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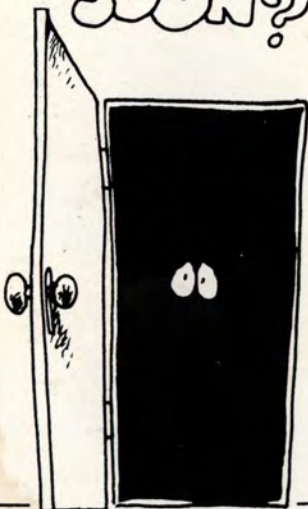
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volume 80 number 2 november, 1978

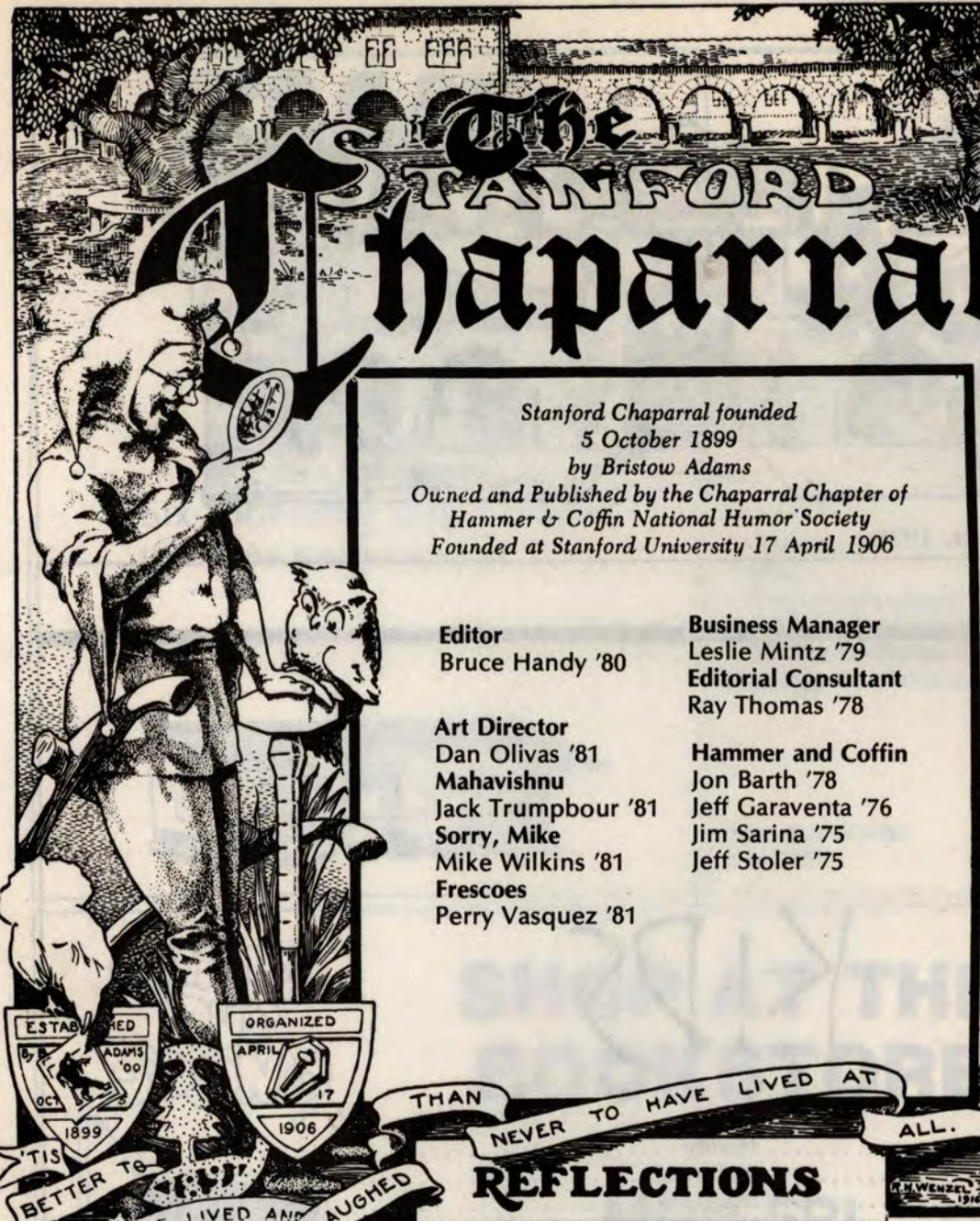
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cover photo by Margo Stevenson

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5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams
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NOW THAT

the abortion issue (not a magazine) has hit its stride again, the Old Boy has been asked his stand on the ticklish subject. Though not one to delve into such heavyweight bouts, it once again seems that the wisdom and clearheadedness of the Ancient One is needed to keep the opposing camps out of each other's ideological uteri.

The pro-abortionists label the antis "fascist oppressors," while the antis call the pros "heinous murderers," while the Old Boy labels both "Hefty garbage bags full of fart." The Old Boy feels that if a person is free to drop a phonograph needle on a record or put ketchup on a steak, then he or she should be able to destroy anything that belongs to him or her.

But shouldn't a parent be able to see how the offspring turns out before making so momentous a decision? You never know if your kid will be like the guy who wrote

Mozart or the guy who writes Dupie. Why not give the little one a chance, a probation period? Then, if it doesn't work out, you can take a coat hanger and put the young mediocrity out of its misery. It's a gruesome thought, but it beats flushing away some little nondescript that looks like chile rellenos with your eyes and nose. Plus . . . it's a lot easier to make it look like an accident. Could you keep a straight face telling a cop that your fetus ran out in traffic and got hit or fell down the stairs? So let's put aside our fears and superstitions and finally do something. The life form you save may be your own.

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You Must Leave Now

by JIM SARINA



It is customary for the host country of the Olympics to add an event which is typical of that country. In 1976 Japan added judo to the list of traditional contests. In 1980 the USSR will host the Olympics and is expected to include political trials as an event for the first time. It is an event which is very popular internationally and which the Russians are confident of winning.

Of course the Russians primary

challenger will be the USA. There are rumors from the U.S. Olympic Committee that the Chicago Seven and Judge Julius Hoffmann will be brought out of retirement or death as the case may be. Former Seven member Jerry Rubin had this to say, "Yeah, I'd like to go to Moscow in 1980. We're all a little out of shape but I've been working out with Abbie (Hoffman). We'd like to build up our senseless violence and meaningless rhetoric." Judge Hoffmann who is dead was unavail-

