

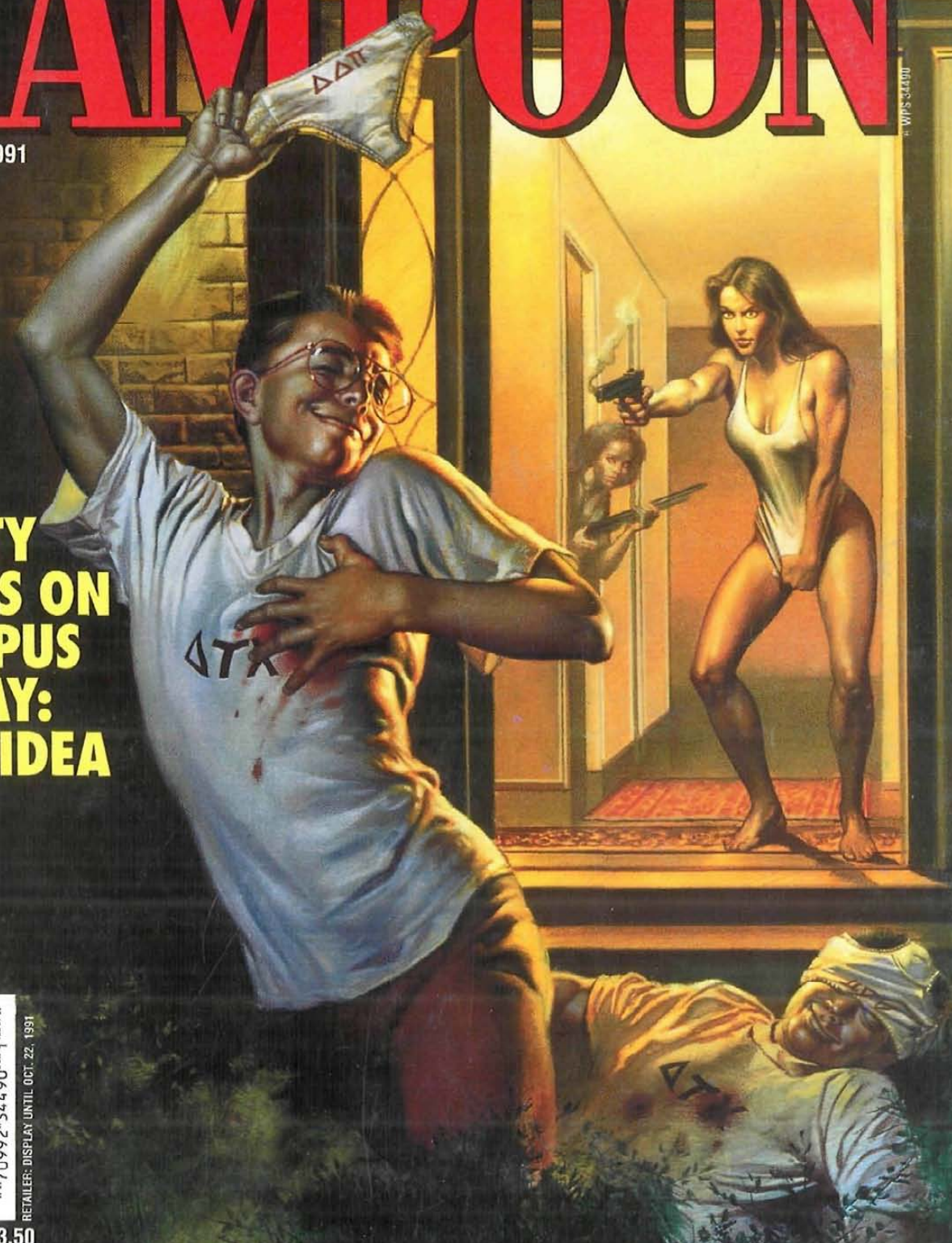


POLITICALLY INCORRECT COLLEGE ISSUE
Insane Pranks • Bizarre Rituals • Rib-Tickling Hazing Deaths

NATIONAL LAMPOON

OCTOBER 1991

**PANTY
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CAMPUS
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BAD IDEA**



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GREAT MOMENTS IN COLLEGE HUMOR



and now...

CAMPUS LIFE '91

We asked the nation's top collegiate humorists to wax satiric on those subjects most on students' minds these days: political correctness, drinking, casual sex, and beer. The result of this bold experiment begins on page 27.

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TRUE SECTION (SPECIAL ACADEMIC EDITION)

All-Time Best Educational

True Facts **59**

Edited by John Bendel

October 1991 Vol. 2, No. 131

True U. **60**

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by Doug Kirby, Ken Smith, and Mike Wilkins

True Report: All-Time Great

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by Mark Newgarden, Dan Clowes, Drew Friedman and K. Bidus, Ty Templeton, Tom Hachtman, Kaz, Ed Subitzky, and R. Reiley

Photos: AP/Wide World
Illustrated by Robert Leighton

That sound you heard: the collective bellow of thousands of our nation's letter carriers as their small intestines popped through their abdominal walls and descended into their scrotal sacs. The reason: the herniating *one million tons of mail** we received from college students over the summer telling us what is happening, what is now, what is hopping the groovedigging thing on campus these days.

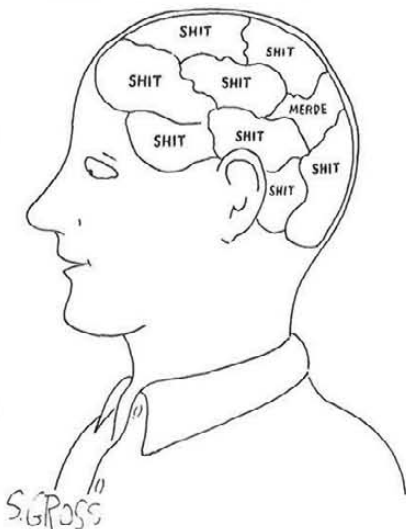
The articles published in our special college section represent but a narrow range of the views we received—specifically, the smutty ones. The rest gave us a startling picture of modern college living that would make Joe College himself roll over in his grave, had he not selflessly donated his body to science in hopes he would someday get dissected by a buxom coed.

One of the greatest surprises concerned Harvard—once considered, well, the Harvard of colleges. No longer. An angry senior (now suing the university for a full refund of his tuition) writes: "Never in all my life, including a summer spent interning as an orderly at a mental hospital (thank you, University Employment Counseling) have I encountered as staggering an assortment of drooling nitwits as drenched the podiums here at Harvard. Herewith some quotes from my professors (two of them Nobel laureates):

• 'Moby Dick is about a dog.'

EDITORIAL

- 'Humans is descended from apples.'
- 'There ain't never was a World War II.'
- 'One plus one equals eleveny-three.'
- 'Duuuuuh, what course is this?'



BEGINNING FRENCH

From sources at football greats Alabama, Colorado, Georgia Tech, and others come fascinating revelations about the contents of the giant

NATIONAL LAMPOON

A J2 COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

barrels of liquid that players drink from on the sidelines. Water? Gatorade? Orange juice? Guess again: Captain Morgan's Spiced Rum. "We could use something else, like water," an unnamed Pac-Ten athletic director told us. "We could also go out there without a quarterback. You can't even recruit a kid these days if you're not pouring the Captain."

If early-eighties pundits agreed on anything about the future of American colleges, it was the prevalence of computers. "Computers, computers, computers!" thundered George Will. "Computers indeed!" riposted Mary McGrory. "For once," chimed in Evans and Novak, "George and Mary are right." But the single most common opinion scribbled on legal pads and typed on Corrasable onionskin, from Alaska State to Yazoo Tech, was that the computer had come, gone, and been forgotten, if not forgiven for the decade of frustration and unidentified system errors it had spawned. From the telling New Haven-postmarked query "Why don't those little TVs get any good channels?" to the Cal Tech *Clarion* clippings describing the savage beating Steve Jobs received when he tried to address the graduating class, the message was clear: computers are out. Slide rules rule the academic roost once more.

Career-wise, college students
CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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* 1, 045, 582 tons to be exact, or 33.4 billion pieces of first-class mail. Interestingly, the unexpected postage bonanza created by this massive mailing could have more than solved the U.S. Postal Service's budgetary crisis, but instead it all went for doughnuts.

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JESSIE HARTLAND

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

People say that rodeo clowning is one of the hardest jobs out there, because rodeo clowns must not only entertain the crowds but must distract enraged rodeo animals as well. In exchange, they are rewarded with awe and respect. Okay, fair enough. But I'd just like to point out that hanging off a truck and picking up pieces of broken glass from the highway using nothing but your butt cheeks isn't such a goddamn great job either, and all I get is fifty cents over minimum wage. Put that in the go-figure file!

Rusty O'Meara
On break, I-80

Sirs:

Well, they promoted me to Angel right away, but then this dickbreath Foreangel assigns me to be the spirit who wakes kids up right before they wet the bed. So much for the rewards of leading a virtuous life.

Michael Landon
The Bed-Wetting Fairy
Heaven

Sirs:

I was watching Mr. Ed today and I noticed that the words did not really match up with his mouth when he was speaking. Was this because the show was filmed in a foreign language?

Kevin Callahan
Roanoke, Va.

Sirs:

I know you are, but what is this?
Pee-wee Herman
On the set of Pup Tent Pee-wee

Sirs:

This letter is not meant to be funny. It is intended to be sandwiched between two marginally funny letters, in order to make them seem funnier by comparison. Thank you.

Randall & Myers
Humor Consultants to the
National Lampoon Since 1978

Sirs:

If anyone has any information or documentation detailing the usefulness of the cosine in later life, I will be most grateful if they could contact me at P.O. Box 3.141592, Utica, N.Y.

Arthur S. Query
Utica, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hey! Reporters! Over here! I was poisoned! Really!

William Henry Harrison
Graveyard of presidents

Sirs:

Yeah! Me too!

Franklin Pierce

Sirs:

Yeah! I was not only poisoned, I was shot, too! I didn't want to tell anyone, but I can't lie around with this secret anymore!

Chester Alan Arthur

Sirs:

To better meet the needs of our students, our five-stage course on Dealing with Premature Ejaculation has now been reduced to three.

The Learning Annex
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

In light of the recent controversy concerning dentists with AIDS, the American Dental Association has released the following new guidelines for dentists who believe they may be infected with HIV, the AIDS virus.

1) Infected dentists must wear protective gloves, masks, and smocks when doing an invasive procedure (including but not limited to filling cavities, tooth removal, root canal).

2) Infected dentists should avoid mixing their saliva with that of the patient.

3) Whenever possible, the infected dentists should refrain from coming in the patient's mouth.

Jerome Sanders, D.D.S.
ADA, VP-PR
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Brain tumor? Who're they kidding? I was poisoned—now get me out of here.

Bert Convy
Forest Lawn, Calif.

Sirs:

No.

The Answer

Sirs:

Are you going to miss me?

Carnac's Last Question
May 22, 1992

Sirs:

I am a lonely, overweight teenager who loves your magazine. My only friends are the people I've met in its pages—the funny characters, the



Gobblum

strange letter writers, the people in the photos and illustrations. Sure, I guess there's a lot in my lifestyle to laugh at, and most other kids think I'm pretty strange. But that's all right, because I've got my "friends" whom I meet and talk to over and over again. I also beat off a lot.

Cyril Deets
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

*Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
Summoned by the Discipline Board,
Hung himself with an extension cord.*

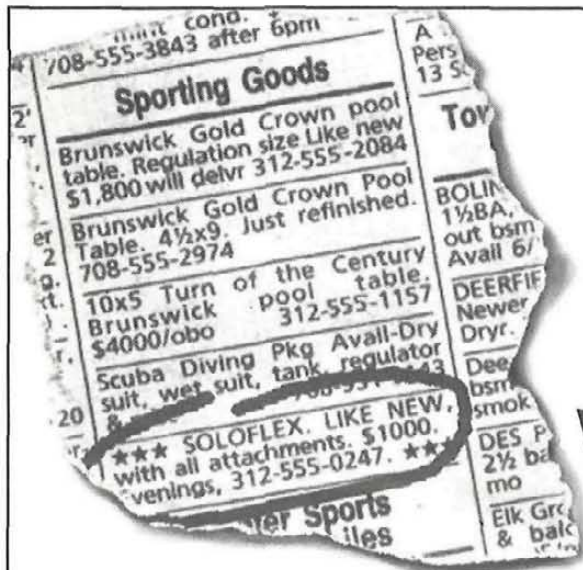
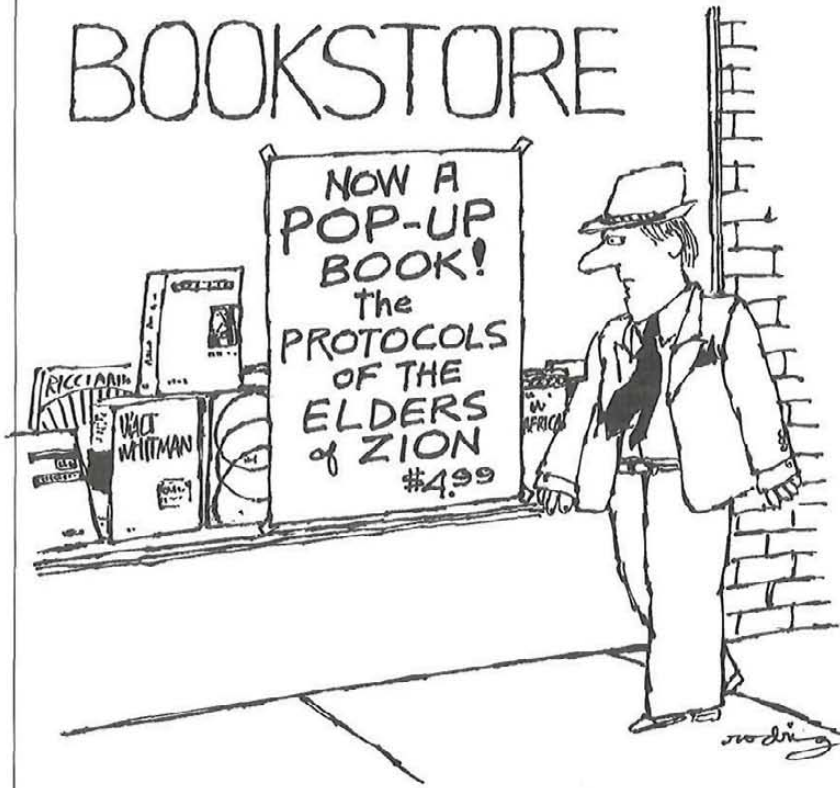
Kerry Templeton
Discipline Board Secretary

Sirs:

Crash! Tick tick tick tick tick.
Doo dee doo doo doo dee doo.
Woof woof woof woof woof woof!
Biddlebiddlebiddleboddlezzz-
whommm.

Incoming Space Aliens Who
Learned English by Beaming
in Letterman, 60 Minutes,
Jeopardy!, Arsenio,
and A Current Affair

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



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THE BILLY MURPHY GAZETTE

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT WILLIAM ANDREW MURPHY

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1991

A NOTE TO OUR READERS: AS ALWAYS, PLEASE MAKE SURE NOT TO LEAVE THIS LYING AROUND WHERE BILLY MIGHT FIND IT.

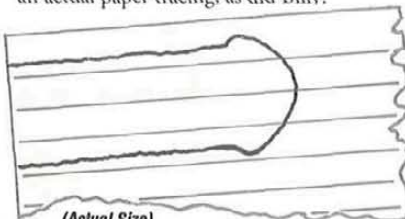
STATE OF THE BILLY:

DR. CARTISANO'S REPORT ON BILLY'S HEALTH

BY DR. VINCENT CARTISANO, M.D.

Following his annual checkup on Tuesday the 15th, I can say that our young friend is perfectly healthy. Billy's reflexes and hearing are above average, and he shows no signs of scoliosis, though his posture is poor. His vision is not appreciably deteriorating, yet he will need new glasses soon, as his head has outgrown the frames, warping the spectacles and making him odd to look at. Despite his normal health, Billy seemed agitated during his examination. Just before he left, he burst into tears and revealed that he was very

concerned about the size of his penis. It was, he feared, too small. Here I must say that while in my many years in the medical profession many boys have expressed fears about penis size, none has ever gone through the trouble of making an actual paper tracing, as did Billy.



(Actual Size)

I assured Billy that Mother Nature would

straighten everything out for our boy over the next few years, but I must emphasize that this was not an official medical diagnosis.

SPECIAL FEATURE:

THE RESULTS OF BILLY MURPHY'S IQ TEST

According to the New York State Standardized Intelligence Test administered at the beginning of the school year, Billy has an IQ of **102**. This figure is up 5 full points from the 97 he scored on his last test, and only 36 points less than his sister Bridget.

CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE BEEN TESTED AT IQ 102

Jake LaMotta (famous boxer)
Gary Gilmore (seventies political figure)
Nelson (rock group)

BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW MORE BILLY MURPHIANA

BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW THAT...

...Billy does not technically have a speech impediment, but merely stutters when trying to talk to girls.

...“Billy Murphy jokes” have declined more than 3 percent among his classmates this year, primarily because of Mrs. Scarroza's famous “Some People Are Different” speech.

...Billy is good with names.

BILLY LIT

WHAT'S BILLY READING THESE DAYS?

PROVIDED BY PAMELA AThERTON,
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN AT WILLIAM JENNINGS
BRYAN ELEMENTARY

- *Are You There, God? It's Me, Margaret*—Judy Blume
- *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—Dale Carnegie
- *Gray's Anatomy*
- *Stuart Little*—E. B. White

COMING NEXT ISSUE:

GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME:
BILLY'S UNEXPIRGATED REPORT CARD

PROFILES IN COURAGE:
BIOS OF BILLY'S DUNGEONS & DRAGONS
CHARACTERS

AND

WOULD THEY ACTUALLY BE SORRY?
NOTED SOCIOLOGISTS TAKE
A REALISTIC LOOK AT
BILLY'S SUICIDE FANTASIES

CRUSH UPDATE ROUND TABLE

BY MRS. ANGELA SCARROZA, BILLY'S TEACHER,
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS EVELYN AND
MICHELLE NEEDLEMAN



BILLY'S CURRENT CRUSH: Michelle Noedleman, for the twenty-eighth straight week.

AS: Mrs. Needleman, Michelle, why don't you tell the *BMG* readers about the events of this past weekend.

EN: Certainly. As you know, on Saturday we had a party for my daughter's eleventh birthday, and all Michelle's class was there.

MN: Billy thought I invited him because I liked him or something, but it was just because he's in my class and I didn't want to be rude.

EN: You're a very kind girl, Michelle. Perhaps too kind.

MN: Thank you.

EN: While I was bringing Michelle's cake out as the children sang “Happy

Birthday,” I noticed the Murphy boy was staring at my daughter.

MN: He thought no one could tell but everyone could. It was so embarrassing. It was like he was mentally retarded or something.

AS: Now, Michelle, the mentally retarded can't help themselves. I think a retarded person might be very upset that you call Billy's behavior “mentally retarded.”

EN: That's right, Michelle. In any case, Billy kept coming up to where Michelle was sitting, supposedly to get seconds on cake, but it was obvious he was really only interested in looking down my daughter's shirt.

MN: But all that cake he had to eat to keep looking at me must have made him sick. Because we were playing Two Minutes in the Closet, a kissing game, and Billy got locked in the closet by himself, kind of as a joke, but kind of because the girl who was supposed to go in with him started to cry. Well, while he was in there, he—oh, it's just too gross.

EN: I just don't know how to put this politely.

MN: Everyone could smell it. God, only babies do that. He's such a fag.

EN: Michelle! Gay people have very hard lives. You shouldn't make it worse for them.

MN: Sorry, Mom.

AS: In your opinion, does Billy's crush show any sign of going away because of this incident?

MN: I wish.

AS: Thank you both very much.

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Poster Created from our collectible movie cards. **Price: \$6.95** add \$2.50 postage and handling.



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Tyvek Jacket T2 insignia and Terminator silhouette. Sizes: S/M, L/XL, XXL (unisex adult sizes). **Price: \$34.95** add \$5.00 postage and handling.

*Merchandise may vary from what is shown.

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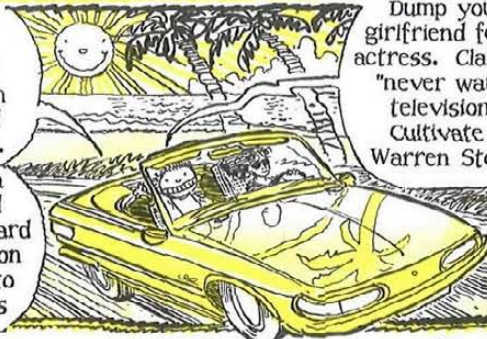
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Kyle Baker's PETTY and VINDICTIVE FUNNIES

Greetings from Hollywood, where the promise of riches and fame overshadows the high probability of a bloody and spectacular freeway death.

Anyone contemplating a Hollywood career should remember the following: hard work, talent, and dedication mean nothing. The key to success in Los Angeles is assimilation.



Dump your girlfriend for an actress. Claim to "never watch television." Cultivate a Warren Story.

Warren must be mentioned at least once in every social gathering, and by first name only, even (especially) among people who don't know him. This is my Warren Story.



Last year, I illustrated a *Dick Tracy* comic book for Disney, a company that is absolutely *not* notoriously cheap, or reviled by *all* its employees. It was supposed to be what we call a "take the money and run" job. Get in, get out, take the money. Three weeks, tops. I was halfway through the job when Warren took over.

"What do you mean? It looks just like Dick Tracy!"

"Warren is Dick Tracy."



So I redrew the first half of the book to look like Warren. The thing is, Warren has no idea what he looks like.

He rejected the new pictures on the grounds that they didn't look like him, they looked like a man old enough to be Warren Beatty. I redrew them again without the wrinkles, but he still wasn't satisfied.

CLYDE BARROW STYLE



Finally, the editor and I decided to use another artist's drawings that had already been approved by Warren for the posters and T-shirts. We Xeroxed the art and pasted the faces over my drawings.



I finished the job, and that was that. I sat back and waited for my check.

A few weeks later, I got a call from the editor.

"Warren hates the cover. He doesn't like his face."

"Well, just use a face from the T-

shirt art. He likes that. Paste it up and send me my check."

"Well, that's the problem. He hates all of the merchandising art now. He says he looks too old. There's only one drawing of himself he likes now."



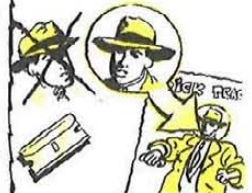
"Which one?"

"The one on the poster with the Tommy gun."

"Fine, cut the head off that, paste it over my art, and send me my check."



"Well, the problem is ... on the poster he's facing right, but on your drawing he's facing left."



"So photostat the poster, flop the negative so he's facing right, paste it on my drawing, and send me my check."

"We suggested that to Warren, but he said no."

"Why?"

"He says that's his bad side."

That's my Warren Story. I'd like to add that I've never actually met him, and besides I'm probably just jealous. See you next month.



SPORTS DESK



with
ELI "SOCKS" GALLAGHER

Editors' note: Due to a book tour, Eli "Socks" Gallagher did not file this month. In his place we are proud to present the story "Chemistry," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. "Chemistry" was written in 1922 in the period of "The Diamond As Big As the Ritz" and "Winter Dreams," but was rejected roundly and permanently withdrawn. Matthew J. Brucoli points out that "it's really not very good." Still, we think some readers may find this romantic fantasy, though slight, oddly prescient.

"You've got to be a football hero
To get along with the beautiful girls."

The song ran, over and over, through D. Evelyn O'Hackett's mind as he walked from Princeton's new Palmer Stadium to his small, cramped rooms on University Street. He went immediately, unhesitatingly, to the phone in the hall. Among the many things that he had learned about Primrose Slocum in their many ethereal, ephemeral, haunting, dainty nights together was that she was one of those girls to whom one told bad news oneself before she heard it from somewhere else.

Primrose's aunt fetched her to the phone. "I don't know how to tell you this," D. Evelyn O'Hackett began. In that instant, inexplicably, intangibly, ineffably, Primrose began to hate him. "Everything is such a mess. Such a terrible mess. I've been cut from the football team. As if that isn't bad enough, I've been thrown off *The Tiger*, out of the English Dramatic Association, the Triangle Club, *The Daily Princetonian*, the Philadelphian Society, Cottage Club, Cap and Gown, Quadrangle, Cannon—and I think I've been expelled, but I can't be sure because they say there's no record of my registering this semester. If I did not have you, my darling, I don't know what I would do."

"Oh, that's horrible, darling, don't say things like that, can you hold on a second? Thanks for waiting. I've just

gotten engaged to your worst rival, Eddie 'Gameboy' Kaiser. He doesn't have what you have, a sort of delicate strength of features and resolution that some women find fascinating, but he does possess a kind of invulnerable but fragile manner, like a bad child, that the years may someday mellow into a resolute magnetic manliness. And he is the football captain. You do wish us all the best, don't you, darling?"

Now our tale skips forward a number of months. In these months changes occur. Those changes (the genesis of which is never clear, unpinpointable, inappreciable, but certainly there) are of the sort that sometimes happen and make things different from how they were.

On the day of the big Princeton/University of Miami football game, a figure that some might recognize entered the visitors' hall with his teammates. The practiced eye might recognize the figure of a man who had been there before, but there was, one would have to admit, something changed about him. "I know I know him from somewhere," an onlooker would have to say, "but maybe I'm mistaken."

By half-time of the contest, with Miami leading 56 to 6, the hopes of the Princeton crowd were as dim as the last

scattering ashes of some Prospect Street pep-rally fire. For her part, Primrose Slocum was so devastated by watching the destruction of the one man who was important to her, in this case her beau, Eddie "Gameboy" Kaiser, that she could not notice the destruction of the mass of men to which he belonged, in this case the Princeton shrimps who were, as I think the reader has been advised, being decimated. So it was not until the second half, after Eddie had been removed to surgery, that Primrose noticed that the leader of the gargantuan Miamians was somehow, undeniably, idiomorphically, none other than D. Evelyn O'Hackett.

At the formal cotillion traditionally held after the Princeton/Miami game, the Princeton players, what was left of them, and their dates moved uneasily around the towering masses of the Miami men. Evelyn stood silhouetted against the moon, or perhaps not silhouetted, since his enormous frame blocked out most of the moon, but still, indisputably, there.

Primrose had searched and searched for him. It was seeing him at the end of the game being carried off the field and getting the key to the city that had made her decide, for reasons that she could not understand, that she had always

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



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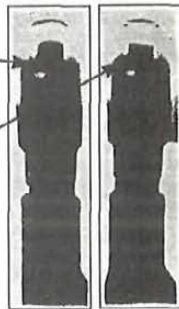
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THE POTATO



A CANDID REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE PRESS

In Us We Trust

It was another role-of-the-media symposium: "Media and the Something-or-Other." The Potato was in back, examining the deep-orange color of the dried-out cheese squares on the refreshment table, when one of the panelists—an editor of a metropolitan daily who earned his high post not for any feats of reporting but for inventing the weekly "Food" section as we know it—said, "The issue is that the average person doesn't seem to trust the media, and I think that's a wrong feeling, because the average person *should* trust us."

The average person should trust us.

In honor of that mealy-mouthed editor, here are some recent examples of time-honored trustworthy media tactics that have been kicking around the Potato's files for a while.

The Cave-in. You see this a lot with big, Establishment papers that are trying to be pals with everyone else in the big Establishment. Just last month in Atlanta, the *Constitution* got its hands on some secret Coca-Cola documents pertaining to a planned "Infant Formula Coke" (best revelation: the advertising tag line "Oh, Baby—Baby Coke" was a last-minute substitute for the company's first choice, "I'm a Coke baby!"). The paper took it page one, of course, and even had a nice photo simulation of the stunted beast your Two-Liter-Bottle-fed infant might become.

It sold papers—but it also generated some phone calls from suite to suite. So two days later, instead of a follow-up article providing more spice, a lengthy "Clarification" appeared on

page one. Those of you writing suck-up memos to your boss, take note:

While our reporter stands behind the facts of his story, the *Constitution* regrets the context in which this information was presented. Soliciting comments from infant-nutrition specialists excessively prejudiced the tone of the piece; conversely, not enough emphasis was given to the fact that Coca-Cola is a valued member of the Atlanta community. Beginning today, our six-part series, "Coke Cares," will try to restore that balance.

And, outside of six headline variations of the phrase "making a difference," that was the end of it.

Our Hands Wash Each Other (or, "It's A Murdoch World, We Just Live In It.") A couple of months ago we heard about how *Mirabella* magazine editors rewrote a profile on the Fox network from Gross-Out-Entertainment-That-Signals-The-Divide-Of-America to Popular-Entertainment-People-Really-Like. Ironically, the Fox network is owned

by Rupert Murdoch, who owns *Mirabella*.

And now that Rupert has had one taste of this rancid brew, the phenomenon is getting out of control, what with *TV Guide* (a Murdoch rag) printing Fox shows in larger type and Marge Simpson dissing other women's magazines in her gravelly cartoon voice. And, as if in penance, *Mirabella* now terms Murdoch an "entertainment wizard" whenever it quotes him, which quotes (I'm told) are actually just direct transcriptions of comments he writes on the printer's proofs hours before the magazine goes to press.

This interpromotion can be done in reverse, too. ESPN, which is owned by ABC, now makes its sportscasters term the footage it runs from the other two networks "supplied by an amateur video enthusiast."

If You Can't Say Something Nice, We'll Fire Your Ass. For the Potato and the millions like him who talk back to their television screens, fake positive attitudes are the bane of this country. Perhaps the worst thing of all about happy talk is that actual thinking people constantly get axed in favor of those who will continue the endlessly pounding upbeat. Case in
CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



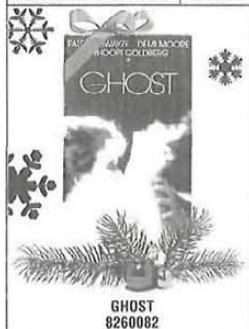
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2QE/2QG/2QJ

ON THE by Glenn Eichler PAYROLL

I first met Dean not long after Orientation. Of course that was before his appointment, he wasn't Dean Moriarty then, he was just plain Professor Moriarty, and a more sinister individual you wouldn't want to meet on the long dark empty meridiancleaved road onto which America spills her footloose sons like so many charcoal briquets tumbling from their sad crinkly sack. But soon enough and butterflylike he emerged from a faculty meeting Dean Moriarty and a great mellowing seemed to come over him, as he said at the time, "Sal, it's absolutely as if the dual planes of my energy and my ambition have intersected at the lowest possible point, that is to say I no longer have to teach even one class to achieve maximum remunerative potential," he used to talk like that in those days as we all did. So it was as Dean Moriarty that I got to know him and as Dean Moriarty that we had our falling out, but first a little about my own justhatched and pimplepunctuated fever dreams of that youthful time.

