4-19-1979

This ain't the College Voice

Connecticut College

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In this issue

THE SUPERZEREOES
New London—In a surprise move announced yesterday afternoon, Alice Johnson resigned as Dean of the college to accept a position at Glamor magazine. In an all night session, the board of trustees appointed Mohammad Reva Shah Pelevi, former imperialist puppet, hired gun for the oil cartel, murderer, and fascist butcher to replace the beloved Johnson.

Johnson’s decision to leave the college after 65 years of faithful service came without warning. Sources in Fanning say that she simply handed in her resignation to President Ames on Friday morning and headed for the highway. President Ames said that he was totally taken back by the Dean’s actions which he termed ‘distorted.’

Dean Johnson could not be reached for comment as her whereabouts are still unknown. Confidant and cohort of Johnson’s, Dean Margaret Watson offered some insightful analysis. Watson told “Ain’t The Voice” that “Alice never cared for the idea of boys on campus. She almost split ten years ago when the school decided to go co-ed.”

The paper has also learned that the dean was deeply depressed that her students were not having fun at college any longer. It is public knowledge that she disagreed with Admissions’ decision to select more studious and serious candidates as opposed to the less qualified but better drinking applicants. Johnson was known for her tolerance of social offenders. She will always be remembered for her leniency and compassion.

Almost as unpredictable as the Dean’s demise was President Ames’ choice of the Shah to fill the vacant position. Informed sources say that only one other person was given serious consideration to succeed Johnson as Dean of the College. The President’s office refused to divulge the name of that second candidate. Rumour has it that this mystery man was none other than rock great Ted Nugent.

Administration reaction to these events has been mixed. Dean King said he was sorry that D.J. was gone but that he was looking forward to working with the Shah who he’d heard was a “real nice guy”, and a pretty good golfer.” Registrar Wobert Whyne told us that he’d never even heard of the Shah or Alice Johnson. Dean Acheson couldn’t be reached for comment.

The Shah is expected to cut his vacation in Monaco short so that he can begin his tenure at the college in mid April. As unchallenged dictator of a large Nearoastern country for twenty years, Shah comes to COM with the administrative skills necessary to run a big-time college syndicate. Shah’s expertise in military planning and riot control will be invaluable to the Pinkies who are interested in upgrading our security network here on campus.

Shah was a bit reluctant about accepting the position but could not refuse when President Ames offered to change the name of this institution to Shah College. Along with his duties as dean, the Shah is expected to teach courses in political assassinations and tactical torture techniques.
Cream Of The Crop

by Fruit Of The Loom


Comes in M, L, Ex L for the well endowed
Dear Editor,

I want to applaud the efforts of that courageous person who openly declared his homosexuality. I hope it encourages other gays to come out and announce their gayness. It is sad to think that I out of 10 people are gay and they have to hide it. I am only halfway out of the closet now so I have to sign only my first name.

Sincerely,
Osaka
Dear Mr. Oakes,

I was seeing this chick in my dorm. Her name is Mary. I was doing more than simply seeing her, you know. I'm afraid to visit the doctor because my roommate told me that the doc would disembowel a very close and dear friend of mine. What should I do?

-Bob Tokoi, Park 412

Get a heavy duty Bristo pad. Dip the pad in Lubecide and flush it in and out and then apply a household rust remover and soak for five minutes. Next, call up this need and invite her over for some songs. When she enters your room, jump her from behind, rake the saturated steel pad across her face and through down her throat. This will cure the problem before you know it. Bob, this technique achieves results.

Dear Oakes,

I'm thinking of getting this phone with this Jewish gal on my floor whose boyfriend is away in England this semester. With her fez off for a while, I guess she figures that she'll inherit the campus without him ever finding out. Oakes, it's going to get faster than Jerry Quarry. I'm concerned that she might get herself in trouble. Can she afford to make that kind of mistake? Jeez, do you know what an entire century superstar wardrobe goes for in this day and age? Williams 5 dollars, a government-sponsored weight faster when they spit a lot. "Dr. Garch, head of that bottom of the bottom of my life. "Oh, Oz has a new "poodle. "Sandy Kofus is an ordinary middle school student, not harmless. If you do not retract your previous comment, I shall publish a formal apology. I'm going to enthrall my entire club over to your place for an ever-tasty® beer and tea party.

Ludwig P. Rossen

Don't have me think that book about sickness and peace, you weak honest new suck. You shouldn't be there, you should be playing hockey. If I had my way, I'd sent all of you to a wavy grave.

