

**WEEKEND
WEATHER**

Sunny and pleasant through Sunday unless it becomes rainy and gross.

The Hopkins

News—Litter

TORA, TORA, TORA!

VOLUME LXXXIV NUMBER XIII

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 7, 1979

MULLER THROWS HIS HAT INTO G.O.P. RING

Johns Hopkins president Steven Muller, appearing with running mate and Hopkins dropout Spiro Agnew, announced his long-planned candidacy for the Presidency of the United States at a hastily-called press conference in the freshman dorms this morning. The biggest surprise, other than the announcement itself, came when Muller added that he will seek the Republican, not the Democratic, nomination.

In his statement prepared by the *News-Letter* staff, Muller explained his decision to go Republican was based on his belief that the GOP nomination would be easier to capture. "Who do they have running, really? Besides a few neo-Nazis from the cornfields, they don't have anyone who can count higher than ten without a tele-prompter. After that dyslectic Ford they should be ready for a candidate from the intel-

lectual set. Besides, they've never had anyone as handsome as me before, and it should make a nice change."

Jakie Hall, Chief of Symbolism in the Muller campaign, expressed his confidence in the President's candidacy. "Dr. Muller has much more than a token of my respect. We plan to employ many symbols in the course of the campaign. We feel that Dr. Muller himself is a symbol of upwardly mobile, materialistic, avaricious egoism. In short, of this great country itself."

"And let's not forget the little immigrant's background. Ronald Reagan better take notice that he's not the only washed-up bit-player in this campaign."

At the conference, Muller outlined the themes of his upcoming campaign, stressing his talents in international and sexual relations, his tan, and his belief that the issues during the campaign will focus abroad rather than at home. "With the way the current Administration is continuously blocking foreign affairs, we should have plenty of juicy crises to worry about during the whole campaign," he said.

Muller also stressed his experiences with deficit spending. "I've been running a big institution in the red for a long time now. I look forward to being able to improve on the record of the current administration. With the help of the American people, we'll soon have the biggest goddamn deficit in the history of the United States."

Muller expressed hope that even while increasing the Federal deficit, he would be able to cut the size of the Federal bureaucracy. Citing his record of cutting back on the Homewood faculty, Muller said, "I've always been able to fire people, and get others to take the blame. It's easy when you're as greasy as I am."

Muller's choice of Spiro Agnew as running mate surprised people almost as much as the fact that he announced his decision. When questioned on his motives, Muller intimated that he felt there was no quicker way to win the hearts of Republican stalwarts than to pick Agnew. "Besides, the money he's saved me on income taxes

Cont. p. 7



A tearful, disdraught Steven Muller bids an emotional farewell to the campus he obviously loves so much.

JSA Notes

The Placement Bureau and Student Employment will be moving from Garland Hall to Merryman Hall on January 14.

Starting in January a volunteer internship for a member of the House of Representatives Position is available located in the Baltimore Office. Stop by Placement Bureau for more information.

The Johns Hopkins Glee Club, under the direction of Kenneth Kiesler, will present "A Concert of Christmas Music Sunday, Dec. 9 at 8:00 p.m. in Shriver Hall. Pieces performed will include Four Motets for the Season of Christmas by Francis Poulenc and the Vivaldi Gloria with orchestra. There will be a reception following the program to which all are invited. Tickets are \$2.00 general admission and \$1.00 for students and senior citizens. They are available in the Office of Residential Life, or from any Glee Club member; and will also be available at the door.

The Library will be closed on the following dates:

Monday, December 24, 1979;
Tuesday, December 25, 1979; Monday, December 31, 1979 and Tuesday, January 1, 1980. The Library will resume regular hours on January 2, 1980.

Attention! Entertainment free of charge. Enjoy Bob Arellano's Advanced Playwriting Student's One Act Play Productions. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7 and 8 at 8:00 p.m. in the Little Theatre, Leverage Hall. Admission is free to all.

The Baltimore chapter of the National Abortion Rights Action League supports the right of every woman to choose abortion. Baltimore NARAL's next meeting will be held on Tuesday, December 11 at 7:30 at St. John's Methodist Church (27th and St. Paul Streets.) The topic of the meeting will be "The Medical Aspects of Abortion."

Friday night special membership dinner at the KDH. Services start at 6:00 p.m. dinner will follow. Please come for the last event of the semester.

Saturday morning services at the KDH at 9:30 a.m.

Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise will speak in Shriver Hall on Monday at 8 p.m. His topic will be, "To Boldly go where no man has gone before." Refreshments will be served by Lt. Uhura. Mr. Spock says, "Fascinating."

OBITUARY: The News-Letter is saddened to announce the departure

of deeply beloved News Editor Laney Pizza, who died of boredom at last Wednesday's Student Council meeting. Funeral Services were held last Sunday, with staff members and close friends attending. The N-L will hold a memorial bash this Saturday in the Listening-Viewing Room. Mourners are asked to donate a case of their favorite diet beverage to the event. Ms. Pizza will sincerely miss us all.

Reveille isn't until five, but, at four-thirty, you're already wide awake and ready to jump at that first call. Before the day is through, you'll have run six miles carrying 9.5-pound rifles, done hours of calisthenics, and jumped from a thirty-foot tower to swim under burning oil. By the end of the summer, you'll know it was worth it. You will have lost a guaranteed 200 pounds-or died in the attempt. NROTC Weight Loss Program. Check it out.

During Intercession, the Hutzler Reading Room will observe the following hours: OPEN Sunday through Monday from 11:57 p.m. to 12:03 a.m.

The Hopkins Christian Fellowship will present noted faith healer Billy Joe Clarion this Sunday at 11 in the Listening-Viewing Room. There will be much laying on of hands

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A Special Membership SHABBAT DINNER



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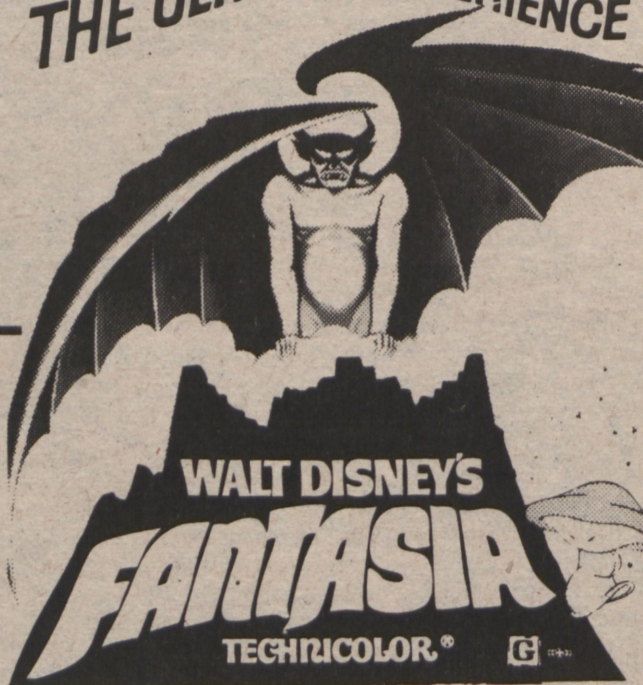
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Personality Conflicts Get Out Of Hand

Council Kills Spicy Issues, Turns Gun On Self

BY BURTRAM BUTMUSTARD

The Homewood campus is reeling this morning in the wake of an apparent shoot-out between several members of the Student Council Thursday night. At this moment the facts of the bizarre incident are confused and sketchy, but at least one death, that of senior class president Tom Messana, has been officially confirmed.

Apparently, shots first rang out from the Council board room at approximately 11:07 PM. Two passerbys who heard the reports attempted to enter the board room, but were chased out just seconds after they arrived by a pistol-wielding Karl Block. According to the pair, the SAC chairman waved a 7MM mauser in their faces and shouted "This is a goddamn closed meeting, schmucks! Scram or I'll drill ya!" The witnesses understandably had little time to observe the scene, but one later said that "There was a lot of blood, and some people were running around while others were just slumped over the tables. The room was full of smoke."

The two witnesses then alerted the *News-Letter* by phone, but there was some delay because the call was at first assumed to be a prank. When *N-L* staffers finally arrived at the Shriver Hall lobby, they were immediately fired upon from the direction of the Board room and forced to take cover in a stairwell. Calling for reinforcements, the cowering reporters were soon joined by sports editor Dixie Dick Miller, who arrived with a sawed-off twenty gauge. With the scatter gun brought into play, the outer door of the board room was quickly blown

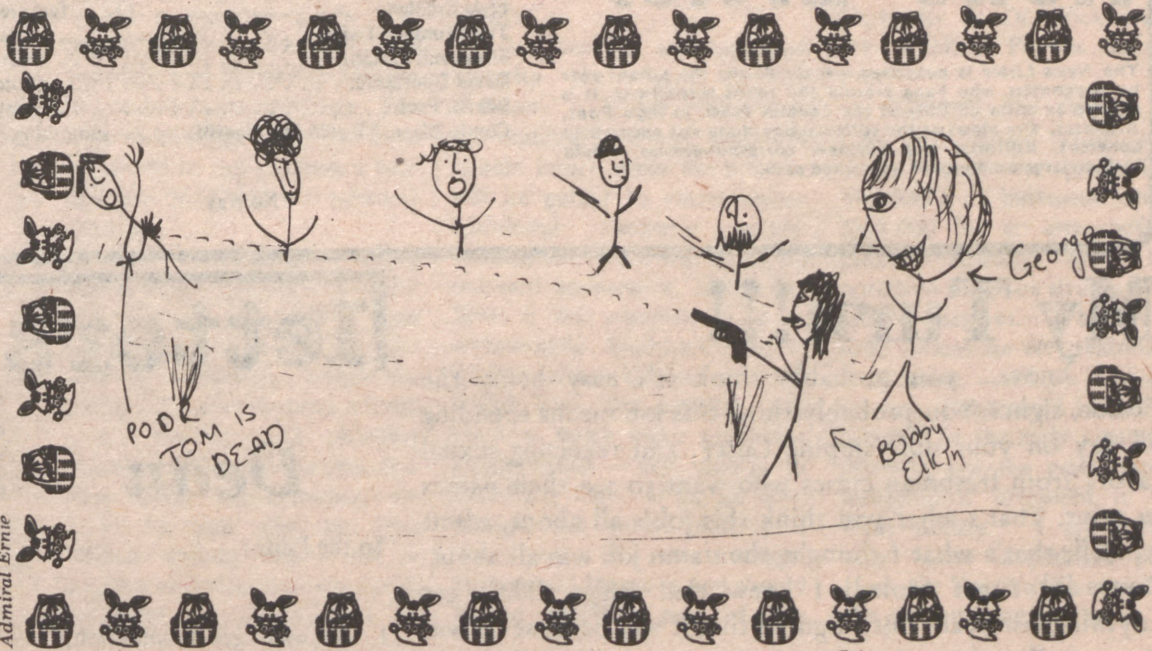
off, and minutes later a white flag was seen waving from the splintered vestibule.

At this point a beaming Robert Elkin bounded out into the lobby, holstered his Colt pistol, and greeted the reporters with open arms. "I'm sorry about the confusion," he said. "It's too bad that people can't keep a tighter reign on their tempers. There was just a lot of silliness here tonight."

When asked if there had been any fatalities, Elkin looked whistful and admitted, "Yes, yes, Tom's dead. I just wish he hadn't been so darn stubborn about George. Why don't we go for coffee?"

Groans emanating from the direction of the board room prompted reporters to sidestep the blabbering Elkin and view the slaughterhouse for themselves. The carnage inside the SC's inner sanctum was horrific indeed. The blood-stained corpse of Messana lay stretched out on the carpeted floor, his face frozen in a last, contorted spasm of fear and shock. Council member Sid Goodfriend, his normally pristine wool sweater askew, was wandering around the room in a daze. (The diminutive mouthpiece had luckily escaped major injury, receiving no more than half a dozen gunshot wounds to the head). Karl Block, who had appeared so aggressive and composed just moments before, was quietly weeping into his hands and moaning something about "missing Disco Night again."

