

# The Collegian gets naked

## HOSTAGES RECAPTURED

OH, WE AIN'T GOT A BARREL OF MONEY, MAYBE WE'RE RAGGED AND FUNNY, BUT WE'LL TRAVEL ALONG...

.. SINGIN' A SONG — HEY! YOU SICK OR SOMETHING? COME ON!

JESUS..



A United Nations special task force contemplate demands made by Iranian captors.

Late last night all 53 of the former Iranian hostages were mysteriously recaptured in a series of surprise terrorist attacks throughout the United States. Several Iranians of indeterminate sex and age somehow managed to sneak their way across the country to the residences of all the hostages, said one White House spokesman earlier today.

"We just can't figure this charade out in its seemingly preposterous incredulosity," said a slightly retarded Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Reports said that the hostages were gathered at a central departure point around midnight and then taken back to their home-away-from-home in Tehran. Left behind at each scene were pieces to a puzzle which, when put together, formed the demands for the return of the hostages. Working closely with the Army counter-intelligence Corps, the FBI put the pieces of the message in the correct order to receive the following message:

We, the Iranians, demand that you, the filthy rich, stinky Americans, do to us deliver the sum of 36 billion American dollars and the contents of the back pockets of the formerly dead and wretched Shah (the snit). If you do

not comply within the required time (6 months or 6 weeks—whichever comes first), we will begin the unmerciful torture of the hostages. Boy, we're pretty mad now, you bet.

When asked what he thought of the demands, Haig said, "Shit, I don't know—don't print that, okay?"

(For details, turn to p.A3 of today's OREGONIAN)



Sources in Tehran indicate that part of the hostage torture involves doing housework while blindfolded. If the hostage misses a spot, he is then forced to chew on the broom until he smells better. White house spokesman Ted Goodhill said, "Gaw! That's awful!"

### McClellan pledges aid to El Salvador

In a press conference yesterday, President Rob McClellan urged Willamette University to send monetary aid to the politically troubled government of El Salvador. "Those are a darn good bunch of guys, and they need all the help they can get" said the ASWU President. McClellan suggested that the university "give El Salvador a Collins Scholarship" as a sign of continuing support for the government.

McClellan also called for Willamette to send an advising team to the war-torn country. "I was thinking of maybe Professor Smith and

Hanson" said the President. "They're seasoned political and economic observers, and perhaps they could drop a few hints here and there that would be helpful." McClellan stressed, however, that no Willamette military aid would be sent to El Salvador. "There's been some talk of us sending down a few of our defensive linemen, or some of those martial-arts club guys, or a shot-putter or something, but we'll be doing nothing of the sort," he stated. "We don't want another Martha Mitchell-type incident on our hands."

McClellan was unavailable to explain his final comment.

### Betas fated for success

During the Mid-and late-1950's and early-1960's there was a long stretch during which every Willamette graduate affiliated with the Beta fraternity inevitable became a success. Whether going into politics, military, or business they all quickly moved to the top of their field and are all presently instrumental in the shaping of America's tomorrow. Then there was another longer stretch during which no Beta's were successes and relatively few even made it out of Salem alive. Now there is a great fear afoot that the twenty year cycle has started again and all of the present Beta's are fated for greatness. This fear is obviously felt mostly among the Beta's themselves. Randy Rapp,

a sophomore Beta, expressed the sentiments that were present throughout the house. "Well, the way we, us, see it is that we have been, uh, working really hard to be, like, great no matter what we do! Geez, just think about it! "Unfortunately, we did."

In an attempt to get an idea on how the greatness curse actually works, we spoke to Denny Smith a Beta Willamette graduate who was pushed into success by obviously super-natural causes. Says Denny, "Why, I'm living proof that there are strange forces afoot around here. Hell, look at me! I'm practically totally ingorant about U.S. policies, foreign affairs, or economics. I'm an ultra-right wing bigot, I mean, conceited, and

totally devoid of any compassion for others. Yet I got elected to the U.S. Congress. If it wasn't destiny, I don't know what is!

Buzz Yocum, Willamette administrator and professor who has been here forever, comments on the similarities between the Betas of yesterday and today. "The only thing that I want to say about this is that I consider the Betas of today just as lazy, repulsive, ill-mannered and stupid as any Betas of the past! In fact, as far as being totally useless, I'd stack these Betas against any past Betas. I got faith in our boys." It was noted, however, that Buzz was in fact a Sigma Chi and not a Beta and look where he is now. The evidence for the theory continues to mount.

# Bearshit

## why..

Collegian Editor-in Chief Jeffrey Logan was shot and killed in an altercation in the Publications Room last Sunday night. Charged with murder is Innovations Editor Paul Hehn. The incident began as a dispute over one of Hehn's stories. Witnesses state that Logan was critical of the story, and that Hehn became insulted, then incensed, and finally outraged. Reports indicate that Hehn produced a .44 Magnum from his coat pocket and fired four shots at Logan, who spun around like a rag doll and flopped to the floor. No bail has been set for Hehn.

Rich Fir, chairman, chairwoman, vice-chairman, vice-chairwoman and student member of the academic programs committee announced today that a new class will be offered by the political science department beginning fall semester 1985, to coincide with the next set of graduation requirements. Entitled "Departmental politics," the class will deal with how **not** to accommodate. Instead of a professor, tape recordings of departmental meetings will be used for instructor. Dean of Academic Affairs Jerry Berberet commented, "The ostensible purpose of this particular pedagogical exercise is to raise the level of conscientiousness in the mind of every student of one undeniable fact of life, one should never calculate poultry previous to incubation." When asked for a clarification the Dean replied, "why the hell is everyone always asking me what I mean, why can't you guys just let me use big words?"

The Plasmatics will appear at the Cat Cavern next week, Saturday night, April 10, from 9:00 to 1:00. ASWU spokesmen stated that ASWU booked the band in an effort to bring talent to the campus of Willamette that is more reflective of the tone of Willamette students. The Jeff Lorber Fusion show, originally scheduled for that night, has been cancelled.

