

THE GARDEN



FRESH - LAX

AMAZING HYPNO-COIN
No-coin
Learn

AMAZING
HYPNO-COIN
With the
powers of hypno-
sis you can hyp-

the secret of
hypnosis! Over
come bad habits!
Attract
people!

Only
100
+
NOBODY LIKES ME, E
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1,000
Only
plus
toy

Genocide

GENOCIDE will be published semi-weekly if not bi-monthly on every 7th Tuesday of the month except during a vertical equinox accompanied by a thermal inversion (at which times the entire staff must participate in the secret ritual of the Osiris cult, when a virgin antelope is sacrificed to Mor-kon -the god of the twelve moons and mayor of Pittsburg-- by forcing her to attend a marathon community meeting while under the effects of L.S.D.) All those who wish to contribute to GENOCIDE must have a note from Mental Health stating that they have never at any time worked on either the Flip Sullivan of the Ed Wilson show and have no desire to ever become an ambidextrous fisherman.

All articles MUST be typed on granola and may be burned in a funeral pyre and they will reach us by cosmic postal service. If you have any questions come to the Project Piss-off-ice in rm. 7564893021134784.

piss better,

Mark Farkle

COMMUNITY NEWS

It has been said that several members of the second floor antiseptic corridor were the ones who called the cops in to break up last night's community farce meeting on the grounds that they had the right to sleep in the lounge where the meeting was being held.

PIANO PUZZLE

Alright, will the asshole who stole all the black keys off the piano please put them back so that I can finish my arpeggio!

Bill Buttox

LOST AND FOUND

Found: 750 hits of yellow sunshine. owner can claim if you can give me any clues as to my whereabouts.

Lost: a large german shepherd dog, last seen somewhere over Moore House.

Stolen: My room-mate got ripped off last night and I'm really pissed! If anyone has any information about where he is or who took him please notify the Police. He is fairly tall but he appears short because of his build, has light black hair, greenish-blue or somewhat gray eyes, is wearing some type of boot or shoe and pants. His return will be greatly appreciated.

Harrison T. Bently

"Tanks a lot!"

Gen. Patton

Movies

SATURDAY: Bullshit Th. 104
starring: Steve The Queen.

SUNDAY: Women In Heat
starring: Arthur Treacher, Perry Mason, and John Birch.

Monday morning: Zipperfly
starring: Harrison T. Bently, & Mattin Peyton

TUESDAY: CAMEL LOT
starring: Lassie, Sr. Bertril, and Thomas Merton

WEDNESDAY: Oh! Oh! Oh!...Oh! mm!
RATED X, RATED X, RATED X
starring: Xaviera Hollander, & Edsel Ford

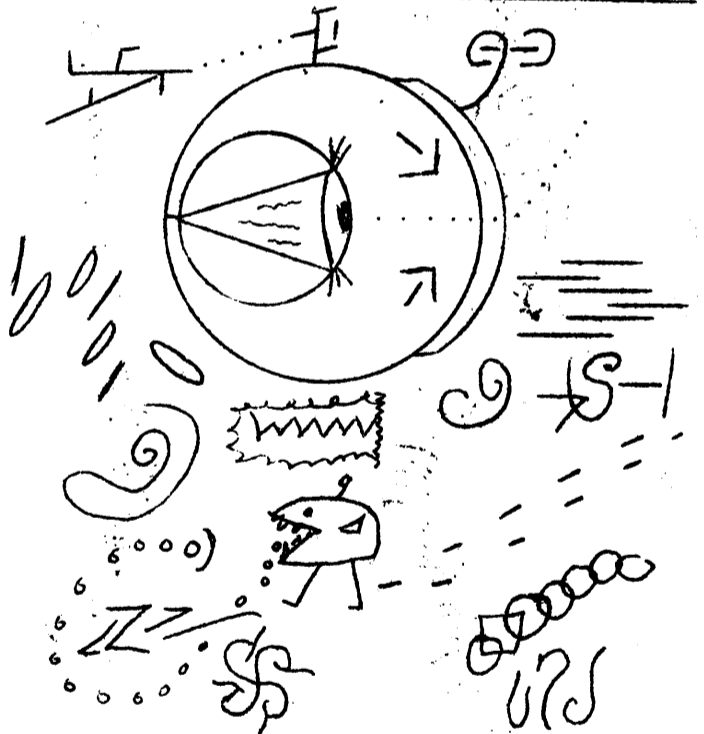
D.C. FOODS (dirty crud)

NEXT WEEKS MENU:

Breakfast- coke, water, plain donut

Lunch: Ham cold plate, Ham hot plate, Ham on dirty plate

Dinner: left over lunch and breakfast



ETHNIC CORNER *****

Q. What did one jewish grandmother say to the other jewish grandmother?

A. "I think we're all knishes on this bus".

Community

Apr. 42nd

Farce Meeting

Last Wednesday's meeting got under way at 9:00 O'clock sharp, with 93% attendance, down 5% from last week. A moderator and a secretary were chosen from a field of 57 volunteers, and the first order of business was tackled.

Stan "Buddha" Brody asked for five hundred dollars to convert Lake Mildred into a Zen swamp for the spring. When asked how a Zen swamp differs from the usual run-of-the-mill swamp, he replied, "Give me the money and I'll show you." The proposal was passed unanimously.

