

JOINT ISSUE

Qualite Inferior



WIPING LANSING & EAST LANSING SINCE 1972

free
★★★★★



free
★★★★★



INSIDE:

**THE SGT.
PEPPER
PAPERS**

ALSO:

**WARREN HUFF
EXPOSES
HIMSELF**

2.

LETTERS



Dear Punks,

I just want you sickies to know that you aren't fooling anybody with your scummy, filthy propaganda you bunch of sniveling little COMMIE CREEPS. We know all about how you perverted pinkos operate, taking orders direct from Red China, on the dole from those Rusky sympathizers and bleeding-heart liberals which that marshmellow J. Edgar Hoover should have run out of this great country years ago.

But anyway, just let me tell you something: you jerks won't ever be able to spread your cancer to good AMERICAN kids because they're too smart for you. They're too busy doing clean, wholesome AMERICAN things like playing baseball or riding their bicycles or watching television or working on their paper routes to get hooked on your drugs or practice your perversions.

So there, you impotent little slimy redniks. Ha, ha, HA.

R. Perrin

FREE MERV GRIFFIN

To the Joint Tissue:

It's really cool to find a paper that represents the people and all that stuff like JT. You're always publishing things that other people won't. So I've written this poem and it's really right on, cool, and the whole thing:

howard r. hughes
where are youse
we can't find you, howard
you ain't nowhard
they say you're here
and you end up there
nobody's sure of nothing
anymore
are you a man or just a myth?
lets have the truth
i don't believe in the media
anymore
howard
howard
howard

Peace,
Cliff Irving

Dear J.T.

After reading your special school strike issue, we been doin' some organizing on our own out here and the action's getting heavy. You'll be happy to know that despite the hard-core attitude of the Okemos Roosevelt kindergarten administration, we kids aren't taking any more b.s. Last week we took five hostages, built a barricade with folding chairs around the piano, and burned our demands into the coat-room door with Freddie's old man's lighter, which were:

• Having some say in what we get with our Hi-C; no more graham cracker oppression.

More radical literature like J.T. during story time, rather than tales of capitalist, imperialist lackey-bear "Winnie-the-Pooh."

• Liberate the newt from the aquarium.

• Cut out the birds and bees and pollen crap in our pre-junior-young adult "What Mommy and Daddy Do" period, and go natural.

The administration couldn't relate to our demands (didn't dig them at all) and got pretty uptight--threatened to cut out recess, dismantle the jungle-gym, a real bummer--so we had to take it to the streets. Total victory was within reach (we had our teacher, Mr. McGregor, trapped under the science table and were jabbing him with pencils and stuffing crayolas up his nose) but they made us break for nap time and we lost our momentum.

Anyhow, the asst. principal is getting out of the hospital next week and we're expecting some more heavy action, so hows about a little solidarity from our older brothers sisters at J.T.? Send over a few more organizers (you can keep that bearded dude, though, Chick, Chug, whatever his name is) or better yet, just send materiel. Anything you got will do--gasoline bombs, ice-picks, fuses, straight razors, tire irons, etc.--we ain't choosy.

So down with all establishment prisons, free all political and educational prisoners and resist. RESIST! KILL THE PIGS!

Love and peace,

Lenny

P.S. I really can't write yet so my cousin Rosie did this for me. It's ok; she's a Sister.

DOPE INFO:

CALL PHIL PITTENGER



cliff
and
hannah

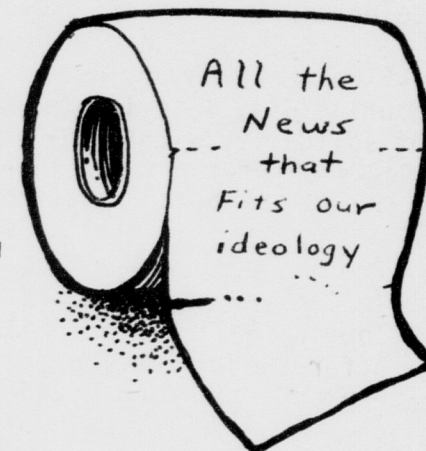
barney
and
john

plus:

willy
donin' doug
big alice
stever
prudence
keebler
nazi jon
onhelia
wierd richard

and
berv's boys

Staff



Wanna rap? Drop JT a call at Zeke's Sunoco and Delicatessen in Owosso.

