

freshman ought to be able to handle.

Now if you were involved in, say, a love tetrahedron — that's a whole different story — a problem of three dimensions also known as a pyramid scheme, and should send you screaming "Euclid" all the way to the math department.

You are experiencing but a rift in the love continuum and though it seems lousy now, hey, think about it. Do you really want your kids fathered by a guy named Zack? Steer clear of that marriage thing at least until the first out-of-town conference football game.

Dear Uncle Leonard,

I never thought I'd be writing this letter from a small midwestern university, but I was in the laundry room the other day when this tall, leggy, incredibly attractive blonde cruised in with a basket piled high with aerobics outfits.

It was a hot, humid afternoon and the laundry room was even hotter with all of those washers and dryers going at once ...

OK, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE PAL. Do I look like Bob Guccione? You can't write that kind of crap to me. Do you want to see this rag hit with a picket line? Next letter. Jeez!

Dear Uncle Leonard,

I've been trying to win the favors of this great-looking girl who is hopelessly hung up on a football player. I am a 90-pound weakling and can't even get a sideways glance of contempt out of this girl. What's the deal? Sign me Claude.

Dear Clyde,

So what does your brain weigh? God wouldn't be so cruel to leave you without some smarts too. (But then you are writing to Uncle Leonard.) I'm bettin' that you're a National Merit Scholar on a President's

scholarship and that if you head to the library tonight you'll find your kind of babe hangin' out somewhere in the stacks.

Talk about electron microscopy and I personally guarantee that you'll score with a Star Trek Vulcan mind meld.

But if you're gonna persist in your quest for this honey, do exactly as I say.

Go uptown into Bryan — a place called Banzai Books — and pick up a current Sergeant Rock comic book. Flip past the gory stuff until you find that Charles Atlas ad — the one that says he'll give you the body of Conan in seven days — if you buy and use this junk he'll send you.

Follow the directions and I promise you'll at least get the sideways glance of contempt.

Dear Uncle Leonard,

I was out on a date the other night with a girl who lives on campus. We danced our tails off and went back to her dorm room later to relax and plan the upcoming week's studying schedule.

Anyway, we both fell asleep and before I knew it, it was after visiting hours and there I was, stuck on the fourth floor with my gal Betty and Congolia Rammer, the head resident in charge, roaming the halls. Of course, she sniffed me out, broke down the door and turned me over to the University Police.

My question is how to keep this from happening again. Not falling asleep — I just don't want to get caught again. Any ideas? Sign me Robbie.

Dear Bobby,

I am embarrassed for your life, bud. Every cat who does the dorm scene, especially with old Rammer on duty, knows that the only way to make a clean getaway is to keep a shoulder bag of newspapers in your gal's room.

If you go comatose and can't get out before visiting hours expire, you just calmly shoulder your pa-

pers and faster than you can say "yellow journalism" you turn into a harried newsboy hawking your papers on your early morning appointed rounds.

Not even Congolia will dare stop the product of the presses. Yell "First Amendment!" at the top of your lungs if anybody gets in your way.

That trick will give you access to more places than a letter sweater.

This is a technique I perfected during my steam tunnel years. Matter of fact I was fondly known as "The Paperman." Bobby, it's up to you to keep this tradition alive.

Okay, I've got time for one more.


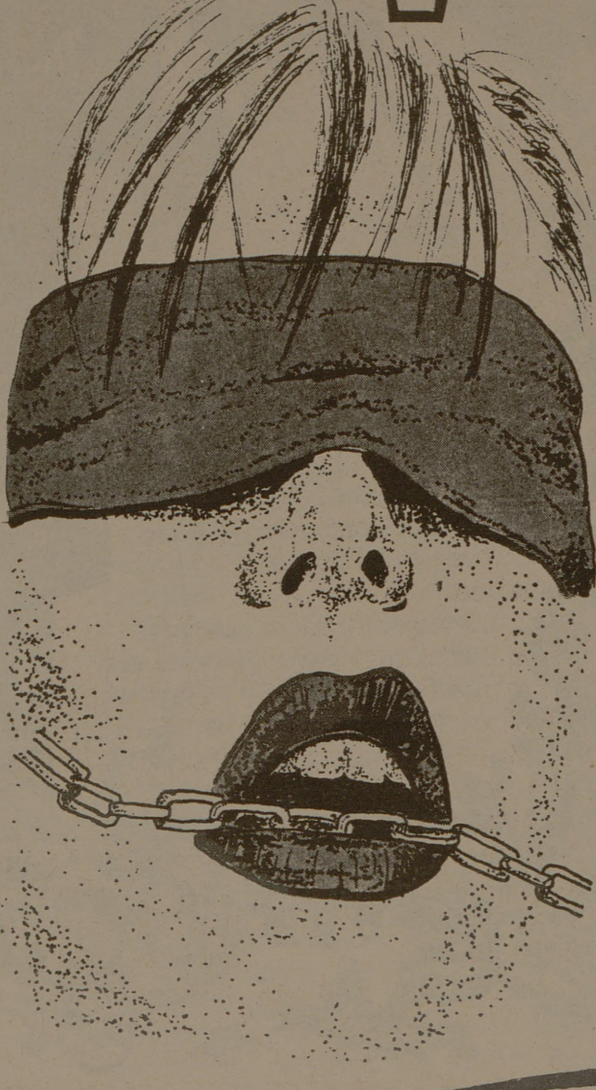
Dear Uncle Leonard,

How do I get a C.T. to ask me out? Sign me Ellen.


Dear Elsie,
Oh dang, we've run out of space. I'll have to send you a copy of the home version of Dear Uncle Leonard and let you figure it out for yourself.

'Til next week, lost sheep.

Tony Cornett, a.k.a. "Uncle Leonard," is an eighth- or ninth-year senior and sometimes journalism major. He's not, by the way, married.

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an erotic love story for the 80's

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