## **RANDOM THOUGHTS** Concerning 'Satanic Verses,' bald men and Shakespeare

## By ELIZABETH ELLEN Staff Writer

Headquarters of the Bald-Headed Men o' America is in Morehead City since members of this association, all 20,000 of them, daily expose more head than the average American does in a lifetime of cheap haircuts at walk-in establishments.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," wrote Shakespeare. Devotees of these undreamt-of things associate and incorporate and become quasi-legitimate organizations. Some, like the Vegetarians, go on to become political parties. Others degenerate into keg parties and other assorted drunken brawls, like joint conventions of the

bridging the gap between those wee hours and class time less offensive. Avoidance of waking on the guarter hours makes coming out of sleep something of a radical statement. And since living a life is the ultimate artistic activity, one should make radical statements whenever opportunities arise. My personal favorite morning statement is 7:11 a.m.

All aural artistic activity becomes mush when put through the accoustic food processor known as Hill Hall. Sounds bleed into each other, and music as initially diverse as Stravinsky, Bach, and Cage is miraculously transformed into something trivial by one of those interchangeable

Heterodox wake-up times make man's March to the Sea, all 636 of them, took a wrong turn off I-95 (they were probably distracted by Pedro at South of the Border) and wound up in Tempe, Arizona, where they stayed to set up national association headquarters. They are currently discussing the possibilities of windsurfing once they actually make it to whatever sea they stumble across.

Speaking of possibilities, consider the ultimate publicity scam. Call it conspiracy theory, but can you not see the partnership of Salman Rushdie and the Ayatollah Khomeini? The Avatollah agrees to be propped up and look lifelike long enough to rouse the rabble against Rushdie's book, Rushdie selling author, and Khomeini gets weapons under the table. (Don't laugh. It worked once.)

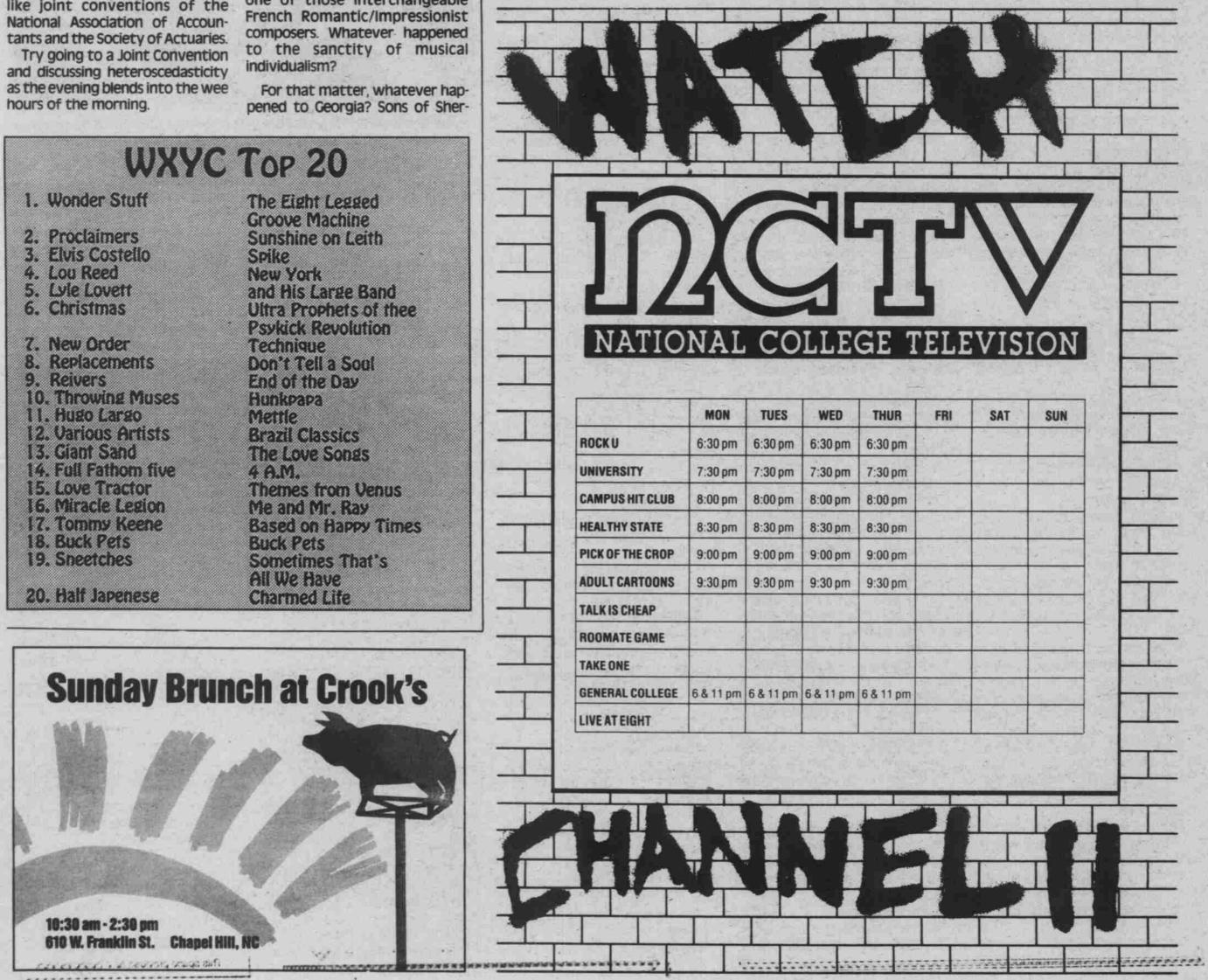
To extend the scenario, excess funds from sales of "The Satanic Verses" can be secretly funneled to the National Ding-A-Ling Club of Birmingham, Alabama. Dan Quayle and Jon Bon Jovi negotiate for the club's cut of this sweet deal as their way of promoting Bush's thousand points o' light thesis.

Other points o' light: the Childbirth Without Pain Education Association is sending sympathy cards to members of the National Organization of Mothers of Twins Clubs, and the California-based Little People of America are mad

becomes a world-famous best- as hell and revolting on general principles.

> The first British socialists, the Diggers, were revolting back during the English Civil War (but then, who wasn't?). Their method of choice was taking over common land, digging it up, and planting carrots. Making radical statements through vegetables is somehow inherently appealing, except perhaps to members of the National Association Taunting Safety and Fairness Everywhere.

> It thundered on Tuesday, which according to folk wisdom means snow nine days later. Or are frogstranglers at night Gene Kelly's delight? I don't know anymore. This day is really getting to me.



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