I didn't know anything in those days except that I wanted to do it all, experience it all, live life twenty-four hours a day, liplock this country I love in a soul kiss as big and wide as the Great Plains and burn, burn, burn like something or other, I hadn't quite figured out what yet but it didn't matter because before any of this could happen I had to establish my credentials as an important writer. Just six months earlier I had stood on the coffee table at Flip Phillips's, it was four A.M. after a night of huge talk, too many club sodas, too much decaf, too many trips to the bathroom, and I'd just had a story published in the *Quarterly Literary Review of the Southeastern Shore of Lake Huron*, an account of a wild bumper-car ride Max Ether and I had taken at a great gaudy honkytonk carnival, a fundraiser for his volunteer fire department, it was a crazy chase and a wild tale, but even so I felt a fake, a tinfoil, and I stood on Flip's milkcrate table bemoaning my lack of credibility until Toto Jablonski asked me how'd I like to do what all the really great writers did, and told me about a faculty opening at the junior college where he taught English as a second language. I was so excited I grabbed his arm as he spoke, and it turned blue and purple and every hue of the beautiful colorsplashed

rainbow until finally he pulled my hand away, saying, "Enough already!" and actually tearing off two joints of my pinkie in the process, but I didn't care, looking at that sorrowful twitching pinkie on the floor, I loved him so for being so mad. And so with paper and the very pen that Chico Mayago had very solemnly presented to Arnie Bergen one day when they stood at the edge of the Pacific Ocean skipping Charlie Parker 78s into the waves and vowing to never let a woman come between them, an ironic enough scene when you consider it was a videocassette of *Rumble Fish* they eventually had their falling out over, I wrote a letter, enclosing a sad gray carbon of my story. Before I knew it I had a nice title as associate professor of creative writing and I'd met and was hanging out with the astonishing Dean Moriarty, talking a blue streak and going to varsity swim meets and getting the faculty discount at the bookstore and looking for his father on other campuses and I was digging it, digging it all, living a life my old man would have killed for, in fact would have killed me for if he knew I was doing it, you no-good pansy bum you.

The Dean and I were about as good friends as ever walked the face of this great beautiful oceankissed country of

ours that I adore so much I want to tattoo its name in red white and blue on my ass. I remember in particular one caffeine-crazed sugarbuzz of an afternoon when Dean somehow got his shuddering hands on an almost-new Plymouth Voyager, a hulking monster of a family minivan, its blunt carnivorous snout a maroon harbinger of the Apocalypse if ever one existed. Dean decided the Voyager was the perfect set of wheels for a trip to the nursing college a quarter-mile away, and so in we piled with Toto and Ephram Nematode and Billy and Willy Trellis, adjunct professors of sociology and Siamese twins, who made for tiresome road buddies with their maddening war over heredity versus environment. Already joined at the side they nevertheless spent the whole ride at each other's throats, Billy screaming, "Nature! Nature!" over and over again and Willy shouting back, "Nurture, you freak! Get your own liver!" Dean of course banging on the padded steering wheel during all this and shaking his head and saying, "Phew!," and Marianne Myers, melancholy Marianne who under urgent pressure from Dean had decided at the last minute to tag along because her George Eliot course had only drawn two students this semester, one of whom

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



ILLUSTRATED BY MITCH O'CONNELL

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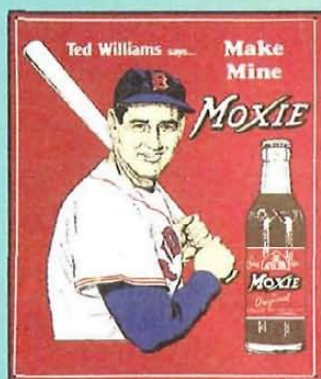
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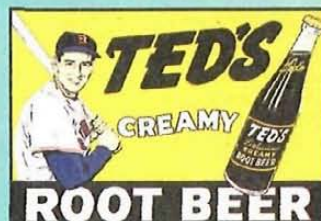
TIN12, Bambino, 8.5" x 13.5". The Babe had his own brand of tobacco.



TIN07, Old Gold, 16.5" x 12.5". In this circa early 30's sign Babe Ruth endorsed cigarettes... "not a cough in a carload!" Embossed with crimped edges.



TIN05, T. Williams/Moxie, 11" x 13"



TIN04, T. Williams Creamy Root Beer, 15" x 10"



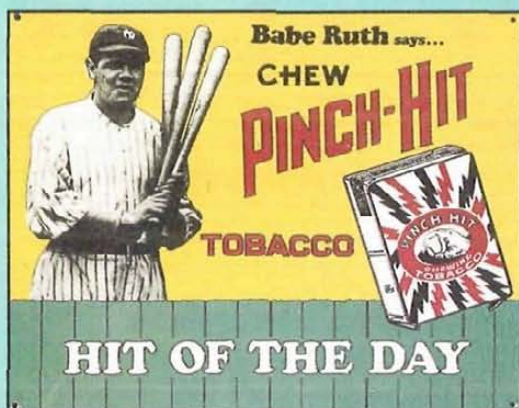
TIN02, Shoeless Joe Jackson, 12" x 9"



TIN01, Nap LaJoie, 14" x 11"



TIN03, T. Williams Root Beer, 10.75" x 6.5"



TIN06, Babe Ruth, Sultan of Swat, 14" x 11"

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ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SALA

FUN FACT: October, the month immediately preceding November, is named after "Rocktober," an expression coined during a thirty-one-day autumn promotion for a Detroit radio station. Also, did you know that more Americans get their hair cut in October than in any other month except April and May?

WHAT'S HAPPENING: 10/5 Annual High Court Pre-Session "Supreme De-Briefing Blowout," Washington, D.C.; 10/12 October Surprise Reunion, hosted by William Casey (ret.) at an undisclosed location; 10/25-27 October Fest, Crouch, Idaho.

OUT THIS MONTH: Paul "Pee-wee Herman" Reubens; Dave "Reuben Kincaid" Madden; Frank "Lumpy Rutherford" Bank; Jackie "Uncle Fester" Coogan.

DON'T MISS: The Martini Association kicks off the fall leg of its "Tiniwheels tour beginning the 4th. The "Tiniwheels vans will patrol the freeways of large urban areas, providing stiff drinks to drivers who have suffered auto accidents and handing out T-shirts saying "I Got Wrecked Before My Martini."

GETTING BLOWN BY MADONNA THIS MONTH: No one (cold sore).

OCTOBER IS

CHILD ENDANGERMENT MONTH

Fall Foliage Deaths: Look for 200 children in tree-rich areas to be killed by big-city tourists watching the foliage, not the road—up from last year's 157, thanks to lower gas prices. And in the tragic annual confusion of autumn traditions, expect another two dozen youngsters to perish jumping into piles of burning leaves. Finally, an estimated ten to twenty angry, maladjusted Gulf War Veteran Dads ("Gwivdies") will put out the

eyes of their wisecrack kids while raking leaves.

Pumpkin Fatalities: Halloween is expected to scare up another fifty to sixty tragedies as kids stick their heads inside pumpkins and asphyxiate. Despite last year's "They're for Scarin'—not Wearin'" campaign by the Pumpkin Growers of America, some parents still encourage this practice as a "safe" alternative to playing in abandoned refrigerators. Nothing could be further from the truth.



Halloween Death Masks: On a related note, law-enforcement officials are enlisting the support of local print and broadcast media in getting out the word about Trick or Treat. They are hoping to avoid a repeat of last year, when twenty-one children were killed and another seventy-eight were wounded by senile old people and alcoholics who believed that demons and goblins had actually come to get them.



THE EAR

Teams of top geneticists continue streaming in from all over the world to study the **Annette Bening/Warren Beatty** miracle fetus. While Down's syndrome has not been ruled out, early indications of a dented cranium turned out to be a false alarm; docs are asking Beatty to go easy on Annette for a while or consider pinking **someone else** for the duration.... In keeping with his ironically titled albums *Bad* and *Dangerous*, **Michael Jackson** has announced that his next musical project will be called *Human....* **Tattoo You:** Do rumors that **Marla's** been sleeping around bother the **Donald?** Not if the Ear



BEATTY



hears correctly that the Cash-Strapped One has been selling ad space on his fiancée's rear end. **Donald** "It's a small readership," boasts the Horned One, "but an exclusive one." The Ear hears otherwise.... That's no Indian caste symbol on **Ed McMahon's** forehead: it's a bullet hole. Seems the *Tonight Show* buttoy saw no reason to go on after **Johnny** announced his long-overdue retirement, but fortunately for *Star Search* fans everywhere, the bullet lodged in the three to four inches of solid fat protecting the second banana's brain.... Hollywood to **Julia Roberts:** On your knees. Seems her high price tag and the flaccid box office of *Dying Young* have made Tinseltown execs wary of fellatio-free roles for the Pretty One. B.J.-laden script offers keep coming, but insiders say Roberts isn't biting.... Check out *Doonesbury* this week. The Ear hears it's going to be funny on either Wednesday or Thursday.... And finally, spotted closedancing the night away with **Arsenio Hall** at L.A.'s trendy *China Club* recently: **French guys....**



ROBERTS



THE BEGINNING COMICS!
BY ED SUBITZKY

SON, YOU HAVE FIVE FULL PAGES AHEAD OF YOU!

THAT'S 29 MORE PANELS!

GO OUT AND MAKE THE MOST OF IT! LIVE! LAUGH! ENJOY!

I'VE WASTED FOUR OF YOUR PANELS ALREADY!

GET STARTED ON YOUR GREAT JOURNEY AND GOOD LUCK!

None Dare Call It...

STARTLING PROOF!

#661
"DEVIL'S
FOOD"

©1991 RON HAUGE

"DECAPITATED"
PITCHER IS
IDENTICAL TO
ONE EXHUMED
FROM GIANTS
STADIUM 50-YD.
LINE, 1989

HEIGHT OF
WATER LINE ON
LOGO FLUCTUATES—
EXACT INDICATOR
OF COMPANY
PROFIT MARGINS

UNCLEAR TIES
TO KESEY, LSD,
ELECTRICITY

THE REVEREND
JAMES JONES
SUCCUMBS TO
HYPNOTIC
GAZE (1978)

REAL-LIFE
"KOOL-AID KIDS"
IDENTIFIED AS
CHILDREN OF
THE ROSENBERGS



MODEL FOR
TRADEMARK
RUMORED TO
BE IDI AMIN

MODEL FOR
TRADEMARK
RUMORED TO
BE WERNER
KLEMPERER

REAL-LIFE
MR. PEANUT
NOW A
"VEGETABLE"
LIVING ON
REMOTE
TROPICAL
ISLAND

PEANUT'S JAUNTY
STANCE EXACTLY
RE-CREATES
STEP FROM
HITLER'S
JIG

SPATS HIDE
CLOVEN HOVES

MAN IN MR. PEANUT
HAT SPOTTED AT
DALLAS AIRPORT
THE DAY MR. CLEAN
IS ASSASSINATED

VOICE OF
"THE BEAST" IN
TV ADS BELONGS
TO GOOBER-TSAR
JIMMY CARTER

DASHES SPELL "TL3"
IN MORSE CODE —
TRILATERAL
COMMISSION???
(SEE ABOVE)

GLOVES CONCEAL
FINGERPRINTS OF
PUBLIC ENEMY #1
JOHN DILLINGER

SLAYER OF ABEL?



ON HBO THIS MONTH: FOUR FILMS TACKLE THE ISSUES

Without Warrant: Two resourceful public defenders (Ed Asner, Sam Waterston) teach renegade cops a lesson they'll never forget about due process.

Tougher Choices: A fiery showdown between would-be bombers of a Planned Parenthood clinic and the feisty clinic director (Mary Stuart Masterson) who gives them an out-of-court settlement—the hard way!

Final Performance: Art speaks deadlier than words when repressive, demagogic politicians make political hay from the honest, deeply felt work of a brilliant performance artist (Willem Dafoe).
Assembly Required: A dedicated ACLU lawyer (Mario Van Peebles) teams up with a plucky band of neo-Nazis as they take on

Jewish protesters in Skokie, Illinois.

THE INCREASINGLY HOLLOW BOASTS OF VANILLA ICE

#37: Boned Gloria Estefan roadie at Pepsi Summer Chill-Out.



CM

MARK MATCHO

DW

THE JOKE THAT ENDED MY MARRIAGE

MY WIFE: That was great sex, darling. You really know how to fuck.
ME: That's what *she* said.

IMG

BASEBALL YARN

It might have been my meanest curveball of the game.
"Strike three!" called the umpire, and that was it: we were going to the World Series.

The World Series!!!

I thought I was dreaming. I mean, *me*, getting to go to the World Series? Yes, the *World Series!!!* Somebody please pinch me!!

Aaaaaaaaahhhhh!!!

Not that one...that's my pitching—

Christ! I can't feel nuthin'....IT'S NUMB ALL THE WAY DOWN!!!

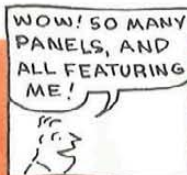
ASK THE

8

ASKING AN 8-BALL QUESTIONS SEEMED KIND OF FUNNY AT FIRST, BUT HASN'T THE GAG REALLY PLAYED ITSELF OUT?

Note: We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the 8-ball's answers. They are provided for amusement purposes only.

MY REPLY IS NO



It can't be, it can-*not* be!!!
 Oh, tell me it's all a
 dream!!! Somebody!!! Please!!!
 BF

**ALCOHOL ABUSE:
 THE FOUR WARNING SIGNS**

1. Dreaming of snakes.
2. Seeing snakes while awake.
3. Drinking with snakes.
4. Drinking snakes.

LD

HARD-TO-GET JOKE

Iman walks into Babar, and Texas tool-necks to a strain jar. After tubers, the strain jar says, "Hail give you five box if you drain Calders pit from that spitoon." Demon, low honk ash, says, "Sure." Aunt Bea ginsu drink. After amen nut hustler ping, the strain jar says, "Hey, that's Enos! Police top!" But demon keep string king. "Hey," Cessna strain jar. "Eye me net. Thatch grows. Alp A.U. Zamboni, adjust hop drinking." But demon capsule her pin down Decon tits of the spitoon. Finelli, after the strain jar Asner leave alm Ted from disgust, demon puts downey spitoon and why piss is mouth widows leave. "Why dent use top when I eschew to?" Asta Sihk end strain jar. "Ike hood dent," Desdemon. "Beak a seat oiseaux lien warm peas."

SJ

UNFUNNY JOKE

Seems Dan Quayle, a rabbi, a Catholic priest, and a colored fella with a giant ying-yang were in a lifeboat, when...*Attention*, National Lampoon reader: Ignore the preceding. If an annoying stranger is reading this over your shoulder, casually flip to page 22.

**THREE PERFECTLY NICE WORDS
 WE'D HOPED NEVER TO SEE
 TOGETHER**

- 1) McDonald's
- 2) Breakfast
- 3) Burrito

IMG

JIM WHEAT'S PAGE

BACK FROM THE SADDLE!

Country Music's Offshore Messiah!

Dean Don Durbin

(formerly Arthur P. Potts)



ANNOUNCING
 THE RELEASE
 OF HIS NEW ALBUM,

LET'S GROW HAIR!

FEATURING ALL THE SONGS DEAN SINGS IN HIS SLEEP!

- | | |
|---|---|
| SHE THINKS I'M STILL IN HEAVEN | WONDER WHERE I'VE GONE? |
| LOCKJAW POLKA | FOREVER'S TOO QUICK(When A Man Gets Sick) |
| HOWDY FROM ABOVE | BORN IN A JAR |
| WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN'?(On My Brain) | DEVIL ATE HIS TATERS |
| MY HEAD OF WOOD (Ain't Near As Good) | LET'S GROW HAIR! (Bald Man's Revenge) |
| A WRESTLER'S PRAYER | BELLYFUL O' YOGA |
| CAUGHT BETWEEN MY EYES | YES MA'AM, IT'S HAMI |
| TAKE THESE ARMS AND SHOVE IT! | TRIPLE SIX WALTZ(Subliminal Version) |
| PREACHER OF STEAM(Duet with Dalal Parton) | BETTER TELL THE MARTIANS |
| LETTER FROM BOB(The Black Rat Song) | PAPPY STOLE AN EARTHMAN |
| HOW OLD DID I GET? | HE'S GONE TO GET JESUS |
| WELCOME TO MY BUICK(Have A Seat On The Stove) | MAKE THE PUPPET GO AWAY! |
| HIGH TIDE PARADE | LEAD-HEADED GOAT |
| SANTA FED THE CHICKENS | HAI HAI BLUE GRINGO! |
| DEATH ROW POLKA | MONKEY IN MY GENES |
| WATER HOSE BLUES | |

BONUS!
 INCLUDED WITH EACH
 ALBUM IS AN 8x10
 PHOTO OF DEAN DON
 KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!

Now Available on RODE HARD RECORDS

LONGSHOT FATS'S HISTORICAL POINTSPREADS

FAVORITE	4	UNDERDOG
Aunt Esther		Fred Sanford

Fred's conditioning suspect, and still no defense for that handbag. Look for Esther to invoke the Lord. 20 units.

EZW



NOTICE TO ANYONE READING THIS OVER MY SHOULDER

HEY, YOU! Don't think I can't see you out of the corner of my eye, and don't think I don't know exactly what you're doing. I paid \$2.95 for this magazine and the meter's running, if you know what I mean. Now, I don't expect you to pay more than your fair share, and I'm perfectly willing to pro-rate this thing, but either you make a contribution or bug off. And what's wrong with you, anyway, that you can't go out and buy your own copy? Come to think of it, aren't you taking a pretty big risk reading over my shoulder? I mean, I probably look like one of those timid, nice people who'll let you read all you want and not make any fuss about it, right? Well, maybe I'm not. Maybe I'm one of those "nice" people you read about in the newspapers—that is, when you get to see a newspaper over somebody's shoulder—the kind who suddenly turn violent, who act real calm right up until the moment they turn violent, but then they just can't take it anymore and start slashing. I could do quite a job on your face before you had a chance to react, know what I mean? Maybe I've had a horrible, rotten week. Maybe my job has turned to shit, my relationships have turned to shit, and I'm just reading this magazine because I'm praying for a laugh to save my sanity, and what I don't need is any extra stress from somebody reading over my shoulder, and maybe that tiny bit of stress is going to bring me right to the breaking point. You're backing away, I see. Wise, my friend, very wise. Just slip the money you owe me—four bits will do—into my coat pocket and we'll consider the whole thing over and done with. That's it, easy now, easy now—no sudden movements. Good, good. You just may have saved yourself and all these innocent people a lot of pain.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S SUPER DREAM MATCH-UP: CATWOMAN VS. CATHY



NEW FALL FAG PREVIEW
A SURVEY OF WHAT THE BOYS IN TOBACCO MARKETING ARE UP TO
 My Old Man's Cigs For biker chicks who'd "rather fight than anything." Possible campaign slogan: "Hey, show us your cigs!"
 T.P. Firesticks For sale on reservations only. "Heap big flavor, little wampum price."
 Cafe Acrid For the coffee-

house crowd. "Finally, a cigarette as bitter as you are."
 Freedom 50s "Pre-smoked because they're made for buns."
 Ultrathin Lights "Low tar, low nicotine, no cholesterol—and it's sugarless!"
 Doubledare "The cigarette only pussies won't smoke."
 Black Hound "All that bad doggy taste without that bad

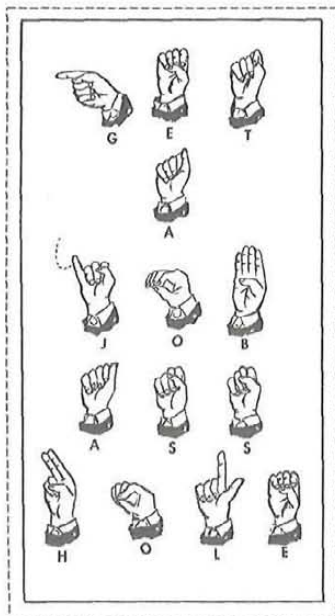
THE EQUALIZER

THIS MONTH: Miscreant repellent.

PREPARATION: Cut out card and keep handy in wallet. (You may wish to purchase several copies of this magazine if there are many miscreants in your neighborhood.)

SCENARIO: While strolling in public, deaf bum approaches with "gift" card displaying sign language alphabet, which you've always wanted. Reverse of card indicates that payment is expected for this gift. Instead, hand him the Equalizer card in exchange.

CONTINGENCY PLAN: If deaf bum does not understand card, he is not really deaf and is committing felony fraud. Notify the nearest law-enforcement official.



RL

HI! I'M ALONE AND BROKE, TOO! WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME AND FIND A NICE STEADY JOB?

I GUESS FILLING IN BREAKS IN THE FRAME LINE ISN'T SUCH A BAD OCCUPATION!

I'M SPENDING A WHOLE PANEL TAKING THE GARBAGE OUT!

I'M SPENDING A WHOLE PANEL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A MICROWAVE DINNER WRAPPER!

THE HELL WITH IT! I'M GOING TO SPEND THE NEXT PANEL DRUNK!

ZZZ...



Kyle Vaker

doggy breath.”
Times Square “For hip young men who don’t care what they put in their mouths.”

LD

THE THREE GREATEST CIVIL RIGHTS VICTORIES OF THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION

- James Wilson (an *African-American*) bought a Volvo station wagon, 8/21/91.
- Ng Chg Thy (a *Vietnamese immigrant*) voted for this year’s All-Star Team.
- Jaime Corrao (a *Latino*) listens to a local Spanish radio station regularly—without government intrusion.

MG

MEN AND MARRIAGE CHAPTER 1: AVOIDING COMPLICATIONS IN AN EXTRAMARITAL AFFAIR

First of all, you should try to marry someone you won’t get tired of fucking. Ensure this by fucking the person one thousand times in three basic positions to see if you get bored. Then, after you get married, if you think you want to have an affair anyway, test the mental stability of your extramarital partner by asking her, “Are you unbalanced or insane in any way?” If the reply is no, you’re golden. If the response is yes, but the fucking is good, use this fact to your advantage: wear bizarre outfits whenever you see your partner. Then if you are ever sued for divorce or paternity, the trial will go

something like this:
YOU (representing yourself): And when this alleged sexual intercourse took place, what was I wearing?
YOUR PARTNER (flustered, like Rain Man): Um, um, a fireman’s hat, Elton John sunglasses, and a Big Bird suit.
YOU: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, draw your own conclusions.

DR

MOZART AND ME: UNCANNY COINCIDENCES

Mozart was poor; I am poor. Mozart was married; I am married. Mozart’s gifts were recognized when he was still a child; my grade school put me in an advanced reading level as a child. Mozart was succeeded by a president named Johnson; I often work with a writer named Johnson. Mozart was hailed as a world-renowned supergenius after his death; I, too, can wait that long.

CM

EAVESDROPPING ON A CHILDREN’S GANG

- You got an Atari for Christmas? Big Jake *hates* Atari.
- We got big trouble. What is it?
Gloria Sanders and her gang are starting to muscle in on our territory.
Crap! They’re bigger than us.
- This is Mikey, Lenny, and Joey the Rat. Joey’s gonna shove that grape Popsicle right up your ass.

JS

HAPPY, SAFE HUNTING A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

I’m big on hunting. Always have been. To me, it’s a privilege and a responsibility. But due to a hunting accident I suffered two years ago, my hunting days are over. It doesn’t have to be like that for you, though, if you just follow a few simple safety tips.

1. Always wear your orange. I might’ve had a chance if I’d been spotted and identified as another hunter.
2. Camouflage is no substitute for safety. Every hunter knows the importance of getting as close to game as possible without being seen. But remember, you may look great in your fur and hooves and antlers, but to another hunter, you may look just like a trophy buck.
3. Stay cool. If you know you’re being stalked or even fired on by another hunter, shout a warning and keep shouting until the other hunter comes to you. Don’t bleat like a distressed or wounded deer, and whatever you do, don’t drop your gun and skitter out onto the highway on all fours.
4. If you do decide to run out onto the highway, always look both ways first. And no matter what, don’t stop to stare into oncoming headlights. They have strange hypnotic powers that even scientists don’t understand completely.

SJ

PLEASE, HELP US STOP

The *National Lampoon* is one of the few magazines today without a distinctive article-ending “dingbat”—you know, those odd little symbols you see at the end of the *Playboy* Advisor  and those boring *Esquire* profiles . For years, *NatLamp* readers have not known when an article was over, leaving many unclear on when to stop laughing. To alleviate this problem, we have hired a dingbat consultant, who has presented us with the following ten choices. We’d like your input.

- | | |
|--|---|
| A.  | F.  |
| B.  | G.  |
| C.  | H.*  |
| D. <i>The End</i> | I.  |
| E.  | J.  |

*Shave and a haircut, two bits.

Send your choice to:
Dingbats
c/o National Lampoon
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013

CONTRIBUTORS:

- Bill Franzen, Michael Gerber, Robert Leighton, Dave Rygalski, Jeff Schaffer, Ed Subitzky, E. Z. Waldstein, Jim Wheat, Dave Wielgus, and the Editors.

ONLY ONE MORE PAGE LEFT! AND I HAD SUCH DREAMS AT THE BEGINNING!

NOW I SPEND ALL MY PRECIOUS PANELS JUST THINKING BACK!

THAT FIRST GIRL I MET! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE SAID, "WHAT'S YOUR SIGN!"

DID I REALLY SPEND A WHOLE PANEL ON THAT STUPID REGRET?

ONLY ONE MORE PANEL LEFT! BOY, AM I GOING TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

ON THE OTHER HAND, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING GOOD ON TV... THE END



THE SILENT CALLER

"Hello?... Hello?... Who is this, damnit!"

Silence. I slammed the phone down and stormed out of my office.

"Debbi, my phone's dead. It rang, but there's no one on the other end. Just silence."

She blew the nail dust off her fingers and started on her toes.

"Were you holding it the right way up?"

"Of course I was."

"Was it plu...?"

"Yes, it was plugged in."

She giggled. "Maybe it was just some deaf-mute girl you met at a party calling you up."

I was about to read Debbi the riot act, when something she said rang a bell. Last week...a party...a beautiful deaf-mute who looked like Marilyn Monroe and spoke like Marlee Matlin. She had soft, slim hands that spelled passion, trouble, and a whole lot more. I had too many cocktails and too few scruples, and we ended up doing it in the bathroom, me to the sound of the

music outside, her to the pulsating disco light under the door.

I gave her my work number, of course—deaf-mute or no, the last thing I wanted was her calling home and getting my wife. I hurried back to the phone.

"I think I know who this is. But why are you calling me?"

There was silence on the other end of the line—an angry, hurt, female silence.

"I don't mean, 'why are you calling me, I don't like you,' I mean, 'why are you calling me, since you're a deaf-mute.'"

More silence, just as female but not so hurt. I had an idea:

"Wait a minute, maybe you have one of those voice-decoder computer things so everything I say gets typed out on a little screen at your end. But you don't have the other part, the part that lets you type stuff in to me. Click once if that's right."

A click: recognition! It was her.

"Darling, I've missed you. Have you missed me?"

Another click. Through the obscurity of her tragic handicap, we were coming together, like two lost tugboats in the fog.

"I'll never forget that night. Was it as wonderful for you as it was for me?"

No click. Silence. I raced out of my office.

"Debbi, my phone line's gone dead again!"

"Maybe you just weren't that great," she said, straightening up and wiping her ear print off the door. Before I could fire her, I remembered something else that had happened at that party. A scream...a smoke alarm...panic. Thinking only of my own safety, I had run out of the bathroom—alone...

I ran back to the phone.

"I think I know why it wasn't that great for you. Is it because I stopped too soon?"

A loud click. Jackpot.

"Darling, there's something you don't understand. There was a fire. A smoke alarm went off. I rushed outside. There was panic, and people were trying to escape out the bathroom window. I had to fight them off so they wouldn't come in and see you naked. I'm sorry I never called, but several people died to protect your virtue. Legally, that put me in a rather delicate situation."

It was a lie, but sometimes the truth is too painful to hear, even for the deaf.

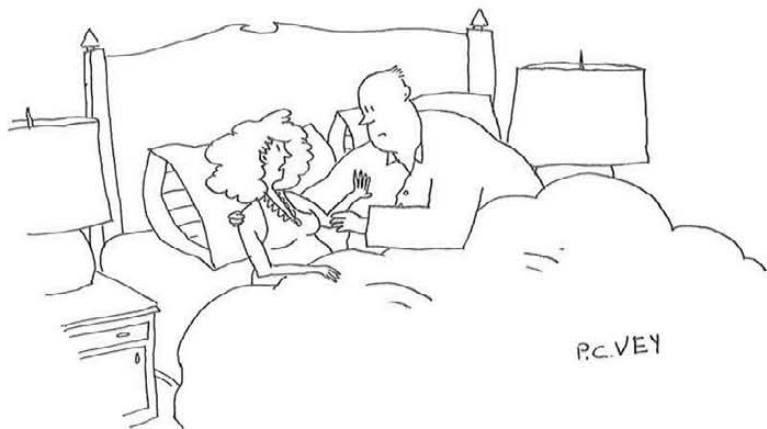
"Darling, tell me you believe me."

I hoped my false sincerity would somehow come through on her computer screen. Apparently it did, for I heard a reluctant click.

"Anyway," I said, trying to wind things down, "it was nice hearing from you. Are you still doing your painting?"

Another click, this one all pouty and hurt. She knew she was being brushed off.

"I think I mentioned that I'm married, but maybe you weren't watching my mouth at the time."



"Not tonight, dear. You've gained fifty pounds and lost most of your hair."

Silence.

"But I'll never forget you. Every time my phone rings and no one's there, I'll think of you."

This time the click was mine, and I wondered how her little computer screen showed a dial tone. But we had an issue to get out, and I soon forgot all about her.

Until I got home. My wife was waiting at the train station with flowers and a Luger. I've never much cared for flowers, and the Luger didn't help.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Yes, something's wrong. I called you at work. There was something wrong with the phone. All I could do was click, but you said everything I needed to hear. You bastard."

"Darling, you're right, and I know what you're going to do. But let me say one thing."

"What?"

"There's a gorilla behind you!"

She wasn't fooled, or maybe she's just not afraid of gorillas. She emptied the Luger, filling the small train station with blue smoke and the ticket salesman with hot lead. For the umpteenth time I thanked God my wife was blind as a bat. More blind, actually, because she doesn't even have that beepy radar thing.

After that, she calmed down. Maybe because she'd made her point; maybe because she was out of ammo. But now we're working things out: we spend more time together, my drinking's under control, I've hidden the Luger, and when the phone rings and no one's there, I hang up.

Ian Maxtone-Graham

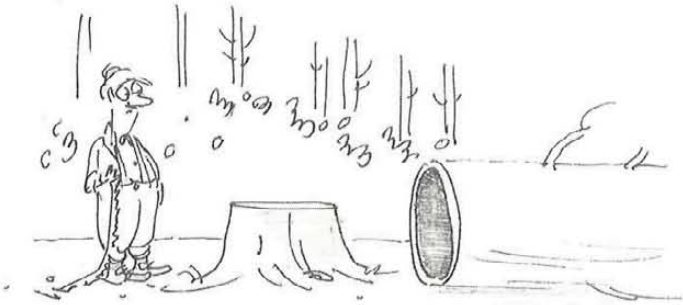
A DIRTY JOKE

I was about ten years old when Dad decided, out of the blue, to tell me a dirty joke. We were sitting up late, watching old movies, and Mom was in bed. I was taking sips of his beer. It was Man time.

