

Personhood study begins

A weekend study approach to "Becoming a Real Person" will consist of workshops and seminars beginning Saturday at the Conference Center for Fulfillment.

The total approach to "Personhood" will give positive tools to increase awareness of self-artificiality and non-existence, according to founder Sue Schizoid.

Students think they know who they are, but they really don't, Schizoid says, and for a \$250 fee they can interact with persons of similar identities or misidentities, and thus "get it all together."

To register, try to contact Schizoid either at 666-5687 or 561-3301.

All My Dumbfucks

Sex, sex, sex. Video sex gets boring after a while, but it's what sells and besides, there's little else to do in Pine Valley anyway. Tuesday, Devon Shepherd (who we thought was so sweet) showed she was into it more than anyone would have guessed.

Oh, the beginning was innocent alright. Danny and Brooke had just returned from viewing Roman Polanski's new film (close encounters of the third grade) and since the Martins were in Nairobi for the week (picking up a few nick-nacks) the two had the house to themselves. Then, Deven came knocking at the door, sporting a new coat that went clear to her ankles.

Looked like it was going to be the same old boring triangle, but Devon took off her coat to reveal a leather outfit and a whip. You can fill in the details, but the experience taught Brooke a thing or two and showed Danny the pleasures of S and M. The last time we saw Danny, he was doing unmentionable things to small animals.

Down the block and to the left the musky odor from the Brent's represented the solution of one of the longest running crisis in Pine Valley: the Chuck, Phil, Tara triangle. It's over because there's no need to compete anymore. The three, and Donna, all got married to each other yesterday. It was the first group marriage in Pine Valley (it would never sell in Harrisburg) and their honeymoon is turning out to be a doozy.

The trapeze broke, the mirrors fell off the roof and the monkey will probably never forgive Chuck, but the four are tired and happy. Donna's background in Center City (where a few of her customers were really kinky) is finally coming in handy. Chuck and Phil had a little trouble adjusting to the new aspect of their relationship, but they've adjusted so well that Donna and Tara had to remind 'em there was women around waiting for some action. After all, not many people have Phil's ability to touch their eyebrows with their tongues.



GRAB for all the GUSTO

By GUNSHY FLYNT
Of the Immoralist

I had noticed her when I called roll the first day of class.

"Here," she answered coyly.

Her figure looked tasty, garbed in a powder blue sweater and tight black pants. Her wavy, blond hair gently curled onto her shoulders. A narrow Grecian nose nestled between two round, blue eyes. She would be one to remember.

It wasn't until spring that we finally came together. I had casually mentioned if she ever needed help with one of her assignments, she should feel free to drop by my office.

The office visit led to a coffee break, a luncheon date, a racquetball date and finally, a dinner date.

She arrived that evening in a satin V-neck halter dress that clung to her every movement. The V-neck reached its nadir just

above her navel, exposing two tanned globes that gently quivered as she walked.

A slit down the side of her dress revealed a smooth, brown thigh. The yellow dress rolled around her firm, tight derriere. A creation from Eden.

Dinner seemed to pass quickly, light chit-chat, giggling, flirting. The flickering candlelight pirouetting in her eyes.

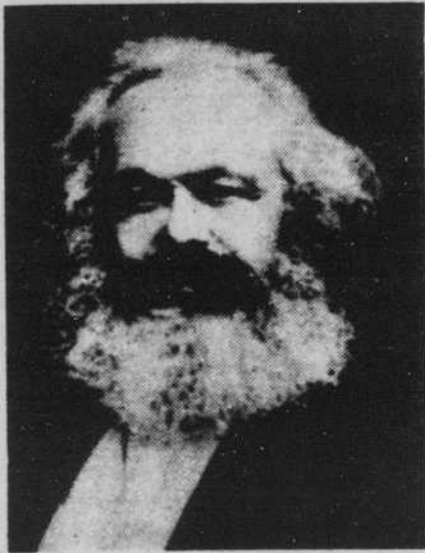
With the decanter empty, we stepped to the velvet, circular

sofa. My heart beat with the force of 100 drums in anticipation.

Her warm, moist lips touched mine. I thrust my tongue forward. She dropped her caressing fingers to my thigh, igniting a turgid fire in my loins.

Our tongues embraced, shimied, and waltzed. My simmering blood surged through my body. I stroked her tender peaches and began to grope along her thigh

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Dear Comrade

Dear Comrade Conrad,

What gives with these revisionists anyhow? I have a friend who argues that there may never be a revolution in the way Marx predicted. How can he say such a thing? The silly fool doesn't know his use-value from his exchange-value. But I bet him my Lenin Library that the proletariat takes on the bourgeoisie within the next year and whips them to boot. How can I lose?