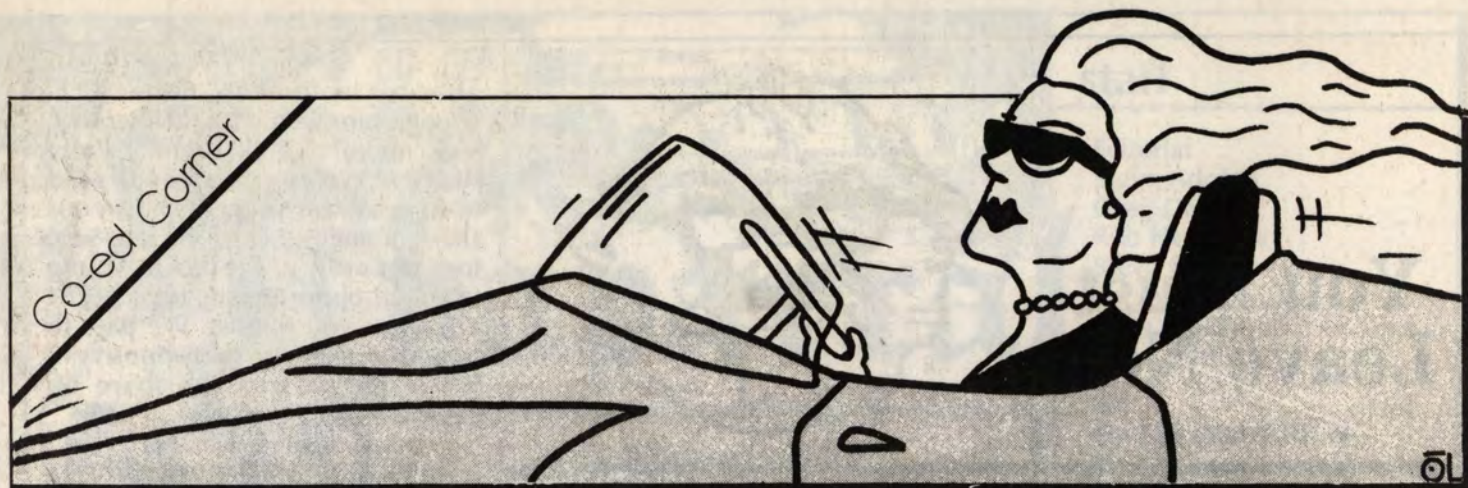
able for comment. Other U.S. hopefuls are Joan Little, "Either they pick me or I pick them"; Patty Hearst, "We've got a good, solid team again this year. We'll win our share of games"; and the late Sen. Joe McCarthy, "We got a young team, an opportunistic team. . . . I can show you the list. We plan to take it straight to the opposition. We're gonna win our share uh games."

Other perennial powerhouses include Germany, Chile, Nicaragua and of course, Iran. A real dark-horse has to be Angola. The spectacle of hacking up several hundred dissidents in a simultaneous judge, jury and hangman affair is spectacular to say the least. Former Angolan diplomatic officer Abae Amotu, now dead of self-inflicted Nike missile wounds had this to say about the Angolan team. "Well, Idi's got some real good boys and you know that an Amin team will always be

continued on page 23

ADVENTURES OF THE POET





Are you a Stanford Woman? Do you want to become one? Do you know why this tradition is so popular? I don't know. If the idea of ending up on the front page of the Daily intrigues you, then you can have it. Becoming a Stanford Woman is a tradition. Stanford is so entrenched in traditions that Stanford traditions are traditions.

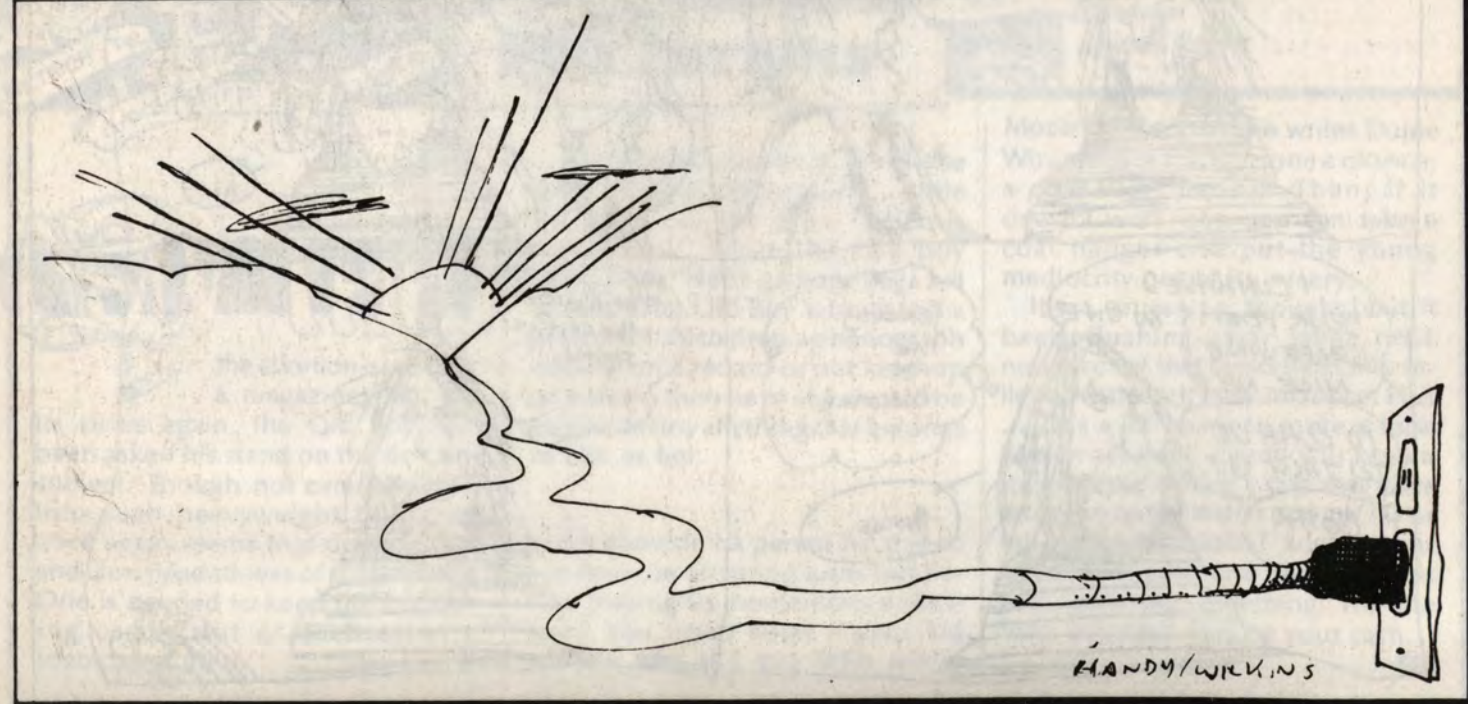
Traditions can elevate your social stature. Think of how popular you can be by hitting the screen with paper airplanes, or throwing up on five rows of unsuspecting Stanford Rooters at the Big Game. They can be demeaning, too. Would you like to have 10 people watch you as you crash your bike into a parked car while ogling some member of the football team? Embarrassing.

There are so many traditions that you can learn or invent that I can

only hope to describe a few to you. Fun things to do by yourself are boundless. Pre-final anxieties can be relieved by any number of activities. Go see Animal House and then have a toga party. Wear two pieces of cardboard suspended by strings over your shoulders and go as a toga sandwich. Tell everyone that you are gay so that you can get a single. Eat Stern food and enjoy it. Revive the Big Game Bonfire and then call the Fire Department. Become a pre-med and take all of your classes pass/fail. Fire the cleaning women in the dorm and clean the bathrooms yourself. Wear leather jeans on a hot day. Skinny-dip in Lake Lag in November. Vote yes on 6. Tell Prof. Bonner how much you enjoyed his lecture on D and L amino acids.

Many traditional group activities

have been revived as of late, but suffered something in the temporal translation. Most notable in this regard is the revival of the Gaieties, culminating with the Band Rally in the City. What many students of Stanford History don't realize, however, is that the Gaieties was once a group of closet homosexual administrators whose annual rites included shoving the Bands entire wind section up their respective anii and then consuming mass quantities of garbanzo beans. Sonorous melodies emanating from Mem Aud on Big Game Eve were such 40's favorites as "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and a rousing rendition of "Star Spangeled Branner." Many cases of peritonitis resulting from intestinal perforation were reported, however, and this tradition was later modified.



Eating out is another major pastime on campus. Food is also popular. Despite the current success of La Pizzeria, there are many Other off-campus eateries which the students frequent. Bud's, an ever popular ice cream parlor, has responded to the increased competition for students alimentary tract secretions by introducing 3 new flavors of ice cream, available in mid-November. Hairball, made with pure Persian cat fur is bound to be a big success. Another winner is Lard, made from rendered kosher pork flesh, and finally, Semiconductor Chip-it can't lose.

