming out of a hall at Harvard, pull him out of it, and according to the newsreel shots which I showed on a television show I did in Boston, threatened him with the poles on which their placards were nailed. Finally, the Cambridge police arrived and escorted Secretary McNamara to physical safety through a cellar of a Harvard building. Now, if those students are interested in—if those are students for a democratic society, then so are Horse Webble, Young Nazis, in the early days of Hitler, and Mao's Red Guards last week.

The very same bunch, Students for a Democratic Society, at Harvard, just a couple of weeks ago imprisoned the Dow Chemical guy in a building for six hours. Just deprived him of his liberty, deprived him of his freedom of speech, deprived him of his freedom of movement. If that is the kind of democratic society they're interested in, I'm . . . I think they're the same sort of rebel as, let's say, Benedict Arnold.



What about the draft card burners?

Capp: Well, I think the punishment should suit the crime. If they burn their draft cards, their folks ought to burn their allowance checks.

We live in a time when unemployment and poverty are increasing.

Capp: Yes . . . unemployment increases as the Poverty Program increases. I mean the best racket to go in to today is being a pauper.

Well, should we question modern day solutions? Mass government intervention? The age of cybernation . . .

Capp: Now, wait a minute. Here, say that all very slowly. I mean this is a quote from Arnold Toynbee and he's very difficult to read.

We live in a time when unemployment and poverty are increasing, a time of . . .

Capp: That sounds like the beginning of a speech by Senator Percy.

Well, let me ask you—what do you think of Marshal McLuhan?

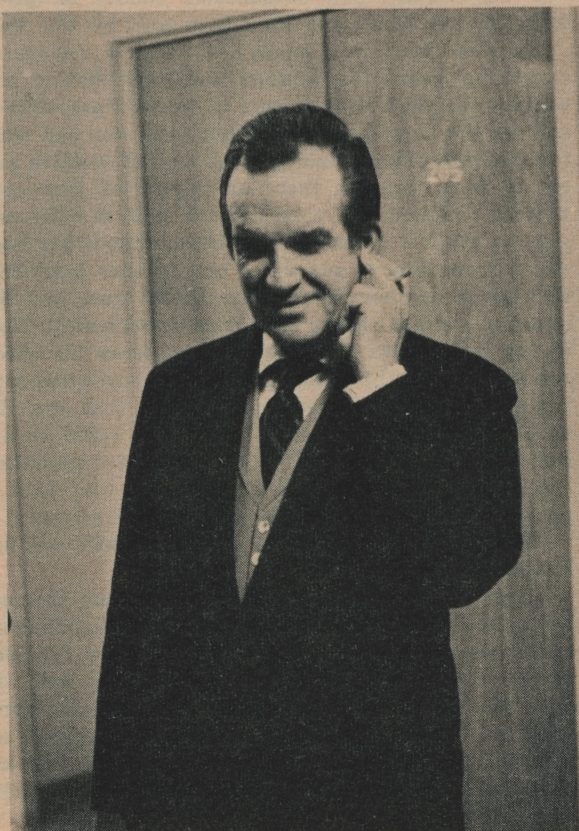
Capp: I love McLuhan . . . McLuhan, an earlier book of McLuhan's called *The Mechanical Bride*, because in that he spent oh, several score pages adoring me. Now I haven't read the new one, "Understanding Media" because people have told me that he doesn't adore me anymore . . .

Have you looked at his "The Medium is The Message"?

Capp: Certainly not! You know that's like asking a guy who has always come in in the first five in the Grand Prix race to read this book on how to drive an automobile.

How do you think the South has changed since you were here last?

Capp: The South no longer believes the rumors coming from the East that its lazy, impotent, lacks industry and brains. They don't believe it anymore. And they're being themselves. This is a stimulating part of the world. It has energy. It has ideas . . . There's something you have here that we don't have. Especially students have it, and that's manners. The South is a very pleasant place.



A more relaxed place . . .

Capp: Well not relaxed to the point of sleeping through the century. You don't believe you're relaxed to the point of collapse anymore. The South just doesn't believe it. And I must say Southern dramatists and poets and literary men contributed to the inertia of the South by constantly writing about the decadence of the South physically and the degeneration of the Southern spirit.

People see plays in New York about the poor, poor South and come down here and find a lot of energetic and industrious people who just hadn't seen those plays. If they could have afforded to go to New York and see those plays about how broken down they were, it might have taken the spirit right out of them.

Several Negroes on campus formed a Grievance Committee. One of the main things on their bill is to ban "Dixie" at football games.

Capp: Is Dixie an offensive song to the Negroes? Apparently so.

Capp: Then, yes. I would go along with them. For example, where did your husband serve in the Peace Corps?

In India.

Capp: I'm sure when he was there he found out something about the absurd and possibly amusing and inexplicable customs of the natives. And I'm sure he abided by them, although he may not have agreed with them. I think we owe it to any group of Americans . . . to abide by the peculiarities and passions that are their traditional attitudes.

If Dixie is more offensive to the Negro than it is important to the Southern white, then I think its good manners to sing some other song. Now, I don't know how important it is to the Southern white.

Its more or less just a right song at football games. People really get a big kick out of hearing it played. I don't think it has anything to do with the Civil War, as much as it does with Southern nationalism. It really hasn't made any difference to the Southern white, until now that it has been made an issue.

Capp: Its one of those tragic and foolish and irritating by-products of the whole civil rights movement. The Negro has become hyper-sensitive. And, I think the Negro should be given equality and not one damn thing more.

Since we're the majority, and since we do have a history of rather casual treatment of the Negro, that we can, without losing any dignity or anything precious in our lives, be more than simply courteous.

I guess what a lot of us don't understand is the fact that the Greenville schools here and a lot of the doctors and dentists' offices, and restaurants are still segregated. Yet, the Negroes on campus don't want to do anything about that. They want to pick on some of these smaller issues.

Capp: Well, I guess they should be the final judges of what it is that they object to. I would agree with you, that the right to dine with one's neighbors, and the right to patronize public places along with one's neighbors is a vastly more important right. But it may be that all rights are important.

I don't think that the banning of Dixie is a right. I think it is a courtesy that can be extended to them, if its not too vital a part of Southern values of life.

What do you think of your view here at the Holiday Inn?

Capp: The view from here looks like New Jersey, which is the most unflattering thing you can say about North Carolina. But, this is not your best view. There are other views. The view when I turn around and look at you people is vastly improved.

Did you by chance have anything to do with setting in trend the mini-skirt revolution?

Capp: Oh, I invented the mini-skirt long before . . . The first mini-skirts appeared on Daisy Mae in the middle 1930's. And, at that time, I was denounced as a pornographer. Now, if I introduced it today, I would be called an innovator.

When you consider television's awesome power to educate, aren't you glad it doesn't?

Capp: It doesn't educate? Why, of course, it does. Television educates this country, certainly not college. I mean, the effect of college is minimal. The effect of television is universal. Its enormous. The few years the average American spends in college leaves him no impression at all compared to the enormous, daily, relentless impact of television . . . We've got a Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, John Gardner. He's nothing. The guys who are really important are the heads of the three networks. They are our chief educators. We are what they will make us.

What do you think of the Carnegie and Ford Foundation programs to try and get a nationwide educational network?

Capp: I've seen educational television and my reaction to it is that—commercial television when its bad is bad because they can't help it. The sponsors insist on it. Educational television is bad because it chooses to be. Educational television, thus far, is the cesspool of the rejects of commercial television, and those that couldn't possibly make it. Also, it does provide a gathering place for executives who couldn't pass physicals.

A lot of college students today feel like what they are getting in the classroom is totally unrelated to what is happening. For example, we're studying ancient Greek history while the Vietnam war is raging.

Capp: I wonder. That was the theory of a man named Henry Ford, who you recall said, "History is bunk." I've the greatest respect for the model T, Ford's old car. I prefer another view of history myself. I think that people are precisely the same from millenium to millenium.

I've just been reading a book by Noel Cramer on a civilization, called the Sumerians, which preceded everyone. We didn't even know it existed. And this enormous civilization did exist. We just dug it up about fifty years ago . . . There was a tablet recounting the history of a student, why he might have been a student here. He was interested in what students always are interested in—cutting classes, dames, and fast chariots.

Now, he could have checked in here and not been noticeably different from any other student. So, that, history is not so much the history of events, but the history of people. People being themselves. And I think its very useful to study history. All history is relevant to what's happening.

Do you think the government, the people who run things, learn anything from history?

Capp: Do I think so? They have improved. I do. I really do. We've got an enormous amount of room for further improvement. But I do think so. At this point you may not, but out of the whole I do think they've improved. I think the way the government runs things is unforgivable . . . But they're way ahead of the way they used to be. They used to be unbearable.

