

The Rape of the School or Where Are You Pope When We Need You?

by Bill Clement

CANTO I

What dire offense from editorials springs,
 What mighty scandals rise from trivial things,
 I muse—This verse to Hardy, Hell! is due;
 This, even all students may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight was the cartoon, but not so the screams,
 From Virgins now with Penises in their dreams.
 Print what strange motive, Buckley! could it be
 For an editor to publish such a pornography (?)?
 Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a Campus condemn my Lord?
 In tasks so vile, can little men engage,
 And in learned minds swells such mighty Rage?
 Sol through college panes eeked a fearful ray,
 And oped those lids that drank away the day:
 Now frat boys boasts deceit-a lovesong fake,
 And acting scholars, just at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the phone, the editor arose,
 Beneath a Studebaker quilt where madness (?) grows.
 Poor Erin still on Hardy's sofa lay,
 Cursing Jack the 'Press' was written today.
 'Twas he had issued forth the papers read
 Midst mounting scorn that hovered o'er his head;
 The Youth concerned with th' pow'r of ink,
 To stun the slumber mass with cause to think,
 Seemed to her ear his mustached lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say.
 "Purity is ignorance, contemptible fools,
 Suffocating in Sainthood in their respectable schools,
 Reading their sliderules, digesting a Log,
 Their minds are encompassed in a vacuum-like fog.
 They worship the past, and develop its flaws
 Of superstitious reasoning, and pornographic laws.
 Ignorance is bliss, so let's put asunder
 Their peaceful co-existence in this foolhardy blunder.
 Allow an explanation to penetrate your mist-
 God-Damn those lousy capitalists."

CANTO II

Not with more excitement than a Cow giving dung,
 Can an ode to U-Ha be dramatically sung.
 For false-face smiles and apathetic grins
 Penetrates the Campus as the day begins.
 Frat boys and care-not Youths upon her groan,
 With ev'ry care transfixed on booze alone.
 On her mud lawns a lifeless class she bears,
 Where students breathe, but no-one cares.
 For caring is harmful, its bastard is thought-
 The Devil's own vintage most carefully wrought.
 For women are impotent to man's barren mind,
 But allow him to think, and destruction you find.
 The greatest Athenian developed logic to think,
 The only advantage being free Hemlock to drink.
 For thir-king is fatal, it leads to behavior,
 Like Christ when he thought Himself was a Savior.
 Then all were 'Hypocrites' and 'Vipers,' no less,
 And he shook the establishment, and wouldn't confess.
 Thus, be the philosophy upon which U-Ha strives,
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And its students acts out their impersonal lives.
 Their minds to the detriment of curiosity
 Harbored two notions with a ferocity.
 Their private world of self-complacent thought,
 And calm-surroundings let no trouble wrought,
 But content with their lives to the sepulcher meet
 In empty words on a lonesome street.
 Living their lives in peace as one
 Of a dewy cobweb in the morning's sun,
 Unobserved from hand's grasping urge
 To rent asunder in a moment's surge.
 The advent'rous Hardy the two thoughts conspired;
 He grasp, he plot, and to their fall aspired.
 Resolved to win, he mediates the way,
 In an editorial, or by print betray.
 For when success a writer's toil attends,
 Few ask, if freud or force attained his ends.
 For this, ere the staff rose, and blushed inside.
 A modern artist, whose ev'ry stroke complide
 To shocking first-toShock a cartoon made,
 A finger slightly changed in Corinthian columns laid.
 There reads underneath a name known in songs,
 Whose conduct of life to the cartoon belongs.

CANTO III

Close by the swamp forever crossed with flow'rs(?)
 Where Hog River surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of grotesque frame,
 Which from a wealthy donor takes its name.
 Here U-Ha scholars in the day relate
 Their boring teachers, and the class they hate.
 Here they, great Hardy! whom all schools despise,
 Plot your downfall in petitions and lies.
 Here the learned scholars in their nicely pressed slacks,
 After cramming their Monarchs, for hours relax,
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
 Who shot, the moon, or cut the class last;
 One speaks the glory of the teacher, Vance,
 Another describes screwing who hasn't a chance;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At ev'ry moment a Virgin dies.
 On this day of Woden, few strong laugh
 Who dares to view the Spartan-message staff.
 As MacBeth who understood not what he knew,
 In paramount rage the campus flew.
 The Virgin Mary has arisen in force,
 And Queen Victoria is there, of course.
 Ranting and raging as an Othellian drama,
 The Education majors volmit in a Puritanical trauma.
 Beating their sides and exhaling hot air,
 Odysseus could have used them when Aeolus wasn't there
 They studied their Hawthorn, memorized Poe,
 Polished off Keats, and slept with Thoreau,
 They blushed through Lysistrata-considered it a bore,
 Preferring "The night before Christmas," by Sir Clement Moore.
 With calculating coldness the engineering majors plot,
 As they fondly handle their sliderules (a Phallic symbol not.)
 They memorize their tables, praying for some schemes,
 But couldn't get the picture out of their dreams.

To make matters worse, if anything could be,
 They saw the lousy finger mark off by degree.

CANTO IV

The bloody wound the Windy City bore,
 Concerns not the student's latent lore;
 Nor mindful of the sickened cry of hate,
 To rectify in tutoring hours to donate.
 Blemished sores cry out upon a naked world,
 Yet, Hartford's banners lay unfurled.
 Let Love suggest a problem befitting of their skill:
 Bloated Biafrican bellies neath Hunger's Horseman's will,
 Aging Asian fathers mourning Death's ambiguous siege;
 Slaughtering American forces obeying a warring liege;
 Deprivation of Freedom-the imprisonment of Spock,
 Are all inhibited in your avoidance of shock.
 Yet, print us a word of old English breed,
 You swarm down as bees from your hives just freed.
 Your lives are so finite, this Campus, this Time,
 That you waddle in piss, but miss the real time.



Question of the week: "Does Richard M. Nixon appeal to prurient interest?" UPI please note - vital area is covered stop thank you for your continued enthusiasm stop