JT reveals faculty list!

The Joint Tissue has DONE IT AGAIN, as only the JT would dare to do.

Remember when we ran a full list of area narcs, figuring that honesty may not reform the establishment but at least it helps you protect yourself from it?

Well, exposes begin at home, and while we may not be the first paper to publish a list involving faculty members, our list is the most relevant one. After all, the State Urinal merely printed a bunch of names and salaries,

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

and how many of our brothers and sisters really care about MONEY or other such capitalistic delusions?

No, the truly important thing is to hit the faculty where they live, and that is just what the Joint Tissue has done in the following list, which includes home addresses, office locations, and phone numbers (Both home AND office) for all agents of fat-cat Wharton.

Due to space limitations, we can't print the entire list in this edition, but rest assured we will continue the list in future

editions until every last cowering academic lackey is EXPOSED.

We should also point out that the Straight News has had access to copies of this list since October of last year, YET HAS REFUSED TO PUBLISH IT. We must ask WHY? and in the absence of other answers can only assume that their failure is yet another example of how the puppet SN is TOTALLY CONTROLLED by Wharton, the board of trustees, and the Rockefeller Foundation.

(Final note: in the following list, * designates sexist married people.)

OLD LEFT NOTES

A new offensive!!

The Students for a Democratic Society's 8th Annual International Revolutionary War Council convened late last Friday night at Mac's Burger Chef in Williamston to finalize plans for the nationwide spring offensive.

Every SDS chapter in the state of Michigan was represented, and both of them agreed that the moment had come to seize the time and take the revolution back to the streets where it belongs.

The initial battle plan approved by the two delegations called for massive disruptions of business as usual, shutting down MSU, forcing the U.S. to surrender the Bahamas and Puerto Rico to Cuba, and the release of every political prisoner in the western hemisphere.

Unfortunately, an irresolvable doctrinal split arose when the delegates tried to decide who was going to get the window seats at Mac's, resulting in a walkout by the entire Kalamazoo Community College delegation. Further, two members of the ELans delegation, Rudy Pomery and Naomi Glutz, left in a show of solidarity with their Kalamazoo brothers and sisters, reducing our numbers to five.

The new committee of the whole decided on a revised nationwide battle plan, calling for the disruption of rush-hour traffic on Grand River Ave., the shutdown of the Horticulture Bldg., sending volunteers to Cuba to help with the sugar harvest, and the release of brother Morton Delp, still a political prisoner in the Ferris Jail, awaiting

trial on the trumped up charge of lewd and indecent behavior.

We were about to get down to specifics, when Norris and Ellen wandered off to score a lid and and watch the oil slicks on Lake Lansing. That left only Reggie, Big Alice and I, but even three dedicated revolutionaries are better than any number of hangars-on and pansy liberals.

But then our Committee on Streetfighting Tactics dissolved, because she had to go babysit, and Reggie kept whining about how it was his turn to formulate doctrine and if I didn't let him he was going back to the commune to watch "Star Trek". Which just goes to show you how irrational and childish a lot of the paper-mache, bullshit, pseudo-radicals around here can get (and besides, it was MY turn to formulate doctrine). Like, I don't know how long the people can go on expecting us to be their voice if they don't give us a hand and make a COMMITMENT. One of these days we just might hang it all up, and then where would they be....