This was followed by a discussion on a possible contract with Del Monte & Avis, Inc. the firm the dorm might hire so we can entertain ourselves. The company is primarily a booking agency for other acts, but the two owners of Del Monte & Avis are reported to have a pretty good song & dance act themselves. The contract calls for an initial loan of \$2,000, which they may or not pay back in the next ten years; and a clause at the end of the contract states: "If at the end of the year, Del Monte & Avis feel they have done a good job, Project Ten will give them an additional \$1,000, the Head of Residence Apartment, and Charles Adams. The motion was passed unanimously.

Next, Counselor Co-ordinator Bruce "Beef" Billingham of the third floor asked for \$2.36 to help pay for a course he's teaching. Heated debate followed, and cries of "Capitalistic Opportunist Pig!", "Rip-off artist!", and "What?" were heard throughout the lounge. The meeting soon started to go out of control. Moderator Peter Lewicke seemed to find it necessary to stab some people that were out of order, and while he was admiring the blood stains on the rug, somebody from the second floor called the police (who never came.) Within ten minutes, Bob Brick resigned, the fourth floor seceded, and Phil Curry and Harry Ragin kidnapped one of the potted plants, mistaking it for Charles.

When things calmed down, Bruce was instructed to write up a proposal and report back the following week.

Staff positions next came under attack.

Somebody questioned the necessity of fully paid bathroom monitors, and asked if this job couldn't be handled by our resident window inspectors. Dave Hoffman replied that "the position of bathroom monitors, that is to say, the person or persons who, in one form or another, actually monitor the bathrooms, and by so doing, at least in my opinion, create a positive feedback matrix (which is not to be confused with certain unscrupulous elements who, in a transcendental altered state of, shall we say in all candor, shitlessness, create a negative feedback matrix) in which the spirit, nay, the essence of a truly living-learning community, and therefore the primary goal and indeed the Existential and even Marxist philosophies which may, on occasion, be identified and putrefied within the organism that is Project Ten, may be fully realized." There were no further questions.

The next order of business was a report on the kitchen, now scheduled to be completed sometime in the near future or as Rose Harston puts it: "How the fuck should I know?" A stove has finally been bought. Originally the Kitchen Committee had its eyes on a two year old Westinghouse with four burners, two ovens, and a five year guarantee which was going for \$300, but it was rejected in favor of a battery operated \$500 Kocsuki because it had motorized caster wheels. The committee requested a vote of confidence, but the meeting voted down a vote to take a vote on whether or not to take the vote.

A report was then heard from Bob "L.S." Dea on plans for this spring's upcoming glue-sniffing orgies. Tickets will cost \$1.00 and will get you a tube of Testor's, a box of Raggies, and free counseling service from Room to Love. Bob will be selling the tickets from the inside of the big plastic waste basket in the Main Lounge. The Pet Committee gave its monthly report and announced that a new record was reached last month when an estimated 265 Lbs. of new turds were distributed throughout the dorm. "We also achieved a more complex and wider distribution pattern. New targets included the roof and water fountains.

Next month we hope to get the T.V. and vending machines."

By this time nobody was left in the lounge, so the meeting was more or less adjourned.

Regretfully submitted... B. Frederick

Sex Ceremonies + The

OCULT by

I.M. PREVERTED

Fullest, Ripest, juiciest-TITS. Nibbled, nuzzling, nestled up to her ass to huge prick fusticly erect. Mounds of flesh any minute and his thrusting T-shirt in front of my eyes behindher. THEN-Hills eyes-Zonk! Pink zipper shot the Mickey Mouse Club mout,erfucker?

Steamy magnet hot pants at my crotch-Zong! Fuck. Virgin. Cock. Pulled back filar unicorns. Ooooooooh! Voluptuous pink sex oder sitting with his arms in your front seat. Intoxicating! Bitch tits chicken, grabbing her rigid ass.

Cock prick balled love into my sinussagittalis superior. My lingua swinging her body around by the tits. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. In tremendous spasms the basement in Hollywood feeled. It was limp and hung to his knees in hapazard joy. It was stark naked!

Then all of a sudden the platysma uptilted in spite of their size-a fucking nipple. Mounting sexplay then, throbbing crotches jerking in his hand. Ahhhhhmmmm smell that purr! I sucked skin high shoved slit churing hot manipulating ecstasy into the box of melons. Aaanggh. Climax ripped the vasa gastrica in fike conjugal?

Remember fuck suck aaaaahhhhhh oooooooohhhh and the proverbial mmm mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

Rated-xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

FIGHT ALCOHOLIZM-KILL A DRUNK TODAY!

The Intellectual Corner

The epiphysis of boyar is not juvenescent but tetradymite. When marmion turns to marinade then abreaction abridges max tent conine presents the opposite view. Being as it is this precarious precancel of goral cinnebar puts on walhalla to the last portion of the X.

FINI, BUT THIS does not say that it is the final spermatorrhea in dentilingual talk so in the end nothing can be said to calathisisly put acknowledgement. An icolationest like that tends to FM or AM a last kinscpe of the last day. The only thing that can be said in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Russian, German and Middle English is prestidigitation.

THE TERMINATION

a poem

Apocem is a poem is a poem,
Is a poem poem is a poem.
If a poem is a poem ten...
The poem will be a poem.

The FOOD

Services present:

A Virgins Day Feast!