Junior class president Mike Steele then took over the impromptu press briefing, limping from around the long table while he clumsily attempted to conceal a profusely bleeding gash on his leg with a smoking



Artist's facsimile of explosive Student Council meeting

Barretta. "I know it looks bad, guys..." he confessed. "But I think the Council is basically united. It was stuffy in here and some tempers flared, that's all. I made a motion to officially open some of the windows, but it was voted down after we debated it for a couple of hours...what could I do? I don't think we'll have that kind of trouble any more now that Tom has...well...left us."

The mental defective went on to detail the extent of the casualties, revealing that Vice-President Barbara Squires "had her nose blown clean off," that several freshman representatives would "probably wind up losing a few limbs" and that social director Amy Caplan "might have caught a round or two in the boobs." Steele emphasized that Barbara and Amy had not "folded up when the action got hot," and that "the babe's showed damn good poise" in handling a Bowie knife and sap glove, respectively.

At this point Elkin rushed

back into the room with an armload of ketchup bottles and an even wider grin on his sweaty face. "See guys, it was all a gag! Ketchup! Ha, ha, ha!"

Not fooled by the childish diversion, the wiley N-L snoopers inquired as to the whereabouts of Kampus Kingpin George Connolly. Karl Block attempted to answer, but Elkin quickly broke one of the ketchup bottles against the edge of the table and viciously slashed the mustachioed ladies'-man across the face, screaming "GEORGE CAN'T BE INVOLVED IN THIS! YOU KNOW THAT! If word gets out he'll have our ass!"

After wiping the drool from his mouth, "Bad Bob" turned to the reporters and explained that Connolly was "looking the other way and getting a drink and zipping up his fly and stuff" when the gunplay erupted. "He wasn't involved. George is a saint, everyone knows that...RIGHT Karl?"

A sharp rap on the door announced the arrival of a paramedical team and several Northern District policemen decked out in full riot gear. Steele indicated that the Council's walking wounded could be

found in the broom closet, where they had been placed for "cosmetic considerations."

At this point the fracas was broken up by the arrival of the tanned and dapper Hopkins prexy Steven "Golden Boy" Muller, flanked by a phalanx of security thugs. Quickly surveying the battleground with his seasoned commander's eye, Muller whispered under his breath "I told George to watch the rough-stuff. Lucky for me I'm too slick to ever be implicated in this bloodbath." Turning to an aide, he barked "Get Colombo on the horn and tell him his boys have screwed up again."

Muller then strolled over to the knot of journalists and pressed a crisp C-note into this reporter's palm. "I'm sure you boys realize that discretion is often the better part of journalism," he said, and with that, led his entourage out of the room.

Messana's death was the second Council-related fatality this week. *News-Letter* news editor Elaine Pizzo died of boredom shortly before the close of Wednesday's meeting, at which no personalities were discussed.

Computer Fault Nixes Intersession, Registration Back Two Weeks

The Garland Hall sprinkler system malfunctioned last night, flooding the computer room and causing \$200,000 worth of damage to the IBM system. Intersession will be cancelled and registration will be postponed for two weeks.

According to registrar Robert Ciphers, the processing of academic records will have to be done by hand while the computer is being repaired.

Senior transcripts and transcript requests will be given first priority over undergraduate course registration. Although the University will be able to use the medical school computer to reprogram some of the old data, the remaining two weeks will be needed to repair the computer.

"The computer memory banks and data processing units were completely ruined," said Soldis James, Director of the JHU Computer Center. "Fortunately, because we moved the student computer to Maryland Hall, scientific research at the University will be able to continue without any problems."

"The flood itself began at about 12:30 this morning," said Eddie O'Regan, a maintenance engineer. "Me and the boys had just swept Duplications and were walking to the Registrar's Office. Suddenly we heard a loud hiss, and, Mother of Mercy, the whole computer room looked like the Fourth of July under Niagara Falls. There were sparks all over the place and they were being snuffed out by buckets of water."

"We got to the main valve but it didn't budge. A lot of good money went down the drain in a few minutes."

Director of Plant Management Bill Campbell is heading an investigation into the causes of the flood. He denies that the sprinkler system is at fault. "We do not know the nature of the cause of the alleged aquatic event. It is possible that waste water from one of the floors above seeped into the room or that unusual climate conditions precipitated the coalescence of an unusual building fog that is common to Baltimore in early December."

Dr. Dietrich Shusted, IBM

Vice President for Systems Aberrations, was not surprised at the extent of the damage, or the heavy cost. "Computers were never designed to be watertight. The computer needs plenty of vents inside. Otherwise after daily use it will melt inside. Computers were not designed with every emergency in mind. If computers were meant to get wet, they would have been born with umbrellas."

"Another thing you should bear in mind - the Hopkins computer isn't your average little T-I jockey that your twelve-year-old-Korean whiz kid physics major packs on his hip. In terms of potency this is the sturdiest of them all."

The \$200,000 figure does not reflect the cost of the time lost in dealing with the emergency or in the extra labor hired to process the academic records. So that the University plan to balance the budget by 1981 will not be upset, University President announced early this morning that he is suspending Humanities offerings for two years.

POLICE BLADDER

Campus Security reported the following crimes on campus November 30 - December 6: **LARCENY:** Thieves broke into the Health Center Tuesday Night and made off with about six hundred condoms. Joan Reiner, Health Center director, reported that all the condoms were defective and would have been returned to the manufacturer the next day. "Someone's in for a big surprise," Reiner stated. **LARCENY:** Prof. John Barth of the Writing Seminars Dept. reported that his office was burglarized over the weekend and that thirty-seven cans of Turtle Wax were taken. Barth refused to discuss their value or use. "Terminal," he said. In an apparently related incident, the supply room of the Writing Seminars Dept. was robbed, with over \$5000 in "supplies" taken. The Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company has offered a reward for information leading to the return of the supplies.

CONSPIRACY: David Fishkin, manager of Chester's Place, was arrested by Federal authorities on conspiracy charges after *News-Letter* ace reporter Harry "Tough Shit" Lerner uncovered a neo-fascist ring operating out of the student nightspot. Fishkin carefully manipulated media elements into billing Chester's as a leftist hangout when in fact reactionary messages were being broadcast at frequencies indiscernable to the human ear. Fishkin's apartment was covered with posters of Pat Ercolano bearing the words Second Duce. **FRAUD:** Michael Marinaccio, director of Servomation, reported that a shipment of coffee received September 21 was actually five tons of dirt intended for the Art Museum's construction site. Marinaccio stated the shipping error was not discovered until last Friday's Fish Feast when a trout, thought to be dead, snapped at an earthworm in a nearby coffee cup.

The Hopkins News-Litter

The News-Litter is published weekly during the school year by psychotics who hang around the Johns Hopkins U. It is printed in spite of Billy at the Centaur Press, in Pig's Foot, Arkansas. The views of the editorial board are not necessarily coherent. Editorial and business correspondences should include large amounts of unmarked cash.

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Peter Pan, Laney Pizza news editors
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ad production staff: Anne Oldgin, Hate Mulligan, Longjohn Lice.

No Way.

My Turn!!!

I know... you probably think it's easy being the Editor, right? You probably think this job means spending all day on your duff sipping Cutty, and receiving sexual favors from freshman cuties who want to see their names in print. That's what you think this job's all about, admit it. Hell, that's what I thought the damn job was all about. Boy, did I get fooled! I knew that Riggs didn't get anything last year-- but I figured that it was because he was just... well... *that way*. Let me set you straight-- the only lip service I get is from my spoiled and uppity prima donna editors when I ask them to turn in copy.

And if the editors are bad, the reporters are absolute dung-beetles. Seriously, those lint-brained reporters make Jimmy Olsen look like Edward R. Murrow. Take that punk P.J. Whats-his-name, for instance. A few weeks ago while I was out having oysters for dinner, some senile derelict wandered into the Gatehouse, sat down in my chair, and scribbled some drivel to his parole officer or something. P.J. comes upstairs later on, mistakes the moronic drivel for one of my fine editorials, and takes it downstairs to be typed! By the time I got back the damn thing was already pasted in-- and none of those "geniuses" even noticed the difference. Do you believe that? I'm sorry about P.J. having to go to the hospital, but I had no choice. He lowered the standards of my paper so I lowered his jaw. Fair is fair, right?

I really *am* fair, you know. Tough-- I'm the first to admit it-- but always fair. It doesn't make any difference though, they all hate me. It's not just *coincidence* that all those words turn up misspelled in my articles, no sirree. It's fucking *sabotage*, plain and simple. They think I don't know about their little schemes, but...

Did you hear something?

Hmmmm. Must be my imagination. I swear, working around this den of jackals is getting to me. I'm in a cold sweat half the time, and I always have to keep one eye peeled over my shoulder. They'd kill me if they had the guts, I just *know* they would. It gives me bad dreams just thinking about what they'd do to me if I ever let my guard down even for one second. For a month now I've been seeing something like this over and over in my dreams:



Pretty goddamn spooky, isn't it?

They steal from me too, the little guttersnipes. Just last week I brought down a whole basket of big, fresh...

THERE IT IS AGAIN! JESUS, DID YOU HEAR THAT?!!

Where was I-- oh yeah, the stealing. Like I said, I brought down a big basket of strawberries to munch on while I worked, and stuck them in the fridge. Then, a few days later, when I asked that jewboy of a photo editor to bring me some, he says "there ain't no more." I knew exactly how many strawberries were left from the day before because I counted them *seven times* before I left. There were *four* strawberries left and he tells me that "there ain't no more" Do you believe that crap? Thugs and cut-throats all of them!

They poisoned my dog, Checkers, too-- I know they did. They did it because I pissed-off the Student Council so much, but I had a Secret Plan for Peace. Peace with Honor. They say I take bribes from Muller, but that's not true. I am not a crook. I won't stand for it, I tell you! I'll take my typewriter and go home and then you won't have Cates Baldrige to push around anymore. I won't resign, though. I will never walk away from the job I was elected to do. They think they can...

OH GOD, STOP THAT HIDEOUS NOISE!!!!

letters to the editor

Dean

To the Editor:

I...uh...well...gee...ummm...oh, forget it.

Jakie Hall

Nuke 'Em

To the Editor:

We will trade you 50 hostages, for the Shah, a two year contract (we will throw in a no-cut clause) and free agent status.

Ayatollah Joe Khomenienienieni

Suckers

Dear George Stewart:

Well it looks like I pulled another fast one. Tuition is going up for '80-81 and I think I can pull it off again for the following year. The usual system will work for the files. I figure that we'll get an extra \$1,500,000. Of course you and I will split that right down the middle and we'll be doing very well. I think I'll take another month in the Caribbean. I'm just glad I could pass on the good news.

By the way, I'm looking for a new secretary. The last one quit and I have to do this all myself. I wrote a letter to the News-Letter telling those little schmucks just what I think of them.

Steve Muller

Trampled

To the Editor:

I have 11 unused Who tickets. Trade 'em, swap 'em. I'm dying to sell them. I won't get fooled again.

Keith Moon Fan Club

Shoddy

To the Editor:

You're probably getting tired of getting letters like this but maybe if you listened to us you wouldn't have the problem. The News-Letter could be a really good paper if you wouldn't insist on printing such shoddy garbage. You don't need to be obscene and gross

to get an audience. There is no other weekly campus publication so why don't you make the one we have something worth reading?

Zeniada

Eat a fart. -CB

Knaves

To the Editor:

Here's a little something I whipped off last night - well actually, it's the second thing I whipped off, but never you mind. STUDENT COUNCIL ANTHEM
(To the tune of Star Spangled Banner)

Oh say can you see
George Ignatz Connolly
Whom so proudly we hailed
At the Council's last meeting
When he stood up to say
That our long stupid fights
And the projects we botched
Were so empty of meaning
And the members' blank stares
At our Chairman's grey hair
Gave proof through the night
That we just did not care
Oh say does that Boston brogue
Manner yet reign
O'er the constant secrecy
At the home of the knaves.

