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Connecticut College

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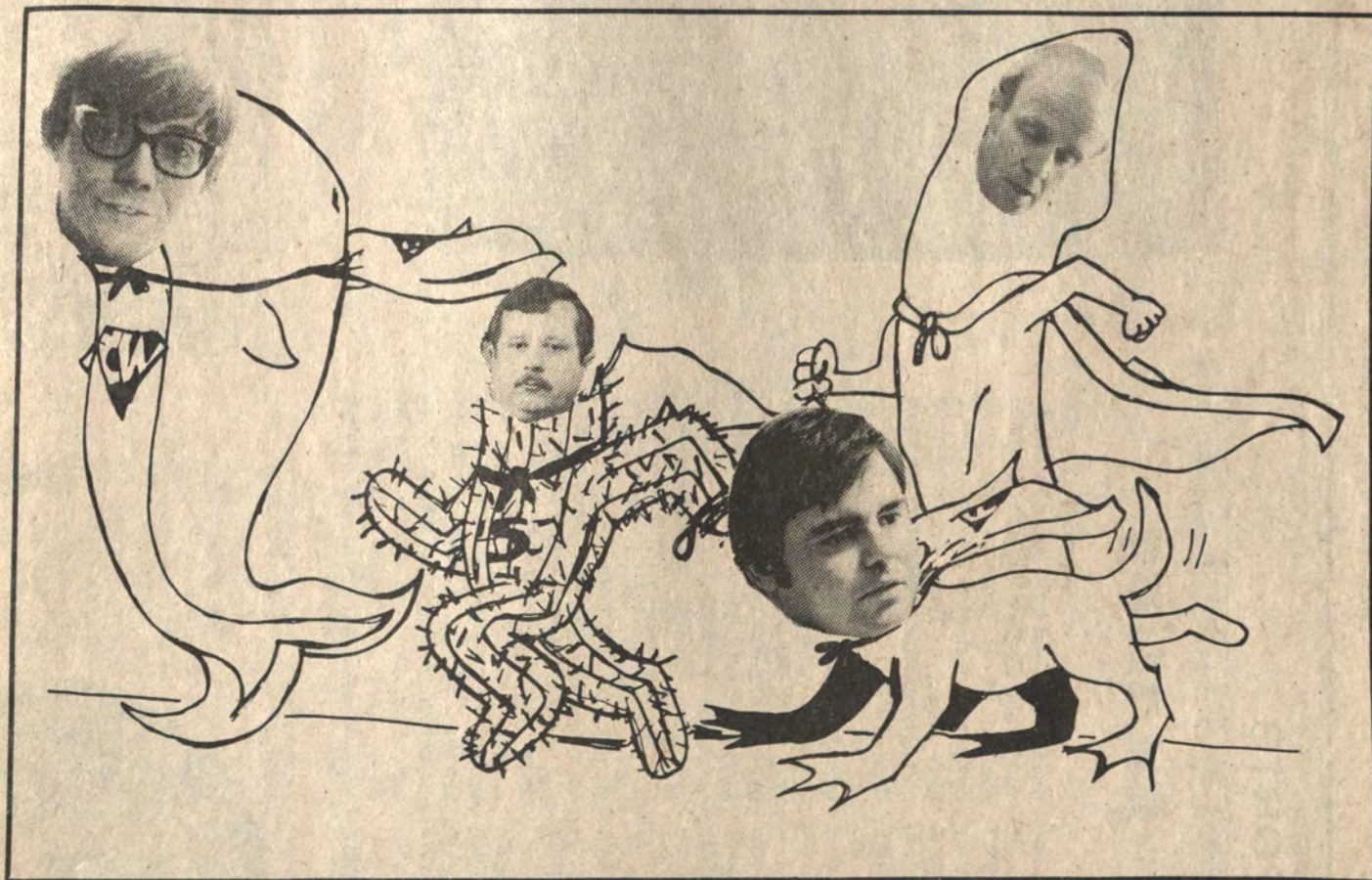
The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

This ain't

In this issue

APRIL 1, 1979



THE SUPERZEROES



Shah and Empress Farah as cave dwellers in exile

D.J. STEPS DOWN SHAH TO FILL IN

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 Reza 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 studeous 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." Wegistrar 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 Neareastern country for twenty years, Shah comes to Conn 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



Featured at Larrabees: Louisville Ky. Chevy Chase Md. Madison Ct.