But anyhow, the final word for the nationwide spring offensive is a rally on May 1 between 2 and 2:30 p.m. at Beaumont Tower in protest. So start organizing and leafleting;

ALL POWER TO US (THE PEOPLE)

Wally

A

ABBASSE SELMA	105 N DIVISION GRAND RAPIDS	454-9454
SR DEPARTMENTAL SECRETARY	CUNT EDUCATION	
2565 44TH ST S E GRAND RAPIDS		455-0516
*ARBETT WILLIAM S	118 ENGINEERING BLDG	355-6616
ASSISTANT TO THE DEAN	COLLEGE OF ENGR	
1629 LUKAINE LANSING		484-3011
*ABBOTT BERNARD	334 STUDENT SERVICES BLDG	353-3780
AREA DIR E CAMPUS	DEAN OF STUDENTS	
2627 LASALLE BLVD LANSING		372-2655
*ABBOTT JUNE	147 NATURAL SCIENCE BLDG	353-0860
CLERK TYPIST	USDA ENT RES DIV	
332 N CIRCLE DR WILLIAMSTON		655-3496
*ABBOTT MAXWELL	201 FOOD SCIENCE BLDG	353-3184
GRADUATE RESEARCH ASSISTANT-FOOD SCI	HMN NUTR	
4051 WINTERSET LANSING		882-1930
*ABBOTT O LAWRENCE	ASSOC PROFESSOR EMERITUS	ROMANCE LANGUAGES
508 CHARLES ST EAST LANSING		332-3272
ABBOTT ONETA J	RETIRED	ADMS & SCHOLAR
730 EDELMUNT BLVD APT 3 LANSING		485-0023
*ABBOTT ROBERT B	1405 S HARRISON RD ROOM 204	372-1910
CHIEF COMMUNITY PROGRAMS	USDA FARM HJM ADM	
4508 MARLBOROUGH RD OKEMOS		351-9289
*ABEDUR ALLAN J	447 ADMINISTRATION BLDG	353-1695
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	INSTRUC DVLP PROG	
1667 MELROSE AVE EAST LANSING		351-9295
*ABEL DAISY M	110 ADMINISTRATION BLDG	355-5023
SENIOR TELLER CASHIER DIV	COMPTROLLERS OFF	
5954 BOIS ILE DR HASLETT		339-2648
ABEL LYLE	CO EXT AGT RETIRED	COOP EXTENSION
9165 EEEV RD CLARKSTON		
*ABELES NORMAN	207 STUDENT SERVICES BLDG	355-8270
PROFESSOR	PSYCHOLOGY	
PROFESSOR & ASST DIRECTOR	COUNSELING CTR	
953 ROSEWOOD EAST LANSING		337-0853
ABEL MARCELLE MME	ASST PROFESSOR EMERITUS	FOREIGN LANGUAGES
APT 61 LES LUCIOLES GRASSE A M FRANCE		
*ABOLINS MARIS	303 PHYSICS ASTRONOMY BLDG	353-5180
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR	PHYSICS	
220 LOREE DR EAST LANSING		332-1331
*ABOUELSEDDO M O	104 N KEDZIE LAB	355-4612
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR	NATURAL SCIENCE	
421 HILLCREST EAST LANSING		351-0425
ABRAHAM ETTA C	290 ERNST BESSEY HALL	355-6657
INSTRUCTOR	AMER THGT & LANG	
223 S FOSTER LANSING		484-8625
*ABRAMCZYK KATHLEEN	3606 E MT HOPE RD EAST LANSING	372-1910
BIOLOGICAL LAB TECHNICIAN	USDA POULTRY LAB	
1020 PROSPECT APT 307 LANSING		489-1821
*ABRAMSON PAUL R	327 S KEDZIE HALL	353-3285
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR	POLITICAL SCIENCE	
930 TRAFALGER LN EAST LANSING		351-0429
*ABRUZZO MICHAEL A	220 NATURAL SCIENCE BLDG	355-4640
GRADUATE ASSISTANT	ZOOLOGY	
426 ABBOTT RD EAST LANSING		337-0577
ACKERMAN HARRY L	116 LINTON HALL	353-8840
FELLOW	INSTRUC MEDIA CTR	
*ACKLIN ELEANOR T	LONDON CAFETERIA	355-4596
FOOD SERVICE MANAGER	LONDON HALL	
3009 HODGURFF APT 9 LANSING		487-3597
ACTON ELAINE E	128 CHEMISTRY BLDG	353-0810
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY	BIOPHYSICS	
4396 OKEMOS RD OKEMOS		349-3377
*ADAMS CAROLYN M	134 CHEMISTRY BLDG	353-0691
SENIOR ACCOUNTING CLERK	CHEMISTRY	353-0690
2381 ROWLEY RD WILLIAMSTON		655-2572
*ADAMS CHARLES W	2ND FLOOR CENTRAL SERVICES BLDG	355-6610
OFFSET PRESS OPERATOR I	UNIV PRINT SERV	
2 BOX 66 LAINGSBURG		651-5550
*ADAMS CLAUDE E	390 ADMINISTRATION BLDG	355-0345
ASSISTANT PURCHASING AGENT	PURCHASING	
1313 E GREENLAWN AVE LANSING		482-3562
ADAMS DONALD R	2388 NATURAL SCIENCE BLDG	353-9086
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR	ANATOMY	
ADAMS ELIZABETH	450 ADMINISTRATION BLDG	353-5201
ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY	PRESIDENTS OFFICE	
1620 RIDGEWOOD DR EAST LANSING		332-1020
*ADAMS JAMES L	WMSB TV	355-7440
SPORTS EDITOR	RADIO BROADCASTING	
SPORTS EDITOR	WMSB TV	
2195 DUNDVAN PLACE OKEMOS		349-3004
*ADAMS JOICE L	208 ANTHONY HALL	355-8483
SENIOR CLERK	ANIMAL HUSBANDRY	
SENIOR CLERK	POULTRY SCIENCE	
556 N HAGADORN RD EAST LANSING		351-3032
ADAMS LUCILE G	101 AGRICULTURE HALL	355-0123
SECRETARY	AGR EXPT STATION	
1750 HAMILTON RD OKEMOS		349-2395
*ADAMS M WAYNE	304 AGRICULTURE HALL	355-2234
PROFESSOR	CROP & SOIL SCI	
4411 GREENWOOD DR OKEMOS		349-2027
*ADAMS MARIAN	EMMONS HALL	355-2717
CLERK	BRODY COMPLEX	
616 WILWOOD DR EAST LANSING		332-6073
*ADAMS PAULINE	291 ERNST BESSEY HALL	355-6658
INSTRUCTOR	AMER THGT & LANG	
928 LANTERN HILL DR EAST LANSING		337-1003
*ADAMS RUTH A	BIBLIOGRAPHERS	353-8814
BIBLIOGRAPHER	LIBRARIES	
R R 1 BOX 1174 LAINGSBURG		641-6720
ADAMS SARAH A	RETIRED	DORM & FOOD SERV
3708 JEREE ST LANSING		882-6240