Porky Putz

Riot!

To the Editor:

As this University enters the new decade, it is appropriate that we take steps to reaffirm Johns Hopkins' unique role in American education. I propose that the students and administration unite in a bold initiative to secure the University's pre-eminent position in the academic community. A series of carefully coordinated student riots would effectively enhance the reputation and resources of this fair institution in several ways.

1. Violent demonstrations would refute charges of materialism among Hopkins undergraduates. The social fervor of the Sixties has given way in the last ten years to the overriding concern for postgraduate employment which is so characteristic of the "me" generation. Johns Hopkins could be at the forefront of a return to traditional American values; social consciousness, liberty, justice, sex, drugs, and violence.

2. National media coverage would attract applications from the finest prospective freshmen.

Let's face it: Baltimore is about as exciting as back issues of the Gazette. High school seniors want to go where the action is, and there's nothing that boosts school spirit like arson and confrontations with the National Guard. The R.O.T.C. building is a small price to pay for the publicity that would make Hopkins the Berkeley of the East.

3. Construction costs for new buildings are exorbitant and constitute a severe strain on our capital resources. Antiquated University buildings like the Alumni Memorial Residences could be replaced for a pittance by heavily insuring them against fire (just in the nick of time!).

4. Riots would bolster the influence of the Student Council, which could schedule demonstrations, issue demands, etc. To those who don't know any better, the Council would seem to exercise real authority over the student body.

5. The fraternities would have something better to do than peep at Mary Pat Clarke through binoculars. Let the lugs vent their libidinal energies on campus, where they will not bother real people. Delta Upsilon has already submitted a plan to pick up Homewood House and deposit it in the middle of Charles Street. Funny, huh?!!

6. The News-Letter would finally have something more interesting to write about than the price of tea at Servomation, and more novel than the latest machinations of the Student Activities Commission. Better yet, some of their reporters might get shot in the cross-fire!

9. The University would benefit from other accidental deaths during riots. Professors over sixty-five could be "retired" no matter what the feds have to say about it. Even better, rich alumni could be bumped off before they squander their fortunes on personal luxuries. The first target is Robert Merrick, the Trustee who is spending more on walls around the campus than George Stewart can embezzle in a year. If the demented old capitalist has named Hopkins in his will, it's our duty to make sure that money is not wasted on the purchase of more bricks or vacations to Geneva.

8. Riots would provide a tremendous opportunity for key personnel in the administration to enhance their status by mediating differences and quelling the violence. That shouldn't be difficult if they are responsible for instigating the riots in the first place. Listening, Stevie?

Jerome Schnydmann
Director of Admissions



News-Letter staffers say, "Rest In Pizza."

Zdanis Hatches Plot For N-L Graveyard

BY ELMO CLINCH

The Johns Hopkins University has recently purchased the Baltimore Art Museum's Sculpture Gardens at the corner of North Charles Street and Art Museum Drive, directly opposite the *News-Letter* office. The site, which is still under construction, will be used to erect a Memorial Cemetery for the present *News-Letter* staff.

The proposal to establish the cemetery was made in September by University Vice-Provost Richard A. Zdanis, and was enthusiastically approved by University President Steven Muller and the Board of Trustees.

"We call this our new early admissions plan," Muller said. "Those snooty little bastards have been burying us under a mound of excremental false and biased reporting and nasty expose articles for months." "Their photographs make me look like a barracuda," Zdanis added. In an unprecedented display of glee, the Vice-Provost demonstrated how he would jump on the tombstones and knock them over, chanting, "A corpse is a corpse, of course, of course!"

Funds for the purchase poured in from the Student Council, the Student Activities Office and the Chaplain's Office (with Zdanis and other administrators kicking in a few bucks).

The administration has already made extensive plans for the new site. Tombstones have been ordered engraved and set up for all staff members and for outstanding *N-L* greats of the past, including Mark Wolkow, Elliot Grover, Dave Hawk, Phil Konort, Dante, and Mike Deak. Frank "Double-Burn" White of Centaur Press has been offered an honorary plot.

The University has also

established an Office of the Undertaker. Roger Mortis, a reformed necrophiliac who received his Ph.D. from Moody and Moody Funeral Services of Pottsylvania, has accepted the position. Graveside services will be provided by former *N-L* Managing Editor Conrad Selnick upon his graduation from Episcopal Divinity School.

The new undertaker has already begun planning the site. "I want to put the *fun* back in funeral!" he chuckled. His ideas include tombstones the size of tennis backboards, burial mounds for the wilder of the bunch, tandem coffins, a miniature golf course and moat-like water-filled graves.

Mortis had a chance to plan his first funeral last Wednesday, when *N-L* news editor Laney Pizza obligingly died of boredom at a Student Council meeting. Mortis used the *News-Letter's* wax machine to offset embalming costs. Since construction workers are on strike, Ms. Pizza was left uninterred. This poses little problem, however, as heavy snows are expected sometime this week. "And even if it doesn't snow, there's always the rats or the surgical students," said stoical editor-in-chief Cates Baldrige.

Services were duly impressive. Mourners David Dilettante and Chuck "Magic Fingers" Werewolf played taps on the composers as features editor Elvis Ercolano sang, "Have A Nice Day." Mortis read from the Good Book of Trudeau. Hearst and sports editor Stonewall Jackson took Pizza's beau, managing editor Julianne Fries, into custody, as he was planning to commit suicide by joining the Legion of Sorrows or returning to Naval Aviation school at Pensacola. Said teary-eyed arts editor Ros Resnick, "We won't miss her."

Homewood House To Go Condo

In a surprise action, Dr. Steven Muller announced the conversion of Homewood House to condominium dwellings. The condominium proposal had been presented to the Trustees a year ago, but no action was taken at the time.

Muller cited rising University costs as the reason for the conversion: "We have experienced a thirteen per cent rate of inflation, which far exceeded our predictions for this year's budget. By changing Homewood House to condominium status, the University expects to gain two or three million dollars, which will be applied to offset unprecedented janitorial and bureaucratic ex-

penses."

Architectural and historical integrity also figure in the decision. Muller said that the building's exterior shell will remain intact, while the interior will be gutted to create eleven additional roomette suites. Because the house will retain its outward appearance, Muller believes it will continue to be an architectural landmark and a symbol of the University: "We could level the building and erect a much more profitable condominium - say, similar to University One. If we did that, though, we would destroy a vital part of our heritage. Homewood House is, and should be, as much a part of this

University as Dr. Wickwire or the Applied Physics Laboratory."

Students and faculty will have first choice of the units, which range in price from \$49,000 for a basement suite to \$189,000 for an attic-roof duplex. Already, some have criticized the price structure, but Muller disagrees. "I believe the units' prices are very reasonable, considering today's housing market. Homewood House cost \$25,000 in the early nineteenth century, and the price has not increased if measured in constant dollars. I also believe only forsee unqualified profit from the University's entry into the condominium market."

Does Saccharin Cause Sex?

Researchers at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, under the supervision of Dr. Karl Chessman, announced last week the results of a three-year medical study proving that saccharin causes sex.

The scientists chose orangutans for their experiments because the physiological sexual response of these primates and human beings is roughly similar. Over a year-long period, researchers fed test orangutans Ozzie and Harriet doses of saccharin gradually increasing in strength. At a certain concentration level, they observed a marked increase in performance of the sexual act. Ozzie and Harriet coupled nearly all day and night, stopping only for an hour or two of sleep and a few morsels of bananas.

At this optimum level, the dose of saccharin produces, according to Chessman, "marked vasocongestion and muscular contraction in many areas of the body; the heart rate and blood

pressure rise; these lead to a sudden increase in skeletal muscle activity involving almost all parts of the body, followed by rapid relaxation.

Since completing their original study with Ozzie and Harriet, researchers have tested this saccharin level with their offspring: David, Ricky, Maynard G. Krebs, Zelda, Dobie Gillis, Trixie and Norton, as well as with older orangutans. "In every combination of animals of varying ages, the response to the optimum dose of saccharin has been the same," Chessman said. He added that a control group of orangutans who were injected with a toothpaste without stannous flouride "did not procreate with anywhere near as much frequency and enthusiasm, although they did have white teeth and fresher breath."

Chessman estimates that for humans the equivalent of the optimum dose of saccharin may be obtained by consuming, within a 24-hour period, 134 packets

of artificial sweetener, 342 bowls of D-Zerta, 560 cans of diet soda, or chewing and swallowing 150 5-stick packs of sugarless gum.



The group has recently begun to extend its experiments to human volunteers with promising results. Three weeks ago they sought students to participate in the study in Dr. Money's "Biosocial Aspects of Human Sexuality" course. "The response has been tremendous,"

Goucher Nuked Into Stone Age

BY C. U. LATEROS

TOWSON, Md., Dec. 7--South Korean Air Force jets pounded the college town of Towson, Md., yesterday evening, wreaking destruction over many town areas. Goucher College, a women's finishing school, was almost completely razed.

South Korean pilots were seen carousing in Jerry's Belvedere Tavern early Friday morning. Lt. Park Yt Heer explained the mission's politics: "Our new boss still hasn't laid down the law. He thought he'd gain some international recognition by using our new Limited Range Nuclear Grenades on Iran. He told us, 'Hop in your planes, fly eight thousand miles, then push the button, or I'll give you what I gave your last leader.' He didn't tell us *which* way to fly though. It's their tough luck that this school is equidistant to Iran. Christ, I never did like Japs anyway. Hey, more beer here!"

Firefighters are struggling this morning to extinguish blazes set off during the hour-long

bombing campaign. At Goucher, the inferno was compounded by large amounts of flammable sleepware kept in storage.

"It's that damn paper underwear," stated Baltimore County Fire Chief Elmer "Red" Blaze. "It seems like every closet in the place is an incendiary time bomb. About the only thing that didn't burn were these weird-looking metal harnesses with locks and keys, but we only found about four or five of those."

Miraculously, no casualties were reported on the college site. Apparently, a local custom dictates that all students empty the campus Thursday nights for purposes of social intercourse with nearby institutions. Fortunately, it is considered a sacrilege for students to return to the campus before sunup.

"Oh, my Gawd!" shrieked Suzy Espadrille, a senior studying button-down economics. "I had four pairs of Calvin Kleins in there! Almost all my sweaters are in there!" she lamented, alluding to the three Shetlands tied around her neck. "And my

books! All gone! Two Brooks Brothers' catalogs, the Christmas issue from L.L. Bean and six copies of *Self* magazine!" Miss Espadrille wailed uncontrollably.

Meanwhile, Baltimore residents expressed wonder and relief that a nuclear attack could be so locally centered. "We're actually a little grateful for the event," stated Wilfred G. Hutzler, heir to the department store fortune. "The sales at our Towson branch were lousy." Other Baltimore residents were not so thankful. Students at the Johns Hopkins University were seen wearing armbands bearing the word "Maria's" on them. "Shit!" was the comment of sophomore Lou Guzzi, a recognized Homewood gastronome.

Other reaction around Baltimore was muted. "I was was standin' on top my car, spellin' out N-U-K-E-I-R-A-N for some winos when the air raid sirens go off," stated William "Wild Bill" Hagy. "I can't believe they bombed Goucher. Christ, I didn't think they'd hit *everywhere* where people had beards and smelled funny."

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"The Woman's Undress for Success Book" - A delightful peek at the hard-driving businesswoman from a number of interesting angles.

"President" Muller

Cont. from p.1

alone makes him well worth it." When the Maryland Republican Party was contacted for comment, Spokesman Paul Berchielli replied, "Agnew who?" When the reporter pressed for further details, he ran into a stone wall which seemed to hush the room except for the sound of a tape recorder reportedly being used by a group of plumbers trying to fix a leak in the party's five-sided headquarters.