"Seems there was this guy traveling through Maine....I guess he was probably a traveling salesman....Was he?" Dad stopped and gazed off into space for a few minutes. "I guess it doesn't matter....Well, say he's a traveling salesman....Anyway, this traveling salesman has been traveling through Maine all day selling...oh, encyclopedias. Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

"So the sun is going down and he, the guy, the salesman, needs a place to stay, or else he'll have to sleep in his car. So he passes a sign that says



'Welcome to Red Tip, Maine,' and he stops for gas, and while he's getting his car filled up, he asks the guy—at the gas station, you know—where can I stay? Where's a good place to stay? Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

"So this guy, the guy filling up his car, says he should drive down to the Red Tip Inn...you know inns, right? Like hotels?"

"Like the Red Lion Inn?" I said. That's where we stayed when we went to the Berkshires in the fall to watch the leaves change color.

Dad was proud. "Good lad. Have some more beer. Do you know what's special about the Red Lion Inn?"

"Your honeymoon was there?"

Dad's eyes glazed over again. It was the right answer, since he told me the story every time we went there. But now he just sighed and said, "My honeymoon...yes....You know, that's where you started out....Room 14....Did you know that?"

I started to squirm. We'd had the

talk about "fluids" a few months ago and I didn't want him to start talking about it again. "You told me," I said quickly, hoping to cut him off.

"You were just fluids at that point...." he continued, horribly. "Just fluids sloshing around inside your mother...."

His voice trailed off. I was unbelievably relieved that he had stopped. We sat and watched the movie in silence. He had apparently forgotten about the joke. I wanted to know how it ended, because David Dupuis, who was twelve but liked hanging out with the ten-year-olds on my street, knew dozens of dirty jokes and I didn't know any except the ones he had told me.

But Dad wasn't saying anything. His eyes had closed and his mouth was hanging open. It didn't look like he was breathing. I shook him to make sure he wasn't dead, and he snorted and yelled, "What? What?" He looked upset and confused for a couple of seconds, then calmed down and took a

sip of his beer.

We sat there, then Dad said, "So, the guy, the traveling salesman, asks the guy, the gas station guy, where it is...the inn. And it's a few miles down the road, so the traveling salesman goes off looking for it, and he's getting tired, and he hasn't seen this place, the Red Hotel...."

"The Red Tip Inn?"

"What? Right....And he's thinking, it's supposed to be on this road...where is it? Is it much farther? You know?"

"Right."

"So, he sees a car parked at a rest area....And there are these two people in it....And they're...uh-huh...and so the guy pulls over and says, you know, how far is the Red Tip Hotel? And the woman has her head hanging out the window...."

Dad stopped again and smiled, like he was savoring the punch line before letting it out. He chuckled and said, "Do you remember Mrs. Kellogg? She used to watch you afternoons...."

"Yeah...." I said, wondering whether this information somehow affected my appreciation of the punch line. Dad didn't explain the connection, though. He just chuckled some more, then said, "Mary Kellogg....She used to be Mary Vernon....You know Mr. Vernon, the florist? That's her father...."

Dad took another sip of his beer, then said, "Well, so anyway, the woman says...the woman in the car...she says, 'About six inches.'"

Dad looked embarrassed, then laughed. I laughed too, so he wouldn't feel obligated to explain it and get into fluids again. I didn't completely understand what the funny part had been, but I had a rough idea. The two people in the car were doing something dirty, and it was funny because they were doing it in the parking lot, even though the hotel was less than a foot away.

As I thought it over, I decided that was it. The joke had been a lot like a lot of the ones David Dupuis told: dirty, but not really funny. I figured it was my turn, and I remembered one of David's jokes. "I've got one."

"Okay."

"Have you ever smelled mothballs?"

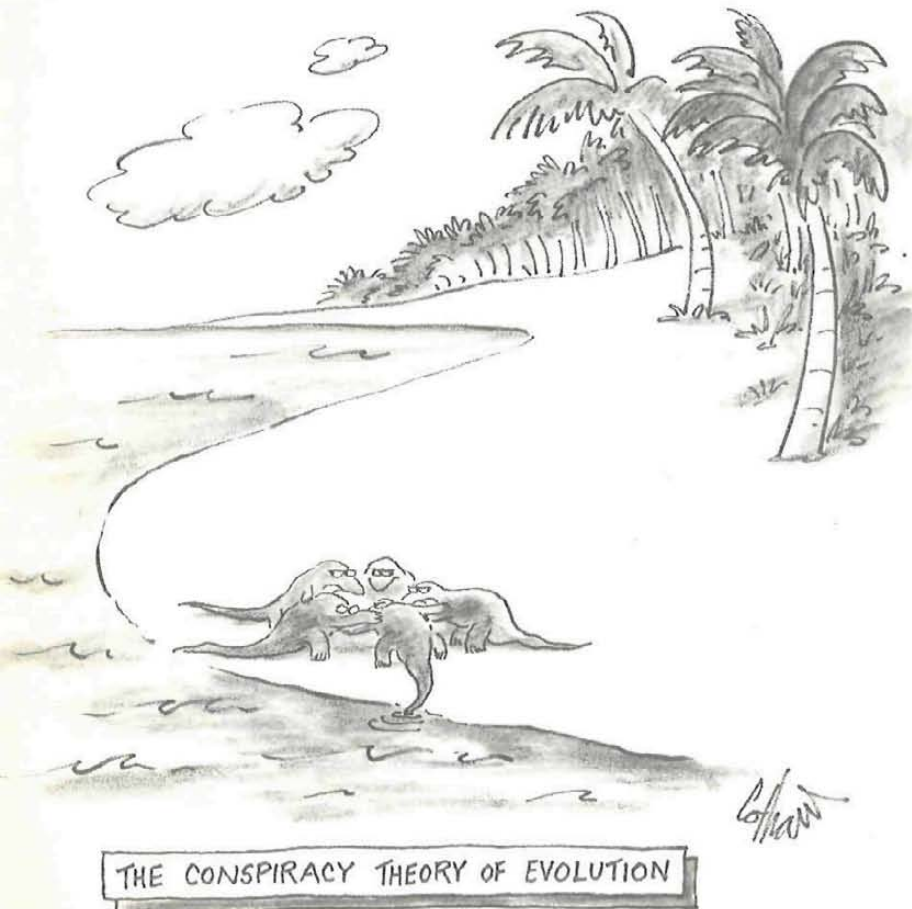
"Yeah," Dad said, encouraging.

"What did you do, hold it by the wings?"

Dad looked at me, smiling like he thought I was going to say more. When he saw that I wasn't, he said, "Well, good night."

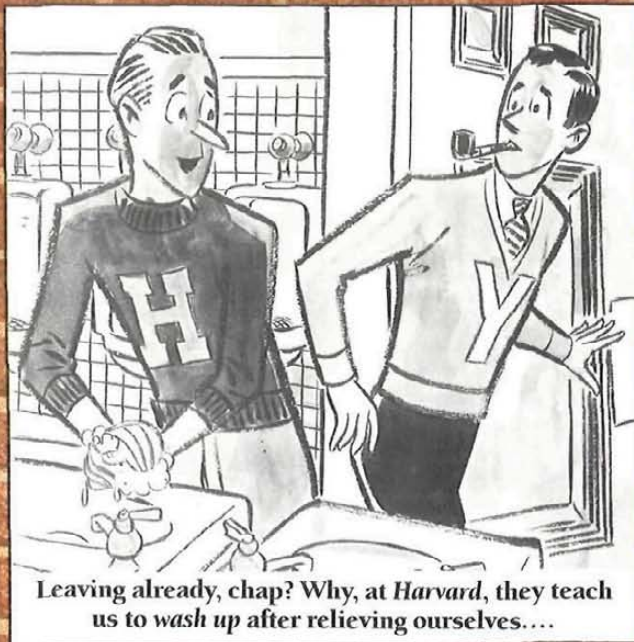
He finished his beer and went to his bedroom. I knew he didn't get the joke. But that didn't surprise me.

Andrew Osborne

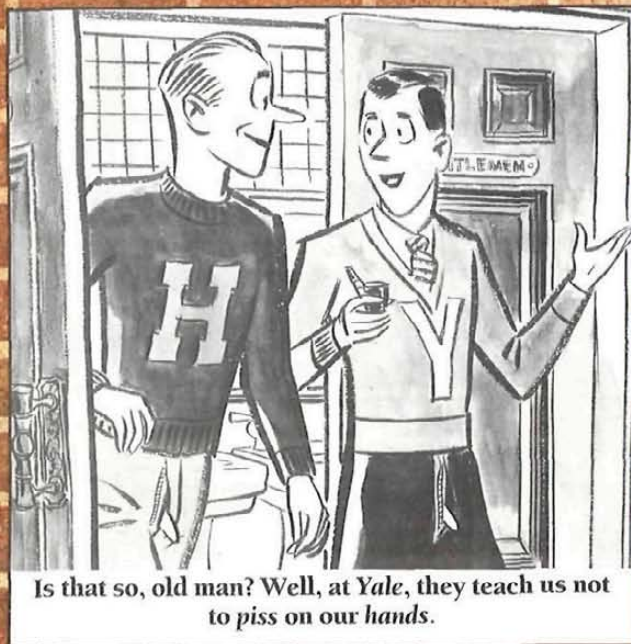


THE CONSPIRACY THEORY OF EVOLUTION

NATIONAL LAMPOON PRESENTS
CAMPUS LIFE '91
 A COLLEGIATE HUMOR SUPPLEMENT
 WRITTEN ENTIRELY BY COLLEGIANS



Leaving already, chap? Why, at Harvard, they teach us to wash up after relieving ourselves....



Is that so, old man? Well, at Yale, they teach us not to piss on our hands.

SYLLABUS

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT COLLEGE. Lutz et al., pp. 28-29.

ESSAY STARTERS. Christine Caldwell, Russian Studies, Brown '91, p. 31.

CTHULHU UNIVERSITY. Jeff Branion, English, Harvard '91, p. 32.

YES, MESSER! Caldwell, op. cit., pp. 33-35.

HALF-TIME FOTO FOLLIES. Elijah Aron and Jeff Branion, Harvard, p. 36.

THE TWIN PRIDES OF CASTILE (A Politically Correct Essay). Markham O'Keefe, Philosophy, Harvard '93, p. 37.

THE SENSITIVE GUYS IN "STOP THE PUSSY-GO-ROUND, I WANT TO GET OFF." Caldwell, op. cit., pp. 38-39.

DORMROOM 2000. Branion and Caldwell, op. cit., p. 40.

DUMB FRAT GAMES ACTED OUT BY AUTHENTIC DUMB FRAT GUYS IN A REAL FRATERNITY HOUSE WE CAN'T TELL YOU WHICH ONE. David Hyatt, Political Science, Stanford '92, pp. 41-43.

SEX IN A DOUBLE. Jon D. Beckerman, Philosophy, Harvard '92, pp. 44-45.

DOS AND DON'TS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN WISHING TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN THEY HARDLY KNOW. Jodi Glenn, Rhetoric, University of Illinois '92, p. 45.

THE PRINCETON FUCK BUS. Karen Tolchin et al., p. 47.

FOOL ON THE HILL: DIARY OF AN INTERN. Jen Weiner, Princeton '91, p. 48.

I'M SORRY, JEFF, BUT I CAN'T FAIL A SECOND-SEMESTER SENIOR. Branion, op. cit., p. 49.

COLIJ COMIX. Various, pp. 51-57.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S OUTSTANDING SENIORS AWARDS. Mark Hentemann, Communications, Miami University '91, p. 82.

CARTOONS BY FRANK SPRINGER • ILLUSTRATED BY JEANETTE ADAMS

*CORRECTED FOR SPELLING AND PUNCTUATION AND STRIPPED OF ALL HUMOR CONTENT BY THE EDITORS.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT COLLEGE

CURRICULUM

MATH: The only possible way to understand math is to carefully follow the actions of the Front-Row Interpreters. While the professor carries on, these students nod comprehendingly, pretending to understand what is essentially gibberish. However, when an actual piece of knowledge emerges, an FRI will raise his hand and repeat, in question form, what the professor just said. This is your cue to take notes.

PROFESSOR: "...So, if and only if epsilon is preceded by theta and x is greater than...blah, blah, blah...to solve this problem you add 8 and 7 together."

FRI (raising hand): "Sir, in order to solve this problem do you add 8 and 7 together?"

PROFESSOR: "Yes."

CHEMISTRY: For perfect answers, follow these rules:

1. Write a dot after the first digit in your answer.
2. Remove the last three digits and change the last remaining one to a random number of your choosing.
3. Write "x 10" after your answer. Draw a tiny squiggle that could be mistaken for any number from 1 to 384 above and to the right of the 10. If you like, you may add a negative sign in front of your squiggle, since you can always claim afterward that your pen slipped.

SOCIOLOGY/POLITICAL SCIENCE: The world is divided into haves and have-nots. This is called Marxism. Also, weirdly, the United States is a Republic, but we practice Democracy.

DORM LIFE: Shitty beer does the job.

—Steve Lutz, UC-San Diego

EXTRACURRICULARS

PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION (PLO): The PLO is a completely student-run terrorist group that seeks to oust the Israelis who currently occupy the Palestinian homeland. Last year it was able to hold thirteen people captive against their will, and pipe-bomb three discos in and around Barcelona. Fund-raising bake sales and T-shirt sales will be held in the fall.

THE PUSCAMP THROLDEN GOATS: This is the nation's oldest collegiate dyslexic, all-male a cappella singing group. At their Spring Jam this fall, listen for renditions of such classics as "Rib the Old Yellow-man with a Tie of Oak," "Not in the Lame of Shoves," and "The Chattanooga Ouch-Ouch."

ORGANIZATION OF SECRECY: The group was founded at a certain secret time in a

certain secret place by a man who wishes to remain nameless. Its goals are simple and cannot be disclosed, and its constitution was recently crumpled up and thrown into the ocean, forever preserving its purity.

—Jeff Schaffer, Harvard

STRAPPING, GLISTENING, STRAIGHT WHITE MALES: Note: You don't have to be a strapping, glistening, straight white male in order to join. A feminist could join, for example. No one's stopping her, right? Currently crusading to rename the Humanities Department the Manities Department.

STUDENTS FOR ILLITERACY (C.F.I.): This group had some difficulty getting officially registered, as its members are unable to write a group constitution. But protests against "literocentrism" did the trick.

D.R.U.G.S.: It doesn't stand for anything. It's just a group that likes to break into the psychology building at 3:00 A.M. on Tuesdays, get stoned, and leave paraphernalia sitting around so it looks cool. Once a year, they wear green on Legalize Pot Day.

—Ken Gerber, Washington University

SLANG

VOMIT: Yak, boot.

DRUNK: Blasted, wasted.

POTATO SALAD: Chunktaters, tatomush.

DISPROPORTIONATE: Blunged-out, flerdy.

EMULSIFY: Fenksterize, shumprivat.

BETWEEN: Wibblish, pit-pit.

WATER FILTRATION: Mungo, skitters.

BREASTS: Knockers, gazongas.

PRANKS

• Call someone you do not know on the telephone.

• Feed someone a food that he or she dislikes, under the pretense that it is a different, more palatable food.

• Put an animal or other object in a place where it would not be expected or welcomed under typical circumstances.

• Arrange someone's bedsheets in such a

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

MIRACLE CORNER:
CHRIST TURNS A BUCKET
OF VOMIT INTO WINE



fashion that it becomes difficult for the victim to achieve a comfortable sleeping position.

—Jon Beckerman, Harvard

OUTRAGES

While the threats of the "PC" movement are well-documented, we shouldn't forget that the habits and "isms" that engendered that movement are still perilously alive. A sampling:

- According to Professor Martin Woodfield of DePauw University, night is *not* caused by the earth's rotation; instead, a phenomenon he calls "blacking out" occurs, wherein "all the black people of the world fly high up into the atmosphere with their voodoo powers, blotting out the sun with their inky black skins, except for the nightclub entertainers and drug dealers," to quote a recent lecture. Amazingly, Woodfield was not only retained but made chairman of the Sciences Department.

- In March of this year, the University of Massachusetts sponsored a series of date-rape seminars using money originally budgeted for "consciousness-raising." Yet the seminars instructed men on date-rape *technique!* University officials avoided protests by scheduling the seminars at the same time as important basketball games.

- Wild bears mauled 452 Michigan students at a Gay Pride rally this spring. The bears were released by a fraternity as a "stunt." The university did nothing.

—Elijah Aron, Harvard, Jeff Branion, Harvard, and
Christine Caldwell, Brown

TRADITIONS

THE MIRACLE OF THE EUSTACHIAN TUBE (SYRACUSE). The entire school attends a splendid cocktail party where people repeatedly blow into each other's ears until it hurts. Then everyone gathers in a grand hall where each person plugs his nose, clamps his mouth shut, and tries to force air through his or her eye ducts. This pops the Eustachian tube—which miraculously heals every year.

THE COMMENCEMENT GOAT (TENNESSEE). On the day of commencement, graduates of all ages come together and let a lone goat feel their assembled wrath. No stones are thrown and the goat is not chased off a cliff; instead, the goat is forced to grapple with the graduates' socioeconomic and moral woes. If the goat fails to cope with these woes, the alumni take turns wrestling with it.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE ECLIPSE (BAYLOR). Every fifty-three years the Pleiades are eclipsed by the moon; and, at other times, by clouds. In olden days, students and faculty alike thought this signaled the end of the earth and would bang pots and pans loudly to scare away demons and call back the stars from the Otherworld. Today, the noise is in the form of rock music played by an all-faculty band, and the kids dance all night long.

—Jeff Schaffer

ALUMNI NOTES

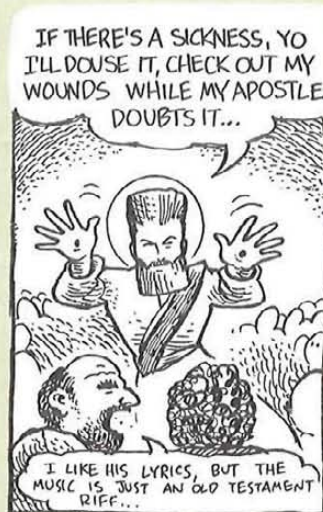
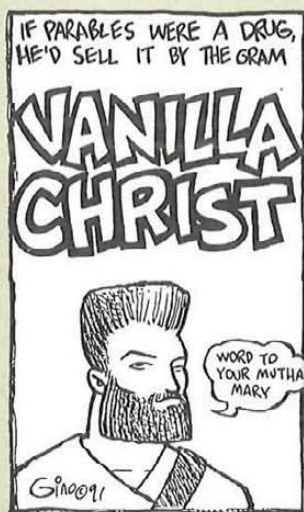
If you find nothing more disturbing than hearing about the happiness of others, then reading those biographical updates of alumni published before their college reunions will make you reorganize your shotgun collection according to barrel flavor. But take heart! In reality, these things are just subtly crafted fictions intended to obscure the cheap, empty, sordid reality of the writers' lives. For instance:

NAMING ONE'S PETS AND DESCRIBING THEIR INTERESTS AND PERSONALITIES. Almost always an attempt to cover up the fact that the writer is sterile: the hope is that people will skim the bio quickly and assume they're reading about the writer's children. This is definitely the intent if the pets have names like "John, Jr.," "Our First Girl," or "A Smart, Energetic Thirteen-Year-Old with His Parents' Looks and Temperament." As everyone knows, the infertile are incapable of living full lives, and should not even technically be considered human. Even if the spouse is the unwhole one, the marriage is bound to be a joyless farce. The same is true if the writer describes the "different but wonderful" family assembled by adopting children who are retarded, handicapped, and/or orphans from global trouble spots.

ASSERTING THAT ONE FINDS HIS WORK TO BE "STILL CHALLENGING AND EXCITING." After all these years, the schmuck has never really gotten the hang of his job. Sure, it's exciting to live in fear of firing, or to wonder if you'll kill someone each time you enter an operating room; but let's face it, anyone over thirty who is still being challenged by his occupation has made a big mistake in his career choice, knows it, and realizes it's too late to do anything about it.

WRITING ONLY, "LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME." I literally shudder thinking of the horrors this person must have been through.

—Brian Reich, Harvard



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ESSAY STARTERS

YOU TOO CAN GO TO SCHOOL

BY CHRISTINE CALDWELL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL CHAN

CAN'T GET INTO COLLEGE?
Let us help: these can be tailored to almost any application.
We'll provide the openings, and you take it from there.

6. PERSONAL STATEMENT/ESSAY

The essay offers an opportunity for you to help us become acquainted with you in ways different from grades, test scores, and other objective data. It allows you to demonstrate your ability to organize your thoughts and express yourself. With this in mind, please write an essay, approximately 200-500 words in length on a separate sheet of paper, about one of the following topics:

- Discuss one of your accomplishments that you achieved with great difficulty. Indicate the nature of the obstacle(s) you overcame, how you were able to succeed in your endeavors, and how your experience helped you grow as a person.
- It has been said that "in the future everyone will be world-famous for fifteen minutes." Describe your fifteen minutes.
- Select a creative work—a novel, a film, a poem, a musical piece, a painting, or other work of art—that has influenced the way you view the world and the way you view yourself. Discuss the work and its effect on you.

7. SIGNATURES

My signature below indicates that all the information contained in this...

1. THE ADVENTURE ESSAY
2. THE ALTRUISTIC ESSAY
3. THE FRIENDSHIP ESSAY

1 In the three seconds it takes a twenty-five-foot jungle anaconda to squeeze out your last breath, you've got one chance to kill it; one chance to live. For me, it was an occasion for some serious reflection. Would I ever see my mother again, or the angelic faces of the little youngsters whom I taught in Sunday school? Had it been unrealistic to think a high school junior-to-be could go it alone in darkest Africa armed with only a Swiss Army knife (a present from my dad, a migrant farm laborer)? And yet, how could I not? After I won my tenth grade's Amnesty International essay contest, the local Amnesty president asked me personally to go to Africa to free Meburawadze Mafundo, a Zimbabwean prisoner of conscience. As dedicated as I am to the principle of freedom, I had to say yes. But as my eyes began to bulge from the serpent's crushing grip, I wasn't so sure. Well, luck was on my side that day, not the snake's. That incident really taught me a lot about life and about myself.

Diamond-aided activity when school. Olan Blackmail is I ordered the scars on my t Hemingway pro lvesy is evil Ulysses, by I my favorite t cannibals tea high honors peace in our pumpas grass a mother's 1c civilization; brain surgeon donations to

2 Some people ask me, "Why do you spend every Friday and Saturday night at the soup kitchen when you should be having fun like most kids your age?" I always laugh in response, because I am having fun; every person at the shelter teaches me something different that I can apply to my own life. Just the other day, one of the old ladies there walked up to me as I was ladling out minestrone. She asked me where I had gotten the sweater I was wearing, and when I told her it came from Brooks Brothers, she got all misty-eyed and said that her first husband had worked at Brooks as a tie salesman. What could I do? I stripped off the sweater and gave it to her. Then I gave her the keys to the car I had bought with prize money I had received from winning the national spelling bee last year. She cried as she took the keys and drove off to find a job and an apartment. That incident really taught me a lot about life and about myself.

VICTA that fasting for religious Democratic nursing by Ulysses, I my favorite the Sixties volunteer coaching I older, pul self-inte In addition president Austin, P The Bible "lend a h ey grabm she died inspirati

3 I didn't really want to compete against my best friend in the Olympic trials, but there was no way out of it. He had just regained the use of his legs after a disabling ski accident at age six, and had uplifted us all since then with his never-say-die attitude and cheerful optimism. But when he announced after the operation that he planned to try out for the hundred-meter dash in the trials, I was steamed—it had been my lifelong dream to win a spot on the Olympic team. Then, just before the race, he offered his hand for me to shake. "Good luck, bud," he said. "Here's to the best man, and all that." Tears came to my eyes as he limped to the starting blocks. When the gun went off, my natural ability propelled me to first place; by sheer determination. He was close behind. In the end, I pulled up at the tape and let him beat me. One of the lessons my sister, dad, and grandfather learned in your college when they were lucky enough to go there was the one I learned that day: even if you lose the footrace, you can still be a winner in the human race. That incident really taught me a lot about life and about myself.



CHRISTINE CALDWELL is from Brown. She was mistakenly named a co-winner of the AMA's Distinguished Intern Prize.

CTHULHU UNIVERSITY

Arkham, Massachusetts • *Veritas Vos Fugere Facet*



*****WARNING: NONE OF THE UNDERLINED NAMES IN THIS PROGRAM SHOULD BE READ ALOUD, UNLESS YOU HAVE COMPLETED COURSE #1271, PROTECTION FROM LESSER AND GREATER GODS.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR ORIENTATION 1991-92

To Our Bold Students and Their Parents:

Welcome to Cthulhu University. Here at CU, there is a long tradition of ritual, communication, and experimentation with the Forbidden Knowledge. That's probably why most of you are here today. As for those of you who aren't, we know who you are. But whatever your reason for attending, we must remind you that you will not be permitted to register on Monday unless your parents have signed the appropriate release forms.

Not all of you will make it through your four years here, but those of you who do will be forever changed by your experiences. Some will be able to communicate with and/or control the lesser spirits and gods you read so much about in your youth; others of you will unfortunately be driven utterly insane by the pitiful human lives will mean practically nothing on the cosmic scale.

Welcome! Annihilate 'em, Cthulhoids!

OPENING DAY

- 7:30 A.M. Breakfast with the Old Ones.
- 8:30 Finally freed from his undersea tomb of more than a thousand years, President Cthulhu himself will telepathically communicate with students and parents!
- 9:30 Informational Session I: Combined M.D./Ph.D. Cooperative Program with Miskatonic Medical Center. Led by world-renowned Drs. Pretorius and West. DO NOT LOOK DIRECTLY INTO DR. PRETORIUS'S EYES.
- 10:00 President Cthulhu streaks naked through the quad.
- 11:00 Ithagua the Frozen One will give a rare public appearance, complete with ice sculpting and aurora borealis. This is an extra-special treat, as the equinox is still weeks away. Rituals beyond imagining are scheduled (again, we must insist on getting those release forms).
- 12:30 P.M. Lunch (if the gods permit it).
- 1:30 Informational Session II: CU's combined B.A./M.A. Forest Ranger program. Led by Shub-Niggurath. NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY, PLEASE.
- 3:00 Informational Session III: Subterranean campus tour led by Tsathoggua. Be the first freshman to spot a mole or one of the little people and win a special prize.
- 7:00 Summoning of extra-planar beings at the university's new multimillion-dollar Resonator Facility.
- 10:00 Induction of this year's school mascot. One lucky freshman, chosen by destiny, will be put into a state of hypersleep, and all of his blood replaced by the Sacred Fluids. He'll get to see all of the football games for free, and be treated like a king—his body will be carted around in a delicately adorned oaken coffin by the cheerleading squad.
- Midnight Ritual sacrifice.

DAY TWO

- 7:30 A.M. Breakfast with the Old Ones. [Don't tell the Old Ones, but we've got a big surprise for them. Their old nemeses, the Shoggoth, have been rejuvenated, and we're going to set 'em loose in the cafeteria! Grab an extra boiled egg, sit back, and watch the sparks fly!] IF THE SHOGGOTH WIN, ALL OTHER ACTIVITIES WILL BE SUSPENDED UNTIL THEY HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED AND RETURNED TO THE NETHER PLANE.
- 8:30 Dean of Students Azathoth speaks.
- 9:30 Cthulhu makes the oceans rise for the first-years.
- 10:00 Visit to the Lovecraft Memorial.
- 10:30 Annual attempt to recover Lovecraft's soul from the Nether Plane. Wish the second-years luck with the ritual, or ol' H.P. will spend eternity in torment!
- Noon Lunch.
- 1:00 P.M. Pick up your copy of the *Necronomicon ex Mortis* at the campus bookstore.
- 2:00 Placement tests begin.
- 4:30 Football season starts! Our own 'loids vs. nearby NU's Hunting Horrors. NU President Nyarlathep the Faceless will be there; here's your only chance of the year to taunt the president by asking him where he left his nose. DO NOT ALLOW ANY OF NYARLATHOTEP'S EARED MINIONS TO HEAR YOU, OR ALL OF YOUR FACIAL HAIR MAY BE SINGED AWAY BY THE SERVANTS OF THE FACELESS ONE.
- Dusk Freshman Ice-Cream Mixer in the quad.

Low SATs? JUST SAY...



Yes, Messer!



The snipers are gone...

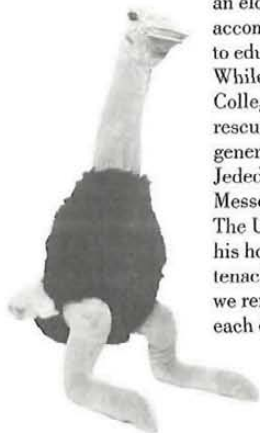
WE'D like to extend our personal thanks for your interest in Messer University. It's a thrill to be back in academia after our brief respite, and we're all pleased to return to the bosom of the University family. As we embark on our revitalizing *Yes, Messer* campaign, we want you to be an active cog in the wheel of Messer's rebirth. Let the games begin!

INTRODUCTION

Founding: Because Messer was forged in dire straits, challenge and impossible odds are woven in our very fabric. The institution was founded in the early nineteenth century through the efforts of a group of Catholic nuns and an elderly Irish immigrant who accompanied them across the sea to educate the native youths. While the fledgling St. Priapus College soon foundered, it was rescued in 1881 by the timely generosity of philanthropist Jedediah Messer Manning-Messer, a local liquor distributor. The University was renamed in his honor, but it is the fierce tenacity of those Irish nuns that we remember and draw upon each day.



... The ivy is growing again.



Location: Nestled in the heart of a bustling urban neighborhood, the University is both an active part of the community and a separate, secure entity unto itself. Past students have told us that they appreciate the locale specifically because of the many opportunities for soup-kitchen work, homeless outreaches, and drug counseling that exist right outside the Messer gates. All undergraduates are encouraged to study the exciting drama of street life from special observation decks built around the campus's perimeter.

The University is also conveniently located close to the bus station, to which frequent shuttle service is available.

The Women's College: Founded after the notorious "shower riots" of 1899, the Women's College was born of a desire to add a much-needed "feminine touch" to the Messer student mix. But the Women's College has since come into its own, and now offers a wide variety of baccalaureate programs for women seeking careers following graduation.

Female education at Messer is far different today than at its inception, when interaction between the men's and women's colleges was heavily restricted and discouraged by support staff hired to supervise the social life of the students. Now students mingle unchaperoned, and chastity is enforced strictly on the honor system.

While fully sexually integrated, the University remains keenly aware of the special needs of its women students. The first University day-care center is slated to open in the fall of 1992, and now that we are no longer receiving federal funds, family-planning services are once again available on campus.