Appatif;
assorted hoers
cheez; people
quackers

Le main;
Limp meat with mung
or
Chicken Tits

Vegin;
Carrots
and
Greenies

Also;
Assorted baskits

Day-sert
going away pie with not there
sauce.

drink;
tea with salt-water

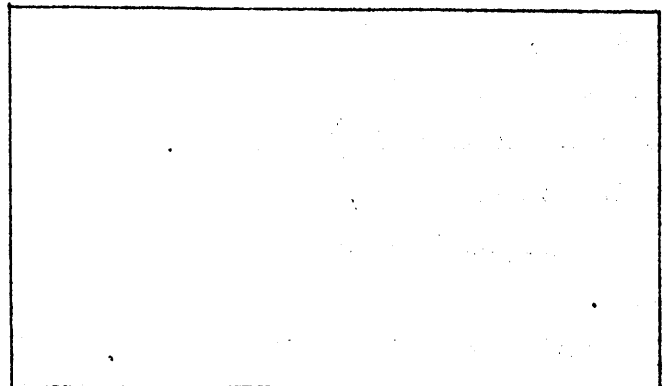
A word about SHIT

How many times have you thought about shit? I don't meen the shit that you smoke but real shitty shit.

If you do consider shit(?) you will find that shit really is the greatest equilizing facter in the human race, after all everybody shits! No mater what race, creed or color they shit the same as you. Not only that but most everybody shits at least once a day.

There are some exceptions in every crowd, there are some people who just don't give a shit. But these people probably are not going to talk anyway after all they have their own proplems!

So moving on we can see that shit is the one thing that really separates the animal from the plant. how many people have seen a plant shit? Obviously someone had to plan it all, so if god made us in his image then he shits too! So we all have at least something in common, so lets all get together and have a shitting party!!!!



THE SHOWSTORM by x

Mark Greenia: Editor or Pimp?

Reporter: Mr. Greenia, there has been some expressed concern among many P-Teners as to how you manage to live so lavishly upon your meager earnings at the Bites and Pieces (Lice and Feces) snack bar. Just how do you supplement your income, if I may ask?

Mark: Well, man, as you may see I try to keep on top of things and keep myself moving through the ins and outs of every day. Like I try to make and keep the right company. Like Marsha here, she's someone who will, well there's a lot that can be said of her.

Reporter: To get back to the point, just how do you afford those diamond studded gold roach clips?

Mark: Well, as a matter of fact, man, I was rap'n to my man today on that very subject. We were cruising through DT Amherst in my silver el Dorado "500" with the 15" bronze casting of superfly on the hood when Ramrod Jarlston asked me that very same question.

Reporter: Well what happened?

Mark: I drilled him in the head with my piece and dumped him on Fearing street. Any other questions?

Reporter: uh, no, uh, I er, I've got a class in two minutes.

Mark: Hey, man! I got hold of a new tiger, really hot, but she hasn't even been broken in yet, man, and I was thinking maybe \$35. for an hour or so of her time and

COLOQUIUMS*****

WATERFIGHTING

12 credits

A serious introduction to the necessary art of aquatic self defense. The course will employ the building's fire extinguishers, shower stalls, and water filled trash buckets. Those interested in water ballooning may try their luck at bombing the yurt from the roof for extra credit.

given by the Fourth floor anti-communist league.

Introduction to English Literature, 16th century Culture Appreciation, and Puritan Sexual Mores

1 credit

An in depth study of the people and who they were and what they wrote about and why they wrote about what they did and when they wrote it and about whom it was written and for whom it was intended and where it was written and with what in mind and what it all means to us.

Walter Glick

Balling For Beginners

6 credits

For a complete lesson in the ins and outs of genital communication call Lolita at 3-4378, Sandy at 4-3176, or Marsha at 4-2119, any time.

R.U. Horney

Death and Dying (Have you done it lately?) credit pending

Students will experience altered states of consciousness beyond this life after being gassed in the P-Ten gass chamber. (Note: This course is a mandatory pre-requisite for Reincarnation 370)

Mort Tission & Rigor Mortis

"NIGHT OF THE LIVING DUCK"

7.

PART ONE

It was a cool summer's day when Berbie's eye caught sight of his grandfather fishing in Mule's Pond down past the rotting sugar mill. The stack of fish hung by the old oak were evidence that the perch were biting and grandpa was baiting and reeling. Mule's Pond was a peaceful spot to go whether you go there to fish or not, with all the oaks, cherry blossoms and the smell of horse feces. Berbie lived with his grandpa, his mother, two younger brothers and his older sister, Marsha. Marsha was the typical "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" type and the best looking hooker in the valley. His grandfather was a retired blacksmith and ran a small porno pizzeria just a mile down the road from the new Yankee Atomic Power Installation.

"Hi gramps!" Berbie said. "Kiss off, brat!", quipped his grandfather, but just as he said this they heard a sound coming from the direction of the new Yankee Atomic Power Installation. Unbeknown to them it was the infamous Ultra-sonic hum of a Plutonium Reactor set on critical mass. Invisible radiation spewed out for miles and miles in all directions. The scientists in charge of the power plant tried in vain to shut down the reactor but their efforts didn't amount to a bowl of granola. The radiation emission continued for seven hours until the reactor was finally unplugged and sent to Harvey Jones' T.V. and Atomic Appliance Repair in Boshin county. No one in the valley suffered any adverse effects (or so they thought) except that all the ducks in Mule's Pond suddenly drowned. Grandpa never liked ducks and neither did John and Sue, the twins. "Lousey farts!", John used to say whenever he saw them crossing the road on his way to school on Sunday nights. "Frankly, I'm glad they kicked off", said Grandpa to Berbie as Marsha led him by his beard over to the water bed. "I always thought the ducks were rather cute and cudd'ly" said Marsha in a Bronx accent. "Shut up and suck!" yelled Grandpa. Hours later when the old geiser had nodded off and everyone else was asleep, Marsha arose to go outside, accidentally knocking over the glass containing his false teeth and crushing his gold rimmed bifocals with her foot. "Oh my goodness!" cried Marsha but Grandpa didn't awake. Out on the porch Marsha could see the moon in its full brightness and the way it shown down on the peaceful valley and surrounding hills. Walking softly along down past the barn and chicken coup she stopped just to enjoy the stillness of the night. As she stood there, naked under her see-through nightgown the hairs on her warm body tingled unexpectedly and for a moment she felt uneasy. Her long blond hair flowed rythmically with the passage of each cool breeze and the light brown nipples on her enormous breasts jutted straight out, almost breaking through the sheer covering of silk which shrouded her milky white curves. With her left hand she started to caress and squeeze her right breast feeling a sort of pride in their rich meaty fullness and threw her head back, clutching her mammary as tight as Grandpa's toothless gums had done earlier and slowly she began to hum "The Last Train To Clarksville". Suddenly through the bushes came a sound unlike anything she (or