Chemistry Professor Norman Hudak will offer a symposium on the synthesis of cocaine next Tuesday, April 7th, at 4:00p.m. Since this is an illegal activity, we can't tell you where it is, but you can find out more information by calling the Chemistry Department and asking for Leon. Space for this symposium is limited, and demand will no doubt be high, so call now.

One of our local Willamette Students has gotten tired of listening to records by others so he went out and produced his own record. I haven't heard the album but according to Dan it is "vibrant and alive, a definite state of the art album." Furthermore, it is "fresh and creative, an album to shape the eighties." And "bright and exciting, an album to raise your kids by." It is also "soothing and meaningful, an album that says something to everyone." Along these same lines, it is "sensitive and soulful, something for everyone." In conclusion, Dan called his album "cheap and plentiful, I've got lots in my room." Apparently, it is an extremely one of a kind album and it would probably make a great Bar Mitzvah gift.

"The Sociological and Cultural Aspects and Impacts of Disco" will be the subject of a Discussion which will occur April 6th, in the Alumni Lounge. Authorities who are holding Hehn for the murder of Jeff Logan say he will be able to go ahead with the scheduled discussion, although he will be under heavy guard. The event will begin at 3:30 with a coffee and donuts session to follow.

Kerry Tymchuck, who is not on the Vice-presidential search committee, but says he "should be" announced today that a decision has been made by the committee. Out of the top five candidates, Tymchuck, Tersh McCracken, Jeff Logan, Mike Matsuno and Scott Waddell, Tymchuck by a slight margin was elected to fill the position. A committee spokesman stated that "president Hudson is deeply committed to the idea of providing as many services to students as possible. Looking at Kerry's record it was evident that when he worked for the students he gave the administration everything they wanted, so we figured that if he worked for the administration he would give the students what they wanted."

Reflecting on his success at W.U. Tymchuck commented "when I took office Liz told me to 'smile and kiss-ass'... and you know what? It worked! When questioned about his goals for the position Tymchuck related "my first goal is to get rid of the God-damn Collegian." When asked for his views on the Health Center he said "I'm gonna make 'em start givin' out real aspirin. Those faky substitutes like Tylenol just won't make it in my outfit."

## how....

The University of Nevada-Las Vegas has passed a rule prohibiting any form of sexual contact between unmarried individuals. University Dean of Students Robert Weston explained the move as "purely disease-preventive." the Nevada National Guard has taken up positions at the University, to enforce the new rules. The new rule does not prohibit the students from going off campus to fraternize, and the local red-light district is reported to be thriving.

Police and authorities were called to the scene of a benefit concert for the handicapped being given by Ted Nugent at Louisiana State University when a member of the audience fired a pistol repeatedly at the rock star. Witnesses reported hearing six shots, of which four glanced harmlessly off Nugent's guitar. One bullet struck Nugent in the forehead, the other in his throat. Although he was rushed to the hospital, Nugent was released two hours later after tests showed no damage, and after he tried to attack two nurses.

The Delta Tau Delta Fraternity of the University of Wisconsin is currently under investigation on charges of violating hazing rules. The investigation stems from an incident in which a pledge was killed when his hands and feet were tied to four separate cars, which then drove in four separate directions. The chapter members maintain that it was "all in fun," and that it was most definitely **not** an act of hazing. University spokesmen have indicated that, should the investigation determine that hazing was involved, they will "lower the boom" on the fraternity.

Nothing ever happens at Pacific Lutheran University, so yesterday the city of Tacoma demolished the college to make way for an addition to the Olympia Brewery. There are no plans for re-location and city officials called the move "a step in the right dir

The University of Notre Dame and the town of South Bend, Indiana were obliterated yesterday in a freak nuclear explosion. Investigators are blaming an unstable amount of plutonium synthesized in the University's physics lab. Authorities today declared the area safe for protected investigators to enter and begin clean-up operations. No figured are available, but the death and damage tolls are said to be "high". The USSR today accused the United States of violating agreements concerning the bans on above-ground nuclear testing. President Reagan declared the area a disaster zone and told the Soviets to eat his grits.

Following a long spate of violence and conflict, the University of California at Berkeley has begun issuing Quaaludes to the students population. University spokesman Calvin Headley explained that the recent violence on campus, including numerous break-ins, beatings, rapes, and robberies, have prompted officials to attempt to determine a solution via attacking the root of the problem, which seems to be hypertension, according to a study just completed by the Stanford Psychology Department. The now-standard issuing of Quaaludes at UCB was offered as a viable means to settle people down, reduce tension, and mellow everyone out.



### Bamboozle the Van Heusen Body Shirt Snatcher!

Don't let her know where you buy Van Heusen 417 Body Shirts! She'll only snatch our supply of the best fitting body shirts in town... with the boldest stripes and solids, the newest long point collar and 2-button cuffs. Don't tell her about us at...

Store Name

### Dinner at the Ugly Harry FISH FEAST



SPECIAL OF THE WEEK

\*\*\*\*\*

A blood clot

Well, it's like Kerry says — delicious, taste good, H.F.A. (after a few bong hits, I mean).

All For Only \$5.00

Choice of dessert \$6.00

Open Monday for lunch  
Tues.-Thurs. 11:00-9:00  
Fri. & Sat. 11:00-midnight

tel: 363-9483

2310 Commercial SE  
Salem, Oregon 97302

## Classics made easy

**Author's note:** Certain members of the English Department have complained recently that students are graduating without a working knowledge of the classics. To alleviate this situation, this author has taken it in his hands to inform students on the classics. This is the first section in a series of thirty-five articles.

### Moby Dick by Herman Melville

This one guy, Ishmael, goes to work on a big boat with a real fruitcake named Ahab as captain. They keep looking for Moby Dick, a big white whale, and in the end they catch him, but he dives into the ocean dragging Ahab along. The theme is something about how crummy whale hunting is or something like that. Maybe Green Peace.

### The Canterbury Tales by Chaucer

A whole Bunch of People are going to some Holy Place (Like Salt Lake City) and along the way they tell a mess of stories. A lot of them are dull but some are dirty so you ought to read those. I don't think it means anything.

