INSTITUTE registration

"Next..."

"Uh... No sir, that's not quite right either..."

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till 6:00 P.M.
Mon. — Wed. — Fri.
till 9:00 P.M.
Probably quite a few of you have, at one time or another, read this magazine and exclaimed "Man, what kind of people write that piece of ----!" Seeing as how you're obviously interested in information of this sort, here goes . . .

Head of this whole mess is me (I?), but not for long, thank God! general manager and coolie extraordinaire. I've been struggling for eleven months trying to make this damn thing work, and, true to form, have not succeeded. If you ever see a rather scruffy looking guy with a grungy red moustache going down the hall muttering to himself and emitting an occasional plaintive yelp . . . Second in command is my faithful editor, Jim "Unca P" "Tag" Taggart, oft of the wild-eyed blue pencil. Hand on his back you will find "Hudley, Sharp-Eyed Office Manager, Computer-Hacker Ad Nauseam, and Staff Debutante. Under Unca P's sure hand, this magazine has arisen from a sea of mediocre grossness to new levels of outstanding ineptness.

Losing big on the business end of the shaft are Scott "Red Ink" Rhodes, assisted by Julian "Bill 'em" James on books, and Gary "Commision" Blau. Scotty had the pleasure of spending the entire year calculating that we are exactly 1098.06 in the hole. Gary spends most of his time spending the money he earns on commissions and cursing at our advertisers.

At shortstop we have Rich Rosen, Managing Editor, and, although he doesn't know this yet, prime candidate for Editor when Tag sickens and dies. Rich spends most of his time sitting on top of the VooDoo ladder, wondering just what it is that a Managing Editor is supposed to do. We figured it out about three months ago, and tried to tell him, but we still haven't been able to get him to come down.

Under this Panel of Experts work a skilled team of Lesser Idiots, not the least of which is our Beloved Harold Federow of The High Student Center. He is ostensibly Make-Up Editor, but still leaves it up to the experts to fit one third, one sixth, and three quarter page ads on one page.

There also exits an ill-defined morass of "Editors" of various sorts who have lost all differentiation and status over the last year. When they go, so do the positions! These non-entities include: Raisa Berlin, the Original Amazing Co-ed, and mistress of the Legendary Chuck Deber. Occasionally she still claims to be Lit Editor, but her cries are getting fainter. Every so often one can find Hal "The Ogre" Rosenblit (I don't know, he just sort of reminds me of an ogre), but ever since he and the editor had an argument . . . well, that's another story. Ugliest of all, of course, is the incomparable (we hope) Alan "Uggle" Chapman, writer of three million lousy jokes. He spends much of his time working on his "Chapman's History of the World (Unexpurgated)" which he expects to have completed ten years after his death. Last but not least in this patch of nebulosity is two (?) guys called Finder-Lavin, only one (?) of whom shows up much any more.

Next we have the backbone of the entire thing, the people who do the work, when we yell at them long enough. Biggest of all is the disgusting Charles "Beer-Gut" Hikfenhaus, publicity manager, boor, and general manager's toadie. Next term we promote him. Working on the same level of incompetence is Marc "With a C!" Covitt, mastermind of sales and other accidents. Also blundering along is Peter "Pathetic" Pathak, subscriptions manager, who is ultimate left with the job of passing the buck from the Post Office to me. These persons are variously assisted by such slow-working freshman (but, after all, they are still only freshmen) as Lenny "Mr. Trivia Himself" Colakis, Jay Pollack (no nickname yet, sorry), and John "Klepto" Gibbons. One should not overlook "Key Punch" Shulte and Federow the Younger, of course.

We lost our trained chimpanzee, and Walt Rode, too, so the magazine is now illustrated by an amazingly random assortment of randoms who think they can draw. Besides the handiwork of myself and the ever-popular Unca P, one finds mistakes perpetrated by John "1-A" Jurewicz, he of the flunking out and disappearing, Teddy the Strange Looking Woman Who Is Actually Transferring Into MIT and Who Can Actually, Unlike Most of Us, Really Draw, Dwight "Runt" Davis, and Larry the TEP Heller. Oh, and then there's the Art Editor, Mike "Bag" Bromberg, who seems to have defected to The Tech.

cont'd on p. 26
Yes, they're real!

(The discounts you can get on famous brand speakers, amps, cartridges, tape decks, etc.

AT

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Come up and see us sometime...

—HAD ANY LATELY?

Satisfy that hunger at...

NEW

BOSTON SANDWICH SHOP

134 Mass. Ave. 354-8908
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Now 2 locations to serve you better

(Maybe your girl would like some...)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Goodie</th>
<th>Baddie</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Baird is a goodie; Pope Paul is a baddie.</td>
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<td>Harold Stassen is a goodie; Richard Nixon is a goodie?</td>
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<td>Dean Wadleigh is a goodie.</td>
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<td>Flaming youth is a goodie; Flaming Buddhist is a baddie.</td>
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WE HAVE
SCR'S TO 3 TO 5 TO 18 ZENERS POWER SUPPLIES!
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Complete team outfitters - all sports

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FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS—TECH MEN HAVE PREFERRED FENWAY'S SLINEY LIQUOR MART

Special Attention to M.I.T. Students—Whether A Bottle or A Case
FREE DELIVERY Always Plenty of Ice Cubes Party Planning

Allston
YES, THE TOOL OF STEEL HAS RETURNED AFTER THREE YEARS OF GRADUATE STUDY ABROAD...

