

Dear Editor:

It's three a.m. in the middle of a very rough night and I just found an old copy of the Reader underneath my mattress. My question: what happened to Agamemnon O'Brien now that will need him?

In arms,
Elmo the Thud

By
Agamemnon O'Brien

About the Author

Agamemnon O'Brien is a poet, lecturer, author and educator. His first book of poetry, *Squeezing the Rainbow - Tales of A Misspent Youth* won him not only world-wide acclaim but an Honorable Mention at the 1952 North Korean Young People's Poetry Festival.

As a lecturer, he has few rivals. At the 1961 Parsons College commencement exercises, Mr. O'Brien delivered his emotional speech, "The Bay of Pigs - New Hope for Prostitutes" and left, as the saying goes, 'not a dry eye in the crowd.' This critic was there. This critic agrees.

However, one sees the true genius that is Agamemnon O'Brien in his prose. *A Penny for Your Thoughts: Critical Approaches to Negative Thinking* is not only factual, insightful and informative, but laced with wit and wisdom as well. *The Frozen Love*, His second book, is a touching account of an ill-fated relationship between an Arctic Tern and a polar bear. But this new book, *Among the Dogs*, is destined to secure Mr. O'Brien's place in literary history. It is a first, in that it is being printed in serial form in the distinguished "CC Reader" a news and public events publication of the Capitol Campus of the Pennsylvania State University. So whether you are a novice Agamemnon O'Brien reader or an old fan of the master, *Among the Dogs* will delight and entertain you and generations to come.

Mr. O'Brien is also Chairman of the Department of Animal Husbandry at Bird in Hand Junior College.

As you will remember in last week's episode, Lars Jankowski, famous soft-core porno star, had just finished his latest film "Healthy, Horny and Hung" and was contemplating his future. The recent Supreme Court ruling on obscenity was expected to deeply cut into his acting career his mind was cluttered with doubt. Could he return to school? Would his childhood sweetheart still be waiting for him or had she made good her promise to enter the convent if he continued his acting? His parents. Did they still love him? As Lars sifted these thoughts through his brain, there was a knock at the door.

"Lars?"
"Who's there?"
"It's me, Phoenecia."
"Phoenecia who?"
"Phoenecia Tenderloin, you co-star. May I come in?"
"O.K."

Lars arose from the bed and unlocked the door. Phoenecia entered and sat on the floor. She was beautiful. Long, red hair and deep, liquid eyes.

"Such talent," Lars thought. "She has brought the both of us to such heights of stardom with her amazing talent."

It was true. Phoenecia Tenderloin did have amazing talent. Only two years old, she was the youngest and most promising star in the business. Just six short weeks ago Semmie Vesicle, roving talent scout from Thigh Productions Limited, had discovered her mosing through overturned garbage cans in the alley behind the Jay-Mar Hotel looking for food. But something about her caught Semmie's eye. He was impressed by her style and driving determination. He could make her a star. First she would need cleaned up. The, he would attempt the impossible - he would teach her to talk. Finally, with the filming of "Healthy, Horny and Hung" only two days away, the impossible happened. Semmie taught her to talk AND walk upright.

The other producers would be drooling. They would recognize Semmie's genius. Not only had he taught an Irish Setter puppy at act and walk upright, he had taught her TO TALK! And teamed up with Lars Kankowski, thirteen year old acting star, Semmie Vesicle knew he had the porno film market in his hand.

To be continued.

The last episode, if you want to remember, found Lars Jankowski, thirteen-year old soft-core porno film star, pondering the new Supreme Court ruling on obscenity. He was interrupted by Phoenecia Tenderloin, his two-year old Irish Setter co-star, in the midst of troubled thoughts. As she sat on the floor of Lars' dressing room, Phoenecia sensed that all was not well with the young boy.

"Lars, is something wrong?"
"Huh?"
"Is something wrong?"
"Yes. Did you read about the new ruling on obscenity?"
"I did. It's terrible. We might be out of a job."
"Right. When we are almost at the top of our careers."
"What can we do, Lars?"
"I'm thinking, Phoenecia."

The young boy placed his hands in his face and sighed. Had he come this far to be shot down by a handful of narrow-minded, old men in black robes? And Phoenecia, what of her? Would she be thrown back into the alley? No! He must think of something.

"I've got it, Phoenecia," Lars exclaimed.
"Wonderful. What is it?"
"Redeeming Social Value."
"What?" Phoenecia asked excitedly.
"Redeeming Social Value. What's our next picture?"
"A Hound in Heat," Phoenecia replied. "It's about a boy who finds that his dog wants to do more than just fetch sticks and walk faithfully by his side. Of course, I play the dog."

"Of course," Lars replied. "What's the plot?"
"Well," Phoenecia paused, "we just get it on same as always-one hundred and thirty five minutes."

