

NEAPOLITAN

April 1980

**Ben Firm—
Reluctant Sex
Symbol**

**Those Macho
Male Adminis-
trators—
Dashing Deans to
Playful Presidents**

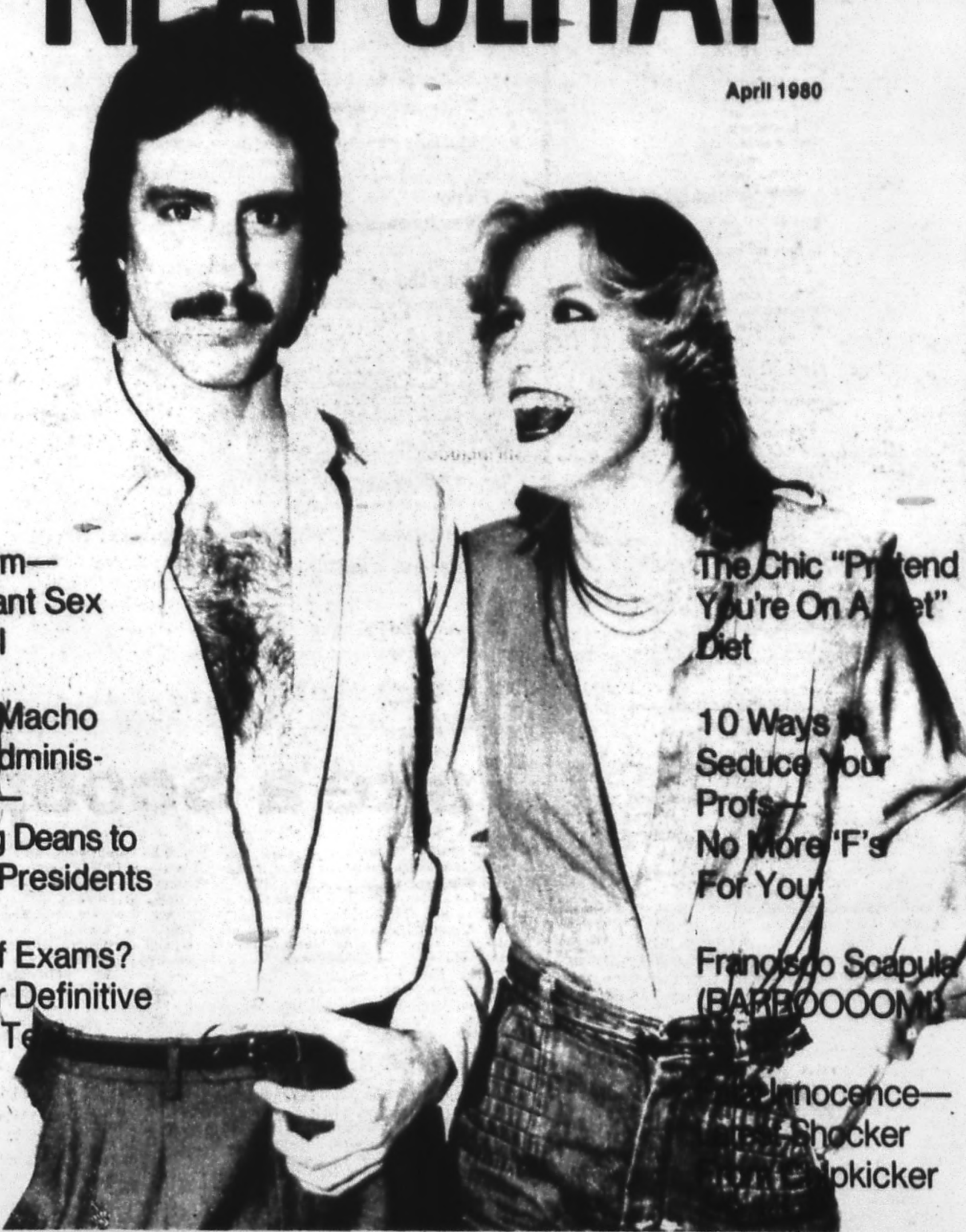
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**Francisco Scapula
(BARBOOOOM!)**

**Innocence—
The Shocker
from the Kicker**



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The contents of this publication are entirely the fabrication of a frustrated staff. The sole purpose of the content is for the reader's amusement, and nothing malicious was ever, ever intended. Honest. Any similarities to real-life persons or events are strictly a product of your filthy mind...I mean, a matter of impure coincidence.

P.S. Frank B., you've got to know that we were only kidding, you son-of-a-gun.

—S.J.F

Good Enough To Lick



Photograph of Jefferson Laramore and Sheree Lenth by Francisco Scapula (BARROOOMM!!). Hair by Mr. Frizz. Makeup by Mr. Bill for Playdo, Inc. Jewelry by Alice Aluminum. Styles by Garanimals.

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Take a Scoop...

Another issue of *Neapolitan* is complete. It was a long time in coming, but we at *Neapolitan* pride ourselves on putting out with regularity. The demands of producing a magazine of this type are great as we race to beat deadlines. Don't misunderstand, we at *Neapolitan* have fun; so much fun in fact, it is often a miracle that *Neapolitan* comes out at all. But, be assured, it does come.

Being the editor of *Neapolitan* is such a stimulating experience. While always exhausting, I wouldn't have it any other way...all those sinewy boys in the mail room...

Ah, anyway, this month's issue is the culmination of long hours and undying loyalty to *Neapolitan*; and I can say categorically that this group's efforts have never been finer. The zeal with which they approached this issue was obviously the result of the presence of guest photographer Francisco Scapula. Scapula, a dear and long-time personal friend of mine, agreed to shoot April's cover and fashion photos over a year ago. The anticipation has been building ever since he penned the contract.

We think that you'll enjoy *Neapolitan*'s candid interview with this living legend of the lens. Other personalities featured in *Neapolitan* this

month are Hollywood's latest super-stud, Ben Firm, and IUPUI's own up-and-coming statesman Franklyn D. Brinkman.