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The book's fruit of a number of interviews, and is an attempt, says Mailer, "to clear up the phony debate among people who couldn't tell God from a sardine tin." Although Mailer expects the book to be received enthusiastically, one critic who read the proofs has already objected to the fact that Mailer wrote the book in first person.

In an effort to win the coveted Nobel Prize for Literature, writer Norman Mailer released this hot book for publishing. The book, entitled "One of my most memorable characters," Mailer is the fruit of a number of interviews, and is an attempt, says

Mailer, "to clear up the phony debate among people who couldn't tell God from a sardine tin." Although Mailer expects the book to be received enthusiastically, one critic who read the proofs has already objected to the fact that Mailer wrote the book in first person.

In a protest against the Bush living conditions enjoyed by South Campus residents, North Campus has begun sending its annual arts and entertainment festivals, and other stronghold on surprise dawn raids. "We are just plain sick of being crammed into places like Marshall and Larrabee and living like pigs while those bastards live in cozy rooms. And have their own dining rooms.

Thus far, the enraged Northern guerrillas have inflamed many astonishing atrocities upon their northern brothers and sisters. On a recent raid members of Freeman had their eyes spewed out and shaved their noses as they were peacefully attending a dorm meeting. Roundhouse Seth Uram was then told to continue the meeting under the threat of death if he so much as appeared to be unabsorbed. Fleeting South Campus refugees have been rounded up and omphalod as the motto of the North has been "take no captives!" Several Guard cadet hounds have been enlisted by the North to aid with torture and interrogation methods. At a recent press conference President Oakes announced his response to the crisis, "This school has gone down the tubes since we let men in. I hope they all die horribly and get off my back. Stinkin' houses, every one of them!" Meanwhile, as fighting continues, another problem has been developing. Haymakers have become cluttered with bodies which, according to Harkness Headless Jerry Carrington, presents a serious hazard in case of a fire. "This is serious," he was heard to exclaim.
We're three of the most popular gals on campus. You might say that we're a lot like Charlie's Angels. Only we're not real-life prostitutes, we're mechanical horses. We give you five balls for a quarter. So why don't you come over and finger Dr. G... the matter is, you won't find a better bunch of two-bit hookers in the business.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that the whole idea of an equipment page is ridiculous and that the writers are vacuous vessels of festering mucous. Shit, now that WCNI is on temporary vacation, what the hell can an impotent transmitter tower have to say? But, then again, why should I make you laugh? What in God's name have you ever done in your life for me? Shit from shita.

Say hey! I am your dorm coffee pot. I am a special type called a Drip Coffee Pot. You grasp my hard, black handle in your greasy little hand, and twist it. I then proceed to pee in your coffee cup. You may know my cousin percolator, who burps, gurgles, and farts your coffee in a little glass dome. Coffee, unfortunately, has gotten a bad name because of the assholes connected with it. Let me say here and now that Mrs. Olsen, Joe DiMaggio, and Robert Young can sue my sanka. Christ, Robert Young is so stupid that I once heard a waitress ask him, "cream in your coffee?" to which he replied, "not recently." Goodbye.
THE WORRIERS - A group of old Jewish ladies are accused of killing a Boy Scout and a dog at a Boy Scout Camporee in the Bronx. Fierce action follows as all the Boy Scouts in New York City try to get to the Worriers. The violence may be offensive to some and the language may not be suitable for younger children because it is in Yiddish.

SOFTCORE - Deeply religious Oakes Ames (George Scott) sees a porn film and comes to realize that the actress in the film is the Dean of Connecticut College. Armed with McVay's (William Ivey Long) Margaret Hamilton (Dr. Ruth), he goes to the sleazy porn palaces on Bank Street to get his Dean back to school. Alice Johnson does a competent job as the dirty old girl.

THE TAIWAN SYNDROME - Not a film about Taiwan but a wild and thorough look at the solar power industry. A cameraman (Don Peppard) and a pretty, female reporter with an amazing bed of hair are sent to China with a mission. The energy is not safe. Grievous scenes of "victims" of the solar energy include shocking sun-burn and horrendous peeling. Despite the monotony of the mockophilic and vicious corporation to destroy the heroes they get the word out to the public.

THE DOUGH HUNTER - A movie about a producer who is making a movie about Vietnam with a big name actor so he can make lots of money.

THE WIZ - Dorothy gets to spend a night at the Golden Showers Motel with the Wiz (John Beams). Pretty kinky action in this one!