"Why don't we do something different?"
"You mean like you undernea-"
"No," Lars interrupted, "I mean the redeeming social value. I'll talk to Mr. Vesicle. I'll tell him that this picture has depth. We'll show the breakdown of the traditional boy-dog relationship. You'll show that you are intense. That you have an identity-a need to be seen and understood as a being. Oh, Phoenecia, it's beautiful."

"What about our intimate scenes, Lars." Phoenecia got up from the floor, walked gingerly over to him, and licked his hand. "You know how I feel about you."

"Sure I do. We can shoot the skin scenes against the background

AMONG THE DOGS

of our new-found relationship.

"I don't know, Lars. I don't know if I can handle it."
Phoenecia giggled. "Pardon the pun."
"I know you can." Lars knelt down and took her head in his hands. He looked into her soft, brown eyes. His heart began to fill with desire as he rubbed her silky ears. "Sweetheart, this picture will be beau--" Lars suddenly dropped the dog's head and began clawing at his stomach and groin. "This damn itching."

"What itching, Lars."
"I can't understand it. I've been scratching for three days and it won't go--wait a minute!"

Lars looked at Phoenecia angrily. He bent over her and grabbed her throat.

"You dumb slob," Lars screamed.
"What's wrong?" Phoenecia cried as he lifted her from the ground.

"You bitch," Lars continued, "you don't have any brains."
"Please Lars, you're hurting me," Phoenecia cried as she clawed the air.

"You idiot," Lars screamed, "where's the collar I bought you?"
"Oh Lars, it hurt me, I couldn't stand it. I had to take it off. Why are you so angry?"

"You dumb animal-you knew you were supposed to wear it."
Suddenly Phoenecia knew the reason for Lars' anger. Her body went limp and she looked at him and began to sob loudly.

"Oh Lars," she cried, "I didn't realize-I just wasn't thinking. I didn't give you--"
"Yes, Phoenecia," Lars said bitterly, hatefully, "you gave me the fleas."

"OH LARS, NO." Phoenecia cried. "I didn't mean it."
"You'll pay for this," Lars said menacingly, "you'll not ruin my stomach with scratch marks again."

"No Lars, wait."

But it was too late. The love and tenderness that had swelled in Lars' heart just a few short moments before was replaced with hate. He turned and walked to his dressing table. Flinging open the center drawer, his eyes stole to the pearl handled .38 special and his fingers closed about it. . . .

To be continued.

WZAP



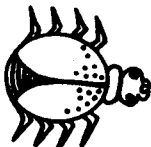
5:40-6:00 P.M.

15200 Heights

Your Radio Station

She came storming in
Telling me she was new
Talking loud
Arms waving
Rearranging this
Substituting that
Poking in there . . .
Then she left her nose here.

D. List



KILL IT!
Go ahead, step on it.
Hurry, crush its head and
bug its eyes.
BEAT IT!
SQUASH IT!
SQUEEZE IT!
Pull the legs off
And eat it.

D. List

BENDER
BROTHERS
BLOOPERS

by
Terry Turnbaugh

It was an exciting, needless to say, unusual flag football season. However, the besieging Bender Brothers baffled some opponents, as well as themselves, and regained the pride that is ever so present with their tradition. With the help of the hidden microphone in my quarterback's headband, I was able to look back on some of the stimulating plays and comments that inspired our team.

Ah, those radiant moments! For instance, we were one point behind and we had possession of the football with time running out. It went something like this:

Quarterback: "One, two three . . . eight. We have an extra player - who is it?"

Left halfback: "Fred, you are supposed to come in on defense. (pause) I'm going to have to spend next week with him. I hope he soon learns to distinguish between offense and defense."

In that same game, but a different series, I rifled a bomb to my left end, but it was to no avail since he stopped running after the pass. As he approached the huddle:

Quarterback: "Why did you stop running? You could have scored a TD."

Left End: "My mind knew what I had to do, but my body wouldn't respond. And besides, you know I'm playing with a flat tire!"

The most exciting moment came when we were advancing for the winning score with a minute and a half remaining in the game:

Quarterback: "Pro formation, right end sideline, on go."

Left end: "Gasp - Do we have an oxygen tank around here?"

Quarterback: "Do we have any reserve ends?"

Guard: "Yeh, but they both have knee injuries. We can't call in Pat Murphy, because she's got a knot in the voice gun that's around her neck, and it's tangled in Monger's crutches."

Quarterback: (in desperation) "Well, Gary, how about a left halfback pass?"

Left Halfback: "I can't, because I got my fingernail torn off the last game."

It's hard to believe the season's over, but the memories linger on. In the Spring Term, after 50 ice packs, 42 rolls of tape, 16 whirlpools, 2 pair of crutches, and 1 cane, the Bender Brothers will once again sprint onto the softball diamond for action.

Publicity Coordinators



Bill Fleisher and Wanda Burholder