Let me interject here. I always feel a little embarrassed about criticizing government. Because government is me and its all of you and its everybody else and we're apt to treat government or abuse government as though it were somebody else. It isn't. Its the common will of the people, and if its stupid you must consider its source.

What do you think about hippies?

Capp: Oh, I try not to. Its a movement that really has quite vanished, I think. Its lost all its excitement. Its another arm of the Moffia, I think. Certainly, the Moffia is the greatest dope peddling organization in the world. There was one market they couldn't crack. And that was the high school kid and college student market. And they created hippies to crack that market for narcotics. But they don't need the hippies anymore because kids are selling dope to each other now. So, if it comes as a surprise to you that I think the Moffia is running the whole hippie movement, remember how surprised everyone else was when it was revealed the CIA was running all these other groups of starry-eyed young people.

I sort of get the idea that you don't really like rebels that much.

Capp: I do indeed . . . I like rebels who have something to offer to take the place of what they are so eager to destroy. I don't want anyone to cart my automobile off to a junkyard unless he can replace it with a better one.

What do you usually say to the idealist who is more concerned with changing the environment he's living in . . .

Capp: Which idealist am I talking to?

What do you say to me? I could really care that say tomorrow I'm going to have a nice home and a nice car and a very comfortable position. I'm dissatisfied with some of the things that are happening now. I'm dissatisfied with the fact that I can walk across campus and feel like there's a total void there—that nothing is happening.

Capp: Nothing is happening where?

Say, on campus. Its like sometimes I'm walking around in a void and nobody seems to care that nothing is happening. Nobody seems to care that professors . . .

Capp: How can you tell that they don't seem to care? They seem gay? Carefree?

They just don't even seem to be aware. There are so many little subtle things.

Capp: I promise you that if I walked across your campus and I gathered ten people, all walking alone, each one of them would tell me the other nine don't seem to be giving a good damn about what's happening. Only I am aware. And, you know, they would all be right.

No, I do think that this feeling of lonely splendor you have is shared by everyone you scorn.

It is a pretty hung-up feeling sometimes.

Capp: Certainly, and don't forget that the one you are looking at with such pity and contempt has that feeling about you.

Do you think your comic strips have any influence on a national policy level?

Capp: Why, certainly, they do. They tax hundreds of thousands of dollars away from me every year—if that hasn't effected the national policy I'd like to know what I'm working for.

That wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

Capp: Yes. I think that I'm read terribly enough in Washington so that . . . they open it and say, 'I wonder what that bastard is saying today.'

In the interview in the December, 1965 PLAYBOY you described L'il Abner and the rest of the people as 'ignorant.' And, that this is what makes them so charming. Why do you think Americans follow so closely the activities of Dogpatch?

Capp: I think one reason is that no matter how stupid anybody has been all day, he can open the paper, look at L'il Abner and feel superior to them. They've been even more stupid.

Who is your favorite character in L'il Abner?

Capp: Oh, it changes from time to time. I think over the years the character that I feel warmest about is one that really doesn't exist, and that's General Jubilation T. Cornpone. I just love him. I just love everything he stands for . . . and I'm glad to know he's now president of France.

My favorite character has always been Mamie Yokum. She's always been so true.

Capp: Well, that's right. She combines all the best qualities of Doris Day and Benito Mussolini.

What about this crises we're in right now with the U. S. S. Pueblo?

Capp: I don't know what one does. I don't know. You know we're in the position of a six foot three guy being ripped in the ankles by a little puppy. Now with one kick he could kill the puppy. But a guy who is that big doesn't kick a puppy. But can a puppy bite the ankle of a guy that big? You're damn right he can. Now that is the perplexing problem we are now in.

Help Stamp out

Quicksand !

It seems to me like we're so powerful and so big and so involved all over the world that every little guy that comes along has got to pick a fight with the big guy.

Capp: That's true. There's very little point in being the strongest nation in the world if on campuses and in lecture halls and in respected editorial offices, there are a whole bunch of muckheads who regard strength as something shameful, power as something we don't deserve, physical well-being as something we shouldn't have earned. And, insist that we remain as impotent as our tiniest tormentors.

What is your idea of why we went to Russia to ask their help?

Capp: I think the Pueblo case may have been such a clear case of piracy that we felt that we could even ask the Russians to judge it and come out ahead. That they couldn't possibly make any judgment against us. I think it showed a great naiveté. Any bunch that will get up in the U. N. and denounce the Israelites for having terrorized and invaded the Arab nations, can do anything.

What do you think of the federal minimum guaranteed annual income of \$3,000 which is being proposed?

Capp: I hope it goes through, then nobody will have to work. Now, where this income will come from is the next detail to figure out. But, I think that any non-productive, non-willing American deserves to live as well as any American who has some dignity and is useful. And on that platform Bobby Kennedy will run for President.

I don't think that just because you won't work and you insist on having children, . . . that you must be denied all the luxuries of life. Certainly not. The unnecessary and burdensome should be given vastly better treatment than they are, by the way.

In New York, you know, they've now discovered something about the welfare law. And that is any welfare recipient who storms in the welfare office—and, by the way, any welfare recipient who can walk to a welfare office should get the hell off welfare and get to work, because there are plenty of jobs—any welfare recipient who comes to the welfare office and says he has lost his welfare check, or that it has been stolen from him, is not asked any further questions. He's given another check. Now, that's true. And the losses of welfare checks have been astronomical. Now if any guy works for a living and loses his check can you imagine him coming to his employer and saying give me another week's pay, I lost that one. He, as a useful citizen, doesn't have that right at all. But if you're useless, and fruitful, you have unlimited checks and unlimited rights. Anybody who isn't a pauper today is missing the only road to solvency.

Who do you think the Republicans will run for President?

Capp: I thought they were going to run Reagan, but he lost a lot of support by his clumsy handling of that homosexual thing in California.—They can lose again, with dignity, with Nixon. They may well win with Rockefeller. I don't know . . . I really don't think so. I think for all this mess we're in and for all the criticism of Lyndon Johnson, when the chips are down he knows what the job is and he's a tough man.

It seems the U. S. is losing so much prestige.

Capp: Oh, nuts to prestige. I tell you that having lived abroad, traveled all over the world, I don't give a damn what other countries think about us. I really don't. It doesn't mean anything. Let them worry about what we think of them.

Did you see the Republican State of the "Disunion" Message on television?

Capp: State of the "Disunion?" That sounds like Everett Dirksen humor. It isn't funny but its boring.

They had to give the Republicans equal time on television, because Johnson had the State of the Union message on television. So, the Republicans decided to do a state of the "disunion" message. Of course, they had all kinds of solutions. They just didn't tell you about them.

Capp: Well I think we're going through a classic campaign. You know, whatever the party in is doing is dead wrong.

Do you think Governor Wallace will run for President?

Capp: Oh, I don't think there is any way he can be stopped. Certainly, Lyndon Johnson won't try to stop him. I shouldn't be surprised if the CIA is financing his campaign as the best way to beat the Republicans.

What is your opinion of Wallace?

Capp: He speaks for about a third of America. I have the greatest respect for Wallace as a regional voice. And in his region—and, by the way, in California too and other places—but, in his area his is the voice of honesty and truth. It may not be the honesty and truth and the will of the rest of the country. I don't think it is. He speaks for his people and he speaks with guts and very effectively. You can not dismiss George Wallace as something out of a comic strip. George Wallace is a twentieth century man, and he's speaking twentieth century language and he has twentieth century ideas.

People made fun of his wife being governor . . .

Capp: You know, the people who made the most fun of her unfitnes to be governor are those who applauded the appointment of a guy who had never tried a law case in his life as Attorney General of the United States.

Are you really the irritable person that you say you try to be?

Capp: No, I feel that I'm very genial and kind and tolerant, except for stupidity.

In the end of the Playboy interview, the interviewer asked your formula for a happy life. You said a certain degree of irritability mixed with honesty . . .

Capp: Yes, yes, it's the same. I think that it's the same formula for a happy life—the meter of Paul . . . only, on the other hand, Paul isn't in my class, in my chronological class.

Is that to say that you're happy?

Capp: Yes, I think that part of being happy is to blow off when you want to. Let yourself blow off when you feel like it, when you're rich enough.

Or poor enough?

Capp: That's right. People who have nothing to lose, then you can say anything you choose to say. Or if you're rich enough, so that you couldn't give a damn. So it doesn't matter what you do to your career by speaking the truth. Then you can afford to. It's the guy on the way up or down who has to shut up.

Or the politician?

Capp: He's on his way down. He's a man who can find nothing useful to do.

Why do we like politicians so much?