Ocean's Plaza Palace - Consistently ranked number one on the experts for greasy pizza and pleasant dining atmosphere. The service by Mama Ocean is impeccable a great place for a date.

The Hygienic Restaurant - The Hygienic is a great place. Our and preferred the $1.00 "Sho-r-Burger" and the "Beef-Fries" were just uncomplimentary.

Great Oaks (Ocean Ave.) - Going to this fine restaurant in its second year of Grand Opening is like going to another country. The help doesn't speak English and they don't know how to cook. Aside from that the plastic plants help a lot.

McDonald's - New London's Mc- Donald's is a depressing facade you are at Mac's. The burgers are greasier and frit colder than any place else. Truly a value.

Norm's Diner - Imagines a place where food is served just like at home. Greasy and hot, and served by bumbling nonhuman tied to dreaming of that kind of dining ex- perience doesn't overlook Norm's in Groton.

Plaza Barn - Home of the little-known Greek style of "cheeseless pizza" the Barn has become known for its day-old grinders. Authentic barn furniture and hay in the corners add to the effect.

Subway - Ever get hungry late at night and need that special something to turn the stomach? The Subway on Bank St. features yesterday's meat at tomorrow's prices. The ladies are courteous and pretty clean, too.

Steak Loaf - Cow meat is featured here and the salad bar would give a rabbit multiple orgasms. Pretty high priced, though.

Check's - Another steak place, this time with great atmosphere. If you get a window seat you can overlook the electric boat plant across the water in Groton. Quite a romantic place.

Harborview - Haven't been there yet, but on Parent's Weekend they're going to take me there or I'll turn my little brother into acid.

Griswold Inn - Haven't been there either. I think it's a Holiday Inn type of place they are in concert mine in the caucus room.

AS EDITH BUNKER I DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHTS
AS JEAN STAPLETON I SLEEP MY WAY TO THE TOP

It is tough getting acting parts when your only role throughout your life has been a dibbang. The acting profession is chook full of dibbangs and this makes the job only more competitive. This makes it a job for DRA-the Dibbang Role Association. With all the good looking, dashing dibbangs in this television cast it is pretty hard for an old dibbang with an irritating voice to get work. Statutory reform is too slow a process, I will be dead before it gives dibbangs equal roles, and a constitutional amendment would never really promise a lot of dibbang parts. So what is a dibbang to do? A good roll in the hay never hurt. On sure, they can get all they want from those dimes-a-dozen gorgeous floozies, but sex with a dibbang is something special. Just ask Freddy Silverman. Look what happened to him after he left CBS. Same. Laverne and Shirley are topraf and believe me, they didn't get there on their good looks.

Our favorite 'will kitchens

The排型餐厅 - 这个排型餐厅是一个重要的地方，为年轻人提供了很好的机会。他们的第一首歌就是“Yank Me, Crank Me” by Ted Grolner. 经验不要忽略Norm'. 非常热，而且被骗的比任何地方更差。你得开始支付更多的注意力给孩子们，他们正被他们盲目的。

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Whiff of Schwiff

On Wednesday March 7 Conn. College's own singing group The Schwiffs did a concert the Wednesday night. The Schwiffs are getting really psyched up for their forthcoming album which they estimate for next month. To raise money for the record they are having a benefit called the "Happy Birthday" to people for pay and fellated by 150 Yales at $1.00 a shot after a Whifforf night in February.

The distinctive Schwiff singing style has got to be heard to be appreciated. Their beautifully melodic harmonies and their ball-and-chain cadence are unique for entertainment. Their first song was "Yank Me, Crank Me" a Ted Nugent tune which was followed by "Kill City" an Iggy Pop tune. The appreciative audience rollicked along with the Ramones medley of their hit tunes ending up with "Now I Wanna Scuff Some Glue."

After a brief celebration the soloists came out to do the lead on their new release "Cherry Bomb" and the whole group did an upbeat version of "Orgasm Addict" by X-Ray Spex. The Schwiffs went through their more routine numbers such as "Come Softly, Coney. " "Don't Douche My Love" and "The Mexican Dildo Fiesta." Encouraged by the tremen- dous audience response the Schwiffs returned for an encore of the Iggy Pop song "I Wanna Be Your Dog." Next time they are in concert make sure you see the Schwiffs!
Baby hunting

