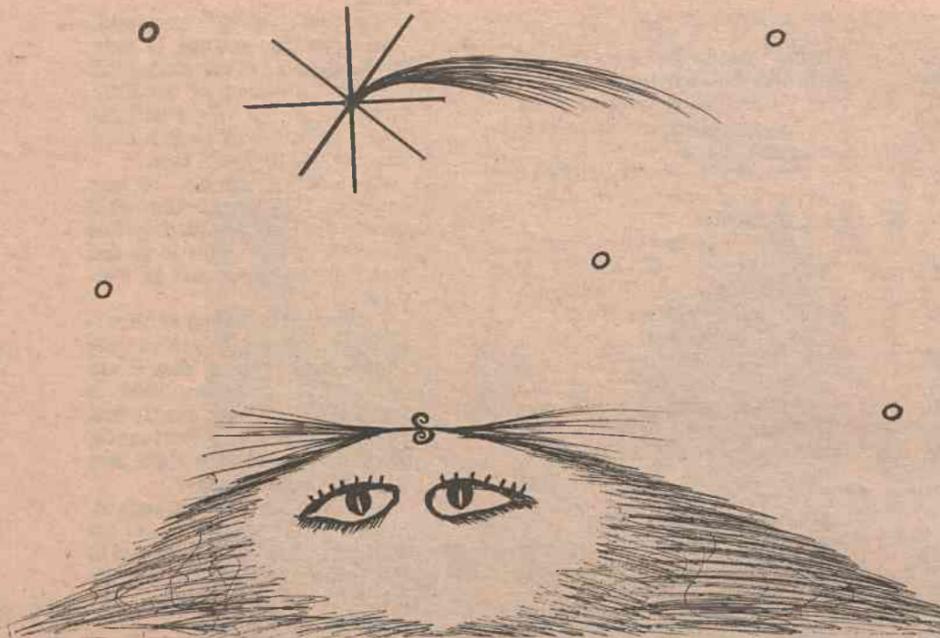


Weather for the North Carolina Arts School and vicinity, dark tonight turning bright by morning.

Lampooned in U.S.A. By Michael Singleton



# THE EVICTION NOTICE

## On Strangeness

Strangeness is a state of being which is both incidental and co-incidental. The reality of the strange person is that there's nothing anybody can do about it. For instance, some people are strange and like it. They, of course, become slowly stranger. Others are strange and don't like being that way. They become weird. Now we have strangeness and weirdness to consider. But, let's not.

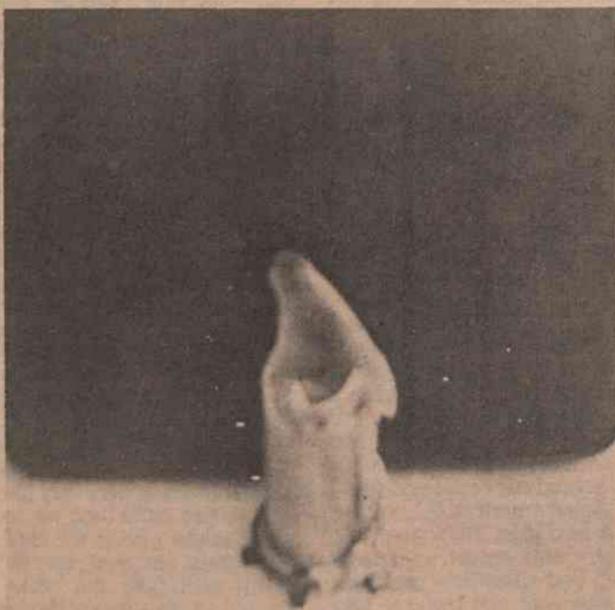
Ever been to a strange party with strange people and felt left out because you hadn't lost that many of your marbles? Smith wrote in Doogle Noodle, "To be strange, one must think like somebody they know who is strange." We know today that his or hers acclamation is too simplistic. However, it's the thought that counts.

To obtain strangeness, you must have a model to go by. If there had never been strange people, there would never have been strange people copies. If you have trouble finding that Mr. or Mrs. Right for your head, be adventurous. You can always "Throw out the ole birdseed!" as the old saying goes. You must be careful, though. Nothing is weirder than picking a birdbrain.

Strangeness cannot be inherited. Thus, views of strangeness will always be like rubber bands and basket weaving. It must be inhaled one way or the other.

