

EXCERPTS FROM “TALES OF MADNESS” BY TOM BALL

FOR THE THEATER OF WOMEN

It began in the air: drifting, I was a spirit or soul without material form... As the scene began, I was thinking back on many of the cherished ideals of my youth... or rather they were haunting me... I writhed and turned away from them...

Then they were gone, and I was floating upwards very slowly. And I drew visions of hunters of various kinds upon the ethereal canvas... Once envisioned, the hunters took on a life of their own...setting out upon various quests apparently...

As time passed I went through various regions, which differed somehow...and as I progressed it seemed that I could feel the presence of others... Gradually they began to materialize, they were women, and as they materialized I slowly ceased to drift... until suddenly I stopped, realizing that I was in a huge amphitheater, on the stage. The amphitheater was filled with silent women. They were all watching me.

I tried to move but I could not, I had become a statue, frozen in time. I wanted to say something or do something, but I could not.

How long I stood there, I do not know; it seemed like eons. But as time passed the women started to disappear, and I was left there all alone. I am still standing there today.

THE DANCE MEDIEVAL

It might have been about the year 700. At that time there was, somewhere in Europe, a certain clown, or shall we say joker. Now the man was bizarre, in every way, and his jokes often unnerved people, though often they were deep indeed. His general philosophy was "when it gets desperate make a joke".

Now one day, drunk and dejected as usual, the joker, as he sat upon the road, saw ahead of him a man with a most devilish grin, who looked tired and burdened with earthly worries. He was ordinary in appearance otherwise, but as he approached, the clown himself was unnerved (though this was nothing new). The clown said to the man, the tired man before him, that if the pace gets too much for you, run faster. In pace requiescat."

They fell into conversation, and it became evident that it was the man's job to tattoo people according to their wish... Well that stimulated the clown, and stimulated him to pour forth his sad story. He said that he was a man of no wishes... but he'd like a tattoo that would clearly state his message.

For some time the carousing went on...much later the clown awoke... he felt pain...knew that he'd been tattooed on the face and roughly it seemed... He walked the streets, people avoided his gaze and looked shocked...from their mumblings he deduced he must have something obscene tattooed on his face...aggressive too perhaps...

He left town the same day, and on the way managed to acquire make up to cover his face, and eventually he found an inn, which had a mirror. As he looked in the mirror he saw that he indeed had not an obscenity tattooed on his face, but rather the word "Imagination".

However, a few weeks later it happened that on a hot day much of his make-up came off. A passerby noticed it and spread the word... "Devil" was the conclusion of the villagers...

So there he was on the stake, with a circle of fire closing in on him...

GOATS OF THE HERD

You know Nietzsche once said, in his superman book, "They have a thing they call culture – it separates them from the goatherds."

Well this is a true and inspirational goat story "told to me straight from the goat's mouth".

The story was that a certain guy, X, was traveling in Pakistan and one day he was in a restaurant where he dined upon goat. After dinner he went to the washroom and discovered the toilet was just a hole in the floor. Anyway he squatted down and did his business, but as he did so he felt something licking his ass! It was a goat!

Well you know the experience was so pleasurable that X had several girls lick his ass, but he still wasn't satisfied. So, he went out to the countryside of Pakistan, where he

would venture unto the goat fields, and get the hungry goats to lick his ass, and eat his shit. He was in heaven!

So, then he resolved to live forever in Pakistan, and buy his own goats. And of course, he kept them hungry. And he decided to get castrated so that he could be true to the goats.

As time went by, he practiced selective breeding among the goats, as some goats were better ass lickers than others. And X wanted super goats. And he felt like a superman of the future.

He also spent time going around the countryside extolling the virtues of getting your ass licked, and also of licking ass. He told them shit was good for health, helped people lose weight, made men strong etc. etc.

And X called his goat farm “The US of Goatica” – here man and goat are equal and all must obey his arbitrary dictates (and lick his ass of course).

THE FALLEN TOWER THAT WAS HIS MIND

It began with me alone on a featureless plain. I was walking in a random direction, curiously disoriented. Long did I walk without episode or panacea. White, flat and monotonous it remained.

At last something came into view. Approaching eagerly, I found that it was some strange kind of ruin...

On closer inspection I could see that it was the foundation of some tower with blocks strewn about... The blocks were semi-translucent and of bizarre shape. To put them together would require a great effort of will. I noticed that I could move a few of the blocks by such a great effort of will...

It gradually occurred to me however that I belonged here and that the tower was my mind. I was condemned to live out my life as a shadow of what I might have been.

For I knew that I could not rebuild this tower that had never been built. To do so would be to reach the ideal, but I was doomed to a life of isolation and misery. I did not fit in, in the society I had left behind so I could never even approach the ideal.

Perhaps one day in the far future the game would change and someone like I would be tolerated and welcome and this person could realize his/her potential.