

SPECIAL YELLOW JOURNALISM ISSUE

MAY 1976 • \$5.00

★ ★ ★ PLAYBRUSH

*If he's so smart,
how come
he's dead?*

PLAYBRUSH
INTERVIEW WITH
HOWARD HUGHES



Plus Much Much More: Luni Dome, Bugged Beatles, Naked Women, Naked Men,
Naked Animals, Naked Truth, Mind-Boggling Manifestoes, Caustic Commentaries,
Big Boffs, Hearty Yuks, And Not Even One Kissinger Joke!



Forward

This is the eighth edition of *Playbrush* to burst out unloved and unwanted upon the cold cruel world. It first appeared in April, 1965, and was so well-received that it didn't dare show its little font-face until five years had passed. Remarkably, since that second emergence in 1970, it has reared its head every spring with an alarming regularity, and, for the last four publishing years has served as the last gasp of various *Sagebrush* staffs.

This year, in addition to satirizing local, regional and national personalities, as well as taking a few cheap shots at ourselves, we also present a hit-and-miss parody of *Playboy* magazine—until now the uncredited inspiration for this publication's title.

I don't really care whether you get a laugh out of it or not.

HUGE N. HEFTY

Huge N. Hefty
Virile *Playbrush* Publisher

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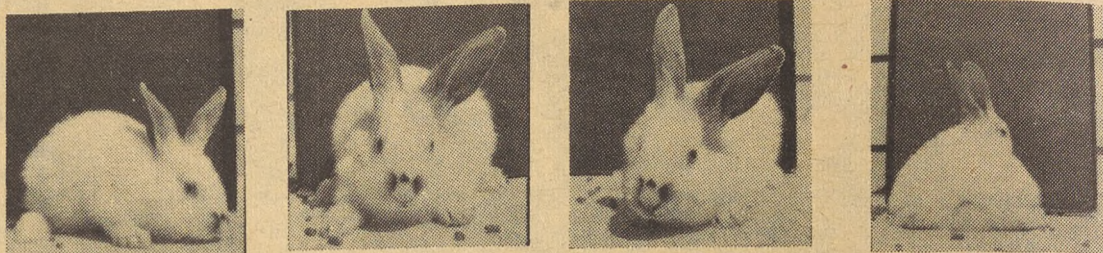
PLAYBRUSH



PLAYBRUSH, MAY 11, 1976, VOL. 82, NO. 58, 8TH ANNUAL EDITION. PLAYBRUSH PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SAGEBRUSH, A LEISURE SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA (ASUN), GENERAL OFFICE: MORRILL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO. ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO SAGEBRUSH, P.O. BOX 8037, UNIVERSITY STATION, RENO, NEVADA 89507. THE EDITOR ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS. PLAYBRUSH IS PRESENTED PURELY AS SATIRE. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS ISSUE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES OR TO PLAYBOY OR SAGEBRUSH IS STRICTLY COINCIDENTAL. SUBSCRIPTION IN THE U.S. AND WORLD AT LARGE \$5 FOR ONE ACADEMIC YEAR. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT RENO, NEVADA.

PLAYBRUSH

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BRUSHBILL



What an issue we have for you. Big news stories from our correspondents overseas and more, like for instance, party jokes, funny ads, big yuks, and so on. If that's not enough to ring your bell, then take a peek at our May gatefold. Here are just a few of the admiring evaluations she was given by our perceptive editorial staff: "Hey, Fred! Will you look at this?!" "Oh wow, man! Get a load of that bod!" "Hubba-hubba!" "You know what I'd like to do to her? I'd like to . . ." "Jeppers! Look at how big they are!" "Slobber, drool, slobber." We know you'll be carrying on in the same manner after you see *Playbrush's* Miss May.

In a different vein, we present this month's interview with the world famous recluse Howard Hughes. Mr. Hughes, you will remember, quietly croaked this April. But as our jolly *Playbrush* staff says, "Better late than never." In life nobody could get him to talk, now we can't get him to shut up.

Moving right along, we have our usual column parodies. This year there are six of them, owing to the *Sagebrush* being so top-heavy with them this volume. What makes a good columnist? You might well ask. We think it's the ability to have an opinion on everything, a knowledge of none, and that certain penchant they have of summoning up fantastic strength each week to make it down the the *Brush* office to pick up their paychecks.

Among the cushiony job-holders this year is Paul Guatemallo who is still thinking about things, we think. We're not sure. All this thinking has given us a headache.

Next is B.F.D. Kruegechev, a sappy subversive who's trying to laugh us to the revolution. He's saying goodbye, again. We wish he'd cut out all the goodbyes and just leave.

Speaking of exiles, we're also parodying the mysterious Bird Brain, who's only feathers can be found inside his head. You'll notice that this piece of Bird Brain's writing is a marked improvement from his last appearance a month ago. This is because he didn't write it.

Who's left? Ah, yes, David Z. Barnett, Howling. Sad news to report here. As of this printing Z. Barnett was in the slammer. Seems he was arrested for impersonating a film critic.

Then there's the *Playbrush* token black, "Our Man" Moretan. A shady character, we think. After investigating some stereotype, "Our Man" concludes it's always darkest before the dawn.

Also to be found in today's satiric cesspit is the annual Dentist Myass parody column, "Against the Groin." This is the third straight year Myass has been the butt of our jokes -- his fourth, if you count his self-constructed "With the Grain" in *Playbrush* 1973. And can Myass blame us? An easier target never existed. Perhaps we will commemorate the auspicious occasion later in the week by giving him a well-deserved kick in the rear.

When you add to this stories on the Beatles, Max Milam, and Marc Anthony, you know you have a good issue. We know it's good. Too good, in fact, for indiscriminating morons like yourself. So just put this issue back where you found it and walk quietly away.



PLAYBRUSH INTERVIEW:

HOWARD HUGHES

a candid conversation with a cold corpse — who said dead men tell no tales?

No one had seen him since 1958. Many believed, and still do, that he died long before this April. Howard Hughes wasn't in the habit of granting interviews in his mortal life, so Playbrush sent Dimitri Thanatos, ace-journalist, economist, and grave-robbler, to come up with the exclusive of the year. He succeeded. Hughes' aides were contacted and they arranged a meeting in immortality. Despite his sudden transition, Howard Hughes was in unearthly spirits, willing to discuss all that had transpired during the past few years.

Holder of a fortune of well-over two billion dollars, Hughes lived the last years of his life in sequestered seclusion, far from the troubles that plague your average salaried man. His lifestyle consisted of unending workdays followed by periods of almost comatose sleep. He was the essence, one philosopher said, of utter dullness. Obviously, his way of life gave him a strange perspective on things, and we pursued this in the interview.

Hughes relationship with Nevada was also unique, especially considering his endowment to the medical school. Though the interview bordered on being distressingly macabre, we think it was worth it, even though we had a hell of a time with the expense account—it being extremely difficult to find a round-trip for our destination.

PLAYBRUSH: Had a hard time getting here, Mr. Hughes?

HUGHES: Howie, please. Yes. I did. April was a crowded month.

PLAYBRUSH: Yes, ah, Howie, what made you leave so quickly?

HUGHES: Kidneys. Bad kidneys. At least that's what they told me to say. Frankly though, I was getting tired of Jimmy Carter. All those teeth really annoy me.

PLAYBRUSH: At least we know he can eat apples. What's your opinion on this year's presidential race, by the way?

HUGHES: Why the hell should I care?

PLAYBRUSH: All right. What was the main reason behind your eighteen year seclusion?

HUGHES: Mobile homes. Everywhere I went I saw a mobile home. I just couldn't take it anymore. So I bought a few penthouses and an electric vibrating bed, and rid myself of mobile homes forever. Notice you don't hear from Tony Evans anymore?

PLAYBRUSH: That version has never come out before.

HUGHES: Why should it? I just made it up.

PLAYBRUSH: Why did you let your appearance drop so?

HUGHES: What do you mean, "drop"? The beard I had took years to cultivate. It was just like Edmund Gwynne's. And these pajamas? — Hell, you couldn't buy a better pair. Even at Penney's.

PLAYBRUSH: Well, why did you lose so much weight?

HUGHES: That Stillman water diet. Jesus, did that thing work! I set out to lose ten pounds and, next thing I knew, I lost a hundred! I had to fix my toilet more than once.

PLAYBRUSH: You could have gained some weight back.

HUGHES: And ruin my health? Obesity is one of the great crimes in America today. I enjoy being skinny. Besides, people mistake me for Don Knotts all the time. And there's no bigger compliment than that.

PLAYBRUSH: Howie, your relationship with Hollywood starlets is well-known.

HUGHES: They weren't well-known to me.

PLAYBRUSH: Just play along with the dialogue, will you?

HUGHES: All right.

PLAYBRUSH: Have Hollywood actresses always held a fascination for you?

HUGHES: Yes, but not as much as my electric vibrating bed.

PLAYBRUSH: Will your death . . .

HUGHES: We don't call it death when we get here. It's called "permanent retirement."

PLAYBRUSH: Right. Will your permanent retirement affect the money that's going to UNR?