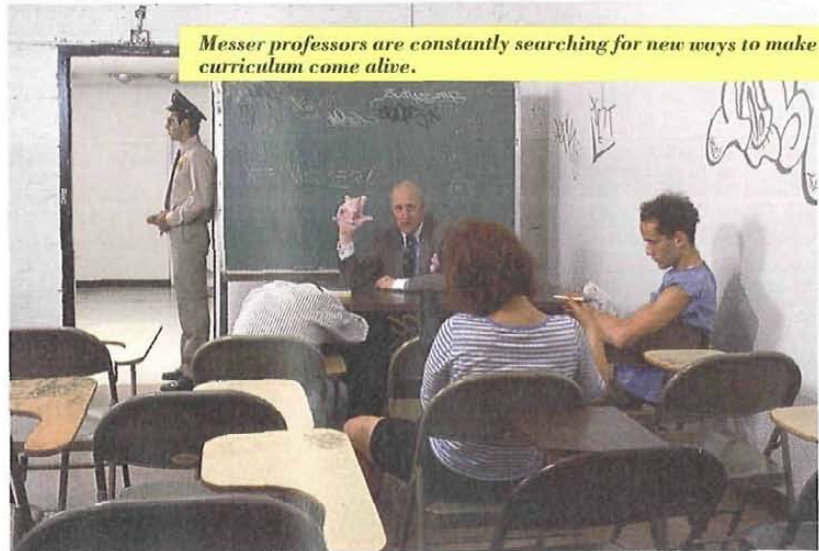


Messer students pursue vigorous academic debate even outside the classroom.

ACADEMICS

Curriculum: Many educators would agree that this is an important aspect of life at any college. Although we at Messer share this opinion, we also believe in the well-rounded college experience. Therefore, our students are given a great amount of freedom in designing and pursuing their own academic path. Following is a list of some of our most popular courses.

African Drum Making • American Popular Culture: The Iconography of the Lunchbox • Contraceptive Techniques • Cooking Chinese, levels I and II • Independent Study: Advanced Chemistry • Mammal Sexuality • Mixology • Stanley Kaplan • Zen Lab



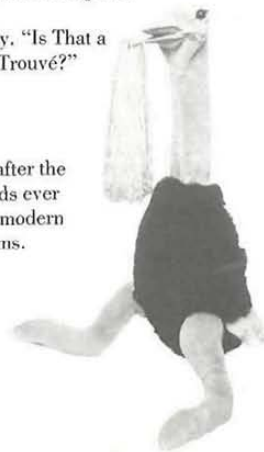
Messer professors are constantly searching for new ways to make the curriculum come alive.

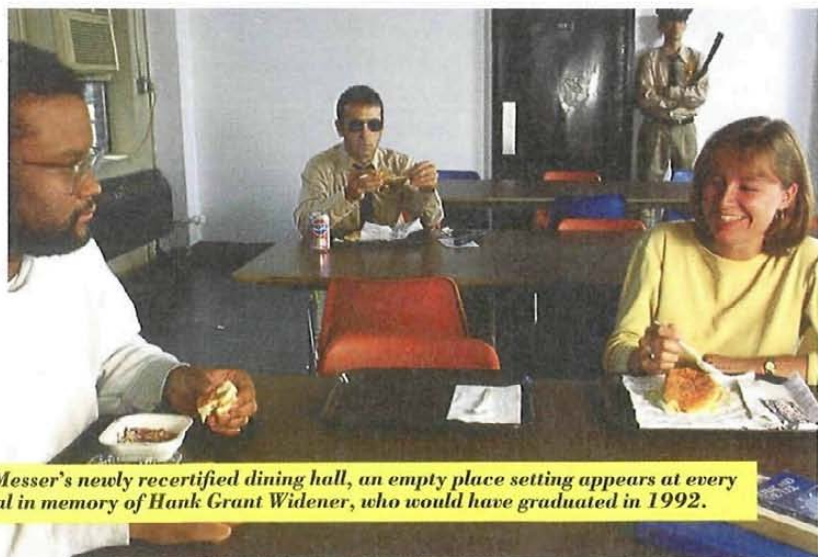
Faculty: Although some "Ivy League" colleges boast faculty more notable and well-respected in their fields, their professors often never see the inside of the classroom, due to the overemphasis placed on research and scholarship. This does not happen at Messer University. We're proud of the fact that our most notable faculty teach introductory-level courses, while first-year graduate students teach the most difficult courses. In addition, we are proud that our teaching staff strongly reflects the growing trend toward multiculturalism in education. Listed below are just some of our faculty members and their works.

- Fyodor Bonaparte (Slavic Languages), Ph.D., University of West Kiev, USSR. "Did Nikolai Gogol Dress Up in Women's Clothing? A Linguist's Approach" (unpublished monograph).
- Dimitra Dimalia Flameran (Art History), M.F.A., Katharine Gibbs School, Trenton, N.J. *Georgia O'Keeffe's Flowers: Blooming Vaginas?* (in peer review).
- Mgabu Mowali (Finance), M.B.A., Swahili Vocational College. "Bgu!th Nam!gh Ar!" (currently being translated).
- François André DeMerde (Semiotics), M.A.T., Bob Jones University. "Is That a Signifier in Your Avant-Garde, or Are You Just Glad to See My Objet Trouvé?" *The Journal of Letters to Swank*, vol. 2, pp. 45-47.

STUDENT LIFE

Student Residences: Most of the dormitories were constructed soon after the University's founding, and have provided a roof over our students' heads ever since. These buildings feature Old World architecture combined with modern plumbing and electrical wiring, and all rooms now contain smoke alarms. A certain number of these older residences have been renamed the "Al Fresco" houses because of their unique outdoor exposure.





At Messer's newly recertified dining hall, an empty place setting appears at every meal in memory of Hank Grant Widener, who would have graduated in 1992.

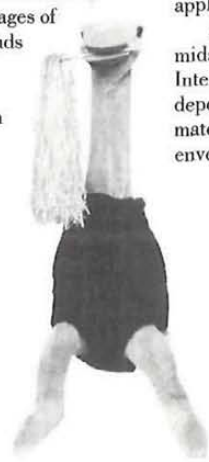
Athletics: The mascot of Messer University, formerly the spotted bear, has recently been changed to the emu as part of the *Yes, Messer!* campaign. The favorite bird of alumni George Panzee, of Panzee Sporting Goods, this inspiring creature has come to symbolize the University's rebirth. Much like the phoenix, this beautiful animal, known for its distinctive plumage and ability to run up to thirty miles per hour, epitomizes Messer's fighting spirit and rise to greatness.

Messer's athletic fields are the home of high drama and examples of admirable sportsmanship in the event of defeat. Our students go wild at the sight of the fighting emu, and our returning alumni can frequently be seen shedding a tear at football games.

Activities: It is not surprising that, given our emphasis on a well-rounded collegiate experience, extracurricular pursuits are well-attended. At Messer, however, we have found that students' private funding of activities is more practical than University financial support. Below is a complete list of extracurricular clubs.

Alcoholics Anonymous • Aggressiveness Training • Alumni Favor Club • Drug Rehabilitation Support Group • Emu Fund Drive • E-Movers (modern-dance troupe) • First Aid • Gamblers Anonymous • Guardian Angels • Jujitsu Karate • Gun Owners' Club • Self-Defense for Women • Tae Kwon Do

Campus Publications: The student newspaper, the *Emu Tribune*, comes out almost daily. All incoming first-year students are welcome to write for the *E-moot* and have proved especially valuable in covering campus crime and faculty departures. Many new students have even found themselves propelled to editorial positions soon after arrival. The pages of the *E-moot* have long provided a controversial forum for the AP wire service, ads from local shopkeepers, and student cartoons based on the popular *Far Side* series. In addition, the *Men of Messer* calendar is on sale at the campus bookstore and your local video store. All proceeds go the *Yes, Messer!* campaign and the Construction Fund.

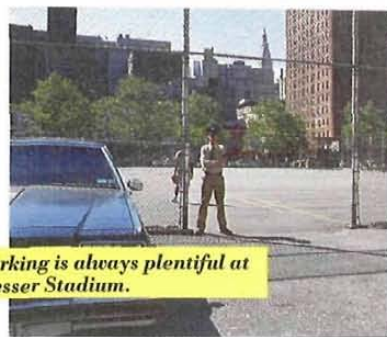


EXPENSES AND FINANCIAL AID

The expenses for the 1991-92 academic year have yet to be determined, but we would like to state that while Messer University looks forward to a lucrative rebuilding campaign, we do not want to frighten anyone. We want a Messer education to remain the bargain it has been for years.

Messer will do what it can to ensure that all students desiring to enroll can do so. Therefore, we are extremely flexible in accepting financial plans from students unable to pay the entire tuition.

If you need additional assistance in financing your education, the area surrounding the college is the home of several private financiers who will be pleased to do business with you for a minimal fee. Employment may be arranged for students who need it; interested students should see Ms. Trish DeBianco at the office of the Alumni Favor Club.



Parking is always plentiful at Messer Stadium.

APPLICATION INFORMATION

Once again, we are extremely grateful for your interest in Messer University. Applications are due the first of January, but our rolling admissions process accepts applications until the class is full. Those

requesting application information in midsummer should not feel unwelcome. Interested students should include a deposit check with their application materials, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Christine Caldwell, Brown '91, receives our Marilyn Monroe Comedic Attributes Award.

HALF-TIME FOTO FOLLIES

ZEUS THROWING A LIGHTNING BOLT AT POLYTECHNIC. IT HITS THEM, THEY EXPLODE IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS—TROMBONES AND SAXES— AND WE PLAY "STORMY WEATHER."

NO, THAT'S JUST LIKE THE USA TODAY WEATHER MAP WE DID LAST WEEK. HOW ABOUT A MEDIEVAL CATAPULT HURLING A HUGE ROCK—TRUMPETS—AT A FORT WITH A "P" ON THE SIDE.

YEAH, WE CAN PLAY "HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT."

NO, WE PLAYED THAT THREE WEEKS AGO WHEN WE DID THE TYSON-HOLYFIELD FORMATION. LET'S DO THE ENOLA GAY DROPPING FAT MAN, ONLY HIROSHIMA'S GOT THE POLYTECHNIC STADIUM. PERCUSSIONS CAN DO A GREAT EXPLOSION, AND SAXES CAN BE BURN VICTIMS IN AGONY.

YEAH! AND WE CAN PLAY "TURNING JAPANESE!"

"THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT."

WAIT A MINUTE. THE ASIAN STUDENTS' COUNCIL IS STILL WHINING ABOUT THE PEARL HARBOR FORMATION AT HOMECOMING LAST YEAR. I SAY WE DO A DESERT STORM FORMATION. THERE'S A GIANT SCUD WITH A "P" ON THE SIDE. WE PLAY "AHAB, THE ARAB" AND SEGUE INTO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" AS A PATRIOT MISSILE WITH A "C" ON THE SIDE INTERCEPTS IT. THERE'S A HUGE EXPLOSION RIGHT ON "BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR," AND THEN THE SPARKS REFORM INTO A PAIR OF SHAKING HANDS, SIGNIFYING THE TRUCE AND THE RESCUE OF THE KURDS.

MARCHING BAND PORTRAYED BY THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY MARCHING BAND (CUB)

I LIKE IT.... IT REALLY TELLS A STORY.... I DON'T SEE THE IRAQI STUDENTS COMPLAINING TOO LOUD.... LET'S DO IT....



HOLD FORMATION, SCUD!

BY ELIJAH ARON AND JEFF BRANION
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNIS KITCHEN

THE TWIN PRIDES OF CASTILE

BY MARKHAM O'KEEFE

COURSE: Freshman Expository Writing—How to Write on Minority Issues.
ASSIGNMENT: Write a politically sensitive short story that makes an experience of oppression concrete and real to the reader.

PICTURE A LITTLE TOWN, SO SMALL IT IS not on a map, where everyone knows everyone and you can walk from one end of its picket-fenced interior to the other in under five minutes. That's actually not the town I'm talking about, being my town. I'm thinking of a slightly larger town. A proud, Castilian town, too proud even to have a name. "We have our own names," the inhabitants say. But I am talking about two twins who live in this town, not the town itself.

Buford and Nelson were both twins of each other. They were Castilian from head to toe, and they lived in a Castilian town and spoke Spanish for this reason. They were so handsome that girls would go out with them. They were so strong that even heavy objects were no task for the twins to lift. Sure, the twins didn't have swimming pools and nice places to vacation. They were Spanish. But they were proud.

As alike as two clones, the twins lived and worked on the dock, where they were prized for their rugged strength and hilarious comical imitations of each other. If Nelson put on a yellow Izod, Buford would, too, even if it meant taking Nelson's. If Nelson was eating a fish sandwich, Buford would try to eat it also, even if it meant both went hungry.

As I have said, the twins were not only alike but were also proud, which even poor people can be sometimes. For example, Buford once was dining at a fine restaurant and the fat boastful man across the way would not silence his infant. Furious, Buford called the manager and had the child thrown out. Until the manager had done so, Buford *did not touch his meal*.

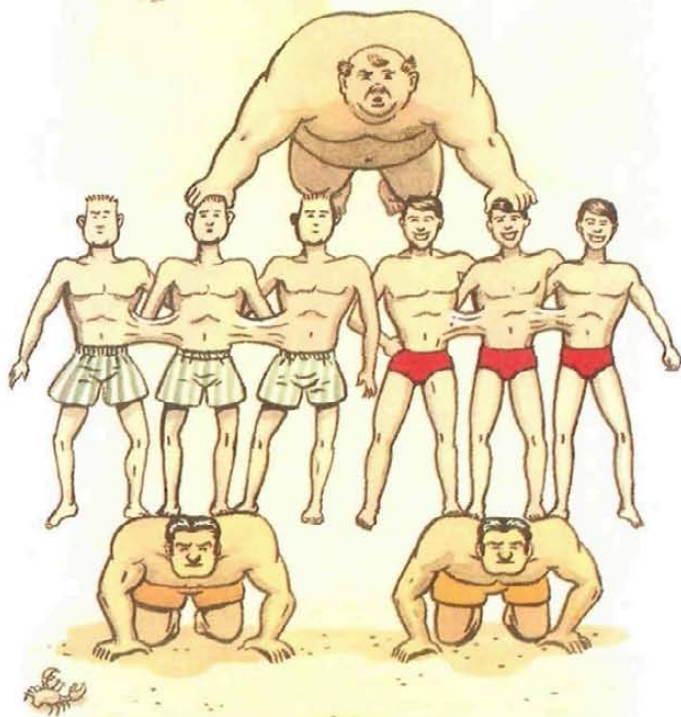
Nelson was also fearless and proud. On the bus once, an old man sat down in the seat Nelson had intended for himself. Seething, Nelson sat down in the back. When the old man got off, Nelson *triumphantly reclaimed his seat*.

One day on the docks, the twins and a coworker got into a dispute over a shellfish, in the course of which the fellow worker used an insulting word. Unlike some men who take insults lightly, the hot-blooded twins *glared at the man, and avoid him to this day*.

This is an example to show that Spain is as good a culture as the U.S., even after centuries of oppression of the Spanish people. Nelson and Buford were twins, and like all proud male twins, a woman could never be dishonored around them without them getting angry. On the beach one day, the twins encountered a fat man whose untoward size was oppressing two beautiful girls who were twins like Nelson and Buford, only not them. Incensed, the twins asked two sets of identical Siamese triplets

who were also on the beach for help. Then the fiery male twins *challenged the oppressively fat man to a human pyramid*.

The fat man was too much of a coward to act like a man, a thinner man, and back out. So they began their grim work. It soon became clear that the fat man couldn't pull his own weight in the foundation, so he would have to be on top. But the fat man, treacherously, was too fat. The triplets could not support his weight and were borne to the ground on top of the foundation, which the strong twins had proudly insisted on being! Like a tragedy, Nelson and Buford became choked by the two connective tissues



connecting one of the Siamese triplets and died, killed partly by their pride, but more by the colonialistic domination of Spain by outsiders.

This death was a tragedy, and though I didn't like Spanish people before, if these two proud Spanish men ever stopped being dead and came to Westchester Community College, I would be very nice to them even if no one else was.

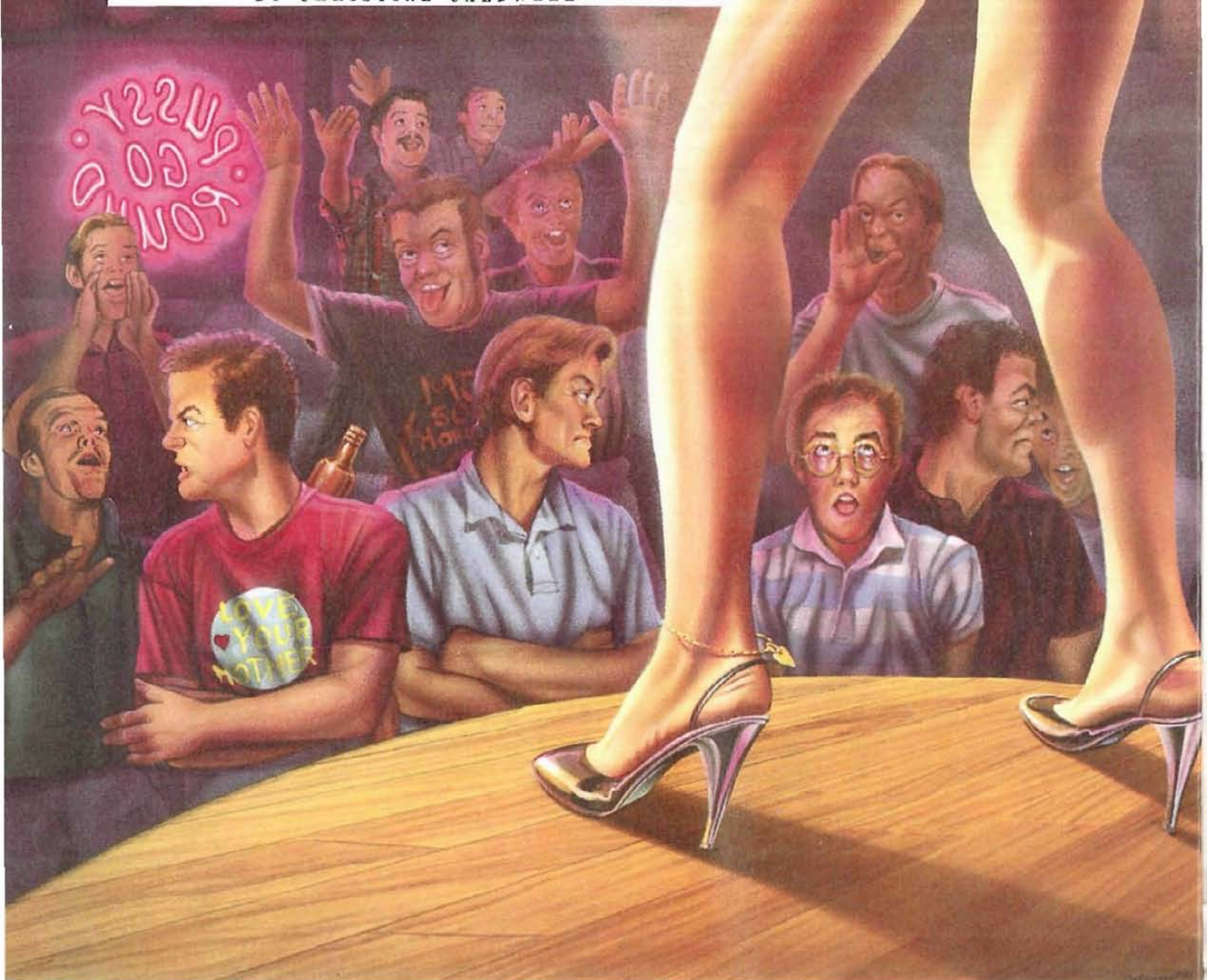
ILLUSTRATED BY ROSS MACDONALD



MARKHAM O'KEEFE is a junior at Harvard. He is the winner of a \$500 James Thurber Fellowship.

THE SENSITIVE GUYS IX: STOP THE PUSSY-GO-ROUND, I WANT TO GET OFF

BY CHRISTINE CALDWELL



ILLUSTRATED BY JEANETTE ADAMS

MYN, I THINK WE'RE READY," IAN (PRONOUNCED "YAN") called out to the other members of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles as they bustled about in the meeting room of Lower Massachusetts University Student Center. It was only the second meeting of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles, and the male feminists, needing to rationalize their penises and made heady by the swell of injustices to correct, were anxious to begin.

The group had been formed the previous month, after incidents at their campus forced them to reevaluate their status as the testosterone producers of humanity. A beefy frat brother had loudly played a Guns N' Roses CD only moments before shouting, "Hey, toots!" at a female

Campus Crusade for Christ activist. Days later, it was announced that Yo-Yo Ma, a man applauded worldwide for stroking a tall instrument gripped tightly *between his legs*, was to receive an honorary Doctor of Musicology degree at commencement. This disregard for the pain suffered by the young woman, and all women, caused several men on campus to rise up and right the wrongs of their ill-conceived genetic makeup.

The agenda for this evening's meeting of Guys Understanding International Ladies'

Troubles would provide a small, but positive, step in that direction. Present was Graeme, who had changed his name from Peter after he realized the damaging implications of that praenomen. Similarly, his roommate, Fiona, had been called Nick before he decided that he would sympathize better with oppressed females if he could be mistaken for a woman on petitions and mailings. Rounding out the circle were Barclay, Lance, and Kurt.

"I'd like to begin the meeting by invoking the male ideal: Michael Steadman," Ian announced. "Yes, gone is *thirtysomething*. But never before have we so needed Michael's passivity, his honesty about himself, and his involved parenting. Lest we forget, please join me as we chant together..." The others stood, rehearsed in their secret words. "...And dance by the light of the moon...and dance by the light of the moon...and dance by the light of the moon..."

"D'accord," Graeme said. "I hate to be negative, though...but every time I see Ken Olin, I think about his portrayal of Charles Stuart, an insensitive guy if there ever was one."

"Yeah, murdering your wife is an effective way to disempower her," Barclay noted.

"Okay, okay, let the notes show that I respect your point of view," Ian sighed. "Now I'd like to read aloud the letter we drafted to the *Daily Low-Mass*. Silence, please."

"To the Editor: Your continual use of the word 'men' to describe positively penised individuals succeeds in delineating the difference between the genders that has been the cause of untold pain and suffering throughout history. If women will ever be able to bare their breasts with impunity, no gesture is too small. Therefore, the collective membership of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles demands that you adopt these terms: men will now be known as the 'flagrantly testicled,' while our female counterparts are the 'famously labiaed.' Yours, Ian LeClitte, etc."

After the applause died, Ian regained order. "Okay, fellow people-whose-nipples-are-not-as-important-during-sex, I think now we should discuss a heavy topic. Namely, let's brainstorm ways that men can stop rape. Any suggestions?"

Barclay: "Never doing it ourselves and focusing on educating potentially dangerous men?"

Kurt: "Work on increasing conviction rates and winning stricter punishments?"

Lance: "Kick the living shit out of guys who threaten or hurt our female friends?"

"NO, NO, NO!" Ian yelled. "These are the failures of the past. We need new, progressive solutions. Fiona?"

"Colorful concert sheet banners that read 'Rape Is Bad'?"

"Painting ourselves and chanting anti-rape slogans during lecture periods?" Graeme offered.

"Much better. But we must go even further. As you know, gentlemyn, we've tried to correct the errors of our gender, but we won't succeed unless we rid ourselves of the urges that evolution has implanted in our chromosomes. Short of gamma-ray therapy, the only solution is education. To this end—and only this end—I move that we take a brief field trip tonight. If we spend the evening with other seed-bearers at someplace like, well, let's say the Pussy-Go-Round Lounge, we can try to understand better why men act as they do toward women and vow to correct such behavior. Agreed?"

A rousing chorus of "Yes!" quickly deteriorated into a mumbled stir of "It might be a good idea" and "I guess if we don't look too closely." Having secured the acquiescence of his peers, Ian led them out to his mustard-colored Saab 9000 and negotiated it out of Lower's lush campus and into the squalid streets of the town.

The blinking neon sign of the Pussy-Go-Round Lounge taunted the members of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles. Every time the words "nude," "triple X," and, worst of all, "girls" flashed on, they felt as awful as if they'd just held the door open for one of their female classmates.

"Look, I know we find the objectification of the more-grandly-breasted to be an abomination, but to kill the beast, we must think like the beast," Ian bravely encouraged his friends, who were already

reluctantly digging into the pockets of their army-surplus pants for the cover charge.

Once seated so that their faces were caressed by the breeze of the featured dancer's nipple tassels, the members of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles watched the expressions of the other audience members, several of whom they recognized from Lower Massachusetts University. Although the club was dark and smoky, the leers of the men were repulsively radiant to the guys of Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles. Gradually, the male feminists stopped concentrating on the audience and watched the show, while Barclay quietly mouthed the group mantra for strength: "And dance by the light of the moon...and dance by the light of the moon..."

A buxom stripper maneuvered her way over to the Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles table, and Fiona reached up and tucked a five-dollar bill into her G-string.

"What the Erica Jong are you doing, Fiona?" Lance yelled.

"It says in *Our Bodies, Ourselves* that we should not castigate women who enter the so-called 'sex professions,' because usually they are forced into it by dysfunctional relationships with men. Until society allows women an equal role in the workplace, we must support their career decisions. Perhaps this stripper can use that money to resume her education," Fiona explained.

Soon another stripper approached the table, of particularly generous proportions. As she danced suggestively around the men, the discomfort of the Guys Understanding International Ladies' Troubles members became more obvious.

"As Luce Irigaray says, I only create women with my gaze...If I shut my eyes, maybe she'll go away..."

Graeme succumbed first.

"Sweet Lord Christ, look at the mangoes on that Bridget! Taaaasty!"

His fellows made weak attempts to rebuke Graeme, but were too worn down from the daily struggle against the indoctrinations of treehouse *Playboy* snitchings and man-to-mans with Dad. Their grumbles turned to helpless nods.

The next day, the professor of their Women's Studies class (WS 145: Why Are Men Dicks?) asked in the course of a heated debate, "So, what do you think, bearers-of-an-extra-appendage? Can men really be feminists?"

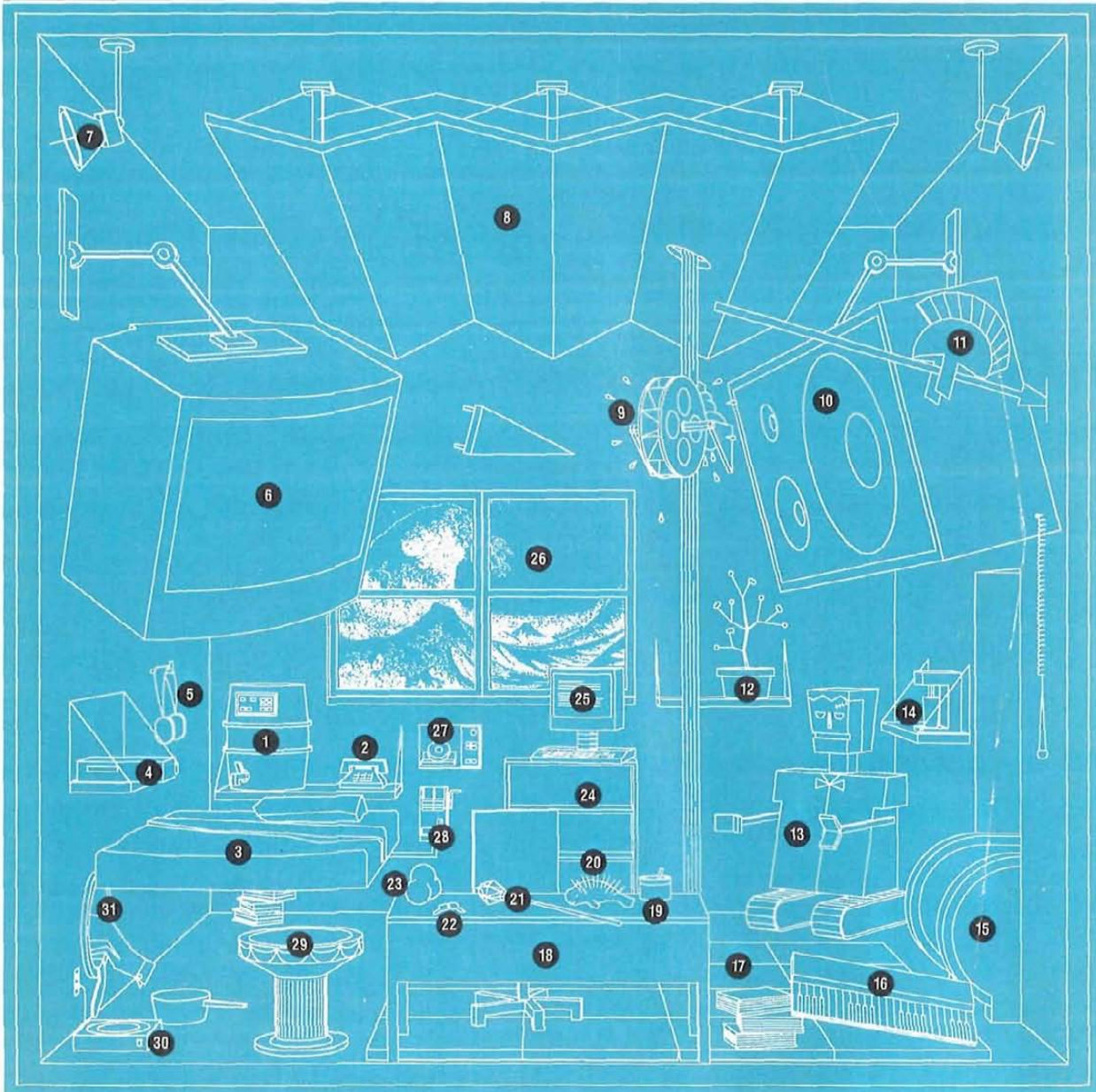
"Feminist *this*, babe," they grunted in unison, as Ian grabbed his nuts and they all walked out of class to go get a beer.



CHRISTINE CALDWELL is five feet four. She remains a Brown grad.