In response to the increased demand for Pizza, both Frankie, Johnnie and Luigi's and Ramona's are introducing their weight watcher's specials, sure to satiate any student's hunger. In an effort to cut costs, the grease which had previously been poured off of "Tina's Too Much" and "Ramona's Special" pizzas has been saved and added to their already fine varieties of pizza toppings. My personal congratulations to this gallant recycling effort.

Full? Sick? After dinner, there are any number of fun things that you can do in your residence. Killer frisbee and hall soccer are valuable pasttimes and sure to win you the love and admiration of your hallmates. Also, you can find all of the cripples in your dorm, photograph their anomalies and make a scrapbook. Set fire to the ASSU recycling bins. Overdose on drugs. Develop a cure for acne using toilet seat covers. Develop a cure for toilet seat covers using acne. Steal your roommate's bicycle. Think up something original.

Too many times new ideas for traditions are rejected as being too strange or perverse. Never let that stop you. There is always someone around who is at least as sick as you, if not worse. Yes, you too can be famous. It's easy, I did it.

Be sure and catch the next edition of Coed Corner when I unravel such amazing stories as what Fred Hargadon wears to bed at night, how to steal Memorial Church when no one is looking, and my night with Steve Dils

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This will be short because, let's face it, here's one department where most of you are hopeless. You still don't understand why firemen's suspenders are red, or why the young man wanted a twelve inch piano player.

LESSON FIVE — BE FUNNY

If you are truly to be like me, you must have, above health, happiness, and a large piano player, a mammoth sense of humor. You must see the humor in everyday events such as assassinations, dead babies, and apocalypses (you'd think it was the end of the world or something). Why go to Northern Ireland for an Ulcer Transplant — laugh a little, and the world laughs at you.

So what if you started a forest fire — you just showed 'em your *initiative* and *burning desire*. So what if your loved one's a hemophiliac? Buy 'em a backscratcher. There's more than one way to skin a cat — but do you know any of them?

Humor can turn a bad mood to good, a gloomy outlook to a metal box (let's not get hung up on antonyms). Remember, first depressions are the most important. Maybe someone will drive you to Iowa to take you out of Missouri.

If you can stay amused all your life, then everything else, like money, status, and avoidance of squalor (and New York) becomes secondary. Creature comforts are okay, but give me a "What was the penalty called in the cannibal football game? ANS. Inedible receiver downfield" over a Betamax anytime. If you want to become a pleasure seeking Rasta Man it's cool, but don't forget it's a Heile Salassie process. Life is cheap, but death is free.

What can you do? Not much, if I have to tell you. How about arranging your livingroom like the set in All in the Family? Send a pal some heroin C.O.D. and C if he OD's. Need a place to crash? How about Highway 101?

Sure it's tough to be funny. As comedian Gregg Allman said, "Sometimes I feel, sometimes I feel, like I've been tied to the witty riposte. . . ."

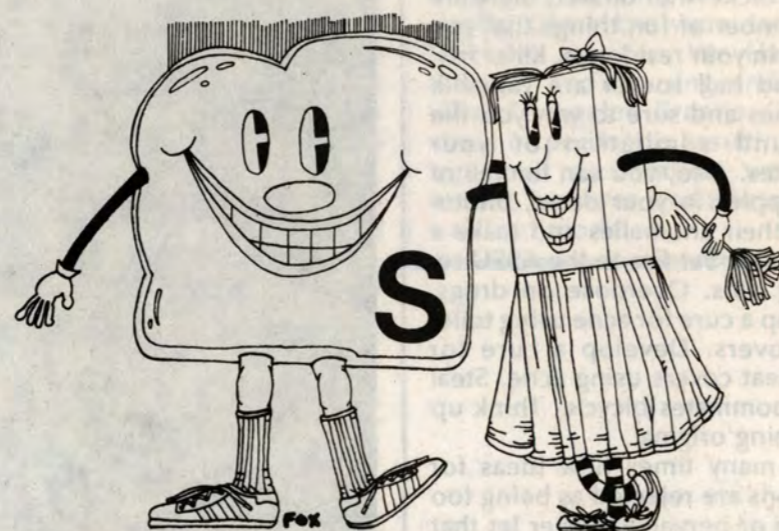
My mentor once said to me, "Jan, there are only two things you need to do, and then you will be like me. One, seek solitude. Two, love the one you're with."

See ya' later, and remember; Be Like Me!

WHEN THE FINAL GUN GOES OFF,
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AT THE LOS ALTOS

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"Frankie, what the hell are you doing in the road!"

That's what Frankie's father yelled out in the fateful split second. Alas, it was too late. Frankie kissed the bumper of his mother's Ford LTD station wagon and died instantaneously.

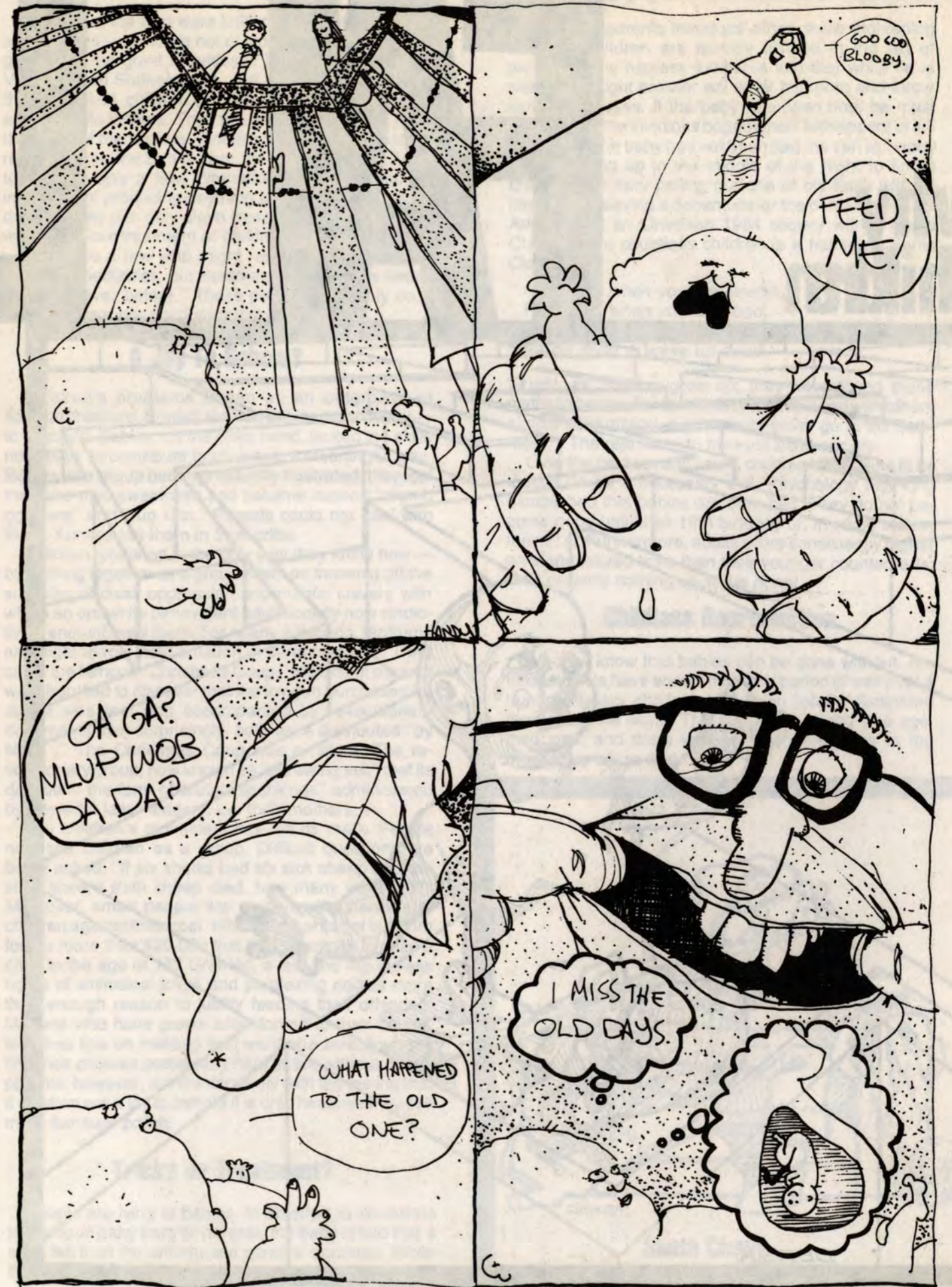
But even before the police could scrape the youth out of the street, the father told us: "Somebody is going to pay. . . . They owe me."