HUGHES: What in hell is a UNR?

PLAYBRUSH: The University of Nevada at Reno, Howie.

HUGHES: Is that still around? I thought Harrah would have made a parking garage out of it by now.

PLAYBRUSH: A few even claim it's thriving.

HUGHES: You mean Tom Mayer finally left? Jesus, I thought that guy was going to build a house in the election booth.

PLAYBRUSH: Back to the question, Howie. Will the funds still be coming in?

HUGHES: They will unless somebody shows me how to stop them from here. I guess the campus needs good doctors, though. Who else could help the business school?

PLAYBRUSH: Do you think your riches have given you a warped view of life?

HUGHES: I've thought about that many times. At least three or four since 1961. And I've come to the conclusion that once you've made a million dollars, you retreat back to the days when money wasn't so important. Life, and the day by day living of it, becomes your highest ideal. Thus my overwhelming wealth becomes merely figures in the sky, its importance diminished. Now insights which I previously held but were hidden behind a veil of ambition, return to me.

PLAYBRUSH: What does all that mean?

HUGHES: I don't know. I was just giving Howell Zee something to quote.

PLAYBRUSH: Apropos of nothing, where did you hide that will?

HUGHES: I'm not going to answer that. At least not until I find out more about this reincarnation business.

PLAYBRUSH: We understand. Your cryptic life as a recluse is legendary. Doubtless our readers are dying to know what you did all those years locked up in those suites. . .

HUGHES: I'll bet they are.

PLAYBRUSH: You want to tell us about it?

HUGHES: Well, most of the time I played around with my electric vibrating bed -- we're engaged. Then too, there were long games of Monopoly, sometimes for days on end. Once we even played for a week. Hell, I had so much property no one could move without having to pay me. I love those realistic games. I almost controlled as many hotels on the board as I did in Vegas.

PLAYBRUSH: Tell us, Howie, was the underworld ever involved in your operations?

HUGHES: Never went underground in my whole life. Too stuffy down there. I don't see how those sewer workers do it. No, all my business was conducted at sea level.

PLAYBRUSH: Actually, we meant the Mafia.

HUGHES: The Mafia? Jesus, I've been trying for years to get ahold of them, but every time I call, their line is busy.

PLAYBRUSH: Are there any plans to dissolve your empire now that you've retired?

HUGHES: Like Fizzies, you mean?

PLAYBRUSH: Yes, like Fizzies.

HUGHES: I think so. The whole thing will probably go in every direction possible. More likely downhill, though.

PLAYBRUSH: We thank you, Howie, for this rare interview. Do you have any remarks in closing?

HUGHES: Only one. Something that has been on my mind for years: Aaaaaagggggghhhhhhh!!!!!!



You know? this is the first time I've been photographed in years. Thank God I ran into a manicurist the other day. Those fingernails were even getting a bit long for me.



Everything here is fine. But I do worry about my body, though. I used to have this strange fixation about flies. I bet my body has ten times more troubles than that now.



Have you ever heard the saying, "You can't take it with you?" Let me tell you, it's the truth. I swear it. Believe me, I tried. Oh, did I try.



I'll bet a lot of people will be laughing their stupid heads off over this interview: they being where they are, I where I am. They'll stop laughing, eventually.

Attention: Seniors & Grad Students

Ever thought about becoming a Peace Corps Volunteer? No question, Peace Corps positions overseas are a lot different from the usual first jobs after college in the United States.

Even though Peace Corps assignments mean long hours, low pay and a certain amount of frustration, there are rewards for special kinds of people. Like working and living in any of 60 developing countries. Learning a new language and culture. But most of all, helping people where there's work to be done.

Apparently these compensations are enough to attract many Americans. At least most of the 65,000 who have served as Peace Corps Volunteers since 1961 seem to think so.

Currently, the Peace Corps has volunteer opportunities in a wide variety of disciplines. And University of Nevada/Reno grad students and seniors who will have their degrees in June can secure all the information they need soon - Monday thru Thursday, May 10-13, to be exact.

That's when Peace Corps recruiters from San Francisco will be on campus, downstairs in the Student Union, from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. daily. For those wishing individual interviews, arrangements can be made by signing up at the student Placement Office in advance.

If you think you can qualify in one of the disciplines listed below and can be available to start training overseas in July, August or September, it could be worth your time to contact the Peace Corps recruiters when they're here.

Agronomists

A bachelor's degree could send you to the Philippines, Nepal or Malaysia. Some programs require experience.

Agricultural Extensionists

In Ethiopia, Nepal & Mauritania. Degree in animal husbandry or dairy science required.

Nurses

A BSRN and a year's experience could qualify you for Ecuador, Honduras, or Tunisia.

Home Economists

Home Ec teaching assignments in Ecuador, Honduras, or Chile for those with bachelor's in home ec.

Engineers

Malaysia, Botswana and Fiji positions for persons with bachelor's in c.e. Ecuador, Fiji and Afghanistan need industrial, mechanical and electrical engineering grads.

Teachers

Persons with a master's or bachelors in chem, plus some exp, or those with secondary ed degree & a minor in chem might qualify for Belize, Ivory Coast or Zaire. Ivory Coast, Jamaica & the Philippines also need persons with bachelor's in secondary ed & some teaching exp to teach English.

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Attention: Artists & Craftsmen

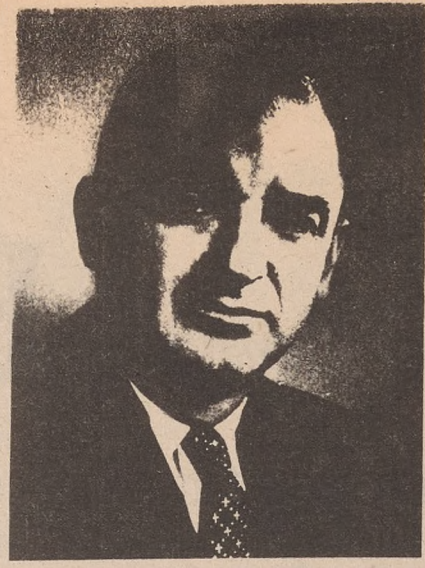
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Each booth approximately 10X10 feet, fully enclosed. Monthly rental fee \$75.00. Contact Mary Jean McDonald in the office, Shopper's Bazaar, top of Valley Road.

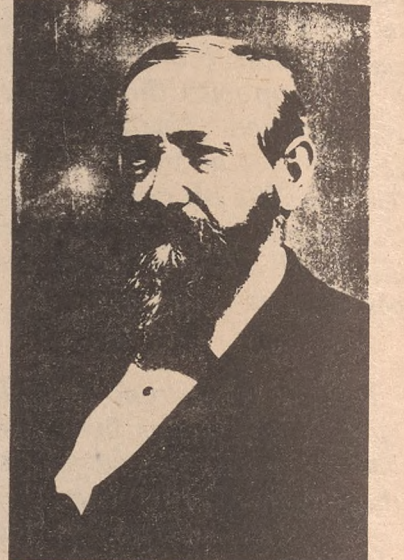
Shopper's Bazaar

top of Valley Road, Reno.

772



The Beatles yesterday and today: Vladimir Lenin, Joe McCarthy, Benjamin Harrison, and Kay Starr.



Beatles Back

New York - It appears that the world's most famous quartet, the Beatles, will be reunited in a special one-night appearance. The group, composed of Vladimir Lenin, Joe McCarthy, Benjamin Harrison, and Kay Starr, have gone their separate ways since 1970 when they last punched each other out.

Now they intend to perform together one more time,

as much for the sheer comradere of it all as for the \$12 million each will receive.

Asked if he wouldn't mind singing one more time with his old mates, Benjamin Harrison echoed the sentiments of the entire group: "Are you out of your friggin' head?? We'll sing our bloody lungs out for 12 mil. Throw in 12 more and we'll dance on our amplifiers."

DEAR PLAYBRUSH

ADDRESS PLAYBRUSH•BOX 8037 UNIVERSITY STATION, RENO, NEVADA 89507

CRANKS A LOT

Editor:

It's me, again, your old pen pal Manual Dexterity, just writing to say you commie bastards have really gone too far this time. After suffering your radical leftist views in the Sagebrush for an entire year, I'm told you intend to publish Playbrush. This is obviously a childish attempt to justify your perfidious despotism through puerile snickers and inane guffaws.

Well, I don't think it's funny at all. You're leading the students over a steep precipice with your head in the sand (mixed metaphor, mine) if you think you can get away with it.

God only knows what schemes your fifth columnists have cooked up. Maybe you'll even write a phony Letter-to-the-Editor and allege that it came from me, hoping that it will show me to be as stupid, ignorant, and illiterate as I really am.

But I'm wise to you guys, and so are the students. They know just what a snotty, conceited cadre you really are. They're not going to laugh.

You want to know what would be funny? You want to know what would get a laugh? It would be funny if a herd of crazed elephants came down from the hills and dumped all over your office. That would be funny. What do you think?

- Manual Dexterity

Ed. note: Up yours, Manual.