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

The College Voice

THIS AIN'T

Co-Editors-in-chief
B. ROBERT NORMAN AND
JAY FABER

Associate Editor
NOT ME

Photography Editor
UH-UH

Illustration Editor
I DIDN'T DO IT

Senior Editor
DON'T BLAME ME

Senior Writer
I AM INNOCENT

Entertainment Editor
COME ON NOW

News Editor
I WASH MY HANDS OF THIS

Equipment Editor
I AM DEAD, HONEST

Sports Editor
GIVE ME A BREAK

Opinion Editor
GET AWAY

Business Managers
NOT I
NOR ME

Business Staff
PLEASE
DON'T
GIVE
OUR
NAMES

Production Assistant
IN THE NAME OF
HUMAN DIGNITY

Photography Staff
WE
DIDN'T
DO
IT

Consultant
IT WASN'T ME

This Ain't The College Voice is an unadulterated piece of shit, published whenever we feel like it which isn't often. All copy was found in the gutter unless it smells different, then it came from the toilet. Unsolicited material will be burned and we assume no responsibility if your hand is still attached to flaming material. All copy represents the opinion of feeble-minded simps and if you are reading this, it proves it.

This Ain't The College Voice is an idiot-run organization that makes mega-bucks. Now get outta here, I mean it. Editorial offices are located on the second floor of The Little Book Shop, Bank St. No calls or letters please.

Suck on this

I wish to address one of the most critical issues of our lives. I'd like to be frank, so please don't laugh. I want to speak to you about a subject even more serious than diarrhea. I believe it is time that you and I had a little vociferation about ALCOHOL.

No one has to inform you about the dangers of this intoxicating substance. The latest research now indicates that prolonged periods of alcohol abuse leads directly to curvature of the brain. Scientists have also noted the frenzied sex desires which have developed among Neareastern Desert Toads whose all dirt diet was supplemented with Wild Turkey 101. Technicians at Johns Hopkins reported that after seven one-and-a-half ounce shots of another bourbon, Old Grandad, "the horny toads began to hop all over one another." I fear that if we don't limit our intake today, we just might become the frog fuckers of tomorrow.

We all treat this issue too darn lightly. We drink until we drop without ever putting our glasses down to consider the consequences of our evil actions. All that we seem concerned about is grabbing a Busch. Try to comprehend the mental anguish of an unborn child whose mother has been draining brews and watching hoops all evening when unexpectedly she runs out of beer midway through the third quarter. Eighty-five percent of all parent abuses are incited by drunken youths attempting to gain entry into locked liquor cabinets. Highway fatalities attributed to alcohol abuse are equally catastrophic. Statistics show that two out of every three highway deaths occur as a result of faulty dividing line painting, misplaced "wrong way" signs, and other technical errors committed by inebriated civil engineers.

It is not even necessary to conduct a detailed investigation in order to find instances of abuse right here on campus. This school is inundated with ALCOHOL. The problem is obvious to anyone who has ever attended an administration or faculty cocktail party. I can tell you first-hand that they are not pretty events. How can you ever again get serious with a professor who, after several scotch and sodas, smears sour cream and onion dip all over his jaw and pretends to shave it away with a taco chip? How do you react to a group of toasted government instructors playing "red rover" with the deans?

Alcohol is straining the kidneys of America. It's rotting the liver out of this great land. Today, many state legislative bodies are rescinding the eighteen-year-olds' privilege to purchase alcoholic beverages. I believe that this course is off-target. I propose a ban on the sale of alcohol to all citizens over 21 and under 61. Within this age bracket, we locate the bulk of this nation's productive capacity. We cannot allow our work force to waste away. *It really makes little difference whether shit bum college students and degenerate high school pupils drink booze or smoke grass. They're accountable to no one.* They have few responsibilities. The older grouping, however, must remain sober in order to maintain the state. Twenty-one to sixty-one year-olds have got to stay sane so that the rest of us can get shitsoid.

Remember that alcohol is a drug. A shot of alcohol is no different than a shot of heroin. Think about that Jimmy Polan.