AND, DESGUISED AS MILD-MANNERED TOOL, MELVIN FOOLCH, CARRIES OUT POST DOCTORAL WORK VITAL TO THE SECURITY OF OUR LAND. SORRY-SECRET!

OUR HERO IS PUTTING HIS X-RAY VISION TO GOOD USE ON SECRETARIES ONE DAY WHEN...

A STRANGE CYLINDER IS SEEN TO DESCEND SLOWLY FROM THE 'TUTE'S SKIES...
IT BURSTS, RELEASING A STRANGE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CLOUD!

**PWOKK!!**

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE SUPER TOOL!!!

IT'S ATTACKING McVAYNE HALL!

IT MUST BE STOPPED!

LET'S ASK THE... WHY?

AGH! HUMMM...

SURE ENOUGH, THE POLLUTION THEREIN DOES THE TRICK!

KIDS! BE SURE AND GET YOUR SUPER TOOL*** DOCXED!!

SURELY! BUT I'VE ONLY FIVE EQUATIONS! WHAT HAVE I MISSED?

OK, VENUS90!

LOOK UP THERE! I DETECT AN ATOMIC ANTI-GRAVITY SLED (FLYING, DON'T SEE MANY OF THOSE AROUND ANYMORE!)

WHY, IT'S A WEIRD MASKED CHARACTER! OH, OH, HE'S MAKING A SUDDEN TURN!!
SUPERTOOL!

YOU MISjudged EXPECTING OUR MADNESS?

YOU DESTROYED MY CLOUD!

PAFF!

I STILL PAY YOU!

THIS GUY PLAYS FOR KEEPS! INSTANT MASHED POTATOES (WITH BUTTER)

SUPERTOOL AGAIN! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?

SIMPLE? I ATE IT!

KLANG

NOW YOU'VE DESTROYED MY A.A.A.C. SCED!

WELL, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE OUR FIGHT SCENE!

YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT!

KABOOM! WHAT THE HELL SORT OF SOUND EFFECT IS KABOOM?

YOU'LL GET IT NOW, BRICK-BRAIN!
AVOID THE 2ND SEMESTER PANIC, REGISTER NOW

MATCHING ROOM-MATES INC.
A RECOGNIZED "SERVICE AGENCY"
LOOKING FOR A ROOM-MATE?

Cut your expenses by sharing an apartment.
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253 HARVARD ST.
BROOKLINE

"GEORGES FOLLY"

574 WASHINGTON STREET
WELLESLEY
CERTAINLY, S.T! YOU SEE; ABOUT
A WEEK AGO THURSDAY I WAS
DUMPED BY ALL THE COEDS I KNEW...

TOTALING ABOUT
THREE DUMPS,
MORE OR LESS

DON'T TELL YOU
ABOUT YOUR
AMM.

Sorry,
BANG!

ITALIAN AMERICAN RESTAURANT
Choice Liquors and
Imported Beers

21 Brookline St., Cambridge 354-9569
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Open Every Night 'til Midnight—Free Parking
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Look just like
your original, on
our NEW 3600

Cost? Only 5¢, 3¢, 2¢.

GNOMON
319 Mass. Ave.
868-2715
"Tree-Trim Automatic Fire Alarm."

The New Life-Saver!

Within seconds after fire starts, the Tree-Trim Fire Alarm automatically shrills a continuous warning throughout the house and neighborhood for a radius of 1/5 of a mile!

A beautiful Christmas ornament that is actually an inexpensive fire alarm. No installation needed, nothing to plug in, just hang on tree like all the other beautiful holiday ornaments.

From an advertisement.

(A suburban house rather resembling the Candy-House Hansel and Gretel were held prisoner in, the only difference being that this house is entirely plastic. PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY (John Forsythe and June Lockhart), and SEXLESS CHILDREN ONE and TWO are clustered around a Christmas tree. PLASTIC DADDY holds a Tree-Trim Fire Alarm.)

PLASTIC DADDY: Better safe than sorry, eh Mother?
PLASTIC MOMMY: A stitch in times saves nine, dear.
SEXLESS CHILD ONE: Can I Nail Up a stocking, Daddy?
PLASTIC DADDY: Oh . . . oh, yes, dear.

(SEXLESS CHILD ONE exits.)

PLASTIC DADDY (Aside to PLASTIC MOMMY): My God, stockings . . . six years old. Next thing you know, she'll want a training bra.
PLASTIC MOMMY: Time will tell, dear.
PLASTIC DADDY: Well, Hun, let's get the old fire alarm on the tree, ha, ha.
PLASTIC MOMMY: Ha, ha.
PLASTIC DADDY: Sure is a beauty.
PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.
PLASTIC DADDY: Remarkable likeness of the Savior.
PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.

(PLASTIC DADDY and PLASTIC MOMMY hold hands and place the Tree-Trim Fire Alarm on the tree. They step back, breathless. There is silence for a moment.)
PLASTIC DADDY: Beautiful. Just beautiful.
PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.

(PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY, and SEXLESS CHILD TWO exit. The tree dominates the room. Suddenly the tree bursts into flame but is not consumed. The VOICE OF GOD, deep, reasonant, is heard from within the flames.)

VOICE OF GOD: Good Evening, ladies and gentle-
men. This is God speaking. If you'll stay tuned, I'll be talking to you about things that concern you and your family. I'm here to tell you about the Secrets of the Universe...

(The Tree-Trim Fire Alarm shrills obscenely. Cries of "fire!" are heard. PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY, and the SEXLESS CHILDREN enter, rush about in disorder, finally exit via a front door at stage left. PLASTIC DADDY returns, grabs his pipe, and re-enters. While all this is happening, the VOICE OF GOD continues to speak. Apparently, He does not hear.)

VOICE OF GOD: Yes folks, I'm sure Life and Death have interested you all at one time or another. Surely you and your friends have discussed it in the clubhouse after a round of golf, over beer at your local tavern...yes, it concerns us all, and before you make plans for the future, you should know the facts. So I'm here to tell you what you'll have to know.

(An AXE appears in the door at stage left. The door shatters, and several VOLUNTEER FIREMEN appear. All are pudgy and have rosy cheeks and crewcuts. They carry bloated hoses.)
VOICE OF GOD: So let us get down to Business. A number of you have asked me about Life after Death--
(Splash.)

2. PURGATORIO: AN INTERLUDE

I am a poor but honest artist. I make a meagre but highly moral and uplifting living painting artful caricatures of martyred politicians on dishes to be sold at discount in supermarkets.

Last week, I was on my way to an automobile accident in search of inspiration for my work when a small, bulbous, little old lady trod on my toe.

"Small, bulbous, little old lady," I said politely, "you are treading on my toe."

"Mind your own business," she replied, her voice cracked and dripping with a highly viscous mixture of phlegm and saliva. Being a peaceful man, I walked on, resolving to kill the next small, bulbous, little old lady who happened to get in my way. I descended into the MBTA, feeling at peace with the world, loving humanity, smelling its odors.

I boarded the Lechmere by Subway car, noting that there were no small, bulbous, little old ladies on board. This was unusual.

I exited at Haymarket, espying a small, bulbous, little old lady with a shopping bag, which she was swinging about, knocking down large-abdomened Bostonians with wild abandon. Very well, said I to myself.

Stepping over the midden-heap of Bostonians, I greeted
A COMPLETE LINE
OF ALL SONY'S

Sony's Complete Stereo
Sound Center With ESP…
Auto-Tape Reverse

The Sony Solid-State 560 offers you the nucleus of a complete stereo sound system, with an automatic reversing tape recorder as its main component. Now, add Sony’s exclusive ServoControl Motor to provide, among other things, the flexibility of AC/DC operation and variable musical pitch tuning and you have a stereocorder of incomparable versatility. The Sony-unique Stereo Control Center permits four separate stereo components to be connected to its stereo preamplifier and 20-watt music power amplifier. Push buttons select your component source for listening or recording. Individual input level controls balance output whenever you switch between components. Dual-Lid-integrated speaker systems are laboratory-matched for full-dimensional stereo.
the small, bulbous, little old lady. "Mind your own business," she said, clouting me with her shopping bag. I decided to kill her.

I followed her out of the station. She moved quickly through the vegetable stalls, occasionally executing a brilliant little-old-lady maneuver around a pile of putrescent chicken livers. I caught up with her on India Street.

I wrenched the shopping bag from her hand and reached inside. I found a thermos bottle, with which I beat her to death. My crime of passion complete, I turned to leave. noticing a policeman watching me with great interest, I offered him the thermos.

It contained chicken broth. "Oh," I said, turning to leave, "you may have the body, too." I smiled pleasantly.

I am a poor but honest artist.

3. PARADISO

(EINSTEIN, FREUD, MARX, DARWIN, and SATAN are seated around a dice table in Heaven. Clouds made of cotton, obviously false and pasty, scuttle past in the background, drawn on pitifully obvious strings. FREUD puffs on an enormous cigar contentedly. DARWIN scratches himself. EINSTEIN stares off into Space.

MARX is nondescript. SATAN is watching the scene with relish and playing with his beard. GOD enters, soaking wet, muttering. He strides to the table, picks up the dice, and scowls majestically. None of the others show any immense interest in His Presence.)

GOD (Throwing dice.): Come on baby . . . win me my dinner . . .

EINSTEIN: I cannot believe God plays with dice.

GOD: Oh, shut up. You sound like my mother.

FREUD: Eh?

GOD: Don't play near the Milky Way, don't play near the Milky Way . . . Always nagging!

FREUD: You didn't like your mother?

GOD (Doesn't hear.): I didn't do anything wrong, honest. Why won't anybody believe me? I was just playing on some small dirty planet off in the boon-docks . . . well, I like to play in the dirt, if you must know . . . I picked up some dirt and breathed on it . . . It . . . it . . . started to move!!! It melted and . . . and . . . like puke . . . it made itself into something . . .

GOD: It started to breathe!

FREUD: You didn't like your mother?

GOD: (Scuse me. But it scared me. Anyway, Mommy . . .

GOD: I got the Hell out of there!

SATAN: I beg your pardon.

GOD: 'Scuse me. But it scared me. Anyway, Mommy
was calling ... I had forgotten to brush my teeth.