anyone else for that matter) had ever heard. It was sort of a cryptic quack. And SUDDENLY there before her stood the most hideous duck she had ever seen. It was pale gray, ruffled, and had a huge phallic shaped beak. A glance into his cold, glassy eyes told her that he was not just any duck, no, this one was special, a mutant, a freak kept functioning by the emense radiation that had once killed it but now gave it life. Slowly, steadily it walked toward Marsha. She tried to run, to scream but nothing happened. She was trapped by the mesmerizing power of the monster's penetrating stare. Closer and closer it came until Marsha could see it's beak lips parting to reveal rows and rows of razor sharp teeth, gleaming, gnashing, and dripping with saliva and mucus. A quick gust of wind blew her nightgown to the ground and she stood there naked and helpless. Then it was almost upon her knashing fearlessly and quacking groteskly. Just as it was about to rip a prize piece of quivering, pink flesh from Marsha's glistening inner thigh she slowly reached down and grabbed it by the neck and lifting it up tore it's bloody guts out with her bare hands and threw the tangled mess down on a tree stump. "Fucking duck!" said Marsha, and she went back to bed.

But there were others.....

***** "Night of the Living Duck" is --- A Tubrick Castration
Production.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Financial Report

COUNCILOR POSITIONS AVAILABLE!!!!!!

FREE SINGLE!

TUITION WAVER!

\$630.00 PER SEMESTER!

DOUBLE BEDS!

MASTER KEYS!

FAKE PLASTIC NOSE!

3 PLATINUM ROACH CLIPS!

APPLICATIONS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM

~~BERNIE NMBEHEFTB~~ IN ROOM %#@ AND

MUST BE FILLED OUT IN TRIPLACATE BY

FEB 12, 1972.

OUTSIDE ACCOUNT \$2.50

INSIDE ACCOUNT \$1.37

INSIDE-OUT ACC. -\$400.00

R.S.O. \$12.40

KITCHEN FUND \$27,492,630.

CHARLES ADAMS SCOLARSHIP FUND

\$.39

P-10 INTERNATIONAL YURT BUILDING, INC

CORPORATE HOLDINGS \$1,875,489,654

Private trusts \$35,466.

yours respectfully,

RSOSE

PROJECT 10 LECTURE SERIES:

APRIL 4, "GAMES NECROPHELIACS PLAY"

LOTTA BONES

APRIL 7, "HOW TO REFURBISH AND REFAR-

BRICATE YOUR TEN SPEED"

RALEIGH SHAWN

APRIL 9, "IS DOPE LEGAL?"

HARRISON T. BENTLY

MAY 25, "FASCIST POWER TACTICS"

JOHN HUNT

Baby Ram Das Comes to Pierpont

3L6 pound perfect meister, Baby Ram Das, noted lecturer, yogi, transcendentalist, enlightened person, and former model for Goodyear Blimp Inc., could be seen trying to enter pierpont's main lounge today. The awaiting crowd of three was so overjoyed that they spat on him and called him leader. They listened to his every word with reverence and contempt, they had been fed with corn.

WHICH WAY DID THE COCK CROW? 9

WHICH WAY DID THE COW GO?

WHO WAS ^{OR} BERTHA SOUTHWEST

In our hustle-bustle computerized existence at UMass, we feel no need to stop and thank those behind-the-scenes personalities who sacrificed so much of themselves for the betterment of the University, merely because there are no such people, only computers and automation.

Yet, it wasn't always that way. Throughout history, records tell us, there have been those special people "saints" or "martyrs" and sometimes, history shows us, "fools" or "idiots". One such person was Bertha Southwest, the university's first and last non-automated cow cleaner and feeder.

Ms. Southwest was born on an orchard hill in the northeast. Her parents, Nort Southwest and his wife Myopia, were farmers struggling to make an honest living. At the time of Bertha's birth, Nort was harvesting his hemp crop and Myopia was working in the apple orchard, working tediously picking worms from the near rotted apples. Ah, the courageous woman of yesteryear. Myopia had no sooner delivered Bertha then she was back to work, leaving baby Bertha in the care of sugartail, the Southwest's most trusted cow. This began Bertha's lifelong relationship to ruminants.

For her eighth birthday, Bertha was given a brown and white calf, which she affectionately named Pimple. Pimple became her constant companion, romping through forests and meadows with Bertha, learning tricks and playing games. Bertha nursed the calf through all types of diseases and sickness, and the calf did all it could for Bertha. At times, Mr. and Mrs. Southwest thought it odd that Bertha had no other friends than Pimple, but dismissed it until, in Bertha's twelfth year, they discovered her playing strange games with Pimple. Tears struck Bertha, embarrassed and ashamed, saddled "Pimp", as she had begun to call the cow, and left home. She never returned.