JMF

LETTERS

Oops

Dear Editor:

I am an avid fan of your magazine and especially the Forum section. I have often wondered if those letters were real until last week when I had an experience that I would like to share with you.

I am an ordinary college student, 5'10", brown hair and not too ugly, although admittedly I am nothing to write home about. Last week there was an all-campus party in one of the dorms. These parties are usually just boring excuses to drink a lot of beer and sweat a lot. I almost didn't go thinking that nothing would happen, as usual. Boy, was I mistaken!

As soon as I walked in I spotted this delicious blonde. She had long, tanned, slender legs revealed by her short, skintight skirt, a nice pert ass, and two of the most beautiful...Wait. This is the wrong magazine, I'm so embarrassed. You must excuse me, I gotta go.....

Name and address withheld
by request

Schmuck

Dear Editor,

Your paper stinks, your articles stink, everything about you stinks. Your layout stinks, your name even stinks. Why do you continue when you stink so bad? Your staff stinks, your pictures stink, your page numbers stink, your headlines stink, your cutlines stink, even your ink stinks. Your titles stinks even more. I hope you all die of the plague you stinkers.

You are an asshole

Half-assed

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 1 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,
Oakes

Since you are going to read every single printed word written in this paper, you might as well ship this section, as you are wasting valuable reading time. The time that you have spent reading this could have been devoted to laughing, giggling, or getting pissed off at the incredibly offensive tripe that is to be found within these pages so why don't you do yourself a favor and read on. You should never have gotten this far, dumbdo.

"If the pain doesn't stop in the next hour, then I'll call the doctor."



LETTERS
ON CAMPUS
NEWS
EQUIPMENT
ENTERTAINMENT
SPORTS

DEPARTMENTS



"It's just a little heartburn, what else could it be?"



"It's only indigestion."

UPSIDE DOWN



Ask Goats

Dear Mr. Oakes

I was seeing this chick in Branford House for a couple of weeks when I developed these little things on my little thing. Actually, 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 dismember a very close and dear friend of mine. What should I do?

-Bob Toski, Park 412

Get a heavy duty Brillo pad. Dip the pad into your favorite household rust remover and soak for five minutes. Next, call up this coed and invite her over for some bongos. When she enters your room, jump her from behind, rake the saturated steel pad across her face and then stuff it down her throat. This will cure the problem. Believe you me, Bob, this technique achieves results.

Dear Oakes

I'm sharing a telephone with this Jewish gal on my floor whose boyfriend is away in England this semester. With her fella gone for a while, I guess she figures that she can freelance the campus without him ever finding out. Oakes, this girl goes down faster than Jerry Quarry. I'm concerned that she might get herself in trouble. She can ill afford to make that kind of mistake. Jeese, do you know what an entire spring maternity wardrobe goes for these days? Where can I send this misguided tart for counselling?

-Freaking

You might direct her to Fanning 201, weekdays before 5 p.m., or to 772 Williams St., New London after 11:30 p.m.; if you are facing Hodges Square, it's the first house on the right abutting the arbo. I assume a degree of responsibility for every student at the college. This child has terrible problems which have got to be resolved.

Dearest Oakes

I wish to donate to the Connecticut College the sum of \$750,000. To this gift, I attach the following stipulations: 1. \$200,000 must be targeted towards an Ice Cube Education and Production Facility; 2. \$275,000 to establish a scholarship fund for Icelandic students; 3. \$100,000 must go into an Isometric Research center; 4. the remaining \$175,000 is to be directed towards the construction of an Ice Cream Factory on the Mamacoke Reservation site. Last year, I offered the college several hundred thousand dollars to build an ice skating rink. This proposal received ungrateful resistance. I can only hope and pray, President Amies, that this time around, you are able to deal more efficiently with bothersome opposition.

-Cold Cash Inc.

On behalf of the Connecticut College, I graciously accept your most generous offer. You can rest assured that all of your very reasonable requests will be honored in accordance with your wishes.

Ames

I want to puplically express my outrage at your insensitive response to a letter of March 3 signed by a "Pissed Off Person." I am currently chairman of the New London chapter of P.I.S.S. (People In Soaked Sheets). From the bottom of my bed, Oakes, I can tell you that waking up in wet wizz is no real joy.