Capp: Oh, I don't think we do. I think we loathe them. I think any kid who says "pop, when I grow up, I want to run for public office," would break his parent's heart. If he said, "Mama, when I grow up, I want to stick up banks or go into the white slavery business," . . . I think his folks might feel he had a future or at least would have some respect. Politics just seems to be . . . although lately I must say that we're getting the gentleman politician, the dilittante politician. A man who doesn't have to steal because his father has done all his stealing for him. And he is above corruption. And enters politics as a kind of amusing public service. And I think that from these men we get our very best public servants. Because there's nothing you can corrupt them with—you can't corrupt them with money, at any rate. Power, however, is something that gets some compromise.

United We Stand -

Devided We Fall

MAIDENFORM

What do you think about the young people here at East Carolina? Have you heard some of the taped discussions?

Capp: Yes, I have. I think you're . . . you've solved it. You know how to appear to be well-mannered and well-behaved. What you're really like—I shudder to think. But at any rate you give the appearance of well-bred young people and really this is the most important thing.

Have you heard anything about the eleven p.m. curfews?

Capp: Yes, I have. I don't know how anyone . . . I think it's too long. How can two East Carolina students talk to each other until eleven? It's just unbearable. I think it should be shortened.

What you have to do is get married, really, if you want to talk any longer than eleven.

Capp: Now that's the last desperate solution. I'm ashamed of any group that can't accomplish by eleven what you feel you can accomplish by two a.m. You're just going to have to speed it up a little.

Last night all girls were handed out sheets that asked what sort of curfews we desired . . .

Capp: Really the eleven o'clock is extensive. It really is. I think the problem won't be solved if you get your curfew lifted until two a.m. It's those extra three hours you don't know what the hell to do with.

But if it is a fixed rule and you don't like it, but the administration does and those who support this school, those who pay their taxes, want that curfew, then you have a choice of either going along with it or finding another school. But I think the decision should not be made by the students until they grow up, pay their taxes, and support the university. Meanwhile the store should be run by the people who own it. No matter how unpleasant that may seem to you. But I think students have only the right to attend the university . . . which is paid for by other people, or they have the right to enter a store which is owned by other people.

What about the idea the shopkeepers used to have that they told their clerks, 'no matter what the customer does he's always right.'

Capp: You mean that you regard yourselves as the customers of the university. You are the products the university manufactures really, to then offer to society. The customers of the university are those that must work all year to maintain it. They are the ones who are paying for the university. They are the customers of the university, and they are right.

Even though some of us work all year to pay that sum.

"NULLE BASTARDOS CARBORUNDUM"

JOYNER LIBRARY CORDIALLY INVITES
YOU TO DROP IN AND BROWSE. UNLIMITED
RESEARCH FACILITIES FOR THE ENTERPRISING
STUDENT WITH HIS OWN MATERIALS.

QUICK, COURTEOUS SERVICE, OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK,
CLEAN RESTROOMS, GENERALLY.
WATER FOUNTAIN, SEE THE AMAZING ROUND
TELEPHONE MAP IN OUR LOBBY.

REMEMBER, CHILD,

IT'S YOUR LIBRARY

Capp: Then what you do is take your business to another store. I think you should make your wishes known. I think if you don't like the way a store is run and yet the store is convenient and you like it, then you have a long talk with the storekeeper. Or you buy him out. And you can all buy him out twenty years from now when you are all paying taxes and you say, "well no other generation of kids is going to be made to suffer by us as we suffered."

What do you use freedom for?

Capp: What do I use freedom for? Freedom comes when you have nothing to lose or nothing especially more than you need to gain. Freedom to help in your own irritating way the people you care to help. Freedom to just enjoy being alive. I use it for all sorts of things.

JUST WEAR A SMILE

AND ATHLETIC SOCKS . . .

AND NECK TO ANKLE GIRDLER

AND A TEFLON CHASTITY BELT

AND AN OVERCOAT . . .

Requirements for the W.R.C!

Don't you think most of the people today that talk so much about freedom really don't know what it means?

Capp: Well, I think that most of the yapping about freedom is the freedom to deny other people their freedom. They forget . . . for instance, the freedom . . . the American Civil Liberties Union has gone to the defense of fifty boys who have been fired out of the school because they broke the rules of dress of the school and wore their hair to their shoulders. Now, would those kids permit such freedom of dress as their mothers going topless or the police wearing earrings. They'd be horrified. They'd feel the whole damn community was messed up . . . Nurses wearing mini-skirts up to their navels . . . Would they permit such freedom? Certainly not!

It would be more charming.

Capp: I think it would help the patient, give them a lift. But there, in these schools, there are dozens who insist students should not conform to certain rules. A school is a place where young people are prepared for society, and society damn well does have rules. And if a kid has gone through four years of making his own rules, refusing to conform—he comes out of school unfit for society, and one who will be rejected by society.

It's not so much we don't like people over forty. A lot of this you're told from childhood on—forced dope. And suddenly one day you start asking yourself Why? Why shouldn't I play with the kid over there? Just little things build up. Especially in the past four years—particularly the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley brought it out.

Capp: The Filthy Speech Movement.

I've watched two or three demonstrations. College kids out there marching really believe in what they're saying. Maybe that's the only way they can say it. It's really funny when you watch the spectators with their cameras clicking back and forth. It's ironic that the spectators are yelling, and talk about filthy speech . . .

SG A, COMMITTEES FOR ACTION.

WE

HAVE PEOPLE WORKING IN GROUPS
TO STUDY WAYS TO IMPROVE OUR
KNOWLEDGE OF THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT,
SO WE MAY SERVE YOU
BETTER SOMEDAY. COME SEE AND
HEAR AND SMELL THE PROGRESS
BEING MADE. YOU WILL BE AMAZED

ADMISSION BY:

1. STUDENT I.D. CARD
2. PLUS 50c SERVICE CHARGE

Capp: Well, don't you give the spectators the same right as the demonstrators?

Yes, it's really funny they condemn a bunch of peaceniks for the same thing that they are doing.

Capp: And so, two other peaceniks can condemn them. That's the game. It's a game anybody can get into. Don't try and change it. That's the fun of the game. Anyone can get in. And, thus far, it's been very unchic to say anything for the spectators. That's what I like to say, that they, too, have rights.

(Lock all the doors, someone has stolen my cigarettes.)

We understood you wouldn't go to see our college president. Someone suggested you talk to him.

Capp: Why?

That was it.

Capp: Well, why not? I'll talk to anybody. Even a college president . . . Well, it's been great fun, it waked me up.

Interviewer: It waked us up, too.

See You at Greenville

THWEET SHOP

WHERE ALL THE FELLAS
MEET AFTER CLASS.

Once in society, once obeying them, he can change them. But while he's preparing to go in he'd damn well better learn to obey the rules before he changes them.

So anyone going around screaming and carrying signs is not going to get people to change them?

Capp: Oh, yes! One of the rules is you can go around screaming and displaying signs. That's another rule. And none of these conflict with each other.

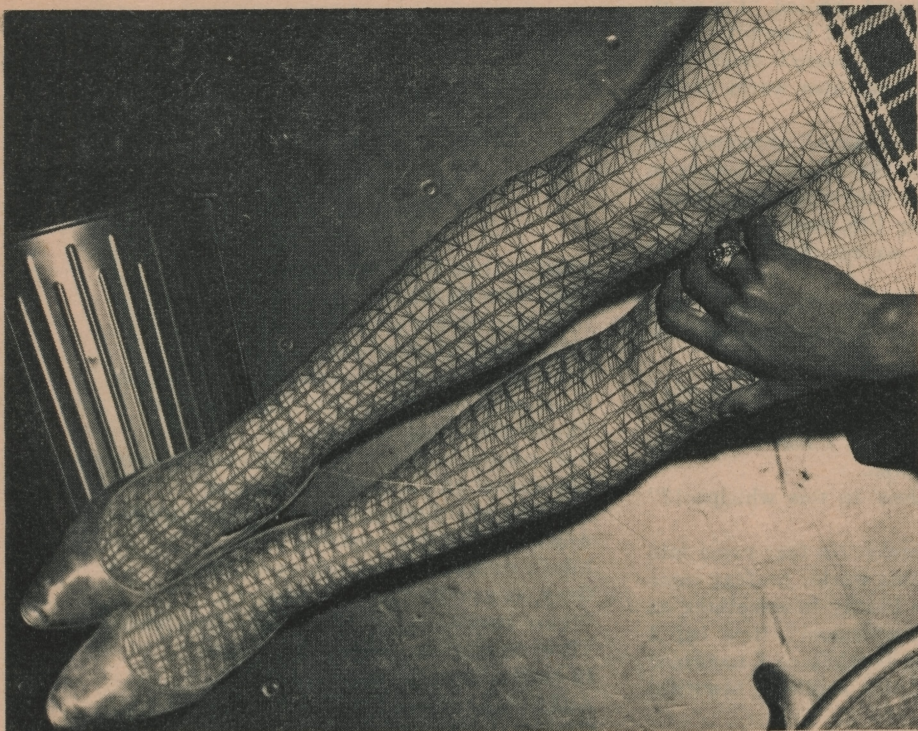
But there is a steady evolution from generation to generation.

