



MUMMY DUMPTY
maternity and children's clothing consignment shop
Hours 10-6 Mon.-Fri.
10-5 Sat.
806 South 27th
Call 476-3951



Your Spring Break Tan Is Just 2 Weeks Away
5 sessions \$20
10 sessions \$35
Coupon expires March 31st
The Tubbery
818 "P" St. 475-8989

OUTLOOK

Lieurance votes self slob

Poofballs not consulted for their list of kumquats in blazers

Why is it that "Best Dressed" lists are almost always judged by flippant rich poofballs who would shove razor blades into their noses, color their teeth blue and wear bean bag chairs on their heads if some other poofball told them it was "fashionable"? That's what I want to know.

Why is it that most of the celebrities I most admire wind up being called "a walking fahsion emergency" or "a colorblind Annie Hall"? Answer that one.

Some of my best friends are "kumquats in blazers," "wardrobes that time forgot" and "sleep dressers."

In honor of the people in the world either too busy or too lazy to pour over the latest issue of "Poofs on Parade," I have managed to concoct a different sort of a contest. In this contest Blackwood is not consulted. Elsa Klensch is not consulted. The editors of Cosmo, Elle, Vogue, Vague, Oelle, Ouelle, Iouelle, Aeiouelle and Interview will not be consulted.

Instead, I've consulted the editors of Boy's Life, Soldier of Fortune, Weight Watcher's Magazine, Reader's Digest, True Detective and Feed Producer's Monthly. They were more than willing to help me pick out the "Proud Slobs" of 1987. It isn't the year end, but where proud slobs are concerned, one doesn't need to pay any attention to time. Slob fashions are reasonably consistent.

The only risk involved in holding the contest so early is that occasionally a proud slob will discover fashion. There's nothing more humiliating than giving

somebody a much-sought-after "Proud Slob" award and finding out he's wearing Egyptian eye shadow and AstroTurf kilts come mid-December. This means he wasn't really a proud slob at all. Deep down he was ashamed.

He couldn't go near magazine racks because his hands shook around those oversized, voluminous excuses for "Poof PR" that are lined up threateningly on the uppermost shelf. Although he was a slob on the outside, inside he was turned to oatmeal by those squinting French or Italian eyes peering at him accusingly from behind a thick flop of moussed hair.

"greaseball," "scumface," "high risk group" and "garden slug." And still their pride wanes.

So, it's me. But this isn't to be construed as vanity on my part. I, who have numerous times gone out of my way to follow the journalistic rule of "keeping myself out of the story." Nay, I represent all proud slobs. All the people in this world who don't throw away their clothes at the end of the year to buy a more fashionable wardrobe. People who have the guts to wear a collar that's a little too large or a tie that's a little too small. People who have noticed that after a few days, greasy hair looks like a fine mousse job.

I accept this award for people who still wear clothes once worn by their siblings, parents, or grandparents; for people who realize that the advertising for hygiene products have created a nation of paranoid orifice-sniffers. I accept this award for people who wear what's comfortable even if it's a 10-year-old sweatshirt that's three sizes too big and has stains from three oil changes and two nosebleeds entrenched in the fabric.

Charles Lieurance



He is a shame to slobs everywhere.

Without further ado let me introduce you to the 1987 Slob of the Year. It's me. I win. It's my column and I win.

First of all, if I gave it to anyone else, I'd run the risk of being sued for libel. You never really know who's a "Proud Slob" and who's closet fashion runway material. Others have this strange belief that slobs have no reason to be proud. They look at themselves in the mirror and hear all the nasty things anyone has ever said to them. They hear

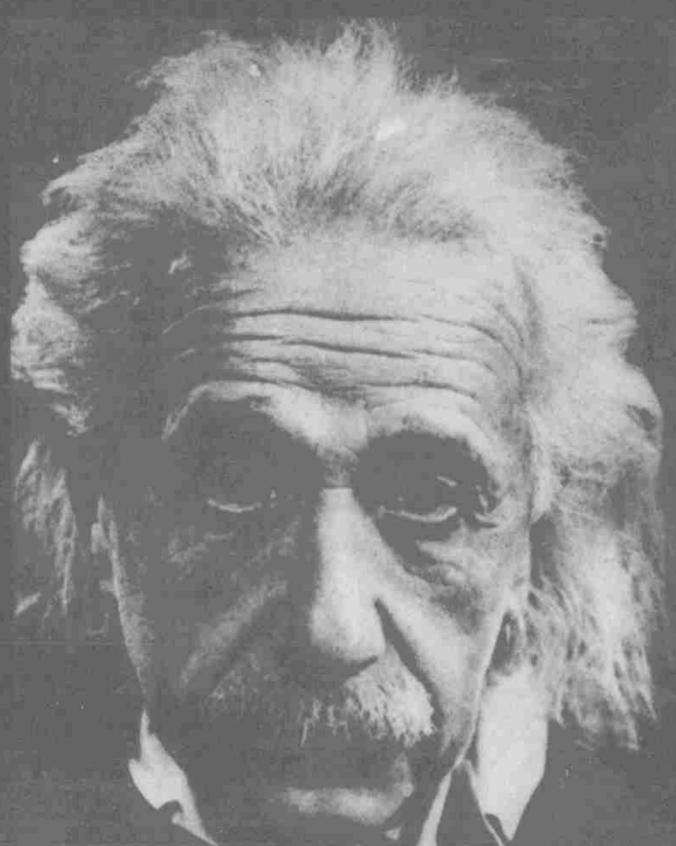
These are my people.