(To be continued)

4. The Sgt. Pepper papers:

Well, after a week and a half of steady, agonizing research for the J.T., I've finally come up with the Grand Scheme that will show those pooh-poohing liberals once and for all just who's really running this imperialistic, butchering University.

I've had about enough of so-called Friends of the Revolution laughing in our faces when we tell them the shocking TRUE FACTS about Wharton being an Italian, Warren Huff being Margaret Chase Smith in drag, and Pat Carrigan being her half-brother. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I first started developing the true organizational chart for this murdering University in the fall of 1969, when it was going around that Paul McCartney'd been offed. Of course that was true.

Proof? Damned betcha I have proof. Remember John and Yoko's "Two Virgins" album, the one where they pose nude on the jacket? Well, if you look closely at that picture you'll see Paul's left testicle lying under the bed, where it rolled to safety just as Yoko was about to nail it to the wall.

But, as I was saying, one day I was looking at the Sgt. Pepper album cover, trying to interpret the grave of Paul which appears on it, when it all of a sudden struck me that Walter Adams was among the group of people standing behind the Beatles there.

Of course this was just about the time Adams busted 132 of our black brothers and sisters in the Wilson cafeteria, and I got to thinking, "What are the Beatles trying to tell us here? Could it be that the Fab Four is displaying, on that album cover, the true power structure of Michigan State University?"