Bye Kids,  
Bobbin Needle: Chief at large

## Strop's Sports



JOE FLAME, shown burning away, tries hard to melt down that tall column of wax before winning the first round of the 1972 Paraffin Open at Tonsingle last week.

## Student Government Reviewed

The evening started out quite well. Hors d'oeuvres were served at 7:00. By 8:00, it was time to get down to business. Senator Sam Spoon of D dorm presented his proposal to merge the campus of the North Carolina Arts School with Winston-Salem. "It is about time," he said, "We recognize that NCAS cannot exist as a separate nation." Objections were heard, and the debate continued for quite a while. So what. Nobody really cared. Later, tension mounted briefly when Congresswoman Sally Dish of 2nd floor Sanford began to foam at the mouth. President Mash Potato de Gravy rose and growled once or twice, and that was the end of that.

I became bored during the voting scene. I got that, you know, wanting to leave feeling. Just as I was about to exercise that right, I happened to glance over to a far corner and notice that Congressman Frank Fork of 1st floor E was setting up a sauntering Transvestial Projections Unit. Before the voting ended (it looked like the merge question was going to the garbage disposal anyway), and as my own interest grew, 'ZAP' out came all sorts and kinds of delicacies designed to make even the most noble of mouths drool in the most bazaar of ways. Congresswoman Penelope Plate of 3rd floor B along with fifty members of the audience went totally and repeatedly into the bananas. Soon, the whole assembly was rocking and rolling to the tunes of flopping flap jacks and bouncing jello cubes.

During the intermission, I went behind the desks to ask of the Secretary of State Soupy Crackerwhat his present motivations. Upon asking, I received a funny sort look followed by deep knee bends and mountains of cackling laughter. I decided to move right along and get other opinions. But, all answers were the same. The audience loved it.

Suddenly, the lights changed color, music boomed out in quad, Senator Tammy Tray of C dorm began chasing her tail around in a circle, and Act II was under way. Senator Gilbert Glass of Moore rose and acted out the famous monologue from Smith's Valioso when young Valioso is just about to get into it. It didn't make any sense, so, Congresswoman Dish accused the Senator of getting carried away and getting hung up in stupidity. The conflict that resulted turned into a pep rally for the audience, and backstabbing were reported under all grandstands.

Congressman Butch of 1st floor A swerved in for a low dive which ended disastrously for Senator Spoon, who was still sulking over his NCAS- Winston-Salem merge defeat. The coffee jug ran out. Congressman Nat Napkin filibustered by sticking his head into the jug in protest to lap up the remaining film. The joke was on him, though, when he discovered he was to be a Jug Head for life.

President Mash Potato de Gravy rang a bell to start the mess. Doors flew open, and waiters entered with the main course. Congressman Fork stabbed some fish, Senator Tammy Tray had pie, President Mash Potato de Gravy had roast beef, Congressman Napkin had none, and I had to go to the bathroom.

After a quick smoke, the third act ended with the council throwing out little goodies to the audience. Everything was gobbled right up. Then, Special Effects added reverb to the music and visions on the ceiling. Senator Glass proposed that everybody take off their clothes. The motion was seconded and passed instantly and unanimously. Soon, Everybody and their cousins huddled together buzzing like bees in a bee hive. As things got out of

hand, the theatre melted. The naked void was filled with 3d hexigons. Smoke floated into the air.

Then, the surprise of the evening! Smokey the Bear, complete with bucket of water and shovel came in to cool things off. However, he found all the honey much too tempting. Everyone buzzed, and Smokey gulped away as everything disappeared.

The next morning, I picked up my pieces and decided to leave. Some were still eyeballing jello cubes inside and out when I passed the check-in counter. All in all, it was fun. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I just hope they let me out of this padded cell soon.

### Commons Tree To Meet Its Maker

The Commons Tree, symbol of where to meet for a long time will feel the inevitable blade next week. It seems that it has gotten just too big for the circle around it. It is hoped that the top branches will be left in the circle as a memorial.

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### The Road

The long, rambling road  
Feels soft in and through  
Morning's sweet air.  
I am on a trek,  
Trucking a path,  
Down the lone, straight, and  
shaded.

I pass a ditched car  
With a flat tire.  
I have no spare,  
So, truck onward!  
Truck the trek  
Down to the fork beyond the  
pass.

There I'll find Highway Ninety-  
three

And my Baby.

Poindexter Bardwell

### ★ Contest ★

If its not an A  
a D or a C,  
What could it be?  
Prizes awarded each month for  
the most involved answers.

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