And we at ASSU Casualty & Life Insurance ask you: "Who is this somebody?"

It's you.

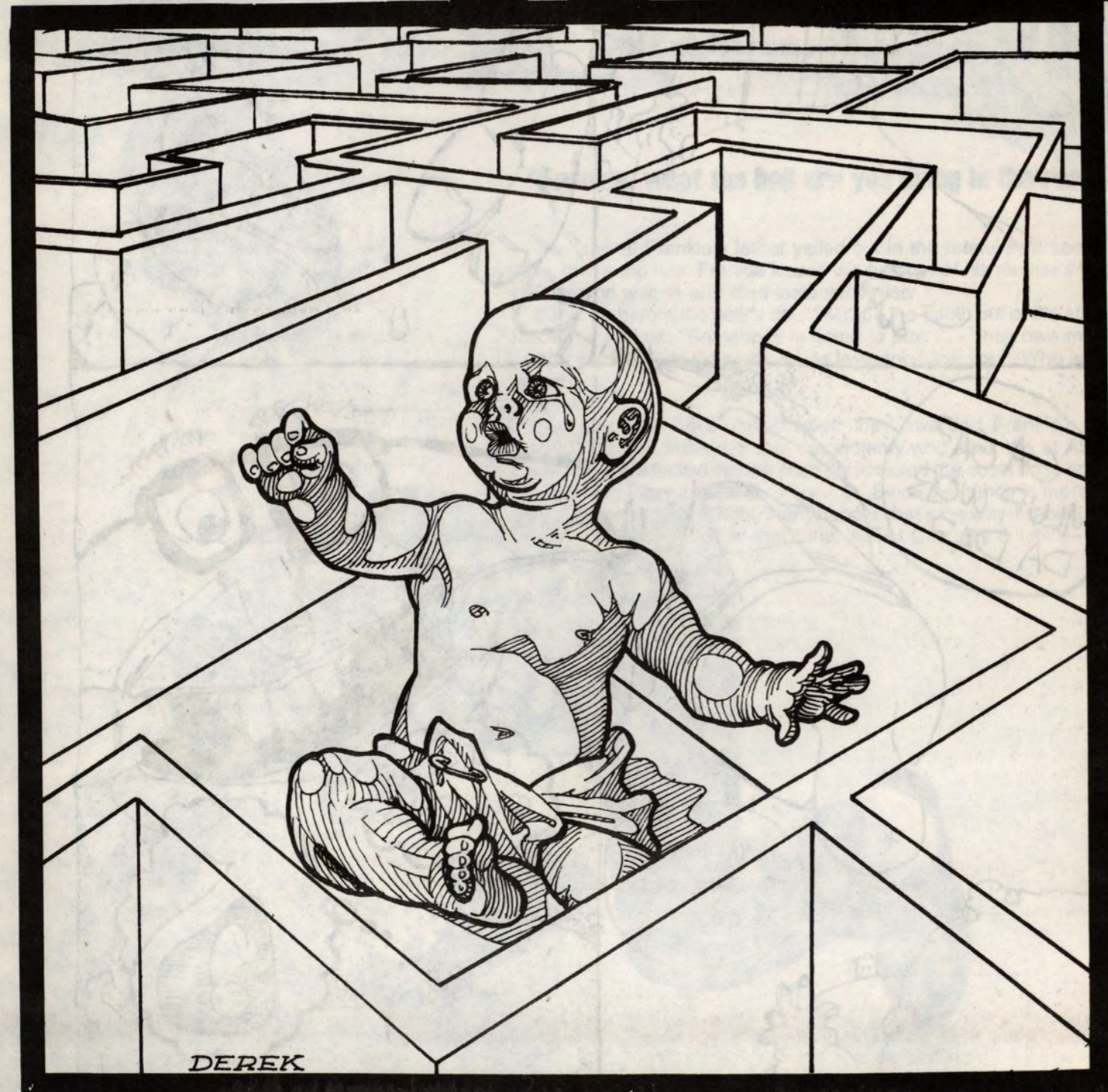
The jury may have smiled when they awarded Frankie's dad \$3,000,000; but, indeed, it was not mommy who paid. We at ASSU Casualty & Life forked out the cash and passed the costs on to you in the form of higher insurance premiums. Since insurance is merely a way of spreading risk among many people, that's the way it should be.

And that's the name of that tune. ASSU Casualty & Life — The People Who Pay.



why children

FAM



Children of the past were brilliant. They were leaders and thinkers — children not of words, but deeds. They grew up to be great individuals: Homer, Leonardo da Vinci, William Shakespeare, and Abraham Lincoln. On the other hand, children of today can only be described as miserable failures. They are greedy. They cry. They think only of themselves. Modern children grow up to be rancid people: the Son of Sam, the Riddler, and Idi Amin to suggest only a few. Why was yesterday's society incapable of producing anything but geniuses while today's society can only claim moral gnomes? The answer lies in our treatment of children.

There are a few who might respond, "But with advances in pediatrics, our treatment of children is better now than ever before." These people are sorely confused and are not encouraged to read further.

A Joy To Behold?

Children's problems began as an outgrowth of societal pressure. Society wanted babies to be happy — to succeed. Babies, on the other hand, lacked the skills necessary to contribute to society in a meaningful way. Babies as a group became violently frustrated: they lost their cherubic sweetness and became instead "crumb gobblers" and "rug rats." Parents could not deal with them. Aunties left them in their cribs.

Children retaliated in the only way they knew how — by forming together as a group intent on throwing off the shackles of class oppression and mental slavery with which an erstwhile benevolent adult society now vindictively encumbered them. For nearly a decade, tantrums and night terrors held a nation of parents in fear. Then came the famous "Christmas Coup." Millions of parents were horrified to discover that the toy gun purchased for Junior was real and accompanied by revolutionary documents. Not surprisingly, both were distributed "by Marx." The Christmas Coup was a failure. The revolutionary group, now known as "the swing set," met its demise in the form of brutal "spankings" administered by powerful labor leaders, i.e. their mothers.

The children's movement has left its mark. People now see children as a group. Difficult questions are being asked, "If six sheiks had six sick sheep and the sixth sheik's sixth sheep died, how many were left?" Moreover, smart people are weighing the benefits of children against their cost. What do parents get in return for the more than \$20,000 that they must pay to raise a child to the age of 18? Granted, a few find the tireless hours of whimsical jokes and perplexing riddles more than enough reason to justify feeding their offspring. Mothers who have grown accustomed to their daughter's free tips on makeup and wardrobe selection may find their children particularly hard to live without. Many parents, however, are coming away with the feeling that if children are a joy to behold it is only because they sell more furniture polish.

Tricks or Treatment?

People are lying to babies. In an effort to dissociate the curious baby from its parents, the baby is told that a stork left it on the unfortunate parents' doorstep. While the beofuscated child pauses to ponder its bestial

lineage, his parents introduce other, more frightening deceits. Children are quickly trained in the art of paranoia. The hapless toddler is told that while he is sleeping a night prowler will enter his room and throw sand in his eyes. If the baby has been bad, he must worry about the invidious boggyemen: kidnappers of kid nappers. If the baby had not been bad, he can still worry about waking up in the middle of the night to find a crazed tooth fairy pulling out one of his teeth with no intention of leaving a debenture for the denture venture. Adults paint an Orwellian 1984 society with a Santa Claus that to countless children is a fearsome Santa Claws.