DORM ROOM 2000

BY JEFF BRANION
AND CHRISTINE CALDWELL



ILLUSTRATED BY N. MIUCCIO

1. InfiniKeg (with tap)
2. Third Eye Empathic Communications Module (with party line)
3. Levitating Sealy MegaFuton MagicCarpet
4. VCR
5. Virtual Reality StairMaster
6. 69" Sony Trinitron XBR 3-D
7. Class-Ten Repulsor Field Generator (with RetinaBurn Security Scan)
8. Sunplus Melanin Enhancer
9. Water Wheel, the 1.21 Gigawatt Power Dynamo
10. 1.21 Gigawatt WALL-O-SOUND/MR. MICROPHONE 2000®
11. Spear and Magic Helmet
12. Select-a-Tab Recreational Drug Tree
13. RoboLurch Personal Valet
14. Mr. Long Island Iced Tea
15. Escalator Leading to: Amtrak Station/Ticket Office, Cab Stand, Monorail, Feargal O'Toole's Brew Haus
16. Casio Programmable Self-Playing House Beat Harpsichord
17. Dance Floor
18. Desk:
19. Ronco Smokeless Bottomless Ashtray
20. ChiaManatee
21. Rod of Lordly Might
22. Keys to "Greased Lightning"
23. PolyBall Mutating Sports Sphere
24. "Bookshelves"
25. Experimental Cray SuperPC (proprietary linkage to Pentagon, Citicorp)
26. OceanView™
27. LenderOven Bagel Synthesizer
28. SpermatoDeath Gel—Condom Dispenser
29. HurlPlex Vomit Receptacle/Air Freshener with potpourri scent
30. Hot Plate
31. Black Hole Laundry Annihilator

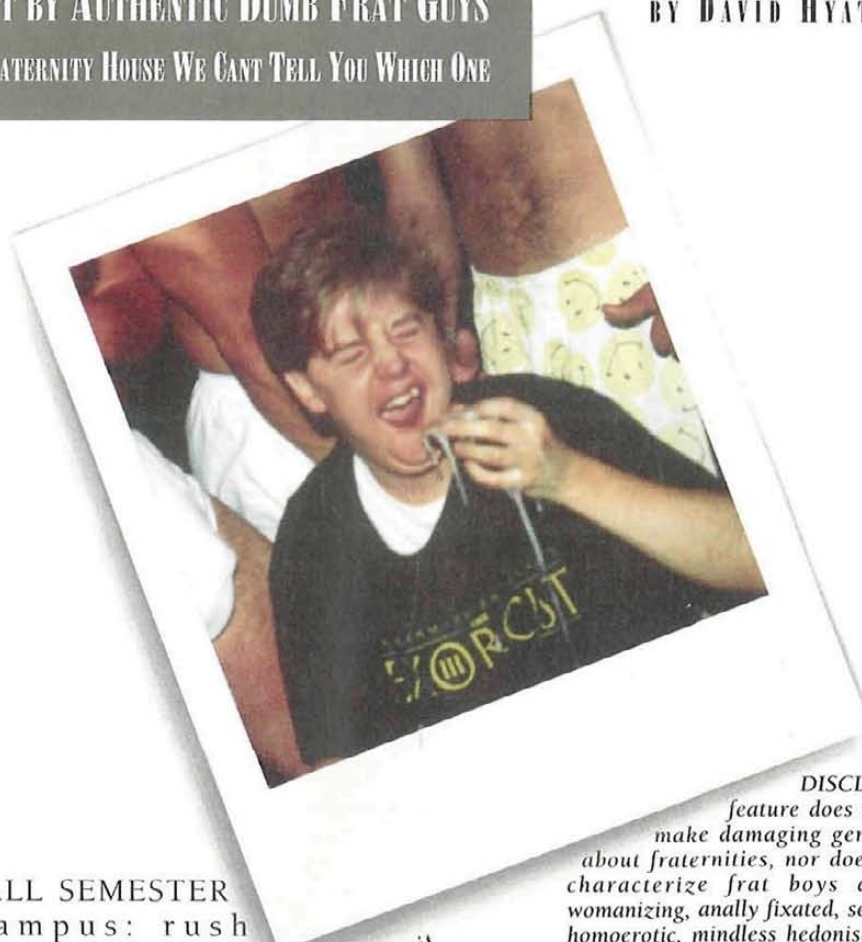


DUMB FRAT GAMES

ACTED OUT BY AUTHENTIC DUMB FRAT GUYS

IN A REAL FRATERNITY HOUSE WE CAN'T TELL YOU WHICH ONE

BY DAVID HYATT



Soggy Biscuit

DISCLAIMER: This feature does not intend to make damaging generalizations about fraternities, nor does it mean to characterize frat boys as boozing, womanizing, anally fixated, self-mutilating, homoerotic, mindless hedonists who would gladly brand themselves on the butt with the red-hot mouth of a glowing beer bottle simply because everyone else promised that they would do it next. Also, since few sources were willing to go on the record, it could not be confirmed with certainty that these games are in fact played, but these accounts are definitely more reliable than "urban myths."

FOOD

Butter the Toast (also known as *Spunk Bread* and, in the British Commonwealth, *Soggy Biscuit*) is a simple and exciting game. Pals gather in a circle with a small piece of bread in the middle, varying in size from a Rice Chex "check" to a large piece of pita, depending on how impish and how hungry the merry band might feel.

Then, in a casual, fraternal, bonding, frothy kind of way, the players masturbate at the bread, as any self-respecting American males would do when left to their own devices. The "winner," of course, is the last to come. He proudly eats his prize—the gooey bread, the sacred staff of life.

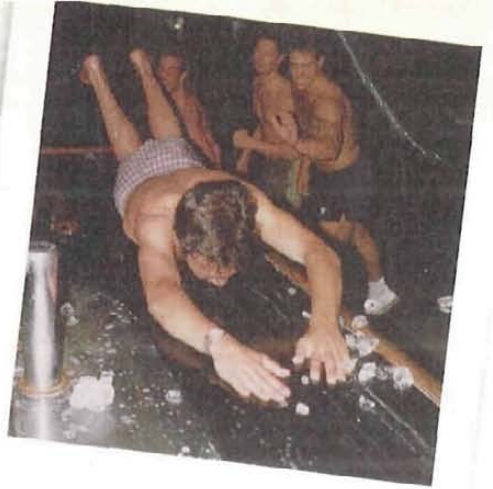
IT'S FALL SEMESTER on campus: rush season. Once again, the annual flood of frat-initiation disaster stories is making the rounds, replete with horrifying details of the gruesome deaths of freshman pledges who suffocated in car trunks, drowned in lakes, or ate more than a proper serving of live crawdads. As the body count escalates, perhaps we should step back, take a critical look at these barbaric customs, and ask, "Why?"

Or perhaps we should leave the philosophizing to the sniveling mothers of the dead children. Instead, let's ask, "What else do they do?"

Research has found that most of today's frat games fall into five general categories: food, pain, gentle anal probing, writhing nakedness, and drinking. (Perhaps it is four small categories and one big category.) Those games that fall under more than one category are regarded as superior.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN "DUKE" KISCH

Ice Slide (Bar Top Variation)



Cherry Relay also employs the racing motif. Two cherries, resting on two blocks of ice. Two lines of eager boys. Pretty simple.

Well, actually, there is a catch. In this relay race, it's against the rules to use anything but posterior equipment to pick up and carry the cherries.

Don't worry, they don't have to *eat* the cherries. Unless, of course, they lose.

Although *The Ice Slide* isn't technically a race, and ice isn't exactly a food, it could be included here, too. It's a yearly party event at some universities, including Stanford. A house Ping-Pong table is placed atop some blocks or a pool table, so that it rests solidly about three feet above the ground. A foot-wide strip of plastic lies on the floor, starting under one end of the table and running down a long hallway. Both the strip and the table are covered with cubed ice. The toppers competitors race toward the table, leap belly-first onto the icy surface, and then slide off

the edge. Then they crash three feet down onto the plastic, going for distance as they coast on ice cubes down the strip. If someone doesn't fly off the table fast enough, the far edge does a nice job of scraping away any excess hair, skin, or nipples that person might have had on his or her chest.

An *al fresco* variation is Cornell's famous *Chair Races*, involving comfy office chairs with wheels, a big hill, and motorcycle helmets. This brings us to...

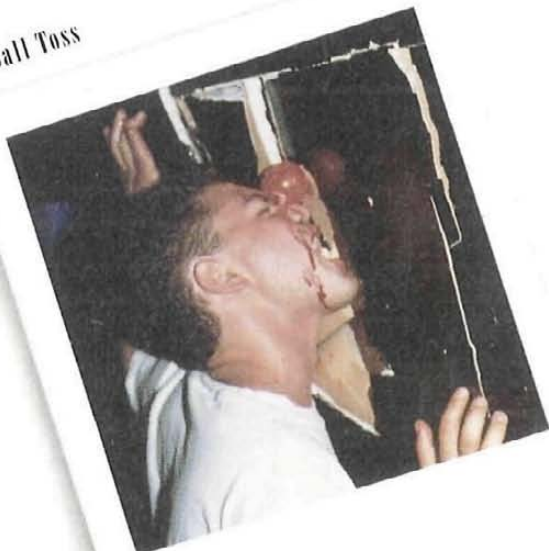
PAIN

Face a solid wall from about ten inches away. Hold an ordinary household Ping-Pong ball at waist level, and toss it straight up. Catch the ball by trapping it between your forehead and the wall. Very good; you've mastered Butler University's *Ping-Pong Toss*. (Variation: *Cue Ball Toss*.)

While not a "game" as such, the famed frat prank *Hypnotic Power Situps* is a great way to nail that bitchy classmate, neighborhood bully, or gullible future United States vice president.

The unsuspecting victim strolls by and sees you lying on the floor, held down by

Cue Ball Toss



two cohorts who have you pinned to the ground with a towel held across your face. You grunt and groan, trying with all your might to do a situp.

Then your friends remove the towel. "Just watch," your trustworthy cohorts tell the curious observer, "as the power of muscular hypnosis manifests itself." Close your eyes and concentrate. Incredibly, no matter how much you wriggle and strain, you are unable to do a situp. After exerting one last monumental effort, you're forced to give up.

"Amazing!" cries the victim. "Let me try!"

Of course, you oblige. When your assistants let the towel prematurely slip from the victim's head, he jerks up and firmly plants his face into the crack of your bare buttocks, which you've proudly splayed as you straddle his (now-disgraced) form.

And speaking of bare buttocks...

GENTLE ANAL PROBING

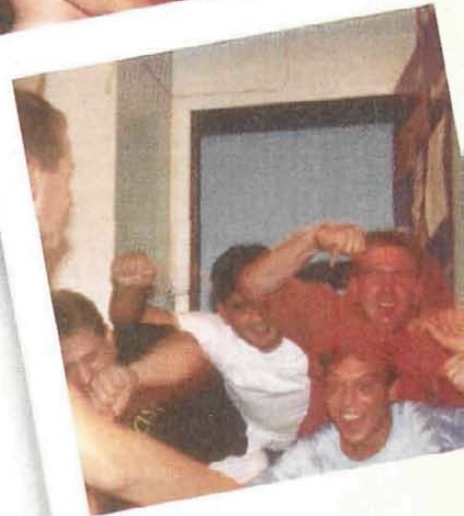
When you play *Elephant Train*, all stand in a circle, completely naked. You all turn and face to the right, and fit your right thumb snugly inside the anus of the future captain of industry in front of you. Your left thumb goes in your mouth. An appointed game-master then starts a jolly, good-time record, and the troop begins its circular march. (Suggested listening: "March of the Baby Elephants," "Teddy Bears' Picnic," or Chopin's classic dirge, "Polonaise in F minor.") When the music stops, all stand still.

Whoops! Your right thumb popped out? Don't worry, you've still got another clean thumb. Just switch 'em, left thumb in butt, right thumb in mouth. You're out when you're out of clean thumbs.

After the tension of the Train, some relief can be had by means of Harvard's, Stanford's, and USC's *Atomic Chug*. One lucky volunteer stands on his hands and is administered a cool, soothing beer enema. The runoff is carefully gathered in a glass. You know the rest.



Butt Rodeo



WRITHING NAKEDNESS

Butt Rodeo adds a touch of the Old West to any sexual encounter, requiring only a stopwatch and an ample supply of unsuspecting "cowgirls."

The rider mounts his unknowing "filly" in private, comfortably "riding" her from behind. Meanwhile, his thoughtful chums patiently perch outside his room (or inside his closet), waiting for a verbal cue from the rider. When the signal is given, they burst in and begin a raucous chant: "Rodeo ONE, Rodeo TWO, Rodeo THREE..." With the stopwatch they measure how long this cowboy can stay on his shocked and now-furiously-bucking bronco. Eight seconds is considered a "victory" for the rider.

A rider in training can also play without the intrusion of his brothers, simply by uttering the name of an old girlfriend during his ride.

DRINKING

While an account of drinking games could fill a major, any listing would be amiss if it failed to mention the eighties innovation that is one of the most horrifyingly sadistic and cruel drinking games of them all: *Built This City*.

The rules are simple: blast Starship's "We Built This City" over and over until each competitor has downed a six-pack.

Obviously the game has the potential for tragedy built in: human beings simply were not meant to drink that fast.



DAVID HYATT is a senior at Stanford. He is the winner of a \$750 award from the Delta House Foundation.



Elephant Walk



SEX IN A DOUBLE

MAKING LOVE AROUND YOUR ROOMMATE

BY JON D. BECKERMAN

EVER SINCE THE FIRST DAY OF CLASSES, YOU'VE THOUGHT about nothing but Olga, the new exchange student from Sweden. Everything you do—from brushing your teeth to writing a paper—you're wondering, what would it be like to do this with Olga while also having sex?

You can't take your eyes off her. Even though she's short and skinny with stringy brown hair, bad skin, and horn-rimmed glasses, she's Swedish—meaning she must be a tall, blonde, voluptuous knockout.

All day you follow her around, slobbering, secretly muttering, "Olga, Olga, Olga" under your breath, and pausing every five steps to scream, "OLLLLGA AAAA!!!" OLLLLGA AAAA!!!" OLLLLGA AAAA!!!" Do people notice? Who knows? Who cares? You're in love.

And now you're going to do something about it. Hands trembling, you pick up the phone and dial Olga's number. With each ring, you imagine what awful, scathing words she'll use to crush you when you ask her out...

Rrrrrriiiiiiiiing.

"Friday's bad for me. Maybe Saturday?"

Rrrrrriiiiiiiiing.

"Wow, I'd really, really love to go, but I've got plans. I suppose I *could*—no, I really shouldn't cancel on such short notice."

Rrrrrriiiiiiiiing.

"You stupid, ugly, stinking piece of *crap*, you worthless hunk of *garbage*, you putrid bucket of *filth*, I'd go out with you if only my parents weren't coming for the weekend."

Just as you're about to slam the phone down in terror and shame, you hear her voice:

"Hello. This is Olga. I'm

dying to go to dinner and a movie with you on Friday night. Just come by my room at seven. Oh, by the way, I would really appreciate it if, after the movie, we could go back to your room and have sex. At the sound of the beep, leave your name, your credit card number, and a distinguishing physical description, so I'll know it's you."

"Ummm," you stammer, "I've got hair and two arms and a torso and a head and a butt." You hope that's enough. You didn't mention legs, and your sleep is tormented by dreams of Olga dancing the night away with some smooth-talking amputee.

But before you know it, it's Friday night and you're out with your dream girl. You treat her to a bottomless bucket of caviar at Chez Ritz and a front-row seat at the

neighborhood theater's David Hartman film retrospective. Halfway through the second showing of *Ice Station Zebra*, she puts her hand on your thigh and whispers, "I hate art films. Let's go back to your place."

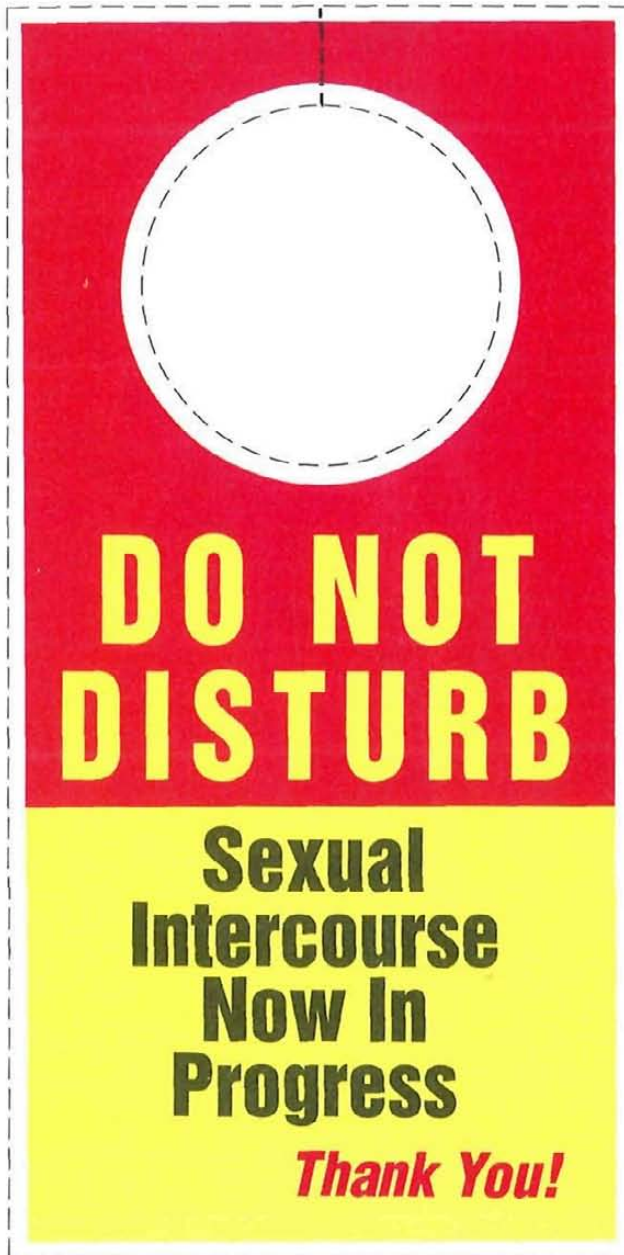
Five minutes later, you're leading Olga down the hall to your dorm room, a huge, spaced-out grin on your face.

"Doesn't it get lonely living here all by yourself?" she asks. That's when you remember that you don't. As you open the door, you pray to God that your roommate isn't around.

But of course, he's right where he always is, twenty-four hours a day—sitting on the top bunk, eating pork rinds, listening to *Dark Side of the Moon* on his headphones, and singing along at the top of his lungs.

"Olga, I . . . I . . ." you bluster. But by now she is far, far away.

How can you manage to have a fulfilling, healthy sex life when there's an excruciatingly annoying dorkhead staring at you from across the room? Luckily, there are ways. The following tried-and-true plans



DOS AND DON'TS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN WISHING TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN THEY HARDLY KNOW

BY JODI GLENN

The beginning of your freshman year in college is a very exciting and confusing time. There are many things you will be learning about life as you venture out on your own. One of them is the art of coupling with another human being. What this guide intends to do is ease or lubricate, if you will, the transition from innocent college freshman to sophisticated college slattern.

While the following dos and don'ts provide some guidance, they are no substitute for common sense and the willingness to employ a little plain old-fashioned elbow grease if the situation demands it.

When at a bar seeking sexual companionship, DON'T get so drunk that you don't notice that every guy in the bar is touching your body as he passes by. Each of these men is a potential sex partner; pay attention to technique.

Upon reaching his frat house, DO ask your potential sex partner if you could leave your purse in his room for safekeeping. He may suggest this before you do, perhaps even before he asks your name.

DO admire his beer signs, his blanket from the Dead show, the loft he built for his futon, his posters, his stereo and CD collection.

DO agree that "pop music sucks."

DO remember that everyone feels awkward about broaching the subject of birth control/disease containment with a total stranger.

DON'T be insulted if your potential sex partner beats you to the punch by reaching into a large urn and pulling out a handful of assorted condoms. This means you will not have to reveal that you have condoms in your purse, and are therefore a slut. Men do not like having sex with strange women they suspect might be sluts.

DON'T try to fake it if you forget your partner's name. Rather than call out the wrong name in the heat of passion, it is best to simply moan.

DON'T try to convince your partner that you "never do this, really."

DO remember to wear clothes that are easy to put back on afterward. It is not possible to appear graceful while struggling with suspenders or stockings as you hop around a strange bedroom half-naked.

DO remember to keep your head down as you walk back to your own room the next morning. Expect to encounter at least five people you know, one of whom you have a crush on.

ought to have you sweaty and smoking a cigarette in no time....

PLAN A: Everyone knows that your handkerchief tied to the bedroom doorknob means "Keep out, I've got company." Everyone, that is, who came of age in the 1950s. Since then, it has come to mean "My handkerchief is tied to the bedroom doorknob." Those of you with roommates younger than forty-five or so had better try Plan B.

PLAN B: There's nothing more embarrassing than having your roommate walk in on you, catching you in the act. That is, *unless* you just deny that anything's going on. It's your word against his, right? For example:

HIM: Whoa! Hey, you've got a girl in here!

YOU: No, I don't.

HIM: Yes, you do! She's right there!

YOU: I think you're mistaken.

HIM: I see her! I'm not blind, dammit!

YOU: Yes, you are. You're my blind roommate, "Bob." That's your cane over there.

HIM: That's a radiator!

YOU: Look, let's just agree to disagree.

This generally stops working after the fourth or fifth time. At that point, move to Plan C.

PLAN C: One of the biggest giveaways that you're having sex is the creaking noise your bed makes. Well, it just happens that the rhythm of "doing it" is a perfect match for the tempo of Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust." And if that's not your idea of mood music, try drowning out Queen's lyrics by singing along with these new, *extra-romantic* lyrics:

Da-da-da *DUM DUM DUM!*

Another kiss is a *must*

Da-da-da *DUM DUM DUM*

Another kiss is a *must*....

If your roommate starts telling people that you do this, try Plan D.

PLAN D: Once you convince your roommate that you're gay, anything you do with a woman will be beyond reproach. Just make sure you punctuate your fooling around with exclamations like "I am homosexual; my sexual preferences do not include such individuals as this woman. My sexuality permits only *platonic* relationships with women." If you actually are homosexual, simply claim to be heterosexual. If you are bisexual, try Plan E.

PLAN E: At least your roommate's human, right? He blinks like everyone else. And every blink gives you just enough time for stripping, entry, one thrust, withdrawal, and putting your clothes back on—if you practice enough to get it down to a science. But if you're just too impatient to wait four or five hours for a nice, satisfying, *worry-free* orgasm, try Plan F.

PLAN F: A flexible, jointed rubber prosthesis, available in lengths of up to a mile, allows you to have great sex with your partner at distances of up to a mile. You're both in your own rooms, and your roommates are none the wiser. If you have aesthetic quibbles with this, go to Plan G.

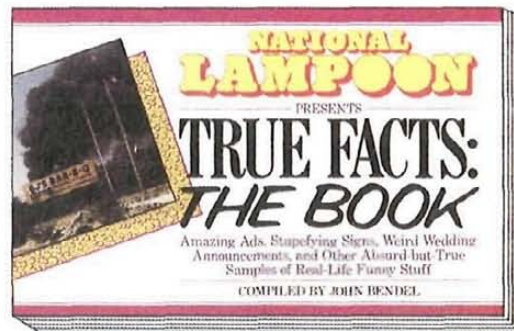
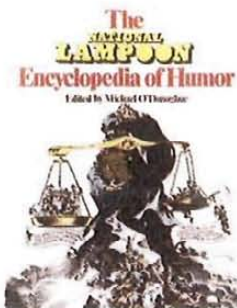
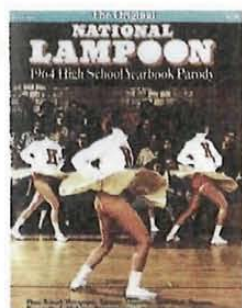
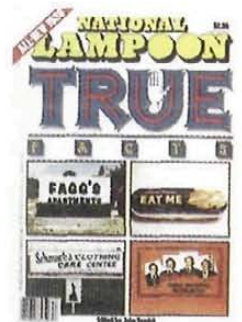
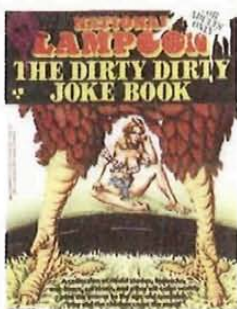
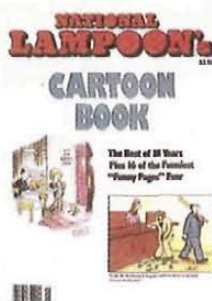
PLAN G: Has it ever occurred to you that Olga might have feelings? That she might be wandering helplessly in a strange land where the words "Me am lonely Swedish language-difficultier, can you give me strong American cuddle-warmth bed-style, Mr. penis-owner college student?" are seen as an invitation to immediate sex? Has it occurred to you that she might have volumes to speak about her country's political and economic systems, or the tragic childhood of her great-grandfather, inventor of the sauna? Has it occurred to you that she's more than just a receptacle for your filthy sexual "needs"? If not, proceed to Plan H.

PLAN H: With a cruel sneer, tell your roommate, "Aw, you're just jealous 'cause you're not getting any." Judging by the pork rinds and the Pink Floyd, you're probably right, and he will commit suicide within the week.



JON D. BECKERMAN is from Harvard. He will receive a \$500 Rabelais grant for outstanding excellence.

JODI GLENN is a senior at the University of Illinois. She will receive a \$250 Dorothy Parker scholarship.



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THE PRINCETON FUCK BUS

BY KAREN TOLCHIN, CHARLIE TOLCHIN, MISSY GREELEY



ILLUSTRATED BY ROSS MACDONALD

RANDALL, A TALL, LEAN MAN WITH A DISTINGUISHED pedigree and perfect hair, stood in front of the Winnebago and addressed his platoon: "Gentlemen, we will get laid tonight." In lurid anticipation of the conquests they knew would be theirs in just a few short minutes, the virile, handsome voyagers from Princeton sped through the darkness toward their destination: Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Neither Randall nor his crew had ever seen the legendary spa with their own eyes. No, they were like Cortés and his men, making great strides across brutal continents and treacherous waters for the fabled El Dorado. Just before midnight, the Winnebago stopped and they stepped out onto consecrated Bryn Mawr ground. The moon was high overhead, and a dog's howl penetrated the cold night air.

On the other side of campus, groundskeepers were hosing down the charred remains of the Wharton Fuck Bus from the night before.

Someone yawned. It could have been anyone, really; they were all gorgeous babes. Behind the bar stood Natasha, sleek and elegant in black, nursing a martini, a Dunhill (mild) hanging nonchalantly from her lips. She exchanged looks with Tracy, a freckled, perky, yet sophisticated freshman. A blue-gray haze hung over the stony, tapestried room in Denbigh Hall.

The clock struck midnight, and the yawn became a low growl and then a shriek. All eyes turned to Paige, her fists clenched, pale and regal in the center of the room.

"I feel something in the air," she intoned, with a queenly toss of her hair. "We will have visitors, I can feel it in my bones. Visitors...with male members." Tracy's squeal of delight died with the look Paige shot her. At that moment, the heavy mahogany doors swung open, and all eyes turned. With a swagger meant to indicate that they were hung like oxen, Randall and his platoon sauntered forth and presented their wares to Paige and her ladies-in-waiting.

Paige appraised the men, instantly knew their mission, and crossed her legs. The other women did the same. Randall cleared his throat.

"Girls, we bring you a message of love from Princeton University."

"Isn't that a community college near Akron?" Natasha asked. "Or is it affiliated with the Nashville Diesel Institute?" She lit another Dunhill. Surprised, Randall and his company rumbled slightly. Randall tried another tack.

"You are wondering why you lovely ladies should give us a chance."

Paige stared.

"You would like us to prepare a presentation supporting our cause, complete with slide shows and charts."

Paige took a long drag of her cigarette and waited before blowing the smoke into his face.

"You have five minutes," she said. "Impress us."

One by one, the men listed their best qualities, their SAT scores, their personal growth. Some used the slide projector, other referred to charts, letters of recommendation, and improvisation. One hopeful played "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the harmonica, but his performance was marred by the chants of hairy-legged, Marxist, vegetarian, Hindu, bulimic protestors outside—"Hey, hey, ho, ho, the patriarchy has got to go!" (Apparently, Blaine had parked the Winnebago in a handicapped spot.)

"You said this would be easy," one of Randall's men whispered in his ear, but Randall's look silenced him.

The women held up scorecards following each presentation, and the scores were duly recorded. One boy passed out under the strain, and was swept out of view by paramedics.

Finally, Randall took his place in the limelight. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief" and he gave a brief equestrian demonstration. As he neared the last jump, Clarabell, the horse he had been riding—a Bryn Mawr graduate—threw him, but Randall dusted off his fragile male ego and swaggered over to the queen.

Paige regarded him coolly. The smell of horseshit hung in the air. Finally she spoke.

"Why should we take you on?" she inquired while scooping out mini-marshmallows from her hot chocolate with great concentration.

Randall leaned forward. The smell of horseshit was overpowering.

"Because we're the best," he replied.

Paige took a long drag on a mini-marshmallow.

"I'm sorry, but you're not quite as good as the guys from Wharton. You'll have to leave. Try again next year."

Despondent, the men played Kick the Can all the way back to the Winnebago, whereupon they discovered the transmission lying in pieces underneath their Trojan horse. Their hubris shattered, the men drew straws to see who would go back to the Gothic harem for help.

"Help you? Of course. Just let me get my tool belt," Paige said, as the other Mawrers hauled out the arc-welding equipment and the hydraulic jacks.

Back at Princeton, heads hung in shame, Randall and his defeated mates described the women warriors, whose machismo rivaled that of the Amazons of old.

"Were the girls sex-starved at Bryn Mawr?" asked a friend.

"Not starved enough."



KAREN TOLCHIN and MISSY GREELEY from Bryn Mawr; CHARLIE TOLCHIN junior at George Washington. They share a Ritz Brothers Team-up Award \$500.

FOOL ON THE HILL

DIARY OF AN INTERN

BY JEN WEINER

MAY 14, 1991: Today I passed career services. I couldn't help but notice my desperate classmates suddenly renouncing their "adversarial stance" in order to struggle for summer employment. Thank goodness I won't have to go through that. My GPA, my staunch conservatism, even my twelve years as an altar boy, all speak for themselves. Certainly I should have no trouble securing the internship of my choice, or at least one worthy of my abilities.

MAY 15: Reminded Dad to tell Senator Elms that I'm available for the summer when they went to play golf.

JUNE 1: Got the letter from Elms's office today confirming my internship. It's about time! Immediately went shopping. I think I did quite well: blue suits, red power ties with American flag stripes, some green ties with ducks for more relaxed affairs, and an Operation Desert Storm tee with Saddam's face as a target, to wear in the congressional weight room or when I'm out on the links with the senator and his friends. I can imagine the laughs and camaraderie when I casually wipe my nine-iron on his traitorous dictator's face.

JUNE 10: My first day at work. (Wore blue suit, red tie; underneath, my Saddam shirt for good measure.) Was greeted in Senator Elms's office by an older woman (but good-looking!) with a little fetus doll decorating her desk. Told her my name was Tom and that I'd come to do my part for the best party in America. As I spoke, she smiled in a suggestive, humorous way and handed me a letter opener. Clearly this was a test, and I resolved to pass. With the speed and precision of a Ginsu knife I opened for eight hours straight. I could tell they were impressed.

JUNE 15: Work progresses well. I'm actually sending form letters now. The senator has a pretty good system: general complaints get a letter and a little American flag, while loyal constituents get a letter and a little plastic fetus doll. The only drawback is all the paper cuts on my tongue. Oh, well, anything for the cause!

It occurs to me that the senator hasn't appeared yet. In fact, the closest I've come to him has been the electronic machine that reproduces his bold signature. Soon, I trust....

JUNE 26: A breakthrough! After hours of concentration, I have worked out a way so that the little fetus doll is actually waving the American flag, so that we can easily mail both! Expect to move up rapidly now that I have proven my worth.