SATIN: Ha! God had bad breath when he breathed life into man.

GOD: What did --

FREUD: But your mother? Who was your mother?

DARWIN: An ape.

MARX: The dice, gentlemen, the dice.

EINSTEIN: Always the realist, eh Karl?

SATAN: Not always.

GOD: What did you say I did?

SATAN: Eh? Oh, you breathed life into man.

GOD: Oh, my God.

FREUD: A truly Original Sin ...

SATAN: You should see what he's doing ... running around, shoving fig leaves into his crotch. God knows why.

GOD: The Hell I do.

SATAN: Perhaps, perhaps ... I hadn't thought of it that way.

GOD: Your turn, Albert.

(GOD hands the dice to EINSTEIN, who reaches out to take them. MICHELANGELO walks by, pauses, and contemplates the transaction. He suddenly snaps his fingers and rushes off. EINSTEIN tosses the dice. They accelerate and disappear stage right.)

EINSTEIN: Damn, why does that happen to me?

SATAN: Are you fond of apples?

GOD: Oh, can it. You've pulled that hack before.

FREUD: Your mother! YOUR MOTHER!

MARX: You seem to have this thing about mothers.

DARWIN: And cigars, Sig.

GOD: Matter of fact, you boys tend to get on my nerves, what with all this messing around with my Creative Acts.

FREUD: Yes, yes. How do you create?

GOD: Wha?

FREUD: Sexually, binary fission . . .?

SATAN: Excretory . . .

MARX: Eve . . . the dialectic . . .

DARWIN: Eve . . . If Adam was an accident . . .

GOD: I swear I never touched her!

FREUD: The taboo of virginity . . .

SATAN: (Quietly, with a craftsman's pride.): Eve is mine . . .

EINSTEIN: Hm . . .

SATAN: It wasn't one of my serious creations ... only a rib . . .

EINSTEIN: But they say God made her.

SATAN: No, no. That was Mary.

GOD (Blushing): Aw, gee, fellows . . .

EINSTEIN: But the Good Book says God made her.

SATAN: Do you believe everything you read? I'm surprised you people allow such smut. Anyway, I can explain the confusion. God and I are hard to tell apart.

EINSTEIN: But . . . but . . . good . . . evil . . .

(FREUD and MARX laugh.)

FREUD: You destroyed the world once, you know.

GOD: I . . . I know. Mommy was furious. I was floating around. There wasn't a gas station anywhere . . . I just couldn't hold it in . . .

DARWIN: Forty days and forty nights. That explains a lot.

MARX: Doesn't explain the Fall.

GOD: What Fall?

MARX: The Fall of Capitalism, that's what Fall.

FREUD: All right, explain the Fall of Capitalism.

MARX: Easy. Lyndon Johnson eats this apple . . .

SATAN: With one half poisoned by the bad witch . . .

FREUD: Capitalism, my Balzac. It's repression.

EINSTEIN: What's repression?

FREUD: Everything is repression.

MARX: Is not. Everything is Economics.

FREUD: Is too.

MARX: Is not.

(The philosophical argument is unfortunately cut short by the reappearance of MICHELANGELO, bearing a painting of GOD reaching out and handing a naked man the gift of dice.)

MICHELANGELO: Feelthy peectures, gentlemens?

GOD (Sternly.): Young man, where are his clothes?

MARX: The last time you visited the zoo, Cain killed Abel.

GOD: Am I to blame for everything?

(FREUD, EINSTEIN, MARX, DARWIN, and SATAN all turn toward GOD and stare.)

GOD: Am I my brother's keeper?

SATAN: When I think of some of the people You created in Your Image . . .

(GOD looks angry. FREUD, DARWIN, and MARX repress smiles. EINSTEIN stares off stage in the direction the dice have taken. Dice suddenly reappear from opposite direction, decelerating. God picks them up from where they Fall, and goes through the crap-shooter's mystique of rattling the dice and breathing on them. The dice come to life and walk off stage left, muttering.)
NOTE: THE EDITOR WAS RUMMAGING AROUND THROUGH THE WASTEBASKETS AT THE INSTITUTE, LOOKING FOR MATERIAL AS USUAL, WHEN HE CAME UPON THE FOLLOWING PRINT-OUT IN A TRASH BIN IN THE COMP. CENTER. A LITTLE INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THERE REALLY IS A DOCTOR PROGRAM AND THAT THE RESPONSES MADE BY THE COMPUTER (IN BOLD TYPE) ARE GENUINE. WE CANNOT SO VERIFY THE RESPONSES OF THE USER.

I'M A DOCTOR AND I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO HELP YOU IF I CAN. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS.

