

Diary of a madman

Leonardo is quite insane. Last night as a violinist played Sarasate's Zapateado, he added his own obscene lyrics which he sang in his best Elvis voice. The tourists observed the spectacle in silence



To get us a table at a crowded outdoor cafe he emptied a bottle of Bromoseltzer into Tim's mouth...



...and began shouting MAD DOG!!! MAD DOG!!! RUN FOR THE HILLS!



As we sat out in the empty cafe he announced that were leaving soon for the coast.



He fears the cops are after him for defacing all of the Julio Iglesias concert posters in town



With each passing moment I'm reminded that this is a man teetering on the edge of sanity



Safety may be a concern on this trip



Elvis' vote may shaft '92 election



Once again kiddies, Uncle Scott is here with rainy day games you can play with your home-town college newspaper. Today's cut up comes from last week's rock 'n' roll issue. See if you can guess what it was about.

Just find a column you like in Divisions, cut it up, and paste the pieces together. You can play too, it's fun!

Cut up
By Scott Wesley

As fads even out, impersonators still have Elvis.

Bush invokes His Id and makes humorless politics, we kiss Elvis.

But the chasm, embodies Elvis in our spirit of Elvitalistic exploitation. Even as it is undying, the post office makes Elvis mortal.

If He could vote, the election would be over. His own bowels would be on His stamp: his life, such a mess.

His devilishly hand-ruined body, riding on; old bloated, destroyed. But it made Him great, this quasi-electoral fate.

As if to complete this young dream-silliness, we throw out his old, sorry reality. Sure, revere Elvis, mythologize Elvis, but at the same time, the full truth is

over!
Any cheap tabloid would want it that way. Elvis has been the second coming, after all.

"Hey, Elvis, what about that Jesus?"

"Met him for lunch."

And yet He, the King, and me wouldn't be seen doing ordinary lunch at Burger King. Only in this column.

Elvis' latest sighting was on the moon.

In Vegas, He appeared in the guise most significant to the King. The movie "Honey I Threw Up the King," where he upset dozens of imitators, is overrated.

We mock hens like staid King George for not having Elvis' charisma, His name alone mocking Bush's moronic shame.

Now, Elvis is more than a great companion. He is a bastion of democrank 'n' roll deism. We hold on to our sell-outs, which Elvis should understand. Yet, the young are hardly moved by his sum.

Elvis, or the end of Elvis?

The majority are addled by his vices, opting for the fame — just like Elvis over there.

We continue to compensate for our own ignorance and skip lightly through popularity. Perhaps Elvis would yet mock that way.

"I will talk to tabloids when we see that today I'm alive."

Imagine that — the King of rock 'n' roll burger, eating lunch for the camera. Remember, he is usually spotted in tabloids first.

Extraordinary.

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Hairy

Continued from Page 16

do nothin'. This little meatloaf and he's lookin' at me like I ruined his life. A few midnight walks, nine in the morning. Who cares? Who am I, Professor Henry Higgins? It's a dog.

"I had to give the dog away, some nice family never owned a dog. He was lookin' at me all the time, lookin' at that bathroom door, like I'd locked him outta High Mass or something. And I didn't tell the family see? They start callin' me, leavin' me messages at work. 'What,' they say, 'this stupid dog uses the can, are you kidding me? Whose dog does that? We look like we

want circus animals? We want a little dog for our little boy..."

He flicked a lighter in circles around the dead cigarette to no avail.

"I have to move eventually. Get an unlisted number. See, I sold the dog. I'm a bastard. I sold the crazy circus dog to some nice family wanted a puppy for their kids. 30 bucks. I kept the money. I moved. Is that a nightmare or what?"

He was done. He scooted down three stools and left it at that. I paid my bill and found I'd stopped shaking. I left Minneapolis thinking of Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy and Emma DiAngelo, the Bearded Monkey Lady of 1925.

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