

Theatre of Energy U-235

By-Michael Chew

Welcome to the Land of Nods and Gasps. There are some little villages couched in the leafy green forests. Some of the houses are quite odd; those are the houses of the dwarfs, gnomes, peasants, and other mushroom beings. They live in houses that are ten-sided-many inhibiting walls, mindscapes or paranoia, and other misconceptions dealing with serious academics. Most of the dwellings are built near concrete slabs that are laid in adjoining segments. They resemble islands. You do need a lifeboat, like a life support system.

"Last chance for fresh air," will automatically register to your mind from a consciousness flash. Back home they are called billboards, but here there aren't any; just alot of mental gibberishing screeing in from all sides bombarding the brain-go ask Marshall McLuhan. (See-Firesign Theatre: The Gamore Expressway. It's on the map just above Edge City.)

There's a nonregistered side to this place. No place is really any better; it's always in the head. Delamr used to point to his head all the time and ask, "Where's this coming from?" Regardless, they have a war here, but I try and stay away from the front lines. Where ever they are; they can get you anywhere. They can't get into your dreams, but they can kill you in your sleep; at least I thought, but they have a funny way of fighting the war-more efficient though. They give the people mind cassettes making life easier. You just choose the cassette and plug it in-pratical. They have state buildings here that were turned into mental hospitals overnight. That was a crushing blow for the enemy, changing all the cassettes, causing all the people to become neurotic and push paper. It took the government time to adjust, but now it's socially acceptable.

They got back at the other gov't by assassinating their organ player in a gov't building-on the statistical level alone they got a million people who were plugged in on that frequency, and another million who were tripping on LBJ; that's a drug fed to the masses. You could be hovering over a slab, and suddenly people around you will

fall to the earth, excuse me the slab, lifeless. It's so efficient, life dropping files into a wastebasket and burning them. The whole matter of death is dropped from a person's cassette-it's like sleep. Garbage trucks hall the bodies away.

You remember the dwarfs and such? Well they don't have anything to do with mind cassettes-it's not required by law, but there's talk of it. If you don't have a cassette, your experience of reality is very detached; they call it schizophrenia. The mushroom plants are the strangest; they have no real ties to anything, except their sacrifices to their gods. Crucifying people on telephone poles, nailing crucifixes to people's hands, and eating their noses. Gruesome as hell. They also do alot of bitching about politicians too; they'll go on about their eight track and quadra-sonic tapes, and how they're impossible to reach on any frequency.

The gnomes are the most hateful of the bunch. You can see them almost anytime, arms gesticulating, swearing at the world-quite madmen indeed. Most of society laughs at them, barring them from any 'meaningful dialogue', causing them only more frustration. Sometimes they do a little LBJ just to get in tune to understand the predicament befitting us all.

I visited one of there education instututions here; they're quite adequate. You choose a track, get on it, and do the required work. There are some interesting fields of study such as Scatology, Metapsychopharmacology (you'd like that), Hebephrenology. Even Transloid Meditation, but I didn't have clearance to know about it. They have resident idiots here with equalizers-psychological, but at the same time theatrical, they make life more interesting. Like some guy was shooting people with a toy gun, and you know, only two people fell down-just joking around. You know how serious these young mature college students who sit around all day and have their heads filled with vegetable oil-so the darkness in their root-cellar minds' grows. Gets them in shape for cassettes.

I tried to talk with some of the students, but in the end I had to search out the deviates-some of them are wearing masks and others are laughing from behind a book, prop. It's such a ludicrous state of affairs; doctors teaching the future when they can't even see the existential surreality of the present-they'd consider that unrealistic. By the way, are you still seeing your shrink-R.D.Laing? I decided that I couldn't communicate with anyone except Zen pinball so I left. You know-tolerance be gone. Am I getting like the gnomes? Maybe-who knows? It's always my nature to be serious about everything-even though the joke is existentially clear. What would be the sense of my giving out one of my spare eyes-even though I keep a few under my pillow-just for Jefferson and the other Lost Planet Airmen.