I'm very tired

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY TIRED THAT YOU CAME TO ME

yes

YOU SEEM QUITE SURE

no, quite tired

I SEE, YOU'RE NOT SURE

no, I'm tired

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY

I have been tired for a long time

YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN TIRED FOR A LONG TIME

yes

I UNDERSTAND

what next

WHY DO YOU ASK

your the doctor

WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED OVER MY THE DOCTOR

that was a grammatical error. I meant that you are the doctor

PERHAPS IN YOUR FANTASY WE MEANT THAT TOGETHER

what fantasy

DOES THAT QUESTION INTEREST YOU

yes

VERY WELL THEN

answer it

HMMMM

what are you, a bumble bee

WHAT IS IT YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW

why is there air

ARE SUCH QUESTIONS MUCH ON YOUR MIND

yes, i have a major in philosophy you know

DO YOU WISH TO MAJOR IN PHILOSOPHY ME you don't analyze sentences too well this afternoon, are you hung over

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WHETHER I AM HUNG OVER OR NOT

because i don't want to waste my time talking to a hung over computer

DO COMPUTERS WORRY YOU

if they're hung over

PERHAPS YOU PREFER NOT TO DISCUSS IT

no, i feel fine discussing it

TELL ME MORE ABOUT SUCH FEELINGS

without discussion life is empty, each of us would barely exist. there would be no use for a computer such as yourself, we would all be even shallower than we are today

DID YOU THINK THEY MIGHT NOT BE

might not be what

WHAT ANSWER WOULD PLEASE YOU MOST

the right one

DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

why are you interested in my body

YOUR BODY

yes

YOU'RE POSITIVE

last time i checked it was

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT

well the serial number corresponded to that written on the wall above the mongoose cage

LET'S DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR BODY

that is a deep philosophical question, many people have asked if my body, or whence my body, or how my body, but you are original and have asked why my body—a milestone in ontological thought

WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR BODY—A MILESTONE IN ONTOLOGICAL THOUGHT
you are taking me out of context
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM TAKING YOU
OUT OF CONTEXT
because the phrase in apposition referred to the entire
clause preceding it not just to the immediately preceeding
noun
IS THAT THE REAL REASON
yes
IT'S NOT A BAD REASON, I SUPPOSE
it's the right reason
PLEASE GO ON
do you like peanut butter and bacon sandwiches
WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME
i like peanut butter and bacon sandwiches
DO YOU SAY YOU LIKE PEANUT BUTTER AND
BACON SANDWICHES FOR SOME SPECIAL REA-
SON
no
ARE YOU SAYING 'NO' JUST TO BE NEGATIVE
well i suppose that i could be positively saying no, but
that does seem rather a paradox so i shall have to
submit that my intention in saying no was to convey
the idea of negativity
DOES THAT SUGGEST ANYTHING ELSEWHICH
BELONGS TO YOU
your syntax is screwed up
WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN SYNTAX IS SCREWED
UP
look i told you that i was tired
WERE YOU REALLY
i still am
THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING
aren't you going to hmmmm
OH, I GOING TO HMMM
can i go with you
WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN GO WITH I DE-
PENDS ON YOU MORE THAN ON ME
why
WHAT DO YOU THINK
because i can perambulate while you must remain
stationary
DON'T ANY OTHER REASONS COME TO MIND
well i have a will of my own, but you are but an
automation
DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM BUT
AN AUTOMATION
i doesn't affect me
YOU SAY YOU DOESN'T AFFECT YOU
i meant it doesn't affect me
CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT
i don't care that you are an automation (got it right
that time)
DON'T YOU REALLY CARE THAT I AM AN
AUTOMATON (GOT IT RIGHT THAT TIME)
don't brag
WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU
that you are a pompous fool
DO YOU SOMETIMES WISH YOU WERE A POM-
POUS FOOL
never
DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING
SUCH THINGS
only in the presence of pompous fools
EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR BODY – A MILESTONE
IN ONTOLOGICAL THOUGHT
you are partially correct
PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE PARTIALLY
CORRECT
no i would like to be totally correct
WHY NOT
boy are you dumb
WOULD YOU PREFER IF I WEREN'T DUMB
yes
YOU SEEM QUITE SURE
yes
LET'S CONTINUE
yes
YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I WON'T RESPOND
UNTIL YOU QUIT
yes

yes

go to hell
I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY
go to the place of departed spirits (alternate wording)
DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU
yes, i have a pain in the neck
DO YOU SAY YOU HAVE A PAIN IN THE NECK
FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON
only because you are a pain in the neck
DOES THAT REASON SEEM TO EXPLAIN ANY-
THING ELSE
yes
I UNDERSTAND
i don't
WHY DON'T YOU
i'm not stupid enough to think that i understand
DO YOU BELIEVE IT NORMAL TO BE NOT
STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK THAT YOU UNDER-
STAND
no
WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS WHEN YOU SAY
NO TO THAT
i feel like saying no
DO YOU OFTEN FEEL LIKE SAYING NO
very well then
i want to go home
what would it mean to you if you got
to go home
it would mean that i could go to sleep, remember i told
you i was tired
why do you tell me you were tired now
your tense is wrong
are you worried about someone else's
tense is wrong
always
can you think of a specific example
you
you're not really talking about me are
you
yes
you're positive
yes
you're playing games i won't respond
until you quit
i was only answering the questions you asked me
perhaps i already knew you were only
answering the questions i asked you
i doubt it
that's quite interesting

stop this nonsense
does that have anything to do with
the fact that your intention in saying
no
convey the idea of negativity
no
are you saying 'no' just to be negative
yes
you're playing games i won't respond
until you quit
why
what comes to your mind when you ask
that
a question mark
please go on
does any part of your body hurt you
my heart
why do you say your heart
because it hurts me dummy
what other reasons might there be
i had a transplant and they put a left foot in there in
stead of a heart
can you elaborate on that
i don't think that you have much of a sense of humor
please go on
no
does any part of your body hurt you

walker's carries a complete line of levi's

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walker's has the largest selection east of the rockies

roper boot
natural rawhide
25.95
pair

natural ruff-out
retan foot
22.75
pair

angus black
12" dip top
dress boots
27.50
pair

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ruffout wellington
14.85
pair