Neapolitan is also proud to present within its covers Barbara Jean Chipkicker's latest sizzling short story "Fatal Innocence." Department columnists review the latest movies and books; and food expert Roberta Sunflower discusses dieting. Contributor Mort Masculine reveals in *Speaksleazy* the pains of being a sex symbol, and Gaddabout Chase takes us on a fascinating tour of one of the hottest travel attractions around—Westside Indianapolis.

Doctor Sterncrew answers readers' questions about husbands that root under carpets, tantrum-throwing four-year-olds, knitted wool underwear, and the state of happiness. Stella Dinwiddy has devised another sex IQ test—see how you rate; and April's horoscope holds many delicious fore-casts for star gazers.

Of course, these are but a sampling of what is in store for you the April edition of *Neapolitan*. We do so like to tease. Why not take a peek? You won't be disappointed. *Neapolitan*'s April issue is good enough to lick.

—H.C.B.

We love you Frank!! ~ The Honey Bears

by Ruby Stein

□ His nickname is "Hot Dog," and a more promising young lawyer would be hard to find. Due to graduate Magna Cum Laude from the IU School of Law, Frank Brinkman recently received the American Jurisprudence Award for Academic Excellence in Criminal Law.

The award is only the latest in Brinkman's collection of honors, including Seventh Circuit Governor of the American Bar Association's Law Student Division, Student Bar Association Board of Directors member, and staff member for 1st District Congressman Adam Benjamin.

In his travels to Washington, D.C., and other major cities, Brinkman has rubbed elbows with many influential lawyers and political leaders. When he returned to Indianapolis to lead the IUPUI student government, many "insiders" whispered that it would not be his last appointment to political office.

Now, in his final year of law school, Brinkman faces an opportunity to learn first-hand the workings of the legal system.

He's in jail.

Brinkman was taken into custody last week following a wild, drunken, orgiastic bus ride through the streets of downtown Chicago. Also arrested were 25 other members of the American Bar Association's Law Student Division, along with the entire Honey Bears

squad, cheerleaders for the NFL's Chicago Bears.

After the carousing culprits were hauled off the bus, Chicago police allegedly found "enough bootleg liquor to fill Soldier's Field" plus a large cache of illegal drugs. Some of the drugs confiscated included LSD; the potent new stimulant SBA (studentis bullshis amminis); and what federal investigators term the usual ABA—"amphetamines, barbituates, and certain powerful aphrodisiacs."

The bizarre spree started out as an innocuous tour of the Windy City on an open-air, double decker bus. The tour had been chartered by the American Bar Association for its student members who were attending the organization's national convention. The Honey Bears, acting as the city's official hostesses for the ABA gathering, went along as guides.

What turned this sedate, dignified excursion into an unbridled orgy is not clear. But as they were heading down LaSalle Street, the occupants of the vehicle began stripping off their clothes and tossing them out of the windows, while shouting lewd and lascivious remarks at startled onlookers. Pedestrians and high-rise office workers were then witness to many aberrant sexual acts and other behavior that defied description. One titillated businessman in the Hancock Building, fumbling with his binoculars, leaned too far out his window and fell 32 stories to his death.

"It was awful," said one horrified shopper. "They were *%*-ling and *%*-ating and *%*-ing. All

of them! Right on top of that bus!"

Picking up speed while recklessly changing lanes, the bus then raced in the direction of the City Building. There, Brinkman and the other errant bus riders staged a mass-moaning of Mayor Jane Byrne's office "Isn't that Honey Bear?" screamed the stunned mayor as she caught sight of the X-rated vehicle. Ashen-faced, she immediately ordered all available police to pursue the runaway bus.

Traffic became a tangled snarl, then jammed to a standstill, as gawking motorists tried to switch directions to chase the bus. When the streets became impassable, the undaunted open-air, double decker bus climbed the curb and drove down the sidewalks, scattering terrified pedestrians.

In a futile attempt to catch the wayward motor-coach, at least a hundred police cars were caught in the traffic jam. As the wailing sirens and the flash of red lights filled the streets, panic struck the city. Seeing the commotion in the downtown area, one radio DJ surmised that the city was on fire again. With Chicago firefighters out on strike, the hundreds of thousands of terror-stricken residents who heard his broadcast started to flee their home, stores, and offices.

Soon, expressways were packed, mass-transit systems were swamped, and telephone switching stations were "blacking out," reeling under the massive influx of calls. (continued on page 10)



YOU KNOW THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH THESE ALL NIGHT WAR MOVIE FESTIVALS?

YEAH, THIS TURKEY ALWAYS EATS HIS WEIGHT IN SALTY POPCORN!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! I'M UP TO MY EARS IN ARIDITY!

IF WE DON'T GET A BUDWEISER SOON, WE'LL BE EMBALMED ALIVE!

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Nea Views The Movies

by Emile LaDa

□ This seems to be the year of the animal movie, and the best so far is undoubtedly *The Hog*, starring Shelley Winters. Shelley is perfect in the title role of this action-packed barn-burner of a film and, although she has no dialogue, she deftly uses several facial expressions and manages to bring depth and vitality to the role.

The plot involves the terrorizing of a small Western community by a herd of out-of-control sows. The community at first attempts to solve the problem without outside help, but as things get worse they find themselves forced to call in the Farm Bureau and, eventually, the National Guard. The film moves swiftly and contains some of the best mudhole sequences ever made.

Perhaps the most amazing aspect of the movie is the comeback appearance of Totie Fields,

who only last year was thought to be dead. She gives a convincing performance as the housewife held prisoner in her own house by the sea of pigs just outside the door. All in all, this movie is fun.

Crayfish vs. Crayfish was released at almost the same time as *The Hog*, but in the end is a much inferior product. Tab Hunter and Suzanne Pleshette team up in this one, but the old spark just isn't there.

The plot is strikingly similar to the plot of *The Hog*. Hunter and Pleshette are faced with the thorny problem of ridding a Louisiana bayou of a pair of giant crayfish. The outcome is unimaginative, and the action revolves mostly around their attempts to catch the monstrous crawdaddies, which escape time after time at the last second by running backwards.