APRIL FOOL IN MAY

Editor:

I never thought I'd be writing to the Playbrush. I just can't believe that I would do such a thing. In fact, I'm sure I'm not. If I did, I think I would tell you that I sort of like this Manual Dexterity guy.

- Gerald Ford

Ed. note: If you had, we would have responded, "Up yours, Manual."

CRANKING IT OUT

Editor:

Not much has happened since I last wrote you two hours ago. I'm surprised you haven't been able to irk me in that amount of time. What's up?

- Manual Dexterity

Ed. note: Up yours, Manual.

CRANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Editor:

Thought I'd forgotten you? No way in hell. This time I would just like to point out that you elitists are socialist sappers, and that I support the Postal Service almost single-handedly. Did you know that I send out 500 first-class letters every day? 490 of them to the Sagebrush? It's a strain on my budget, if you want to know. I can only make so much basket-weaving.

You red lackeys may hate my guts, but the Post Office loves me.

- Manual Dexterity

Ed. note: Up yours, Manual.

P.O.—P-O'D

Editor:

This letter is to enquire of your non-receipt of some 13,692 letters which our branch office is holding for you. All are addressed to your box number, but have been marked, presumably by some person or persons on your staff, with the notation, "Return to Sender - No Such Address."

Our branch reports that you do receive mail that is similarly addressed, and is confused about this large unaccepted letters hailing from a certain Manual Dexterity.

The situation has become untenable. Our branch office is becoming overflowed with them. Could you speedily inform me of where we might put them?

- Osgood Fefferhill

Postmaster

Ed. note: Up Manual.

SHORT

Match Of The Century

At a fancy bachelor party, the *bon vivant* gentlemen discovered he had no light for his cigarette. Spying a comely girl clad only in the remnants of a cake, he advanced and inquired, "Got a match?" "Sure," quipped the saucy tart, "your face and my ass."

Peter, It's Peter!

Pete Perriera, sometimes Assistant Dean of Students and director of the activities office, announced yesterday that he was changing his last name. "I haven't decided what to change it to, though," he remarked. "So far, I'm leaning towards Smith, or Jones, or Williams, or Johnson."

Perriera's announcement followed the receipt of a letter from the *Sagebrush*, sometimes campus newspaper, which informed Perriera that since the spelling of his name had "led to the hopeless confusion of *Brush* staffers for years," Perriera had the choice of "changing your name or never seeing yourself in print again."

Robert Kinney, sometimes Associate Dean of Students, was allowed out of his office briefly to comment, "I think it's about time he did it. I can't spell the crazy Portagee's name either."

I Bet

Former ASUN President Pat Archer was hit with a stroke of bad luck yesterday. While working at his new job as a blackjack dealer at a local downtown casino, Archer incredibly dealt 674 losing hands to the patrons at his table. When asked about the extraordinary amount of money he lost for the club, the plucky Archer replied, "Well, it was only two million."

Marking Time

The end was near for Anthony and Cleopatra. The dashing Roman soldier had talked his sensual companion into "once more for old time's sake." Finishing their ardent love-making, Anthony reached for a cigarette. "Got a match?" he asked the oriental beauty. "Sure," she cooed, "your Thrace and my asp."

Sticky Sewage

The Reno City Council in a heated session last night came up with an ingenious solution to a sticky problem. The council voted unanimously to use the university's Manzanita Lake as its sewage disposal area.

Just a few days earlier, the city of Sparks had announced that Reno could no longer lease portions of Sparks' share of usage at the joint waste treatment plant. Sparks mayor, Jim Lillard, claimed that Reno was not adjusting its growth according to the facilities available at the overburdened treatment center.

After hours of lengthy and often bitter discussion, a motion to declare war on Sparks was tabled. Carl Bogart, Reno mayor and avocational clown, then suggested that all the effluent could economically be dumped into Manzanita Lake. The council was quick to agree. A motion passed unanimously and the council members—with a look of relief on their faces—adjourned to nearby restrooms. Said Bogart upon emerging, "I don't believe there will be any stink about it at all. Have you seen that filthy water lately? No one will ever notice."



Demonstration Match

It wasn't only the anti-war demonstration that was getting hot-and-bothered on a Saturday afternoon. One of the city's finest was having a hard time paying attention to business. Across from him was a buxom young protestor wearing a tight "Ho Chi Minh Is Gonna Win" tee-shirt, without a bra. Taking a cigarette, he approached her. "Got a match?" he asked. "Sure," she whispered passionately, "your mace and my sass."



Pssst, Hey Meester...

Heard a good one lately? We'll just bet you have, idiot. If you feel you must send it to us, then write it on the back of a tasmanian devil, and mail the animal to: Short Sh*ts Party Jokes, Box 8037, University Station, Reno, Nevada, 89507. Socko jokes will be plagiarized as our own.

SH*TS

ZZZZ

Dr. Raphael de Bluntschli-Hoffmanthel will deliver a three hour talk Wednesday night on the topic, "Why Education is Boring." Jointly sponsoring the 7-10 p.m. lecture in the Mines building attic will be the Campus Insomniac Club, and the University Association of Hyperkinetics.

Made For It

Washington- Jack Reinhardt, former ASUN Vice-president of Finance and Publications, was listed among those accepted to the research staff of the United States Supreme Court. Reinhardt will assume assistant editorial duties in the publications department. Apparently, Reinhardt's new chores will include editing and publishing the court's decisions on all freedom-of-the-press cases.

Merge And Merriment

Max Milam, President of UNR announced plans yesterday afternoon of a proposed merger between the university and United States Steel. The move came as no surprise to those in the market.

"Hell," commented a USS representative, "we've been sending the biggest nuts we make up there every year. We decided to merge for the interchangeable parts."

Matches

Our *Playbrush* Unacceptable Dictionary defines *match* as: 1) any person or thing equal or similar to another; 2) a counterpart or facsimile; 3) your face and my ass.

F You

Students who took a freshman 100-level course this semester are in for a bit of a shock. According to informed sources in the Admissions and Records Office, the computer which records and processes all university grades "developed a small bug." It seems the computer unaccountably translates a digit in the 100's to be a command to insert "F."

An understandably unnamed official at the computing center described the computer's reaction after it receives the course code for a freshman level class. "Well, first it falls violently to the ground, then sings various pieces to Puccini's *La Boheme*; it gasps, it grunts, then settles down and reads a small paperback by Vonnegut. After it's finished a chapter, it whirrs two or three times and then inserts an "F" grade after the 100 course number."

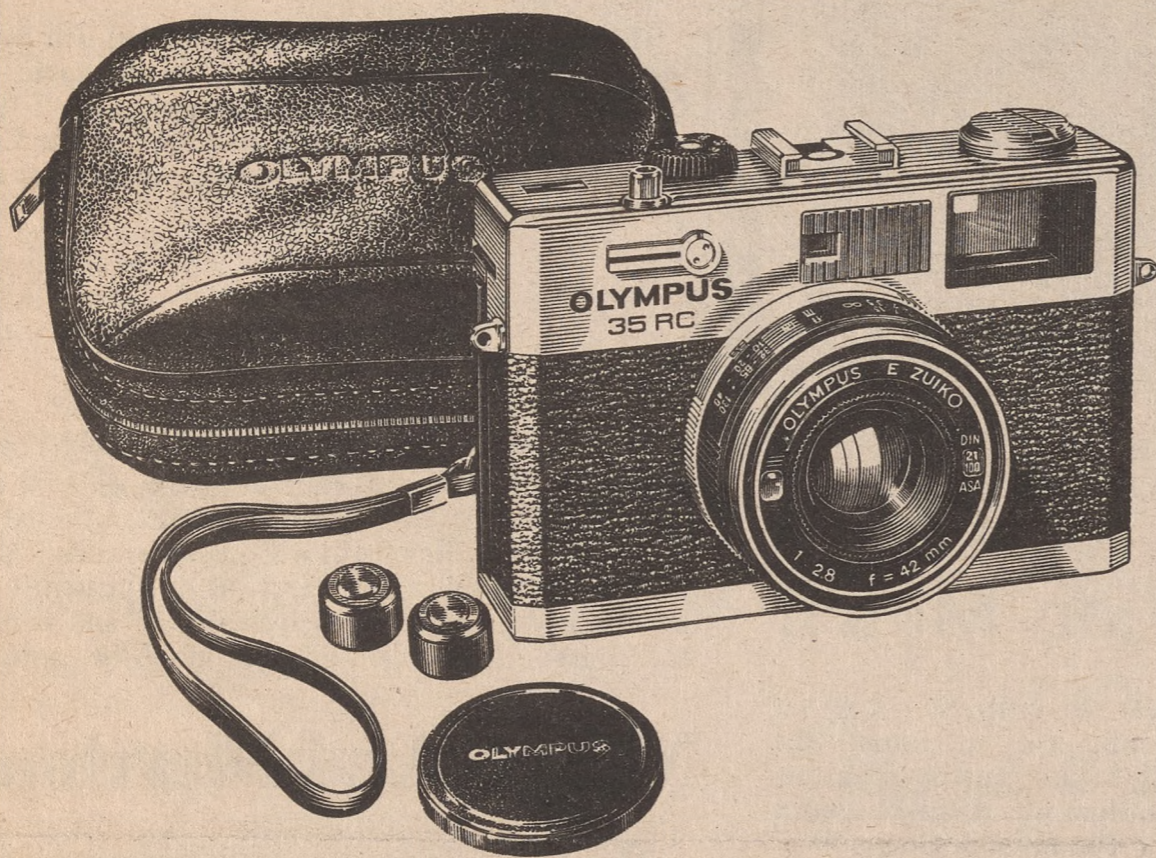
This information was not supposed to be released until after final grades had appeared on Friday, but due to the conscientious efforts of a *Sagebrush* staffer who was trying to illegally and unethically alter some failing grades, the problem was discovered.