Capp: Oh, yes, of course, of course. People of twenty who have patience with people over forty because they are not young people are making a great mistake. Any man over forty is a nineteen-year-old with twenty-one years more experience, but he's still that same nineteen-year-old.

Word for the day--legs.



Motto: spread the word.



Reflections in a Whirlpool

by Irvin Prescott

The solitary figure moved at a leisurely pace through the swirling mists. He was in a dream, or death, and it did not matter to him. He knew that he must keep advancing, but he did not know what he was proceeding toward. He felt neither fear nor apprehension and kept his leisurely, complacent stride as if he were walking in the country on a dusky summer day. Enveloped by the mists, he did not know what type of terrain he was walking upon, but it felt solid, and he could walk straight so he paid little attention to it. He walked with a sure footing and did not grope nor stagger through the thick mist. The temperature was there; it was neither hot nor cold. It was dark, yet it was not dark.

Suddenly he saw in the distance a brightness which looked like the sustained beauty of a lightning flash. He felt his heart beat faster, felt perspiration break out on his forehead. Pure animal excitement gripped him; his leisurely pace quickened into a hurried stride, and then developed into a run. He ran faster now, ever faster to that bright, beautiful, horrible glow in the mist. The vaporous haze began to thin, and he noticed it was rising upward as if it were steam. He suddenly stopped and looked around, becoming aware for the first time of the deafening silence. He felt no fear, he just became excited and filled with anticipation because the brilliant glow was just a very short distance in front of him. He began to walk forward now, slowly making his way toward the glow, which now became not just a glow but a swirling mass of brightly illuminated water. "The hell with timidity," the man said, and he walked the few more yards he needed to fully see it. He was now on the brink of it. There it was before him, the beautiful, but treacherous, funnel into the unknown.

What is down there, he thought as he stood at the edge of the whirlpool, peering into his unexplored recesses. He began to descend into the maelstrom, knowing it was to happen this way, as if a part of a master plan. Once below the rim of the water, the current carried him downward in everdiminishing circles.

He reached the bottom and found himself once again on solid footing. He looked above him and saw the whirlpool eddying around, but the turbulence and the violence of the whirlpool were now very distant to him. The bottom was a place of relative calm. It was extremely bright and the brilliant white-light at first irritated his eyes. It was as if the brightness was created from the center of the sun—its shimmering rays of brilliance illuminating the vortex of water to its darkest region.

To anyone whose destiny provided for him to enter into a region never before seen by mortal man, the natural question would be "Why me?" This man did not wonder why he was projected into this surrealistic place of unreality, it was of second importance to him. He was interested in only the form, shape, and brilliance of the whirlpool in which he was an alien part.

"Worthless!" he cried indignantly.

"Foolish human," rebuked a voice.

Suddenly the human felt an uncertainty in himself and became frightened because the voice seemed to come from no point of origin; it was just there.

"Who are you?" cried the little human.

"Who or what do you want me to be?" asked the voice. "Shall I be your conscience or your absence from it; your creator or your creation; your heaven or your hell? It is up to you as to what I am or who I am; whether I am reality or fantasy."

It was now time to ask the question which seemed so unimportant before, "Why me? Why am I here?"

"Oh come now, you are not that ignorant or unimaginative. You are a creative man, a man who should be able to see things in the abstract, a man who should be aware of symbolism in every aspect."

"What do you mean—symbolism, abstract?" shouted the man. "Am I insane? I'm in the bottom of a whirlpool and I'm supposed to think about abstractness, symbolism? I'm talking to a voice that permeates the very substance I'm breathing and I'm supposed to understand it?"

The voice replied, "You foolish little man, you bore me with your apparent stupidity. You create worlds like this; are they shallow, meant only to appeal to a person's sense? Must I make it easy for you?"

The human stood in amazement of the rebuke. He started to speak, but for once found himself speechless, and ended by only emitting a grunting noise that seemed to be a mixture of frustration and confusion.

"Since you are going to stand there like an imbecile, I shall tell you why you are here—because your presence is wasting my time."

The man looked up angrily and shouted, "I'm wasting your time? What about my time? Dammit I don't have time to be in a place that doesn't exist. Yes, tell me so I can get back to my own world or my own sanity."

"That you are here for one reason," answered the voice, "and that is to show you that there is beauty in something as treacherous and dangerous as a whirlpool; that all things, including life, need not be horrible and without meaning, except for death and misery."

"But that is all there is to life. The end of life brings death and death brings misery," angrily retorted the man.

"But how do you know that you are not dead?" asked the voice.

"Because I feel no real misery: I feel no horror; and I feel no fear," he answered.

"Why did you say 'worthless' to this whirlpool?" asked the voice.

"Because it shows only beauty. No fear came into me as I was descending into this world; no fear came until you spoke. What good is beauty in something as deadly and treacherous as a whirlpool? How can I use it? Why isn't it black and horrible as I imagined it would be inside, instead of this brilliant, beautiful place?" he asked.

"Why can't a place of sure death be beautiful?" questioned the voice.

"Because death is horrible. The only beauty in death is the horror of it."

"You said 'worthless' to this whirlpool," replied the voice. "You see no beauty in it: you only see beauty in the horrors of death. I say to you that your mind and talent are indeed worthless. Now go back into that world of your own. I cannot change your outlook. I can only hope you see it before it is too late . . ."

The writer arose either from drunken stupor or deep sleep, shook his head and tried to think where he was. His cluttered room soon became an image on his brain.

"It was all a dream," he muttered to himself. "I am alive. To descend into a whirlpool!" He laughed to himself.

But then he saw in his mind another story for his readers. "Maybe this dream was worthwhile after all," he muttered to himself.

He walked over to a desk and put a title on a page. "No," he said to himself, "'A Descent into a Whirlpool' will never do. What is the name of that whirlpool off the coast of Norway? Ah, yes."

The hands were in haste as they wrote across the new page the title of another masterpiece of horror. The ideas were in his head, the setting, the mood, everything . . .

The story was finished now and the writer was relaxed, happy, content. The manuscript lay on the table; the tale had the title: "A Descent into the Maelstrom."

Foolish, worthless human.

Ode To A Frustrated Urn

Oh, to think from a lifeless lump
Of clay I came, with little
Help from the potters hand,
Moulded me,
Baked me,
Fried me,
Dried me,
Glazed me,
Sold me,
To a fated lover of art, me,
THE urn, set upon my pedestal
In the hallway, center of attraction.
It was well worth my tormented
Years of creation.
That damn snot nosed kid
Pick up the pieces, Momma!

Sid Morris

Alas, to thee, O forlorn Spirit!
That from Hades, or pretty much near it,
Dost pourest out a constant tone,
In profuse strains of varyin' moan.
Thou springest higher, and still much higher
From some city dump that caught on fire
The blackest deep thou wingest,
And cussing still dost soar, and soaring ever cussest.
The distant sun in golden lightning
Gives clouds of smog a certain brightening
And dost thou float and flee,
Like a runaway slave with no destiny.
Gray, as are the fumes of factories,
Whose smelting smells spell profuse tears
Til we hardly see, we feel it is there,
In sooty skies that were once fair.
And like a drunkard hidden
Groans words forbidden—
Four-lettered language
Caused by much anguish
Teach us Bird, what vile thoughts are thine
Ne'er I heard praise of hate or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so undivine
That set my mind to think his fate as mine
What objects are the cesspools of thy unhappy strain?
What polluted rain?
What exhaust-ridden lane?
What hate of thy own kind? What tolerance of pain?
Teach me half the madness that thy brain must know,
Such lamenting sadness from my lips would flow,
Folks on the street who think thee so foul,
Should listen then, as I listen now.

"West" Purdy

Faustian Monks sit on their bunks
smoking opium pipes
While Hippies and Trippes dance on rainbows
deceived by glimmering glows.
They see the place good, and drawing a breath,
descend to unholy sites
Strange regions, as Elyseum Fields, soon fill their
smoke-ringed minds.
And beautiful maids, with raven black hair tinted blue
from diamond skies
Twisting from foreign scents turn as Proteus gods
to flies
And the surrounding haven by smoke and fire turn to
Ashes as does the minds

"West" Purdy

Ode To A City Pigeon

The Human Beings of the Earth will present a Neo-Realistic Comedy tomorrow morning and every morning M thru F on the corner of Apathy Street and Ignorance Lane, next to the Factories. This comedy, called "People Going To Work" has just come from Broadway. Curtain goes up at 7—comes down at 7. SEE IT
"Hilarious . . ."
New York Times
"Nauseatingly funny . . ."
Chicago Tribune
"One of the best sick-humor comedies I seen . . ."
Anonymous man
Jon Douglas Sykes

Voltaire Rides Again

George Finneyman is seen, sitting at a desk in the Lost Angels Californiacation Court House.

