

# That's Beside The Point or Ring of Heads

by Samantha Bower

It's snowing  
 Let's go outside and throw snow  
 all over each other  
 And make snow-angels  
 And pretend that it's not snow  
 It's  
 it's, uh  
 SAND-seashore, sun salt waves.  
 Lying on your back feeling waves  
 of  
 snow washing over bodies  
 and stones and just  
 being  
 Being wet with saltwater  
 Being wet with snowflakes  
 Just feeling all wet and slick and  
 shiny  
 sunshiny  
 Seagulls-seashells-snowballs  
 angels, soft-shelled crabs-soft  
 shelled minds

I was looking at Caroletha's ring and started thinking about an album called "Ring of Hands", by a group called Argent. The song that gives the album its title is concerned with a celebration in which people get together and form a ring of hands together. In a class the other day, we were talking about alienation and how we personally feel about it. Someone started a ring of hands in our class. And suddenly we weren't just separate individuals but a ring that expanded outward to include everything, a celebration of being that lasted for maybe just five minutes. But our class is still mentally holding hands. If you drop something, even just a thought, into a river of humanity, it forms rings, and more rings, and just keeps spreading. So spread your own celebration. Hold somebody's hand even if it's just with a smile.

Now here's a celebration-- Free Parking Players. All we're trying to do is share the results of a bunch of people getting together and getting off on each other's heads. And maybe we get off so much sometimes, that we're hard to follow. But that's all right, too. We talk about things that interest us, and that should interest you, too. It's free, so if you can come and park with us. We'd dig it.

One of these days I'm going to die. And when I do, something very definite is going to happen to my body. It's going to decompose. And worms are going to eat it, and grass is going to grow from the chemicals that it will form. And maybe a bird will eat the worm, and then some small part of me will fly

through the air and walk on wires and become feathery and fluid motion. And maybe some cow will eat that grass, and someone will eat the cow, unless I die in India, and some of me will walk streets and talk to people and maybe even think. And maybe, if my body feeds a certain kind of grass, someone will come along and pick me and roll me up and smoke the shit out of it. Far out. And then that part of me can float around inside somebody's head and just groove on a totally different way of thinking. But naturally, or I should say, personally, I don't think that any particular sense of self or ego extends beyond one life. That if there is consciousness, it will be born again in another body. So if I won't be aware of my next life, why can't I fly now, and let somebody smoke me and take me into their head. Why do we have to think as human beings all the time? Try thinking like a bird, just try. I did it once before, just to see if I could do it. So I let my head drift up and perch on a limb. And then I felt hungry, so I flew around 'til I found an apple. That's when I realized that beaks don't pick up too much food at one time and that it takes a lot of pecking to fill up your stomach. Then I got tired and it was getting dark; so I found a nice depression in an enormous limb of a tree, and tucked my head under my wing and waited for sleep. But it started to rain, and I couldn't sleep well, so that's when I found out that when you are a bird, and you're not in motion, there is no mental activity whatsoever. You just sit there and see the rain, with no associations to think about and no way of planning for tomorrow. You just sit there and watch the rain. And I, Samantha, thought that, really, it might be really nice to be a bird. "Do you wanna be a bird?"

P.S. Thanks Marlowe for holding my hand.

## Talent Show

Want to join or help?  
 Call Carol Sims: 944-5658 or  
 Brenda Colston: 944-5340.  
 Rehearsals start Feb. 22nd.  
 Be there!

# RUNNING FROM THE GRAND ENNUI

"If it's not one thing, it's another," is what my good friend MSP (sounds like a food additive, doesn't it?) said when he thought he was going to be busted for murder, and I guess he's right. Life does try its best not to be boring, but what we come up with is different.