"We've called in several repairmen," the unnamed source continued, but it looks as if the machine—at least in this respect—is irreparably damaged." He declared that the university administration has "little choice" in the matter. "We certainly can't scrap an expensive piece of equipment like that, so it appears the students will just have to keep the F's. Luckily these are only freshman level courses, so most of the students will have three years to raise their GPA."

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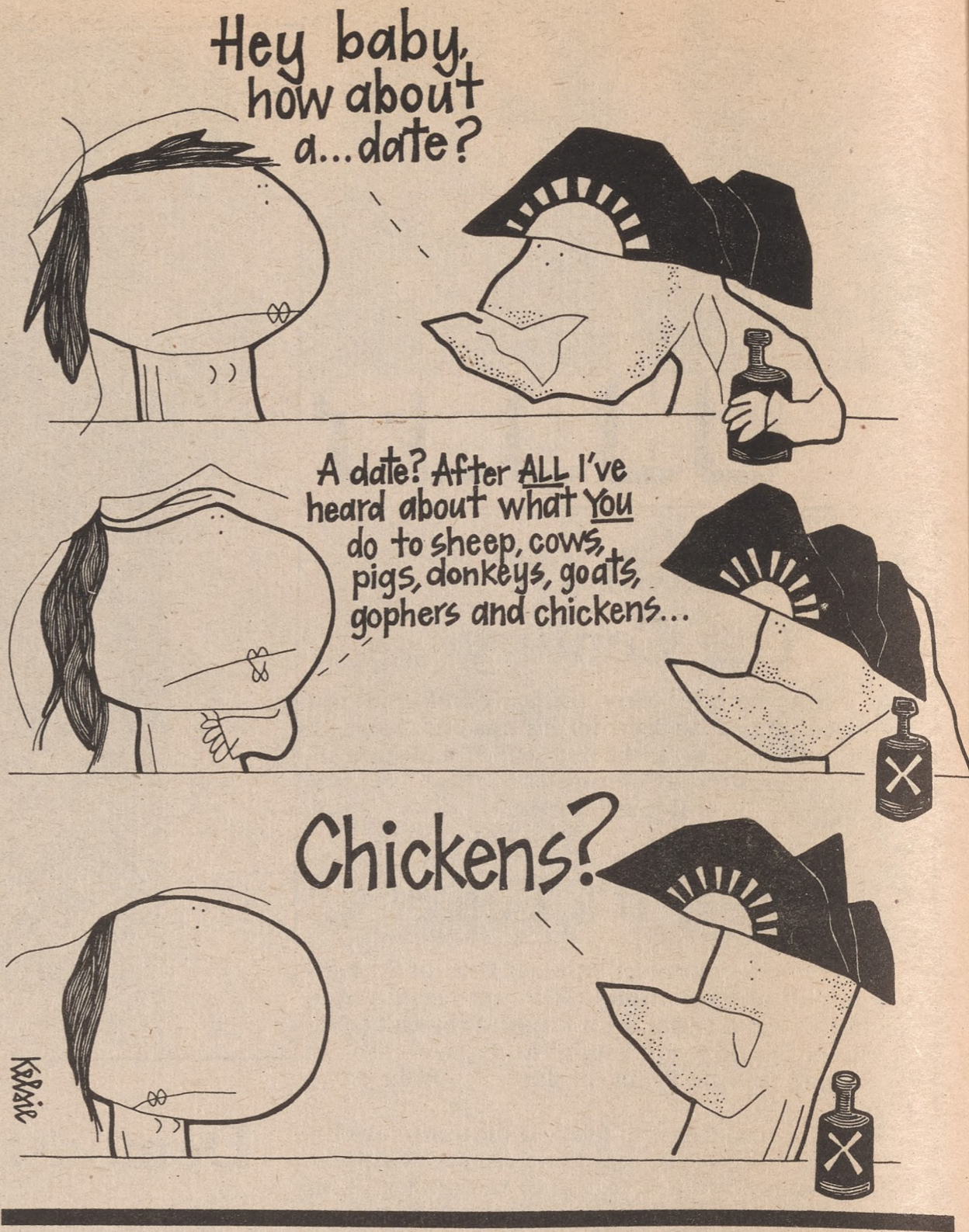
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Homosexual Article: Fruits In Nevada

COMING LATER
MUCH LATER



from your

Government In-Excusable

B.F.D. Kruegechev

Today's column is dedicated to the Motel 6 in Winnemucca, Nevada, where I have spent the last 64 Saturday nights playing a guitar for a bunch of red-necks.

Without a doubt, this year at UNR has been one of my best. I have thoroughly enjoyed boring all of you, I am sure I won't be missed when I don't appear next fall.

The reason for my not-so-sudden departure to the big city is complex. To begin with, the Getchell Library has forgotten why they hired me and so my contract has been terminated. That wasn't so bad I figured, there's always the Sagebrush to keep me in the money.

But, that's when the trouble started. First, the new editor told me that my writing was boring everyone and that if I wanted to continue for the Sagebrush, I would have to change my style.

Well you know what they say about old dogs and new tricks, and since I am getting too old to be a dog, I told the editor: No, no way in hell am I going to change my style. One thing led to another, and now I don't have a job.

So, my next stop is the Big Apple, good old New York City. Why would anyone want to go to NYC you ask? Basically I'd rather starve there than here. At least there they tolerate the unemployed, here it's an all-night stand for your food stamps.

I feel NYC has a lot to offer me. It wasn't enough getting rejected by every magazine this side of the Rockies. I've got to go there and see it for myself. It will save them a stamp.

Yes, I'm going -- for good.

Since there has never been any excuse for my writing, I think it's time I got a few things off of my chest. This is something I've wanted to talk about for a long time. It's women. Yes, women. If there's one thing in this whole world that I can't get along with, it's women. I like dogs, communists, socialists, and I can even tolerate kids, but these women. My God. Do you know what they do to me? Every day, day in and day out it's the same when I'm with a woman. "Take out the trash" they say, "Go get me a doughnut," they say. Orders, orders, orders, that's all I ever hear. There's just no excuse for it.

Another thing that's been bothering me for some time now is this campus. It's terrible. No matter how many times I take a coffee break (which is considerable), I still can find only one restaurant in which I can eat and drink coffee. There's just no excuse for it.

Before I leave you, one more bitch. This one may strike home with a lot of you, and for that reason I think it's legitimate. Why is it that these damn state employees spend so little time at their jobs? Have you ever tried to find Max Milam in his office? Have you ever tried to find Mike O'Callahan or Pete Perriera in theirs? Have you ever tried to find Bruce Krueger in his? Simply no excuse.

Well, this is really it, campers. Some day you just might see my name in the big time. I figure where there's a will there's a way. Some day we may pass trails again, until then find an excuse.

Filmic Commentary In Perspective

David Z. Barnett, Howling

Movies are better than ever this year. And so is the Filmic Commentary on them. That's my opinion, anyway. Nobody argues with me about it, probably because they stopped reading me in October. I remember when I used to receive three pounds of hate mail every day. I could even be standing in a crowd and someone would always recognize me. "Aren't you David Z. Barnett?" a person would ask. I'd answer yes, and the person would spit on my shoe. But that doesn't happen anymore. Oh, for the good old days!

Since nobody's reading this, I thought I would amuse myself this week by joining the raging debate going on in the film world. The controversy centers around the question: "What is the most important occupation in the film industry? The director? The producer? The screenwriter? The actor?" The answer is quite simple. Obviously, the most important occupation in the film industry is the critic. You can have critics without films, but you can't have films without critics.

Because the film critics are the mainstay of the motion picture industry, I will shortly review the criteria I use to evaluate a film. The first question I always ask myself is "Did I fall asleep?" Critics tend to be

dull personalities, so this question is frequently asked by themselves, not only in movies, but at parties, on the subway, and while parachuting out of Goodyear blimps. As for myself, I'm quite liable to dose off during a chase scene, a sex scene, a murder scene, or a punchline. I've discovered that the sooner I fall asleep, the more artistic, and therefore worthy, the film. That's one reason Nashville rates such high merit. I was miles into dreamland before they even finished running the credits. In fact, so was the rest of the audience.

The second question I ask myself is "How good is the popcorn?" You can't have a good movie with bad popcorn.