Perhaps the only noteworthy scene in the entire movie is

toward the end, when the creepy crustaceans have finally been vanquished and the entire town turns out for an old-fashioned crawdaddy feed, complete with 50-gallon vats of drawn butter and lemon juice.

Enough of the animal flicks. One other movie currently on the scene offers theatre-goers a rare treat in quite a different vein. The Oscar-bound work of writer-director Bob Fosse—*All Those Jews*—is a priceless gem.

Roy Shyster comes up with a sparkling performance as a man possessed by a cause. He has discovered that, by a slow process of infiltration, 94 percent of show business entertainers are Jewish. Naturally, when his discovery hits the newspapers, the reaction is tremendous. Cameo appearances by Sammy Davis Jr. and Gabe Kaplan highlight this delightful ode to show business. This is cinema at its best.

Nea Reads The Books

by "Bookworm" Billy

□ Hello again, literature lovers. It's time for *Neapolitan's* look at the latest in literature for all you literary lovers. We bring you the very newest books that you—and someone else—will love to curl up in bed with:

Tinkertoys of the Gods by Eric Van Dummagain (Credulous Books, \$10.95). In his newest work, Van Dummagain proves conclusively that the Eiffel Tower, the Brooklyn Bridge and, of course, the Seattle Space Needle, among other structures, are actually the work of ancient alien children who visited Earth in eons past. After all, what else could they have been? Could mere humans have constructed such wonders? "Nay, nay, a thousand times nay," says Van Dummagain, an illiterate layman with no scientific knowledge whatsoever.

Through a marvelous series of logical twists and contortions, Van Dummagain unfailingly demonstrates the point—not that of the book, but rather that of P.T. Barnum. Yep, there's one born every minute—and, sorry Eric, we're not referring to ancient astronauts.

Tinkertoys of the Gods should be available at your local Goodwill Store, probably for about 59¢ by now. Not to be confused with the similarly-titled, excellent tome by the anthropology dept of IUPUI, *Mopeds of the Gods*.

Atsenuf on Left-Handed Elevator Shoes by Isaac Atsenuf (Doubletalk Books, \$10.00). In this, his 2,842,453,867th book, the

world's most prolific author writes on the only subject he hasn't already covered in all his other books. If you have any questions at all on left-handed elevator shoes, Atsenuf answers them all. Even if you've never even *thought* of the subject, Atsenuf provides you with the questions and then answers them for you. What a genius!

In a recent *Neapolitan* interview with Dr. Atsenuf, when asked by this reporter what he intended to do now that he had absolutely nothing left to write about, the good doctor replied, "A marvelous idea!" Fans may expect Dr. Atsenuf's 2,842,453,868th book, *Atsenuf on Nothing*, to be in the stores sometime next week.

The Man with the Golden Thunderball by Ian Phlegming (S&M Books, \$2.50). Agent 00711, James Bombed, the world's luckiest spy, faces a kinky, unearthly enemy when a mad mechanical menace, known only by the curious name of C. Threep Io—obviously a foreign Commie dog—attempts to de-sex the world's astronauts.

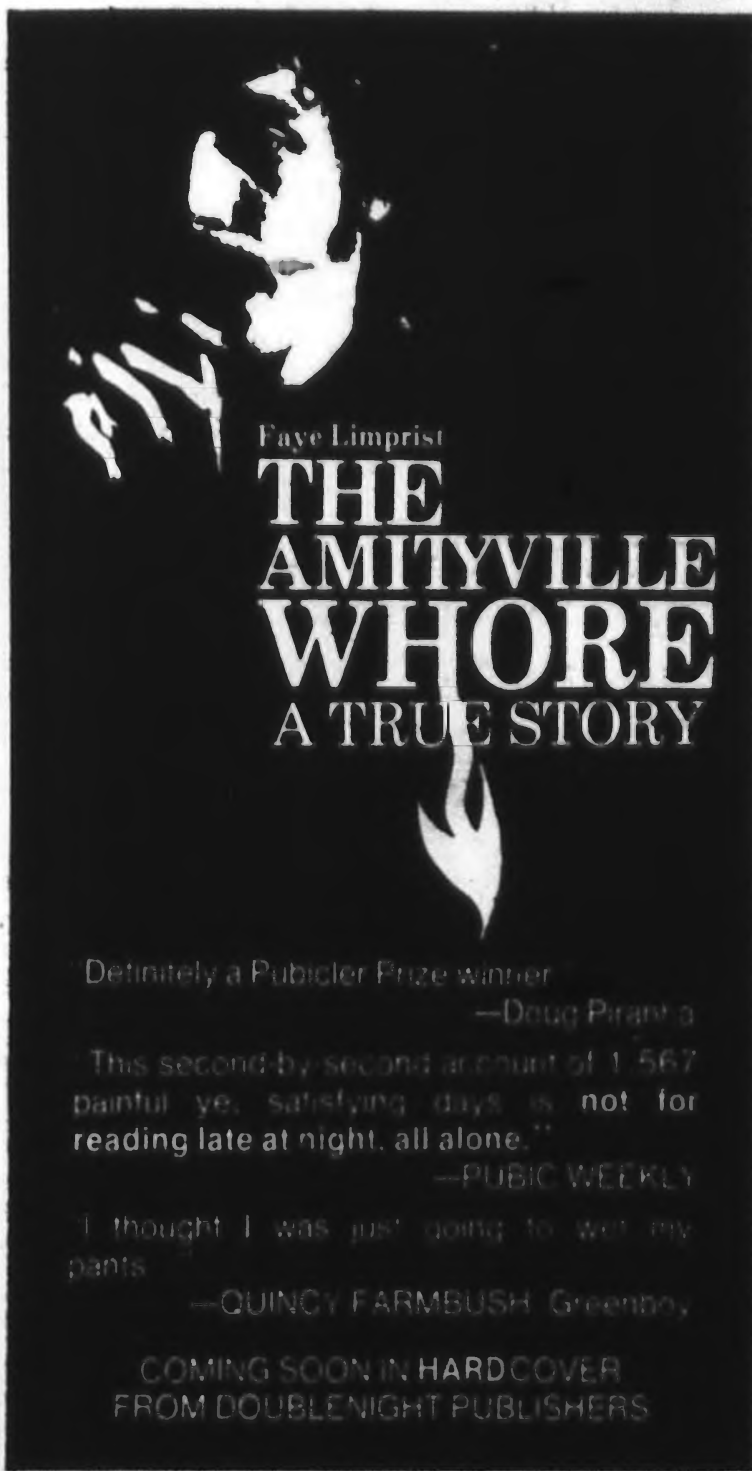
For once, Bombed is spared having to deal with the sinister organization SPECTATOR-SPORT and its chief, Blowmind, leaving his trigger finger free to deal with the gold-plated Io. As he lucks his way out of one trap into another, the reader is reminded once again why Bombed is the only British agent to be restricted to a learner's permit to hurt.