### Travels With Charlie By John Steinbeck

This book doesn't have a story or anything, it's just about how this old guy, John Steinbeck, who got rich off of writing other books lots better than this one, takes off from his wife so he can drive around the country with his poodle (Charlie) in this big gas-eating pick-up. I don't really remember much about this book, except that it was really boring and the dog kept farting whenever he wanted outside or something. Eventually Steinbeck got back home, wrote a book on communism, then died.

### Crime and Punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky

There's this young Russian guy named Raskolnikov, and he lives in Russia. He has a sister and a mother, and they're Russian, too. He lives in this dinky little room and he's kind of off his chum. Anyway, since Raskolnikov isn't quite playing with a full deck, he decides he'll just kill this old woman who has a name with a whole bunch of letters in it. She's a pawnbroker or something. So Raskolnikov, after lots of contemplation, kills this old lady and then feels really lousy about it. He gets real weird then, and the book ends somehow.

### Les Miserables by Victor Hugo

A guy steals some bread and goes to jail and escapes and starts a new life and gets tracked down and the cop kills himself and the first guy doesn't. It's really long, so it must mean something. Maybe it's like "Escape from Alcatraz."

### The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain

There's this kid who's like a teenager, only he lives in the South just before the Civil War. Huckleberry Finn had a bit part in another Twain book, *Tom Sawyer* or something like that, so this is sort of a spin-off thing. Anyway, Huck runs off from his father who gets killed later anyway and picks up this run away slave, Jim. They get on this raft and go up the Mississippi so Huck can find a job or something and so Jim can be free from something. Well, there's a bunch of adventures like Huck gets mixed up with this Family Feud and he dresses up like a girl. Eventually he gets to where he wants to go and it's a big moral dilemma and all that. That's what happened in the movie anyway.



## BECKY ANNE

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
CORRESPONDENT

Hi all, Becky Anne here, with all the latest from Liberty Junior High School, the breeder reactor of tomorrow's leadership energy, the S2 type spiral galaxy of the future's shining stars, Etc.

All's well around here, everyone is pretty up about how well our "That's Disgusting Day" went over. Prizes were awarded and Brent Praley took first place, with Steve Marcus and Sharon Wilock finishing second and third respectively. Brent cracked up Mr. McKinley's home room pretty bad by going to class with rasins hidden in his nose and then pulling them out one by one and eating them. Steve pulled the classic fake a sneeze into a big handful of rubber cement gag, (gets 'em every time), and Sharon creatively glued little bits of cotton fuzz all over her body for her winning mould costume. Gross me out guys!

**Signal 30**, the famous auto safety flick, was shown in the gym yesterday for the fifth time this year. Students have made it a cult classic ala **Rocky Horror Picture Show**, wearing bandages and carrying spray bottles of blood colored water, and responding in unison to memorable lines like "For Jimmy, familiarity bred carelessness" and "No Ma'am, you never get used to it."

Pieces of meat and twisted metal were thrown at the screen at the climax of the film—the scene where the cattle truck gets hit by the train. **Total spaz attack.** My personal favorite is the one where the guy spills his load of steel pipe onto himself. **Too excellent!**

Janet Carpenter blew away Family Living the other day by finally announcing that she's got a "bun in the oven". Mrs. Lindley about shit and if that didn't make her "Petting and You" lecture something of an anti-climax!

Now that the drug education section of Health Class has finally provided us with our texts on effects and potential hazards, a few of us have been getting into a little experimentation. Bart Bartner gave his mother's Valium a try the other morning and did he ever solve his equations on the board s.l.o.w.l.y! It took him at least 40 seconds to drag his attention away from his Friends of the Earth notebook and realize he'd been called on. Crack me up. No wonder Bart's mom vacuums so much!

Well, that's about it for news! Until next time, remember—Kiss is God and Andy Gibb licks the undersides of desk tops. **Alright!**



# WASP talk.



Hello. How are you today? I am fine, thank you. I am fine, thank you. I am presently dictating this small epistle in the sincere hope that I can teach some of you loyal readers a little bit about the language that 83% of we Willamette students speak. If any of us plan to spend any time after graduation in Boston or any other civilized place then it would be extremely advantageous to be able to speak the tongue of upper middle class. First we shall have a small vocabulary lesson:

**WASP**—this is the term that applies to most of us. It means White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. It is a term of identification and occasionally derision. However, if anyone uses it towards you as an insult, the proper reply is either a haughty laugh or a steely glare. Both of these are necessary equipment for any working WASP.

**"Thank you very much"**—A reply to any act that benefits you. Possible situations that may require this phrase are 1) when a professor hands back a paper or test, regardless of the grade 2) when someone complements you on your clothing 3) whenever your mother or father hands you some money.

**"Nice day today, isn't it?"**—A rhetorical question that is often used to start a conversation with another WASP.

Other good conversation openers are "I love your outfit" (to women), "How's the little woman?" (to men), "Some stock market today, eh?" (to either sex), or "My my but we're rich."

**Rob McClellan**—The local campus leader of the WASP community. Often used as a prototype for other hopeful WASP's. A quick description may be helpful for some of you to facilitate WASP identification. Rob is ASWU president, 21, blond and balding, has a moustache, smokes filter cigarettes, wears suits and ties during the week and colorful clothes on the weekends. Rob has a fiancée and a delightful sense of humor, not necessarily tied together.

**Preppy**—A current trend in WASP clothing. Informed sources state that this trend will die out by the end of the year, we hope.

**Prejudice**—Get serious. Prejudice on this campus? No way.

That is all for today's lesson. Thank you very much.



Classical music is having a little trouble these days with the confirmation of Beethoven's death several hundred years ago, interest in classical music has dwindled to virtually nothing except with the several million people who still like it. Unfortunately, those people who still like classical music have almost no say in America's fine arts scene except in those cases when they do.

Probably one of the best things about classical music is that you don't have to spend a lot of time learning the words to all the songs since usually the songs don't have words to them and even if they do they're in a foreign language so it doesn't matter. The other great thing about classical music is that it is really great to study to even though it does put you to sleep a lot. One bad thing is that most of the biggies in classical music, like Bach, Brahms, or Bram Tchaikovsky, never go on tour. However, lots of times you can go to a concert of their music done by somebody else so it isn't too bad. I'd write a lot more about classical music but I don't even like it so forget it.

