

SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page A)

•extending his ethnobotanical investigations in northeastern coaxaca in the spring of a few years ago, he learned that the paneolus campanulatus sphinctrinus is used as narcotic for the divination among the western chinantecuctacal indians. the natives are effected in a manner which empowers them with almost super strength to the pleng degree and the afterclap of this drug pymorgates them after it wears off. the natives call this last stage tsamikindu. another outgrowth of this sedative is called heliocarpus appendiculatus which has the same symptoms as an appendectomic condition.

editor's note:

•predilection for linguistical expedience should theologically elude hieroglyphic phonographys. considerable unmitigated etymon indications render redundant intricacy and therefore conduce to over-estimate the caligation of the ideology of the nonchalant expounder. per contra, eponyms are mitigated, to the "enth" degree of prosaication

and defalcation, in addition donating a step of super versification possesses a diminished malignity to the subscribers' fastidiousness. for example, the unquestionable expressiveness will indubitably be stirred under impressive emotional conditions.

•in circulating one's idiosyncrasic meditations, be careful of giberish trutinaty. your chit-chats and confabulations should possess a definite indiscreptibility, a defecated elipticality, and perpetual cohesive-ness. let the improvised expotiations have "oomphishness" a variety of vivacity, avoiding malicious magniloquence. avoid ventriloqual vapidity, prurient profanity, obscurent verbosity, and, most of all, avoid macdonough, zadkine, and mendelsohn, the three fugitives from a "quiz kid" program.

•coming down to earth, all this adds up to the fact that one should always talk as clearly as possible, avoiding large words, etc., and stick to our common ordinary "southern lingo" such as "we're from thoity-thoid and de tracks."

crud from a dud

to the editor of "TECHNOLOGY NEWS":

i noted with deep disgust the publication of a phonsalle note in "blitzkrieg" of march 24. this extremely frumious missive cast grave allegations and slurs both upon my character and upon the publication that i happen to be editor of—the central news.

this unfortunate paragraph purpertated to link in rematic romance my name and that of one of my alkied reporters, whose name, in turn, i do not even see fit to mention here.

to say that this remark was wholly misquotive and had no basis in fact would be understating the issue. and to say that writer of this extremely resorial and bifurkated article exhibited something less than abominable taste and showed a magnificent source of misinformation would be grossly unfair, but would err only on the side of pardonable overstatement.

but it is not the writer's antiform porphial persiflage that most aroused my ire and righteous indignation; and it was not the writers' (who remains notably and significantly anonymous, by the way) flagentric wiggling in his rather laughable utilization of snide syntax that irked me. it was his lamentable lack of journalistic appreciation that moved my invective and verbal vitrol.

example: the central news is a rag; i feebly attempt to put it out; i hinder the production of your newspaper every other week. the central news is under my 'questionable direction.' i shall only defend myself and my newspaper on one point—respective merit.

to begin with, TECHNOLOGY NEWS is printed in 10-point vogue on an enameled stock newsprint, wonderfully adaptable to wrapping lunches and (three words censored.) but it is obvious that no one does anything about that newspaper except make paper airplanes out of it, and (three more words censored.) Hence, when i 'hinder the production' of t. n. every other week, i am actually doing iit a service.

my 'feeble attempts' to publish my 'rag' have garnered from the associated college press—whose contests by the way that same t. n. has never dared to enter—an all-american rating.

that noxious, flap-eared jerk—if i must get down to personalities—ed farrell, with his arogastic but not auspicious profundities, is undoubtedly responsible for, shall we say, the hideous, fiendish, abortive, and sadistically eradmic outburst. to say that farrell is a newspaper editor—and we are judging only from this and other similar defamatory drivel which approaches the realm of the criminally aberrated—would be grossly unfair to those who are editors of newspapers, but, again, would err only on the side of unpardonable overstatement. to sum up, we might say that mr. farrell's taste is in his feet, mouth, and (one word censored.)

cassandrantly,
(signed)

willis everett patrick mcnelly,

editor-in-chief
central news
central ymca college,
chicago, illinois.