The High Calorie All-Sugar Cookbook by the late Dr. Swede Tuuth, M.D. (Vericose Vein-ity Press, \$15.95). In this unique cookbook, written shortly before

his untimely death at the age of 35 of a coronary heart attack, the late Dr. Tuuth pooh-poohs the idea that a diet consisting mainly of sugar is bad for the health. Presenting a series of facts, figures, charts and graphs he figured out one day over a triple hot fudge sundae, Dr. Tuuth shows that the more sugar you eat, the healthier you'll become because you won't have to worry about calories anymore—you'll have all you ever needed.

Dr. Tuuth includes a number of mouth-watering, tooth-decaying recipes in his book, such as Sugar Mollasses Honey, Honey Mollasses Sugar, Sugar Honey Mollasses and Meatloaf Smothered in Chocolate Sauce. He even demonstrates how, contrary to most medical "authorities," a high sugar intake can reduce hyperactivity in children. After all, how many 300-pound children can run all over the house driving you nuts? This is a cookbook that truly belongs on the shelf of every *Neapolitan* reader.

The World According to Me!: *The Wit and Wisdom of the Ayatollah Khomeini* by the Ayatollah Khomeini (Jihad Books, 12 barrels of crude). A curious volume, all the pages seem to be blank. The cover drawing—by the grand old man of Islam himself—does seem to illustrate the point of the title: It features a wild-eyed religious fanatic shoving an empty oil barrel down the throat of a hapless U.S. motorist being held captive in an embassy somewhere. Must have deep religious significance. Keep 'em coming, Ayatollah sweetie!



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Definitely a Pulitzer Prize winner
—Doug Piranha

This second-by-second account of 1,567 painful yet satisfying days is not for reading late at night, all alone."
—PUBIC WEEKLY

I thought I was just going to wet my pants
—QUINCY FARBUSH, Greenboy

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Ben Firm:

Hollywood's Latest Stud

by Barbie Bedopper

□ It is a windy California day as I approach the elegant Beverly Hills bachelor pad. A gentle knock at the carved wood door is answered by none other than film idol Ben Firm, clad only in a plush maroon towel wrapped around his lean waist.

I am greeted by a continental brush of his sensuous lips against the delicate flesh of my hand as he ushers me into the cozy den, tastefully furnished in glass and leather. I make myself comfortable on the sofa; Ben lounges on the fur rug amid a cluster of floor pillows.

It's easy to see how the tall, dark actor has become Hollywood's latest sex symbol—however unwittingly. He looks downward, explaining that he is actually a "shy and sensitive" individual who doesn't understand what drives women into such a frenzy over him. What about that revealing poster which currently outsells Farrah and Loni put together?

"I did it as sort of a joke—kinda on a dare, you know?" he says with a twinkle in his electric blue eyes. "I am what I am," adds the muscular star of *Stud for Hire*, *Malibu Stud*, and his newest flick, *Stud City*.

"That Hollywood stuff is okay if that's where your head is at. Mostly, I think it's for sissies—it's all ★□-%€," he comments with his low, sexy voice.

"Actually, I'm a very private person."