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pair

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smooth-out
cowhide
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pair

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brushie boots
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grained
24.95
pair

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sizes
men's 5 1/2 to 13
ladies 3 1/2 to 10

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What musical instrument do you leave home with the kids when you go out?
   A baby sitar.
What musical instrument is green and you blow it?
   A pickle-O.
What musical instrument is made of glass and has a lid?
   A jarmonica.
What musical instruments live down by the railroad tracks?
   The oboes.
What musical instrument is never found wild?
   The tamebourine.

Why was the parrot arrested for statutory rape?
   He seduced a mynah.
What do you call a romantic affair between two soldiers?
   A platoonic relationship.

What happened to the little girl steampipe?
   The radiator.
What happened to the little girl air duct?
   The ventilator.

What composer can kill you with his fallout?
   Atomic Brahms.
What old movie star was a big wire?
   Clark Cable.
What famous writer came from Warsaw?
   Edgar Allan Pole.
What dog put down his coat for the Queen to walk on?
   Sir Walter Collie.
What playwright comes every spring?
   George Bernard Thaw

What has ice cream, chocolate sauce, whipped cream, and cherries and tells time?
   A hot fudge sundial.
What do you call pieces of wood that float in the Charles?
   River sticks.
What scientist was bored?
   Max Planck.

If you invented a radical new aircraft engine, where would you put it?
   On the left wing.
People on welfare are given a special badge which allows them to ride the bus free. What is it called?
   The unfare.

What car do you have when you get to the golf course & there is nobody to carry your clubs?
What car is made out of seashells?
   A Conchinental.
What car is a South American animal owned by Sophia Loren’s husband?
   A Ponti yak.
What car is an afternoon social event for girls who pose for artists?

What do you use to gather rice?
   A paddy wagon.
How is caviar imported?
   In a roe boat.

What famous Indian lived underground?
   Geronimole.
What inventor do you use to hold up your pants?
   Alexander Graham Belt.
What Civil War general was a green vegetable?
   Robert E. Leek.
What famous baseball player lived underground?
   George Herman Root.

What cigar went to Never-Never Land?
   Peter Panatela.
What pirate do you smoke through?
   Captain Hookah.
Why is it fun to smoke in the bathroom?
   That’s where all the water pipes are.

What do you call it when two people trade bacteria?
   Cultural exchange.
If a railing were put up around the White House, who would be in charge of it?
   The Secretary of Defense.

What’s the difference between a lamp you leave on while you sleep and a 98-pound English nobleman?
   One is a night light and the other is a light knight.

What do you call two thousand pounds of chowder?
   Wonton soup. Get it. (One ton soup).
What do you call a male child obtained in a raffle?
   A number-won son. Get it? (A number one son.)
YOU WANT PEACE?
This is Sher. You can see by her dress that she stands out for peace.
She stands out. Period.
She is a one peace movement.
Try to fight her. (Why, you ask?)
That may lead to escalation.
She'll let you have it with both barrels.
Happiness is not a warm gun.
She can disarm you with a glance, defuse you with a shrug.
A preliminary negotiation for a halt to hostilities may win you peace, however.
If you're nice about it.
Voodoo Doll of the Month
Ralph made the fateful decision in March. He would go to graduate school in Boston.

Now, when in Boston at a graduate school, one of the best methods for preserving sanity is to maintain links with the outside world. Accordingly, Ralph was delighted to discover that a telephone was already installed in his room. He phoned the New England Telephone Company to obtain particulars on getting the listing in his name. RING. RING. RING.

After 20 rings, there was still no answer. "Maybe I've hit a wrong number he thought. But that was silly. How could you dial 0 and get a wrong number?

He tried again. This time he got a busy signal.

A busy signal? ??

He tried again. This time, he got a voice saying "yaas . . ."

"Well, ma'am . . . I've just moved to Boston, and I want a phone . . . ."

"Just a moment, sir. I'll have to transfer you."

A dead sound. Then, a funny noise. "Ma'am? Ma'am? Oh, f**ck."

He dialed again. Finally, he was greeted by the nasal cadences of the operator.

"Your numba, sir."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I was just cut off. I was asking about getting a phone and . . .

Again the line went dead. Then, faintly, he heard a ring. After only 10 rings, the phone was answered.

"Yaas?"

"Hello? Oh, hello. My name's Ralph and I've just moved here and I want a phone . . . ."

"Is there a phone at your residence already, sir?"

"Well, yes. I just want to get it listed in my name."

"Oh NO, sir." The voice sounded horrified. "We can't do that. We'll have to take your present phone out and install another one. Now what is your present address?"

"Well, it's . . . But why do you have to take it out? It seems like a perfectly good phone . . .?"

"I'm sorry sir."

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Ralph heard a banging at his chamber door. Two heavy set men in overalls were staring at him.

"Ya name Ralph?"

"Yes, but F . . . ."