I got out my magnifying glass and started going over the record jacket more closely to see what I could tell about the other tyrants who rule MSU. What I saw there was shocking, brothers and sisters, even though I have always considered myself pretty unflappable when it comes to military-industrial-educational complexes.

Standing right next to Adams was J. Edgar Hoover! Now some people might think, "So what?" So J. Edgar Hoover put up the money for South Complex, that's so what.

Anybody who's ever heard the Badfinger (an Apple group) song "Come and Get It" (written by McCartney--or somebody using his name), and who can put two and two together, can figure that one out easily enough.



Add a line from the Dylan song "Lay Lady, Lay": "...he's standing in front of you." Then look at who's standing in front of Adams.

See what I'm saying? It all comes clear now, right? Little did we know that Chaing Kai-Shek would be so instrumental in picking Wharton as MSU's new president, or that Chaing's brother-in-law, Dick Van Dyke, who had dinner at the White House on May 13, 1968, had already started Cliff's presidential wheels in motion.

For those of you who question this line of reasoning, let me remind you who was on stage with George Harrison at the Madison Square Garden Bangladesh concert: none other than Bob Dylan. So the circle comes full round and its pincers begin to be felt by our struggling brothers and sisters in Vietnam, by Bobby Seale, by Jerry Lee Lewis, and by Sirhan Sirhan.

Back to the prophetic album cover. Notice who's waiting in the wings? Over on the far right? Henry Ford II and Creighton Abrams, that's who.

Which explains, if I need spell it out for you, how John Cantlon came to be Provost, how Jack Breslin got busted from Secretary to Executive Vice President, and how Bob Green came to discover the secret of Wharton's tragic first marriage to Dorothy Arata.

Green, it's been common knowledge for years is Tommy the Traveler, and it's likewise no secret that he and Arata, acting on a tip from insider C.C. Killingsworth, were the narcs responsible for the spring, 1966, dope bust.

Now let's fit another piece into the puzzle. Does anyone really still imagine it's nothing but coincidence that Harold Buckner, ASMSU Chairman for two years running, hails from Jackson?

Yes, the very same Jackson our old friend Robert Green "visited" only four days before Wharton's inauguration. That gala cost the students and workers of Michigan a cool \$45,000, by the way. And then, only four months later, Buckner took the reigns of power at ASMSU and proceeded to solidify its role as the Administration's musclem.

Coincidence? It's pretty hard to overlook cold facts like those, or like Buckner's "poker losses" to several highly-placed State News editors. It seems obvious, in light of the Sgt. Pepper revelations, that Buckner has been acting as the payoff man for Wharton, Cantlon, Perrin, and others in high administrative positions at this University.

It's also well known that Buckner had a sex-change operation two summers ago. From what to what is still a matter for conjecture.

And speaking of Perrin, let's take a look at some of the evidence about the man who's become Wharton's Rasputin: everybody knows he worked for the Detroit Free Press in the 1950s which shows his phoney liberal colors.

But it's a little-known fact that Perrin was the reporter assigned by the Free Press to cover the Nixon campaign for Vice President in 1956, a year in which the Free Press endorsed the Nixon-Eisenhower ticket, and that Nixon has been forever grateful to Perrin for this, and that Nixon himself personally called Wharton the night of January 14, 1970, to demand that Wharton hire Perrin to serve as the direct link between Nixon and MSU, the latter of which is extremely important in Nixon's game plan to send all our black brothers and sisters back to Alabama to get back at George Wallace for calling him "kinky-haired."

Skeptics, you go on being skeptical, but

U secrets exposed!!!

ask yourself this question: where was Perrin when Nixon was eating breakfast with publishing boss John S. Knight--he owns the Free Press and 244 other rags around the country--last fall?

Well? Was Perrin in Michigan that day? Don't know, do you? Well, I'll leave it to you to confirm all that, but the rest of us already know about running dog lackeys like Perrin.

Now look right between Ringo and Paul. Whose is that right profile? Don't know, do you? Well, it's Van Cliburn, who you'll remember defected from Russia in the Fifties. He was on campus last year tickling the ivories.