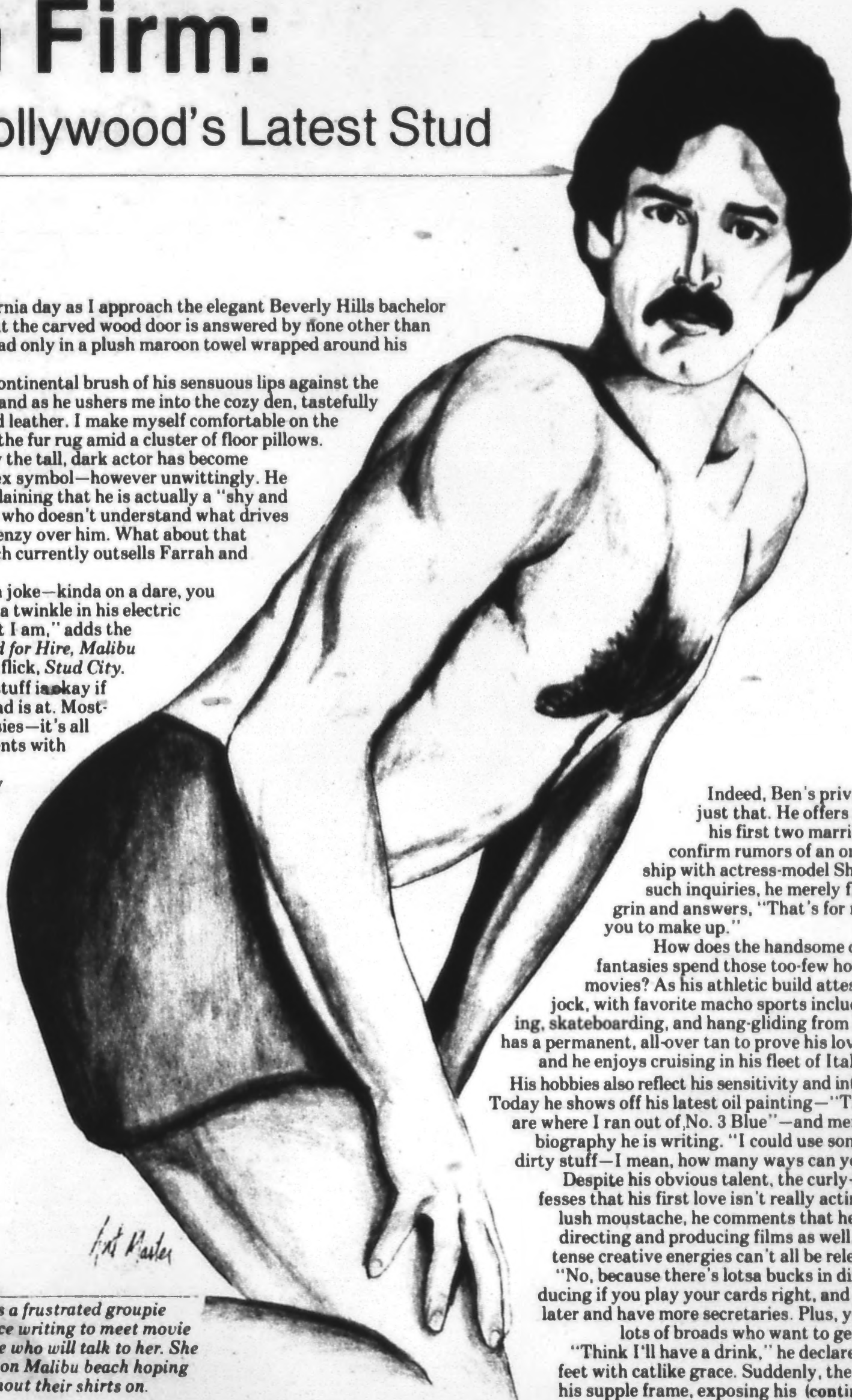
Indeed, Ben's private life remains just that. He offers no comment on his first two marriages nor will he confirm rumors of an ongoing relationship with actress-model Shirley Twigs. To such inquiries, he merely flashes a perfect grin and answers, "That's for me to know and you to make up."

How does the handsome object of female fantasies spend those too-few hours between hit movies? As his athletic build attests, he is quite a jock, with favorite macho sports including bodybuilding, skateboarding, and hang-gliding from his balcony. He has a permanent, all-over tan to prove his love for the beach, and he enjoys cruising in his fleet of Italian sports cars. His hobbies also reflect his sensitivity and intellect, however. Today he shows off his latest oil painting—"The blank spaces are where I ran out of No. 3 Blue"—and mentions the autobiography he is writing. "I could use some help with the dirty stuff—I mean, how many ways can you say €★•%?"

Despite his obvious talent, the curly-haired star confesses that his first love isn't really acting. Stroking his lush moustache, he comments that he wants to begin directing and producing films as well. Because his intense creative energies can't all be released on screen? "No, because there's lotsa bucks in directing and producing if you play your cards right, and you get to sleep later and have more secretaries. Plus, you get to €★•% lots of broads who want to get into showbiz."

"Think I'll have a drink," he declares, leaping to his feet with catlike grace. Suddenly, the towel falls from his supple frame, exposing his (continued on page 22)

Barbie Bedopper is a frustrated groupie who uses her freelance writing to meet movie stars and anyone else who will talk to her. She spends her free time on Malibu beach hoping to see rock idols without their shirts on.



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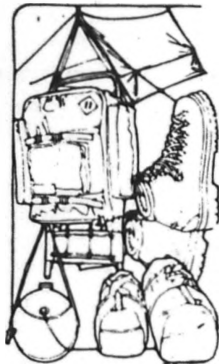
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Francisco Scapula: God of the f-stop

by Rod Redd

Francisco Scapula. The name alone sends bolts of lightning crashing down from the heavens. How dull the world would be without this most supreme master of the camera, this most highly exalted god of the f-stop, and all-around nice person.

In a lush Indianapolis westside apartment, *Neapolitan* arts apprentice, Rod Redd, conducts a rare and candid interview with this living legend of the lens, who was specially commissioned by *Neapolitan* to shoot the cover and fashion design photos.

RR: Mr. Scapula? (BARROOOOM!!!)

FS: Uh? What in hell was that?!

RR: Nothing, sir. Just another bolt of lightning. Um, could I please wash the burns?

FS: I thought you came here to interview me. If you're going to spend all this time washing off some measly third-degree burns you can just turn right around and get the hell out!

RR: I'm sorry sir. Uh, to begin, why don't you tell me how it all started.

FS: Oh. Well, I guess my interest in photography began the day my dear Uncle Otis was killed.

RR: Why?

FS: He was shot in the head by a madman. Man, it was a real mess. Anyway, all these cops gathered around and right in the middle was this guy taking pictures. Man, when I saw the flash of the bulb and heard the shutter click, I knew that this was what I wanted to do with my life.

RR: That's disgusting.

FS: Who gives a *-%*? I sure don't. Look at me. I'm the greatest lensman in the world, and you're stuck writing for a sex rag.

RR: That's beside the point. How about talking about some of the famous persons that you've shot?

FS: There are a lot I'd like to shoot. Heh, heh...just a little joke. Anyway, I've shot almost all the big ones...heh, heh. Jagger, McCartney, Midler, Tieg, Fawcett. The list goes on.

RR: I understand you had a little trouble with Marlon Brando.

FS: Oh that! Are you going to bring up that *-%* again? Hell, all I wanted to do was an essay on the private life of a public figure. So what if I caught him at an odd moment?

RR: What was he doing?

FS: Sitting on the john. I don't think he minded that as much as me wanting to put cotton in his cheeks. Would have made a great ad campaign for the Mob. You know, "Even God-fathers are human."

RR: What happened?