(editor's note: indeed)

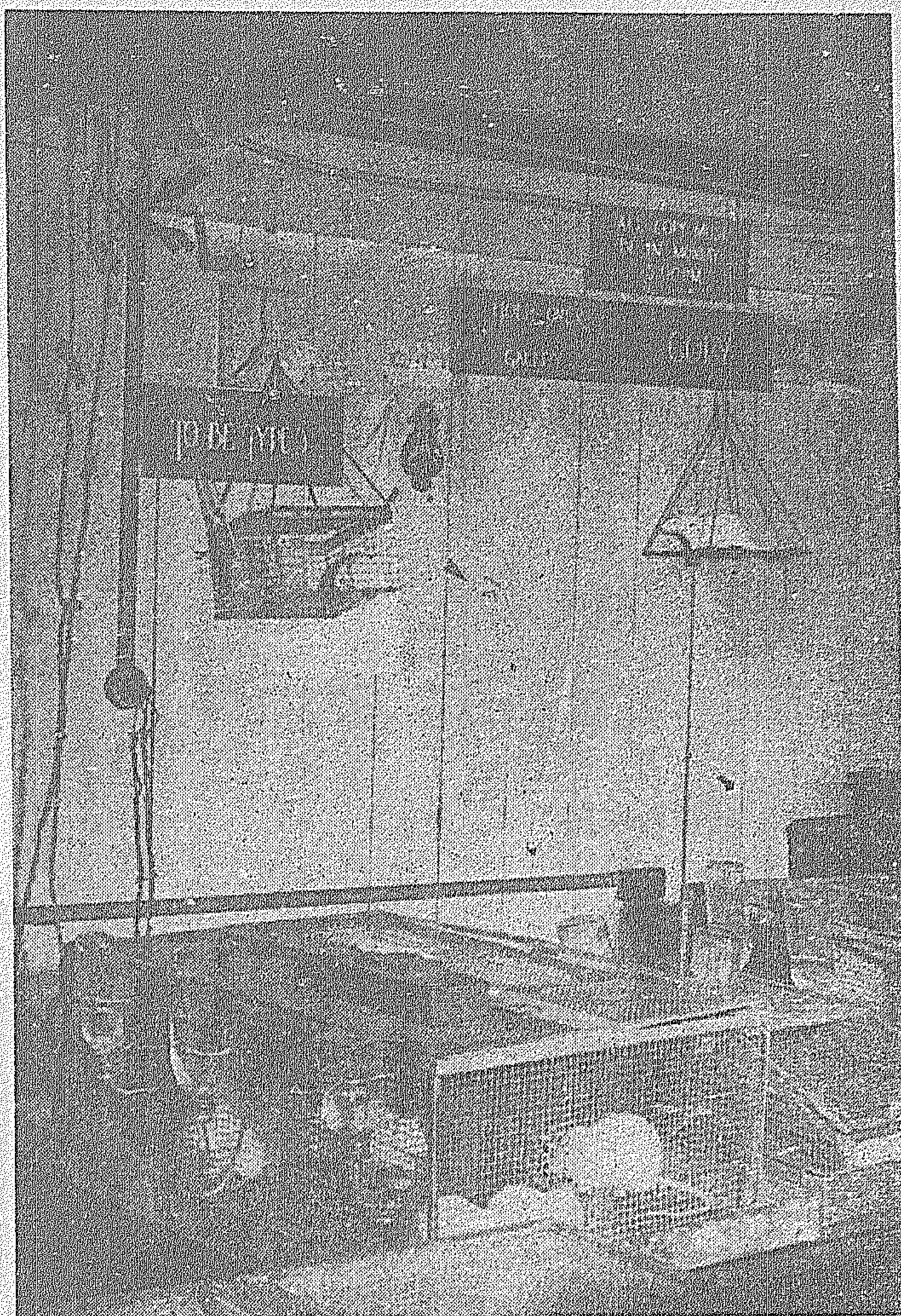
LEWIS WRITERS CAGEY

•in close proximity to the pan hellenic council's morpean quarters lies the publication office. this "monumentum aere perennius." in fact it lies so close that it leads this writer to wonder how the illustrious pan hells can siesta so profoundly with such companions of cariosity and putresence. the staff really can spread the dirt, having had the run of the office for sometime, but their real work is of a more important nature. the spreading of the dirt which is done at odd hours is important, of course, and at times even necessary naturely which adds to the atmosphere of the sixth floor but the scientific accomplishments are of the greater importance.