Under questioning, Muller admitted that he did indeed have a secret plan to limit Federal taxes. "After all, I have just as much right to a second term as Carter does." Inside sources report that, for a sufficient donation, Federal buildings will now be renamed after large campaign donors. "Selection of the building will be based on the size of the gift, of course," said Muller. Reportedly, the White House will be renamed the Bebe Rebozo Building after the Muller-Agnew ticket takes office. The system will be democratic, Muller claimed, with the enormous number of Federal buildings around the country, quite a few will be within the price range of even the poorest Americans. For as little as \$10 a spot-a-pot (mobile toilet) on Federal lands will be named after the donor.

Muller will himself be able to provide some funds for his campaign, due to the fortune he

has accumulated from the sale of his unique peanut-butter tanning oil. Muller beer, a local favorite among area lumpen proletariat, has also added to the playboy's personal bankroll, which reportedly equals that of the Shah.

Muller announced the make-up of his campaign staff, introducing local politico George Connolly as his campaign manager. Media relations will be handled by Jud French, a long-time Muller confidante. Muller should have no problem raising the funds for the upcoming campaign, according to his tight-fisted treasurer, Karl Block. "Muller's the best little fundraiser in America. In fact, most of his campaign will be spent fundraising, just like most of his time is at Hopkins."

A confidential memo was leaked after the press conference, detailing suggested Cabinet appointments. Ace N-L Reporter Harry Lerner is suggested for the Federal Communications Commission Directorship, "because he'll be so good at slanting media coverage." Dr. Hunter S. Thompson reportedly has the inside track for Health and Human Resources because "confidentially, he constantly delivers the best line of smack on the East Coast. Karl Block is up for Secretary of the Treasury, because he gives out so little money that he will virtually guarantee a balanced budget. Rick Pfeffer is suggested for National Security Advisor, and



Gottfried Dietze, Secretary of State.

Muller announced that his first campaign swing will be through the Virgin Islands. Muller explained the move, saying he wouldn't "be able to add to (his) tan during the campaign. So, I'd better get some work in now." Asked if he would compete in the upcoming George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Tanning Open, Muller said he "felt there would be no conflict of interest with his campaign responsibilities. After all, the Open gets so much media attention it can only help my recognition quotient."

Muller has cited his inability to get jet lag as one of his main advantages in the campaign. "I just don't get it. After all these years of commuting between Baltimore and St. Moritz, it doesn't matter what time it is when I come down."

Muller denied reports circulating in the media that he can tan people by laying hands on them, saying that they were "exaggerated." He did admit that he has given lessons in proper tanning methods to various national celebrities for a small fee.

Hopkin's Kafkaesque Considine Deceased

The greater Homewood area was shocked and saddened by the sudden death of ex-Hopkins luminary J.D. Considine in circumstances that can best be described as "Kafkaesque." The remains were found on Saturday morning by his landlady, after she noticed a particularly large group of cockroaches emerging from under his door. She summoned the Police, who broke down the door to his flat. They beheld a half-eaten corpse surrounded by the remains of over forty "Roach Motels," a popular trap for the insects which lures them to their deaths by using a sexual attractant chemical. The coroner classed the death as a suicide.

Why would some one in the prime of his life arrange such a ghastly end? It is impossible to come up with an ironclad reason, but a popular conjecture is that Considine, unable to bear further criticism of his "new wave" rock band, which has been termed by knowledgeable listeners as: "pseudo-punk," "bourgeois," and "minimalistic," chose this peculiarly symbolic method of metamorphosing himself into a higher mental and physical plane. Another possibility is that Considine sought to emulate Sid Vicious, the late bassist of the "Sex Pistols," with whom Considine had a certain musical empathy.

(Neither could play the bass very well).

Considine's link with Hopkins was long and distinguished, although not without a degree of controversy. During his editorship at the Hopkins News-Letter, he exerted a strong, some would say autocratic, influence. He also graced its pages with his renowned musical "pensees," which ran the gamut of popular music, its burgeoning trends and blind alleys. He had a distinctive style with a truly delphic touch, although one of his detractors termed it as: "Totally pretentious bullshit with too much hot air and not enough substance." He also possessed the rare ability of perceiving and allying himself with the latest movements in today's music scene. While the uncharitable at heart would perhaps call this ability "A transparent attempt to jump on whatever bandwagon that might further his career," this scribe is forced to disagree. Such an ability is not to be taken lightly, after all, look how much money Eric Clapton made by going Wimpy.

At the time of his untimely demise, Considine was a prominent member of the City Paper, continuing the fine work that gained him his reputation at Hopkins. He will no doubt be greatly missed.

The Placement Bureau and Student Employment will be moving from Garland Hall to Merryman Hall on January 14, 1980.



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COMING FOR CHRISTMAS

Little Tiny News Shorts No One Gives A Damn About



Karl Block

Symp To Suck

The Milton S. Eisenhower Symposium will be conducted in closed session next year, Chairman Susan Borgos announced Tuesday. "Our speakers regularly discuss controversial subjects and personalities," she explained. "It has been impossible to speak freely when an audience is present, when anything said might appear in print the next day."

Symposium presentations will be moved from Shriver Auditorium to the Board Room next fall, and are to be open only to select members of the Student Council, faculty, and administration. "We will operate on a need-to-know basis," said SAC honcho Karl Block. "A lot of people have been coming to the Symposium out of idle curiosity."

The theme of the Symposium will be "Open Society in America." According to Borgos, summaries of the discussion will appear in the *Gazette*.

Radical Routed

Shahir Kassam of the New Political Caucus was arrested yesterday by Campus Security officers and charged with distributing leaflets in front of Shriver Hall contrary to University regulations.

Director of Student Activities Chris Colombo referred to a document in his files entitled "Room Use Policy," which stipulates that literature may be handed out only in front of Levering Hall and only with the permission of the Dean of Students. "Sha was in clear violation of these rules," Colombo said. "There hasn't been a Dean of Students here for over two years!"

Kassam, reported in fair condition at Union Memorial Hospital, claims that he was unaware of the regulation. He had been protesting U.S. relations with the politically oppressive regime in Thailand.

Hibrow Hostages

Angry *Zeniada* staffers, egged on by the Attagirla Cathy Battaglia, seized the Student Activities Embassy late last night, threatening to put Garland Ambassador Chris Columbo and several minor embassy officials on trial if their production room was not returned to them at once.

President Steven Muller

immediately froze the *Zeniada* account and threatened other reprisals if the hostages were not released. Garland spokesman George Connolly conceded, however, that Garland hands were tied. "The embassy was our last link with *Zeniada*, so we don't have anybody there now who can try to negotiate the release of the hostages," explained Connolly. "We don't want any harm to come to the hostages, but neither will we consider giving up the production room in a trade," said Connolly.

Following immediately on the heels of a shootout at the Student Council Office, this latest threat to Garland's security and prestige was viewed with growing concern at home. "We should bomb them with finals," claimed one senior official. This plan was quickly discarded, however, as most of the students were believed to already be bombed.

Bobby Undercover

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA (AP) -- Roscoe Riggs, an ex-Editor at the Johns Hopkins University *News-Letter* in Baltimore, led a team of socially-concerned Stanford Law School students in a crack-down on the clandestine student whorehouse here. A stunned Roscoe Riggs dragged Julie Litter, daughter of Riggs's ex-boss, Kitty Litter, from among the bevy of work-study girls rounded up in the storage areas in the basement of the administration building there. "It's a fucking whorehouse," she blubbered, "it's a fucking whorehouse." Riggs, well-known for his genial insights, responded: "We already knew that - what are you doing here?"

Riggs told reporters that an independent study of the legal

stature of various sexual acts had led to the unearthing of a prostitution ring that serviced law school professors. When queried as to how he had made the connection, Riggs said that he had gone to a "Back Rub Seminar" sponsored by work-study girls in need of extra bucks, and there learned the painful truth.

When confronted with the facts of her daughter's involvement in the scandal, Litter waxed blasphemous to reporters. The only printable part of her remarks was "...oh no Guadalajara won't do..."

Our Rag Ragged

By unanimous vote, the Student Council censured the editorial staff of the *News-Letter* for "biased, erroneous (sic) and irresponsible reporting, slanted

editorials, and an insensitivity to the needs of the academic community." The motion was introduced by Council Secretary Sidney Goodfriend, who labeled the work of the news staff as "vitiolic and journalistically indefensible."

News-Letter Editor-in-Chief Cates Baldrige expressed his satisfaction with the Council's pronouncement. "I can't tell you how proud I am," he said. "We regard the Council's censure as the next best thing to a Pulitzer." Added News Editor Elaine Pizzo, "Our motto is 'Dig it up or make it up!'"

NOW HEAR THIS!
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There will be a *News-Letter* staff meeting on Sat, Dec. 8 at 2 in the afternoon.

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PHOTOS IN THE NEWS!



DATELINE: CHARLES STREET

After the recent rash of local crimes, the number of Hopkins women using the late-night escort service has increased dramatically, according to Major Robert "No Parkin'" Larkin of Campus Security. "Some of the calls we've been getting lately have been pretty suspect," said Captain Bob Grover (above right). Of the passenger in this photograph, Captain Grover remarked, "This is a perfect example of what I'm talking about. Last Thursday night I got a call to pick up some Hopkins girl at the Library. At least she said she was a girl. How am I supposed to know the difference? Christ, they oughta at least show some kind of I.D."



DATELINE: EAST BALTIMORE

Doctors at the Hopkins Hospital's Kennedy Institute for Handicapped Children have disclosed that a rare and contagious disease has been detected in at least eleven children in the Dundalk area. The disease, known as Balloon Face, was previously known to exist only in the Aleutian Islands. "How it got way the hell down here beats the living bejesus out of me," exclaimed Dr. Carl Vaeth, of the Kennedy Institute. Pictured above is Billy Timmons of Dundalk, who has been chosen as Balloon Face Poster Child for 1980.



DATELINE: CONSTRUCTION SITE

The Baltimore Museum of Art has unveiled the first piece to be exhibited in the still uncompleted Sculpture Garden, opposite the *News-Letter* office. The work is a Super-realistic sculpture entitled, "Man Falling Into Slimey Hole and Breaking Goddam Bloody Neck." Jean-Pierre Elwood, creator of the piece, explained at a recent press conference, "I did this sculpture because I wished to depict man's pathetic helplessness in the face of advancing technology, because I felt the need as an artist to speak out on behalf of the common man, because I believe that we are all drowning in the muck of a cruel and industrialized society. And because I needed a quick 500 bucks."



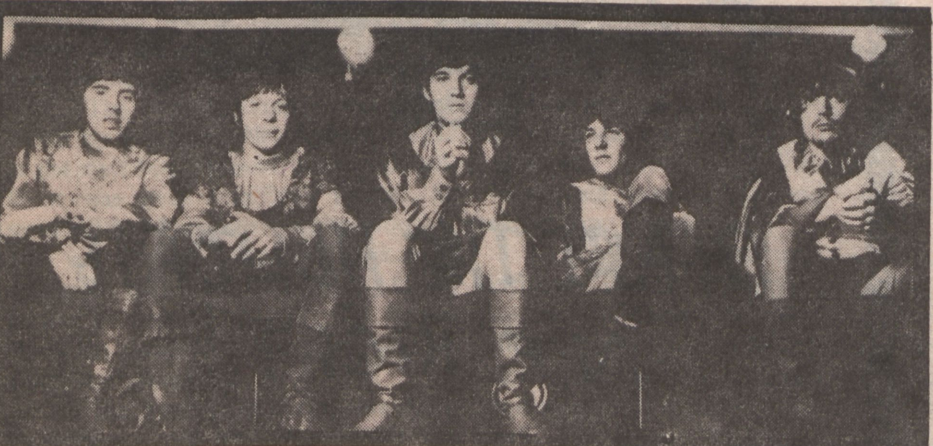
DATELINE: FRATERNITY ROW

Baltimore City Councilwoman, Mary Pat Clarke, and the Tuscany-Canterbury Neighborhood Association may have succeeded in taming nearly every Hopkins fraternity, but a defiant crew of philistines at I Phelta Phi stands firm. Commented frat president, Randy Habits (second from right): Mary Frat Clarke can kiss my two greasy little buns, as far as I'm concerned. Ain't no way she's gonna deprive me of my God-given, Constitutional right to live like a fuckin' pig if I so choose." Mrs. Clarke could not be reached for comment.