FS: He just told me that he was going to put my cameras where the sun doesn't shine, so I got tough and told him to just try it.

RR: And?

FS: He did it. I was in the hospital for a week. It's not easy removing three Nikons...I had bed sores on my stomach for months.

RR: Let me get a little personal.

Have you had any, shall we say, unusual situations as a fashion photographer?



FS: Once, there was this model named Ruby Blue. Nice body, nice face, but man, talk about sexually starved! Ruby crossed me one time after a session and tore off half my clothes! I wouldn't have minded so much if he had been a little more subtle.

FS: He?

FS: Yeah, I fixed him up with an orange-tan I was using in an ad campaign and he was happy. There was another time that I was doing a feature on Far-Eastern fashions, and I had to shoot this chick that was so *-%* ugly that she could make meat spoil by looking at it. Well, she tried to jump me one afternoon while my back was turned, and broke over \$2,000 dollars worth of equipment. I wasn't mad, though. I gave her a 135 millimeter telephoto lens, and that kept her happy.

RR: Mr. Scapula... (BARROOOOM!!!)

What are you injecting in your arm?

FS: Where is that lightning coming from? Man, you look terrible!

RR: I'll be alright, the smoke will clear in a few minutes. Now what is that?

FS: Oh, this? Undiluted fixer.

RR: You're kidding.

FS: Nope. Greatest high I've ever had in my life. And let me tell you something, it doesn't take long to set in. It just sort of adue issa nort gerb gooy nait jeuuu...

RR: My God! Are you alright?

FS: Ahhhh! That's almost as good as Nancy Pantsey...

RR: Who?

FS: Nancy Pantsey, greatest model to every grace a bedroom. You have to be tied down to take it, otherwise you go insane. You can tell guys who have gone to bed with her. They can't blink, so their eyes dry out and fall out of their heads. If you come across a blind man, you can be sure he's been with "Ze Panta".

RR: None of this has anything to do with photography.



FS: Big *-%* deal! Photography is sex! Sex is photography! Sex is sex! Photography is photography! ARRRGGGHHH! I think I broke my shutter finger! Oh, *-%*!

RR: Are you alright?

FS: Yeah, I'll live. You know, photography is an art. I paint, but I paint with light, time and chemicals rather than a brush and canvas. It is an incredible feat to be able to capture a single, important moment with a simple pressing of a finger.

RR: That's really beautiful.

FS: That's the biggest line of crap I've got. How do you think I got to the top? By my talent?

RR: You mean...

FS: Right, I screwed my way to the top. I live by one solid oath... If you've got the plumbing, you'll make it big.

RR: That's terrible.

FS: Grow up! The whole world's like that. I have a choice. I can go work for *National Geographic* and make big bucks by shooting half-naked natives, or I can stay here and make moderate bucks by shooting half-naked broads, but with the latter, I get "benefits".

RR: Benefits? As in...

FS: Yep. The old hot dog and bun. I've done it all...Crisco, whips, chains, Cool Whip, Jello, leather, Glad Wrap, cardboard, spiked heels, hip boots, dobermans, collies, parrots.

suction cups...

RR: Spare me.

FS: Like to come into my studio?

RR: You've got to be kidding!!

FS: Okay, I'll level with you. This job is not all the glamour and glory it seems to be. Take the photos in this issue for example. I had a hell of a time with those. What with all the people hanging around, the crazy art director telling me what to do, the models trying to pull each others' pants down, the art director trying on all the dresses, and I don't know how that one guy got stuck in the lens case...

RR: I think this is getting a little bit too crude, Mr. Scapula (BARROOOOM!!!)

FS: I've really got to do something that lightning. Don't you think so Redd?...Redd?...Damn! How am I going to get that mess cleaned up?

RR: Sir? May I please clean my wounds?

And could you call a doctor?

FS: Yeah, yeah, and then get out of here. I'm tired.

RR: I think this is getting a little bit too crude, Mr. Scapula (BARROOOOM!!!)

FS: I've really got to do something that lightning. Don't you think so Redd?...Redd?...Damn! How am I going to get that mess cleaned up?

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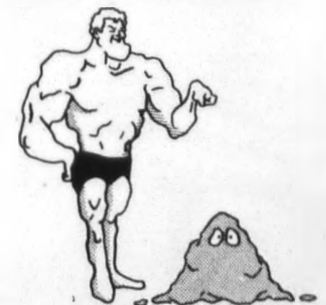
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You can find great food, and some towns you have to settle for good food, and then there are times when you have to settle for bad food. And then there's the hunger. You can find great food, and some towns you have to settle for good food, and then there are times when you have to settle for bad food. And then there's the hunger. You can find great food, and some towns you have to settle for good food, and then there are times when you have to settle for bad food. And then there's the hunger.

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Breast-Blo is a product manufactured by Blo Jobe products

SOLID GOLD

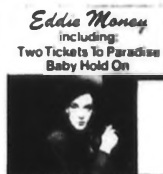
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What Is Your SEX IQ?

★ See How You Rate ★

by Stella Dimwiddy

How much do you know about intimacy, hanky-panky, amour, pitching woo, and/or messin' around? Take a few moments to test yourself. Then test your lover, too. If you disagree on an answer—debate it. It might be the most interesting argument you've had yet.