If you're still with me, the third question I ask is "Are there any single girls in the audience?" And, if so, "Would they accompany me to the back row and make a little whoopee?" The few times I've answered yes to these questions were the most enjoyable moments I've ever spent in a theater. I'd heartily recommend the films that led to these enchanting evenings, except I didn't see any of them and, consequently, I've forgotten which ones they were.

The films in town this week are nothing less than extravagant, since that's what you have to be to afford the admission prices. The popcorn gets generally high ratings

this week, too. The films I will review are playing currently at the Rialto 4, Rialto 7, and the Rialto 11B, (seating capacity for each: 3).

Barry Lyndon is a visually beautiful film that captures the poignant moments in the leisurely-paced 1964 election. The political up-and-downs are portrayed in an anti-linear fashion because the film broke into a thousand pieces last week and was spliced together by, I assume, a team of orangutangs. Because of this, many local critics have objected to its plot, claiming it has no goal. Statements such as these, however, prove their total ignorance, for do presidential elections have any goal? Of course not.

The same political film genre is also well-represented by the filmic masterpiece, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, which impressionistically sketches the last days of the Nixon administration. It is told from the unique perspective of a politically naive bluebird.

Finally, a wonderful cinematic delight can be found in *Dog Day Afternoon*. On a hot summer's day a pack of dogs gather, become frenzied with desire, and engage in humanality.

The viewer must always be alert to the subtle but piercing philosophic ironies which are to be found in this film's dialogue. As an example, when Fido brazenly demands of Spot, "R-r-roof, R-r-roof," the timorous and psychologically upset Spot, unsure of her sexuality, can only give in: "Yipeyipeyipe! Pant-pant-pant, Aaaooohh!"

Though *Dog Day Afternoon* is nothing less than the definitive comment on the Jungian archetypal dilemma, director Peter Dogvonabitch thankfully gives the audience delicate touches of comedy which relieves us from the mental tension caused by the preceding dramatic scenes. The best of these comic interludes occurs when the canines attempt to heist a Kal-Kan factory.

As one can see, this will be a week of films to be remembered. I, for one, intend to stay home and watch television.



Barry Lyndon



This column
is rated "X"
for
exasperating



Is This Man Smiling?

Stone Fox Lady

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" That's the question we asked our May gatefold, Venus DeMilo. She responds in that perky, peevish manner of hers that she "took a wrong turn in Albuquerque." Miss DeMilo, Greek by birth and recently moved from Paris, is now attending the University of Nevada at Reno where she is a sophomore. She finds the campus life there "fast and exciting." Her favorite pastime is watching the university's Manzanita Lake evaporate. The lake can be a stimulating place all right, especially when visited by knock-outs like our May gatefold. But Manzanita Lake has other advantages, too. "It only has ducks and a couple of swans, so it's a hell of a lot better than the downtown parks. There all the crumbly pigeons mistake me for a statue. It takes me hours to clean up afterwards."



One good look at Miss DeMilo and you'll understand why all the UNR males say she's built like a ton of bricks.

It's strange that a European girl from a big city like Paris would find fulfillment in a small-time neon cesspit like Reno. But when you've been couped up for years on end in the Louvre, we guess anything must be an improvement.

Venus is an art major at Nevada, concentrating in three-dimensional forms. "I guess I've always wanted to get into sculpture," she muses. "You could say it's been my whole life." And our May dream girl has progressed rather well so far, having molded plaster of paris into such interesting shapes as meatballs, rough gravel, and hardened plaster of paris. Now she's into making vases and the like, and is becoming quite adept at it. For example, she's been working for months now on a fine set of jugs.

Keeping Them At Arm's Length

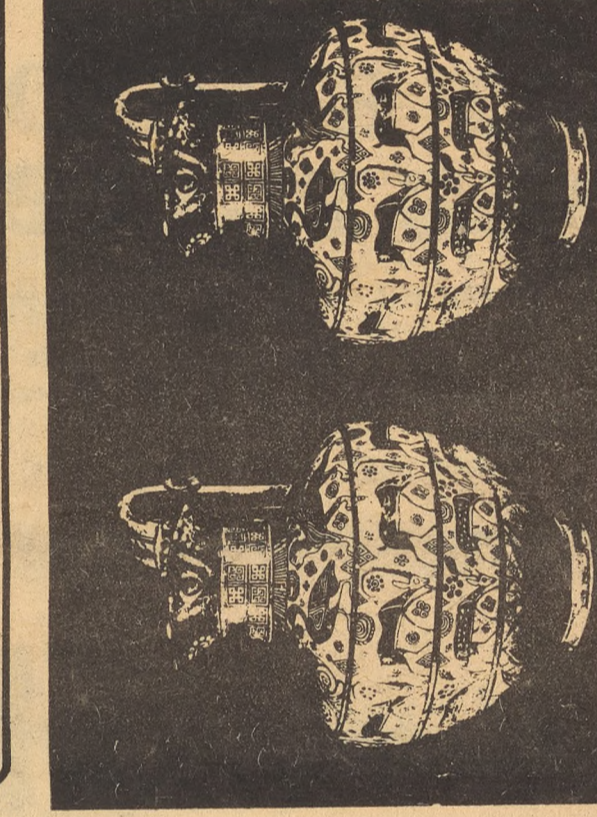
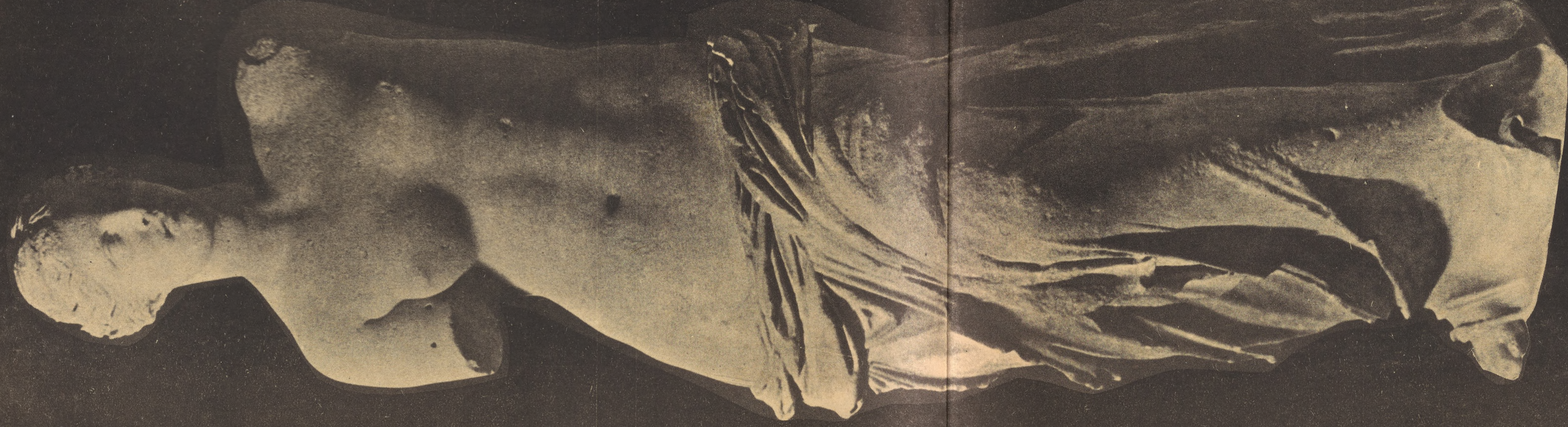
What does she think of the college men at UNR? "They're just one step below a male moose in rutting season," she quips. Finding it difficult to fend off their amorous advances by normal means, Miss May has developed a technique all her own. "If they try to get cutesy, I just fall on them. Crush them flat. Like a pancake."

But don't think for a moment that our love goddess is made of stone. No way. She's been looking sometime now for Mr. Right, and it appears she's found him. But we'll let Venus tell the story:

"I was just walking across campus one day when I see this pigeon flying hell-bent out of nowhere. I was ready to scam out of there but fast. The pigeon ignored me, though, and flew straight towards the school of mines building. *That's* when I saw him.

PLAYBRUSH'S PLAYMEAT OF THE MONTH

MISS MAY



An accomplished student in art and sculpture, our May gatefold is justifiably proud of her jugs.

"He was really outasite! One of those strong silent types, like Gary Cooper. All he does is stare out over the quad towards the *Sagebrush* office in Morrill Hall. I'm surprised he's not bored to death. But that's all he does. Day in, day out.

"It was three weeks before he told me his name was John. John F. Mackay. He told me he used to be a miner. But he's more conscious about his cleanliness now. Some workers scrub him down every May.

"I know it doesn't sound like it, but we've got a lot in common. He's so marvey, really."

Thus cupid triumphs again. And our beautiful Venus feels more secure now, as well. If any of the slobbering campus lechers become overbearingly obnoxious, she just whistles for John who runs quickly to her aid. "He just falls on them. Squisshh! Flatter than a pancake!"



A Free Way

The Max Milam Memorial Freeway was completed this week. The four-lane highway bisects the university campus from Clark Administration to the Recreation Building.

"Now I can take the freeway right to the door of my office," Milam said. "It really decreases the travel time for getting from one end of campus to the other."