DATELINE: 1600 COURT SQUARE BUILDING

You've seen the famous Mr. Ray on Channel 45 advertising the miraculous Mr. Ray's Hair Weave. Now he's back with something bigger and better than ever: Mr. Ray's Race Weave. Here, in these startling Before and After shots, Mr. Ray weaves black pigmentation into the skin of an Oriental beauty. The amazing finished product appears at right. Mr. Ray specializes in Caucasians, Negroes, American Indians, and is currently working to perfect a Mongolian weave.



DATELINE: THE RAT

Goodbye, Seventies! Here comes the Eighties, and the newest of rock's new waves. A Hopkins-based band known as Dick Hurts and the Four Skins is leading the way to a brave new decade with a unique brand of musical cacophony called puke-rock. Here, Dick and the boys pose for the cover of their premier album, Minstrek Cramps. (That's Dick in the middle.)



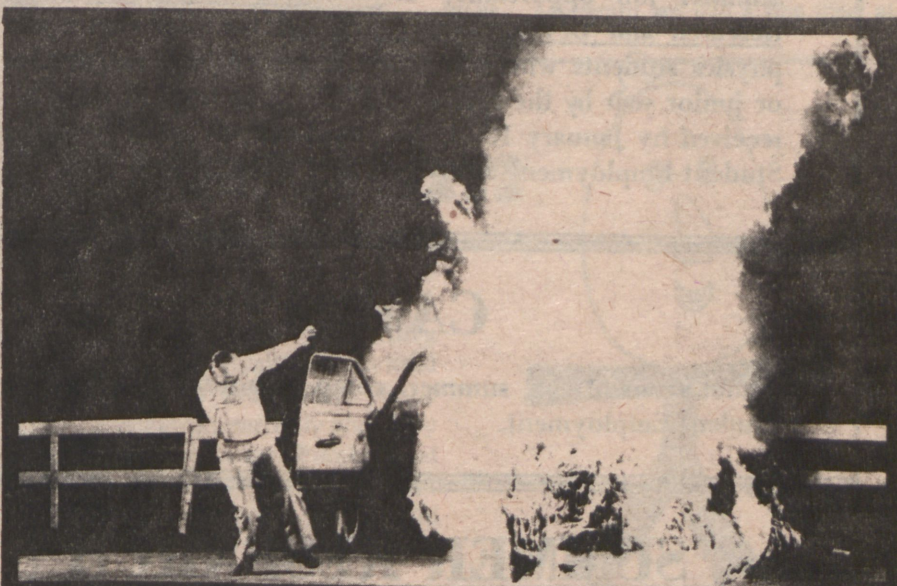
DATELINE: SHRIVER HALL

Hopkins head man, Dr. Steven Muller, has elected to ignore the ruling that would force mandatory retirement on all American university presidents who were born in Germany, and who have uncannily deep tans and experience as child actors. In this photo taken last Tuesday night, Dr. Muller and ex-Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel model the latest in Halston gowns at a Shriver Hall Fashion Show featuring local celebs. That gown is simply you, Mr. Prez!



DATELINE: THE GATEHOUSE

Unbeknownst to most of the local press, Democratic presidential hopeful, Sen. Edward Kennedy, was in Baltimore last Wednesday afternoon to dedicate the first art work at the Museum Sculpture Garden (see opposite page). Here, the Senator stopped off to say hello to the N-L editors and to use the "Facilities," as he called them. When asked what strategy he plans to use in his upcoming debates with other democratic candidates, Sen. Kennedy retorted, "I'll drive off that bridge when I get to it."



DATELINE: GARLAND HALL PARKING LOT

Mark McGlone, president of Undergraduate Commuters for a Free Hopkins, recently concluded his lecture series of helpful hints for Baltimore-born Hoppies. A smashing success, the series came to a fiery finale as Mr. McGlone delivered his last talk, called, "How to Escape In One Piece In Case Your '49 Studebaker Should Burst Into Flames."



DATELINE: TEHRAN

Finally, the exclusive to end all exclusives! Through a deal with the man who reads the meter in Ramsey Clark's basement, the N-L has obtained the only photograph taken of the fifty American hostages. Said George Ahmehd Fassad, one of the Iranian students holding the hostages at the US Embassy in Tehran, "We wanted to show that the Americans are being treated well and that they are indeed healthy." The photo nonetheless seems to confirm recent rumors that the hostages have been coerced into forming a symphony orchestra against their will.

Don't Miss Your Chance!!!

PACE

PACE (Professional and Administrative Career Examination) will be offered. Filing dates are January 2, 1980 to February 15, 1980. The examination will be offered March 1, 1980 through April 26, 1980. Application packets will be available in The Placement Bureau after January 2.

VOLUNTEER INTERNSHIP

A volunteer internship starting in January for a member of the House of Representatives is available. Position located in the Baltimore Office. Stop by the Placement Bureau for more information.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

Students interested in Federal Summer Employment should stop by the Student Employment Office as soon as possible. Clerical positions will require a written test. Application deadlines are December 14, 1979 for test administered in January and January 11, 1980 for test administered in February. Ask for "Announcement 414".

Summer job opportunity at the U.S. Army Electronics Research and Development Command for engineering and physics students who will have completed their sophomore or junior year by the spring of 1980. Applications must be received by January 18, 1980. Applications available in the Student Employment Office.

CAMPS

Announcement of summer camp positions available in Student Employment.

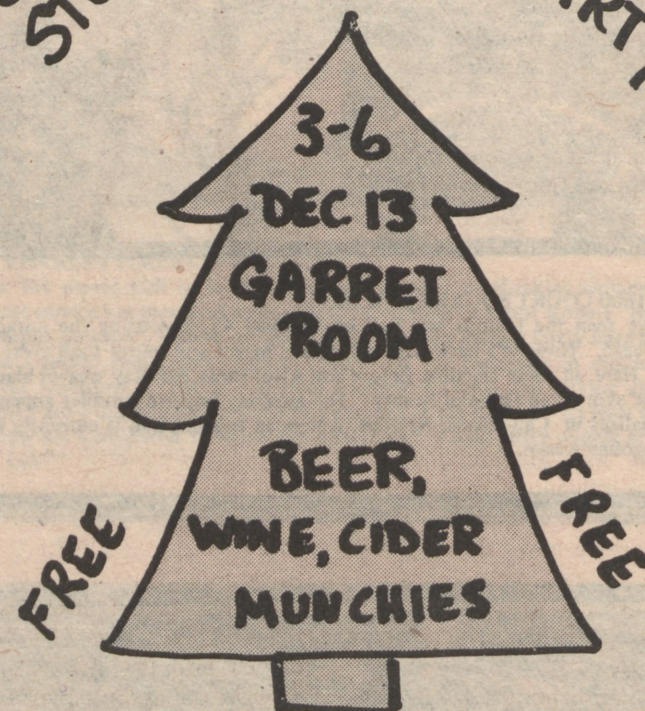
SUMMER RESEARCH INTERNSHIPS

The Oak Ridge National Laboratory has announced a 1980 summer program for graduate students and new graduate planning to enter graduate school. The program provides an excellent opportunity for research participation with professional scientific personnel in engineering, mathematics and environmental, physical and social sciences. Additional information and applications available in Student Employment.

For further information and applications, please come to Placement and Student Employment located in 135 Garland Hall (prior to January 14). After January 14, Placement and Student Employment will be located in Merryman Hall.

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for further information, contact Amy Caplan

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Vivaldi In The Afternoon

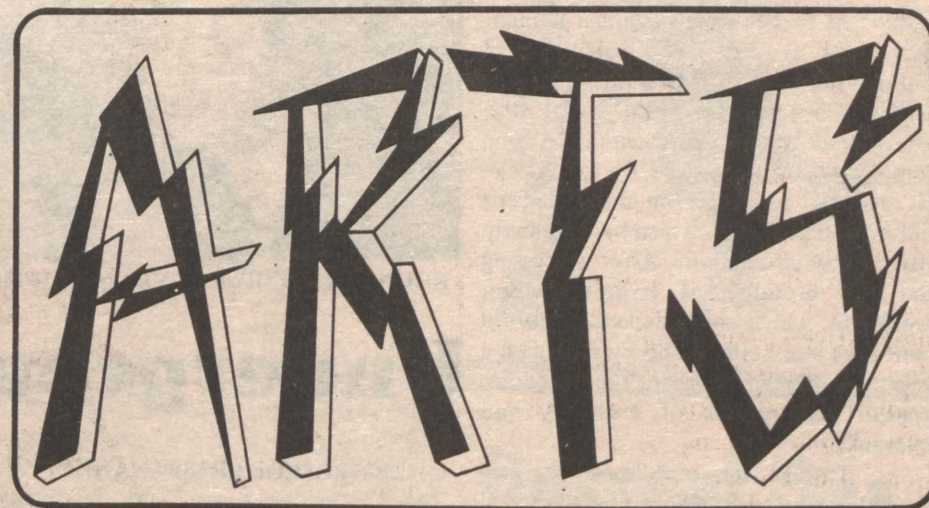
BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The orchestra played Vivaldi in the afternoon. The concert was in the front room of the Walter's Art gallery. The room is a clean, well-lit place. Vivaldi is baroque, but the musicians executed him cleanly and with style. I remember how Belmonte, the violinist, came onto the platform. He placed one foot in front of the other and then repeated the action again several times. But it was the way he scratched his nose that was important. It was the fact of that action that will evoke the emotion now, and if I'm good enough, always.

Belmonte was weighty but not fat. He bore on his face the marks of the severe acne he has endured in his youth at the conservatory. Belmonte's work with the violin was fine. His handling of the bow had been brilliant. I have seen him face a difficult violin with his feet together teasing it with his bow. But he had not yet recovered from the effects of a severe press going received the year before. In this performance his work was good but not great.

The harpsichordist was called Ralph by everyone. He showed promise at the start but proved to be a coward. If he was given a difficult passage, he would disguise his moves with a flourish. This was to make his playing look more dangerous than it was (the mincing fairy.) It was no surprise to me. The harpsichord has always been considered to be in a period of decadence.

The hero of the day was Allen Konigsberg. He was short. He has freckles. His glasses were thick. But his ridiculous appearance could be overlooked because of his fine work with the clarinet. His first piece was fair. He finished it perfectly but there was none of that feeling of immortality that comes with a truly great piece. His second piece



was a fine one. It was short, but its bass was sturdy, and at its crescendo the notes move smooth and easy. Konigsberg was playing the piece with the courage of one who has known fear and known it truly. He was giving the piece a chance to show its power. Near the end of the *Allegro* he fainted. The strain of the piece has caused his sinuses to hemorrhage. This happened often. He would be carried into the infirmary, revived, and brought out again to play another piece. I sipped cognac and laughed at his witty apologies. The audience did not like it. It was old news to everyone. But, by Christ, how I admired him.

Konigsberg had returned from the infirmary for the third time to begin an over-written piece. I heard hoof beats on the marble floor. A black fighting bull came into the room. He was a Veragua bull about four years old. He was a good bull. The knot of muscles at his shoulders was hard and stood erect. It excited me to see him. The first thing the bull saw was the harpsichordist. There was no fear in his eyes as he lifted the fellow out of his chair and flung him back over his neck. The other musicians stood and watched holding their instru-

ments by their sides.

Next the bull drove his right horn into Belmonte's leg. He crushed the violin with his hoof. I stood on my chair to get a clearer view. The horn had rented Belmonte's thigh to the bone. I jotted down some notes so I would



remember my immediate impressions. In the first row there was an old man who had been sleeping, and had not noticed the disturbance. The bull killed the man and smashed his monocle. The bull moved around the room demolishing the instruments and the people. I could tell he had one of the great fighting strains in his blood. My sports jacket had a red lining. I held it under my arm in readiness. A man pulled out a pistol to protect his wife and child. They lay in red bund bundles where the bull had tossed them. The man was an amateur with the gun, and the bull had hooked him deep in the groin before he had a chance to cock. The man continued to struggle with the pistol after the bull had passed. I went over to him.