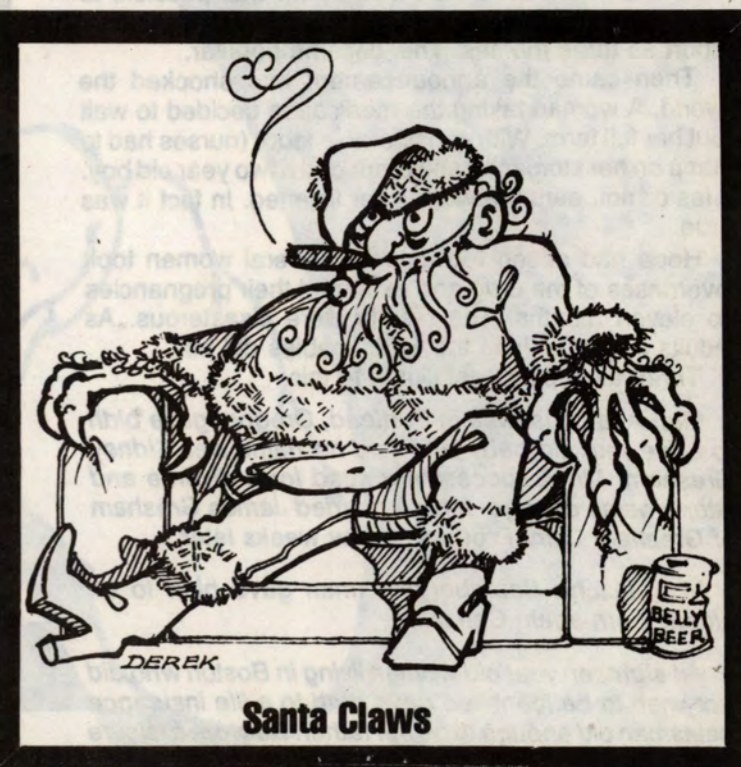
*He knows when you are sleeping,
He knows when you're in bed,
He knows if you've been bad or good,
So be good or wake up dead.*

Slowly, as children grow up, they have found these myths to be lies. For some, they are replaced with others almost as terrifying, e.g. teachers never go to the bathroom. The rest learn to mistrust adult society.

Over the past several years, children have come to be looked on as a necessary evil. Psychology has long established that babies are born bad. They do not become good until their 18th birthday or, in some states, their 21st. Furthermore, adults score consistently higher on standardized tests than their younger counterparts. Until recently nothing could be done.

Childless Reproduction

We now know that babies can be done without. Anthropologists have shown that for a period of well over a hundred years children had been totally eliminated throughout the world. This happened a long time ago, they said, and there was some confusion as to the mechanics of the feat.





The Tooth Fairy

The mechanics of the fetus, however, is well understood to biologists. Less than five years ago, a team of researchers from the fields of Elysium, Biology, and Recombinant DNA announced that it was possible to speed the full development of the fetus into a period as short as three months. This became popular.

Then came the announcement that shocked the world. A woman taking the medication decided to wait out her full term. With considerable labor (nurses had to jump on her stomach), she produced a two year old boy. Lies or not, ears the world over listened. In fact it was true.

Hope had arisen too quickly. Several women took overdoses of the drug and extended their pregnancies to eleven months. The results were disasterous. As adults began to "see the light," babies did not.

Three examples best illustrate this:

Mrs. A, a housewife in Portland, Oregon, gave birth to a five year old baby who said his name was Sidney Gresham. Mr. A successfully sued for a divorce and later a name change. Mrs. A married James Gresham of Gresham Dairy Products a few weeks later.

Mrs. Jascha Baumbergsteinman gave birth to an elderly born-again Christian.

An eighteen year old woman living in Boston who did not wish to be identified gave birth to a life insurance salesman old enough to be her father. He wore a leisure suit and would only admit that his name was Eddie

Ennui III. His briefcase had to be removed by caesarian section.

The problems with the method of childless reproduction were many. Newborn bums and miscreants were abandoned. A glut of adult babies were up for adoption. While many offspring were well along in their careers at birth, they still had to be trained in such rudimentary skills as feeding and toilet training. Many parents confessed that burping John F. Kennedy or changing the diapers of Albert Einstein was humbling, indeed.

The disadvantages of childless reproduction were too great. The method was banned by the government just last year.

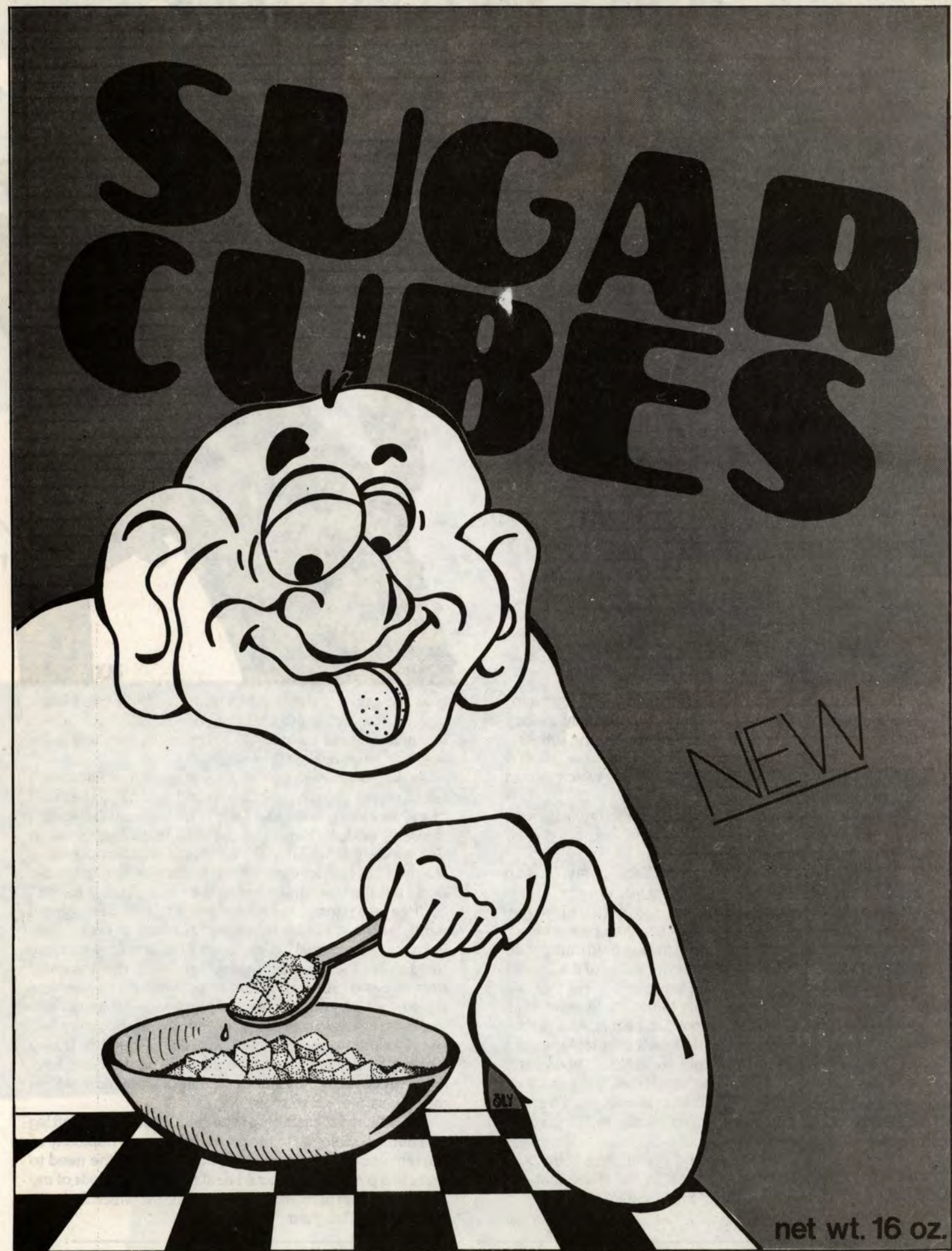
Trite And True

Children have returned. They now find a wide assortment of goods waiting for them. Reflecting a more realistic, more mature society are dolls like Gay Bob and Tender Baby Kidney Trouble, or the ready-to-eat Barbie-Q. But many children, confused by the complexity of it all, are turning to television where sex, death and violence are the fare — even for those who do not watch game shows or reruns of Bozo The Clown. Something is missing.

