

BITCH BOX



By MARTHA BLIXX
Of the Immorald

Broken-up bivouac brings computered complaints

Dear Bitch Box,

I am a computered science major and have to spend 25 hours a day in the biology robot lab programming myself into the University. Since I hardly use my quad anymore, I decided to just bring my folding king-sized bed along with me yesterday to the lab and set up house-keeping there until this term is over. This way, I don't have to pay rent on a seldom-used quad and I can really tune in to my programs.

When I awoke this morning after a short nap, I couldn't believe my sensory input feeders. The custodian had the nerve to scream at me for moving in. He pointed to the "No Overnight Camping" sign and ordered me to leave.

This University has gone overboard on its rules. My bed was only a minor roadblock for the custodian and I don't even have to use the lab's restroom now that I'm programmed. How in the world could the University consider my modest setup "overnight camping"? I didn't even bring along my Coleman stove or tent.

Disgustingly yours,
Robbie Robot

Dear Robbie,

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch. That's all you robot types ever do. What I suggest you do is program yourself for non-sleep. That way, you won't have to sleep or use the restrooms.

But you do have a good point about the University going overboard on its rules. I heard just the other day that the registrar is going to limit add/drops to only that student whose first name begins with the letter u, last name with o and whose hometown is either Canyonville or Mapleton. The reason? Just a change of pace, according to Registrar Les Turnurd, who declined further comment.

Editor's note: The Bitch Box is open to anyone who wants to bitch. The Immorald will answer and publish only the bitchiest letters. Please include your name, rank and serial number in case Uncle Same gets ahold of your letter.



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If given the chance

Geery to tackle Brooks' post

By AL RAFFO
Of the Immorald

Thurd Geery announced today he is challenging the appointment of Rich Brooks as head football coach of the Oregon Ducks.

In a totally unprepared statement for the media, Geery lashed out at the Athletic Department for their "sneaky, conniving and underhand tactics" used in making the selection of the new coach.

"This is tantamount to a colossal quarterback sneak on the part of the athletic department. Who did they ever consult on this? Were you asked about this? I sure wasn't," Geery said.

Geery said he applied for the football coaching job "as soon as I heard the assistant golf coach's position was filled."

"I repulse being subservient to capitalistic capriciousness, innuendo, pestilence and all-encompassing existentialism. I'm a derivative of the working masses. I know animals. I should be coach," Geery contended.

With the ebb of Oregon football fortunes at an all-time low, Geery was asked how he might improve the seemingly impossible situation.

"Easy," Geery smiled. "We'll have everybody park in Autzen Stadium and play the games in the parking lot. It'll be just like 1968 all over again. Ya know, people running around all over the place beating the shit out of each other. Of course we'll have the Dead play at halftimes."

Geery was asked what qualifications he possessed that would make him a competent coach.

Geery replied that while he had "never even bounced a football let alone participate in the sport" he

does have one obvious attribute.

"I'm deranged," Geery leered. "Besides I grew up in the same state as O.J. Simpson."

Geery's challenge will now be brought before the athletic department's Football Grievances Committee. Committee members include Brooks, his wife Lilian and his dog, Rosebowl.

The hearing will be held Monday at 1:30 p.m. in the Athletic Department towel room.

Grab for all the gusto . . .

When the door swung open, I couldn't believe the goddess that stood before me. Her body must have been poured into that black silk halter dress. Her firm, round ass and slim waist only accentuated her large, tanned breasts that seemed to want to pop out of her dress, like two plump doves escaping to freedom.