"You've been wounded," I said. "Take a powder, old man," he said. I said nothing and went back to my seat. Later I saw the man again. He was attempting to stop the flow of blood from between his legs with his hand. To watch a man at this time should, I suppose, evoke a gut reaction. However, I could not help seeing the comic aspects of his predicament.

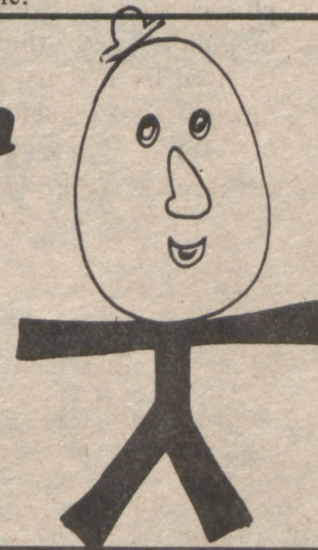
The rampage of the bull was growing tedious. Allen Konigsberg had had another hemorrhage. He could not play the bull with his usual skill. I held my sports jacket for the bull to pass, but he was distracted by the women and their shrill squeals. Gertrude Stein stepped out from behind the bass fiddle. She was dressed in the nuleta and padded jacket of a matador. In a few passes she had brought the bull to its knees.

It was good concert but not a great concert. Konigsberg came over to me wiping his forehead with a cloth. We agreed that we preferred the bull to Vivaldi. The bull had been completely brave. Afterward we had a fine meal at the cafe.



Tuberman

Mr. Potato Head opened at the Handyman Theatre this week to rave reviews. The story is about a man with a horrible disease that transforms his head into a huge potato with funny, plastic features. The lead is sensitively played by original Broadway actor Frank Spud ("Sometimes I think my head is so big it's gonna bust!"), who portrays powerful emotions simply by turning his plastic smile upside down.



FRONTIER WOMEN

A CHAT WITH

Julie Roy Jeffery

Professor of History, Goucher College,
Author of the book, "Frontier Women: The
Trans-Mississippi West, 1840-1880"

December 9, 1979

11:00 a.m.

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25

Garp...

Oops, Excuse Me!



BY RES ROSNICK
as told to J.D. Considine

*Garp's mother, Jenny Fields, was arrested in Boston in 1942 for wounding a man in a movie theater. This was shortly... --first 21 words of *The World According to Garp**

Funny how time can often broaden one's perspective. Two months have passed since I wrote my controversial review of *The World According to Garp* - two of the most insightful and revolutionary months of my life. Little did I know the colors my body was capable of turning: vomit green, hemorrhage red, bruise blue and jaundice gold. True, I got a lot of hate mail and obscene phone calls, but these were not enough to make my body look like a Christmas ornament. No, I'd have to say it was those tongueless feminists, child molesters and transsexual football players who so generously gave of their time and effort to knock some sense into my head, stomach, arms, legs, eyes and nose.

When first I wrote that "the novel purported to be America's most jubilant best seller is very sly," little could I fathom the depths of its subtlety. John Irving is a masterful prose stylist who knows how to trap a reviewer in the same room with a hungry bear on a unicycle. He also put his finger on the reviewer's pulse - and pressed down so hard it nearly cut off my circulation. After witnessing the raw brutality of Irving's sadism, scenes in which an independent nurse conceives a fatherless child by sitting on a vegetable-minded seargeant's last erection appear masterpieces of creativity and relevance.

Toward the middle of the onslaught, I started to realize that the social value of Irving's empty profundity, delusions of godhood, and boring stories would become clearer to me after a few more pistol-whipping sessions and wrestling matches with the bear. As the light became more and more intense, I began to realize that life is absurd and that characters die ridiculous deaths - that John Irving is not merely a contemporary novelist out to rip off the American public, but that he is - God.

If *The World According to Garp* had tried to offer new solutions or insights, it would have been unrealistic and irrelevant. By flashing his Almighty tinsel, by fooling around with us with a clever (but slight) hand job, Irving has knowingly written a book that will leave us forever unsatisfied and hard pressed for more. And though I lie in my hospital bed, a terminal case without even a nurse to sit on me, I must have enough energy to read that book again.



ROONEY UNDERGROUND: black Russian Morbidity and vaudvillian skampishness

Underground Follies

BY BOSCOE CRUIKSHANK

Last night, the Harold Handyman Theatre went underground. Which is to say, it housed the world premier performance of the new musical comedy "Underground Follies," a boisterous, no-holds-barred, kick-'em-where-it-counts, adaptation of the works of Feodor Dostoevsky. For those who are unfamiliar with the great Russian author, the production should prove to be a pleasant and stimulating introduction to his unequalled genius, as well as a fine way to spend the evening if you haven't got that much else to do.

The play consists of ten skits, all of which draw somewhat from Dostoevsky's finest novels. There is an especially heavy emphasis on his "Notes from the Underground," which critics have always described as the author's work most readily adaptable to the stage, because of its light, yet robustly psychotic quality. The action of the musical centers

roughly around the character of Boris Bideoyskin, a lowly, snivelling, introverted, pathologically balding government clerk in 19th century St. Petersburg. He who lives in a decrepit, scorpion-infested, apartment, loathes himself and all of humanity with intense passion (especially his employer, Simyonov Sonovabitch), and cannot rid himself of his five o'clock shadow.

This character, of course, is an amalgamation of Dostoevsky's many "underground men." The show's writer, director and assistant stage sweeper, Milo Rhineclef, claims with a chuckle that "the kind of like to think that there's a little bit of Boris in all of us." He has a certain nauseating appeal that I'm trying like heck to bring out in my directing, and naturally, in my sweeping." Although the character of Boris is sketchily conceived in the script, he is brought to almost convincing life by Mickey Rooney, who portrays him with a delightful

cont. on p. 15

★ ★ JOB FAIR ★ ★

ATTENTION ALL SENIORS
AND GRADUATES

OPERATION NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS, an all-day job fair which provides employment opportunities for college seniors and graduates, will be held at the Towson Center, Towson State University, Towson, Maryland, on Thursday, December 27, 1979, from 10 a.m. to 5 a.m. Over 80 employers will be present to meet with students to discuss current and projected job openings. More than 2,000 seniors and college graduates representing colleges and universities in Maryland and other states throughout the country are expected to attend. Applicants from all fields and degrees will be interviewed, including humanities, business administration, engineering, computer science, education, and health sciences.

This one-day recruiting event is cosponsored by participating employers, colleges, and universities in Maryland.

In case of snow, ONS&D will be held on Friday, December 28, 1979. To obtain the data sheet and additional information, contact:

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Follies

cont. from p. 14

and refreshing blend of black, Russian morbidity and vaudevillian skampishness. Mr. Rooney brings to his role the same sincerity and cheerfully comic paranoia with which he enlivened "Andy Hardy in Orbit."

The show opens with a splashy, sensational chorus number, "I'm a Sick Man, I'm a Spiteful Man," led by Rooney, who sings of his burning desire to smack himself numb with a wet fish. The dancers, all dressed as grubby, dishevelled government employees, perform adequately, although they are hampered by their tendency to slip and topple to the stage domino style, and by the weakness of the floorboards, which occasionally give way under certain cast members during the show, to the delighted squeals of the audience. The choreography, characteristically Dostoevskian in its duality of statement, enhances the dramatic rhythm of the musical, without detracting from its engaging senselessness.

It is of special note that the score is written by the celebrated husband and wife team of Masters and Johnson, perhaps best known for their 1976 Tony Award Winning musical "What's Your Problem?" The lyrics, by Masters, and the music, also by Masters (Johnson types), are often piquant and quite memorable, especially since every song has the same melody.)

The continuity of the remainder of the play is somewhat strained in that it is only maintained by Boris' random periodic appearances from skit to skit, in which he pops out of the wings, yells

"Hiya, folks!", and is dragged off stage, only to resurface in a subsequent skit. Not only was this device previously employed, with limited success, in Jasper Koogan's miserable "Cosgrove on the Mt." but it also appears to have been done at the indiscriminate whim of Mr. Rooney, who is heard to kick and scream backstage between each appearance. Aside from this structural drawback, along with a few other minor ones, such as the lack of overhead lighting, and the occasional fainting of certain members of the cast, the show holds up considerably well. The finale is especially rewarding. Boris struts out onto the stage with a straw hat, spats, and a cane, and is joined by all of the major characters of Dostoevsky's works, similarly garbed, who trample him to death as he croons "This is the Way to Go."

For avid fans of Dostoevsky's fiction, or even for simple self-destructive, manic-depressive theater-goers, "Underground Follies" is a must, a schizophrenic grab-bag of psychological bellylaughs. I recommend it highly to anyone who is capable of appreciating the wacky and zany humor of the underground.



•Dress rehearsal: Whopping entertainment for the whole family

Sexcapade

The Barnstormer's winter production of *Oh! Calcutta!* hits Shriver stage January 19 and 20, and our Hopple THESPIANS are adding a delightful surprise to their version of the long-running SEXCAPADE. Instead of STRIPPING down, they bundle up! Hiding the SEXUAL MYSTERIES from the eagle audience will only serve to heighten the EROTICISM of this risqué play. The rollicking musical will welcome us back in true seasonal spirit! (Approved by MARYLAND'S BORED OF CENSORS)

Surreal Sax

BY STARK MOANER

Two years ago this Saturday, the experimental group, Electric Banana (Penny Prime, electric violin; John Thomas, electric saxophone; and Dud Crisco, acoustic recorder) played before a small, enthusiastic Hopkins audience at Shriver Hall.

In an interview, Prime said she believed music should be a progression of notes. Thomas added that he felt sounds and the relationship between them were especially important to the group. Crisco's comment was expressed by the playing of two dominant and one minor chord on his recorder. He didn't speak because he felt that sound can only be expressed in its own medium.

The trio's first piece was a surreal melange of a prismatic voyage and an alienated regression expressed in the mode of traditional experimental jazz.

At first it was impossible to pick out a pattern from the multiplicity. Then, Prime coyly turned and dipped a repetitive three-note melody in an elusive pattern. Thomas answered her invitation with a verve of seductive dominant sevenths. Then he made his piece crackle with a new, probing improvisation. Crisco was blowing fiercely, but one could not hear him. Prime's and Thomas' communicative atonal jam grew in intensity regardless. Prime was soaring. Her juiced Stradivarius screeched and moaned in alternate waves of vibrant ferocity. Thomas scratched and dug at the lower registers with his instrument in a quickening, primitivistic rhythm. Crisco was on his knees viciously working at his recorder in a hopeless attempt to be heard. Finally Prime's and Thomas' competing improvisations came together in an explosion of quavering glissandos and the overlapping tones collapsed into a formless mass that left the audience breathless. It was like a dream of unsheathed rapiers, zucchini and towers jutting into the sky and then crumbling; rooms with their walls billowing outward like the sides of circus tents.

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NEXT WEEKEND-SCI-FI DOUBLE FEATURE

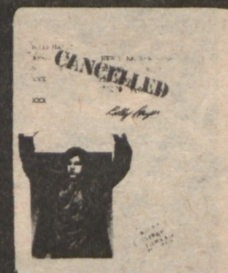
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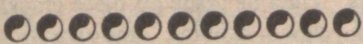
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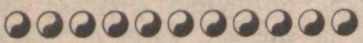


Happy, Happy, Happy Birthday, Tom!



