

Soul Preservation

There are certain events that evolve themselves into an experience one will cherish and reflect upon for the rest of all natural days. The first such gem of my life was Kissing Karen Vranizan in the sixth grade. As my tastes and interests progressed so did the magnitude of my truly solid recollections. Kissing Karen

Vranizan in the eleventh grade, buying my only automobile, wrecking it, meeting Ronald McDonald, and having my picture taken in front of the home of Euell Gibbons.

I weaseled into the gym last Tuesday not really knowing where I'd wind up, but I was ready for some nice jazz. What I received instead was a body full of boogie, a smile, and a lot of selffulfillment.

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band was wonderful in their outward appearance, but within the befitting uniform of white on black, seven holy magicians opened to the world an energetic transfer to the roots of our existence that overpowered and fascinated even the most inhibited viewer.

The sets were tight and the musicians fed off the crowd's intensive response. I will not comment on the technical phases of the performance, for the integrity of the music speaks for itself.

I was pleased with the age integrated audience which responded as a body, though some of us could frenzy ourselves to higher stages of appreciation, being less inhibited than a grayhaired, starry-eyed Rocky Mount native.

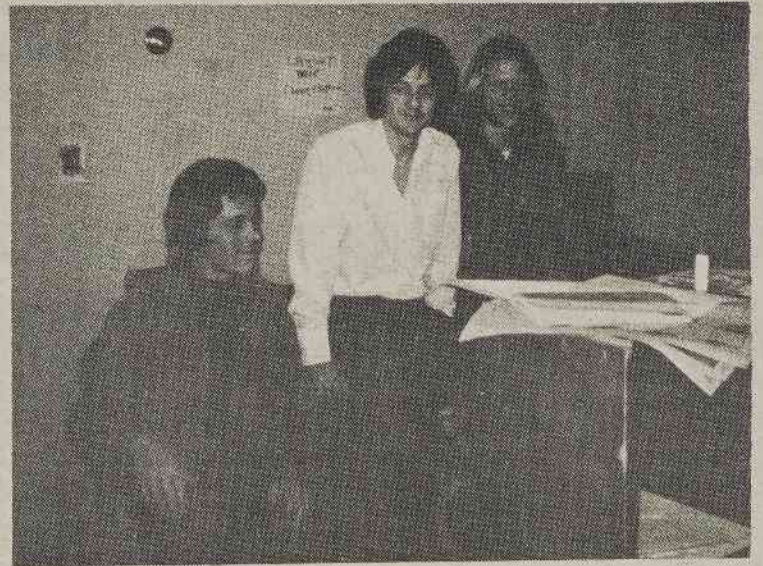
There were a few mounters who were no doubt surprised if not dismayed at the overall physical acrobatics displayed by Wesleyan students. I was steaming pleased with the in-

crease rowdiness of my contemporaries until we finally succeeded in blowing the lid off the whole affair.

We didn't promote an image of savagery to the outer community matrons and/or patrons who support our institution, but we did show them what makes our generation so different.

I never realized Wesleyan was capable of getting loose, but then it would take the combined powers of seven magical men to enflame the passions and enthusiasms of a Rocky Mount crowd.

I left the throng of jittering bodies with a satisfied buzz and a feeling of accomplishment. I had experienced the birth of a new memory, one I'll always hold constant whenever I hear the strains of a clarinet or the mellow tram of the trombone. And for a minute I forgot all about Karen Vranizan.



monkeys climb for madness amidst visions of power-lines ever ascending higher into the sky

close to moon pies in creamy light brightness magnetized see monkey shines.

New Course Offered

By BILL RAWLINS

A new course will be offered this semester in the humanities department. Its title is "Elementary Greetings." For those students who are unable to respond to such complex greetings as "Hi" or "Hello", this course is a must. After just a few weeks, the students should be able to learn a few simple hand gestures or even possibly learn how to respond with such a complicated statement as "How are you?" or "I am fine." Progress cannot be expected in all students as this is a difficult course. Hopefully, by the end of the semester, most students will be able to reply to expressions such as "How are things today?" with a response such as "okay." Sign up today.

The Throwup Of Growup

I never liked girls, so they said hey gay with dirty minded looks I was slain each day, until I played football. Then they called me a star so shining without a sky till I called it all off not knowing where to go, having never been sent I wound up in a world of eraser pain and electric razor charades working everyday till about the same time going home alone, becoming other's in the disguise of my mind

my mind a present to me from the Jesus who loves us all my mind for me. free to be whatever I say

no longer troubled with the ballpoint pen collisions of the outside earth so intent upon converting my mind into something useful, like a stack of plastic garbage can bags ready to catch the refuse tossed my way.

Nice
Warm
Air

The Executioner

he just don't know the vengence which awaits yet its there and boy will he be sorry When all the world seems to have lost all meaning as a book without a plot and when he cries with hopelessness and pain there will be no one he may turn to for help if only someone would warn him only the executioner knows which keeps his plan to himself pain, blood, guts, and tears will flow when this catastrophic fate occurs the world has stopped turning for him it will never start again he has net his fate . . . the executioner has completed his job he must now go into exile and wait until another victim comes along who will it be . . .

By FRANK '76

Hot To Trott

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shoulders. You all deserve a nice comfortable rest. Take it easy, do nothing but enjoy.

For those of you who don't have a mother who will console you with some welcome tidings, the above paragraph was for your benefit. So take this wonderful advice in hand to have and to hold till next week when we are all back here in this together. Live your week of freedom to its max.

From all of us, have a wonderful time, whatever you're doing. Just remember, your guardian angel is aware of your existence.

Two Ladies

Lovely Miss Pettycat A Lady of Etiquette Sits' down to tea for two Her partner of opposites Joins and deposits her fanny with much a do. This other dame Lolly Finds it so jolly to slurp on her tea for two And Lovely Miss Pettycat Losing all Etiquette clips poor Lolly with a terrible boot. "Why can't you be ladylike" Screams the Duchess of Savcor-pike as she tears at her hair by the ample. "I try and I try, but it seems so damn dry and I simply can't find an example."

By JAN WILSON

CAMPAIGN GROUP
The Senate on Feb. 7, 1973, established the Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities.

SLA TAPE
The Symbionese Liberation Army on Feb. 7, 1974, in a tape sent to a Berkeley, Calif., radio station claimed responsibility for kidnaping Patty Hearst.