- What is the most common "come-on" line used by men?
 - "I've never met anyone like you—this is forever, baby, I mean it."
 - "Pretty please with sugar on it."
 - "Hey, sweetheart, let's *%* -%."
 - "I only have two months to live, and I want to spend them with you."
 - What is the most common "come-on" line used by women?
 - "Honest, I've never done this with anyone before."
 - "Did I tell you that your buns are adorable?"
 - "Hey, sweetheart, let's *%* *%."
 - "Wanna help me rearrange my furniture? Let's start in the bedroom."
 - Name the three most sensitive erogenous zones for both men and women.
 - Earlobes, knuckles, and kneecaps.
 - Eyelashes, navels, and armpits.
 - Ankles, noses, and big toes.
 - Elbows, chins, and teeth.
 - What do the initials S & M refer to?
 - An accounting firm in Fort Wayne.
 - Sausage and Mushroom (pizza).
 - Sunny and Mild (meteorology).
 - A shot of Seagram's with a Michelob chaser.
 - Which is the most kinky?
 - Sex with a spouse (yours or someone else's).
 - Sex with a carnivorous plant.
 - Sex with a pet rock.
 - Sex with a porcupine.
 - How can you tell when your partner climaxes?
 - He or she yells "golly" and steam comes out of his or her ears.
 - The earth moves and fireworks go off.
 - Waves crash on the shore and violins play.
 - He or she lights a cigarette.
 - How long does the average orgasm last?
 - Three years, on and off.
 - Two grunts and a moan—give or take a pant.
 - Depends on the kind of fireworks.
 - Depends on the porcupine.
 - What is the most common sexual problem?
 - Lockjaw.
 - Premature emasculation.
 - Failure to "fake it" convincingly.
 - Not enough.
 - Where should you go with your sexual problems?
 - Weird Eddie, the neighborhood deviate. Tell him all the details.
 - The nearest schoolyard.
 - The nearest disco—you'll fit right in.
 - Your priest, rabbi, minister, Dear Abby, or Masturbate & Johnson.
 - What is the best place to find a sexual partner?
 - 30th and Meridian—bring cash.
 - At the church social.
 - The back seat of a 66 Chevy.
 - In the classifieds under "Horny".
- Scoring: For every answer A, score one point. Score two for every B, and three for each C. For each D, subtract two. Multiply total by your age and subtract your area code from this figure. If you score well, consider yourself lucky. If you don't score enough—join the club.

Stella Dimwiddy is an elderly spinster who enjoys watching game shows and crocheting condoms. She has authored two novels, *I Was A Teenage Floosie* and *Oy, Calcutta*.

2

Dear Neapolitan...

Thanks so much for your informative article, "Sexual Harassment on the Job: How to Turn the Tables" (*Nea*, January 80). As a young female executive, I found the guidelines quite useful and the experience very rewarding. At present, I have had two male employees quit out of embarrassment, four who are "grinning and bearing" my lewd advances, and six who are using their intimate relationships with me to get ahead in the corporation. Needless to say, I am a busy, busy executive.
PATRICIA HYDEWHITTER
Bigapple, New York

Regarding your January article entitled "How to Talk Like A

Truck Driver and Still Be A Lady," I want to express my disgust and shock at seeing such conduct even suggested in a magazine for ladies. I, for one, do not consider behavior of such a nature to be proper etiquette. At the very least, it is most unbecoming to a young woman attempting to make her best impression in society. At the very most, it is a lot of crap.
ESTHER TWITSDALE
Sludge Creek, Iowa

I would like to comment on your article entitled "How to Drive Your Man Insane with Desire Until He Just Can't Stand It Anymore and Pleads for Mercy" (*Nea*, December 79). My girlfriend followed the directions

to the letter, and nothing happened. Of course, my pet giraffe ate the sofa and my neck sank into my stomach, but blurf bingle and ginzle snarf glutz fozzletwert zliphm.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
Happy Hills Home

Regarding the interview I granted your publication ["Linda Tells Her Secret Love Games with Jerry," *Nea*, December 79], I wish to make a correction to a statement on which I was misquoted. I never said the part about the Cool Whip and the fire extinguisher with the trained seal. Actually, I was referring to Saran Wrap and Perrier in a vat of beluga caviar. And I do not sing during

orgasm. Only after.
LINDA ROUNDSCHTAT
Laurel Canyon, Calif.

Your review of Cadillac Mick's new album, *Tush*, (*Nea*, November 79) was way off base. Your reviewer, the ignorant sleazeball, obviously wouldn't know good music if it crawled up her dress. Where did she learn to rate records, on *American Sandstand*? *Tush* is the biggest piece of cosmic turd ever to assault a stereo. Just because the entire UCLA band marched through Stevie Nukes' bedroom doesn't mean they belong on the floggin' album. And another thing—why don't you pay more attention to New Wave artists who are really where it's at, like

Pukey and the Electric Vomit. Now that's music!
CLAUDIA WOMABATU
Oxnott, Oregon

I would like to voice my strenuous objection to the tone and general attitude of your magazine regarding men. It seems you are only capable of seeing men as sex objects, when in fact they are thinking and feeling human beings. I feel this is an unfair and damaging viewpoint to project. You are, in fact, using men to peddle your trashy rag. I mean, if you really want to use men, you should get yourself some handcuffs and a thick leather collar, then tie them up and take off (continued on page 54)



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Vogue

Be Chic—Pretend Diet

by Roberta Sunflower

□ Dieting is the "in" thing these days; in any social gathering, you are absolutely nowhere unless you can describe your latest weight-loss gimmick. Nevertheless, sane people agree that the diets themselves—for all their cutesy recipies and "new you" promises—are boring, inconvenient, and downright depressing.

How, then, can you fit in with the chic set of thin-freaks without putting yourself through torture? The secret is in pretending you are dieting while you actually down all the grease and junk food your chubby cheeks can handle. Here are a few tips:

- When waiting in public, bury your nose in the latest diet manuals. Meanwhile, sneak discreet bites of junior-sized candy bars you have stuffed in

your bra.

- Carry large purses when eating out, well-stocked with picnic-style goodies for those moments alone.

- At lunch with friends, munch slowly on a salad. Afterward, loudly declare that you are "just too full for one of those nasty desserts." Excuse yourself to the cloak room and chomp down a salami on rye and a piece of chocolate cake from your purse.

- At the office, appear to consume absolutely nothing but Perrier for three days. When no one is looking, raid the secret cache of jelly donuts in the back of your drawer.

- For snitching in those boring times between (or during) lovemaking, keep a stash of cookies in your nightstand.

- Convince the man in your life that you are fasting by pigging-out before your dinner date

together. Stuff your coat pockets with Twinkies in case you get the midnight munchies and (wink) don't make it home.