Chief of Police Keith Shumway is also happy with the opening of the freeway. "Now we can justify our high speed vehicles," he remarked. He noted that the university will probably gain \$10,000 a year from ticketing speeders through campus. He said the proceeds will be used to build bigger and better freeways on UNR.

Horn Eats It

Reno- A special team of oral surgeons has been called into this small resort community on one of the most bizarre cases in medical history. Yesterday morning, according to eyewitness accounts, UNR yearbook editor, Bob Horn, had sat down to his usual large breakfast of brains and eggs at a local squeeze-in, when he suddenly fell down gagging. Uninterested doctors later confirmed that Horn had swallowed a large metal object which lodged in the "soft-spoken, bearded young giant's" throat.

According to his inconspicuous friends, this isn't the first time Horn has been struck with such a problem.

"There's almost always something in his mouth," said Eddy Lockwood, Horn's erstwhile business partner. "Sometimes a finger or a foot," the laid-back Lockwood reminisced, "but usually a popsicle."

As of this printing, Horn had chewed up a microphone, bit into a metal object inside a popsicle, and consumed more than his share of flak.

Officials have determined that the object in Horn's throat is a medium-sized monkey wrench. They believe it fell, or was maliciously put into his brains and went unnoticed until the tragic gulp.

Aside from the physical discomfort, Horn must also contend with a lawsuit from the American Brotherhood of Plumbers local which is suing to get back its wrench.

Horn, however, doesn't seem to be bothered by the whole affair. On his way to speech therapy class he was reported by witnesses to have waved and said, "Geeeth, thhhiss uuuughst maa throgght!"

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RECORDS

Book Review

Book Review
The Wonderful World of Moth Eating
by M. Potosky
Jupiter Publishers
Delano, California

\$.95



The Wonderful World of Moth Eating is as rare a delight as you will ever find in modern literature. Nowhere is the joy of moth-eating so carefully explored and explained, so easily digested as in this book by Morris Potosky. Together the author and the reader discover the many species of moths, how to collect the little buggers, how to prepare the appetizing fare for family and friends, and how to fit the "moth meal" into your weekly household budget.

Without a doubt, Potosky's book will rank in the top of all connoisseurs' lists in readability, completeness, and aftertaste.

Chapter One opens with a description of the world of the moth. We follow its little trail through the early stages of puberty and adolescence, thus seeing how the moth becomes the delectable delight he is. Potosky clearly delineates the eatables from the non-eatables: which is good for stew, and which for roast. He also tells us the best time when to collect the little bastards and the best places to find them.

One particular moth Potosky spares no detail in describing, is the common household moth, *Homo mothisisi*. This moth can be found in nearly any stuffy attic, closed closet, or basement. *Homo mothisisi*, we learn, is easily recognizable by its lavender-paisley wings.

The bulk of the book concerns itself with the author's recipes. Included are Moth crepes, wing fur soup and Moth sans bullion.

This book is, all-in-all, one of the greatest non-achievements of the last two days. If you're dumb enough to put out a hard-earned buck for this book, then you deserve to read it.

ROUND IN CIRCLES

Bird Brain

Hello to all you out there!!! This is the Birdbrain once again (Yes, the Bird has flown back into his coop, where hopefully he'll chirp on and on forever and ever, Amen!), and again all you cats (I hate cats!) will complain in your nasty little feline letters, but more importantly all you fellow birdbrains (Those who don't disagree with me) will again gain supreme pleasure and joy from the little pieces of humility I can bring you each week. (Whew, that was a long sentence!?!). And who do we have to thank for it all??? Yes, Mom, who brought you me.

As many of you may remember, at one time I treated you to the "Ethical Prohibitions" of the critic (Mr. Barnett and Mr. Zee never did listen to me! Filmic! Filmic! Filmic! Oh, how I love that word! I whisper it to the darkness which surrounds my bed each night, tee-heeing quietly.). Two of the prohibitions were "never review the work of a friend" and "never, never review your own ideas instead of the artist's." Well, I've broken the first so many times that here I relish in reviewing my closest and dearest friend, and I won't have to worry about the second since there is no artist involved.

This review is dedicated to me.

+++++

Who can know the Bird better than the Bird??? I've spent my whole life listening to and delighting in his chirpings. We first met in a romantically darkened, smoke-filled maternity ward, so common to the hospitals of the Garden State, New Jersey. Impressed as I was then, we have grown even closer, and I can truthfully say that our relationship grows with each day.

This year of course is 1981. The Bird is scheduled for his first appearance at UNR in five years. The jammed gym anticipates his appearance. A quiet rumble ransacks the edifice; a sweet scent floats to the ceiling's beams.

A thunder cries. The Bird's leg has been seen peeking out from backstage. Girls scream in wild, unadulterated joy (The leg is quickly withdrawn.)! Minutes later the Bird appears, almost crushed under the flay of grabbing arms. He steps back and calmly rolls a cigarette. Teenyboppers crawl onto the stage but are kicked in the face by the Bird's security guards. Relentlessly they try and try again (Until they fall that is.). (Later the Bird remarked to himself: "Jesus, I thought they were going to claw me to death, feather by feather. The Activities Board is still missing the act. All these little freaks around!")

The audience quieted. The mood was now set. The Bird's smoke was lit. He began. The first piece was from his renowned book, *The Art of Music Above All Other Arts*. For an hour and a half, the Bird talked on, his baritone voice spreading tremors throughout his captivated audience. All were enhanced by the philosophy of music. All were moved to the point of tears.

His second and last piece (my personal favorite) was an original, titled *The Birdbrain and the Sagebrush: A personal dialogue*. His finale was to lead a cheer which rang the structure, shaking its walls.

"Burn the 'Brush! Burn the 'Brush! Sieg Hiel, Sieg Hiel!" came the glorious cheer.

"At last, oh, at last!" the Bird thought. Nonchalantly, he beamed from ear to ear. "Oh, what an audience you are!!!" he cried into the microphone. "Let's burn the activities office too, the Dirty Rotten Filth!"

Torches were passed around. The audience, engulfed in emotion, joined the campaign and surged across campus in a gigantic lighted wave led by the Bird. Very Religious, if I say so myself.

+++++

Chirp notes: So here I am at last receiving my Just Reward! In common cause, we've established the new campus communications: *The Chirp Call*. The Activities and Publications Boards have fallen. The ASUN is crumbling, and the Board of Regents shake in their boots. *We Shall Overcome! We Shall Overcome!*

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GUATEMALLO GETS THE CHAIR

Things To Blink About

Paul Guatemallo

* Does it bother anyone that New York is in New York?

* It seems the Board of Regents have another case of mistaken identity on their hands. The last time they held a meeting in Reno, they couldn't find the campus. "Too many ditches and hard-hats," one was quoted as saying. Perhaps the Board was a little hasty with all that campus improvement. After all, there's only one university in Reno.

* Isn't there?

* Is there?

* Speaking of Reno, I certainly enjoy this fine city. Take its magnificent art for example. There's a beautiful series of paintings now showing in the coffee shop at the Horseshoe Club, not to mention the wonderful artwork to be found on the walls of most Men's rooms. Plus, I understand the city will hold a show of antique water meters in the park next summer.

* Now that the elections are over and done with, I sure wish people would lay off this business about my column causing Pawl Hollis's and Jack Reinhardt's defeat. Actually, we've become good friends. Sometimes I wonder why they keep trying to run me over, though.

* Frequently I find myself doubting that you ever think about what I'm trying to say. Somehow I feel you're not really paying attention. You must try to visualize the problems surrounding you. **STOP. PUT DOWN THE PAPER NOW AND VISUALIZE THE PROBLEMS. I MEAN YOU, MISTER. GODDAMNIT, NOW!!**

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Announcements

TODAY

- 8 a.m.—Sunrise Service, Dave Lake's office, Union.
- 3 p.m.—Wolfpack Men's Skipping Team vs. Orvis Ring Grade School, Under the ASUN Dome.
- 7 p.m.—Sundowner reorganizational meeting, Lil' Wall.
- 8 p.m.—"What the Butler didn't See," sequence to "What the Butler Saw," CFAT.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th

- Noon—John Mackay Bird-doo Committee, meet at John Mackay Statue.
- 2 p.m.—Lecture: Dr. I.C. Fleshly, "The Mechanical Analysis with Mathematical Theories as applied to the Disjunction of the Elastic Brassiere and the Human Female, with Special Emphasis placed upon Energy Released," Scrotum Engineering.
- 4:30 p.m.—Publications Board, Bonfire, Morrill Hall.
- 7 p.m.—SAE House Meeting, Travis Lounge, Union.
- 7 p.m.—ASUN Senate, Travis Lounge, Union.



"Oh, Harry.....Don't tease the boy with his dessert."

Bwana

"Our Man" Moretan

First I want to thank the editor of *Playbrush* for inviting me to write this column in UNR's annual display of pimply-faced adolescent wit. The truth is if it were told which I have no intention of doing -- I only write these dumb columns for beer and vodka money (Smirnoff). Let's face it, it's a bitch to try to think of something that won't offend twice a week -- not that I really believe anyone other than the staff and my only two friends read this column -- or the paper.