"Yes, here we are again, ladies, with the program which is designed to help curb the alarming rate of divorces in America today. But before we hear that wizzard of Jurisprudence, Justice Voltaire Perkins, we will have a short message from our sponsor, Smellygood Soap."

Short, fat, schitzophrenic, little elf comes onto the scene with a large bundle of laundry and is seen entering an elevator. Inside the elevator is the proverbial buxom, blonde, broad, who is also carrying a large bundle of laundry. Schizo sees Broadie and notices that she is using the exact same kind of bleach that he is using.

"Isn't that a coincidence? We both use Dingy-Away bleach!" says Schizo.

"Well, what about it?" replies Broadie (who at this point is chewing away at a piece of chewing gum like a cow chewing cud.)

Schizo says, "Well, I was just wondering why your clothes look so much whiter than mine do . . . and they smell so fresh!"

"Well, lambie pie, that might be because I bathe every once in a while." Lambie-pie turns beet-red and nearly collapses on the floor.

Schizo, "Well, thats not exactly what I had in mind. What detergent do you use?"

"What's it to ya?" says Broadie. "Some God (censored) detergent called Smellygood with chartreuse crystals."

Schizo, "Really, well, you know that Smellygood soap has a new formula which has been unconditionally proven to be the . . ."

"Will you shut the hell up buddy!" replies Broadie. "If I wanted an advertisement for the blame stuff, I'd turn on that ridiculous divorce show . . ." Finneyman immediately interrupts, quite flustered:

"Yes folks, you have just witnessed an unsolicited testimonial about how N. S. G. S. Detergent has influenced the household duties of another smart housewife. And now, for today's exciting chapter in Divorce Court . . ." ALL RIZE AND SHINE!

OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ, Judge Voltaire . . . Perkins mumbo jumbo over this court.

You may be seated.

Finneyman again:

"Today, folks, we have the tragic story of Elmer Cheatabit Futtigut, and his estranged wife Sally Caught'emaitit Futtigut, who after fifty years of happy marriage have found it impossible to go on living together. Mrs. Futtigut is filing for divorce on the grounds of Mental Cruelty, testifying that for the past three years, while she has been at the Rot-Tin Lung Sanitorium, her husband has been carrying on an affair with Miss Nikel A. Throe. Mr. Futtigut is also filing for a divorce on the grounds of Mental Cruelty, testifying that while his wife was in the Rot-Tin Lung Sanitorium, she, too, was carrying on an affair with Thomas A. Dultry, another patient at Rot-Tin Lung. Now, as we hear the case, let us meditate on just what it is that could cause a couple of the Church like Elmer and Sally, to accuse each other of such an unmentionable sin."

Voltaire slams down the hammer of justice to symbolize that court is indeed in session. Accidentally, the head of the mallet flies off and hits the bailiff on the head, which sends him sprawling prostrate on the courtroom floor.

Finneyman speaks:

"While the court-appointed physician cares for the wounded bailiff, we will have time for station identification."

Booming voice roars over the speakers as a peacock is interrupted from spreading his tail feathers to the tune of harps. "This is Television WKKK, the white spot on your dial . . . Channel 13, in Brotherly Love, Nova Scotia."

Finneyman: "Now, we will return to Lost Angels, Californiacation where hopefully, court is now in session."

As the camera is once again focused on Voltaire Perkins, he is again trying to call court into session. This time he succeeds without fatalities. The attorney for the defense was asked to rise to present his case and for some strange reason, both of the lawyers are a bit cloudy as to whom will be the defense, since both of the parties have filed for divorce.

Finneyman: "While the lawyers confer as to whom will be the defense, we will have time for a short message from our sponsors. Excuse me! I mean we will have a public service announcement."

The Army chorus is heard in the wings singing "If you're good enough to get in, then a proud new future may be yours!" Announcer: "That's right fellows, IF you are good enough to get in, then a proud new future MAY be yours. Even if you

suffer from any of the following minor diseases, consult your local recruiter for information about the New Army Team. The diseases are: Cancer, Blindness, Tuberculosis, Leukemia, Jungle Rot, Communism, or Hemophilia. If you have not contacted any of These diseases, contact us."

Finneyman: "Finneyman again, here at the Lost Angeles County Courthouse where it has been decided that Mr. Futtigut is the defendant. After checking court records, it was discovered that Mrs. Futtigut had filed for divorce at 3:23 p.m. on Monday, January 24, and that Mr. Futtigut had not filed until 3:25 p.m. on the same day. Now lets watch the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Pretty Mason, in his attempt to secure a divorce for his client, Mrs. Sally Caught'emaitit Futtigut."

"Your honor, you know, I actually feel as though I am wasting my time on this obviously simple case. My client, dear Mrs. Futtigut has had the strings of her poor heart ripped by this cruel, mean, bad, hateful, hideous, aggravating, but above all, unfaithful man. While this dear, poor, crushed, sick, and deceived woman was confined to the Rot-Tin Lung Hospital, her husband was carrying on that most sacred of all acts, the marital act, with another woman. While this dear lady was fighting for her life, her husband, was fighting for the affections of another lady. Oh, woe is the world. Oh, woe is mankind. And finally, when my client heard of her husband's shameful action, she chose to remain in the confines of Rot-Tin Lung Hospital, instead of returning to her home—now a house of adultery. Yes, she chose the hospital to her own home. Yes, she was uprooted from a happy home because of her husband. Therefore, I ask that this court grant her a divorce with alimony on the grounds of mental cruel . . . My God—your honor, you'll have to excuse me, I have just read my recap of the case—and I meant to read my evidence—hee, hee, hee, ahrumph. Will Mrs. Sally Caught'emaitit Futtigut please take the stand?"

Finneyman: "While the newly appointed bailiff administers the oath to Mrs. Futtigut, we will have time for a short message from a sponsor."

"Oh! Mirian, where did you get that lovely crystal?"

"Well, Dora Belle, that be my little secret!"

"Well, I just must have some or perish! Mirian, just how long is it since you bought Smellygoody detergent?"

"Well, D. B. I just don't know."

"Well, Mirian, they are giving, I repeat giving this lovely crystal in each box of Smellygoody Soap. And you know what? They have only hiked the price eight-seven cents per box!"

"Well, Dora Belle! (coldly), it will be a cold day in hell when I pay eighty-seven cents for a plastic goblet and how dare you serve my drink in that trash. By the way, did you even bother to wash the glass when you took it out of the box—the head on my beer tasted a little . . ."

Finneyman again: "That's right, the makers of S. G. S., Lather Bros., are giving away this beautiful crystal with each and every box of Smellygoody detergent."

Here we are again back at the Lost Angels County Courthouse where we are about to hear the testimony of Mrs. Sally C. Futtigut."

Pretty Mason: "Mrs. Futtigut, has there been any sickness in your family in past four or five years?"

Sally: "Yes, yes, yes." (cough, cough, cough). "I have been racked with the most excruciating pain and have been confined to the Rot-Tin Lung Hospital for the past four years with Tuberculosis." Sally weeps hysterically and tears her hair.

Pretty Mason: "And during this time, honey, would you please tell the lovely ladies and gentlemen of the jury just what that diabolical husband of yours was up to?"

Sally: "Yes, dear, I will be glad to. That filthy essence of swine was carrying on with that cheap hussy sitting on the fourth row of this courtroom." At this point, the attorney for the defense, Mr. Fuller Tricke Shidt, leaps from his seat screaming, "I object!" And, at this point, Justice Voltaire Perkins (Volt, for short) slams the hammer of justice upon his desk and screams, "Shut up, uh I mean, uh, objection overruled."

Pretty Mason continues.

Pretty Mason: "And Mrs. Futtigut, it has been charged by your husband that when you recovered, you decided to remain in the sanitorium because you were carrying on with another patient, Mr. A. Dultry. Would you care to comment on this accusation?"

Sally: "You're (censored) right I would. Had it not been for such a kind soul as my dear lambie pie Mr. A. Dultry, I don't think that I could have survived my hospitalization. Whenever my husband refused to come to see me, Thomas was always there to lift my spirits. We did become very close to each other, however, but we were only buddies."

At this point, Elmer Futtigut jumps from his seat and screams, "Yea, judge, they were you might call "Busom Buddies," and you can take that literally."

Upon hearing this, Volt jumps from his seat and screams at Elmer: "Listen buddy, one more outburst like that and you will get got for contempt of court. Please continue, Pretty Mason."