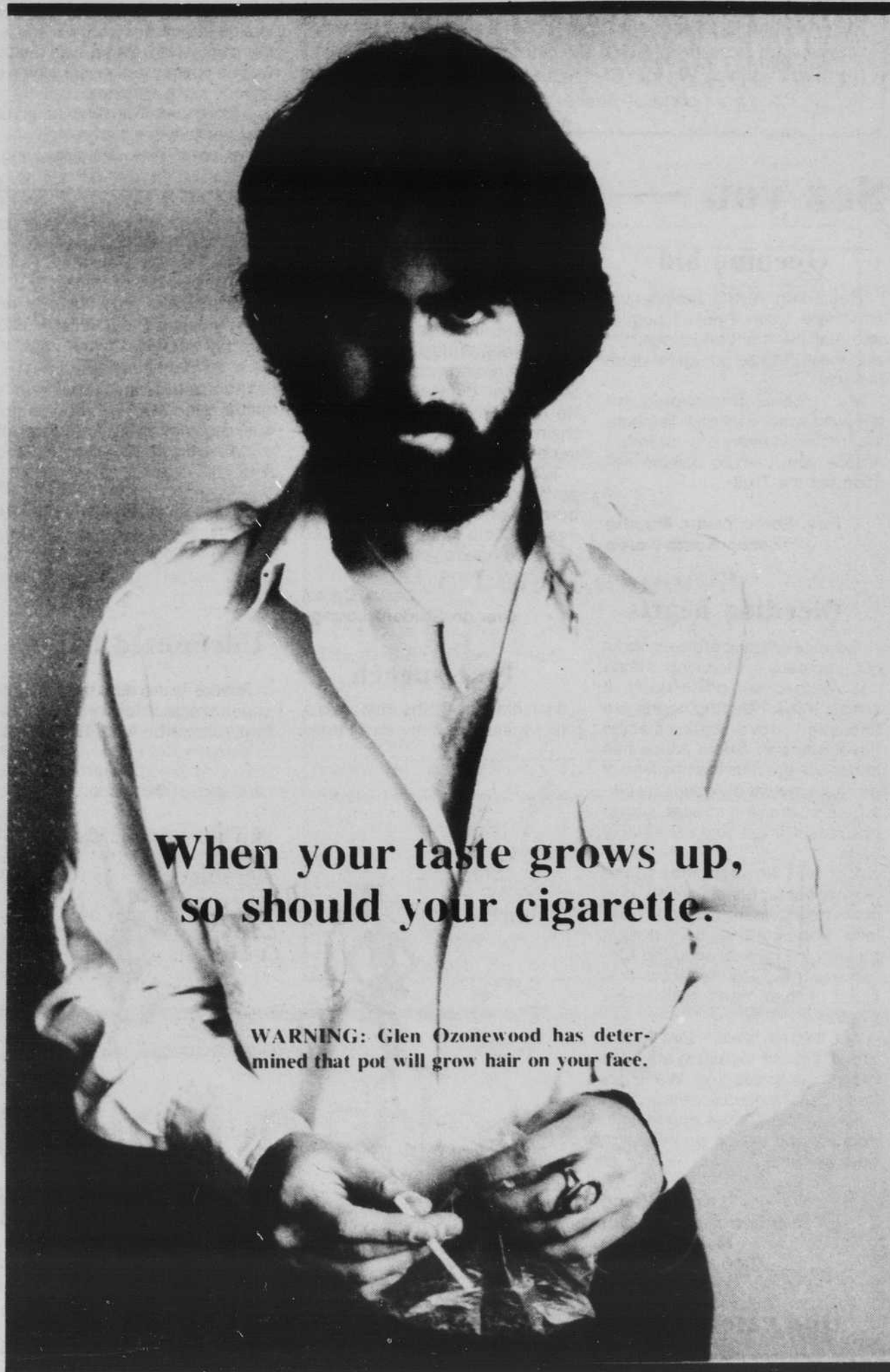
A light dinner of oysters with bananas, grapes and tomatoes and several glasses of sparkling Chablis set me in a passionate mood, and our locale quickly switched from the dining table to the couch.

I gently stroked her thigh as I felt my own torrid blood surging through my body . . . pulsating . . . it throbbed with each beat of my heart.

She responded ecstatically, her brown firm orbs rapidly heaving up and down as she breathed deeper and faster.

The wine had done its duty as she sucked out the inside of my

(Continued on Page 9)



When your taste grows up,
so should your cigarette.

WARNING: Glen Ozonewood has determined that pot will grow hair on your face.