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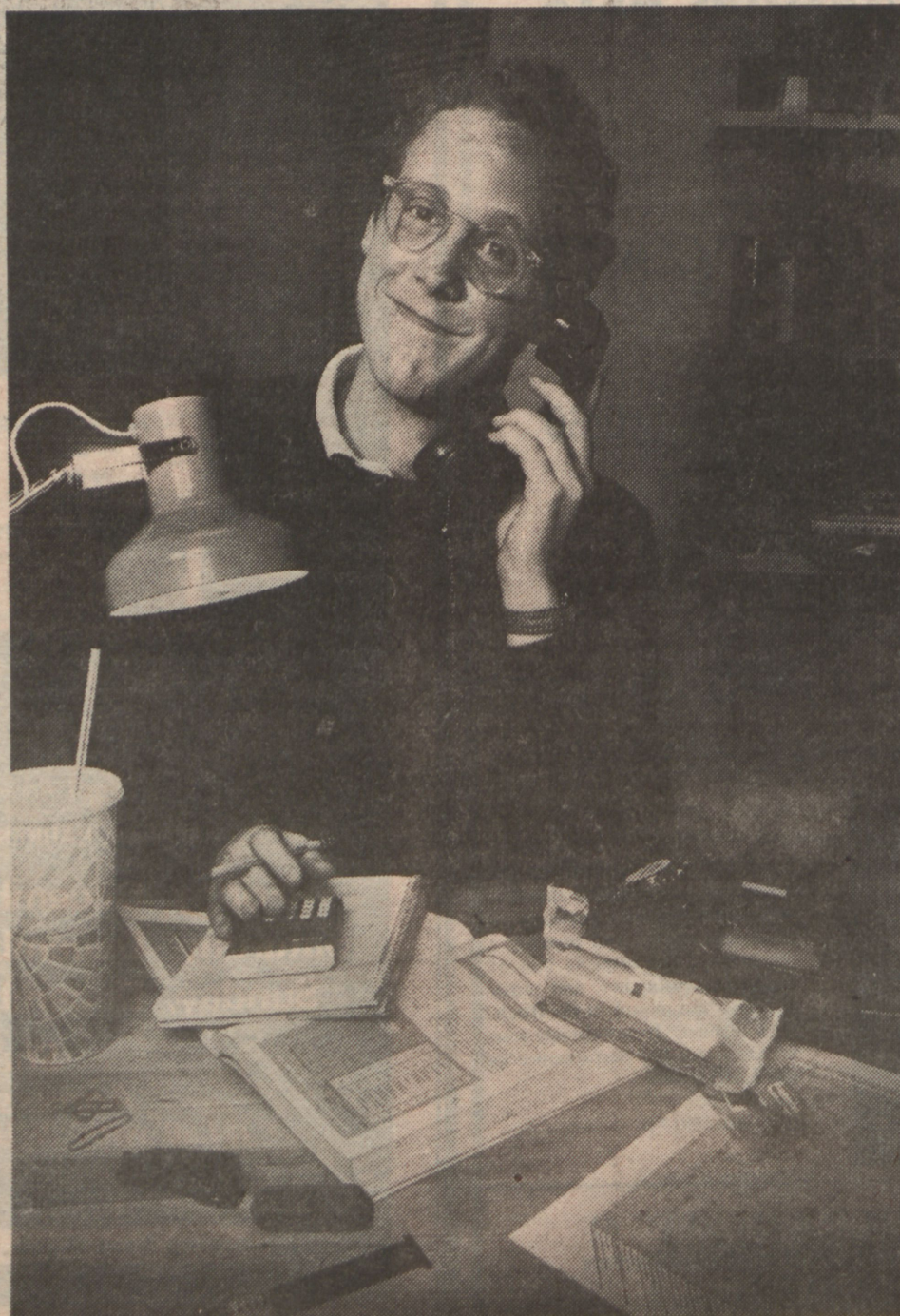
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Ayabugga Cockamami Captures McCoy Hall

BY ANDY MOLOGIST

At approximately six o'clock Thursday morning, an estimated two hundred thousand cockroaches swarmed out of their hiding places in the walls of McCoy Hall and seized control of the entire apartment building. The insects are holding about two hundred tenants as hostages. According to the roaches' religious leader, the Ayabugga Cockamami, the captives will not be released unless the University hands over to them Bettye Miller, its director of Auxiliary Services. "Ms. Miller is guilty of ordering the extermination of thousands of our brethren," the Ayabugga said, "and we demand a chance to bring her to justice." Cockamami also demanded the arrest of Al Franken, a performer on NBC's comedy show *Saturday Night Live*, for torturing roaches in a recent sketch.

University President Steven Muller refused to turn over Miller, saying, "we will never give in to such a despicable act of terrorism." He called the insects' action "a violation of

the time-honored principle of academic immunity." Muller promised that the University would try to attain the hostages' release by peaceful means, but he added, "we have other options available to us." He did not elaborate, although later in the day workmen were observed hauling more than one hundred drums of Raid into the Housing Office. Al Franken was visiting a chemical plant in Delaware and was unavailable for comment.

Thousands of roaches demonstrated in the McCoy lobby yesterday afternoon to express their support for the Ayabugga. They waved pictures of their leader, carried signs which read "Down with University Imperialism" and "Death to the Tan," and ate a blue jay in effigy. The insects claimed to be treating the hostages well, although they would not allow neutral observers into the apartments immediately. "We fed the captives three square meals today," one of the roaches was quoted as saying. "Can we help it if once in a while one of us falls into their cereal?"

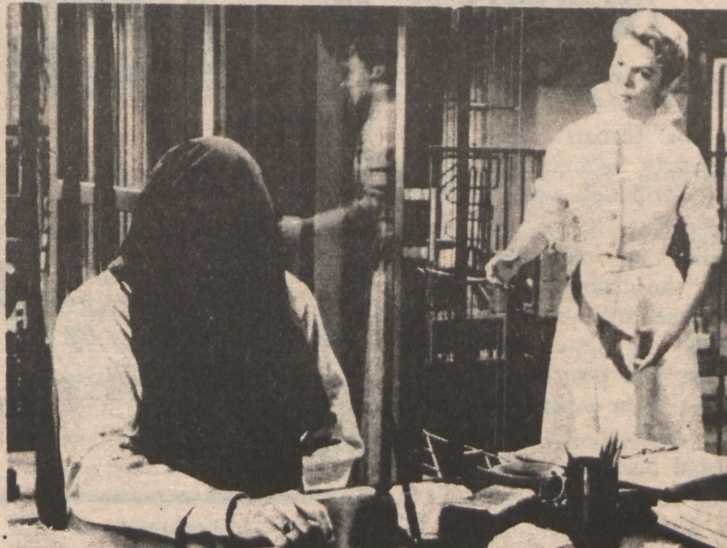
BIA Upshots

BY L.A. TOLLAH

The Board of Intramural Athletics, in a move to attract more students to intramural competition, has announced an entirely new slate of spring sports. One high ranking BIA official had this to say about the move: "The new intramural program is designed to cater more to the interests of Hopkins students. We're going to have all kinds of students competing, even D-level regulars will come out of hibernation to show people what they've got."

The first intramural activity of the revamped program will be Organic Compound Synthesis. Each competitor will be given a certain compound to make from

given starting materials with no rules governing the contest. BIA trophy points will be awarded based on purity and yield. Competition is only open to those who haven't received an A grade in Organic Lab. Other spring offerings will include BIA Economics. In this competition, which will be organized into a season rather than a tournament, participants must predict what the prime rate will be each week during the eight week season. BIA trophy points will be awarded according to percentage correct. Other new intramural sports will be BIA Differentiation and Integration, BIA Poetry Writing (for non-CAL students,) and BIA Find the Book in the Library.



Sh-Doo-Bee

SHATTERED

Hate and nuds and lousy grades
and I'm still trying to get laid
Look at me
I'm in tatters
I've been shattered

Muller, Hooker, Muller, Hooker
You'll get no funding
It's a necktie party
I can't give it away on Charles St
I'm in tatters
I've been shattered

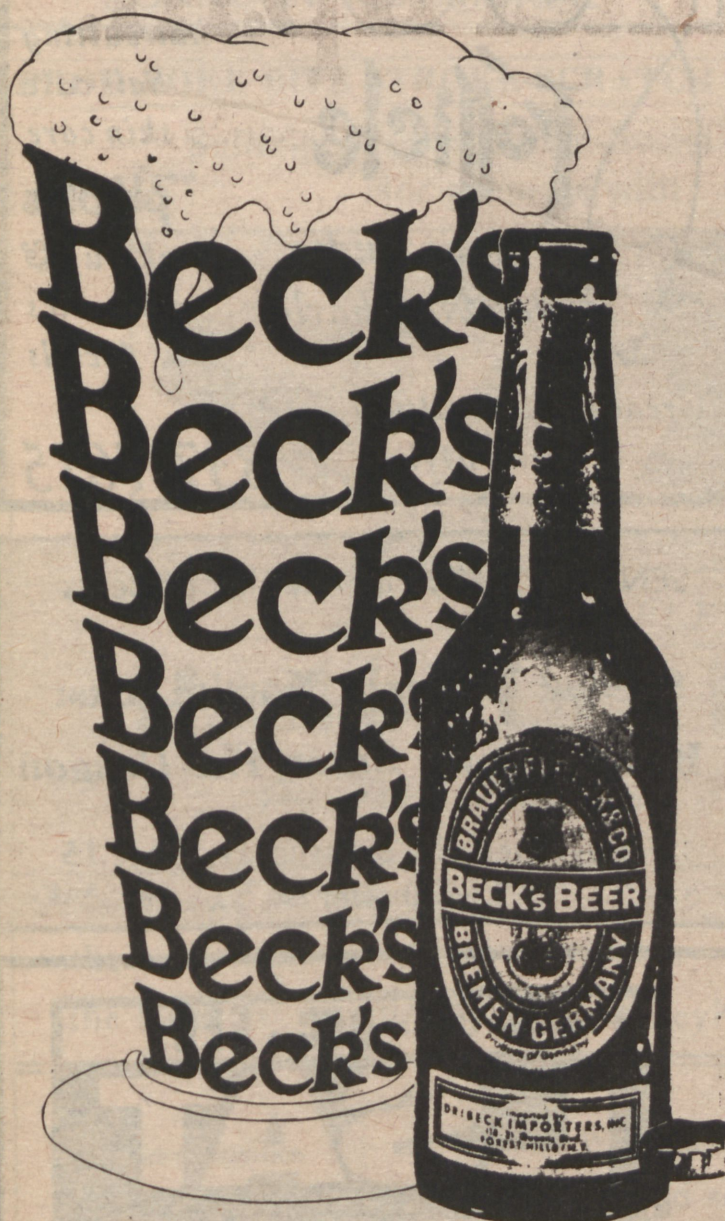
Don't you know tuition's going
up, up, up, up, up, up, UP!!!
But goin' to this school
you must be a
geek, geek, geek, geek, geek!
What a mess
this dump's in tatters

Commies hang with Wickwire
Jocks at the gym

Ain't you hungry for
some sex, some sex, some sex?
(You're at Hopkins!) Sh-doo-bee
Go ahead-hit the musuem
Don't mind the faggots

(Shattered, Shattered)

Don't you know
my G.P.A.'s been
splattered
all over
Garland.



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Battle Royal

Throats v. Nerds

The bi-annual Johns Hopkins University Memorial Nerd-Throat Race is nearing its dramatic finish, and is likely to be as exciting this year as usual. As always, team strategy shows polar variation, with the Nerds opting for maximum defensive strategies while the Throats mount an efficient, and sometimes spontaneous, offensive threat. At present, two weeks before the race is officially declared over, the Nerds are strongly in the lead.

The coach of the Nerds, too busy studying to give his name, mumbled a few words while breaking in a new hi-liter pen. "We're using game plans proven to be winners in the past," he said, "like preparing outlines for final papers soon after syllabi are handed out in September, working a minimum of nine hours each weeknight, a minimum of sixteen hours on Saturday and Sunday, and boycotting all social functions. I take roll at the Library turnstile every Saturday night at 10:00 p.m. Any team member leaving with less than twenty pounds of books is put on probation. I also check for writer's cramp, eyestrain, and backache -- three

signs of a truly dedicated player."

The Throats' coach talked at length about his team's game strategy while sitting in the Rat. "We've got some goodies up our sleeves this year," he claimed. Though he was necessarily reluctant to give details, he noted that great strides have been made toward Throating in departments other than Biology, Chemistry, and Natural Sciences... including, among others, a Tape Scramble in the Language Lab. "Wait till those Frenchies get ready to take dictation and instead get an earful of an Intro-Arabic quiz..." The Throat coach also plans to utilize "tried and true" methods of the past; chiefly, bragging, gloating, prying, stealing, lying, buying, and buttering.