Pretty Mason: "Your Honor, I don't feel that I have anything else to offer. It seems to me that the evidence is on the table. Elmer Futtigut is indeed guilty of mental cruelty. The Prosecution rests its case."

Volt: "Well, does the defense have anything to say?"

Fuller Tricke Shidt: "Well, yes we do, your honor, we did think that we would present our case."

Volt: "Well, git to it."

Fuller Tricke Shidt: "Well, I would like to summon Mr. Elmer C. Futtigut to the stand, if you please."

The bailif swears in Elmer.

Fuller: "Mr. Futtigut, has there been any sickness in your family in the past four or five years?"

Elmer: "Well, actually there hasn't but my wife would like for you to think that there has been. You see, she saw this fellow one day at the delicatessen and, being the flirt that she is, she struck up a conversation with him. After some time, she found out that he was in the Rot-Tin Lung Hospital. That is when my wife decided that she had tuberculosis. Without going to the doctor, my wife just up and decided that she was going to have to be hospitalized. One day when I came home from work I noticed after several hours of quiet that there was something missing—Sally. I looked around the house for her and suddenly I saw this note on the television set which told me that she had committed herself. When I saw this, I immediately got in the car and rode out to the asylum, to see if she had committed herself. She wasn't there. I remembered A. Dultry, and drove to Rot-Tin Lung Hospital. When I got there, there she was, sitting on the front porch of the hospital with that snake-eyed Mr. Thomas A. Dultry. I asked her if she was planning on staying for any length of time and she told me that she thought that she would be there at least a year. Upon hearing this, I begged her to come on back home with me—not that I wanted her to come home, mind you, I just didn't want to pay the fee for her 'hospitalization'. Unfortunately, my insurance company did not cover vacation trips to hospitals for the wives of the insured, and I sure as hell couldn't afford to send Sally on a year-long vacation. After a year passed, Sally was still at Rot-Tin Lung Hospital and she was not about to come back home. So, there she stayed until a new administration took over the hospital. When a real doctor arrived, Sally was evicted and was therefore forced to return to her home—without her inamoured Thomas."

Fuller: "Mr. Futtigut, your wife has charged that while she was in this 'hospital' your affections turned to a Miss Nikel A. Throe. Would you care to comment on this accusation?"

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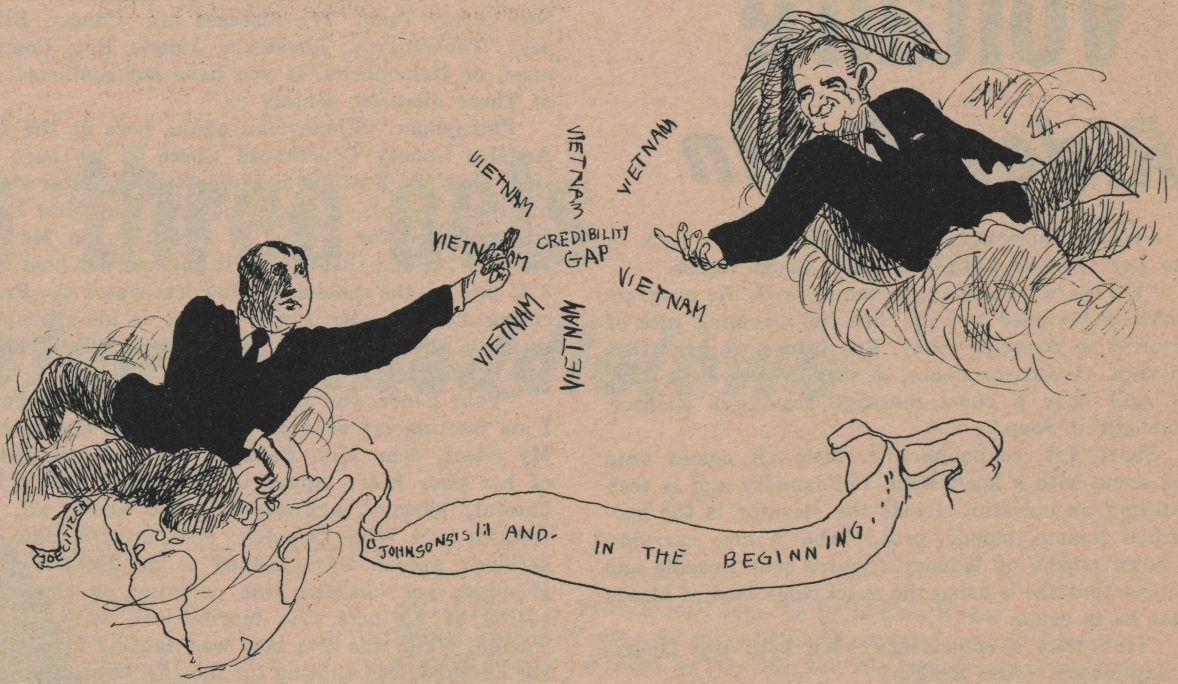
Elmer: "Nicky and I became friends several months after my wife went on vacation. She was moving into the apartment next to mine and I decided that it would be gentlemanly of me if I were to go over some night and offer her a drink or two. So one night I dropped over and told her that I was temporarily unmarried and that I would like for her to come over and have a few drinks with me. Nicky said that she had a couple more appointments to fill that evening but after she finished she would come over. She did come over in a couple of hours and since it was late, Nicky had already changed into her nightgown. Now that is where my wife got the idea that something was amiss. A friend of my wife, Mrs. Biz Z. Body, lives in the apartment across the hall and she just happened to have her bloodhound nose on the alert that night. She saw Nicky as she was coming over for the drink and she immediately called my wife at the hospital. Well, you see, Nicky had had a few drinks before she came over and the ones I fixed for her were fairly strong. In no time flat, she had passed out, and I was forced to put her to bed, and since I can't sleep in any other bed (because of my back problem) I had to sleep in the same bed, too. Just while I was undressing to go to bed, this whole damn army of my wife's relatives came parading into my home and immediately thought, for some strange reason, that I was being unfaithful. Now, this was all that Sally needed to hear to have an excuse to stay at the hospital for a couple more years. Sally is loose upon the earth now, and of course she is deeply in love with that repulsive little fair . . ."

Finneyman: "Ladies and gentlemen!!! When Sally heard what Elmer called her friend Mr. A. Dultry, she lunged from her seat and began mercilessly to beat the startled Elmer. Wait! Now, Miss Nikel A. Throe and Mr. A. Dultry are at it. My God, folks, it looks like the whole courtroom is going to be in this fight!! From one side of the room, all of the Caught'emaitit clan, the brothers and sisters of Sally, have begun to fight with the Cheatabits. It is sheer pandemonium, folks! Ladies and gentlemen, the whole courtroom is embroiled in this fight!!! All of the high members of the court, including the sheriff, are unconscious. Sally Futtigut sure has a powerful left-right-left. Now the mob seems to be moving toward the rear of the room towards the press box and where our cameras are stationed. It looks as if there is really going to be a . . ." BLAMMMMM, BLAMMMMM, SPEW, RIP, FIZZLE!!!!

Silence.

"Due to difficulties in our remote control facilities, we will not be able to bring you the conclusion of today's exciting episode. We hope that you will join us tomorrow at the same time to enjoy with us the new and perhaps more relaxing program, 'Vietnam In Perspective.'

For the outcome of today's story, you might check the obituary column of the Lost Angels Daily Herald. And now for a word from our . . ."



this month's sneak preview of the current no. 1 non-fiction best-seller--

The **CREATION** OF THE SOCIETY

by J.D. Sics

In the beginning Lyndon created Texas and Washington. And Washington was without form and void; and darkness was upon the faces of the creeps. And the spirit of Lyndon moved upon the darkness. And Lyndon said, "Let theah be uh gov'ment in the mi'st o' Warshington, an' let it keep th' people divided, or at lee-ust uh li'l bit mad at each uhther." And Lyndon made the government, and divided the people which were under the government, and the people which were slightly above the government. And Lyndon called the government "Mah A'ministrayshun." And the evening and morning were the first day.

And Lyndon said, "Let theah be Congress"—and it was so. And Lyndon say Congress, that it was His; and Lyndon divided Congress; He divided the Democrat from the Republican. And Lyndon called the Democrat Pal, and the Republican He called God-damned Extremist. After his own image called He them. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Then Lyndon said, "Let's go on ovuh t' Texas fo' a minit." And Lyndon went exceedingly fast (65 mph in a 35 mph zone) to Texas. And He said, "Let theah be ranches an' oyul wells on th' face o' Texas, an' let theah be Johnson Cities abundant in th' lan'." And Texas brought forth ranches and oil wells yielding profit and Johnson Cities multitudinous after His name: and Lyndon looked about in Texas and saw that it was fairly good considering, except for an occasional putrid smell transversing the land.² And Lyndon shrugged his great shoulders and said, "Way-uhhhll, 'Romper Room' it ain't." And the evening and the morning were the third day.