Nary A. Doubt

Dear Nary,

Start packing your Lenin Library for delivery. The proles show little sign of taking on the defending champions in the next year, let alone a knockout. But you can tell your friend that I have reason to believe that the ruling class is losing its grip on the masses. Note the following:

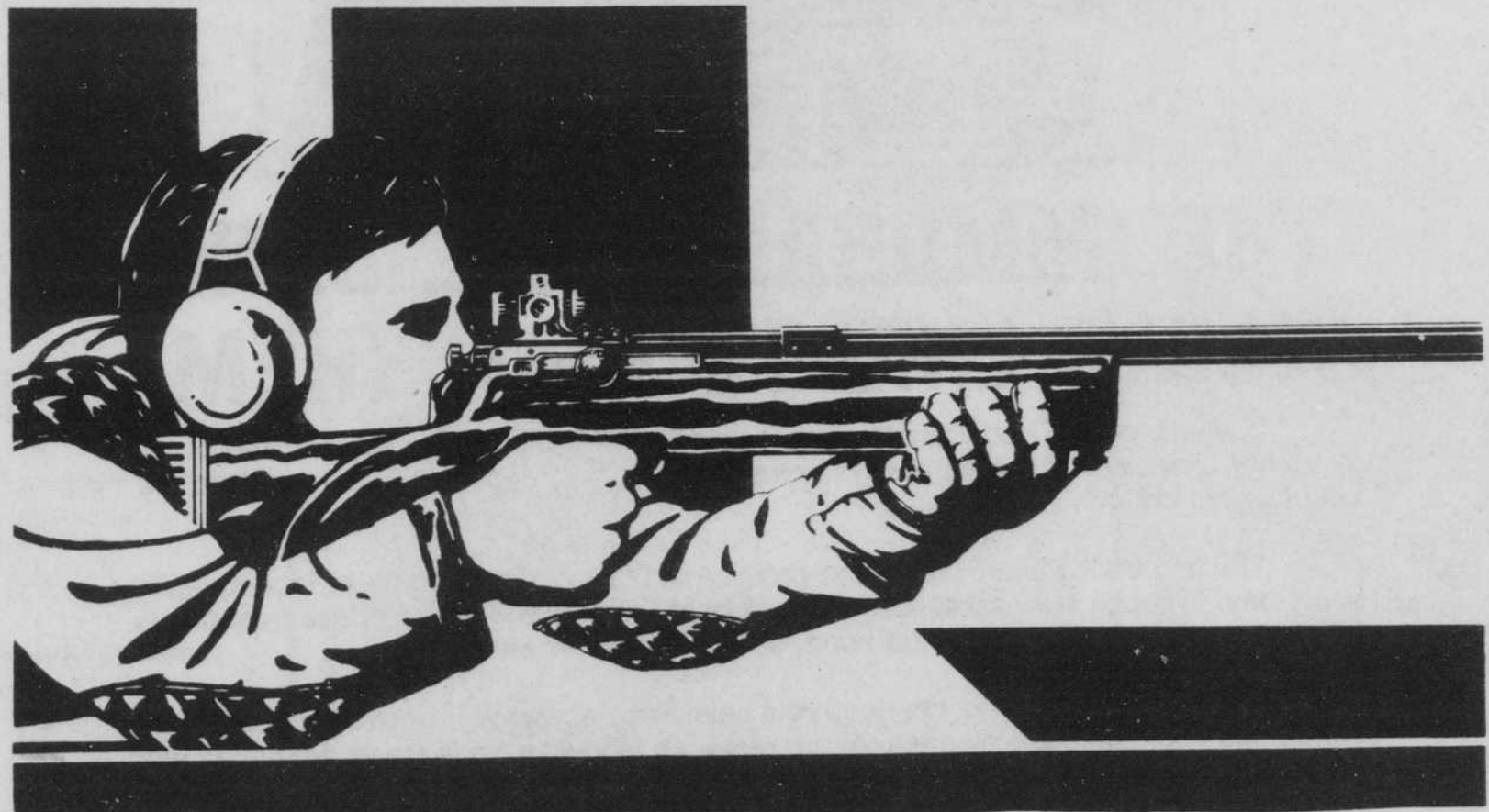
•Disco dancing is on its way out. The masses are becoming increasingly aware that John Travolta is just another tool of the disco ruling class.

•Leon Spinks is a tough black kid who proves that the youth of this country are not going to take any more guff from the ruling class. Driving without a license down the wrong way of a one-way street, and refusing to buy a plate for his missing front teeth shows that Spinks is in naked opposition to the bourgeoisie.

Do you know why your best friends are smearing you behind your back as a running-dog puppet of the ruling class? Is Dad behaving like a fascist around the house? Do you suspect your wife is having an affair with a Social Democrat? If you are a Marxist with hangups, send your troubles to Comrade Conrad, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. (We aren't afraid of the Smith Act.)

Oregon Daily Emerald

Pump a little lead into someone's chest.



Do you like visiting exotic lands, meeting interesting people and killing them?

Read on.

The U of O Assassin Team Needs Sharpshooters

1. Practice — any target, preferably moving and defenseless.
Field maneuvers in the EMU Fishbowl, ambushes in sections HB through HX in the Library, sniping from atop PLC, fire fights in the graveyard.
2. Instruction by Sarah Moore and Squeaky Fromme.
Test: Art Bremer's "Sometimes a Great Notion."
3. For more information contact I.M. Hawk — password, "Bay of Pigs."