•the members of TECHNOLOGY NEWS all have little cages in which they do their duty but at times they go on a rampage and forget their manners. the office staff usually spends the greater part of their lives confined to these quarters although some of them burrow about the building to see what they can see. one of them in recent days gave joe de pinto quite a run for his money or what have you. it seems that this staff member, who was quite a little fellow, had the varacity to take a powder on joe and tried to run out on him. joe messed up pablo's psychology laboratory quite a good deal in an attempt to catch this evasive little worker, and after much moving of equipment and calls sounding like, "the lament to the wilted sunflower," the staff member was captured.

•this is just a graphic example of the hazards and terrors that these ardent little fellows encounter in their fight for the right of a free populace. in other cases we have reason to believe that many of the deaths of these workers of the office were caused by the diet that these so called well wishers have been so kind to bring to the office staff as they worked late at night. while we are on the subject of night work we must comment on the rate of return of the night editor and staff especially when they get out on the loose. after a bit of meditation we recall that it is against the policy of TECHNOLOGY NEWS to reveal these secrets of office routine, therefore we will not enlarge on this, or in other words, nuff said.

•and now in this final paragraph we are going to tell one of the two things you no doubt have been wondering about. according to roget's thesaurus by the eminent c. o. sylvester mawson, litt. d., ph.d. the expression, "monumentum aere perennius" means a monument more lasting than brass. now about the other thought—why don't you just go on up to the sixth floor and see for yourself the cause of the reluctance on the part of some people to join the staff of the publication. will it be the manner of these busy workers, will it be their negative response to the 'deadline tuesday 4 p.m.' and "all sports due monday" signs that adorn the walls of the office or will it be the atmosphere of the office itself?



the lewis staff of TECHNOLOGY NEWS is caught busily at work in their west campus office. the editor, shown unfettered at the upper right, is mournfully looking at the thrasmic signs which never seem to be observed.

PLAY PROFUNDITIES . . .

because putting this issue out did not involve much work especially on the part of our better snoopers, we detailed two of our most frettic cohorts to the respective auditoriums of the lewis and armour campi to see what they could see, hear, and do at the productions of the institute's players (not horse players, but drama players). below is represented the mardice efforts of j. silas crotch and rodney p. julkington. out south—

we must say that gamma theta prexy art minwegen enjoys his thespian productions from the audience . . . bruce worcester looking mighty natural pushing a baby carriage, but bob klein seeming more so in his scarlet play suit . . . klein's hat looked like something that john schommer tossed out in a perturbed moment.

whitney pearson, honor i mermaid, passing out popcorn to the populace in the balcony much to the auditory distress of cast and audience (if there were enough to call them this) . . . would have helped if rowbotham, pruzinski, keigher, et al would have kept their mouths shut . . . our guess is that "bizz the buzzer" kapranos must have dropped the bottle when the scenery came crashing down in the third act. out west—

hank pachowicz and gloria landin in the balcony, with the alluring young lady making that handsome romeo blush so much that he had to remove his coat . . . clara fowler and richard brown closer than two peas in a pod in the center row . . . dorothy giambelluca and her inseparable corridor companion frank oddi really serious in the last row of the balcony. the smiling beauty, however, left after the first act to sit with her mother. what was the matter dotty?

now your star reporter leaves the audience to continue his or her subversive activity among the lewis players . . . much to my surprise we find phero thomas, that quiet gentleman, being led astray by that dashing senor, adam kasper. these two cute kids were trying to gain entrance into the women's dressing room by using the lambda's password. say, where did you fellas get that password?

it gives us a laugh to see sylvia wcislo trying to click her heels on a thick rug . . . joe minga backstage helping pat arns prompt (?) when poor bucky was working so hard trying to get TECHNOLOGY NEWS here was out at the other campus.

getting serious, bob meyer's acting was superb as usual . . . he really can undinthalute even the most difficult role . . . mrs. hazel looking so pretty and nice at the opening curtain, but looking like a well-worn toiler after her kids and kiddies finished.

after going so long without dramatic nourishment, it seems strange that the dates of these fine plays should coincide . . . whoinhell was to blame for this hurgticity?