Then Lyndon said, "Let theah be Lobbyist in Texas, an' ever' form of two-legged corruption; an' let Texas brang fo-uth the huge-lunged politician aftuh its own kin', that it mite git e-lected to th' Senate." And it was so: Texas brought forth myriad usurpers, reproducing their kind, and defecation-breathed politicians with exceeding pot-bellies. And Lyndon said, "Let Texas brang fo-uth fowl (but no doves, puleeze)." And all manner of birds sprang forth: Lady Bird, Luci Bird, and Dean Rusk-Bird.³ And Lyndon looked about Him and wriggled His absurd ears in happiness, saying, "Not bad, not bad a-tall!"⁴ And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And Lyndon commanded, saying, "Let theah be niggahs in this heah lan', that Ah mite free 'em an' show how hyoo-mane Ah am." And there came from the land manifold hordes of svelte, watusiing coons; and they grew exceedingly fat from the welfare of the land, and stunk exceedingly strong from the pitiful absence of Right Guard.⁵ And Lyndon fed them Mint Julep⁶ and gave to them the fruits of the land; and they ate over much thereof and reproduced—and reproduced.⁷ And the evening and morning were the fifth day.

And Lyndon said, "Let theah be War, that we mite defen' libuty, proteck peace, inshooer democracy⁸ an' all that trash." And it was so: from the land sprang War; and it flourished strong and escalated mightily at His command. And the Selective Service grew overmuch selective: from the college was driven the student and from the land was driven away Money.

And Lyndon looked about and saw the War, that it was good, and He issued forth the mighty Press Conference, saying: "Now Ah likes the Vietnamese, don't git me wrong, but Ah wudn't want mah sistuh t' marry one." And the evening and morning were actually the fifth day again, because of the Daylight Saving Time Lyndon had to create in order to pay for the War.

And on the last day Lyndon rested. He took about Him a deluge of barbecue, and He slaked His thirst with Coke ("Cree-ation goes better with Coca-cola, cree-ation goes better with Coke"). And Lyndon called About Him the sleek Southern belles and went a-walking in his Society. And Lyndon saw His Society, that it was His, and he exclaimed mightily, saying: "Today the world, tomorrow the whold goddumn galaxy!" which meaneth, "You can fool most of the people most of the time."

¹In the original edition of *The Holy Babble* (1964 King Baines Version), the title was written "The Great Society"; however, it was changed in this edition for reasons elaborated upon in "How To Screw Things Up Without You Even Half-Try," by L. B. Johnson (Apathy Press, 1965).

²This is from the Greek phrase meaning "to bungle."

³It seems that Lyndon left the creation of out-houses to Man.

⁴Some texts here include, ". . . And Hershey-Bird." However, that addition seems to be only an attempt at Jewish sarcasm.

⁵Which, in Johnsonese, means: "It's worse than I thought it was."

⁶Some obsolete texts here include, ". . . And they reekethed mightily of halitosis." However, that addition has been discredited because its author was a Klansman. See "The Journal of Un-American Activities," January issue, 1380 B. C.

⁷Which was more Julep than Mint.

⁸A spokesman for the group, Mahtin Luthuh King, explained this: "Well, dey ain' much else t' do, Baby, when youse ain' goota wuk."

⁹Some authorities suggest that Lyndon is Democracy.

¹⁰Some texts add this passage: "Not to mention all the money we'd make . . ."

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

"Inside Asia," by Helppme Gettback Outagan (Blunder & Sons, 1965).

"How to Win Friends and Influence People," by General Nguyen Cao Ky (Bomm-Hann-Oy Press, 1966).

"Trailblazer," by Ho Chi Min (Nok-Yur-Blok-Ofv Press, 1966).

"Why Infants Must Serve," by General Louis B. Hershysterprotestin (Mo Menn & Associates, 1967).

"Let's Unseat God in '68," by L. B. Johnson (Amm, Bishun & Company, 1965).

"The Equestrian's Guide to Apocalyptic Horses," by L. Johnson as told to John Public (Gull I. Bell Press, 1966).

"The Armed Services Condom Crisis of 1964," by Gonn O. Rheeah. (Weeneedum Press, 1965).

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST BOOK OF
JOHNSON'S



Virginia Wuuh

Literary Discovery of the year

Virginia Wuuh (1552-1587)—first female author and poet, lived during the age of literary giants—Wilbur Shakespeare, Christopher Meddlelowe, Ben Jansen, and Edmund Salinger. Perhaps the biggest literary discovery in the history of English literature, little is known about her except that she lived with Wilbur Shakespeare, as his mistress, for eleven years. Many of Wilbur's sonnets were dedicated to this lovely woman. Virginia, at the order apparently of Shakespeare, kept her self disguised as a male when they were in public together. (Wilbur could not afford to have his image as a love-starved loner crushed.) Also, historians have revealed in recent studies that Wilbur used many of Virginia's ideas for his plays. He refused to let her publish any of her poetry or either of the two plays she wrote. But, just recently part of the original manuscript of one of the plays was found in an old inn in Hops, England.

Virginia Wuuh met a tragic death. She committed suicide with her fountain pen when she found Wilbur's affections were straying to other places, notably across the street to Christopher's house.

It will probably be many years before all of Virginia Wuuh's works are recovered, but included here is the second scene of Act II of her play, "Romeo and Juliet."

Dramatis Personae: Romeo Suave and Juliet Blueblood
Act II, Scene II: Late at night, in view of a window overlooking Cotton Hall colonnade.

Prologue:

Recall, fair audience,
That Juliet and Romeo have just met
At an all-night Purple Jesus party—
They have fallen madly in love.

(Romeo Suave staggers onto the colonnade and Juliet Blueblood appears at the window.)

Romeo: But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is a lamp shade and Juliet.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the dubious night.

For she is already sick and pale with her hangover.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do flaunt it; cast it up.

It is she, O, it is my love!

She babbles, yet she says nothing: what of that?—
she chokes.

Her bloodshot eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest alka-seltzers

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in her innards til they return upward.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

See, how she leans her mouth upon her hand,

O, that I were a glove upon that hand!

Juliet: Oi vah!

Romeo: She groans;

O, wretch—wretch again.

Juliet: O Romeo, O Romeo! why didst thou come here?

'Tis but my stomach that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though a Suave.

What's Suave? It is nor SGA nor CU,
Nor ROTC, nor MRC, nor any other part
Belonging to a college man—save PiKA
O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call Pirate
By any other name would still play ball;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd to PiKA,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy restraint
And for that which is no part of me
Take all myself.

Romeo: I take thee at thy word:
Even though thee may be stoned!

Juliet: What fink art thou that thus bescreed in
night

So staggered on my misery?

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Even though my lips have drunk a hundred

vodkas,

Yet I know the sound,

Art thou not Romeo, and a PiKA man?

Romeo: Neither, dear Juliet, if either thee dislike

Juliet: How camest thou hither, tell me, and

wherefore?

The colonnade walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place perilous, considering who thou art,

If any of the hall proctors find thee here.

Romeo: Burning ambition has o'erleapt itself

And came to fall on the colonnade.

Therefore thy proctors are no let to me.

Juliet: If they do see thee, they will campus thee.

Romeo: Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than in twenty of their slips; look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their rules.

Juliet: I wonder not for the world they saw thee

here.

Romeo: I have money to hide me from the watch-

man's sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My social life were better ended by their ban,

Or social probation, in wanting thy love.

Juliet: By whose direction found'st thou out the

watchman?

Romeo: By love, who first did prompt me to inquire

At the corner gas station

He lent me advice and I lent him ears.

I am no pilot; yet, were thou as far

As that vast distance to Darin Waters,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet: Thou knowest the mask of Clearasil is on

my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Dost thou like me? And I know thou wilt say "yes"

And I will take thy word:

Or if thou think'st I am too easy won

I'll frown and date a Sigma Nu

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, dear Romeo, I am too fond of vodka

And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:

But trust me, Romeo, I'll prove more true

Than any Sigma or sister sorority,

Those that have more cunning to be strange.

I would have been more strange, I must confess,

Even though I feel strange enough

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion, therefore pardon me,
and not impute this yielding to light vodka,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo: By yonder blessed moon swear
That tips with silver the colonnade.

Juliet: O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise fickle.

Romeo: What shall I swear by?

Juliet: Do not swear at all

Dost thou not know our second commandment?

Romeo: If my heart's dear love . . .

Juliet: You are telling me, I fear, nothing

But a tale told by an idiot,

Full of the sound and fury, signifying nothing

Goodnight, goodnight, I'm tired.

Romeo: O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet: What satisfaction can'st thou have tonight,
From climbing up the wall?