- Carry amber prescription bottles filled with M&M's and other little candies. Tell your friends it's a vitamin supplement to keep you on your feet while you fast.

- Fill your conversation with words like carbohydrate, calorie, lecithin, aerobic, and protein. Be sure you have a vague idea of their meaning.

- If you get caught with, say, half an éclair in your mouth, invent the Feldstein Eclair Diet. Explain that eclairs have mysterious nutritional benefits and are actually not fattening at all.

By following these simple tips, anyone can keep those bulges while appearing as "in" as the next emaciated slob.

[Frank]

(continued from page 3)

With all of Chicago snowballing in fright, the occupants of the bus kept up their immoral and outrageous antics. Finally, police apprehended the vehicle at the very end of the U.S. Navy Pier. The inebriated Honey Bear who was driving at the time told officers the action had become so hot and heavy on the bus that she decided to cool things off a bit by going for a "Nippy dippy" in Lake Michigan.

The dazed bus driver, found bound and gagged and stuffed under a seat, later identified Brinkman as one of the instigators of the incident. In addition, he named Brinkman as one of the occupants who had taken a turn at the wheel during the escape.

Brinkman was reportedly babbling incoherently when he was dragged off the bus. He and the other law students involved

were shoved into a paddywagon and hauled off to the lock-up. The Honey Bears, however, pleaded their case with the Cook County prosecutor, the chief of police, two deputy majors, and several district court judges in a hastily-called session in the court chambers. In the morning, all charges against the cheerleaders were dropped.

Before his arraignment yesterday, an unpenitent Brinkman reflected on the incident which threw all of Chicago into turmoil. Stating that he had "no regrets," he asserted that "any man in my position would have done the same thing." Brashly, he revealed an autographed picture of the Honey Bears which he had received during his incarceration. The picture was inscribed, "To Frank, our foot-long 'hot dog,' with love, the Honey Bears."

"I bet people didn't know that Frank Brinkman was that

talented," he boasted, laughing carelessly.

Charges against Brinkman include: public intoxication, public indecency, reckless driving, DWI, vehicle theft, possession of a controlled substance, public fornication in a moving vehicle during daylight hours, frequenting a dive, trespassing on government property, malicious vandalism, involuntary manslaughter (the businessman in the Hancock Building), speeding and a myriad of other traffic offenses, etc., etc., etc.

Sometime next month, Frank "Hot Dog" Brinkman will get to plead his first, last, and only case—his own—in Chicago Federal District Court.

Ruby Stein is a frustrated investigative reporter who hangs out in city rooms of metropolitan newspapers. Her hobbies are editing sports copy and pinching copy boys.

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\$500 per 1000 for stuffing envelopes at home. Information. Send stamped envelope. Mr. R. 8210 Lakeview Dr. 42 Indpls. IN 46224

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Stuffers needed to stuff envelope stuffers. Must have quick hands. Call Nick at ext. 8888

Need extra cash? Information on seven profitable programs which will make you money at home. For details, send \$1.00 and self-addressed, stamped envelope to GRAVCO ASSOCIATES in care of Steve B. 2021 North Adams St. Indpls. - Indiana 46218

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Wanted: someone to phone lonely lady. Prefer male dental student or assistant. Pay-no strings. 634-1480

Academic couple seeks furnished house or apt. 2 or 3 bedrooms for academic year 1980-81, dates negotiable. Call collect 216-775-2281 or write Phyllis Gortan, 189 Forest St. Oberlin, Oh. 44074

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Duplex for sale, Herron Morton Area. Close to three campuses. Call Nick 923-3005 or 923-1321 ext. 283. *Priced for quick sale

NOTICE

Secret Message to all Neapolitan readers: If you take a bottle of pure lemon juice and rub it over the face of the picture of Ben Fern on page 5, you'll see a lot of dirty words appear. Try it! No fooling!

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The 6th Annual Student Activities & Honors Banquet

Friday, April 18th, 6 P.M.

Guest of Honor
State Senator Larry Borst
(Chairman, Senate Finance Committee)

Speaking on "Legislative Expectations of Higher Education"

The Banquet will include a catered buffet

The Buffet will include:

Fruit Bowl	Green Beans Amandine
Tossed Green Salad	Buttered Corn
Waldorf Salad	Rolls
Sliced Roasted Breast of Turkey with Dressing	Coffee, Tea or Milk
Beef Burgundy with Rice	Dessert

CASH BAR 6-6:30 pm

Banquet 6:30 pm

Tickets must be purchased by

Tuesday, April 15 at 5 pm

Students: \$6

Non-Students: \$7

In addition, this banquet will offer the opportunity to continue the tradition of rewarding individuals who have made significant contributions to the University community and campus life.

Each year four important awards are presented at this banquet. They are: The Lola L.

- Loshe Award; The William Garrett Award and the Outstanding Faculty and Administrator Award.

The Lola L. Loshe Award

The Lola L. Loshe Award is presented annually to a faculty or staff member who is active in student activities in addition to his or her regular university job responsibilities. Nominations for the award should include the persons name, department and position, as well as a resume of the person's involvement in student activities.

The William Garrett Award

The William Garrett Award is presented to five students who have distinguished themselves in student activities at IUPUI. Nominations should include a resume of activities, and any offices held in student activities.

**The Outstanding Faculty
and Outstanding Administrator
Awards**

These Awards are given to a faculty and administrator who have distinguished themselves in the furtherance of student activities at IUPUI.

Nomination forms for these awards are available at three locations on campus.

Student Assembly Office - CA 001C

Student Activities Office - CA 322 or Union Building, Ground Floor

Students are encouraged to make nominations for the respective recipients of these awards.

Nominations must be turned in by April 11, 5 pm.

All IUPUI Students, Faculty, and Staff are encouraged and invited to participate in the Student Activities & Honors Banquet. Any groups wishing to present awards during the program should contact Frank Brinkman, Student Body President, to make arrangements to be included in the program. For more information, call 264-3907.