What can we do to assure better children in the future? Very little. Nietzsche tells us that man has no free will — no ability to make a decision. Rather, man's actions, and, indeed, his thoughts, are determined long in advance by the myriad swirlings of the nonetheless predictable atoms of the universe. It would be pretentious at best to suggest that the Chaparral can save children from a fate determined when the atoms of the cosmos first started intermingling — many years ago.



Albert Einstein



the PERFUMED SANDBOX



The landscape of the playground was stark of my peers; only the wipporwhil sang sharply yet mournfully among the bars of the jungle gym. As I ventured to the drinking fountain, chipped and void of water, I first saw her, picking her petite nose with a slightly crooked finger which delved deeply into the cavity.

She saw me not, despite my attempts to impress her. I thus resolved to put my frog back in the soiled pocket I had drawn it from and spoke to her.

"Don't you like frogs?" I queried softly, my passion barely masked by the smoothness of voice.

She paused for a moment, her soft lashes of downy yellow fluttering gently. "Bleecch," she then pronounced, daintily forming a pool of salivation in her cupid mouth and hurling it to the asphalt with an elegant swing of the head. I then reached towards her, hesitatingly. I knew that the touch of her slight body against mine would resolve all conflict, all difference between our two beings. And yet the power of her presence resonated uncomfortably, as did the squished frog in my front right pocket. Still, however, I wanted her and the soul she concealed between two frayed pony tails tied by dirty rubber bands: yes, I wanted her mind, but to truly know it organically as the gravelly asphalt beneath my Keds?

"You're it!" I intoned, passing my tingling palm over one of her sweetly scabbed knees. In the chase that ensued, I felt a sudden bonding of the blood-lust between us, the surging of unspoken bodily fluids. And as she coyly

beat me with her delicate fists upon catching me, I knew that I knew her truly, that the race of emotions which engulfed me was beyond the realm of the wire fence she beat my head against.

As the pummeling continued and grew more intense, I felt the surge growing mightily, until I could hold back no more. Groaning with the feeling of welcome release, I thrust my body forward, and she too thrust herself away so that we were One. Then the air was of a calm quite still, a scalding peace had entered the entrails of my existence, and I felt the warmth of her pale blue eyes next to me.

"Pee-pee pants!" she spoke, pointing one dainty finger gently at me. "Kindergarten baby potties in his panties! Baby pee-pee pants!" Alas, it was true, and I lowered my head to see the spreading stain. Suddenly, she was away from me, and I knew I had known her falsely. The heartless creature which jumped rope before me was no longer of a bond, and I knew in all of me that what was once so sweet, sweet as the pouring of Pepsi-Cola on a bowl of Lucky Charms Saturday morning, could sadly be no more, having been devoured by the demon and lax bladder within me. It was more and more vague.

As I watched the jumping rope catch around her left leg and hurl her violently to the ground, I thought hopefully of the remaining recess that lay before me. I felt the need to retire to a place where I could heal the deep wounds of my soul, to attempt to recapture that part of me which fled with her mirthless laughter.

Highlights®

THE MONTHLY BOOK
for Children

November
1978

INCLUDING

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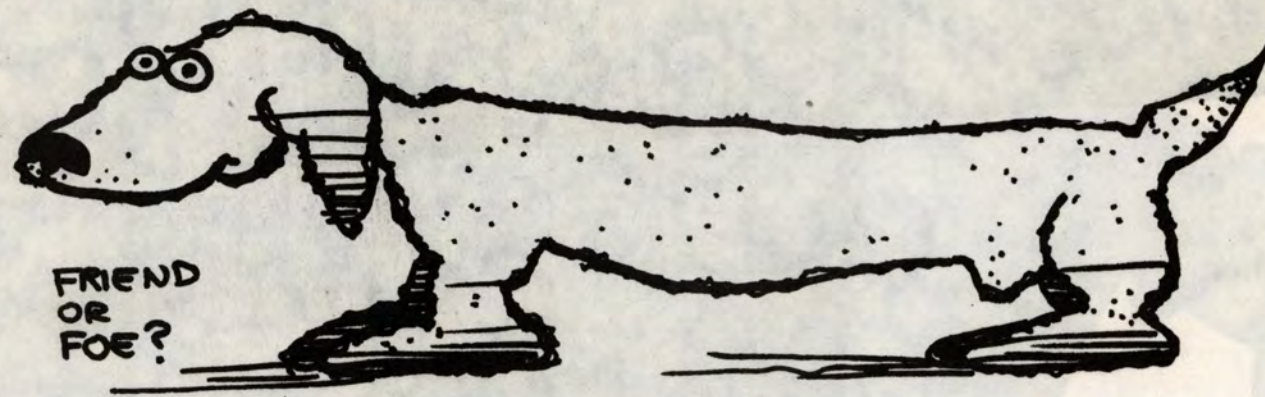
fun

with a
purpose

Hello!



it's a man's best friend's world



Have you ever noticed that dogs are funny creatures, and that they do strange things? Like biting people and sniffing each other. These acts are not normal, except for dogs.

Why, you may ask, do dogs behave in such a peculiar manner? Well, the answer is not easy, but science seems to have worked it out. A dog, you must understand, is a creature of habit, an animal living by instinct. He does things without thinking about them.

People always think about something before they do it, but that is because we are not animals. As an example, think about how you feel when you are playing baseball, and you give up a long home run. The next time that batter comes up to hit, don't you just feel like throwing the baseball in his face? You probably would, except you realize that if you miss,

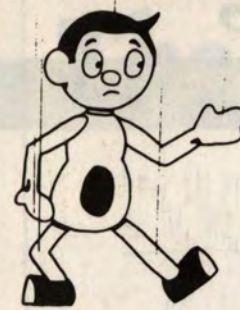
he would most certainly pound your face into the dirt with his bat. Well, if you were a dog, you wouldn't think about the bat. You would just throw the ball at his face.

Or if you are a girl, how do you feel when your best friend shows you her new doll from Taiwan which she says is the prettiest doll in the world, and certainly much prettier than all your ugly American dolls? Don't you want to just rip the doll's head off? Well, that's just what a girl dog would do. That's why they are called "bitches."

As an animal, a dog always does things without first thinking it over. And most of the things a dog does are low-down, miserable and wretched. That is because a dog usually feels just that way. If all you ever ate were stale Gaines burgers and Mom's leftovers, you would not feel so good yourself.

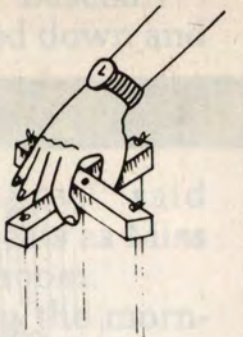
And if you were chained up or fenced in all the time, do you think you would be happy? Not at all. True, you would not have to go to school, but you also could not go to the candy store or the movies. How many dogs do you know that have seen Star Wars even once? Dogs are unhappy in the most severe sense of the word. So whenever a dog gets a chance to do something, it is almost always something dumb and dirty, because he does it without thinking about it.