I didn't particularly appreciate your crack that we originated the natural water bed. Nocturnal Urinary Syndrome is no joke. It is a serious disease which has stained the reputations and linens of some of history's most admired men. Karl Marx was plagued by this dreaded ailment all of his life. Wally Cox was a reputed "puddle pusher." Sandy Koufax is a chronic bed wetter. We need help, not harassment.

If you do not retrack your previous comments and publish a formal apology, I'm going to invite my entire club over to your place for an overnight beer and tea party.

Lester P. Rosen

Don't hand me that bunk about sickness and disease, you weak kneed sow sucker. You shouldn't be harassed, you should be tortured. If I had my way, I'd sent the lot of you to a watery grave this instant.



TWO GUYS DEPT. STORES

While our competition maybe stiff

We remain stiffer

BRAD ROST AD

Hi! I'm BRAD ROST and I'm a marvelously successful Disco dancer. How do I do it? Well, I'm naturally attractive to women and athletically endowed. But now, even you can go to a disco and be a stud with my new book. The BRAD ROST DISCO DANCE BOOK tells you how to dance step by step. It's fun, fast and easy. If you order now you can get my bonus book ARNIE'S GUIDE TO GOOD GROOMING. This handy little pamphlet tells you all you need to know about looking like a stud -- like me! Remember DISCO is fun, fun, fun! So, put on your polyester pants and silk shirts and chains and spoons and send in the coupon today!

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SHORT NEWS



In an effort to satisfy both environmentalists and hockey buffs, the Connecticut College administration has decided to build a new scaled-down version of the proposed hockey rink on the bottom of the Thames River. The administration is keen on the new site, but critics suggest that moisture might be a problem, and also that the rink would be in danger if the river should ever catch fire and burn to the ground.

After a six year research project costing in excess of twenty million dollars, a government-sponsored medical research group has discovered that there is a definite connection between spitting and weight loss. "It's simple," exclaims a jubilant Dr. Walter Garch, head of the group, "people lose weight faster when they spit a lot." Dr. Garch is a co-author of the new diet manual, *The Expectoration Diet*.

A group of avant-garde punk rock promoters, convinced that the New Wave is washed up, are pushing a new musical phenomenon called "Retard Rock" that threatens to capture the attention of America. The promoters have borrowed a number of inmates from mental institutions, and, after providing them with dime-store musical instruments, have recorded some interesting cuts. One such group, the Catatonics, has recorded a new hit song in which the group drools in three-part harmony. The recording has already sold a million copies.

McDonalds Corporation, always eager for a new market, has developed a new product which it wishes to sell to doctors exercising euthanasia called the Death-burger. The FDA says it may allow the product to be marketed if it can be shown not to contain excessive amounts of horse-meat and fillers.

Veteran rock star Mick Jagger announced an early retirement yesterday, and surprised press people with a few unexpected remarks. Jagger said that he detested rock music, was strongly against pre-marital sex, and that he had voted for Barry Goldwater in the 1964 elections. Jagger also exclaimed, "I've made millions and I'm getting out. I'm tired of prancing around in obnoxious costumes singing fatuous lyrics in front of an auditorium of driveling idiots. Rock concerts are for people who stink at basketball and are too stupid to read."

In an effort to win the coveted Nobel Prize for Literature, writer Norman Mailer released today his latest book for publishing. The book, entitled *Lonely at the Top: A Biography of God*, is a mammoth but careful psychological analysis of what Mailer calls "one of history's most misunderstood characters." The book is the fruit of a number of personal 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.

Experts predict that the decline in student SAT scores prominent in recent years is going to continue. Dr. Greta Trent, a social scientist, has forecasted that the mean SAT score will drop to 168 by 1990 and to two digits by the turn of the century. In addition, the ability to write will have deteriorated so drastically by that time that students will be unable to complete a task as simple as sending away for an offer from the back of a cereal box. On the bright side, Dr. Trent expects that students will serve valuable functions in the future as cheap fuel for internal combustion engines, as waste material for land-fill sites, as coat racks, and as Amtrak ticket clerks.

In a protest against the lush living conditions enjoyed by South Campus residents, North Campus has begun sending its army into J.A., Harkness, and other strongholds 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 cushy rooms. And have their own dining rooms."