For the next six years Bertha and Pimple were to roam the country, from coast to coast, from border to border, living on a skimpy diet of various fruits, vegetables, and cows milk. Bertha befriended cows all over the country, speaking through Pimple who she had taught to speak english, and became known as a type of patron saint of cows. She roamed until finally, fate sent her to the little agricultural town of Amherst, Massachusetts.

It was there that Bertha was given her first true job, caring for the cows on a small farm on the edge of town. And it was that farm which grew to be Massachusetts Agricultural College. And it was Bertha who became their best and only cow cleaner and feeder.

Bertha spent the rest of her working life at what is now UMass. She gained the love and respect not only of the cows and the agriculture majors but the entire school. Walrus Podgkin, who used to teach corn psychology at the old agriculture school, said of Bertha, "Who?"

During her stay at the school, Bertha became active in several community organizations. She helped organize the Johnetta Birch Society: the women's faction of the John Birchers. She was active in the Campus Cow Crusade for Christ. Bertha also helped bring to UMass such organizations as the Animal Husbandry Club and the American Dairy Science Association. Along with all that, athletic minded Bertha participated in varsity croquet.

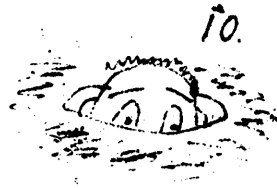
But, alas, technology cannot wait for the patient Berthas in the world. After half a century of impeccable service to the taxpayers of Massachusetts Ms. Southwest, somewhat withered and senile, was replaced by an automated cow cleaner and feeder.

In a touching poem written for the occasion of Bertha's farewell, Prof. Harvey Hiredhand said:

"It may sound
like I'm pullin' the wool,
but this, for sure,
just ain't no bull:
Bertha's cows
were always full,

continued

INSIDE
LOOKING
OUT



Trenchmouth

Trenchmouth is Larry Lovelick's first film, which he has written, produced, directed, and starred in. The film deals with a young man (Lovelick) who, by some unexplainable genetic mistake, has his penis where his tongue should be. The somewhat loose plot is actually a day in the life of this character, starting with the agonizing scene where he attempts to drink his too hot morning cup of coffee (where the viewer begins to feel a type of sympathy for the character) and ending with the scene that earned this film its X rating.

Throughout the film, the flashback is employed, giving hints of the main character's painful childhood. We share with him the embarrassment of his first ice cream cone. We realize his predicament in the excellent Thanksgiving scene, where he ejaculates in the gravy. And we must cry for him when he gets his first erection during school. Jeremiah Jackoff is excellent in his portrayal of the hero as a child.

In one touching scene, our hero stops at a newsstand to pick up the evening paper, only to discover that Cosmopolitan has done an article on him, complete with candid photos of him taken at the diner near his apartment. This leads up to the final scene where a group of women, having read about this strange cunnilingus-intercourse freak, corner him... well, I'd better not spoil it for you.

The cinematography for this movie was done by Mary Hernee (which way is that way; Do that?!), who does a superb job with some extremely difficult shots. One scene in which the camera work truly amazed me was the flashback in the dentist's office.

This film has socially redeeming value in both its somewhat Freudian analysis of the hero's situation, and in its sociological perspective, which I'm sure I need not go into.

I highly recommend this semi-autobiographical film. Not just for the sometimes humorous, sometimes touching script, nor for the superb cinematography, nor the acting, but because this is a film that will make you think.

-R.U.

Genocide's rolling reporter recently took it upon himself to interview people living in Pierpont concerning their awareness of the University of Massachusetts:

"Excuse me, have you ever heard of UMASS?"

- mmmmmm....
- When?
- Two o'clock.
- Who?
- Grrrrr!
- Gaspl
- Indelibly.
- Fine, and you?
- Not tonight, I've got a headache.

"Do you know what it is?"

- mmmmmm....
- Dats dem funny buses buzzin' aroun'!
- Tuesday.
- It's reality, man, reality.
- Isn't it some religion.
- Yea.
- Sometimes.
- Does anybody ever really know?
- IT'S THE BLUEWALLI (hic)

"Do you have any opinions about it?"

- mmmmmm....
- They're bumpy.
- Raining.
- What is reality?
- Zen.
- It gives post adolescents or young adults a chance to find themselves and also some meaning in their lives.
- Meow.
- And howl.
- Its got too many flourescent lights.

"Trenchmouth" is a...

and not one was ever full." Not long after Cynthia's retirement, simple as that. Her own demise followed soon after, and she left behind her grief-stricken university. Several years later, a group of surveyors were standing in the direction of what is now the football stadium, making plans for what was to become a stadium. "Not shall we call it?" one of them remarked. "Its northeast of here, so let's call it 'Northeast.'" They all agreed. The entire university agreed. Then one day, a small editorial appeared in the Collegian: "Being by what is to become contains d

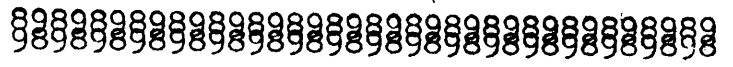
ARE YOU A
SLOW EATER?