JUNE 27: Sure enough, was promoted to fax machine. The secretary confided that the last intern never got this far along.

JULY 3: Still no sign of the senator, or my paycheck. But enough bellyaching! Secretary says I'm the best fax operator ever—and have also demonstrated my skills at programming the VCR to get *Wheel of Fortune* as well as C-SPAN. Something is about to happen, I can feel it.

JULY 11: Met the senator! Said, "Hello, sir, it's an honor." He said, "Who the hell are you?" I mentioned that my dad was his golf partner; he grunted and said, "Get the hell out of my seat," and slammed the door in my face. Wanted to make amends by showing him the flag-waving fetus. Aide said not to disturb him, he's always unapproachable on Mondays. I retorted that such lack of courage might be why he's pushing thirty and is still just a lowly aide. Success is not for the fainthearted! Tomorrow morning I'm going in.

JULY 12: Entered Senator Elms's office with flag-waving fetus and a plate of brownies that I cooked on the hot plate in the intern lounge. Senator was engaged in deep discussion with a young blonde lobbyist wearing an extremely short skirt. Senator was fondling the lobbyist's most impressive points. I dropped my brownies and fled.

JULY 13: Hard work pays off! I had a private meeting with Senator Elms today. Turns out he was engaged in scholarly research with lobbyist in conjunction with legislation he co-authored on incidence of breast cancer in young women. What a relief!

Then he even asked if I'd gotten my paycheck yet! When I said no, he told me that it would be coming soon, with a substantial bonus for the fine work he's seen me doing around the office....What a summer this has been!

AUGUST 4: Today was the last day of my internship. Senator Elms gave me a party and a painting of a fetus draped in the flag, toting a tiny rifle. The baby's little thought balloon says, "Life begins at conception...or when you register Republican!"

It was a nice touch, more than making up for the fact that the senator kept calling me Tim instead of Tom throughout his ten-minute speech.

I might have cried, but I knew I'd be back next summer, at double the pay. In what other country could a young man such as myself enjoy such a meteoric rise by virtue of hard work and

determination alone? God bless America!



JEN WEINER just graduated from Princeton. She wins a \$500 Robert Benchley scholarship.

I'M SORRY, JEFF, BUT I CAN'T FAIL A SECOND-SEMESTER SENIOR

BY JEFF BRANION



ILLUSTRATED BY ROSS MACDONALD

G MINUS 134 DAYS:

I have really enjoyed my college experience. So much, in fact, that I don't want it to end. In this, my last semester in college, I decide to fail all of my classes, so I can continue the life I love.

G MINUS 20 DAYS:

At my level, apparently, failing is difficult. Despite an entire semester of not going to class, not turning in papers, and not taking any midterms, they won't let me fail. I have my final conferences with each of the professors involved, and each of them says, "I'm sorry, Jeff, but I can't fail a second-semester senior."

G MINUS 18 DAYS:

I kill them in the quickest and least painful ways possible. That I can think of. I walk around the campus with a smile on my face and blood on my hands. At a Student Life party, I do Jell-O shots and tell everyone that I wish I didn't have any finals to take. And laugh a lot—I will not graduate for a long, long time.

G MINUS 16 DAYS:

Then the FBI comes. It seems that I have done them a "favor" by killing my professors. In a secret conference involving the entire school, students

are "requested" not to reveal the killings to anyone outside the walls of the school. Anyone doing so will be "retired" in the same way as the others. To demonstrate its power and resolve, the FBI announces that fourteen people in the senior class (and their immediate families) "will not make it" to graduation. The rest of us get the idea.

G MINUS 15 DAYS:

Citing my good attitude, the FBI "recommends" to the school not only that I graduate, but that I graduate *summa cum laude* and be given an honorary doctorate as well. This is not at all part of my plan.

G MINUS 10 DAYS:

I get on a bus and go to the Centers for Disease Control in nearby Atlanta. Through my FBI contacts, I am allowed to tour the entire center, picking up vials and tubes and the like, *no questions asked. Carte blanche.* I get back to my dorm room with the vials and empty them into a beer. I have come this far and am determined that not even the FBI will make me graduate.

G MINUS 7 DAYS:

After a thankfully short incubation period, I come down with something! I am taken to the school infirmary.

G MINUS 3 DAYS:

They say there's no way I'll be out until at least six weeks have passed! Oh, happy, glorious day!

G MINUS 2 DAYS:

The doctors are wrong. I have had a miraculous recovery. They've "never seen anything like it." Students and health-care professionals gather to worship me. I decide to kill myself. Fuck the FBI, fuck my alma mater, fuck it all. I will die before I don the cap and gown. My "FBI pals" got me a "piece," so I am going to put it to "good use." Goodbye, world.

G MINUS 1 DAY:

I'm still here. It seems that the plague was not a plague at all, but a symbiotic virus that has given me superhuman abilities. The bullet that is supposed to tear through my hair, skin, skull, and brain ricochets off my temple and, although killing a group of worshipers outside my window, merely knocks me unconscious for a few hours.

GRADUATION DAY:

At last, the evil day is here. Outside, the number of worshipers has grown to an uncomfortable size. I am bathed, then anointed with mystic unguents and shrouded in sacred cloth. They carry my body outside to the royal processional, where a litter is waiting to take me to the ceremony. In a last attempt to escape, I leap from the litter to step in front of a truck. I bend the fender and piss off the driver, who says he will kill me. He doesn't succeed. Even if a handful of guards trained in the ancient arts of war had not broken the man in half, I'm sure he would not have hurt me. We arrive at the ceremony....

CORONATION DAY:

The commencement I expected has been replaced by a crowning ceremony the likes of which the world has never seen. There are many dignitaries and celebrities from the music and film industries, all of whom wish to touch my joy. I am crowned king in a language I do not understand, and I am taken to the airport. They put me on a plane, and several hours later we arrive in Nepal. There I am bade sit on a golden throne encrusted with jewels and made by an ancient race. Many gifts of strange and wondrous design are bestowed upon me. Only later do I notice my diploma is among them. My efforts have failed.

My job at the bank starts Monday.



JEFF BRANION attended Harvard. He has been named the Shriners' Outstanding Young Humorist of 1991.

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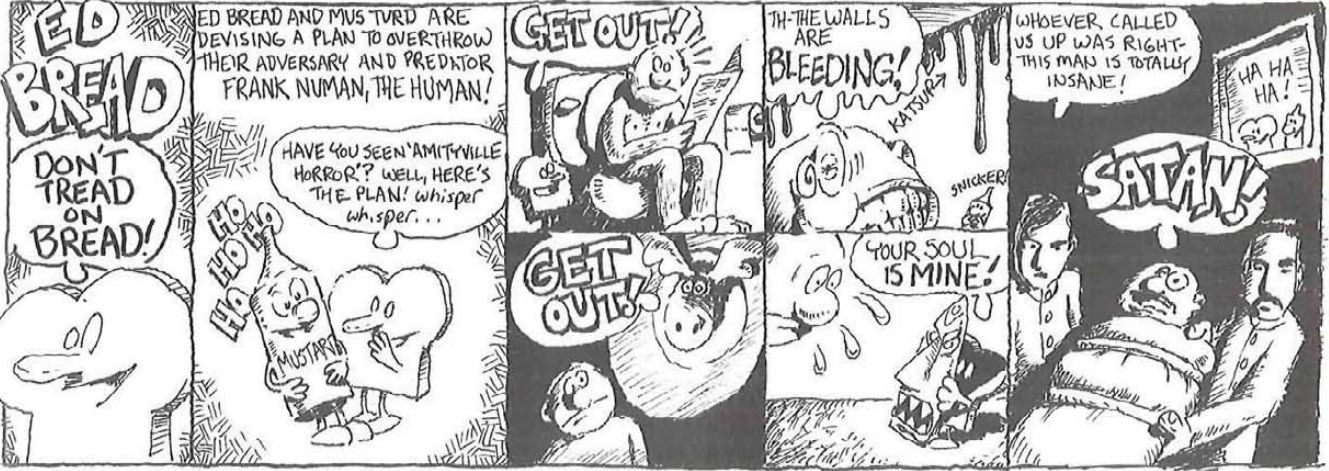
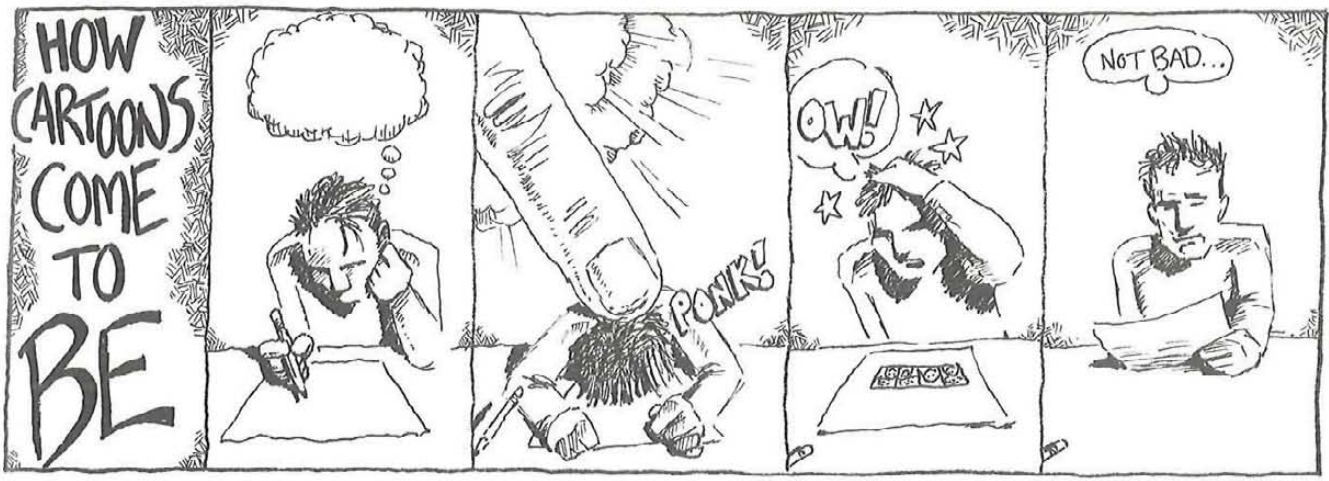
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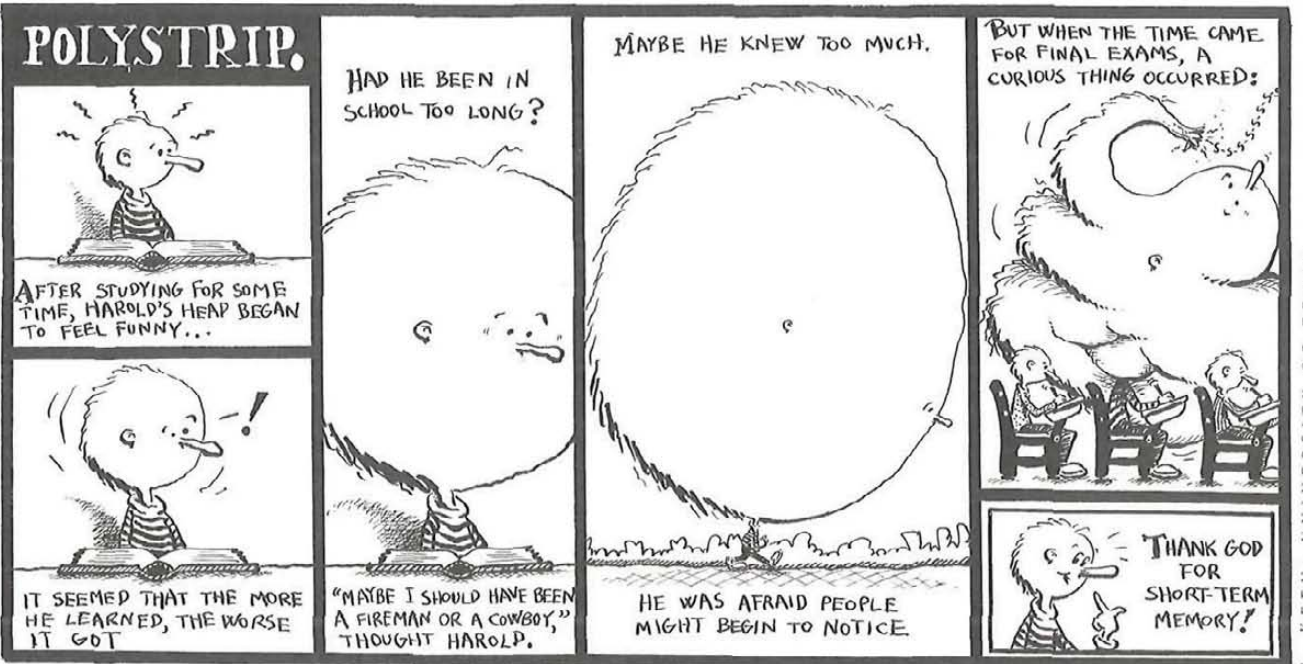
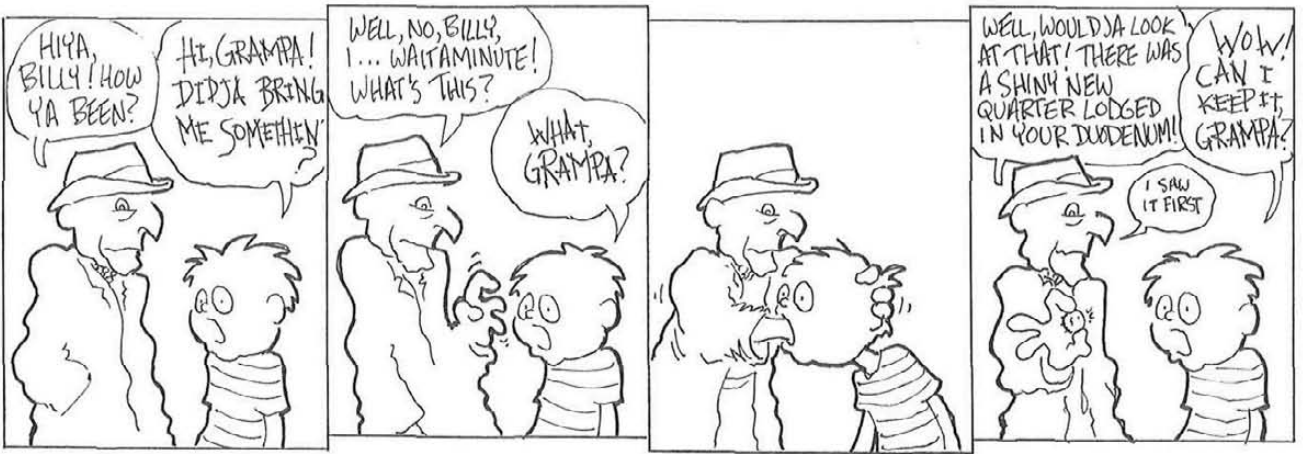
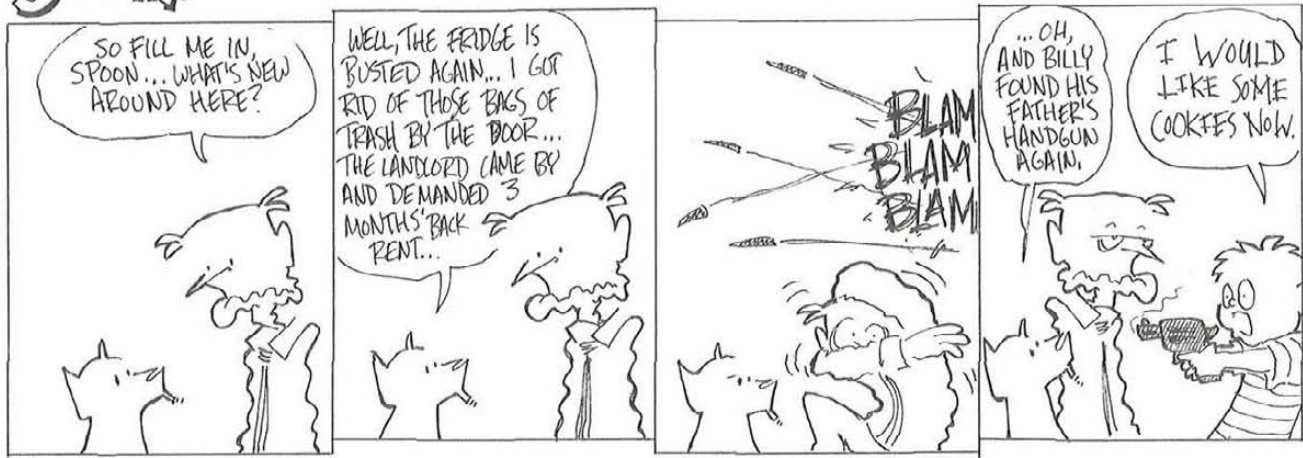
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TALES FROM THE LAND OF PLENTY

BY MARC TRUJILLO



MARC TRUJILLO
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

The way I see it

I was in the bathtub the other day when my roommate came home



He brought several people home with him, including girls, so I tried to finish my bath as quickly as possible



Then the shampoo bottle began making those horrible farting noises



Abruptly, the voices on the other side of the door stopped

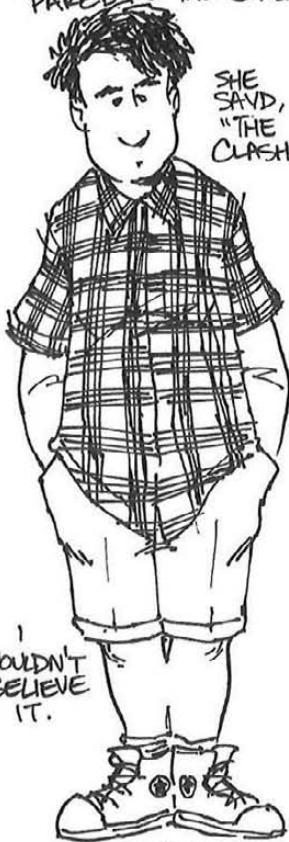


TOM KING: UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

COMIX TRIP

SO I'M SITTING THERE, TALKING TO THIS CHICK WHO IS OBVIOUSLY NOT 21, BUT SO WHAT. AND SHE SAID SHE REALLY LIKED BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE. I SAID THEY SUCK COMPARED TO THE CLASH.

SHE SAID, "THE CLASH?"



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

NOW I KNOW HOW DAD FELT ABOUT THAT WINGS THING.

VAN GARRETT: UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS



THIS WHOLE "APATHY THING" HAS GOT ME UPSET!



I MEAN, WE'VE GOT VOTER APATHY, APATHY ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE? WHAT MAKES THEM NOT CARE ABOUT THEIR WORLD?



SOMEBODY REALLY NEEDS TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

YEAH!

GREG WEINER: UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

GIANT POSTERS

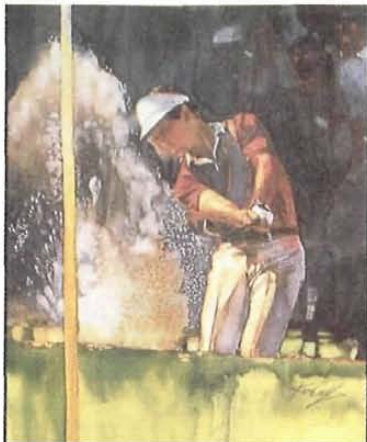
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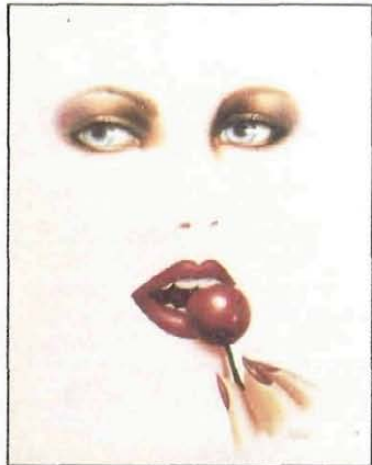
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B. FOOTBALL



C. SPORTS SERIES



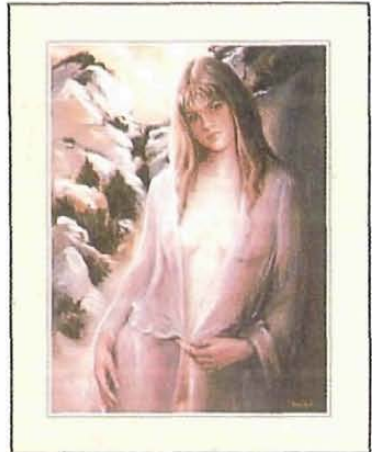
D. PASSION LADY



E. NUDE



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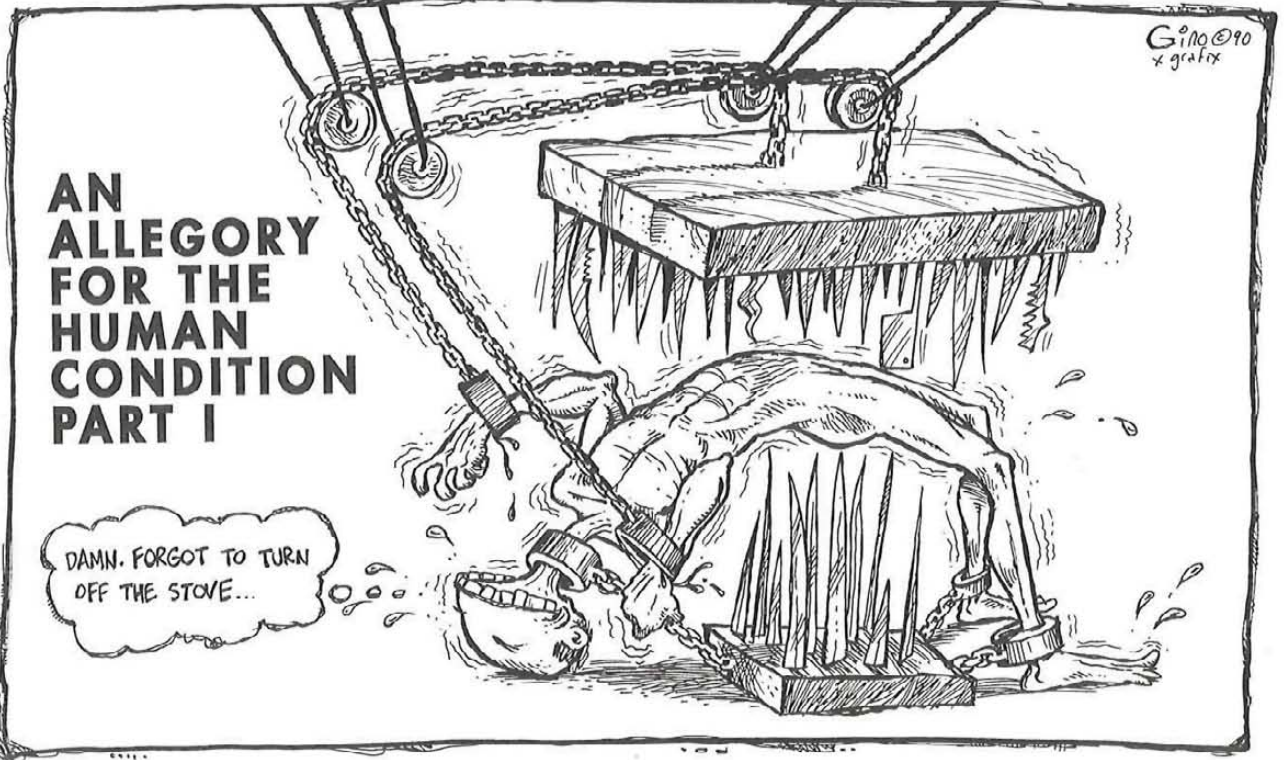
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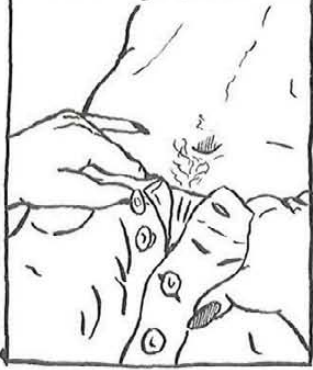
HYPODERMIC noodles



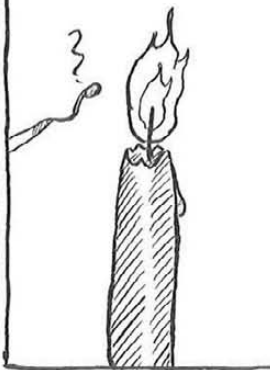
TOASTING INSTRUCTIONS

MORENO

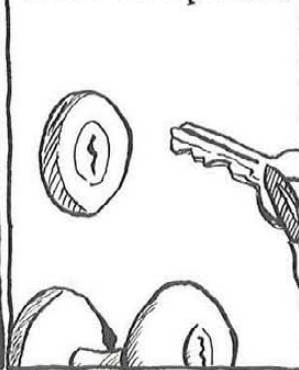
1. Remove pastry from pouch. Drop pastry vertically into toaster.



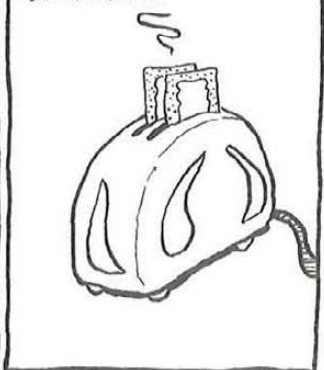
2. Use low or light heat setting.



3. Attend toaster while heating. Children should be supervised.



CAUTION: Heated pastry may be too hot to handle.



ME 2

MORENO



MY FRIEND ALBERT - POOR, IN-DEBT, CHAIN-SMOKING FOOL

MORENO



JEANETTE MORENO is a senior at the University of Texas. She is awarded a \$500 scholarship from the Art/Life Foundation.

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- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
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- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
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**SPECIAL
ACADEMIC
EDITION**
**• TOTAL
GREEKS**
**• ODD
MASCOTS**
**• HISTORIC
PRANKS**

TRUE

Everything in this section is true.
Everything else in the magazine
is bullshit, except the ads.

Higher education has always been a rich source of "True Facts" material. Here is a selection of some of the best.

A MALE STUDENT AT the University of Massachusetts was taken by ambulance to Cooley Dickinson Hospital and treated for burns apparently suffered while going through a dishwasher at the Worcester Dining Common.

A university employee said the student rode a conveyor belt through the 180-degree-Fahrenheit water for the final rinse cycle. (University of Massachusetts) *Collegian* (contributed by Emily Roche)

THE BOSTON HERALD reported that more than forty Charlestown students were injured when the school bus in which they were riding crashed. According to eyewitnesses, driver William Hicks



was standing up next to his seat, singing and dancing in the aisle, before the collision. (contributed by Dan Koretzky)

AFTER THE COUNTY Board of Supervisors balked, Nassau Community College

in Hempstead, New York, revamped the school's sexuality course. The class would no longer visit gay bars, interview prostitutes, and take bubble baths and masturbate as homework assignments. Also dropped from the syllabus were eighty slides of male and female genitalia, but an explicit film on intercourse was retained. Bob



Allen, a college spokesman, called the controversy "a communications failure." *AP* (contributed by Len and Francine Hall)

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO *Chronicle*:

"Hickory, North Carolina—Officials shut down twenty-one schools yesterday and sent home about 12,700 students after forty cafeteria workers and school administrators came down with food poisoning after a banquet honoring food-service workers." (contributed by Andy H. Chick)

WHEN ST. CLOUD University's traditional homecoming parade was canceled, Margaret Vos, head of the homecoming planning committee for the Minnesota school, cited rowdy behavior

along the parade route in past years as the reason. According to Vos, incidents included "majorettes being literally picked up, put over a person's shoulders, and carried off, trumpets being pushed into people's mouths, and beer cans being thrown down tubas." *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (contributed by Don Weirens)

AT THE TWENTY-NINTH annual conference of the Massachusetts Association of School Secretaries, many participants said they were overworked and underappreciated. According to the *Sunday Telegram* of Worcester, Massachusetts, one school secretary complained: "I'm tired of the myth that we're just paper pushers with nothing between our heads." (contributed by Richard Sullivan)

THE PROPOSED MERGER of three Australian technical schools ran into problems, according to a report in *The Age*. The merger involved the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology (RMIT), the Footscray Institute of Technology (FIT), and the Western Institute (WI).

RMIT agreed to the merger only if its name were kept and if it were the dominant partner, while FIT believed its name should also be retained. "If the WI insists on the same," speculated *The Age*, "the anagrammatic university of technology could variously be known as RMITWIFITUT, WIRMIT-

FITUT, or UTRMITWIFIT (which would presumably be pronounced 'you trim it, we fit it')." (contributed by Louis-Robert Stomm)

AFTER BEING REMOVED from his teaching position in a rural Tennessee school, twenty-two-year-old Kenneth Ballard wrote state authorities to explain why his records were incomplete. In a handwritten letter he said, in part: "The school in which I attended DePaul University I have wrote several times myself. I was informed there had been a fire which destroyed most if not all of it. I hope this explains why yours letters have not been returned."



Ballard told authorities that the DePaul University he attended was in Paris, France. *New York Times* (contributed by Diane Giddis)

OHIO STATE UNIVER-sity researchers, led by Gerald A. Winer of the psychology department, conducted tests of more than seven hundred people "from elementary students to high school teach-
CONTINUED OVERLEAF

ers," asking nonsense questions such as "Why isn't a horse a bicycle?" Most people tried to answer the question as though it made sense. Few pointed out that horses and bicycles are simply different things. One question asked of nine adults was: "When do you weigh more, with your eyes open or shut?" All nine picked either open or shut. None pointed out the inanity of the question. What does the research mean? "To tell you the truth," said Winer, "we don't know what to make of it." *Louisville Times* (contributed by Nancy Langford)

FROM THE NEW HAVEN *Register*: "Bozeman, Montana—A Montana State University fraternity member froze a kitten in a block of ice and floated it in a bowl of punch at a party, the fraternity's president has confirmed. A visitor to the party Saturday at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity said the tiny, dark-haired kitten appeared to be two or three months old. The witness,



who asked to remain unidentified, said Wednesday the punch bowl was empty by the time he arrived at nine P.M., but the kitten was still frozen in the ice block." (contributed by Rollin Riggs)

ALEX LACY, THE OUTGOING president of Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois, left the five-bedroom president's house in such a mess the janitors had to wear protective masks to clean it out.

According to the *Elmhurst* (Illinois) Press, "The custodians cleaned out feathers and droppings from chickens

raised in the basement and piles of residue from Mrs. Lacy's favorite hobby—pottery made from hog manure. Over a two-day period, four



janitors reported carrying out five fifty-five-gallon barrels of trash, including an estimated three hundred empty egg cartons."

While some university officials criticized the cleanup at the school's expense, the director of physical operations, Dick Williams, defended ex-president Lacy.