Thus far, the enraged Northern guerrillas have inflicted many astonishing atrocities upon their southern brothers and sisters. On a recent raid members of Freeman had their eyes spooned out and shoved up their noses as they were peaceably attending a dorm meeting. Housefellow Seth Uram was then told to continue the meeting under the threat of death if he so much as appeared to be unnerved. Fleeing South Campus refugees have been rounded up and annihilated as the motto of the North has been "take no captives!" Several Coast Guard cadets have been enlisted by the North to aid with torture and interrogation methods.

At a recent press conference President Oakes Ames responded 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 homos, every one of them!"

Meanwhile, as fighting continues, another problem has been developing. Hallways have become cluttered with bodies which, according to Harkness Housefellow Jerry Carrington, presents a serious hazard in case of a fire. "This is serious," he was heard to exclaim.

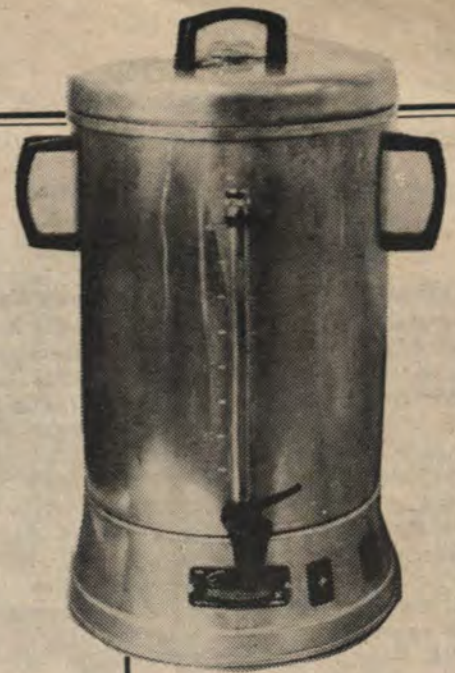
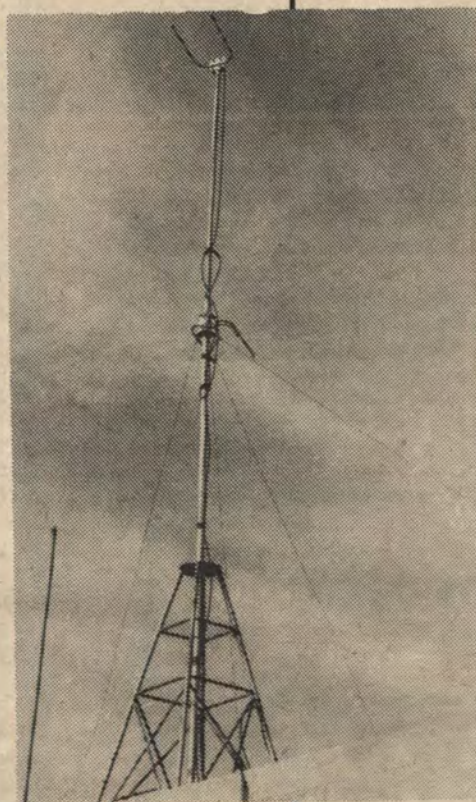
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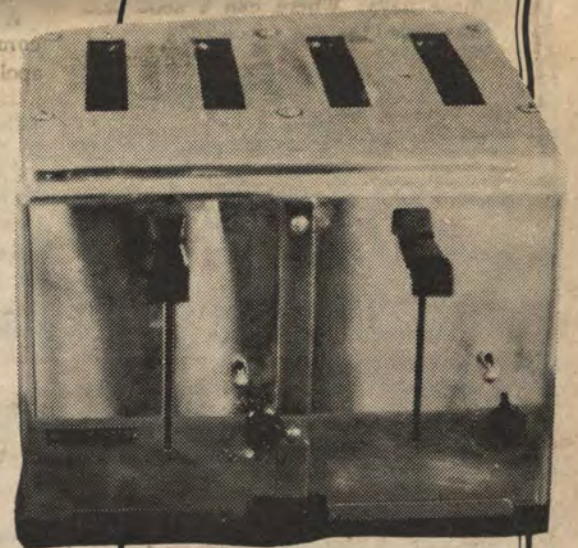
We're three of the most popular gals on campus. You might say that we're a lot like Charlie's Angels. Only we're not real-live prostitutes, we're mechanical hoes. We give you five balls for a quarter. So why don't you come over and finger our fingers some time. Truth of the matter is, you won't find a better bunch of two-bit hookers in the business.