Come to think of it, I don't think many of us on this campus can read -- or write. I've read the handwriting on the walls of the toilets over at The Library. Me and Grant went in the girls' john one night. The only thing the males hate more than socialism is "colored people"; and the only thing they like more than discussing elimination processes is off-road vehicles. I don't know about the chicks -- somebody started screaming and me and Grant had to split.

"Colored People" -- that's the new word I've added to my vocabulary since I've been in Nevada. Some guy in a bar was telling me how much he loved "Colored People" -- seems he had one to play with when he was a kid. I couldn't help but wonder as I sat there, what color his was.

After a few drinks and a lot of tolerance, he even favored me with some "colored jokes" -- I mean how damn broad-minded can you be, a regular paragon of interracial understanding. The Watermelon one really floored our fellow imbibers -- it almost floored him too, but I was cool. (I don't care what the myth says, one of us can't beat twenty of the other variety. If you don't believe me just look at Boston). I mean, what's so funny about a "colored man" going out and buying a parrot and trying to teach it how to talk by saying over and over, "Polly wanna cracker? Polly wanna Cracker?" The barstool pundit claims the parrot, tired of being harangued, turned and said, "No ***** wanna a watermelon?" You can supply your own oedipal expletive and ethnic slur.

The drunker this race relations expert got the more off-color his "colored people" jokes became. I finally got up and left when he told the one about the two colored guys urinating off the Golden Gate bridge. One said, "Man this water is cold!" And the other one said, "Yeah, and the bottom is rough, too." And by the way, NO, I don't play basketball; we don't have running bones in our legs; and most of us in the winter time don't carry a slice of watermelon in our attache cases!

I am seriously expecting one of these days for a teacher to say in class, "Mr. Moretan, would you please stand up sir. We are not going to ask you for a doctoral thesis, but instead would you mind doing a few songs and a little dance for us?"

"Colored People" - that's the new word I've added to my vocabulary since I've been in Nevada.

As for the complaints about my column. Well, you know where you can go. Yes, I do like sounding pedantic -- makes people think I know what I'm talking about. And Yes, I do believe in God. God is white, male, clean-shaven, crewcut, five-foot-six, between nine-and one-half to thirteen billions years old, slightly deaf with cataracts in both eyes, three coarse hairs coming out of each nostril and ear, slightly senile, and he's drunk on Thunderbird wine, mutters incoherently to himself while he sits in the alley behind a casino gunning his pickup truck and directing the angels of the streets to the next john.

No, I am not a Male Chauvinist Sexist Fig. I firmly believe wenchens are equal to and as competant as colored people, Indians, cow pies, and buffalo chips -- as long as they all stay in their places.

And if there is anyone I missed insulting, then my having missed is a comment on your human significance.



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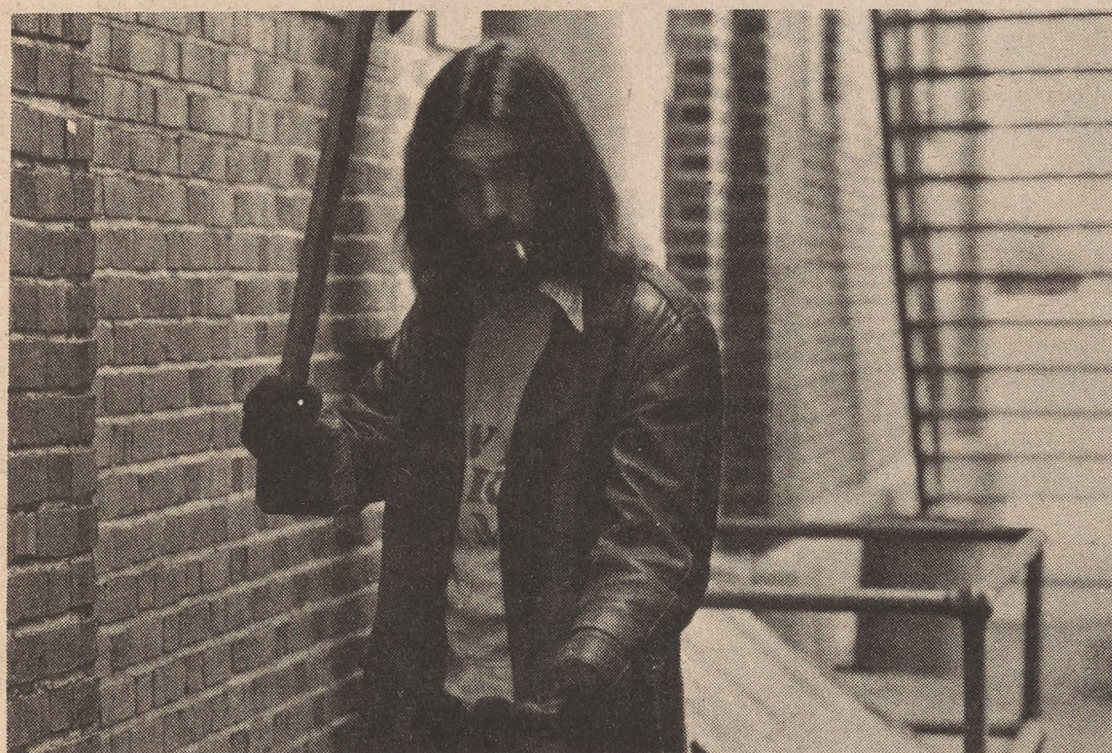
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....unless you help.

No one in his right mind would go to New York these days without a per.ny. Not even little Bruce Krueger. New York City has always been expensive, and this fact, coupled with its current financial problems, can prove quite a deterrent to any would-be immigrant. These days, a New York resident needs a substantial bankroll just to be destitute.

That's where you fit in. You can prevent little Bruce Krueger and others like him, from ending up in a life of crime: mugging, thievery, and the like.

You say it's not your problem? Well, up yours, it is. What happens after little Bruce Krueger picks New York clean and then returns to pillage Reno? You'd better give, idiot. Give til it hurts.

United Krueger Appeal

United Krueger Appeal...Box 8037...Univ.Stat....Reno...89507

Yes I'm a bleeding heart liberal who's filled with pity for this poor misfortunate Sagebrush staffer. Besides, I would just like to get him out of Reno anyway. Please accept my contribution of:

\$1 \$5 \$10 \$20

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM CREDIT

Front page, BFK; Rabbit photo, GSD. Page 2, Brushbill, BFK. Page 3, Hughes Interview, DSA. Page 4, Beatles, BFK; Dear Playbrush, BFK. Page 5, Short Shits, BFK, RSA; Photo, RGH; Playgirl, LJW. Page 6, Gov't In-Excusable, RSA; Photo, E.J.L.; Cartoon, KTH. Page 7, Filmic Commentary, BFK; Dog photo, TT; Barry Lyndon, adapted from U.P.I. photos. Page 8-9, BFK; DeMillo photo adapted, GSD. Page 10, Horn story, RSA; Free Way, DLG; Playbrush ad, BFK. Page 11, Book review, RSA; Circles, KAP; Deep Jaws, BFK; Patty Hearst, HAA; Things, RSA; Announcements, KAP; photo E.J.L. Page 13, Bwana, HAA; Cartoon, LJW. Page 14, Dome, DLG; Groin, BFK; Ad, BFK. Page 15, Sports, BFK, RSA; Photo, GSP. Back page 10, BFK, LJW, GSD.

OOPS, also: Page 2, Cartoon, JJK; and Page 3, Photos, CAO. Page 14, Photo, DCM. Page 15, photo, EVD.

Dumb Dome

The ASUN Senate today approved plans to spend student fees for the development of a dome that will cover the whole campus.

The student senators were convinced by local businessmen that the luni-dome provides many benefits for the entire university community, as well as the general public.

One downtown representative said, "Finally, the students will be able to travel between classes without getting soaked in the common Nevada torrential rains."

When asked how the community will benefit from the dome, another representative said, "We would like to maintain our unique relationship with the university. By installing the dome, we are able to ensure complete protection from the luni's up there."

Eight billion dollars of the dome will be financed by the students, with a fee increase of \$20 a credit, effective immediately.

Against the Groin

Dentist Myass



Hello there, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea, this is Dentist Myass (® 1976 PAT. PEND.), lone liberal in the state of Nevada, ready to continue the third part in a three-part series entitled, "The Press Is Full Of Crap." Tonight's subject is me. Now I want to know who of you out there think Myass is full of crap. You've got ten seconds to respond...

I'm waiting...

Sorry. Time's up. Since you did not reply, I can only conclude that you, as well as I, do not believe this horrid allegation. Thus we may state confidently that while NBC, CBS, ABC, and the entire newsprint media are full of crap, Myass is not.

The process of liberal democracy works in many wondrous ways.

Rather than fill the rest of this column with my usual blather, I think I will quote at length from the **Congressional Record**. This may seem like a waste of time to you, but it isn't—I get paid by the inch...

No! Wait! No, ladies! That was not a sexist joke! I swear it! I don't say things like that! I put out nice women supplements and responsible ads! Please! Don't hit me! Don't hit me! Aaaagghhhh!