Few people in the real world know very little about country-western music, so here's a brief history of it: started a long time ago and is still going on. It involves funny-looking men and women with big Elvis sideburns, lots and lots of steel-guitar twangs, and songs about everyday life.

Country-western music has its biggest appeal in the fact that the songs deal with simple tunes easily understood by the simple minded. No other music tradition can capture the spirit and enthusiasm for topics such as being drunk, being unemployed, and beating your wife and/or husband and/or kid.

The country-western music capital of the world is Nashville, Tennessee at a place called the Grand Ole Opry. This is a big hall where sweaty people get together to watch and listen to other sweaty people play music. I've heard that Nashville is a really neat place, but I don't really know. I was there once, but I ate at Howard Johnson's and got sick. I didn't listen to any Country-western music either.

# Chang dies in the end

## BOOK REVIEW

**Death in my Umbrella**  
by Leon Uris

Chapter 1

Sally came into Tim's room. They had tender intercourse, but it was fervent. Tim gets a mysterious phone call. He leaves quickly, forgetting his underwear.

Chapter 2

The hippo at San Diego Zoo is murdered. Tim gets blamed. Sally won't answer the phone, but no one knows why not. The court appointed lawyer looks familiar.

Chapter 3

Mr. Chang, a mysterious chinaman, arrives in San Francisco. He can't find a parking place.

Chapter 4

The police find Sally's body in Tim's bed. She has overdosed on cherry-filled bonbons. Tim is not told, but is raped instead by the prison guards. He kills them all and escapes.

Chapter 5

Darlene comes to dinner at the Governor's mansion but

spends the whole evening in bed with the stable hand. Tim's lawyer appears for no reason but only stays long enough to go to the bathroom. The dead hippo is found in the kitchen.

Chapter 6

Cathy and Billy Jr. discover love and sex during the Julia Child show. However, after discovering it, they lose it again and spend the rest of the weekend searching the house.

Chapter 7

Olaf, a Norwegian shoe salesman, loses his memory, goes to Los Angeles, becomes famous, and dies.

Chapter 8

Nobody knows where Max is and most of them don't care. Sissy runs out into the desert to look for him alone, but once out of sight she goes back and checks into a Motel 6 for the rest of the month. She is afraid to use the shower, so

she hires a blind newspaper boy to give her daily sponge baths. He seems vaguely familiar.

Chapter 9

World War III breaks out, but nobody notices. Tim is finally discovered in a suburban ranch house in Dayton. The police arrest him but since Darlene is now police chief, he gets away with just whipping and oral sex.

Chapter 9

A final confrontation takes place back at the San Diego Zoo. Everyone previously mentioned, except for the mysterious Mr. Chang, shows up for the battle. No one has enough money to go inside the zoo, so they all stand outside and yell at the animals.

Chapter 10

Mr. Chang dies in Foster Brook's arms. Foster proclaims that there will still be a tomorrow. As usual, he is wrong.

## ALUMNI NOTES:

### CLASS OF '60

**Herb Browning** is now a research assistant with somebody more important than himself, in Noston, Mich. Herb is also working on a new kitchen cabinet for his mother-in-law.

**Louise Trachine** recently had a child and took it home from the hospital to feed it and take care of it.

### CLASS OF '65

**Charles and Edie Wabang**, both Willamette graduates, divorced each other after 15 years of marriage. Edie sends word that she is "looking forward to a new life without that mongoloid." Charles reports that he is looking for a "better paying job and a place to live." We wish them both luck.

**Bert Yutruck** recently purchased a power mower from K-Mart for only \$69.95. The eight-horsepower engine with a special nylon grass catcher was marked down from \$129.95. Good Deal, Bert!

### CLASS OF '70

**Missy Moses**, now a civil engineer with Boeing Corporation, tells us that she enjoys her work tremendously and, in her spare time, she "likes to fuck."

**Ed Brundage** is still having trouble with his stuttering problem.

### CLASS OF '75

**Stan Allen**, formerly of the June Taylor Dancers, has recently been appointed to the Ohio State Supreme Court. Although Stan has no formal training in this area, he's always been known for a dynamite set of games.

**Beatrice Butterfield** is still gaining weight at an incredible rate, according to her neighbors. Although Bea refuses to answer any of our letters, we get letters every now and then from her neighbors with such remarks as, "The Duchess of Larddom," and "Cellulite Queen," and this little gem from her husband: "Around our house we've a little joke. I like to yell 'Whoa, Mule!'"

### CLASS OF '80

**Liz Geiger** says she spends her free time looking for a real job and hanging around "nice bars." Liz is seeking a career in "something with men in it."

**Glen Furnas** is living in Walla Walla with his mother and aunt and sends word that he hopes to someday "have a great mind". Glen tells us that he is really happy living off-campus even though he doesn't go to school. Evidently Glen has no intentions of working, but instead intends to "live a life in the Bohemian style for as long as possible—or at least until it's not popular anymore." Well, good luck to you and yours, Glen.



Jazz would probably replace rock as the number one form of music in the country today if it weren't for the large number of negroes that are involved.

# Tonight on TV

6:00  
2 NEWS  
3 SPANISH STUFF (educational)  
6 NEWS  
8 NEWS  
10 HEBREW STUFF (educational)

6:30  
2 THE MARTHA MITCHELL HOUR (rerun)  
6 LOGAN'S HEROES (comedy)  
Logan finds out that Holmes has been hiding a lighthouse under her dress and tempers flare (rerun)

8 NEWS  
12 MOVIE (comedy-drama)  
"With Six You Get Herpes" (1968), the story of a disease-ridden family in the old south, who bury their children when the welfare people come. Elvis Presley, Nancy Sinatra, James Mason. (2 hours)

7:00  
2 BEAT YOUR WIFE (game show)  
6 HUMP THE MIDGET (game show)  
8 NEWS  
10 BILL MOYER'S LOVE TALK