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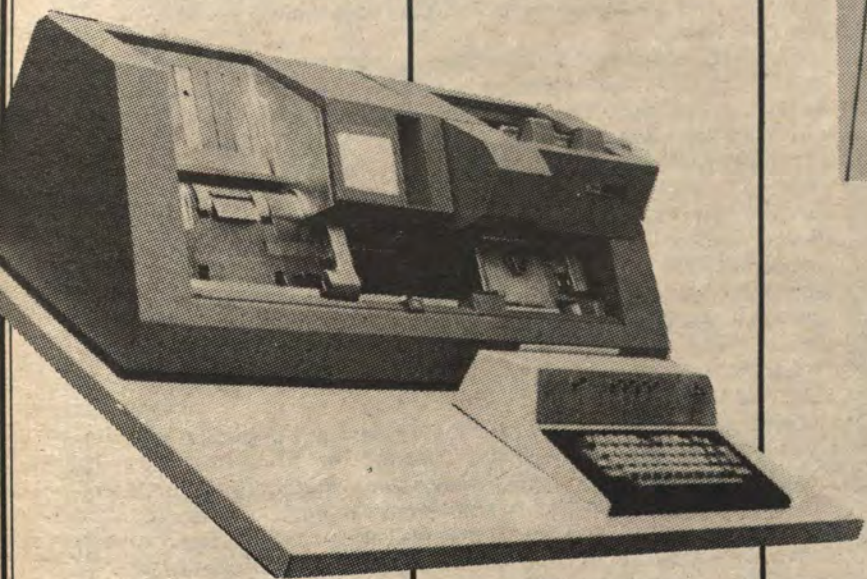
I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that the whole idea of an equipment page is ridiculous and that the writers are vacuous vessels of festering mucous. Shit, now that WCNI is on temporary vacation, what the hell can an impotent transmitter tower have to say? But, then again, why should I make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



Say hey! I am your dorm coffee pot. I am a special type called a Drip Coffee Pot. You grasp my hard, black handle, 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 suc my sanku. 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.



Hi there. Do you know what I am? That's right, a toaster. Can you say toaster? Sure you can. You know what I do? You put bread deep inside me, or a frosted Pop Tart, or an English muff. Then you press down on the plunger. Down, down, down. I like it when the bread is inside me. And do you like putting it inside me? Sure. Then my coils heat up. It gets warmer and turns the white bread into brown toast. But sometimes I ejaculate the bread too early and the bread isn't brown enough. Or sometimes I hold it in too long and it becomes black and smokey. You don't like it when this happens, do you? You're mean to me then. You pick me up and shake me and call me names like "you stupid toaster," and throw me against the wall, and, and, oh, ohhhhhh.....



MOVIES

THE WORRIERS - A gang 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 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 porno film and comes to the realization that the actress in the film is the Dean of Connecticut College. Aided by Marg Watson (Margaret Hamilton) 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 much maligned girl.

THE TAIWAN SYNDROME - Not a film about Taiwan but a thought-provoking and thorough attack on the solar power industry. A cameraman (Don Peppard) and a pretty, female reporter with an amazing body find out that solar energy is not at all safe. Gruesome scenes of "victims" of the solar energy includes shocking sun-burn and horrendous peeling. Despite the attempts of the monolithic and viscious 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 Baumert). Pretty kinky action in this one!

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 dingbat. The acting profession is chock full of dingbats and this makes the field highly competitive. That is why I joined the fight for DRA-the Dingbat Role Association. With all the good looking dingbats in the television industry it is plenty hard for an old dingbat with an irritating voice to get work. Statutory reform is too slow a process, I will be dead before it gives dingbats equal roles, and a constitutional amendment would never really promise us parts. So what is a dingbat to do? A good roll in the hay never hurt. Oh sure, they can get all they want from those dime-a-dozen gorgeous floozies, but sex with a dingbat is something special. Just ask Freddy Silverman. Look what happened to him after he left CBS...and me. Laverne and Shirley are top rated, and believe me, they did not get there on their good looks.