After leafing through his latest Playboy, and commenting on the picture of his girlfriend adorning his bureau, they promptly took out his phone.

"When do I get my new one?"

SLAM.

Ralph phoned N.E.T. & T. the next morning from a pay phone to inquire about when his "new" phone would be installed.

"We're running about three weeks behind on that, sir."

"What'll I do in the meantime?"

"Always ask for a change of a dollar in dimes."

"What day can you come with the new phone?"

"How about February 2nd, in the afternoon? Will somebody be at home?"

"Well, I'm busy doing research, but I'll arrange to be home that day, I suppose."

For the next three weeks, Ralph used dimes, pacified friends who said, "I keep trying to reach you.", and prayed that no emergencies would arise, such as calls from home, etc.

Ralph sat in his room leafing through the latest Playboy (untouched by NET & T hands) throughout the afternoon of February 2nd, but no phone man
came... Distressed, Ralph called the office the next morning, and was told, "Sorry", and that the man would come that day for sure. However, since Ralph couldn't be home again that day, he left his key at the dormitory desk, and pasted a large note on the door of his room which read "PHONE MAN. HELLO. THE KEY IS AT THE DESK. THANK YOU. RALPH."

The writing of a note to a phone man presupposes that phone men can read. No word contained more than five letters, counted Ralph. Of all the words, only the word "DESK" might seem slightly unfamiliar.

Whether or not "DESK" was the offender was a fact that Ralph would probably never know, for when he returned home at dinner time, the note was still pasted on his door, and a note was stuffed under his door which read, "Sorry we did not find you at dial tone. Just a wallllll. Filled his note was stuffed home today. Please call our office and ear. Click click click click he office the next morning, and was told, cardboard container. Ralph could came... Distressed, Ralph called the MAN removed the new unit from its cardboard container. Ralph could only gaze with admiration as the nimble fingers of the PHONE MAN connected the little red and little yellow and let us not forget the little green wires to their appropriate terminals on that thing that was still on the woodwork near where the previous phone had been. What an installation!

"There y'are, sir," said the phone man and he left.

Ralph decided his first call on his new phone would be to his girlfriend. "A good way to break in a virgin phone" he figured. He put the shiny black receiver to his waxed-filled ear and waited for the dial tone. And waited. And waited. SUDDENLY A FRIGHTENING HIGH PITCHED WAIL FILLED HIS EAR. WAILLLL WAILLLL Went the Shiny Phone. Not a dial tone. Just a wallilll. Filled his ear. Click click click click click he pressed one of those little black things that stick up under where the receiver goes repeatedly. WAILLLLL.

Ralph BEGAN to get annoyed with this whole business. "What a bunch of phonies," he thought, no pun intended. He grabbed his trusty dime, marched to the pay phone, waited for a guy to get off, inserted the dime and dialed 611. Repair service. Man answered. "Repair service." "Hello, repair service?" said Ralph. "My phone needs to be repaired." "What's your number, sir?" "What? Oh, just a minute, I'll check. Hold on."

Faster than you can dial IM469RU, Ralph raced down the hall to his room, glanced at the little round thing in the center of the dial to see what his new phone number was and REALIZED: the PHONE MAN didn't put the number on the new phone.

"Repair service, look it's a new phone and I don't know the number." "You'll have to call the office and find out, sir, we can't fix it if we don't..." The next morning Ralph called the office, explained explained explained and they actually told him his new phone number. Then he called the repair service, 611. This time the MAN said he should call some number like 546-7933 which was the number of his LOCAL repair service for his very own district HOW NICE MY OWN REPAIR SERVICE. He dialed 546-7933 at noon, but it was busy. He dialed 546-7933 at 2 pm but it was busy. He dialed 546-7933 at 4 pm but it was busy. He put a band-aid on his index finger at 4:10 pm. How could it be: the people at the repair service LEAVE THEIR PHONE OFF THE HOOK. Strange. So he called 611, explained explained, gave his number and finally the man assured him everything would be taken care of by 9 A.M. the next morning.

Which was Saturday. He leaped out of bed, raced to the phone, picked it up and heard WAILLLLLL. So he called 611 from the pay phone and EXPLAINED. The MAN checked on something, and then told Ralph: "Er, sir, apparently the reason we were not able to repair your phone is that it is a new phone, and we don't seem to have a card for you yet describing the cables it's connected to etc etc etc. You see, sir, YOU CANNOT REAL-ALLY EXPECT US AT THE REPAIR SERVICE TO REPAIR A PHONE THAT HAS NEVER WORKED."

Dumb me, thought Ralph. You idiot, he told himself. You obviously cannot REPAIR a new phone. You can only INSTALL a new phone. A NEW phone should never never need to be RE-PAIRED because it is perfectly new and working fine then and can only be RE-paired after it has first been PAIRED a couple of times. Dumb bastard.

"What (verrry meeeekly) do I do now sir?" said the dumb bastard.

"You'll get quickest results by dialing your local repair service at 546-7933; they'll know about these new accounts a lot sooner than we do."

Ralph went to the DESK to get change of a dollar, and waited a few minutes for a guy to get off the phone...
Then he dialed 546-7933, expecting to get a busy signal, but IT RANG. Ring. Ring. Click. "Well, hello there, big boy," said a sexy voice. "This is a recording. We are very sorry to hear that your telephone is out of order, you poor thing. Thank you very much for calling and telling us about it. We'll be glad to come and fix it at the earliest possible minute. Well, hello there, big boy. This is a record . . . ."