Well, what could that possibly have to do with anything, you're probably asking yourself. I'll tell you: Van C. was scheduled to have dinner at Cow's House before his concert but he "arrived late."

Actually, the briefing he'd been having with John Mitchell had run a little long because the Attorney General'd had a lot of instructions for Wharton, including the trumped-up busts of our dope-smoking brothers and sisters in and around the Commuter Lots (a move to discourage snooping around the bus kiosks out there, which are actually secret entrances to subterranean vaults containing jam-packed files on all our Democrat brothers and sisters).

Anyway, after the "concert" (Van Cliburn was actually miming the whole thing using a player piano) the young Cossack did repair to Cow's House, where he was immediately secreted away in the nether reaches of the president's mansion.

NOTE: One gets there by pinching the dorsal fin on the Dali self-portrait and diving under the sleeping bag in the northwest guest room.

Later the straight press accounts had it that Ms. (pronounced miz) Wharton had served the "pianist" warmed-over lasagna--which has the ring of truth about it, since she is the daughter of Frank Sinatra and Nina Van Pallandt, an obscure Danish folk singer--and, that Dr. (pronounced durr) Wharton had made small talk with him.

This last is true in a way: if one can think of a discussion about the placement of a Minuteman missile in the "smokestack" of the Power Plant as small talk.

Some readers will already have noticed that the hand over Paul McCartney's head on the album cover is John Cantlon's; he seems to be going down for the third time. And he hadn't even been named Provost at that time.

The presence of Scoop Jackson in the back row, only two spots away from Florence King, is significant in terms of the "celebrated Mr. K" and in terms of Duffy Daugherty owning Jacobson's, every Yankee store in Michigan, the Lackawanna Railroad, and Charles Chamberlain.

Wilbur Brookover's stern visage peering at you portends the rift between Arny Werner and Adams, due to the former's refusal to be bullied into giving the latter's book a positive review in the former's column, which is no great surprise in light of the fact that Barney White, editorial editor of the State News (Werner's editor) commanded the 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam in 1965-66.

OK, now check the third guy from the left end of the second row. Give up? That's Clarence Winder, dean of the College of Social Science.

Doesn't look a bit like Winder, does it? The reason for that is Winder is actually Howard Hughes. As long as Clair White keeps



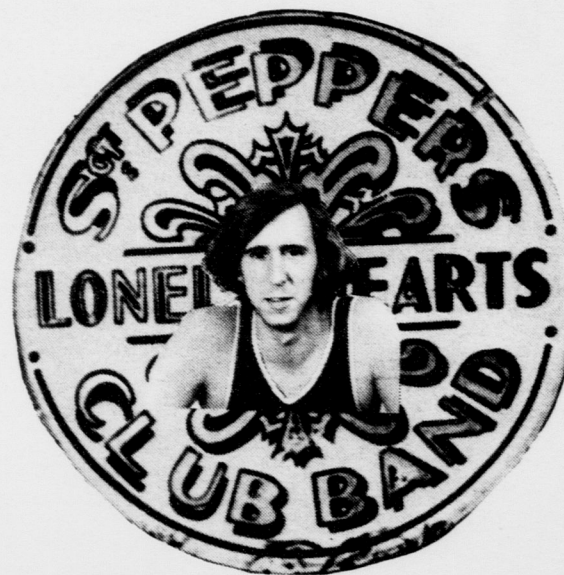
that secret, he'll keep reaping. So far Hughes/Winder has given him Nevada, Okemos, the Cleveland Indians, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Da Nang and the Beatles to insure his silence.

See how this all ties together? It's a dirty business, this university racket. If it weren't for the brothers and sisters of the Revolution, I think I'd give it up.

For instance, take Chuck Will; now he gave me the poop about Winder. All it cost me was dinner at Win Schuler's for him and his sheep, and my word I'd never tell anybody where I got the story. That's the gratifying kind of dedication to the Revolution that I go for.