"Granted, the Lacys had chickens, which was unusual. But they were in the basement, not the living room," said Williams, adding that most of the university president's chickens were kept outside in the backyard. (contributed by Dave Read)

WE SEEK THE TRUTH! Send us your facts, photos, ads, objects—anything as long as it's true. For every submission we use, you'll get due credit as well as a sensational True Facts T-shirt. For every photo used, you will also receive ten dollars in actual U.S. currency (perfect for buying another great *National Lampoon* T-shirt!) Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of true stuff you submit. Send your contributions to

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▲▲▲

"True Facts" was edited by John Bendel, and illustrated by Mitch O'Connell. "True U." was compiled by Jeff Branion, Christine Caldwell, and Brenda Doyle.

TRUE U.

TRULY CORRECT

"I'd give my left ball to end racism and my right one to end sexism."

—Concerned Yale student quoted in *The New Republic*

THE NEW STUDENT ACTIVISM

Naples, a New Haven pizza restaurant, was boycotted by Yale students after employees reputedly ejected an innocent black freshman for drunkenness. It was reported that the employees had used racial slurs; the rallying cry was "Don't buy racist pizza!" The protest was finally halted when a witness came forward to say that the freshman had indeed been seriously drunk and that the "racial slurs" were the result of a misinterpretation of the owner's heavy Sicilian accent.

▲▲▲

When two black women were asked to leave a bakery café near the Oberlin campus because they were consuming food purchased at another restaurant, a boycott was initiated. "We'll stand out here every day until a public apology is made to Oberlin's entire black community."

▲▲▲

At Miami University in Ohio, a rally supporting the Gulf War quickly turned ugly when peace protestors became involved. Apparently sickened by the rally's glorification of violence, the peace protestors began to throw rocks at the other side, who responded by chasing them around the campus with baseball bats.

▲▲▲

Last spring, on a warm day, several Brown women sat on the Main Green and proceeded to doff their shirts, exposing their breasts. The administration ordered them to cover up, but the women argued it was unfair that societal norms dictated covered female breasts while males could go shirtless with impunity. Brown men supported the protest.

▲▲▲

Angered by rules restricting smoking, food consumption, and office space for student activities in Georgetown University's student center, four students calling themselves For United Students Empowerment roamed the campus, making noise and shouting slogans. When asked by their peers why they were protesting, the students refused to say; they merely exhorted their fellow students to rise up and fight the injustice. Soon the campus was up in arms, and the only students who knew the purpose of the protest were the original four.

POLITICALLY CORRECT BLOW-OFF COURSES

- ✓African Drumming and Dance (Brown)
- ✓Fine Arts 182x: East Asian Calligraphy (Harvard)
- ✓Japanese Tea Ceremony (University of Illinois)

TOTAL GREEKS

TRUE TALES OF BONDING

In order to develop a feeling of bonding with their future brothers, fraternity pledges are led through a series of "trust games." In one such game, the pledge is blindfolded and led to a staircase landing where a brick or similar weight is tied to his penis. His penis is then hung over space, and he is told that his brothers are going to let go of the weight and allow it to drop over the edge. Of course, a brother is standing directly underneath the pledge to grab the weight or cut the string before it causes any major damage. But if the pledge makes any attempt to save his penis, he will be punished.

Another method of creating a sense of brotherly loyalty is to encourage pledges to commit acts that the pledge might otherwise judge it unwise to do. A recent addition to a long, long list of such acts (which almost invariably involve nudity) is called "sharking." To "shark," a pledge approaches a woman he doesn't know, bites her on

the breast, and flees.

While sororities are generally less genitally fixated than their male counterparts, they are equally interested in fostering emotional attachment to the organization. One way sororities promote this sense of sisterhood is to strip pledges naked and circle the fat on their bodies with a Magic Marker.

For further information on Greek bonding rituals, see "Dumb Frat Games," on page 41, and the True Map, page 62.

FUN BUT UNSURPRISING GREEK FACT

At Washington University in St. Louis, sorority houses are not allowed on campus. Under Missouri law, single-sex female residences are classified as brothels.

AFFECTIONATE GREEK NICKNAMES

While Alpha Chi Omega's official sorority nickname is

Alpha Chi, the sisters are also known by the perhaps unfair but more picturesque monikers Alpha Chows and Alpha Cows. Other perhaps unfair but true nicknames:

SORORITIES

Alpha Omicron Pi: *AO-Pigs*
Delta Gamma: *Dick Grabbers*
Delta Zeta: *Easy DZ*
Gamma Phi Beta: *Grab A Vibrator*
Kappa Delta: *Keg Drainers*
Delta Delta Delta: "If you can't get a date by eight, Tri-Delta"; "Tri-Delta, everyone else has."

Sigma Delta Tau: *Spend Daddy's Trillions, So Damn Tight, STDs*
Sigma Kappa: *Smegma Cattle*
Zeta Tau Alpha: *Zits, Tits, and Ass*

FRATERNITIES

Alpha Tau Omega: *Always Turned On*
Delta Upsilon Delta: "Oops, I pledged the wrong fraternity."

Phi Gamma Delta ("Fijis"): *Feces*

WHAT'S YOUR MAJOR?

PRACTICAL BACHELOR'S DEGREES FOR TODAY'S JOE MARKET

- ✓ Appropriate Technology (Drexel University)
- ✓ Athletic Trainer (Indiana University, Bloomington)
- ✓ Black World (Ohio Wesleyan University)
- ✓ Crafts (Kent State)
- ✓ Crystallography (McGill University)
- ✓ Dealership (GMI Engineering and Management Institute)
- ✓ Experimental Food (University of Maryland, College Park)
- ✓ Fruit Science (California Polytechnic State University)
- ✓ Funeral Service Administration (St. John's University)
- ✓ Industrial Hygiene (Purdue University)
- ✓ Magazines (Drake University)

- ty)
- ✓ Opera Scenic Technique (Indiana University, Bloomington)
- ✓ Organ (Stetson University)
- ✓ Physical Activity for the Older Adult (Oregon State University)
- ✓ Piano Pedagogy (Furman University)
- ✓ Specialty Construction (Arizona State University)
- ✓ Turf Science (Purdue University)
- ✓ Urban Forestry (University of Minnesota at Minneapolis/St. Paul)

POPULAR ELECTIVES

- ✓ Acting French (New York University)
- ✓ Beast Literature (Harvard)
- ✓ Geography of Wines (Miami University)
- ✓ Juvenile Delinquency (New York University)
- ✓ Meaning of Death (New York University)
- ✓ Romantic Music (Bryn Mawr)

TRUE SOPHOMORIC HUMOR

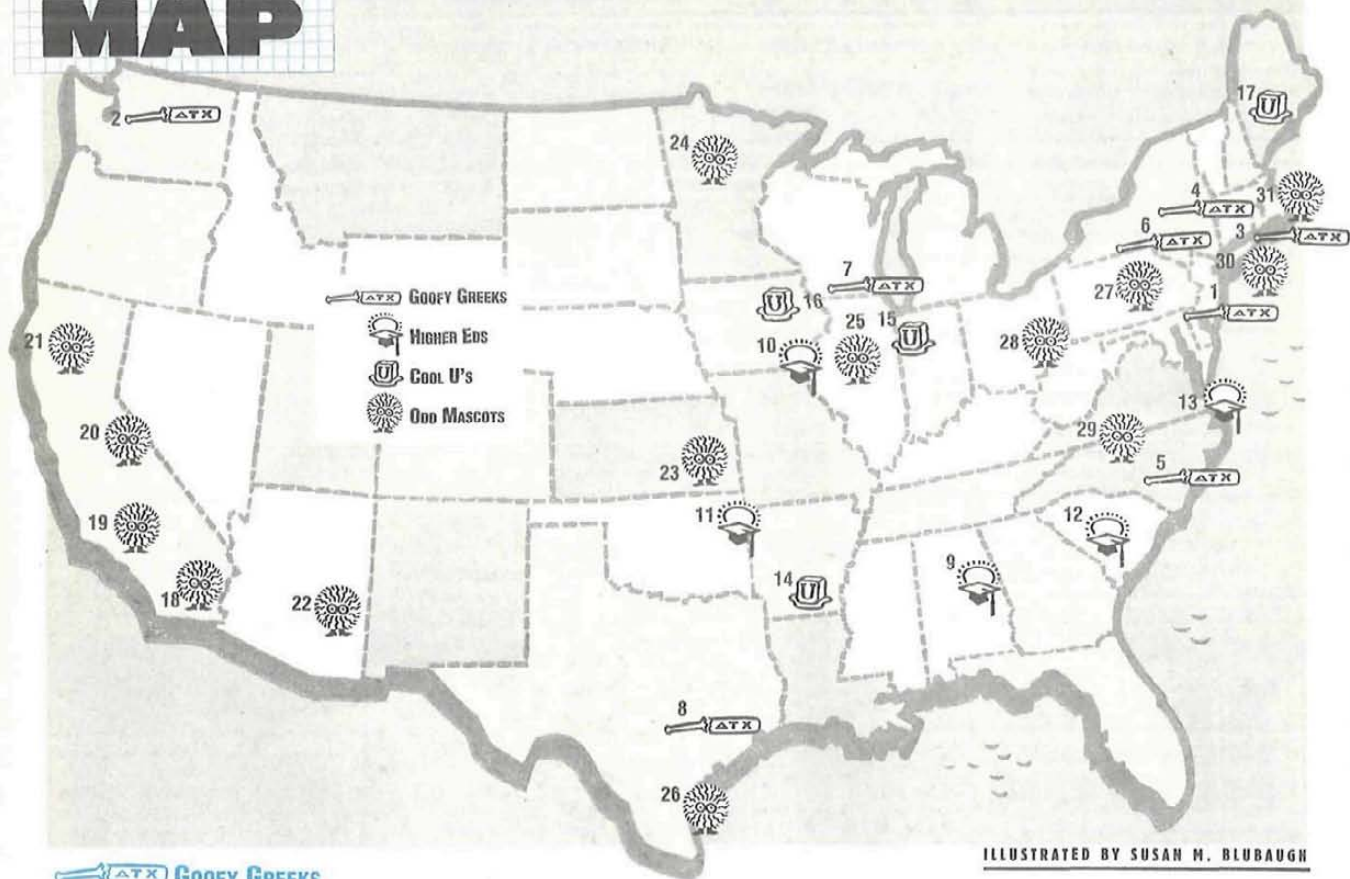


George Lincoln Rockwell attended Brown University as a member of the class of 1942, although his status as a graduate is doubtful. "Link" first exercised his wicked wit on the pages of the comedy publication *Sir Brown*, and later put it to use as the founder and president of the American Nazi party.



Hugh Hefner graduated from the University of Illinois in 1949, and started *Playboy* four years later. It was as a cartoonist for the *Daily Illini* that he first began using the hep moniker "Hef."

TRUE MAP



ILLUSTRATED BY SUSAN M. BLUBAUGH

GOOFY GREEKS

1. Alpha Phi Delta, Long Branch, N.J. In 1974, pledges for Alpha Phi Delta at Monmouth College were taken to a nearby beach and told to "dig their own graves." One pledge dug so furiously that the walls of his grave collapsed and he suffocated.

2. Theta Xi, Seattle, Wash. The Theta Xi fraternity at the University of Washington was suspended in 1990 by the Interfraternity Council for "complete insensitivity to hazing and animal rights." Seattle police responding to a call discovered pledges with white grease on their hands and peanut butter smeared on their bodies. The officers reported that two sheep in the room appeared "overheated and agitated."

3. Phi Kappa Psi, South Kingston, R.I. Police investigated the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity at the University of Rhode Island in 1988 after it was discovered that prospective members sat on blocks of ice while naked and guzzled beer during a twelve-hour hazing ordeal. One student became ill and complained after fraternity brothers poured beans into pledges' mouths, shaved the sides of their heads, and required them to do nude calisthenics outside the frat house.

4. Tau Kappa Epsilon, Albany, N.Y. In 1988 a new Tau Kappa Epsilon member at the State University of New York was

electrocuted during a post-initiation celebration when he jumped into a pond serviced by a short-circuited pump house. University officials were quick to point out that jumping in the pond was not considered hazing because it was not obligatory—but they postponed the school's annual spring festival, normally marked by students cavorting in the college's fountains.

5. Groove Phi Groove, Durham, N.C. In 1987, three members of the Groove Phi Groove fraternity at North Carolina Central U. were blindfolded, taken to a desolate rural route, left by the side of the road, and told to count to 100 before moving. When they reached 80, they were run over by a hit-and-run assailant.

6. Delta Kappa Epsilon, Syracuse, N.Y. Pledges filed complaints in 1983 against Delta Kappa Epsilon at Syracuse University, alleging they were forced to eat parts of a pig fetus and the head of a turkey, beaten repeatedly, made to stay awake for extended periods of time, and instructed to lie at one end of a staircase with their mouths open while hot candle wax was poured down a sheet of plastic laid across the stairs. The ordeal lasted thirty-six hours.

7. Zeta Beta Thau, Madison, Wis. In 1988, the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity at the University of Wisconsin was disciplined for holding a mock slave auction, in which pledges were dressed in blackface and Afro wigs.

8. Delta Kappa Epsilon/Alpha Tau Omega, Austin, Tex. The University of Texas has a long tradition of nutty fraternity ordeals. In 1923, in one of the first hazing deaths recorded, a Delta Kappa Epsilon pledge was killed after he was stripped naked, doused with water, and forced to crawl between two sets of mattress springs that had been electrically wired. More recently, twenty-one pledges were locked in a room at the Alpha Tau Omega frat house for seventy-two hours and were pelted continuously with 9,600 raw eggs.

HIGHER EDS

9. St. Bernard College, Cullman, Ala. The featured attraction at this Catholic school is the Ave Maria Grotto, a four-acre miniature city of over 125 of the world's greatest cathedrals, shrines, and random nonreligious structures. A Benedictine monk from Bavaria named Joseph Zoettl built the city over a forty-year period using pieces of junk and broken glass.

by Doug Kirby, Ken Smith, and Mike Wilkins (authors of *Roadside America*)

10. Maharishi International University, Fairfield, Iowa. Students can study the Technology of the Unified Field and the Neurophysiology of Enlightenment on their way to receiving a degree in the Science of Creative Intelligence. Popular study nook: the Maharishi's Golden Dome of Pure Knowledge.

11. Oral Roberts University, Tulsa, Okla. ORU is the only institution of higher learning that has its own



nine-hundred-seat television studio, two eternal flames, a Holy Spirit Research Library, and a Prayer Tower. In the base of the Prayer Tower visitors can take an amazing trip through the Journey of Faith, a multimedia Disneyesque extravaganza that whisks both the saved and the unsaved through the many trials and tribulations in Oral's life.

12. Bob Jones University, Greenville, S.C. Bob Jones U. boasts the Gallery of Sacred Art/Bible Lands Museum, featuring dioramas depicting household scenes from the Scriptures and a display of trees and herbs mentioned in the Bible.

13. Christian Broadcasting Network University, Virginia Beach, Va. Admission to this college is heavily dependent on a student's "Personal Goals Statement," which all applicants must submit and in which the student outlines his or her "professional and spiritual goals." Sorry, no financial aid for students whose native language is not English.



14. Educated Animals/I.Q. Zoo, Hot Springs, Ark. Crumbling downtown Hot Springs is home for the two campuses of Educated Animals and the I.Q. Zoo, America's premier

institutions of higher learning for lower life forms. Ducks learn how to play the piano, cats master the art of smooching, roosters develop tick-tack-toe strategies, and rabbits practice pulling fire alarms. Successful graduates are packed into self-contained machines and distributed to low-rent shopping malls and tourist stops across the country, where, for a quarter, they exhibit everything they learned in college.

15. Dr. Scholl's College of Podiatric Medicine, Chicago, Ill. DSC occupies its own twelve-story building on Chicago's posh "gold coast." The only intercollegiate sport team at DSC is basketball, presumably to provide subjects for the students.

16. McDonald's Hamburger University, Oak Brook, Ill. All McDonald's employees have to graduate from Hamburger U. before they can become managers. The intense two-week course covers everything from bathroom tidiness to milkshake-machine maintenance; lectures are simultaneously translated into seventeen languages. Students needing help or inspiration can ask Ray Kroc, McDonald's founder, by punching coded requests into special touch-tone phones; appropriate videotaped answers are regurgitated by Ray over a TV monitor. Kroc died in 1984.

17. Orgonon: The Wilhelm Reich Institute, Rangeley, Maine. Wilhelm Reich, a German psychologist, was the founder and chief proponent of the science of "orgonomy," which claimed that the human orgasm releases beneficial energy that can be stored and subsequently reused.

Students test these theories firsthand at WRI's "orgone energy observatory." Reich died in Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) Penitentiary in 1957, convinced that his "orgone accumulator" could cure cancer and that his father was a space alien.



ODD MASCOTS

18. The Soaring Gulls of U.S. International University, San Diego, Calif. USI's original mascot was "The Westerners," but that changed in 1973, when over a dozen copies of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* landed on the desk of college president Dr. Rust. Concerned boosters felt the New Age bird more accurately represented USI, and Dr. Rust apparently agreed.



19. University of California at Irvine's Peter the Anteater. "Zot!" has been the UCI rally yell since 1965.

20. The Columbia College Claim-Jumper, Columbia, Calif. So named because the college jumped the valid gold-mining claim

of prospector Leland "Billy Goat" Davis when it was built in 1968. In compensation, the college built a modest wooden house for the miner on campus—near the physical education building—where he could live, free, for the rest of his life. "Billy Goat" was a fixture at Columbia until he died in 1987. He got his nickname because he smelled bad.

21. The California Maritime Academy Keelhaulers, Vallejo, Calif. The only school nickname that is also a form of torture.

22. The Scottsdale Community College Artichokes, Scottsdale, Ariz.

23. The Southwestern College Jinx, Winfield, Kans. Originally a tombstone with a black cat painted on it, the first Jinx was the subject of an intense rivalry between Southwestern and Fairmount College (now Wichita State), and after thieves from the two schools had kidnapped and recovered the Jinx several times, Fairmount students stole it again and blew it up. A new Jinx now stands as part of a central campus monument—too heavy to steal or explode.

24. The Concordia College Cobbler, Moorhead, Minn. This grinning ear of corn wears sneakers and a football helmet.

25. The Trinity Christian College Trolls, Palos Heights, Ill.

26. The Javelinas of Texas A&I University, Kingsville, Tex. It's a Spanish word for the small, wild hogs that still

occasionally roam the A&I campus. In 1929, Dr. R. B. Cousins, the university's first president, was walking to his office when he was attacked by one of the school's two Javelina mascots—which was quickly discovered to be rabid. Dr. Cousins was forced to undergo painful Pasteur treatments, but school tradition ruled, and Texas A&I still keeps live mascots.

27. Slippery Rock State College Rock, Slippery Rock, Penn. One honored student dresses like a gray rock and runs around at SRS team sports events.

28. The Bliss College Bookkeepers, Columbus, Ohio.

29. The Mary Baldwin College Squirrels, Staunton, Va.

30. The New York University Violets, New York, N.Y.

31. Tufts University's Jumbos, Medford, Mass. Named after Jumbo the elephant, whose hide was donated to the university to be stuffed and displayed after he was killed by a freight train in 1885. The 1,538-pound hide was destroyed in a fire in 1975. An administrator scraped the ashes into a peanut butter jar, which has been locked in a safe in the athletic department ever since. Tufts athletes who rub the jar before athletic competitions report good luck.



TRUE PRANKS



1953: Harvard Crimson pranksters give Soviet official (second from left) the bird.

BY NEIL STEINBERG

Neil Steinberg, a Chicago Sun-Times reporter and co-founder of the "Kill Dondi" campaign while at Northwestern University, is writing a book about college pranks, to be published next fall by St. Martin's Press.

PRANK RULE #1:

THE BEST PRANKS CAUSE INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS
On May 7, 1936, a startled Washington, D.C., awoke to find the Soviet flag proudly snapping in the breeze in front of the U.S. Supreme Court building. While frustrated guards tried to figure out a way to get the symbol of godless Communism down from the eighty-foot flagpole—the halyard had been cut and knotted—a crowd of reporters and amused onlookers gathered. At the base of the flagpole was a copy of the *Harvard Lampoon's* new "Red Scare" issue. After dusting both the flagpole and the magazine for fingerprints,

police deduced that Harvard was somehow involved, and the *Lampoon* confessed. "Certainly we have no disrespect for the Supreme Court," an editor explained. "That is one thing we are behind."

But for all the *Lampoon's* proud record of international incidents (involving, among others, Harry Truman and Kaiser Wilhelm), its biggest international exposure came courtesy of a prank by its archenemy—the *Harvard Crimson*.

The *Lampoon* and the *Crimson* have been adversaries ever since Memorial Day, 1901, when the *Lampoon* came out with a parody of the school paper, flecked with intentional misspellings and promising to refund one dollar "from the huge surplus amassed" to each subscriber who showed up at the *Crimson* offices. The *Crimson* has been striking back ever since, most notably in April 1953, when staff members kidnapped the *Lampoon's* mascot, a statue of an

Egyptian bird called the Ibis, and donated it to the Soviet Union in a ceremony at the United Nations. The *Crimson* broke the news to Harvard in its April 21 edition: "The *Lampoon's* sacred Ibis now rests in Russian territory." The *Crimson* compared the presentation to France's gift of the Statue of Liberty, calling it "an exchange of monuments" designed to further "international friendship."

The *Lampoon* didn't appreciate the joke. "The *Crimson* pranksters seem to have forgotten the rights of property," complained then-*Lampoon* spokesman John Updike. "It is deplorable that they've carried college jokes into the arena of international relations."

The *Lampoon* had to grovel before the State Department and the Soviet Union before finally getting the bird back.

PRANK RULE #2:

IN A CONTEST BETWEEN JOCKS AND GEEKS, BET ON THE GEEKS

During a particularly bleak Christmas break in 1960, campus-bound students from the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena worked themselves into a lather over the impending Rose Bowl between Washington and Minnesota. It struck them as monumentally unfair that this event should occur in their own backyard and yet their school should be excluded, simply because their football team sucked.

Posing as a high school newspaper reporter, a Cal Tech student infiltrated the Washington cheerleading section and learned how the flip-card stunts worked. Instruction sheets were acquired, altered, and replaced. On New Year's Day, Washington's half-time show seemed far less Husky-oriented than expected, especially the climax, which featured dozens of Washington students holding up cards spelling out CALTECH.

Cal Tech returned to the Rose Bowl in 1982, this time rigging the electronic scoreboard so that a couple of students could control it via a laptop computer set up on a nearby hill. That year Cal

Tech beat MIT at the Rose Bowl by a score of 38-9.

Two other memorable sports pranks involving creative use of available technology:

•The night before Auburn's very first home football game in 1896 against hated Georgia Tech, a group of students snuck out of their rooms and greased the rails around the train station. When the Georgia Tech train arrived from Atlanta, it applied the brakes but could not stop. The train slid by the station and, if accounts of the time can be believed, halfway to Loachapoka, ten miles away. The team had to walk into town, with taunting Auburn fans trailing behind, and on top of it lost the game a humiliating 45 to 0.

•During the days preceding their annual football match-up, USC's Tommy Trojan statue has been drenched in UCLA blue so many times that some years he is guarded round-the-clock. This did no good the year UCLA students chartered a helicopter and dropped one hundred pounds of manure atop the statue.

PRANK RULE #3:

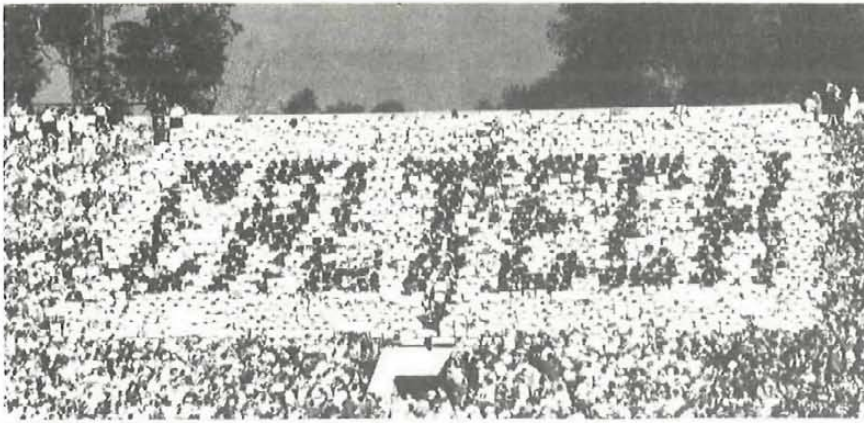
THE VALUE OF A PRANK IS SOMEWHAT DIMINISHED IF IT KILLS SOMEONE

In February 1894, waggish sophomores from Cornell University, intent on disrupting the freshman banquet, hid themselves under the Masonic hall where the event was being held and drilled holes in the floor, through which they pumped chlorine gas. The gas overpowered thirty freshmen, some of whom had to be carried outside. A cook died, and the resulting furor was immense, with newspapers nationwide gleefully following the scandal. Despite a grand jury inquest, the guilty sophomores were never caught.

PRANK RULE #4:

SEEING IS BELIEVING

When a member of the Yale drinking club called the Jolly Eight wrote to saloon-basher Carrie Nation, describing his group as a temperance band seeking her "counsel and encouragement," it was the beginning of an average prank. When Nation, who



CALTECH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

1960: Cal Tech's first appearance at the Rose Bowl.

was somewhat of a dupe, actually showed up at the rooms of the Jolly Eight on September 29, 1902, where she was coaxed into making an impromptu speech on the evils of demon alcohol, it was working its way toward a good prank. But when, that evening, a group of students from the *Yale Record* visited Nation in her hotel room and asked to take her picture, the prank moved into the realm of greatness. To take a picture at night in 1902, first all the lights in the room had to be extinguished, then the plate uncovered, a flash ignited, and the plate covered again. Nation was told she would be photographed "toasting temperance" and handed a glass of water. A student next to her held a similar glass. The other seven students were empty-handed—until the lights went down. Then they produced beer steins, cigars, pipes, and beer bottles, and posed themselves in a tableau a Yale historian compared to a "Bacchanalian orgy." The picture, further doctored to add foamy heads to the steins and a smoldering cigarette in Nation's hands, was printed in the *Record* several days later with the caption "I have always taken mine straight," she said, laughing."

PRANK RULE #5:
EVEN AN AVERAGE PRANK
CAN BE ELEVATED TO
GREATNESS IF IT GETS
EVERYBODY EXPELLED

When, in the warm spring of 1904, University of Colorado law students began moving their hard wooden benches from Hale Hall and hiding them around campus, it

wasn't exactly the most brilliant prank of all time. But college president James Hutchins Baker, a man "not blessed with an abundant sense of humor," elevated the prank by expelling the entire junior class, en masse, a few weeks before the end of the school year. The class of 1905 applied, as a group, to the law school at the rival University of Denver. Someone forwarded a copy of their application letter to Baker, and the group was reinstated.

PRANK RULE #6:
IF AT ALL POSSIBLE,
INVOLVE A COW
From the 1790s, when students at Dartmouth would register their displeasure at

the herds of cattle pastured on the college green by driving them into the neighboring state and leaving them there, to recent years when MIT students hauled cows (both living and fiberglass) atop the 148-foot Great Dome of their library, cows have figured in many college pranks. Perhaps every agricultural university in the nation has elected a cow homecoming queen. Ohio State University first took the plunge in 1926, when its agricultural school sponsored one Maudine Ormsby as a candidate. During preliminary balloting, Maudine took a respectable second, and it was only during a check of the student

directory to contact finalists for picture-taking that Maudine was discovered to be a prize Holstein. Maudine was disqualified from the final balloting, over the ag school's objections; but then, for a variety of infractions, so were all the other candidates. The homecoming committee decided to chose the queen itself, in a special session, and when the dust had settled, Maudine was crowned. The committee tried to convince a certain Rosalind Morrison to march as unofficial queen, but she demurred, explaining later: "It was such an insult to be beat out by a cow that I refused to accept any of the honors at all."

The queen herself was considered too valuable to march in the homecoming parade, and was represented by two undergraduates in a cow outfit.

THE PRANKSTER'S CREED:
FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T
TAKE A JOKE

When the fabled Pail & Shovel Party grabbed the reins of student government at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, in a campaign that found the P&S candidates dressed in clown suits, they also won control of the \$80,000-a-year SGA budget, to the horror of the grim-minded who normally worried over such matters. The only reassurance was that P&S campaign promises, which included flooding the stadium to conduct mock naval battles and bringing the Statue of Liberty to the campus, were too outlandish ever to become reality.

Then, in February 1979, in the middle of the night, a giant mock-up of Lady Liberty—from the bridge of the nose and the wrist up—was set up on the ice of frozen Lake Mendota. People flocked to see the work, but junior Republicans, crazed over the \$4,500 in school funds expended on the statue, burned it to the ground. Unrepentant, the Pail & Shovel Party was reelected the following spring in a resounding victory and, spending even more money—\$6,000, built yet another Statue of Liberty the following winter on Lake Mendota. This one was fireproof. ■



YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

1902: Carrie Nation mugging with *Yale Record* staff.

PAYROLL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

had broken her heart forevermore by asking why *The Waste Land* wasn't on the syllabus. And off we went to the nursing college, Dean spilling out of the Voyager even before the emergency brake caught and howling that he had a terrific sliver in his finger and he was deathly afraid of infection. Crafty Dean concocted a story of how he'd gotten the sliver installing new subwoofers, leveling his soulful stare at one cornfed nursing student in particular until soon enough she had not only given him a larger Band-Aid than he really needed, she'd sweetly secretly slipped us all Band-Aids and agreed to bring the other nursing students around to Dean's later to apply them. We piled back into the Voyager all fiery for the nursing students, heading straight for the pad with only the briefest stop at Eta Beta Pizza for a Mortarboard, their boprazed alto solo of a low-cholesterol pie. Alex the pizza chef digs Dean and usually throws in free Diet 7-Ups for everyone, and normally we rush off like fireflies for the quad to watch the crazy bubbles fizzle and burst in the dying daylight the way America's true prophets fizzle and burst under the oppressive weight of her leaden conformism, but this time we made for Dean's so we could greet the nursing students who were going to arrive momentarily. We hadn't been waiting there more than six hours when Dean suddenly jumped up and yelled, "The Non-Discrimination Symposium!" and forced us all back into the Voyager, causing no end of logistical problems due to the fact that Willy and Billy by now refused to sit next to each other despite the thick band of flesh connecting them, and so off we went about five hundred yards down the road, a mad whirlwind of a trip it was, and as we pulled up short at the Non-Discrimination Symposium I was sadly dreaming of the nursing student I had secretly picked out for myself, whose olive skin and black hair and great woeful eyes made me wonder what secret sorrows she had seen in her native Mexico, though she'd said her name was Laurie and she came from New Jersey.

But my sad-Sal private mourning didn't have a chance against the great circus spectacle of the Symposium, where the evening's topic was the proposed banning of all words featuring any of the letters used to spell "colored," and where Toto stood and surprised even himself with his impassioned speech in favor of allowing at least one of the two o's, it being a vowel that had figured prominently in the history of the school. After the Symposium the Philosophy Club was dispensing decaf and pastries with the abandon of an

Arabian sultan, and so it was that I didn't get to sleep until well after eleven that night, my head swimming with the day's experiences and dreamvisions of my sylvan Laurie. So you can see how it was almost incomprehensible to me when Dean told me he was worried about my output and my future. As he put it, "Now, Sal, you know how I dig you and Phew! the kind of respect I accord you and your thoughts and most of all your work, but there are those on the staff who think you've been leading your students down the wrong path. What I'm saying, Sal, is that perhaps it would be a fine pure idea if you were to protect yourself tenurewise by placing a few stories in magazines before it absolutely boils down to the ultimate cosmic question, 'Publish or perish.'"