7:30  
2 G\*A\*S\*H (comedy)  
A less than humorous episode as Fuck-up and the gang at the 4077th run into a Japanese carpet salesman in the middle of the Gobi Desert. (rerun)  
3 MORE SPANISH STUFF (educational)  
6 SQUIRT FOR CASH (game show)  
8 NEWS HOUR

8:00  
2 SANDE AND THE PROFESSOR (comedy)  
Sande accidentally spends six hours under the sun lamp the night the Professor is bringing home the boss. Little does Sande know that the boss is a negro. (30 min.)  
6 CBS SPECIAL MOVIE

"The Terror of Pismo Beach", six newscasters, on vacation in southern California, chance upon an ancient idol that makes them all wish they were taller. Filmed on location in Sparks, Nev. Morey Amsterdam, Louis Nye, Dick Van Patten, Tina Louise, Helen Hayes, Barry Sullivan. (3 hours)

8 WAITING FOR GODOT (comedy-drama) In the final episode, Gogo and Didi continue to wait for the unknown Godot. (90 min.)

10 MASTERPIECE THEATRE (drama)  
Jane Seymour and Richard Chamberlain star in the British version of the hit television show, "Hazel" (90 min.)

8:30 HELLO, BUZZ! (comedy)  
Buzz brings home to his

wife a luntic doctor who specializes in goiters, but his wife has left him for a better paying job in the Virgin Islands. To get back at her, Buzz mails the kids to her. (30 min.)

3 SPANISH STUFF, ANY—ONE? (educational)  
12 MOVIE (science fiction)

"Godzilla Meets the Hise Monster" (Japan, 1972). In perhaps the best of the Godzilla films, our Lizard King Hero defends Tokyo from a giant creature who is angry because he can't get homeowner's insurance. Dai Tokisawa, Akiru Mina. (90 min.)

9:00  
2 RINSE, PLEASE! (comedy PREMIER)  
In this first episode, a dentist (Sonny Bono) hires a beautiful young co-ed (Kaye Ballard), much to the chagrin of his fat and ugly, overbearing, whimpering, sweaty, ill-shaven wife (Susan Saint James). (30 min.)

3 STUFF FOR THE SPANISH (captioned for the blind)

9:30  
2 MY HOLE AND WELCOME WELCOME TO IT (comedy-variety) Tonight host Rita Jenrette performs all kinds of things with animals you've never even heard of. Also, skits involving Fred MacMurray and Billy Crystal as sexually frustrated Mexicans with a hearing problem. (90 min.)

8 RIGHT UP YOUR ASS, BUDDY (consumer information) 30 min.

10 MIDGET OPERA  
Tonight a special 90 minute presentation of Vivaldi's "Vici di Clarenzo" ("Watch your Step, Fuck-head!"). Dancers include Wally Stuart, Donna Refort, Paul Williams. (90 Min.)

10:00  
3 SPANISH NEIGHBORHOOD STUFF (educational, 60 min.)

8 EAT HOT LEAD (police drama)  
Bart (John Saxon) returns to the stationhouse after killing 68 Nazis only to find that his best friend Kurt (Paul Michael Glaser) wants to be a homosexual but can't afford it. Donna Douglas, Max Baer, Jr. (60 min.)

12 NEWS  
11:00  
2 NEWS  
3 NEWS ABOUT SPANISH STUFF  
6,8,10 NEWS  
12 FISHING FOR TITHAIRS (game show)

A Film  
nightly 7:00, 9:50  
Sat-Sun 1:00, 4:00  
DOLBY STEREO  
Original Sound Track Album on MCA Records And Tapes.  
CLEAR as De Luxe  
Developed by TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

# MAURICE STEWART DISCOVERS TENTH PLANET

Our own Professor Maurice Stewart, Chairman of the Willamette Physics Department, reported recently to Science Digest that he had discovered our solar system's tenth planet. Stewart claims to have discovered the planet in the course of teaching Willamette's Astronomy course last semester and has spent the past few months verifying his claim. As Stewart describes it, "While examining the juxtaposition of some of the planets last semester, I chanced upon a light source that was not part of my Science Digest Catalogue of Stars and Planets. After carefully mapping its movements and spectrum over several months I grew convinced that it must be a tenth planet out beyond the orbit of Pluto." Professor Stewart's discovery is presently being verified by the International Federation of Bearded Physics Professors and if they confirm his discovery, Professor Stewart will be allowed to name the addition to our solar system. The planet will tentatively be named either Sande or Rupert, according to Professor Stewart.



# ZIMMER

ADVICE from the PURE MIND

Zimmer,

My various sense-faculties are mutually antagonistic, yet they cooperate automatically, like the flame, the wick and the oil lamp in dispelling shadow and giving light to the shapes and colors round about. How is this wonder possible?  
Don Drakeforth

Ah! Don!

You know that "The Ten Faculties Working Outward" are classed in two groups, that of the five "Faculties of Receptivity or Apprehending" and that of the five "Faculties of spontaneity or action". The faculties themselves are of subtle matter but the organs in which they have their seat is of gross. Gross, yes. But let us speak of the subtle matter! The subtle matter shines with a transparent lucidity, for the crystal life-monad, in itself, is absolutely diaphanous. It is immediately capable of mirroring the highest truth of man and the universe, reflecting reality as it really is. It tinkles with the sound of bells gently nudged by the winds of the dolphin song. And you know what Don? If you look very carefully right now you might just find some under your bed. That's right. But you must get down on your knees and put your face to the floor and look with eyes wide-open, unclouded by the moss of expectation. You must stretch your soft belly out upon the smooth, cool tile and ease yourself along the floor right under the bed, feeling your way with your fingertips as you go. That's right. And when you're under that bed you'll close your eyes and dream of a wider space, of hot days in the desert, of shimmering heat rising from your body on a carpet on the sand, with the juice of the pomegranate and of grapes sweet and cool. And suddenly, a softness will brush your cheek and you will smile. Because you will know, without opening your eyes, that it is the subtle matter! That's right! And you'll reach out tenderly with your tongue and take the subtle matter like a grape of the desert, and as its golden deliciousness explodes throughout your consciousness you will awaken!! Yes! You will awaken! And you will see that you are face down on the floor under your bed. And you will slide quickly out and get into your flannel pajamas and pull you covers up around your neck and rub your legs to restore the circulation. And the next morning you'll get up and have Frosted Mini Wheats for breakfast. That's right.