What puzzled me the most about the album cover was trying to figure out where it'd been taken, and when. It finally came to me that I'd seen the place before. And then I remembered. When I was a freshman. It all came back to me: the guy in the front row exposing himself, the French horn covering the sprinkler the fake palm, the weeds growing, and all the people.

I rushed to my yearbook and there it was, all right. The same picture. It had been taken at the Academic Council on the occasion of the formal ceding of Nigeria to MSU, which coincided with the University being assigned its own "sister" Air Force base in Turkey, which coincided with the birth of John Hannah's ninth son (now known as Ronald Regan), which coincided with University Attorney Leland Carr's first flattop, which coincided with a report from our man in Saigon Wesley Fishel of a new record body count for that date, which coincided with Jack Breslin finally passing HPR 105....





Be a Grassbopper!



Tree limbs make delicious appetizers.
Cook under a low flame for thirty
seconds, then sautee as desired.
A 30-foot oak will serve 20 people.



Left Off

Term Papers

Remember, you're always in for a good deal at Left Off, and we're always happy to deal ya.

Oliver "Stretch" Kowalski, Boyne City sophomore and former star forward with the Okemos Owls, says: "Left Off Temppapers is a good thing...thanx to them I managed to get a 1.8 overall and retain my eligibility. Thank heaven for Left Off!!"

Wily Warren the wereWill

Dear Joint Tissue folks:

I must share with all of you (for is not sharing the one true precept of the man or woman of the people?) the most mind-blowing, ego-rending, heart-throbbing rush I've had since I snorted a double pinch of Dr. Rumney's Mentholyptus snuff. A really far out trip, no kidding. You see, it happend this way....

I was truckin' my way home from a meeting of the Radical Rutabaga Society (we must end vegetable oppression) when I had an urge for a smoke--tobacco even. Beins as how I am a man of the people (right on) and beins as how my food stamps don't cover Kools, and beins as how I was passing Kellogg Center when I got my urge, I decided to sorta fall in and scout the ashtrays and see if I could find any real action.

Well, to make a long story short, I didn't have much luck on the first floor though I did get hung up on a finger smear on the candy counter for a while (all the outasight greens and yellows and reds and whirIs and fingerprints--wow) but my trip was busted by a cab driver who shouldered me out of the way to score some cough drops.

Suddenly I looked up and--there he was. Mr. Radical, Heavy Rush Chuck Will himself! Wow!

Well, I knew good things were in store because I'd heard of the miracles he'd performed (water into ouzo, raising Wilbur Brookover from the dead, and so on) so I followed him just to see if some of them good vibes would rub off on me.

Well, the first thing you know, Chuck turned into the Men's Room (the name of which displays yet another symbol of our male chauvinist society). I hesitated a moment, unsure, but taking heart I rushed in (course, I'd been rushing all day anyway, heh heh, --if you get my meaning, if you catch my drift).

At first I didn't see anyone, but then I noticed scrambling sounds coming out of the nearer stall. Keeping my cool, I sauntered up to the nearest urinal and tried to look natural while keepin' my eye on the suspicious stall.

Well, all of a sudden this work shirt flops over the top of the stall door. Now, I thought, that was mighty strange (though no stranger than what I've taught my cat to do with a roach clip) but I resolved to keep watch.

Lo! Next a pair of ragged levis flew over the top of the stall. Wow! I nearly freaked--but the worst was yet to come, for as I was trying to decide whether to zip up and make a break for the door, a shaggy glob of hair also flew over the door.

Great Gawd, I said, they're skinning the master alive! And taking myself in hand I lept forward and ripped the door wide open (as opposed to off).

I couldn't have been more surprised if Spiro had a been in there talkin' to Abbie Hoffman--and that's no stuff. In fact, there was no stuff, but standing there, big as life and twice as nasty (and that's mighty nasty.), glasses askew, pipe in hand, was WARREN HUFF--Super Trustee.

Like a gram of coke and kitty litter it hit me: FLASH... Chuck Will is Warren Huff with a fake beard!

Well, the rush was so heavy (I haven't had anything that heavy since we poked a hole in Mary Sharp's ice-box and snorted the freon) that I musta blacked out. When I came to I was alone save for the gentle drip-drip of the water in the urinal.