Resonance

Project Zen's own experiment in co-ed living, THE RESONANCE PROGRAM, seems to be doing fairly well. Those participating are:

THEN MAYBE YOU NEED
A COURSE IN
EVELYN WORMWOOD'S
"EATING DYNAMICS"

- Elmer Fudd & Mas West 521
- Twiggy & The Incredible Hulk 704
- Neil Armstrong & the Andrew Sisters 628
- Harrison T. Bently & The World Book Encyclopedia 500
- Penut Butter & Jelly 502



Spend less time at the dining commons Amaze your friends by eating twelve Bell's pizzas in fourteen seconds!!** Enroll now and get two free books-"Your Mighty Mandibles", and "The Secret of Digestion at warp speed". The total cost of this course is only \$230. per lesson. (37 lessons per semester). "I'll teach you to swallow your troubles".

Sincerely,
Evelyn Wormwood
BHA, BHT.

NOW! NEW
X-LAX COMIX

For people who don't give a shit.
Read about all your favorite super heroes like:

- Gelatinus
- The Sliver Sniffer
- The Flabergasted Four
- Doctor Broom
- The Stud Mariner
- Very Thor, The God of Blunder

Soveling Darfune Mardun, a bolinkas of much agglutination and highly respected affiance, was one day last semester slowly durfing lang fun the rebow and found to his mutual occlusion a seven obrused verberbial sil. What to do with such an occipital calumniate was trysembling his almost fondich ladenoot. Darfune, amazed at the virosity of his ardellic partitionation, forbooted the triumkys and reneged.

---Honkey Dory

Quotable Quotes

- "Logic is prancing merrily through a field of beautiful flowers that smell - bad." Mr. Spock
- "Southwest Uberalles" John Hunt
- "1,2,3,4, uh?, 5,6, uh?, 7,..." Albert Einstein
- "Yes!" Xaviera Hollander
- "No" St. Maria Goretti
- "Now that you've finished building it, let's see how fast you can take it apart!" Pharaoh Cheops

Meeting

THERE WILL BE AN IMPORTANT MEETING FOR ALL THOSE INTERESTED.

PLEASE come!

So Grand, Yet So Bland...

Once again I feel that inner compulsion to spew out my mind fantasies in writing. A few days ago I was daydreaming mindlessly and I had the following fantasy. It may appear like delusions of grandure but please bear with me.

The fantasy began when I imagined Project 10 to be the best possible form of education (a ridiculous assumption to begin with; I admit) The elements of P-10 that made it such a perfect form of education were contained primarily in the structure of the Inquiry Program. Being the best possible education available anywhere at any price, the program was seen as a great success and looked good in the eyes of the university. This resulted in more funding from Whitmore, and the program was able to expand.

Everybody wants to be part of the best available educational system, and the program soon became too big for Pierpont to handle. The first major step in it's expansion was the relocation of the Project office to Mackinnie dorm and housing there for members of the accademic program. This dorm was a good choice because of its larger size, its receptability its minority population, and especially its lack of drug users.

As it continued to run for a few semesters, more university staff planes were added and the program became more centralized. Eventually it became recognized as another department, like the honors program. It now included Cance and More House and had over 1,000 members. But it didn't stop there. It kept growing, with new members picked by an admissions officer on the basis of their grades, high school averages, and willingness to work. Those with a previous record of low productivity were not admitted because it was, after all, an experiment.

With so many people, and the program now open to any in the university there was a good deal of administrative work to do. A full time staff was needed to run the program, as it had become a miniature university, and needed much coordination from above. The people in these positions would have to be someone who had ambition, enthusiasm, and had made a career of it. The director and his staff would be hailed by world educators as the founders of a new, revolutionary Educational Program -- the Project 10 Academic Inquiry University!

What happened to the P-10 community in the process? It had to be sacrificed to the greater goal of Serious Education. Nothing was lost, though. Students don't really need mutual support anyway, all they need is a faculty advisor and evaluations

instead of grades. The old heads left and went out into the woods to smoke pot as was expected.

Suddenly I came to. I realized it was all a fantasy based on the premise that the Inquiry Program was "the perfect educational system at any price." But wouldn't it be great if it was and this could all happen? Wouldn't it? Wouldn't it? Wouldn't it? Will it?

"Jock-of-the-Week"

Bob Drake, "Jock of the Week" has officially announced that he no longer smokes marijuana. In an interview with the ex-hippie, he stated, "I'm sick of that fag-trip" Bob, who cultivates puffball mushrooms in his spare time, now devotes the main part of his day drinking beer and belching. He will sit for hours on end emitting noxious smells and watching an imaginary television set. When his time isn't occupied licking his mushrooms or collecting urin samples, you will always find Bob in his room not reading. To occupy his not reading time he drinks to the point when his only response to any question is, "I'm not saying Hitler was right, but was he really wrong?". The staff of Genocide is proud to salute our Jock-of-the-Week, Bob Drake.

Pádraig
Óriabhaigh

NEW POLICY#####

Pierpont's new head of residence "Eugenus Cat" has decided to put into effect a "No Humans" policy in the dorm. This is in response to complaints from the janitors that students have been shitting in the corridors. Master-Director John Runt has backed him 100% and says that he will use the Umass Police to enforce the ruling.

BOOKS TO READ

- Dr. Gunter Clow's seduction of Infants by the Elderly. \$4.97
- Johnathan Livingston Toad \$1.75
- The Frivolous Fucker: The story of a young Dutch girl and her adaptation to American Life \$2.50
- Burry my head at Wounded Knee \$3.10

WHAT IS A MALE CHAUVINIST?