Zimmer,

What time is Dallas on?  
Paul Blake

Ah! Paul!  
10:00.



# Cap'n Jack tells bedtime tales

Well it's finally here, the record we've all been waiting for. Yes, Captain Jack Leonard, everyone's "dad," the man who hourly sedates dozens with boring and redundant lectures, can finally put you to sleep at home. Scratched on the vinyl of his newest release called "The sandman was an economist" are some of the dryest theory lectures ever.

The first side, aptly called the "pre-Keynes side" starts out with the cut that has literally torn apart the charts and graphs. "Papa was a Mercantilist" is a slow ballad of the way it was in the good

old days when penny's were made of copper and textbooks were still only five dollars. the second track, "5 to 9" tells the story of conditions in the industrial sweatshops. The fact that Jack only uses two rythms and one octave makes this track truly amazing, not to mention effective. The last cut "Jewish Princes" is a satirical rendition of Jack's view of Marx.

The second side, titled "After the Crash" starts out with the discs only hard rocker, "Wang Dang Sweet Laffer curvey," a true testament to the pulsating beat of supply and demand. Lyrics like:

Steady State ain't that bad but I got to be a capitalist for my dad. The other profs they know how to serve but I just study that Laffer curve.

The next song which can be danced to during board meetings, is reportedly the tune Jack sang to get his tenure. You can fool some of the people all the time" is a song about the economics of raising tuition in small, Private, Liberal Arts Universities.

The last track of the album, "what its like to be a great American" is non-lecture material dealing primarily with Jack's life as a secret admirer of David Stockman.

# Perspectives

## BITCHBITCHBITCHBITCHBITCHBITCH

Dear Editor:

Two issues ago you had a letter from the Associated Math Majors of Willamette University. Then last issue you had a letter that claimed that the first letter was a fake. But that letter was from the Associated P.E. Majors of Willamette University. This led us to believe that it must also be a fake. But if it was a fake, then its claim that the first letter was a fake is a false claim. Then the first letter must be real and just the second one was fake. But a falsehood claiming a falsehood is a logical impossibility. So, expanding from this point, we've decided that your last two issues didn't really exist. Just thought that we should let you know.

The Associated Philosophy Majors of Willamette University

To the Editor,

The reason I wanted this job really is that I wanted to be able to stay here in the office into the wee hours of the morning so that I can go potty in the Women's room. It's fun, because I never get to do it during the day. Thanks.

Jeff Logan  
Editor, *The Collegian*

Dear Editor,

Uh, I'm not exactly sure on how to go about this thing...I guess I should begin by apologizing. You see, I just realized that all these years I've been wrong. Dead wrong. Everything I've ever told my students has been just plain incorrect. I know there's nothing I can do about it now—I mean in regard to those students who have already graduated—but I just had to get this thing off my chest. I came to the sudden realization that Marx and Engels and Sartre and Camus and Freud and all those other foreigners weren't really that influential to twentieth century thought after all. I found that the greatest mind in the past two thousand years has been hiding right under our noses. Yep, that's right—Ogden Nash. I mean, just read this:

**A one-elled lama is a priest.  
A two-elled llama is a beast.  
But I would bet a silk pajama  
There isn't any three-elled  
llama.**

Can you see what I mean? Gosh, the guy's just incredible. C'mon, people, think out loud with me. Oops, sorry. Anyway, from now on I plan on teaching a senior seminar on: Ogden Nash: Why such a Funny Guy Had to Die Anyway. Looking forward to seeing some of you soon. Thank you.  
Bill Duvall  
History Dept.

Dear Editor,

Excuse me, but I seem to have forgotten; does everybody like me or does everybody hate me? I would really appreciate a reply as quickly as possible.

Sue Leeson  
Political Science Dept.  
Power Faction

Dear Editor,

I just figured that everybody should see a list of some of the people that you didn't insult in this issue but should have.

Tom Tate; Lily Driskol; Paul Trueblood; The Maintenance Department; Holli Davenport; Eric Lindbeck; Rosanne Dorsey; John MacDonald; The Whole Shay Family; Lori Rorer; Janet Oliver; Jon Gabriel; The whole Classical Liberal Society; All of the Christian Groups; Scott Winter; Julie Tippens; Mag Slattery; Gil Hector; Mike Pugh; David and Julie Eisenhower; Gary Bangstad; Holli Davenport again; Ken Smith (just kidding); Joe Postell; The Theatre Department; Dave Smith; Rich Pine; Steve Pedroncini; Mark Cain; Mike Ward; Judie Miller; Kathy Skimas; Karen Sahara; Steve Storkel; Mark Anderson; Monica Mallard; Heidi Brevet; and Sue Miller, wherever you are.

Dear Editor,

Oh shit, I forgot what I was going to say!  
Scott Sheridan  
Vice-President of something,  
I'm sure

Dear Sirs:

I just thought that I'd let somebody know: I'm not really fat at all. That's right, it's all done with mirrors. See, I was having real problems with fans all the time clawing at me, grabbing my clothes and extra skin and all that stuff that goes along with being a beautiful movie queen—until I came up with this plan to convince everyone that I am grotesquely fat. It worked like a charm! I even hired a fat stunt double to go around to famous restaurants and eat like a horse. In a good night she can drive home 15 maybe 16 pounds of beef, pork, and noodles. Anyway, I thought it was time someone knew the truth.  
Elizabeth Taylor  
Somewhere in Virginia,  
still thin and young-looking.

Dear Editor,

I don't care what you read in the papers last summer. I caught fire because I had spilled rum all over my chest. Just the same, I gave up free-basing cocaine just to be on the safe side.  
Richard Pryor  
Hollywood, California

To the Editor:

I'm sorry for all the rotten things I've ever said about your paper. Let's be friends, okay? I mean, I came to my senses and realized that I was being way too harsh in my criticisms of your fine newspaper. Let's let bygones be bygones, all right? I finally realized that you guys down there in the publications room really work your butts off and get absolutely no thanks! Well, I'm not gonna sit idly by while my fellow students and comrades in journalism sweat blood for a bunch of ignorant, unappreciative bastards! You bet I'm steamed! You guys put out a swell paper! It's informative, interesting, well written, and, best of all, it's free. Thanks, you people. You're doing a wonderful job over there and you've at least one fan—me!