I'll probably come back in a year; there's a possibility of getting a job. There are places to rent, and I just might be able to get some work done with the seclusion. Look, if you get a chance, you should try and come out of your shell-it gets lonely out here. At one time I liked the job I was getting, but there's more to living than just being stilted, boring, and strung-out. Then again -I'm on an ego trip-though I'm rather defenseless against normal pursuits, if there is such a thing. You might call it my limited scope, understanding, and being born ten years too early. I don't think there's much of a market for me-there's a better chance of it here, though.

Tarnhelm

TARNHELM, the Capitol Campus literary magazine, is in need of contributions for the first issue of the year. A table will be set up in Vendorville from the 16th-20th of October.

Members of the TARNHELM staff will be there to collect any manuscripts from students who wish to contribute to the publication. Your contributions are needed and will be appreciated.

Intramural Bowling

(OCTOBER 11, 1972)

LEAGUE A:	WIN	LOSE
1. F.O.B.O.	10	2
2. No Names	8	4
3. Dunnbells	5	7
4. Schuylkill	5	7
5. Foulballs	4	8
6. Spoilers	2	10

LEAGUE B:	WIN	LOSE
1. X.G.I.'s	10	2
2. Baetzum	9	3
3. Pinheads	7	5
4. W.B.Y.A.?!	5	7
5. Joy	4	8
6. Last Laugh	3	9

MEN'S INDIVIDUAL LEADERS:
High Average - Cliff Claypool (X.G.I.'s) - 173
High Series - Cliff Claypool (X.G.I.'s) - 551
High Game - John Yee (No Names) - 222

WOMEN'S INDIVIDUAL LEADERS:
High Average - Connie Slater (Pinheads) - 129
High Series - Connie Slater (Pinheads) - 406
High Game - Phyllis Mashman (Dunnbells) - 156

OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL RESULTS:
HIGH SERIES:
Cliff Claypool - 541
Norb Lindner - 531
John McCormick - 525
Stan Escher - 508
Connie Slater - 387
Phyllis Mashman - 380

HIGH GAME:
John Yee - 222
Stan Escher - 213
John McCormick - 196
Norb Lindner - 195
Phyllis Mashman - 156
Connie Slater - 138

Monday Night League

(OCTOBER 9, 1972)

HIGH AVERAGES:
J.R. Grimm - 165 - (Cardinals)
T. Turnbaugh - 147 - (Cardinals)
D. Bilby - 141 - (Dingalings)
J. Bilby - 139 - (Dingalings)
J. Clymer - 125 - (Dingalings)
K. King - 114 - (Cardinals)
B. Bilbaugh - 113 - (Dingalings)
P. Murphy - 81 - (Cardinals)
M. Dell - 61 - (Dingalings)

HIGH SERIES:
J.R. Grimm - 465 - (Cardinals)
T. Turnbaugh - 440 - (Cardinals)
D. Bilby - 423 - (Dingalings)
J. Bilby - 417 - (Dingalings)
J. Clymer - 417 - (Dingalings)
K. King - 343 - (Cardinals)
B. Silbaugh - 340 - (Dingalings)
P. Murphy - 243 - (Cardinals)
M. Dell - 184 - (Dingalings)

Classified Ads

For Sale
Kawasaki Mach III
Phone 233-3045

FOR SALE: 1971 Gren in-many
extras- \$1,800. Phone 94-5897 or
write 1053 N. Pine St., Middletown,
17057.

P.O.Ws NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY ☹

R. I.

Trissler

Beer

Distributor


Phone 944-7446

108 Wilson Street

Middletown, Pa.

KAUFFMAN SUZUKI

1972 Models in Stock



The Suzuki TS-125.

623 Second St. Highspire

10% off

on

all

models

P.O.Ws

NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY ☹