"I only tell my students to pour everything they know of this great crazy world into every word they write, Dean,

After the Symposium the Philosophy Club was dispensing decaf and pastries with the abandon of an Arabian sultan.

to fool nobody, sham nobody but absolutely get all the way down to it every time pen touches paper, and who could object to that?" I said, looking at this towering pitiful clown and thinking of his poor lost father. "And as for publishing, you know I've been submitting stories with the mad fever of a Bengali dervish, but nobody will take my stuff."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" he cried. "Now, Sal, here and everlastingly I believe we've finally reached the point. I've been reading your work. Now you must know, as all great things are known, that I personally dig you and your gone style and everything about you. But these magazines, Sal, they're not like you and me. You're writing stories about endless steamy jazzhaunted nights, wild sad boys and girls living out their absolutely beat dreams, smoking green tea, rushing from bop joint to bop joint in the predawn sorrow like moths in a crazy kaleidoscope of flames. Way too much energy, m'boy, it scares them. Where do you get this stuff, by the way? I hope this

sort of thing isn't going on here on campus." I assured him that of course it wasn't, that it was just the way I pictured the country, and that I'd sworn to myself that when summer break came I would systematically and once and for all plow through my accumulated back issues of *The New York Review of Books* and then get out there on that endless macadam dreampath that is my great Godblessed America and see for myself. Dean said, "I'm sure you will, Sal, but that won't help your prose style or your students. Can't you dash off something about a tired woman, maybe it's her fortieth birthday, and she's driving back from visiting her grandmother in an old-age home, and, like, thinking? Or maybe a riff about a guy who got divorced a while ago and now doesn't like to move around too much?"

"But I want to dig it all!" I said. "I want to dig every foot, every inch, every sixteenth of an inch of this great crazy mother country of fenceposts and highways and crisscrossing rails, once I actually see some of it, I mean. And I want to set it down just the way it is, every jagged Western sunset and gray Eastern tugboat and every gleaming plated shopping cart—"

"Yes, yes, I get it!" Dean shouted, and though I'm sure it was the espresso I thought I heard the tiniest note of impatience in his voice. "Absolutely! But you see a man has to make a living, and if you head out on that wild gone road you're gonna have to get some job and work the way little people do, and that is no position for a writer to be in. Whereas all I'm asking is that you scribble something about a man who wakes up one morning to find he's out of toothpaste and becomes paralyzed with indecision, don't even worry about typing it because we've got secretaries for that, and I guarantee we'll find a place to publish it and get you tenure and you can remain here forever, rubbing your chin and sucking on an empty pipe and saying, 'Try one more draft, this time without adjectives.' Sal, you know and I know that you are a writer. So truly is this not where you belong?"

I wanted to tell him a million things about my dreams and my visions and the twinklestarred night, but he held up a great bony sweatstreaked hand. "Now, Sal, I have to leave imminently for a benefit bake sale at the fine arts department, but certainly, after that, my sweet sad Sal, we'll sit crosslegged on my office sofa, nose to nose, staring into each other's eyes, and tell it all until we arrive at the absolute final and ultimate truth of truths and nothing can stop us, unless the publisher calls for revisions on my Calvino monograph." And with a whoosh of energy he knotted his tie and the laces on his Hush Puppies and was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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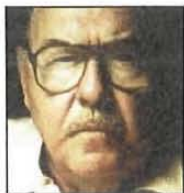
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gone.

And that was the last time I saw Dean. I suddenly realized that I'd never make it there as a writer-professor, that I needed finally to take the great leap and pack my ancient sailor's duffel and strike out into the great American night. With nothing in my wallet but three pitiful dollars, some traveler's checks, and a cash-machine card, I set out dreaming of sharing wine-spotiotti with a hobo on a New Orleans railroad siding, of lying with a sad Salvadoran beauty after a day of picking Texas cotton, of listening to sweating tenormen in a San Francisco bophouse. It happened that the first light I saw on my pilgrimage to the vagabond byways of my gutbroken forebears was coming from the nursing college down the road, and I dropped in, thinking to sweep my sloe-eyed Laurie off with me like a highwayman claiming a cowering damsel, but she was out at a town 'n' gown mixer and not expected back early. I sat and talked for hours with the sorority house chaperone, a heavy woman bowed under the burden of caring for so many, and that's how I

learned about the school's needing a remedial reading teacher. Soon enough and despite Laurie's being engaged to an accounting major my duffel was stowed and I was ready for another wild insane phantasm of an academic adventure, wishing Dean could be there with me but knowing our separation, like his tenure, was forever.

So in America on Tuesdays and Thursdays when the sun goes down and I sit at my broken-down desk, looking at the clock, waiting for office hours to end and wondering if I'll have enough time to go down to the administration building and requisition some untouched sweet-smelling new yellow pencils, pencils as straight and wooden as the telephone poles that I imagine stretch from end to end of this monstrous beautiful siren-sorceress America of ours, this America that I absolutely plan to see when my CDs mature unless interest rates are so high that rolling them over is irresistible, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Chancellor Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty. ■

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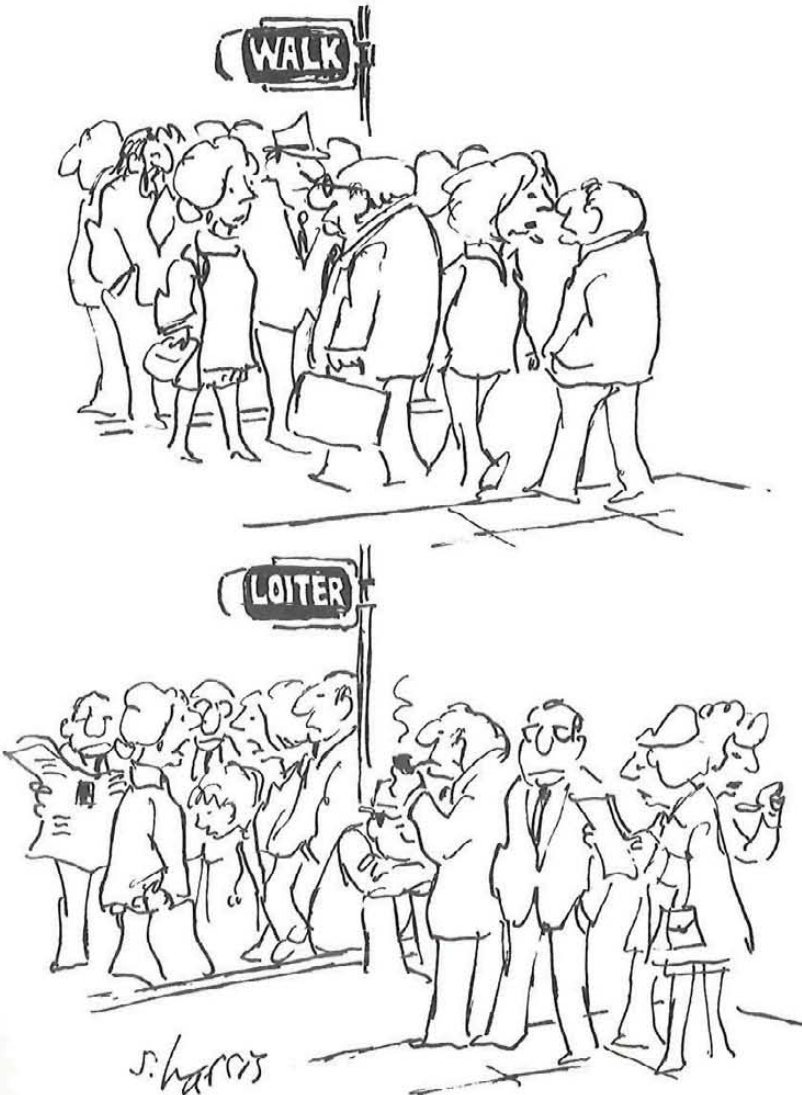
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THE POTATO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

point: one Detroit anchor who began a report "If you think this town is turning to shit, think again" was axed during commercial and replaced by sportscaster Tiffany Jugges. Later, Jugges became the focus of the station's advertising campaign, "First with the Perkiest!"

Or take the recent CBS piece on an upstate New York high school soccer team, which Rather led into with "And now some good news from a place where good news has been hard to find." Turns out that the team is from a high school out near Love Canal, and that their grit and

determination are sending them to the state finals. Heartwarming story, made more so because one kid has a bone-marrow disease so rare that they named it Kenny's syndrome, another has just one big nostril, and a third has been completely bald all his life. But do they mention why these odd things might have occurred? No; in fact, all we see of the culprit is a mention that Hooker Chemical bought them their soccer jerseys.

Potato Chips

Enjoyed seeing the "Boeing Aircraft" sponsorship patch on House Speaker Tom Foley's blue suit on C-SPAN the other day. But where was the coverage about it? That's what they paid for.... Seems to me that *Newsweek's* "Supreme Court Funnies" would have

been better if they had been about the justices, and not by them.... Sam Donaldson's face-lift looks okay, but who wants to see the bandages come off on *Prime Time Live*? Diane sure didn't, and we hope no one else bought that "just a touch of morning sickness" smoke screen.... Saw a thing in *Columbia Journalism Review* where Ted Koppel claims Duane Allman was his biggest influence, but never said how. Maybe it's the bluesy interviewing style.... Word is that James Baker has a huge crush on Lesley Stahl, which explains why he tried to French-kiss her on *Face the Nation* two weeks ago.... Funny how George Will makes a lot more sense ever since he got hit in the head with a foul ball.... ■

SPORTS DESK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

loved him, that she knew in her heart, unmistakably, that he was the one she had always loved.

She moved with an enchanted wanness toward him. "Oh, Evelyn, darling, I was wrong, can you ever forgive me, how could I, all of us, have been so wrong about you? By the way, how did you get to be such an ape?"

There are mysteries of medicine that can challenge the mysteries of the heart, Evelyn thought, but said nothing.

"No really, you're humongous. I've never seen muscle density like that on anyone in my life. I'd say, except for random pimpling and odd hair growth,

that you are the most gorgeous man I have ever laid eyes on."

Evelyn's heart was racing, and it wasn't just due to chronic cardiac irregularity. The moment he had always wanted was suddenly, finally, unarguably, his. This strange new chemical invention called anabolic steroids had brought it to him.

"But what about money? You can't go pro, you know how my aunt feels about professional athletes since that incident with the lacrosse team. And if you don't go pro how can we ever afford to be married?" Primrose asked in her low, melodic, enticing, neat, keen voice.

That's all right, Evelyn thought, but said nothing. I make plenty as a college athlete at Miami and have many alumni friends so am set for life if I want to, say, front a car-dealership or something. We

can be married and be happy and can be well thought of, even by Ivy League snoots, and I can go back to the Midwest a big man and all because of a few injections....

Primrose could tell just from his firm gaze, the steely gaze of a captain, from his piercing blue eyes beneath his hairy forehead, that all her problems were, unquestionably, solved.

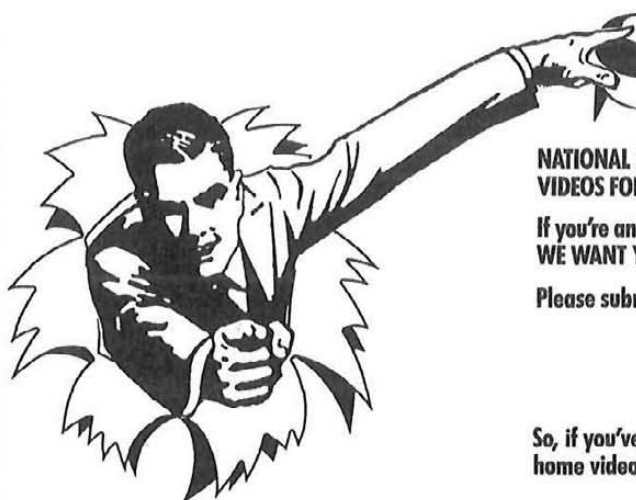
"Oh, tell me it's not all a dream...." she moaned happily.

Evelyn at first did not want his proud, iconoclastic, new, squeaky voice to break the hushed enchanted thrilling magic of the night. To wake anyone, anywhere, even himself.

"No, darling," he whispered resolutely, "it's not, it's not a dream." ■



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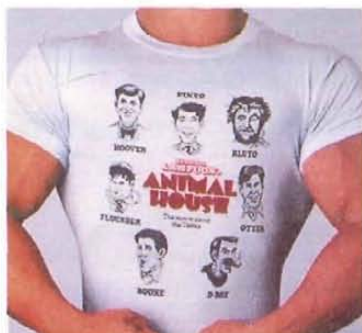
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TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95.

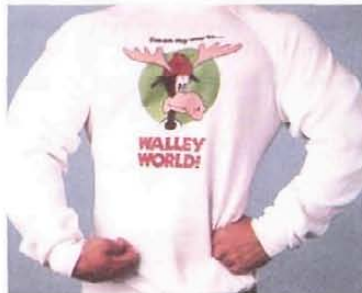


TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited / 50 percent cotton. \$20.95
TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95



TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95

TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber / 50 percent cotton. With hood. \$18.95



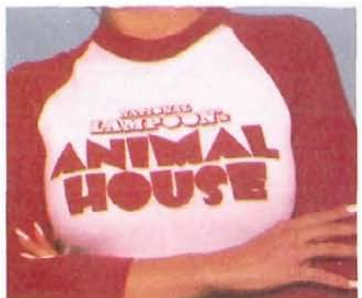
TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95.

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TS 1067—National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with Santa Claus as the logo. \$21.95.

TS 1068—T-shirt (not shown). Same logo as above. \$7.95



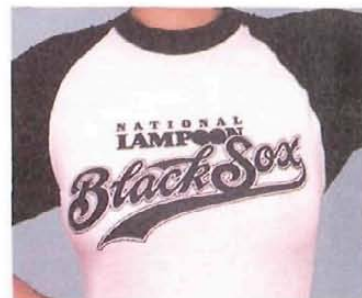
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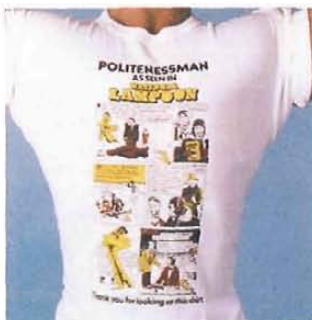
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TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt. With George Washington on the front, an authentic True Fact on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95

(A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister.

—San Francisco Chronicle

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.

—Washington Post

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.

—UMKC University News

(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket.

—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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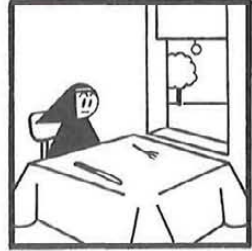
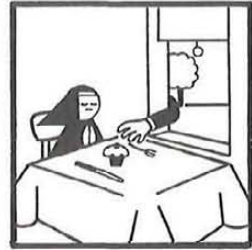
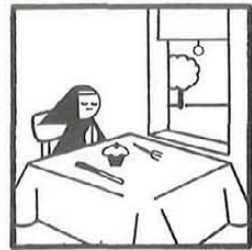
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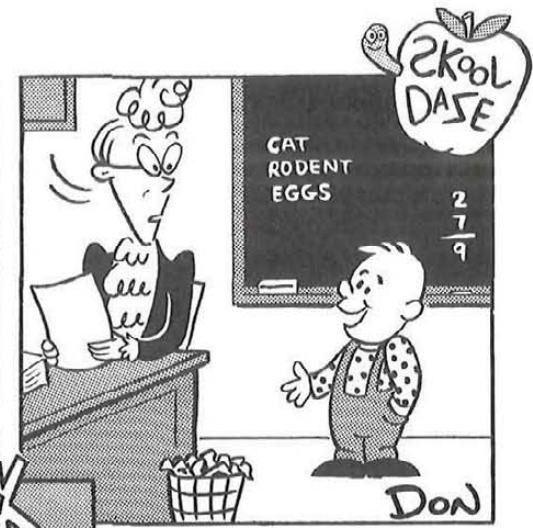
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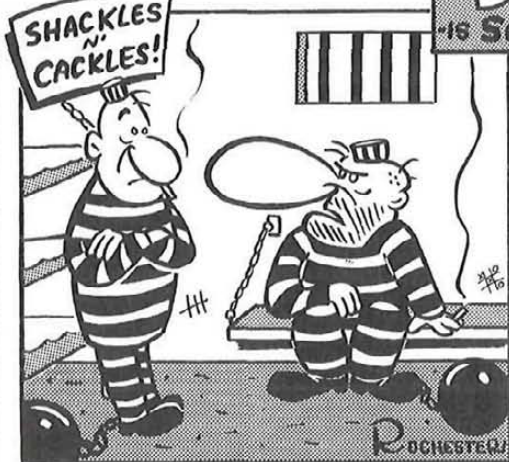
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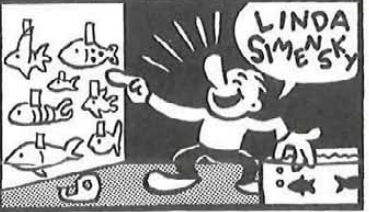
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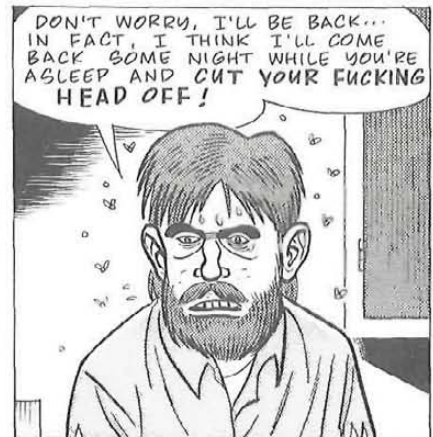
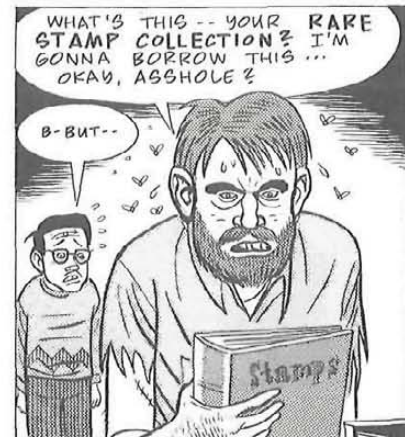
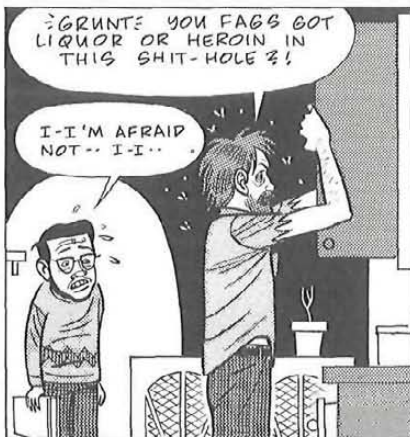


In certain Baltic ports it's considered vastly amusing to insert baby kittens' heads into pita pockets and watch poor tabby blindly fidget to six-hour-long Philip Glass scores.

A popular peasant sport of medieval Belgium consisted of dressing the youngest offspring in the guise of a domestic waterfowl, then knocking upon a neighbor's door and wailing loudly, "I haveth no offspring, I indeede haveth only a domestic waterfowle!" Hilarity ensued.

Pip Santopadre of Bethesda, Maryland, derives endless pleasure in taping tropical fish to the wall of his garage and shouting the names of girls that he attended grade school with.





THE DUKE OF ELTINGVILLE SHOW

BY DREW FRIEDMAN & K. BIDUS ©1991

THE EVER-LOVIN' DUKE IS BACK WITH ANOTHER SWINGIN' NIGHT OF ENTERTAINMENT. DR. HARRY SETS THE SCENE...

HEY I'M LONELY... WANNA DIE... IF I AIN'T DEAD ALREADY, GIRL, YOU KNOW THE REASON WHY, HEY!

AH... AH... AH... I PRESENT... AH... TO YOU MY... SOUL... AH... MATE AND... AH... GURU... THE DUKE...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

KIM BASINGER, TOPOL, AND GLORIA DE HAVEN WANTED TO DROP BY THE TRIPLEX TONIGHT, BUT I HAD TO SAY NO. HERE'S TO GOOD FRIENDS. SKOAL.

I TOLD THEM I WOULD BE BUSY BRINGING JOY TO BILLIONS OF HUMANS, WHICH REMINDS ME... IVANA, YOU LEFT YOUR GARTERS AT THE FOOT OF THE BED LAST NIGHT.

THE DUKE INTRODUCES HIS FIRST GUEST...

HE'S A WARM AND SENSITIVE MAN... A DECENT MAN... A MAN'S MAN... WHAT CAN ANYONE SAY ABOUT HIM THAT HE HASN'T ALREADY SAID... A GREAT GUY... MR. MICK JAGGER!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

BRARRLLL

RRR

GODDAMNIT, MICK, IT'S A HELLVA KICK TO SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED OF A SLIP-UP. MICK JAGGER IS NOT APPEARING TONIGHT. IN FACT, I'VE NEVER MET THE SLUG. OUR FEATURED GUEST IS TELLY SAVALAS.

END

LAST ROUND-UP OF THE SINISTER SPACECRAFT OF FORBIDDEN LOVE



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TOM HACHTMAN'S IMMUNOTOONS



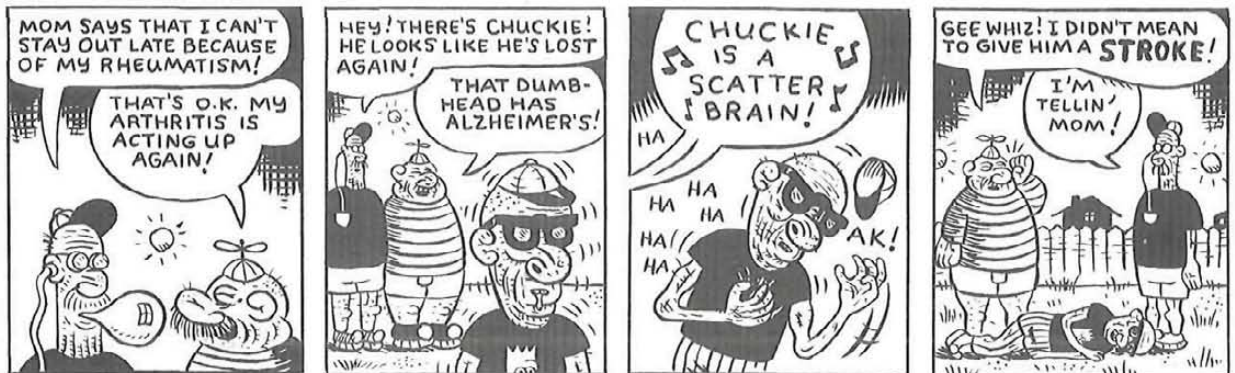
BILL BEAK® in "The Foul Fowl"

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OLD CHILDREN

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BY ED SUBITZKY

SIX DIFFERENT COMICS — BUT, FOR THE PRICE OF THIS MAGAZINE, YOU'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO READ ONE!

COMIC # 1	COMIC # 2	COMIC # 3	COMIC # 4	COMIC # 5	COMIC # 6
"BIFF AND BOFFO"	"FAMILY FROLICS"	"LIZARDER"	"WIFE OF MY LIFE"	"ALDSON ANDERSON"	"AND FRIES TO GO"
DUH! HEY, BIFF, HOW COME YOU CAN'T COMPARE APPLES AND ORANGES?	DAD, IS GOD A UNION MEMBER?	THIS IS A HOLDUP, MAC! REACH!	HONEY, HAVE YOU SEEN MY FAVORITE CHAIR?	DARLING, MARRY ME NOW!	THAT GUY COMES IN HERE EVERY DAY AND ORDERS A "NEW WORLD ORDER" SHAKE!
I GIVE UP! HOW COME?	WHY DO YOU ASK, SON?	STOP OR I'LL LOWER YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE!	I ACCIDENTALLY GAVE IT TO THE JUNK MAN!	ARE YOU SURE IT'S NOT MY SISTER YOU'RE REALLY IN LOVE WITH?	A NEW WORLD ORDER SHAKE?
DUH!	WELL, YOU ONCE TOLD ME THAT HE MAKES THE SNOWFLAKES...	YOU CAUGHT THE CROOKS, LIZARDER!	SO I GUESS IT'S IN THE CITY DUMP!	DARLING, A MAN WITH AMNESIA CAN NEVER BE SURE OF ANYTHING!	YES! EVERY FLAVOR KNOWN TO MANKIND...
IT'S BECAUSE I ATE 'EM ALL!	AND HE TAKES THE SUMMER OFF!	YES... BUT WAS IT TO HELP THE PUBLIC OR TO BE FED ANOTHER FLY?	I HOPE IT LOOKS GOOD NEXT TO THE SOFA!	WHAT IF I... IF I TOLD YOU WE'RE ALREADY MARRIED?	BUT HOLD THE BROCCOLI!



R. REILEY '91

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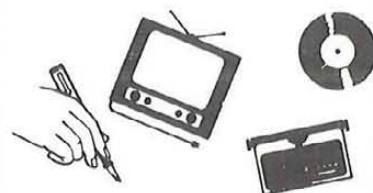
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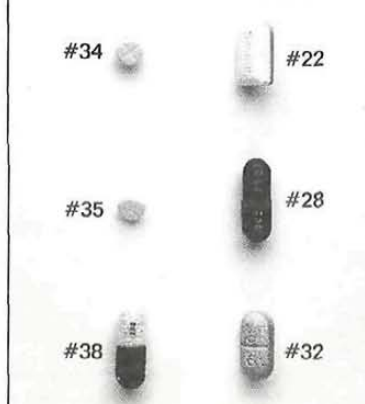
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OUTSTANDING SENIORS

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JAY LUTZ, PEORIA ACADEMY OF MUSIC: Jay earned the Most Improved award at Peoria three semesters in a row, but was de-pantsed at the ceremony three consecutive times. He phones his mother nightly, except for the night when he got a handjob from one of the cafeteria ladies. An aspiring actor, he is remembered for a performance of *Grand Hotel* during which he fell out of the balcony onto the stage; but perhaps he is best known as the guy who got a boner in the shower during freshman orientation. He has also had his bike stolen twice.



(TIE) ROOMMATES DENNIS BAUGH AND BRAD FREEMAN, OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY: It's hard to choose between these two, so we didn't. Dennis can funnel a beer in less than ten seconds, while Brad has a tattoo of a naked lady on his ankle, and a pretty impressive beer belly. They often engage in towel-snapping fights when alone in their room after showering. Neither has participated in any extracurricular activities in the four years they have been at Ohio State, though Dennis has flunked the same political science class three times. The two claim to have gotten so stoned once that neither could talk.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN "DUKE" KISCH

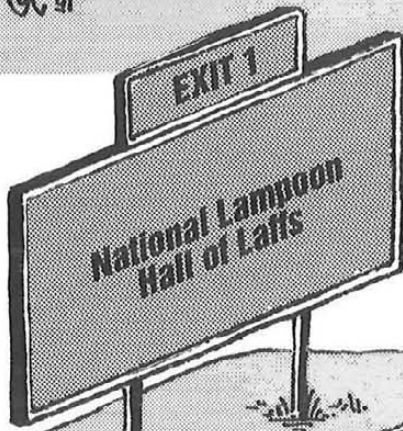
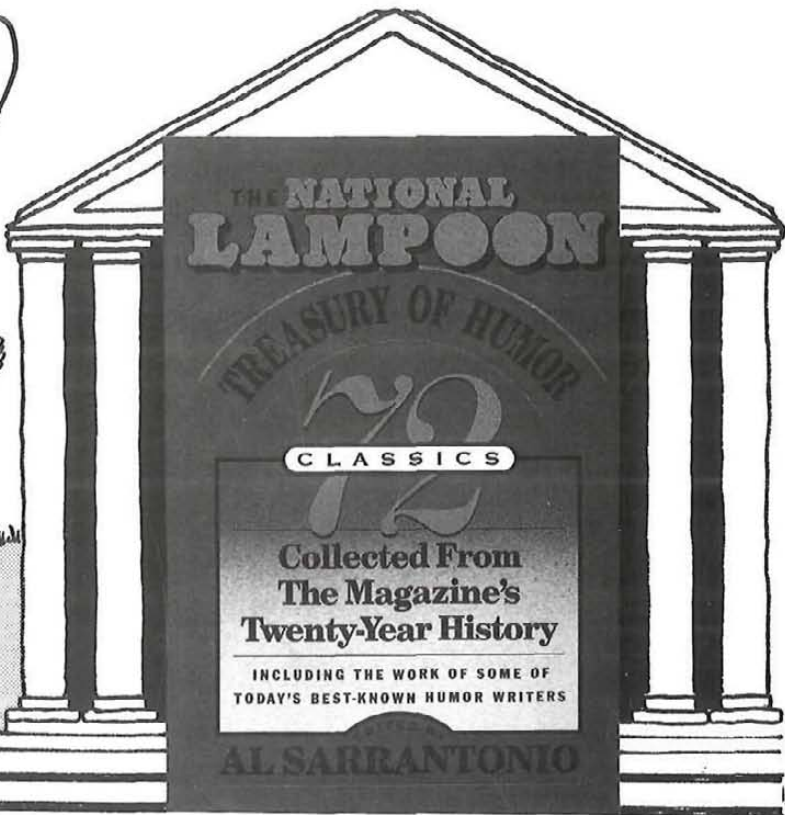
RORY "SPUDS" MALOVICH, ST. HELEN'S COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON: Rory, or "Spuds," as he prefers to be called, is an international-studies major, and the type of guy who consistently does things for his friends—or, as he modestly puts it, "I like to buy their affections." The first night of college, he bought beer for his whole corridor on his father's credit card. (Unfortunately, he was later written on and had an eyebrow shaved off after passing out at ten P.M.) Politically active, "Spuds" has interned each summer with the Hair Club for Men. He also made the Conference of Fiscally Ailing Colleges track finals, only to lose when he drank seventeen cups of coffee and pole-vaulted into the bleachers.



TED KREBS, UNIVERSITY OF MINNEAPOLIS: A free spirit, Ted has several "Shit Happens" T-shirts, loves "zaaa," and gets a real kick out of the "I've fallen and I can't get up" ad. He lost a Super Bowl bet—and an eyebrow—last January; on the plus side, he's owed twenty dollars from when he ran through K mart naked. He's not all screwing around, though. He ran for student senate for three years straight, each year featuring the same picture of a guy drinking a beer on his campaign poster. Ted has spent three spring breaks at Daytona Beach, although the only action he got was when a jellyfish stung him on the balls when he was peeing in the ocean. His favorite pickup line? "My last name means 'cancer' in German."



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