Katy DeMory  
Baxter Hall

To the Editors,

In your last two issues you had letters from (respectively) the Associated Math Majors and the Associated P.E. Majors of Willamette University. In this issue, you have a letter from the Associated Philosophy Majors. Why is there a sudden increase in this sort of correspondence? Why is there the sudden need for students to assign themselves to special groups and then make themselves publicly known? And why the tensions between these diversified groups? We'd like to help you find out. We're your friends, come talk with us.

The Associated Psychology Majors of Willamette University

Dear Editor,

What about us? What about us? Say something about us!  
The Education Department  
Waller Restroom

To the Editor,

Just thought I'd send some information on the new movie I'm making. It's being directed by John Fillmore, who directed alot of the old "Holmes and YoYo" TV episodes, and co-starring with me is George Burns (we did a picture together earlier and we were really cute together). In this movie, titled "Too Cute for Words," I play a lovely, young movie star with really thick eyebrows and this god-awful ugly mouth, and Mr. Burns plays this witty old guy who is too short to ever do anything important. I'm not sure what the plot is like, but it's bound to be a really cute movie. Love to all my fans.  
Brooke Shields  
California, California

Dear Editor,

We at Canadlan Club have hidden a case of Canadian Club whiskey somewhere in Nancy Prosser's room. The problem is nobody is willing to go in to look for it. We'll trick her out of the room somehow if you'll send someone in to look for it. You can even keep the whiskey this time.  
Canadian Club Corporation  
Montreal

Dear Editor,

I got a great idea for a story in your next issue. Try to find out what I really do around here. I'll give you a hint: my knees get awfully sore sometimes.  
Jerry Berberet  
Someone else's office

Dear Editor,

I'm writing to let you know what the latest state of the Music Department/Theatre Department relationship is. We are presently at an impasse where we pretend to be civil to each other while secretly planning midnight commando raids on our respective buildings. The last skirmish was over Spring Break when a group of our Music Performance majors broke into the playhouse and placed tripwires throughout the catwalk in Kresge. That raid was in response to a bomb placed in a practice piano by one of the Theatre Tech majors. We are expecting the Theatre Department's next move at any time and are ready to fire on any of those bastards that we see approaching Smith. Furthermore, once we successfully wipe out the Theatre Department we are planning a surprise attack on Gatke, but don't tell anybody.  
Generalissimo Jim Cook  
Music Department Director of Defense

Dear Editor, I just thought that I would let you know quite a bit ahead of time that I already hate this issue. The humor is childish and banal. Furthermore, the only time you even bothered to take a shot at me was in the damn letters section. Hell, I don't want you guys to be nice to me, just mention me once or twice.  
John Partigan  
Ex-somebody  
P.S. Please.

Dear Editor,

Just thought that I better mention a few people that were left off of the first list of insultable people:

Chris Schilling; Art Carpenter; Brian Krieg; Holli Davenport (one more time); Joan Peterson Williamson; That Bruce-fucker who lives in Belknap; Jody Jackson; The Hawaiians.

Dear Editor,

Like, how come I haven't had my name in the paper lately? Jeez, you'd think I was dead or something. Could't you just throw in a couple of the old Tymchuk jokes from last year for old time's sake? I'd appreciate it. Former and Distinguished ASWU President and Emperor, Kerry Tymchuk

To the Editors,

Hahahahahahteeheetee yuk yuk.  
Love ya', Blood,  
Tower of Power

To the Editor,

I'm mad, boys. The other night at the Academy Awards ceremony they didn't honor me even once! All my life my art has gone by unappreciated. The French like me, why can't you? Well, just forget it. I don't want your stinky Oscar anyway, so there! Even if you decide to give me one, which you should, I'd thumb my nose at you and walk right out. Forget you guys—I don't need your stupid awards. You guys are dumb. Won't catch me accepting any Oscars (even if you chose to give me one), no sir. So there. I'll just take my "kids" and go home, thank you. Stupid old Oscars...  
Jerry Lewis  
Palm Springs, Ca.  
P.S. Okay, okay, if you want to change your mind and give me an Oscar I just might reconsider.

Dear Editor,

Why is it that everytime I walk by the Beta house they all stand in their window and drool? I know that I'm the best looking woman on the campus but jeez.  
Sue Leeson  
Law III -

Dear Editor,

Why did maintenance take the clocks off the walls of the library and then a few days later put them back up, on the opposite walls? Now I have to ask people what time it is and they have to say "I don't know, just a minute" and take a few steps in to the study area and look way up on the wall.  
Ann Davis.

Dear Editor,

Can I go home now? Geez, Logan, I stopped being funny a couple of hours ago. There's no way we're going to finish the paper tonight. Look, I'll come in early tomorrow morning, okay?  
Steve Miller  
Not from the regular staff

Dear Smiller,  
Bite my ass.  
Logan

# JR. HIGH SPORTS

*We Think!*

## sports shorts

Saying that he was sorry and admitting that he was just jealous, Football Coach Tommy Lee today re-instated Vern Petrick as head defensive coach. The original altercation between the two was the result of Petrick uncovering the pig 45 minutes early at the head coach's luau last fall. Although Petrick had earlier mentioned that he would not take back the position if it were offered him, he immediately accepted. Many speculate that his eager acceptance is due to the fact that W.U. will end its 1981 grid season at Winnimuca State Teachers College.

A surprised but happy Petrick commented, "with Dan Moody as cheerleader we should be able to do as good as the Basketball team.

Fran Howard, Physical Education professor and women's athletic coach announced yesterday that she is "Pissed." At a press conference held in the Baroque section of the Music Library Howard stated that she and not Vern Petric should be named to fill the open spot on the football coaching staff. Reading from a brief statement in iambic pentameter the coach said:

"Being a woman is not that Fun,  
We can swim and we can run,  
We've never been able to handle a ball,  
But since you've given an inch we want it all.  
If we can have men cheerleaders,  
I want to be a defense reader."