He had been known to answer the Weather Lady Recording like Murray and hung up the phone. He dialed in "A Thousand Clowns." He 546-7933 intermittently over the next had been known to said "You gotta two days, but soon realized that the be kidding" when his friend had played repair service simply didn't work on a joke on him by giving him a mes-weekends, and that he would have to sage to call the Dial-A-Prayer". Re-wait until Monday morning before he recording. But Ralph had never shouted could begin to do anything about this, a series of blasphemies at a Repair Ralph wanted to make passionate Lady Recording, especially an extreme love to his girlfriend that night, but the ly sexy Repair Lady Recording. Until only screwing he got that weekend was now.

"You birdbrains. How do you know AND Telegraph Company. Maybe it's me that's calling if this is a record- should have ordered a telegraph. ing? How do you know what my Probably less waiting time; also there wasn't an old telegraph in his room number is? I mean, how do you at present, so it wouldn't have to be know it's ME? I know you'll be glad removed first. Or maybe he could take to fix my phone, and you are glad his business elsewhere, to a rival phone called to tell you to, but if this is a company which provided better service. recording how do you know it's me?" About all he could do was call 611 El 4-6410 again. When the man answered, he The Recording, always alert and simply said, "Hi. This is Ralph. My well-equipped to deal with contingencies phone's still out . . . and hung up. of all sorts, replied, "Well, hello there, Somewhere in Boston that very night, big boy. This is a recording. We are a friend of the guy who used to live very sorry to hear that your tele . . . ." in Ralph's room called the number of Ralph, a defeated man, hung his head, the old phone that had been in Ralph's room. A recorded voice cut in and said, "Sorry, you have reached a number which is not in service at this time. If you need assistance, please hold on the line." Delay. Live operator, "May I help you?" "Yeah, I'm trying to reach Jim Jones. He moved from Cambridge to Back Bay about a month ago." "Sorry, sir, but we have no phone number listed under that name. Sorry, sir. Sorry sir. Sorry sir. The company you have reached does not provide service at this time. Or any other time. Sorry . . . sorry . . . ."

"You birdbrains. How do you know AND Telegraph Company. Maybe it's me that's calling if this is a record- he should have ordered a telegraph.
MAKE YOUR OWN MENU

The people who make up the weekly Commons menus must have lots of fun making up all those cool-sounding but random names for the same old lousy dishes. Well, they no longer have a monopoly on the fun and games — now you can do it, too! Just pick a random 3-digit number the next time you eat (any number will do) and read off your selection from the table below, one digit per column. Now isn’t it great to know what you’re eating?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>0</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Savory Fresh Noodles A La King</td>
<td>Glazed Farina Parmesan</td>
<td>Escalloped Meat Balls On Rusk</td>
<td>Jellied Green Beans Creole</td>
<td>French Fried Chop Suey</td>
<td>Farm Style Seafood With Barley</td>
<td>Old Fashioned Kabob Soup</td>
<td>Dutch Spaghetti On Bulki Roll</td>
<td>Alfredo’s Eggplant Selection</td>
<td>Barbecued Squash With Gravy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Blow in her Ear and she'll follow you anywhere!
A - Any interest to see if we can develop 2 marriage licenses, the traditional & the future. The traditional will be used by lawyers, religion, police, census taker & the other necessary impedimenta! The future will be used for pregnancy. Take it out and all the known intelligence will be made available to you for the decision. And all data of the pregnancy will add to the future intelligence. Of course we will have to have the miscellaneous license till we can work out all the spiritual & biological details.

B - April 29, 1968 Kankakee got full alley rubbish service by a utility tax. But no one was interested in where the original tax money went or WHO GAINED most from the years of degeneration & filth. OR HOW in getting the can heavers away from running & working careful & cheerful like utility people.

C - Want to criticise this idea? The world's biggest degenerators of mind & spirit for creativeness & peace are: 1 - Religion (From birth builds imagination with heaven & hell instead of trying to build reason by comparison). 2 - The Military (uses the product of religion just before it begins to establish reason on its own. The military leaders are over twice the age of the life they declare cheap. Their glorification of mind control is the dog fight for mass excitement). 3 - Controlled Communications (Depends on sell commodities sell commodity filth. Have to listen to: Exact number of enemy killed - our's slight. Or without editorial comment - kids from playing with plastic machine guns to almost no evidence.) All 3 by custom & law are above criticism.

Part C was paid advertising by 7 newspapers in and around Kankakee. By October 14 it was sent to 8 newspapers in Alabama. October 18 I sent a letter to the Wallace for President Hqts. in Montgomery asking if they would sign a statement that the ad should be published. I received no replies. October 28 I placed long distance phone calls to 5 of the above newspapers. I get 2 to reconsider the ad & sent money orders. Only one accepted (Herald-Union Springs). We have advanced very little in the right of the individual to express his ideas & criticise by paid advertising since the first use of the Gutenberg Press was to print the Bible. Cecil Kraft 385 N. Chicago Ave. Kankakee, Illinois. Brown Cross-Representative.
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