

Perspectives Page

EDITORIAL Poodles And Worms

And then came the man who had known. Both sets of eyes had insidious. Intent and malcontent were walking down the sky one day...and a merry, merry, cherry day it was.

Most assuredly, one can, no doubt be absolute if one has the mind to be. To be, to be, a bee.

And then the man jumped off the Delaware Memorial Bridge.

A No. 29 off the Delaware Memore Real.

Its tender green striped leaves enveloped the waves as they languidly expressed, cream face, no disgrace, you'all, ya'll!

Both sets of eyes. One set from a yellow tomato. The other set, a red tomato.

There was no mail today. The milkman ran away. And he was scene running and running away. We have seen. Have you scene. It was on all of the funky...

In the end they will all no longer. Somewhere toward the middle. Put your poodle on the track. Let the train take him back.

A Duel!

Smiling tomatoe faces, with glittering eyes have no mind. They've no occasion two, do.

The price is right. Reach for your revolver. If your revolver is not there reach for the sky. It's free. da-Da, the time has no longer, began, continued, faster, faster, faster, cold, frozen, fused.

Eyes! The l's have it, but they are not sure whether to pick up the spotted black and white stones from the wave-without ocean. The eyes do.

The field of green, gets thicker. It becomes dense. To create. You've no need to relate, consumate, the day is ending and the two tomatoes have stopped smiling. Green, green, green, running away, running to, green, change the station.

There's only one. So be it?

To compromise is to lose. A fool, one who is foolish, one, two, who are fooling. Who?

Are you? No can't you believe, down on your knees. You knave.

The windows will shake, the pipes will crack, the sky will turn red, the moon will split in two. Where are you? On which side of the moon do you reside? Come on down to this side. Relentless bride.

The cycle is in gear. You've no need to fear. Turn your ears red, he said.

The two tomatoes are still there. They are waiting for you. Two tomatoes are waiting for you.

Letters To The Editor, Some Real

The C.C. Reader indeed has been showing signs of increasing sexism. But your comment "It's only natural" reveals a lack of maturity as well as professionalism.

As of late, you have been expounding on the reasons for publishing this paper. Your final conclusion stated a somewhat selfish but realistic indicator that at least you would have "real-world" experience.

What explanation are you going to offer your prospective employer when she asks you what's so natural about sexism?

Ann W. Rudegear
Grad. Reg. Planning

Dear Editor,

I am glad to see that the C.C. Reader has not sunk to the level of poor taste that such pulp rags as the National Lampoon has. I am of course referring to their disgusting habit of writing letter in the

name of important people and calling them assholes. Just because a few people in this administration are assholes does not mean that there are a lot of assholes. Take me for example I am an asshole but I am in the minority. There are many people outside of myself who are not assholes...Hey! wait a minute. Oh no, not me, I won't let you get away with this. I'll padlock your goddam office that will fix your little ass.

J.S.

Dear Editor,

You know the line to that Simon & Garfunkel song "Where have you gone Joe Dimaggio"? Well I know the answer, he's selling coffee pots on T.V. Just thought you would like to know.

Robt Frost
The Library

Dear Editor,

I am a new student on campus and was wondering about a group here called "Returning Women." My question is where are they returning from?

Suzy Claptrap
Engineering

Sir, I am the representing attorney for the Poodle Anti-Defamation League. Since January 20th your disgusting rag has made several unkind and unwarranted references to poodles. For the benefit of all I shall now list your violations of poodle etiquette; a highly obscene classified ad of January 20th. An unkind reference to poodles in a "Perspectives" article of the same issue. A front page photograph of March 10th that was obviously a shot of the shaved rear end of a poodle. I also have sources who inform me that this week's edition will make yet another unkind mention of these fine

Pierre Flea

Ann Landers Started This Way

By Crabby Crabapple

Dear Crabby,

I am a healthy, 57-year-old male; I don't drink or smoke, and I have never had acne; I eat three, well-balanced meals a day and keep my toenails trimmed. But I have a problem. I'm still a virgin.

I can't help it. Everytime I get to bed with a woman, I suddenly lose interest. In fact, the whole act becomes repulsive in my mind. I need your help. What can I do?

I Try Harder.

Dear Harder,

Stick to masturbation - if you can do that.

Dear Crabby,

This letter is just to

commend the 17-year-old girl who wrote in about her friends trying to talk her into smoking marijuana. I am proud that she did not give into their peer pressure, even though she was gang-raped by 14 of the boys in her high-school class. Her standing up for her rights in the face of her peers gives me new confidence in our young people. Congratulations to her and all like her.

Peerlessly Proud

Dear Peerless,

Stick it in your ear.

Dear Crabby,

My husband and I have been married for 27 years, and we have four beautiful children. However, last week he came home and told me that he

wanted to have a sex-change operation! I don't know what to do, Crabby. I love him, and neither of us wants a divorce (The children, you know). But how can I remain married to a woman? What can I do?

Not A Lesbian

Dear Not,

How the hell do I know what you should do? Who do you think I am - God or somebody? Talk to the madman yourself. Screw ya.

Crabby Crabapple reads all letters sent to her. She regrets, however, that due to the volume of mail, she cannot send personal replies. But, if you have a problem, feel free to ask Crabby. Send your letters to Crabby Crabapple, c/o this newspaper.

C.C. READER

April Fools' Edition

Contributing Fools:

MICHAEL BURKIE

Lt. ~~COMM.~~ SHLOCK

Young Inyang

Brian McDonough

Greg Hall

Joseph Schlitz

Julio Alvarez, Th.C.

Ralph Armin

Tim Adams didn't want to participate.
Treasurers: John Kolar, Ed McKeown
Rob Fisher didn't want participate either.
Hi Mom!

Photos by: Mark Appleby (Dead Baby's) - Wm. Kane

William M. Kane