Sitting in an apartment in uptown Harrisburg, drinking beer and watching television with a kind of quiet desperation, our sole entertainment being the propagation of a clean drunk, and the performance of sexual perversions upon cockroaches and roof rabbits. Maybe, if you're lucky, there'll be a fire or a murder or something, and everybody'll go stand around, folding vulture wings and saying how horrible it is. Did anybody get killed?

But there's always something, like the wino last nite who hit us for some change. He claimed that he was a World War II and Korea vet and kissed our hands in thanks for our having given him a quarter and half-a-dozen

pennies. Makes you feel pretty small. Right now I'm listening to an endless rap by a very opinionated lady 'bout what's wrong with women's liberation. Yesterday, she was viciously (and equally endlessly) attacking the Berrigans. "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

And I go to work every day (I'm a very Good Worker) and I come home every night. Had a snowball battle last night. Sometimes I think of the fancy bicycle I'm going to get, or of the fancy pictures I should be taking, if only I had a darkroom. Is there a party this weekend, or do you want to go out for a few drafts? But mostly, we just sit, drink beer, watch television, with the sound off, and listen to music:

"... I heard a voice inside me  
 scream,  
 It said, you lost the light  
 And now you're running through  
 the night,  
 Running from the Grand Ennui."  
 —David Phares

# ICE BREAKING CEREMONIES

by Mike Welliver

The first annual Ice Breaking Ceremonies of Capitol Campus were held on February 7th on an obscure pond near Olmsted Plaza. Heading the ceremonies was Joe Byerly of 826-B Nelson Drive, Meade Heights. Joe, who began and finished the event in the space of ten seconds, managed to plunge through the ice with the finesse any Olympic

skater would envy. Despite a small turnout for the event, spirits were high and water temperatures were low as Joe Readily testified after regaining consciousness.

This is the first year for the event and according to Joe it may be the last unless he is able to thaw out in time for next year's ceremonies. Joe, relatively unscathed by the events of the evening, has vowed to start a new program for unusual sporting events on campus. He is currently seeking participants for the spitting team and the towel snapping club.

In ending we can only say, "thank's Joe," for adding another exciting page to the annals of sports history.

## Baseball Club

All men interested in joining the Baseball Club, please contact:

Robert Stanley, Rec/Ath. Building (787-7751); Dennis Conn, 820 B Weaver Avenue (944-1711); Andrew Oronzi, 846 B Kirkland Avenue (944-1622). Please register before February 28, 1972. Thank you.


**HOT LINE --944-1033**

# El Ed's, Note

All Elementary Education students wishing to do student teaching in Spring 1972 are asked to pick up student teaching information from David Ongiri's office in Room W-356 immediately.

Orientation for Elementary Education student teaching has been scheduled for February 29, 1972 from 1:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.

DIAL  
 787-1665



The  
 New  
 Birth's  
 New  
 Phone No.

Meatball Sandwiches  
 Ravioli Spaghetti  
 Lasagna Manicotti  
 Italian Sandwiches

**PIZZA**  
**25¢**  
 OFF THE REGULAR PRICE  
 OF ONE PIZZA (small or large)  
 WITH THIS COUPON

We have Pizza by the slice, too.  
 Eat Here or Take Out

**NAPLE'S PIZZA**  
 23 S. Union St.

**NORGE**  
 Village Dry Cleaning and Laundry  
 Olmsted Plaza Rt. 230, Middletown

Professional Dry - Cleaning & Pressing

Returned the same day  
 if in before noon.

Laundromat Hours  
 Mon. thru Fri. 9 AM to 7:30 PM  
 Sat. 9 AM to 5 PM  
 Sun. 10 AM to 2 PM

**SALE**

**Large Group of Ties — 99¢**  
 VALUES TO \$6.00

**Group of Sweaters — 1/2 Price**  
 SLIPOVER & COAT STYLES

**De Von's** WE NOW STOCK U.S. KEDS  
 the Finest in Men's Wear

**TASHA**

We Miss You...  
 Please Come Home  
~~Soon~~  
**NOW!**