Crazy broads...

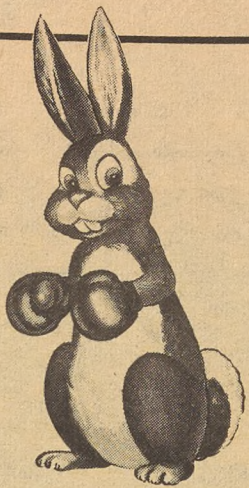
I guess you're wondering who my political pick-to-click is this year. Well, it's Morris Udall. Believe me, I'm going to work just as long and hard for him as I did for McGovern. And I told him so when I saw him. He's such a great guy, he told me that it was really kind of me to be so committed, but that I really shouldn't bother. I insisted though.

You know? Udall's wit has been compared to Will Rogers'. I can see it: he sure is a funny fellow. He kept suggesting that I go out and work for Carter. Boy, what a wit.

Udall's a great statesman, too. I admire him. I even named my cat after him. Long after the world has spurned me, and I sit down on the ashes of ruin, forlornly picking away at my boils, my faithful cat—Morris—will be at my side. My sole comfort in a disparaging world. Myass and Morris forever and ever unto eternity! Morris loves me. He really does.



PLAYBRUSH SPURTS



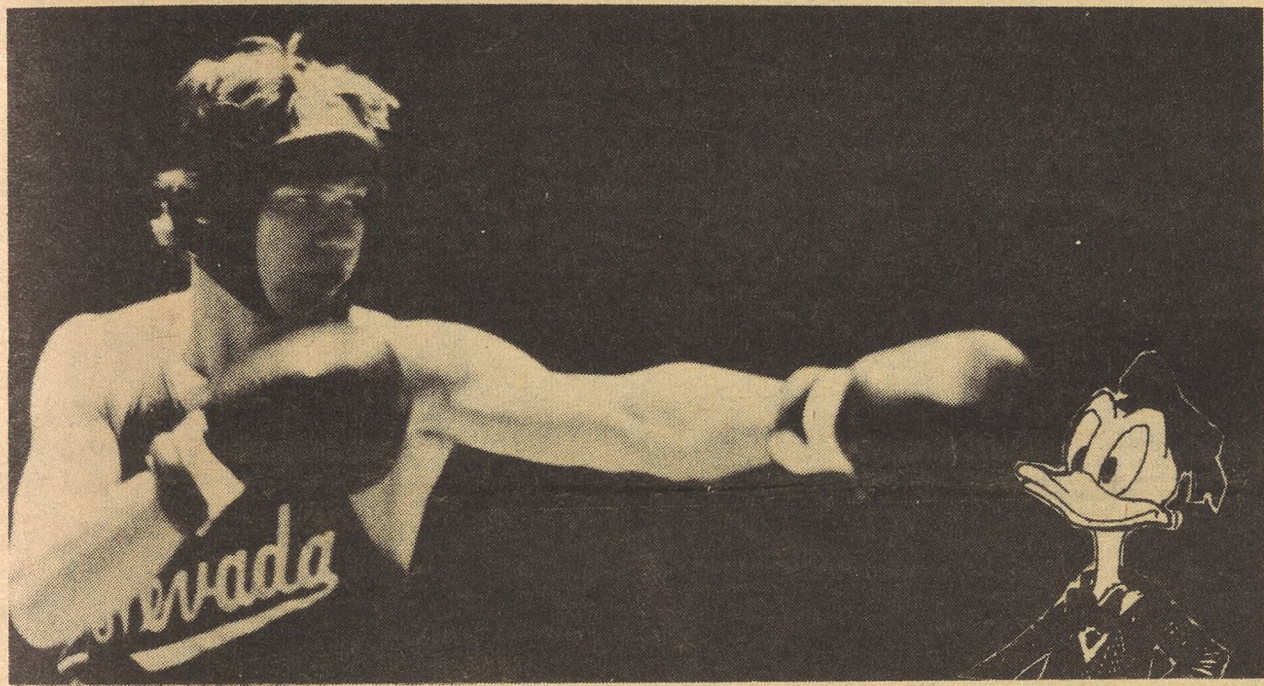
New Look

The "New Look" in Nevada football is rapidly taking shape, according to Chris Ault, head coach for the Wolf Pack. "The first thing that had to be done was instill some pride in these lummoxes. I don't want people to confuse our lard-asses up here with those down on the other campus in Vegas. I mean, down there are SOB's and those are real dandy letters, but up here we got genuine sons-of-bitches."

One thing Ault insists upon is complete training. "Each ballplayer must be able to

utter the words 'duh' and 'ask da coach' with some degree of verbal alacrity. The next step is to train the player to recognise that while his uniform is blue, the opposing team will wear one of another color. You don't know how tricky that little detail can be," observes Ault.

If everything goes according to plan, Ault predicts that by season's end his players might even be able to find the field on their own." (See related story)



Sock My Duck

The varsity boxing team easily out-maneuvered its competitor from Manzanita Lake last night in several rigorous training sessions. "Those Manzanita Ducks are no match for my boys," said boxing coach Jim Olivas.

The punch-drunk UNR team easily KO'd five mallards, three canadian geese, one irritable swan, and several assorted sparrows. "Next week, if they practice real hard," promised Olivas, "I'm going to let them loose on their shadows."

Pound For Pound

UNR's men's grommet-pounding team came away with top honors last Tuesday, in the Greater Atlanta Grommet-pounding Championships.

Four UNR undergrads pounded their way into the final competition, but it was the efforts of one member that put UNR in the record books.

Lou Hammarhed, a sophomore majoring in peatmoss cultivation, showed everyone that he was the best when he pounded 983 grommets in less than two hours to finish far ahead of the crowd.

Hammarhed's time was 1:58:56 and during the course of his ordeal he used 14 hammers and over 345 yards of cloth. Officials refused to comment on how his performance will match up to the international competition to be held next week in Bogata, Columbia.

Apparently Hammarhed wasn't the only UNR student to break a record. George Beetup, a junior, finished in 1:59:30 to edge out 19 other competitors in the day-long event.

Beetup's time was second only to Hammarhed's. For their efforts, these two will be given 67 cases of their favorite grommets to take home as well as a check for \$5.00. Asked what he would do with his grommets, Hammarhed replied that the price of brass is up 65% in Bogata and he would like to invest his grommets there.

Beetup is not selling though. His plans include a trip to Kennecott Copper in Ely and a short vacation in the Mackay Mines building.

Whatever the case both are names to watch in the future.

Nude Look

Sensing his initial strategy was a total washout, Wolf Pack head coach Chris Ault yesterday unveiled an alternate plan which he labelled, the "Nude Look." The primary thrust of the plan has been a vigorous recruitment plan. "We can't go on forever sending the same stupid bimbo's out on the field," said Ault. "That's why I personally recruited my new star quarterback from the Purple Pussycat Lounge in San Francisco."

The new recruit in question is 21 year-old Bubbles LaRue. Weighing in at a hefty 110 lbs., Bubbles seems to give Ault the confidence that she can withstand the rigors of today's intercollegiate athletics.

"Oh that Chrissy is sooo sweet," cooed the buxom Bubbles at yesterday's press conference. "He asked me if I knew anything about football, and I told him that was pretty kinky for such a square-looking shmoe. Anyway, I said I had a lot of experience in that area, although never with the feet."

Ault is enamored with his new find, confidently predicting that, "she'll turn pro in no time."

The Nevada coach hopes to recruit the remainder of the team from Bubbles' chorus line. "Now the girls might not be fast," he admits, "and they might not be big, but the last thing the opposing team will have on its mind is football."

"Scattini just didn't have the smarts," Ault continued, "with a nude all-girl team Nevada may lose as usual, but do you honestly think anyone will care?"



Wrapping It Up

BASEBALL

To build enthusiasm within the ranks, baseball coach Barry McKinnon has been giving historical lessons to his team. Ty Cobb's batting average for 1927, and the total number of triple plays executed, are representative questions the team has been tackling of late.

Although doing well on most of the questions, two in particular have them stumped. In the first place, none of the team can recite Abbott and Costello's "Who's on first?" routine without breaking out into uncontrollable giggles. Secondly, the team is adamant that what has eighteen legs and catches flies is an eighteen-legged fly catcher.

"I don't see how they'll ever learn to play ball with a crumby attitude like that," said McKinnon.

BASKETBALL

Nevada basketball coach Jim Padgett yesterday released plans that should improve his team's performance next season. The crux of the revisions will be the lowering of the basket from regulation height to 4' 6".

"This, coupled with a little luck, might help our team average maybe even 20 points a game," Padgett speculated.

SPORTS POLL

In balloting held last week, members from the various UNR intercollegiate teams voted for their favorite recreational pastimes. Sex and drinking won hands down, far out-distancing football, baseball, tennis, and hanging-around. In response to the landslide vote, the university's intercollegiate athletics program will try to have the new sports listed as competitive events in various conferences.

COMING IN NEXT YEAR'S PLAYBRUSH:



— none of your damn business.



**THE
END**



PLAYBRUSH