

# Stalking The Fallen Staff Or, In Favor Of The After-Dinner Drink

by P.R.J. Smith & Friends

Dordo dat with his head between his legs trying to remember what foolish flight of fancy had spirited him toward his present situation.

Some men find themselves a prisoner of time, shackled by minutes and hours, other men are prisoners of their heritage, owing their future to the ideas that formed their past, and others are prisoners of lust, greed, patriotism, love, their mother's cooking, their father's money, language, the arts, form, content, mounting insanity, drugs, the golden past, economics, old slow men, young fast women, cages, prisons, or locked doors.

Dordo was one of the last; he being in the basement of a Menonite church in Fervo New Hampshire without a key.

Outside, he could hear the clamor of the legions of the Methodist revolt as they threw stones and old beer cans at the empty church which held him prisoner. They were upset about the recent law passed that prohibited urinating in the wee hours.

"What are the wee hours for?" they cried.

"I don't know. I don't speak French," said the Chinese dwarf.

"Vote for me and I will solve your solutions and problemate your problems," yelled the balding auctioneer who had never run for an office before in his life. "I don't know how long we can be oppressed by the oppressions of these oppressors!"

Inside the church they hung their heads in shame, fearing for the future and knowing nothing of the past.

"What can we do?"

"I don't know. What can we do?"

Dordo, trapped in the basement could do naught but heave a gently sobbing sigh in recalling all that had transpired since that dark afternoon when Lassie was elected Pope. In little more than a month, all the Jesus freaks in New England had become stark raving Charmin squeezers. When the toilet-paper shortage left the White House brown with crisis, the leftist Mormons slapped an arbitrary ban on the import of mustard seeds.

Shattering glass frightened Dordo out of his reverie. To protect himself from anymore such dangerous interruptions, he fled into the men's room and hid under the tank of the john, covering himself with used feminine napkins (for added protection). He soon sank back into his flashback.

The Mustard Shortage cause pretzel-and-beer -eaters to turn more and more to drink. When FDR's oldest living illegitimate daughter was found dead from an overdose of an after-dinner Bloody Mary, President Rin Tin Tin decided to clamp on Phase MCMLXXVIII, concentrating on the sanctioned control of anything consumed after dinner. The rebel Methodist and Iranian Orthodox factions demanded that this step was unnecessary, but they were overruled by the renegades. The situation remained out of hand until Doctor Hunter S. Thompson arrived one snowy Christmas Eve with a bottle of booze.

"Hey," asked President Rin-Tin-Tin, "How many drinks can I have for a dollar?"

"As many as you want," he replied.

"I'll take two dollars worth," said the President.

"You know, I always wondered how they make Sherry wine."

"I know."

"How?" asked the President.

"Kick her in the throat".

Dordo awoke from his delerium. Things were not going well. The future was looking black when an Army recruiter tapped him on the back. He said, "Hey, hey! Have I got a deal for you. A lifetime of adventure and lotsa money too!"

"There must be some way outta here," said Dordo to the thief.

"What?!" said the thief.

Dordo ducked down the alleyway, looking for adventure. He found Meade Heights. A police car flashed by. Dordo hid in the bushes. "What kind of place is this?" He tumbled to the ground with a moan.

The Era of Good Feeling ended with the Age of Bad Taste...Taste. Women, children ran amuck in the streets, screaming, moaning, demanding an answer. Peas were dispensed with the utmost care and nobody knew nothing about nothing for no one really cared. Deep in the dungeon it was dark as a mine and the danger was double but the pleasures were few. It was not a good time for used car salesmen.

There was a party in the Heights. Pipes were passed, toilets were flushed, strange sounds bumped in the night. At first when he awoke, Dordo thought he was back in Fervo, New Hampshire.

Brown rice. Brown rice. Nothing's as nice as burnt brown rice. Dordo wanted brown rice. He also wanted to change his name ... maybe to Uncle Ben.

First things first. Where could he get brown rice in the Heights? HMMMMMMMMMMMM... most of the students had food stamps. Maybe they would have brown rice.

He approached one of the Early Air Force houses and looked in the window. Good God! What was this?!? He inadvertently happened on a married student's house. Through the window he spied the student couple engaged in some wraparound joy. He was not the first person to see such a sight in the heights. Mainzance. Yes dear old maintenance men are always up to these voyeuristic interludes while on the job.

Dordo did not understand. What were these people up to?

Find out next time when  
Dordo Splits Up

or

Life is A Bottle Of Warmed-Over Sodomy.

## Chess Club News

Did you know? Chess is the only game which may legally be played on the premises of the House of Parliament in Great Britain.

The Capitol Campus Chess Club held its second and third meetings on Tuesday, 4th period, and Wednesday, 4th period in the Gallery Lounge.

Ballotting took place for new officers for the '74-'75 school year. The new office-holders are: President- Rod Minaya; Vice-president- Jim Kicinski; Treasurer- Mike McMaster, and Secretary- Greg Meily.

On Wednesday (still the prime meeting time) Dr. Jack Susskind, the club's faculty advisor, presented a mini-lesson on chess notation.

## send UNICEF cards

Malnutrition is the biggest single contributor to infant and child mortality in the low income regions of the world, where 25 to 30 percent of all children die before their fourth birthday. In 1973 alone, UNICEF helped train approximately 90,000 nutrition workers in needy areas. These workers in turn teach thousands to grow and prepare nutritious foods, multiplying many times the initial effect of UNICEF's aid.

The United Nations Children's Fund provides necessary equipment and training to help children in 115 developing countries. Buy UNICEF Greeting Cards and help spread your good will to children all over the world. CARDS WILL BE ON SALE AT CAPITOL CAMPUS BEGINNING NOV. 13th 9 AM-5 PM, just outside Vendorville. If you have any specific requests or would like to help out, please contact Eileen Hogg - W103.

We would like to make the student body aware of exactly how this institution operates. In order for this to happen we need an active student body. We are not into representing ourselves nor are we about to dictate to you what things need to be done. We are all here together, let's do something for each other and have some fun while doing it. VOTE in the student government election October 31.

It's getting harder  
to put on Don Quixote's  
armour

Rusted sword and shield  
Caked with sweat

and human grease  
My horse winded  
(from chasing dreams)

Spanish sun  
beating a steaming  
tattoo on my forehead...

Tomorrow I'll rise early  
(with the sun)

Saddle my horse  
And set out on  
foot

-- J.W. Steinfurth

## Mercy Crest

I  
The autumn is exacting with farewells  
Trees forsaking leaves like  
A snake wriggling from its skin  
Cleansing  
Leaving the old, the used  
Behind  
It was good: we loved it well  
Now brown and dry  
Crumbling leaves to throw away  
goodbye  
goodbye

II  
The trees grow dark and sensuous  
As they slip off their clothes  
To embrace the cold  
To be entered by squirrels  
They groan in the wind

They are stiff and hard  
Their leaves are death  
I cover my face with them  
I darken my flesh  
With their crumbled fragments  
I take in their scent  
I seek them with my tongue

Let me be covered by their bodies  
Let me crush them in my hand  
Clean with death  
Cool in death  
Let me groan with the wind

-- P.R.J. Smith



Mr. Philip Taylor (r) discussed the subject of Daydreaming at recent DTK luncheon-discussion held Monday, Oct. 21.



"PATTERNS Capitol Campus"

Fred Prouser