Always remember and don't ever forget that a couple of good sized holes in a pair of high top tennis shoes mean they're broke-in not broken down.

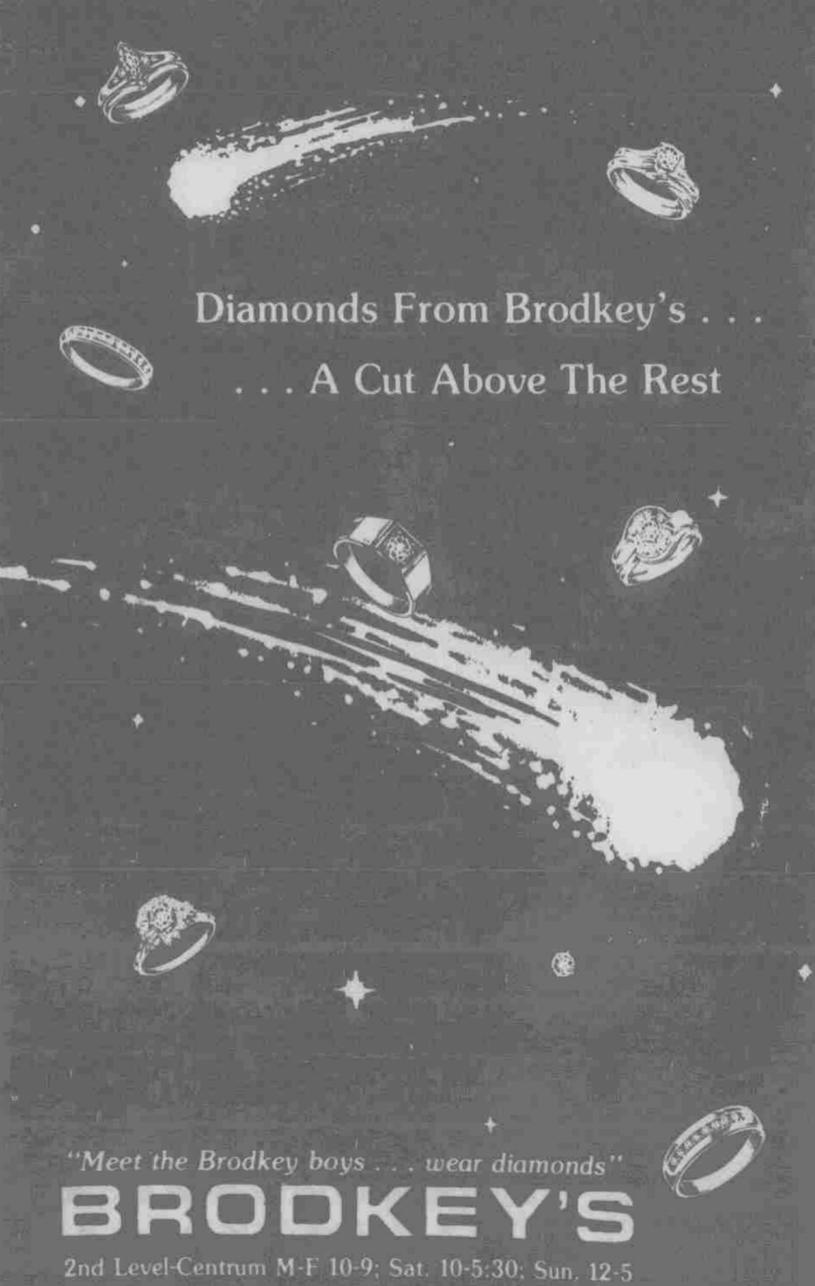
This year's runner-up was Heidley Hooper from Duroc, Iowa, who became a celebrity in The Weekly World News when his wife gave birth to a two hundred-pound corn root worm.

THE BLOOM COUNTY COLLECTION . . .
T-Shirts, Sweatshirts and books
at **COSMIC COMICS**
East Park Plaza/Strip Center
200 N. 66th Suite 208A
(Next to the Phone Center)
467-2727
©1987 The Washington Post Writers Group
Lin-Tex Marketing/Austin, Texas

J. RIGGINGS
Spring Break
2 for \$32
Selected Polos, Rugbys, Oxfords, Short Sleeve Camp Shirts, Sweat Shirts, Solid and Print Shirts. Also selected Cotton Pants.
GATEWAY MALL
Quantities limited. Sale runs now thru march 28.



A Bad Haircut Will Make Anybody Look Stupid.
Get A Smart Look At:
THE Flair I THE Flair II HAIR DESIGN STUDIO
17th & Van Dorn and On Campus 17th & R
SUBASHAN
FULL MITCHELL SYSTEMS
435-2565



Diamonds From Brodkey's . . .
. . . A Cut Above The Rest
"Meet the Brodkey boys . . . wear diamonds"
BRODKEY'S
2nd Level-Centrum M-F 10-9; Sat. 10-5:30; Sun. 12-5