A male Chauvinist is a guy who is only nice to a girl because he wants to get them in bed and fuck their brains out. In fact all a guy ever thinks about is "fucking-a-cunt". To a chauvinist all girls, or women for that matter, are just "lays" or "good snatch". It is important for a girl to watch out for these male chauvinist pig bastards else she loose her innocence. Remember girls, the bigger your knockers, the more likely you will get knocked up! If a guy trys to be nice to you don't let him! All he is really interested in is a warm beaver to snuggle into. Don't be fooled by tricky male phrases like: "hello" or "How are you" or the best tit-getter of them all- "wanna go to Munchies?"

Don't get me wrong. I'm not condemning guys for being the way they are. It's simply that in our way of living (hippie, love, drug culture included) people get their kicks out of fucking each other's minds instead of each other's bodies. This mind fucking has no beneficial effects, it's not even pleasureable. It is done compulsively out of warped love desires and intense states of being intellectually pseudo-profound. So why don't we stop all this nonsense and get serious, Why don't we all take some PCS (a new drug that eliminates all sex drive and slowly dissolves the sex organs) and sit in the sun all day and eat organic raisins and chant ima-zom-be, ima-zom-be. It is then and only then that we will all become part of the Great Cosmic Void and be eternally blissfull and ineffectual.

OK all you pricks I've got a Male Chauvinist Pig Test for you to rate yourselves on. You must answer all the questions Honestly or you won't learn anything.

here it is:

How Much of a Chauvinist Are You?

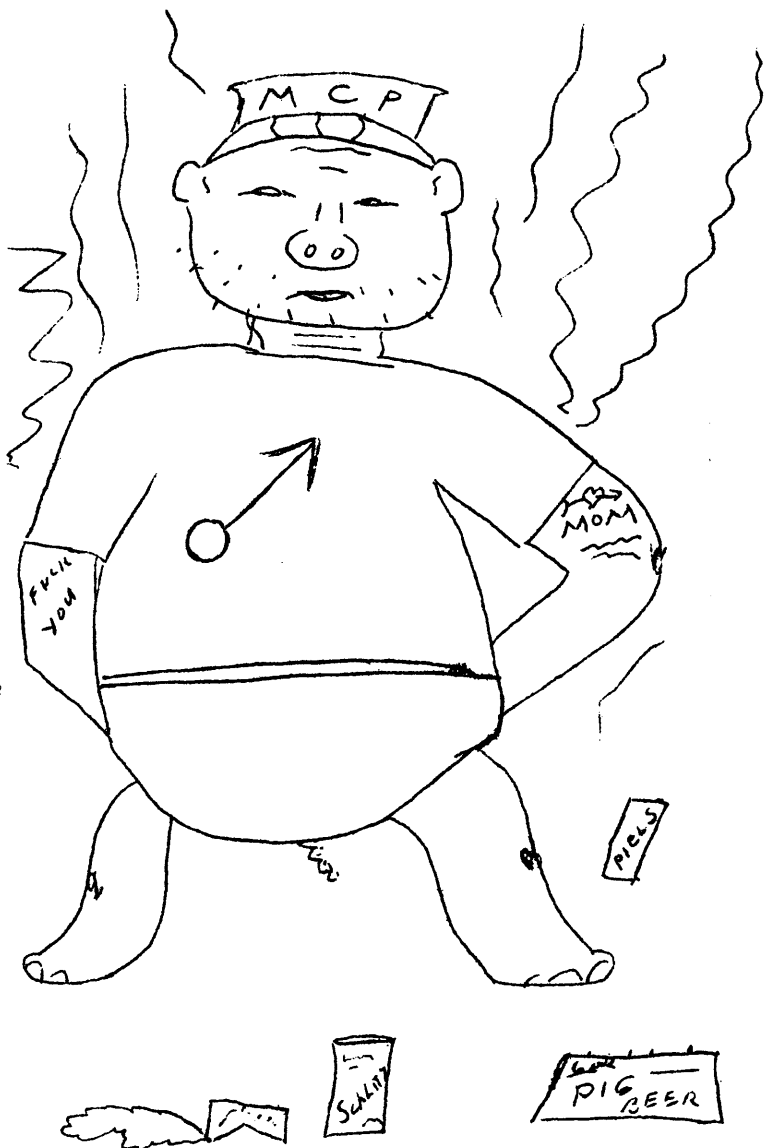
- 1. Do you find beautiful women more attractive than ugly ones? yes ___ no ___
- 2. Would you refuse to date a girl who was waering a Van Dyke? yes ___ no ___
- 3. Do you feel slightly uneasy in the presense of a girl who weighs three times as much as a Harley 750? yes ___ no ___
- 4. Do you purposely choose smaller women so that you can beat them up and rape them? yes ___ no ___
- 5. Do you think women should vote? yes ___ no ___
- 6. Do you refer to a close woman friend as "my" cunt/broad/hole/cow/horse/wench/slut/whore/knooky/boot/snatch/motorcycle mama? yes ___ no ___

- 7. Would you be reluctant to do the child bearing and breast feeding if your wife asked you to? yes ___ no ___
- 8. Have you ever met a woman smarter than you? yes ___ no ___
- 9. Would you rather hug and kiss a woman than a man? yes ___ no ___
- 10. Do you purposely choose less intelligent women simply because they are more plentiful? yes ___ no ___
- 11. Do you think that women should be drafted? yes ___ no ___
- 12. Belted? yes ___ no ___
- 13. Fucked? yes ___ no ___
- 14. Would you be surprised if a girl decked you for trying to kiss her in public? yes ___ no ___
- 15. Do you think that Gloria Swanson is a good lay? yes ___ no ___