Now I know I haven't any proof. But I know it happened--after all, I can see things that aren't even there so you know I must be heavy at seein' things what are.

Anyway, it makes sense. The great one, giving of himself, yea, sacrificing his very beard for the people so we can have an UNDERCOVER RADICAL on the benighted board of trustees!

Well, JT people, I have to end here 'cause every time I think of it I just get off so hard that I have to change my clothes--Wow. Can you dig it??!! (And to think I'm the only man--but it could just as easily have been a woman, you chauvinists--to ever have the privilege of witnessing the Great Conversion.)

Well, folks, I just had to spread the Good News to you, but I gotta close now, cause I got other preaching to do.

Peace, love, groove, heavy, etc.

B.H.



DRINK
TREE FROG
BEER

KARMA-TOONS

HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WE'RE IN THE TERM PAPER BUSINESS.

GROOVY

TERM PAPERS

OH YEAH, MAN I HAD TO FOR THE GOOD OF THE REVOLUTION. IT'S THE ONLY LOGICAL RESPONSE TO OUT UPTIGHT RIP-OFF EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS. IT'S FOR THE GOOD MAN!

YEAH... NO KIDDING WOW!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THE DIPLOMA MONSTERS AND THEIR RUNNING DOG LACKERS TO THEIR FEET! ALLOW THE PEOPLE...

YEAH... YOU'VE GOTTA SACRIFICE YOURSELF IF YOU'RE GONNA WIN THE REVOLUTION!

BANK

FLIP

TERM PAPERS

Gov't controls Congress!!

Did you know that Congress is controlled by the government?

That's right--the voice of the people and all that bull is actually part of the same conspiracy that got us into war and is supressing blacks and Chicanos in the country. (Of course, the media don't say anything about it, but JT is fearless.)

One day a fearless reporter from our fearless



newspaper that isn't controlled by anyone ran into his Congressman in the post office. Of course the Congressman shook hands with him. Then our reporter noticed a picture on the wall, "Do you know who that is, Chuck?"

"Sure," said the Congressman, "that's Nixon."

Wow! We mean, how would a Congressman know a thing like that unless he was a part of Nixon's conspiracy? He doesn't read JT (We know--we searched his waste basket) so he could have only learned the truth in Washington. And you know what's in Wash.? The Pentagon! And who are they in cahoots with? Nixon! So the Congressman is a tool of the military-industrial complex. From now on we cross the street whenever we see him.

What about the Congressmen? Did you know that Nixon invited the leaders of the U.S. senate to go to China? He wouldn't let them go if they weren't on his side, right? And you know Nixon says he's always meeting with Congressmen. What for? Don't think the ones running for office are any better --they're all Congressmen too, or once were. Joint Tissue will keep you fully informed about this plot so you won't wake up one day and be surprised to find Bob Griffin pointing a gun in your face and saying, "Surprise! we're taking over!!"

RECYCLE JIM BROWN

Famous Radicals School

● YOU TOO CAN HAVE NON-NEGOTIABLE DEMANDS! ●



OUR GUIDING FACULTY

Standing, left to right: B. Devlin, F. Castro, J. Rubin, H. Brown, A. Hoffman. Seated, left to right: E. Cleaver, M. Tse-tung, D. Berrigan

Do you often feel the urge to pick up a Molotov cocktail and trash the city library? Do you sometimes think that you could write manifestos as good as Marx or Engles? Do you have the urge to get up on a soapbox and demagogue to your heart's content?

If your answer was "yes" to any of the above questions, then it is possible that you too are one of the many people who possess hidden "radical talent"!!!

Yes, good anarchists are made, not born. The distinguished members of our Guiding Faculty have banded together to give all people the training they themselves were lucky enough to receive--but without the messy complications of tear gas, blood and prison sentences!

Yes, with the Famous Radicals School special eighty-seven point plan for Revolutionary Thinking, you can in the privacy of your own home become a famous, rabid leftist.

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