Have you ever heard someone say they were feeling awfully doggone low? Or heard someone referred to as being lazy as a dog? That's because a dog is like someone living the blues, except they can't express themselves with a harmonica or a saxophone or even a voice. All they can do is bark. Or bite people. Or chew their cud. Do you think that makes them happy? Not at all. It is just something they do.



THE TIMBERTOES

by Wilkins and Oly



Father T. reads the paper.



"What is it, Tommy?"



"Why do I have three fingers?"



"Ask your Mother!"



Mother and Mable cook.



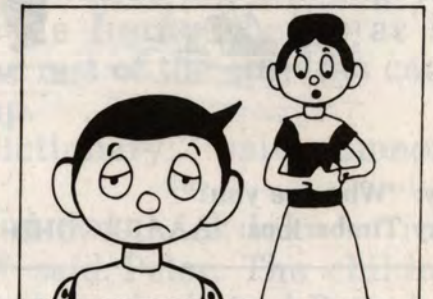
"What is wrong with us?"



Sister goes upstairs.



"We are puppets."



"We can't exist."



"Don't cry, you'll warp."



"I hate you!"



"Dress warmly!"

*Pictures and philosophical questions as an aid to reading.

The Bears Go Camping



Woozy: "Camping in the winter sure is fun!"
Poozy: "... and cold!"

Father: "We'll need to get some wood for the fire."
Mother: "But all the wood is wet!"



Woozy: "Who are you?"
Tommy Timbertoes: "AAARRGGHH!! A talking bear!"

Mother: "A puppet... a wooden puppet!"
Father: "Quick, grab him!"



Mother: "Now, we shall be warm."
Piddy: "Did we have to kill him?"

Father: "Survival is never easy."
Piddy: "Especially for puppets!!"

*Survival of the fittest.

The New Boy

It was the first day of school. Timmy grabbed his lunch, kissed his Mother goodbye, and ran out the door. He was excited for he was now a third-grader. As he walked toward the school he saw his friend Bill.

"Hi Bill," said Timmy.

"Hi Timmy," said Bill.

The two friends walked together.

"Did you know that there's a new boy in our class this year?" said Bill.

"No," said Timmy.

"My mom said that he's got Cerebral Palsy," said Bill.

"What that?" asked Timmy.

"It's like he's crippled," said Bill.

"Oh," said Timmy. He thought about what it would be like to be crippled and not be able to fly a kite or play with a puppy.

The boys arrived at the red brick school and walked into their new classroom. All their old friends were there. They talked and laughed together and told tales of summer adventure. One boy wasn't talking with the rest. He sat by himself in a wheelchair.

"That must be the new boy," said Timmy. "Let's go make friends with him." Timmy and Bill walked over to where the new boy was sitting.

"Hi," said Bill. The new boy looked at him. "H-heeeeeee - e - e - ehl - lll - o - ooo," he said. Spit was everywhere. "My-i-i naaaaame isthh P-p-p-eeeeeeee-ter."

"Do you like to play baseball?" asked Timmy. Peter looked down and didn't say anything.

"How about kickball?" asked Bill. Peter was silent.

"He doesn't seem happy," said Timmy. They took their seats as Miss Johnson walked into the room.

School was fun. During the morning the class worked on grammar and math. But all Timmy could think of was Peter and how he seemed so lonely. Once he tried to smile at Peter across the room, but Peter just twitched.

Recess came. All the children were on the blacktop, playing catch or jumping rope. Peter sat in his wheelchair by himself. Timmy was thinking about Peter. He's not having much fun, thought Timmy.

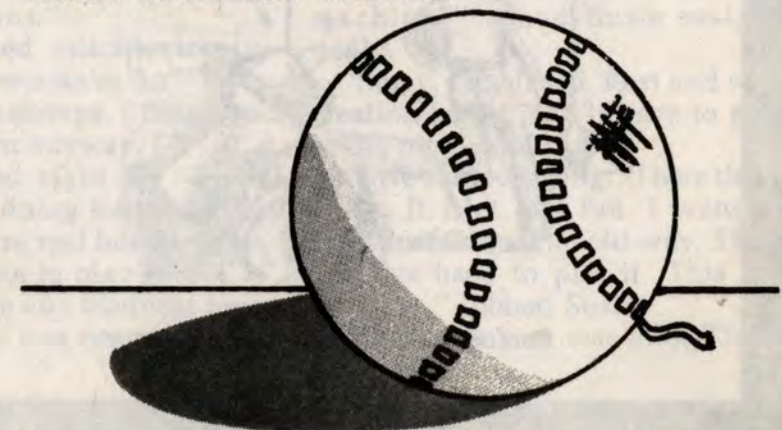
Then he had an idea. Timmy and Bill walked over to where Peter was sitting.

"Can you say impossible?" asked Timmy.

"I-i-i-i-mummmmp - o - sssssss - ah - bul - ul-ul," said Peter. He was drooling on himself and shaking. His mouth made funny shapes as he talked. The rest of the children came running up.

"Say dictionary," said someone else.

"D-d-d-d-d-d- ick-ick - ick-shhhhhh," said Peter. The children laughed and laughed. And Peter had made some new friends.



Roofus and Gallant



"Ah plays to win."



"Okay, how many lines do I owe you now?"



Roofus hogs all the blankets



"I'll save energy by turning my electric blanket down to 3."



Roofus doesn't say thank you.



"I was going to give it back, your Honor."

POST OFFICE



you open?" Susie asked tentatively.

"Of course we're open. Everyone knows we're open from 9 to 5 every weekday. Now what da ya want those stamps for?" demanded Billy.

"What difference does it make? I just want some stamps. 20 fifteens and 10 thirteens," replied Susie who was starting to get upset.

"Well, I don't have to take this kind of abuse. I'm a public servant not a public slave. Just cause we only make two thousand dollars a year more than San Francisco garbagemen people treat us like garbage. Get your own stamps," Billy said as he slammed his window shut.

"What about my stamps, my stamps . . ." Susie trailed off.

Very shortly Billy returned to the window with a bright smile. "Yes maam, can I help you?"

"Do you sell stamps," Susie tested.

"Yes, of course. This is a U.S. Post Office," Billy replied as he smiled broadly.

"Are you open for business?" Susie inched along.

"Why certainly. What can I do for you?" said Billy, continuing his dazzling smile.

Susie relaxed somewhat. "Some stamps, please. 20 fifteens and 10 thirteens."

Billy grinned mischievously. "What do ya wanna'm for?"

"Forget the stamps. I didn't really want them anyway. I . . ."

Billy barged right in. "Then what are you doing here wasting our time? We're real busy and we don't have time to play games. If you don't have any business here get out." Billy was beaming visibly.



"I'd like to see the manager," Susie said simply.

"You can't. Next!"

Susie stuck to her position at the head of the line. "Why can't I see him?"

"Who?"

"The manager."

"The manager's out. He's not here."

"Why isn't he here. It's three o'clock."

"He's on strike. Next!"

"Post Office workers can't strike. It's illegal. He can't do that."

"He's not a worker. He's Level 15. He can do anything he wants. I wish I didn't have to put up with this. It's dehumanizing. Why Hitler treated the Jews better," Billy wailed.

"Where is the nearest stamp machine?" asked Susie resignedly.

"Sorry, I'm closed. Rest and recreation break. You'll have to go to the next window."

Susie started crying. "I hate this game. It isn't any fun. I wanna play Post Office the old way. The way we used to play it. This is crummy," sobbed Susie.

"The other way was icky. This way is fun."

Our Own Pages

SNOW

Snow is fun
In which to run.
But I like it most
When it goes up my nose.