Joan Robinson, team captain of the I FELTA THOUGHT sorority prick-teasing team

leads her air-heads in warm-ups prior to the I.M. championships held last Sunday

morning at the SAE house. The Camelots were the winners of the Small Breast division.

## Squirrel caging season opens



A W.U. "Cager" moves in on a *Sciurus carolinensis*. Since this particular rodent is of the

family commonly known as the Eastern gray squirrel the men in Red and Gold were

awarded an extra point, but it was not enough as they ended up losing in the 4th.

The W.U. Bearcats officially opened their Spring sports season last Monday as the W.U. Squirrel Caging team hosted and lost to the Oregon School for the Clueless. Team Captain, Reverse-psychology major GGregg GG. GGustafson said, "I'll talk to you later, I gotta take a leak."

On a trial basis this year at W.U. Squirrel Caging has yet to gain popularity, but its played a lot back East so you know it's cool. Equipment for the game consists of an IZOD shirt, a pair of Top siders to be worn to and from games, Adidas cleats and the stick with the basket on the end, known as the squirrel cage.

As a special option at Willamette the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity sweatshirt has been introduced.

The object of the game is to find a squirrel which will immediately be attracted to the peanut butter which is applied around the rim of your basket. When it gets close enough you reach out, snatch it up with your cage, and shout "I got the little bastard!" This is worth one point. Once you have the squirrel and have secured the point it is set free. If the same squirrel is re-caught only one-half point is awarded.

The advantage that W.U. players have, of course, is that the entire campus is a playing field. Reflecting on the loss team coach Connie Kalez said, "I'm not Connie, I'm Cory."

The Bearcats will be in action later this week when they face NorthEastSouthWest Iowa State Teachers Community College. The Hicks are currently under investigation for using opiated peanut butter.

## HANDGUNS!



NOW at the BOOKSTORE!

Engraved with your favorite initials  
GET ONE BEFORE IT'S ILLEGAL!

## IT'S US

Ed & Art, Ed and Art, Ed and Art...we've gone all out to cover a little bit of everything about us...the drugs, the sex, the rock and roll, total coverage of a great year in the good life.

SNATCH  
WU  
BAR

special:

One Alpha Chi,  
over-easy,  
side of Thighs

69¢

# HOW TO READ MORMON SIGN LANGUAGE

## 5 easy missionary positions easy to spot—easy to read

Remember when you were a little kid and there was always a kid around who was a Mormon but you didn't really know what the hell a Mormon was? Pretty soon you got to be a teenager and you started noticing that this friend didn't drink Coca-Cola or coffee or floss on Wednesdays and all sorts of weird stuff like that. Then you graduated from high school and this friend disappeared but at Christmas you got a postcard with a bunch of sea gulls on it from Utah. You'd thought he'd joined the Army but he'd been at BYU all this time finding out about his religion of all things. Then the next Christmas you got a postcard from Bolivia or some weird foreign place like that—and it's got a picture of this guy only he's got real short hair, a white short-sleeved shirt, and a wide necktie even though you know its got to be at least 110 in the shade.

By this time, though, you've encountered others like him in real life and you figure they're really not so bad if they stay out of your house. Anyway, you're now aware and paranoid about these guys that get married and have babies as quick as Catholics. You realize they're everywhere—and there's nothing you can do about it. Well, there is nothing you can do about it. The following tips, however, will help you to recognize the five deadly Mormon warning signs. Memorize them, practice them, watch out for them.



2. With hands in pockets and legs crossed, a really wily Mormon Missionary can give you that "can I use your restroom?" look and be in your house in no time at all selling you autographed pictures of the Tabernacle Choir or Joseph Smith Iron-ons. Watch out for this one!

It is also helpful to note the tightness of the lips and the facial expression. These, combined with a condescending tone of voice, are guaranteed to mean that you're going to be reprimanded for everything wrong you've ever done in your life. If you see this one coming, look the other way. Face it, Mormons have guilt working on their side.



4. Here's a position that just recently came into the Mormon vocabulary. After much haggling by the church higher ups, this was finally accepted into the handbook of Mormon missionaries. Although a moderns and relatively liberal move, this one is just as clever as any. In this gesture, the Mormon will try to "relate" with you, trying to convince you he's a real "swinger". Example: "Hey—even though I'm a Mormon—I swing both ways." This mysterious remark carries both sexual and religious connotations. It could mean something as seemingly innocent as I'd like to rationally discuss our religious differences," or something as decadent as I'd love to lick your knees, mister."



1. Perhaps the most common gesture, this famous Mormon signal can mean anything from "I don't drink coffee", to "and what's wrong with the Osmonds?"

However, when our Mormon friends use this gesture it usually means that they're disgustingly smug about something or other. We have to face it—there isn't much to do with a smug religious fanatic of any persuasion. Your best bet is to resort to violence. If you're the passive sort, act like you've got bees in your brain or something. Go really all-out wacko, smash your bones against hard things, set fire to your teeth... anything. It's a proven fact that if you act psycho no one will bother you ever again.



3. This is the clever "Mormon on the defensive" move. When you see this gesture you can bet your pictures of Jesus that you're soon going to hear something like, "oh, don't get me wrong! Sure I respect the Christian faith, but..." or "Hey there... calm down! I love the Jews like family!" don't be caught off guard by this one. It means you've got your Mormon on the run, so don't blow it. One wrong move and you'll be back to square one and wishing you had a pistol. So, now is your chance to build a strong offensive. Your next sentence should be something disarmingly witty like, "Betcha don't know how many Mormons it takes to screw in a light bulb!"



5. Here's a simple one, all right, but be on your guard. Although it usually means "Excuse me ma'am...I'm a Mormon and I am choking to death on food," it could also mean "I just happen to have an informative pamphlet here in my breast pocket. May I?" He may be polite, but you're got to watch him like a hawk. The key is to always be cautious when speaking with a Mormon. Good luck!

NEXT WEEK:  
BAPTIST RUMBA  
LESSONS —  
THE EASY WAY!