In between the baseball gloves and tennis racquets and polo mallets lie many pieces of sporting pleasure; guns. But do not fall into its more mundane uses such as duck hunting or skeet shooting. There is another game in town which is inexpensive, is necessary for global contentment, and is just plain fun. Yes, once you have gone baby hunting you won’t settle for anything less. Baby hunting has been a sport enjoyed for centuries. Why the Bible extols the fun and excitement of slaying the first born. But murder is frowned upon as it is a bit abnormal. The fourth trial, Sucker, Yankee are NO. I AFan to come Have fun watching the Sox on TV. In October Sox fans.

away is frowned upon as it is a bit abnormal. Hospital nurseries are to be avoided as it presents very little challenge and most of them won’t leave alive anyway. There are numerous other places where smart hunters know they can find a tiny bundle of flesh, nerves and blood, ready to explode upon his bullet’s impact. A good place to hunt for potential prey is at the supermarket. It takes patience and endurance to scope out at a supermarket but it often pays off with handsome trophies. First, carefully check out almost everybody’s cart. Babies are not as obvious as you might think. They often hide between the oranges and frozen lasagna, so don’t let an apparently babyless cart fool you. Another good place to search is at the dairy counter. If you see a woman loading up on milk and whose eyes look sunken and glassy you can be sure that she has a little tyke at home who is just off breast feeding and thus, a prime target. Or, if you spot one avoiding the dairy case altogether and whose breasts seem to be stiff and swollen another bingo. Once you are sure that you have a prime baby sitting at home deftly follow the unsuspecting mother home. If you lose her in the checkout line you can recognize her car in the parking lot; it will either be the Ford country square station wagon with a large dent in the fender and toys or vomiting in the back seat, or the ‘71 white Cutlass. The baby is almost in the bag. Now that you know where it lives it will be only a matter of time before you find it in the stroller all alone. But it is important to remember that it will only be alone for a minute unless you luck upon a negligent mother, so make sure that your marksmanship is up to snuff so you can snuff its life with one shot. There are plenty of hot spots for hunting. If rooftop scopes and spooky is your thing there is a beautiful technique in Clint Eastwood’s Dirty Harry. Beauty parlor, orphanages, and child care centers are just a few baby stomping grounds. If you are looking for more excitement and can afford it, India and now China offer prime spots for easy pickins. There are may acceptable methods for baby hunting in addition to the usual shooting. Clothing, speaking, harpooning, dynamiting, and hurl saving are to name just a few ways recommended by the International Baby Hunting and Maiming Society. Each year the society awards the Bruno Hauptmann trophy to the sportman who performs the most colorful and original kill. It is presented at the annual Baby Hunting Banquet where hundreds from all over the country gather to trade stories, recipes and pels.

Pointless Counterpointless

Point:

You decrepid, lousy, bigoted, racist, black blattin’ red Sox fan, why don’t you tell Pudge to pull his member out of MVP Lynn’s hole and play some ball like we all remember the game. Just think of last October when you masterminded one of baseball’s all-time greats. It must have taken a hell of a lot of effort to blow that one out your ass. Couldn’t handle Reggie “O” or little Bucky? Well, don’t worry, I can’t blame ya.

Hey, at least you got something to look forward to this year, you got rid of Cuben Louis and Pat Head Lee, that ought to make Zip’s sock a couple of shades redder. What do you expect from an organization that entrusts a fat little no mind with a plate through his brain with a $25 million investment.

Hey listen, why don’t you avoid the humiliation and throw in the towel before you pass into another hurricane. I know, wait until next year. Right? Going for the fourth straight, Sacker, Yankees are No. 1 A Fan

Counterpoint:

You pin-striped, fair-weather, short-remembered, negro-loving bronx fanoo, never mind the whereabouts of Lynn’s member, how about that carrot lodged up Mickey “ocean” River’s ass? The word from Reggie “please let me play right field” Jackson is that Thurman “please trade me to Cleveland” Munson would rather put it up his own, but was afraid it would get lost.

There is no doubt in my open mind that Steinbrenner is correct in his belief that his race horses have a higher I.Q. than Mick the Quick. Poor Mickey. It must be tough to make a living throwing sucker punches at pot heads for a mere $100,000 a year. Well maybe he can take a loan from Louis “I got screwed” Plant, or the ever-used Don “pay me for sitting” Gullet.

Brennerston is not acting in the tradition of his ancestors! Why is the penny-pincher giving away valuable U. S. dollars to the not so free agents who are all hopping on the first bus to Yankee Stadium? No, not even Don Zimmer would pay Califf “I’ve wanted to be a Yankee” Hunter millions for peddling the pins in a tuxedo. Face the facts asshole-this is the year of the Sox!

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Wednesday, March 28

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South Bronx, New York
We don't have a phone
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