Our favorite swill kitchens

Ocean's Pizza Palace - Consistently ranked as number one by 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 panel preferred the \$1.05 "Ster-L-Burger" and the "Sani-Fries" were just scrumptious.

Great Oakes (Ocean Ave.) - Going to this fine restaurant now 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 McDonald's is a departure from the usual fare you get at Macs. The burgers are greasier and fries colder than any place else. Truly a value for the family.

Norm's Dinner - Imagine a place where food is served up just like at home. Greasy and hot, and served by moustachioed ladies. If you've been dreaming of that kind of dining experience don't overlook Norm's in Groton.

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

Chuck'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 operation. A friend of mine puked in the coatroom once.

Whiff of Schwiff

On Wednesday March 7 Conn. College's own singing group The Schwiffs did a concert in the Windham living room. The Schwiffs are getting really psyched up for their upcoming album which they are recording next month. To raise money for the record they have held raffles, bake sales, and "Happy Birthday" to people for pay and fellated about 150 Yalies at \$1.00 a shot after a Whiffenpoof concert in February.

The distinctive Schwiff singing style has got to be heard to be appreciated. Their beautifully melodic harmonies and their bull-dyke exteriors provide for unique 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 Sniff Some Glue."

After a brief intermission the soloist came out to do the lead on the Runaways classic "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, Come Again," "Don't Douche My Love" and "The Mexican Dildo Fiesta." Encouraged by the tremendous 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!

Your Horoscope

.. F A R I E S (Mar 21 to Apr. 19) If you are male, you will begin to adore native Greek men. You will adopt their traditional dress and customs. You will meet the love of your life at an all male Anthony Quinn Film Festival.

.. B A U R U S (Apr. 20 to May 21) Get busy at business affairs so you will have time to fuck around later. Beware of female guerrillas; they only want you for your luggage. You ought to begin paying more attention to the kids, they're robbing you blind, man.

.. G E M I N I C R I C K E T (May 21 to June 21) If you want to maul, maim or murder, now is a good time. If you want to trip, tinkle or travel, wait a week; your life signs are low. This is also a prime time to hold-up local liquor and convenience stores.

C A N C E R S O R E S (June 22 to July 21) There is very little chance that you will score during this period. Make an appointment to have those facial hemeroids removed. Be a bit kinder to your last living grandmother, she's got a lot more cash left than you think.

.. B E O (July 22 to Aug. 21) Begin drinking when you are lonely or have a lot on your mind. Take unnecessary driving risks, especially when the car is full of friends and you've all been doing quaaludes. Go on an all pork diet.

.. V I R G I N (Aug. 22 to Sept. 22) Are you bored? Are you lonely? Do you sleep with a pillow between your legs? I bet you feel alien, ha? Well fuck 'em, Virgins! You got to get off your ass to taste a piece of ass!

.. L I B R I U M (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22) Don't get into a car along with any extras from "The Warriors." Experiment, try new things like Ajax mixed with your eggs. Bring stray animals of all sorts into your house in order to bum the shit out of your terribly allergic father.

.. S C A L P I O (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21) Hey, you know there's a middle age housewife who lives right next to you, and she's just waiting for something to do. Develop a terminal case of leprosy and spread it among your immediate family. If you want to be the latest super hero, put a cowl over your head, drape a cape around your shoulders, dive off tall buildings and become "Dead Man."

.. S A G I T T A R I U S R E X (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21) It is O.K. now to sneak into other people's rooms and lift out money and portable hi fi equipment if you get the urge. Try cliff surfing. Now is time for reflection and circumspection; go home and shoot everyone in your household so that you can be alone.

.. C A P R I C O R N T W I S T S (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20) Soon you will meet a tall very dark stranger who will take away your American Express Travelers Checks; and then "what will you do, what will you do?" If a "Son of Satan" worshipper attempts to solicit funds from you, tell him to go to hell. Don't believe your girl when she tells you that she gets horrible "dead baby" nightmares from staying in your room.

.. A Q U A R I U M (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19) Shortly you will have something in common with Aldo Moro, Lyman Bostock, and Carl Wallenda: get the picture Aquar? Fame and fortune await you as an Italian, tight rope walking negro. (I just know we're going to hear from circus fans about that one.)