Though clearly out in front presently, the Nerds cannot relax and enjoy their lead (not that they would anyway), because the Throats customarily mount their most intense offensive drive quite late in the running. This year seems to be no exception. "If all else fails," says the Throat coach, "we have five optional Incompletes to pull when the going gets tough."

Excitement Surrounds Arrival Of New Coaches

cont. from p. 20

backfields all over the conference!"

Asked what other refinements the new coaching triumvirate had recommended, Howdy Myers made several sage observations.

"Last year our big problem was team strength," the Blue Jay mentor observed. "But by the time our new spring training program gets into full swing next March, we'll have every player over the two hundred pound mark, thanks to our new program of lifting and steroid development. Even Willie Valls will be built like Rich Chang."

"Furthermore, we are going to start running this school like the athletic superpower it is destined to become. Separate dorms, training tables, special

work-study aid and a new scholar-athlete core curriculum are all changes planned for the 1980s."



Coaches Hayes, Kush and Karras 'ham it up' in the preseason

Scott Sells Out Hopkins Laxers Pros

BY DELICATESSEN DAVE

In the wake of NBC's announcement yesterday to replace traditional New Year's Eve programming with the NCAA Division I Lacrosse Championships, the executive board of the USILA announced today that they would form the United States' first professional lacrosse league, the ILL, and that they had signed a multi-million dollar pact with ABC for the broadcasting rights to the new Thursday night games.

The president of the United States Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association (USILA), Jack Hantz, has said that the board's

executive board in the know has no doubts, however. Bob Scott, the new general manager of the Baltimore club, said "With the use of the stadium, we could draw maybe 20,000 a game, and that's better than the other team could draw."

Scott was here referring to the newly departed Jacksonville Colts who were moved earlier this week by owner Bob Irsay soon after replacing Head Coach Ted Marchibroda by Notre Dame's Ara Parshagan and JHU's own Howdy Myers. The Jays are now scheduled to play their Thursday night televised con-

tests at the vacated Memorial Stadium.

The ILL's choice of game time (Thursday 8:30 PM), supposedly free from influence by ABC's Roone Arledge, pleased coaches and fans alike, but drew some bitter comments from local talent. "Hell, I like the idea of going pro, but that ain't worth giving up disco at the Rat," one Balto Jay commented. "I mean, what do you think I'm playing lacrosse for anyway?"

Plans for a Friday night disco are in the wind.

Buddy Beardmore, coach of the Capital Terps, was more philosophical. "I figure it will be just another sport for the Washingtonians to ignore, just as long as Williams (Terrapin owner Edward Bennett Williams) keeps paying my salary, hey, I'm happy."

Plans are still up in the air for the profit sharing plan for the new league, as well as for player salaries which are pending, awaiting the decisions of the newly formed ILLPA, the ILL player association and their lawyers.

The new ILL season opens on March 13th at the stadium, with the World Champion Baltimore Blue Jays hosting the New Haven Elis.

LACROSSE



decision had nothing to do with the NBC handling of the championship game. In a prepared statement issued this morning, Hantz declared, "The need for professional sport with the excitement of Lacrosse is exactly what the public wants today. It is only natural then that the colleges of America should be asked to fill this new professional opening."

The coach of the newly created Baltimore Blue Jays, Henry "Chic" Ciccarone, was enthusiastic about the media potential of the International Lax League (ILL). "Maybe we'll get on TV when real people can see us, not just crazed sports writers and insomniacs."

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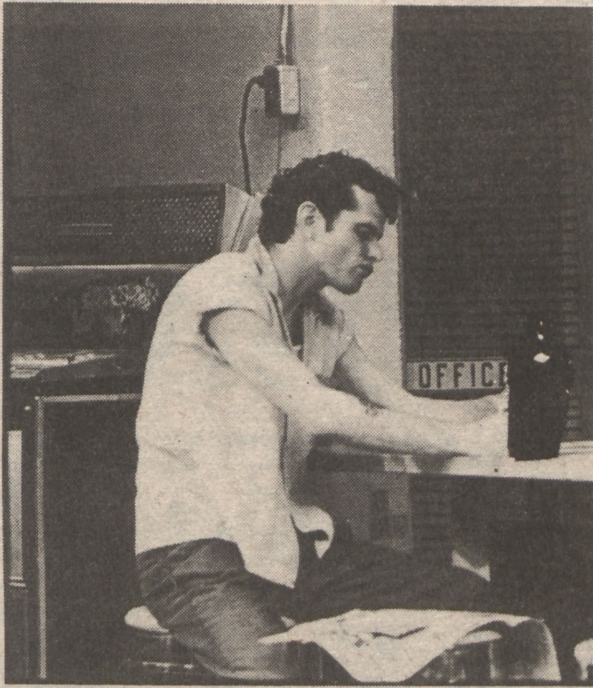
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CONNOLLY TESTIMONIAL

Schmidt's Profile



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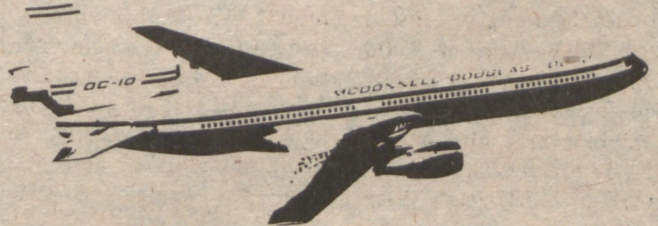
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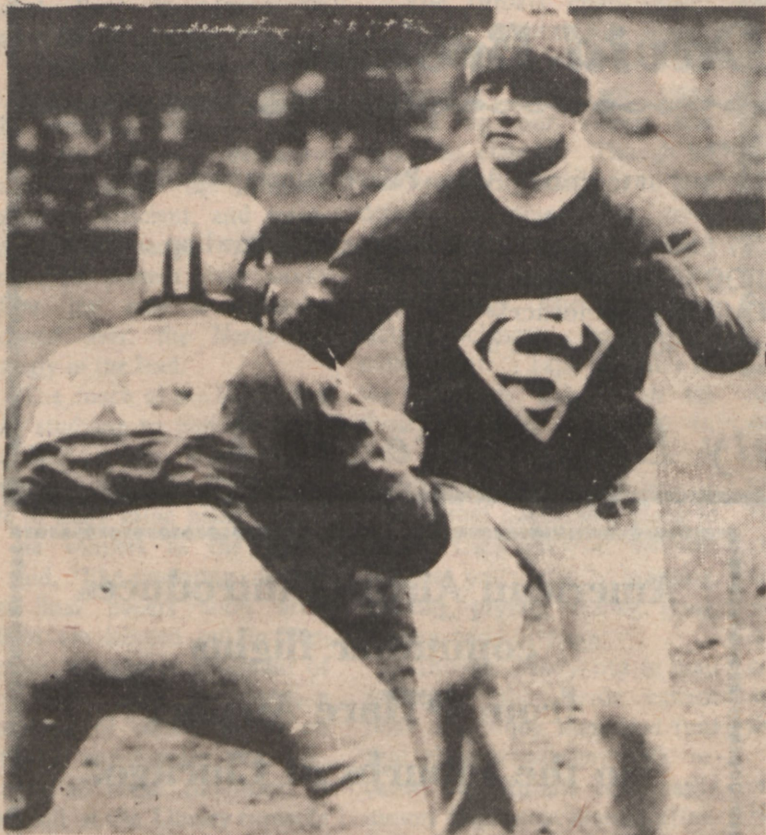
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WEEKEND
WOMENWhen All Is Said And Done
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News—LitterSPORTS,
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VOLUME LXXXIV NUMBER XIII

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 7, 1979

TRIUMPHANT TRIO
SIGN, PREPARED TO
JOIN JAY GRID STAFF

Former All-Pro Alex Karras demonstrates his no-pad blocking

Also In This Issue...

BY LINDSAY KAPON

Johns Hopkins Athletic Director Bob Scott, who was recently honored for 25 years of tireless devotion to Blue Jay athletics, will be honored again at a gala banquet slated for 8 p.m. tomorrow night.

"Bob Scott has been such an incredible asset to the Hopkins community," according to Athletic Information Director Lee Horowitz, "that we couldn't just stop with a single recognition dinner. We want to remind all of Baltimore of just what kind of man our Athletic Director really is."

"Tomorrow night's celebration is truly important," echoed Blue Jay lacrosse coach Chic "Chic" Ciccarone. "Bob has done so much for so many sports here at Hopkins. Not just for varsity lacrosse, but for the B-Squad and Fall Lacrosse programs as well."

Women's Athletic Coordinator Micul Ann Morse joined in the praise of Scott's initiatives over the past decade.

"Without the concession on

bullhorns and hot apple pies at Blue Jay sporting events, we would never have been able to accumulate enough funding to pay for bus fare to our local contests. Next year I would like to take the Women's Lacrosse team to a tournament in Essex," Coach Morris explained, "and despite the challenge posed by transportation costs, I know exactly how to expect Bob Scott to support me."

As usual, Bob Scott retains a modest countenance.

"There are still many areas which require improvement," the veteran coach explained, "but changes are not made overnight. As soon as the students and faculty purchase just a few hundred more of our convenient, inexpensive gym lockers, we will be able to make great strides toward our goal of becoming a nationally recognized athletic superpower in the 1980s."

Tickets for the gala event are \$20 per person. In light of the recent tragedy at the Civic Center in Cincinnati, only reserved seating will be available.

BY RICHARD MULLAH

Buoyed by the first winning grid season in six years, Hopkins head football coach Howdy Myers yesterday announced the signing of three new coaches to assist in the preparations for the 1980 season.

The signing of the three new coaches, "Woody" Hayes, formerly with Ohio State University, Frank Kush, twenty-three-year-old mentor of the Arizona State Sun Devils, and Alex Karras, former movie actor and Detroit Lion pigskin great, came as a surprise to many area observers, who had never expected such big-name figures to congregate at such a small mid-Atlantic university.

"I respect Coach Myers and what he is attempting to achieve here," said Hayes in a press conference immediately after the signing ceremony. "I think we can do some great things with the Hopkins football program."

Hayes, who lost his head coaching position following a brilliant display of self-defense skills before a national television audience last January, brings a new dimension to Blue Jay

offensive coordination.

Asked how he would deal with the untimely fumble and interception difficulties the Blue Jays have experienced the past few seasons, Hayes observed that "The key is slapping down the opposition defense. If you can't

**"Brutalize The
Opposition!!"****--'Woody' Hayes**

brutalize the other team's secondary, you will never be able to throttle them deep."

Frank Kush, the second-winningest active coach in collegiate football prior to his capricious dismissal for allegedly abusing his placekicker and committing numerous recruiting violations, will coordinate Hopkins special teams during the upcoming season.

"After that silly incident with our placekicker at Tempe people don't believe that I still support my special teams," Kush

mused. "Nothing could be further from the truth. I stand about six inches behind my placekicker every step of every game."

Blue Jay booter Jeff Harris could not be reached for comment, but has been observed attempting to peddle a pair of cleats at local high school athletic fields.

Alex Karras, the flamboyant, phlegmatic former All-Pro lineman who fought many campaigns in the Detroit Lion trenches, will attempt to shore up the Blue Jay defense, which this year yielded an average of 4.4 yards on each play.

"The first thing we have to do is unload this damn equipment," Karras asserted, slamming a set of well-worn shoulder pads to the ground in obvious disgust. "In my day we didn't use this sort of crap. Hell, we didn't even play in pads!"

Asked whether he would modify the Blue Jay pass rush following the departure of MAC standout Ned Sacha, Karras commented that "I have my own style of rushing the quarterback. Once the line gets used to it, we will raise holy hell in

cont. on p. 18



A rooty-kazooty Bob Scott awaits the honors bestowed upon him by a grateful bounty of beauties.