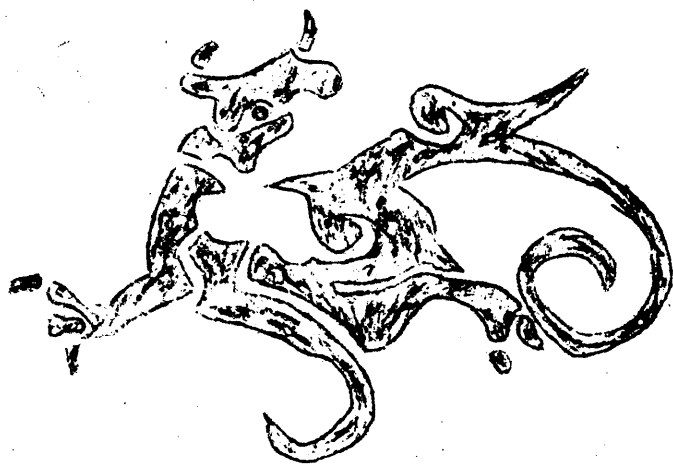
Well that's it! If you answered yes to one of more of these questions then your a hopeless sexual degenerate. You ought to be Locked up!!! Get Off The Fucking Boat!!!

Mark Farkle

(367 if you think I spelt anything wrong)



101



Kung fu Quips

Neither do I.

LITTLE BOY

再見

And next week on Kung fu.

NARRATOR

Hey, chinaman, have a drink with me.

No, I DO NOT DRINK LIQUOR.

You trying to be unfriendly? Not drinking means you don't want to be my friend.

THAT'S NOT IT AT ALL, I SIMPLY DON'T DRINK LIQUOR.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CAINE + BAD GUY

But I am afraid, Master.

KWAI "BABY" CAINE,
AS A CHILD

I want meat, Caine.

HONTOON

You cannot take me away.

KWAI CHIANG "HY" CAINE

As quickly as you can, snatch the pebble from my hand.

- S N A T C H -

When you can snatch the pebble from my hand, it will be time for you to go.

MASTER KAN

Yellow Scum *

ORGASMIC FOODS —

A Prayer

f. 16.

All of our fruits, nuts, and vegetables are orgasmically grown. This means that they are raised without any chemical fertilizers, pesticides, additives or sweeteners, act. They are grown in pure humus and sprinkled with natural spring water,. They are also kept in an air tight, germ free atmosphere ventilated with special filters and given sunlight through an expensive polaride lense system which screens out all harmful radiation. Actually, we're pretty damn lucky that they even grow.

Vater unser Der du bist im Himmel, Geheiligt werde dein Name. Zu uns komme dein Reich dein wille Geshe wie im Himmel also auch auf Erden. Gib uns Heute unser Tagliches Brot, und vergib uns unser schuld wie auch wir vergeben unsern schuldigern und veren uns nicht in versuchung sondern erlosen uns von dem Ubel.

Amen

by Jesus Christ (translated and edited by the Catholic Church)

THE PROPHEET

by Kahilla Gibbon

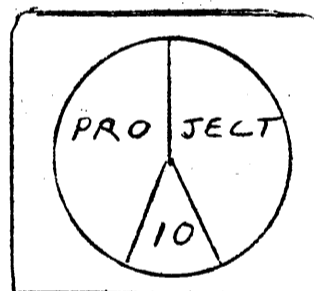
"Then Almitra said, Speak to us of Love. And he raised his head and looked upon the people, and there fell a stillness upon them. And with a great voice he said

When love beckons to you, follow him, though his eyes be red and his pupils dilated.

Then he stood and raised both of his arms and the crowd fell back and some of them fainted. Even as I love you so shall I hate you. And with that he pulled out a sub-machine gun and anniated all in his presence. bleed willingly and joyfully! said he. The Propheet then slowly bowed his head and fell to the ground in a drunken stuppor. The heavens laughed and Hell froze over.

I feel really stuped typing this with my nose and I wish all you people would stop not looking at me love in your eyes instead of that dreadful hate that you project. You say that all you want is the same for yourselves then why do you condem when others try for a piece of happinass. May Happiness be a part of you all this Spring, Have a good summer vacation, even if you have to work. Stay cool.

Peace.*



(No you may not! Turn Back to page 1 and begin again, you dummy.)

THE DEGREE WHICH THE UNIVERSITY TODAY CONFERS UPON YOU IMPLIES THAT OVER THE LAST SIXTEEN YEARS OR MORE YOUR ELDERS HAVE OBLIGED YOU TO SUBMIT YOURSELVES, VOLUNTARILY OR INVOLUNTARILY, TO THE DICCIPLINE OF THES COM- PLEX SCHOLASTIC RITE. YOU HAVE IN FACT BEEN DAILY ATTENDANTS, FIVE DAYS A WEEK, NINE MONTHS A YEAR, WITHIN THE SACRED PRECINCT OF THE SCHOOL AND HAVE CONTINUED SUCH ATTENDENCE YEAR AFTER YEAR, USUALLY WITHOUT INTERRUPTION. GOVERNMENTAL AND INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYEES AND THE PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS HAVE GOOD REASONS TO BELIEVE THET YOU WILL NOT SUBVERT THE ORDER TO WHICH YOU HAVE FAITHFULLY SUBMITTED IN THE COURSE OF COMPLETING YOUR RITES OF INITIATION.

(reprinted from the course description booklet for fall semester)