Romeo: The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Juliet: I gave thee mine before thou did'st request
it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo: Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose?

Juliet: But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish for the thing I have not:

Your fraternity pin.

Romeo: O blessed, blessed night! I am afeared,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

But we are such stuff as dreams are made of.

Juliet: Three words, Romeo, and good night

indeed.

If that thy bent love be honourable,

Thy purpose pinning, send me word tomorrow,

But that I'll procure to come with thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

Now a thousand times goodnight.

Romeo: A thousand times the worse to want thy
light.

Love goes toward love, as college men from their
books.

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

Juliet: Romeo

Romeo: Juliet

Juliet: At what o'clock tomorrow

Will you come for me?

Romeo: At the hour of ten.

Juliet: I will not fail to be ready.

Remember how I love ye PiKAs and thy fraternity pin.

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone.

And yet no further than thy PiKA house.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night til it be day.

Romeo: Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
stomach!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my fraternity's house

Their praise to win, and my dear pig to tell.



Best-Seller

1. **CALL OF THE WILD:** a treatise outlining the contributions to the Civil Rights movement of Stokeley Carmichael and Rap Brown, by William Buckley.
2. **I WAS A TEENAGE VERB:** the official autobiography of the nation's outstanding linguist and grammarian, Dr. Patrick Killhope.
3. **LORNA DOONE:** Richard D. Blackmore's compilation of old family cookie recipes.
4. **THE VIRGIN QUEEN:** a new biography of Elizabeth the First of England by the noted American authority, Doris Day.
5. **DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE:** helpful hints for college coeds on how to evade housemothers and steal an evening with that special boy after the dormitory lights are out, by the noted teenage advice columnist, "Dear Ruthie."
6. **OLIVER TWIST:** Charles Dickens describes and discusses the English variations on an American dance craze.
7. **HONEST TO GOD:** Hubert Humphrey recounts the events of his political life during the reign of Lyndon Johnson.
8. **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:** an introductory analysis of sexuality designed specifically for the adolescent boy by Dr. U. R. Reddy.
9. **LONDON DERRIERE:** a history of burlesque in England from 1965, by Hugh Hefner.
10. **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** by the Review Editor of **THE REBEL**.
11. **HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE:** a treatise on a treatise by Senator Eugene McCarthy.
12. **WORLD ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASSASSINATIONS OF U. S. PRESIDENTS:** (40 volumes), with a 10 volume introduction and 24 volume collection of theories about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

LATRINES

(Latrines That I Have Known, John L. Plunger, New York: Drash Sons, Inc., 150 pp.—\$1.50.)

While sitting in our antiquated office with nothing better to do, we picked up an interesting little tale of the proverbial college drop-out. Mr. Plunger takes us from the hallowed Relieving Centers of Harvard to the undistinguished bathrooms of East Carolina University. Plunger theorizes that the appearance of restrooms reflects the character of the average student at any institution of higher learning. We have decided to depart from the rigid form of the ordinary book review and present some interesting facts from the author's book and let the reader decide the literary value of the book for himself.

Mr. Plunger started his academic career at Harvard U. and described in elegant terms the unique experience of entering a Harvard Relieving Center:

"As I entered, the most obvious ornament was the brown, conservative carpet. The maitre d' asked for my reservation, which I had luckily been informed of earlier by a very wise upper-classman. Under the maitre d's command were well-dressed porters who shined my shoes while waiting for my reservation number to be called. After a period of four or five minutes, the magical moment arrived. My name was announced and I entered the small booth which was shown to me by an usher. While laboring at my immediate task, I could not help but notice the graffiti written on the wall. Some astute scholar had inscribed thereon, 'By my presence here I prove that, contrary to popular belief, intellectuals are, indeed, human!'

I now focused my attention on a necessary wall ornament from which I politely (and, I might add, with reverence) unrolled a proper amount of tissue in the form of an exact replica of ten-dollar bills. As I left, my departure was announced and I once again joined the ranks of the scholars in the library."

Mr. Plunger, unfortunately, became so enraptured at the aforementioned procedure that his academic studies became of second-importance. The author also decided the social standards were too rigid for his simple taste and followed the advice of Horace Greely, enrolling at Berkely. Mr. Plunger, upon finding that he had to take a trip, decided to make the scene, and describes it thusly:

"The Scene was not only a functional place, but it had an appropriate atmosphere. A recorded speech by Timothy Leary was being broadcast and the air smelled of oriental incense. On the walls were sugar-cube dispensers, strategically placed at the entrance to each booth. The writing on the wall, suggested by a very radical person declared, 'Meditate free here—why pay the Maharasha Mahesh Yogi?' A very radical statement indeed! The tissue was of a very interesting nature—reproductions of draft cards. As I left, I was handed literature on the New Left, the Old Left, the Right Left, etc., and I decided on

my way out to meet my scheduled three o'clock happening."

Mr. Plunger found himself dropping out more than he had anticipated and decided to follow the advice of General William T. Sherman, so headed South like a ball of fire and entered U.N.C. at Chapel Hill. By this time, the author considered himself an expert on restroomology. He decided that his first visit to memorable landmarks of the campus would be to the university's newly established School of Basic Metabolism. He observed:

"When I entered I felt I was being continuously observed. The cause of my anxiety was the life sized wall posters of Watts Hill, Jr. Looking next for an important facet of the School, I noticed some very prejudiced student had written, 'Down with the eastern part of the state. . . . We're still the greatest learning (sic) institute in North Carolina.' The tissue paper was very bland compared to other schools I had attended, but on closer observation I noticed the tissues were reprinted copies of the Speaker Ban Law. I was taking my leave when suddenly there was a horrendous noise that completely startled me. It was then when I noticed a small placard on the wall which read—'IBM automatic flushers, provided by the North Carolina General Assembly'."

It was at this point that we doubt Mr. Plunger's intelligence because, incredibly, he found the academic program at U.N.C. too tough. A former student of E.C.U. who had had his share of academic troubles and sought refuge at U.N.C. smirkingly suggested that Mr. Plunger try a quarter at the 'Party School.' The author found out after one week-end that the label didn't fit the product, and departed into oblivion where, undoubtedly, he wrote this book. Before leaving, however, he did contribute to his observations on restroomology:

"Surprisingly, the E.C.U. havens of release were quite simple. There were the basic necessities, showing that the students of this institution were very independent and unspoiled. There were no formalities, no decorations, and it seemed to me that this would be a school in which I could at last be comfortable while visiting a simple, good-old-fashioned bathroom! The graffiti reflected the simplicity of its surroundings. Among the most memorable quotes was 'I can't stand for people to write on bathroom walls.' Thankfully, the tissue paper was plain, ordinary, the type found in an ordinary institution."

As we have stated before, we pass no judgment on this book. Bathroom humor has always been a dubious literary topic and to some to discuss bathroom habits is going beyond questionable barriers of good taste. But, we feel it is our duty to bring to the attention of the public off-beat books, and let them decide their worth or the lack of it.

DID YOU LEAVE

YOUR FAMILY

OFFENSIVE?

Left Guard

GOOBERS

(Goobers, Charles Smith, New York: Random Best House: \$.25.)

Goobers is an attempted satire on today's modern Americans, portrayed by a bunch of children. Charles Smith's attempt is an admirable one, but the book is void of: the poverty issue, violence, sex in any form, the race issue, political and international political crises, and debate on Vietnam. Therefore, this publication is not realistic. It does not achieve what it set out to do. And, in clear conscience, we cannot recommend it.

Bob Leinbach

"I JUST SAW AN AD
FOR SMITH RENTAL
CARS, I LAUGHED
SO HARD MY

Avis Hertz

Pop Poems

Pop Poems. By Ronald Gross. New York: Simon and Schuster, 96 pp. \$1.95.

"Satyre"

The American people are worried about an atomic war when right in our midst we have an even worse situation: slow death with Earl Warren's pinko Court, Lame Brain Johnson and Humpty Dumpty Humphrey, bomb-shortage McNamara and his Defenseless Dept., Hobby Wobby Kennedy, and short form Ginsberg of the Welfare Dept. To say nothing of Sen. Full Moon-bright and the UN, the largest Playboy Club in the world.

A red Coca Cola appeal sign—Pop Poems—this way: STOP. Lingo and jive language . . . poetry by the beat. Feel the desire and be warm; feel familiar-feel.

Signposts and billboards . . . Pop Poems is a billboard; slogans and gimmicks and quotable quotes are scattered in unison.

Any man can decipher such novel clipboards as Gross's and build a loose landscape of '68—punctuate today's expressions in style.

Gross, with measured poise, has energetically taken to note his culminated experience and has reflected the designs of Pop Poems.

Nancie Allen

Browdy's

LADIES PANTIES

Half Off

With this last word we leave you—

HATE
HATE
HATE