.. F E C E S (Feb. 20 to Mar. 20) You will win big prizes on t.v.'s most popular game show, "Muslum for a Month." Yes, Feces, I know you'll spend hours inventing exciting sex tricks to play with your brand new Iranian stocks, punishment whips, and concubine of Tehranian townies dressed in traditional Islamic garb designed by Pelevi and Pelevi soon to be of San Clemente.

SPORTS

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. Yessir, once you have gone baby hunting you won't settle for anything less. Baby hunting has been a sport enjoyed for centuries. Why even the Bible extolls the fun and excitement of slaying the first born. But murder laws and Right-to-Life lobbyists have caused the sport of Pharoahs popularity to wane. However, several secret clubs have been emerging lately because, according to one hunter, "poachin' the bastards illegally is twice as much fun."

Finding the little nippers is the tricky part. Pregnant ladies and kids older than three are considered to be poor game because their skins are not as supple or as useful as newborns. Sneaking into a new parent's house, slipping into the nursery and blasting

away is frowned upon as it is a bit ob-streporous. 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.

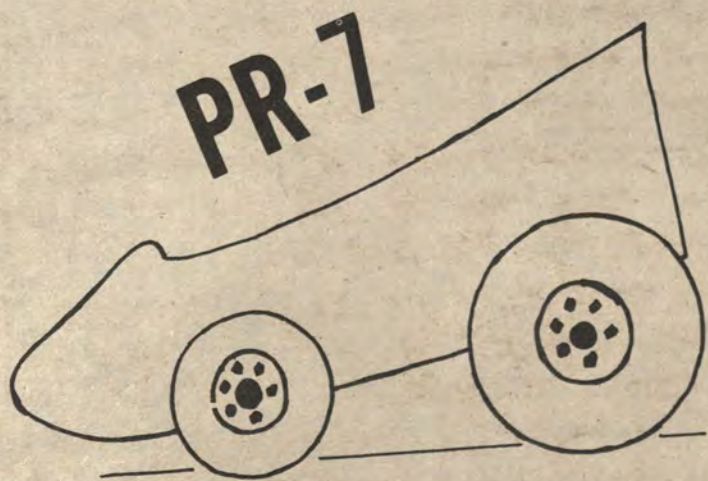
Another good place to search is at the dairy counter. If you see a woman loading up on milk and whose eyes look sunken and glassy you can be sure that she has a little tyke at home who is just off breast feeding and thus, a prime target. Or, if you spot one avoiding the dairy case altogether and whose breasts seem to be stiff and swollen



Beating it senseless



Telescopic sight view of baby's head



The shape
of things
to come

another bingo. Once you are sure that you have a prime baby waiting 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 squire station wagon with a large dent in the fender and toys or vomit 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 lucked 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 scoping and sniping is your thing there is a beautiful technique in Clint Eastwood's Dirty

Harry. Beauty parlors, orphanages, and child care centers are just a few baby stomping grounds. If you are looking for more exotic game and can afford it, India and now China offer prime spots for easy pickins.

There are many acceptable methods for baby hunting in addition to the usual shooting. Clubbing, spearing, harpooning, dynamiting, and buzz sawing 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 sportsman 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 pelts.

Pointless Counterpointless

Point:

You decrepid, lousy, bigotted, racist, black bating Red Sox fan, why don't you tell Pudge to pull his member out of MVP Lynn's A-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 greatest chokes. It must have taken a hell of a lot of enemas 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 Cuban Louis and Pot Head Lee, that ought to make Zip's neck 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 piss into another hurricane. I know, wait until next year. Right?

Going for the
fourth straight,
Sucker, Yankees
are No. 1
A Fan

Counterpoint:

You pin-striped, fair-weather, short-memoried, negro-loving bronx zoo fan, never mind the whereabouts of Lynn's member, how about that carrot lodged up Mickey "cocaine" River's ass? The word from Reggie "please let me play right field" Jackson is that Thurmon "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 higher I.Q.'s 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" Tiant, or the over-used Don "pay me for sitting" Gullet.

Brennerstein 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 Catfish "I've always wanted to be a Yankee" Hunter millions for riding the pine in a tuxedo. Face the facts asshole-this is the year of the Sox!

Have fun watching
the Sox on T.V. in
October Sox fan

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