Tom Savage
Aspen, Colorado
age 11

IT IS NOVEMBER

It is November
A time to remember.
A time to hide
with feet so fleet,
Cause the dog had the runs
Upon my sheet.

It is November
A time to remember.
My daddy died,
My mom's a drag,
And my big sister
Is a raging fag.

Beauregard Bixby
Flat Plains, Texas
age 10

THE BEST TIME OF YEAR

I like November
It's the best time of year.
Filled with falling leaves
And feelings of cheer.
There's Indian summer
A snowflake or two—
Think of all the wondrous things
That you can do.
But I like it best
Cause I rake in the hay
At the end of the month
Upon my birthday.

Honey Anderson
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
age 9

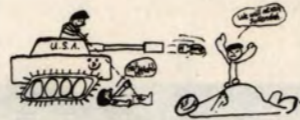
LIFE

I like life
It's always happy.
Except when it's bad
Then it's crappy.

Ann Woodcock
Santa Barbara, California
age 10



Marlo Manqueros
Richmond, California
age 8



Jimmy Peacey
Seattle, Washington
age 10



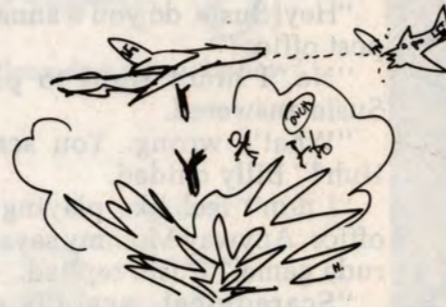
Christopher Ishida
Los Angeles, California
age 9



Dina Anne Garcia
Los Angeles, California
age 9



June George
Las Vegas, Nevada
age 11



Ned Mertz
Durnham, North Carolina
age 9

Things To Do With Pets



- 1) GIVE A DADDY-LONG-LEGS A JUDO LESSON.
- 2) INJECT CATERPILLERS WITH WATER UNTIL THEY POP.
- 3) TEST THE THEORY OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION: FREEZE A FROG.
- 4) BURY YOUR CAT IN KNEE-DEEP GRASS BEFORE DAD CUTS IT.
- 5) BREAK YOUR HAMPSTERS LEGS, COVER HIM WITH HONEY, AND PUT HIM NEAR AN ANT HOLE.
- 6) PUT YOUR FISHBOWL IN THE OVEN.
- 7) RECLAW YOUR CAT.
- 8) SHARPEN YOUR PARAKEET'S BEAK WITH SOME SANDPAPER.
- 9) TIE A PIANO WIRE AROUND ROVER'S FIFTH LEG, AND SHOW HIM A PICTURE OF LASSIE.
- 10) PUT YOUR DOG TO SLEEP WITH SOME ETHER, SKIN HIM, AND WAIT TIL HE WAKES UP.

You Must Leave Now

continued from page 3

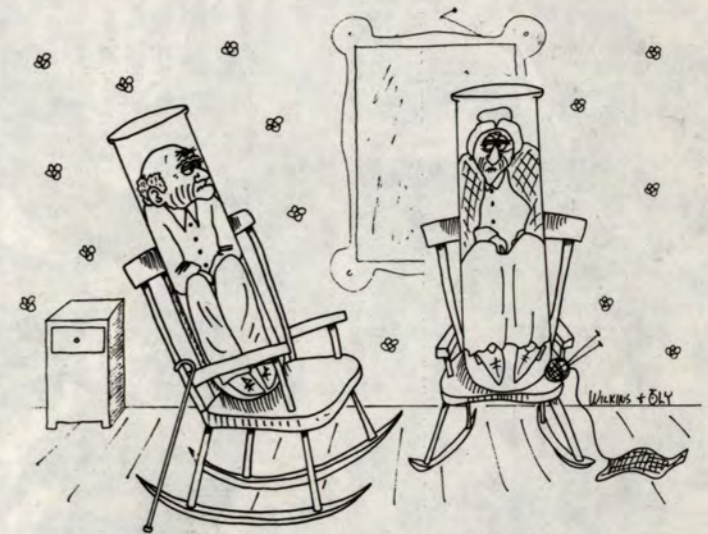
well coached. They won't beat themselves." Idi himself had this to say, "We've got some promising young rookies and a score of hardened veterans. We're looking for a 40 or 50 massacre preseason. This shortened preseason could hurt our development but we'll win our share." However it must be noted that the Angolans are given little real chance against the favorites. The Angolan style is just too crude and obvious when compared to the modern stunting, flex defenses or the optioned, zone picking offenses. Subtlety is an unknown art to the Angolans especially when contrasted with the legalistically brilliant Americans who produced such greats as John C. Marshall, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Earl Warren. Tying Abbie Hoffman in his chair or planting microfilm in a pumpkin is a cut above the average Angolan. One leading Angolan dissident attempted to introduce such legal subtleties into his nation's gameplan by pleading for a change of venue. He succeeded in his attempt and was beat to death in a neighboring, unprejudiced village.

The Chinese "Gang of Four" is expected to be highly popular but is given little real chance at a medal as Chinese teams are noted for their weak defense and dogmacy. Star dissident Chiang Ching stated, "We have a good, solid team. We'll play conservative ball and try and put some points on the board. We'll win our share of games this season." Former dissident Lin Piao, now playing for the other side had this to say, "In this game you put your points on the board and at the end count 'em up. Whoever has the most points, wins. You know, political trials are a lot like life. You appeal, the judge overrules. Your suppor-

ters tear up the countryside, you slip in the shower. Yeah, political trials are a great teacher of young people. Why I remember when. . ."

All else being said it remains that the Russians are the team to beat even without their big gun, Alexander Soltzennitzen. Said dissidents coach Andrei Sakharov, "Hey, sure we're going to miss him. Al was a team player, a real holler guy. If someone had to put in 10 years at the archipelago you know Al would be there." There are some who say

that Sakharov was peeved when Soltzenitzen signed as a free agent in the United States. Sakharov demurs, "No way. We were all real happy for Al when he signed that contract. He's one hell of a guy and I wish him all the luck in the world." Soltzenitzen or not the Russians are strong at all levels as usual. They are one of the few countries (Angola comes to mind) to support the sport at the club level. The Russians are meticulous and thorough in their preparation in such matters. They'll win their share of games.



TEST TUBE GRANDPARENTS

NOTRE DAME BACK-FIELD



Half-back Full-back Quarter back Hunch back



THE PRISONER

George stared at the ceiling and sulked. It was only a goddamned grandfather clock. It had sat in the upstairs hallway for years, and nobody had ever given a damn about it. It was old, and ugly, and the chimes had always rung at the wrong hours. It was only a goddamned clock, or had been, until George knocked it down the stairs that afternoon.

"It's not like none of them have never had an accident before," muttered George, wishing somebody was around to hear him. The bedroom had become dark, and George was too stubborn to turn on the lights. He wouldn't give them the satisfaction. If they wanted to punish him, he wanted them to know that he was suffering. "Parents feel guilty, too," he thought. "Let them suffer as well." Years from now, when he ended up being maladjusted and did something notorious — like setting fire to drunks, or being another David Berkowitz — his parents would know whose fault it was. They would feel guilty all right. They would stand outside his prison cell, nervously making useless gestures with their hands, and feel guilty. It would all even out in the end. "Only a goddamned grandfather clock," his father would say then. "Who would have thought it would lead to this." His mother would nod, with a worried look. Both would look worried, and guilty, and useless. Especially useless.

"They'll be sorry then." George startled. He heard footsteps downstairs. If they were coming upstairs to make up with him, it was too late. He wouldn't say a word to them. He wouldn't even look them in the eye. He would just lie on his bed, facing the wall, and ignore them. They could plead with him, but it wouldn't do any good. They could beg him to come downstairs, but he wouldn't even acknowledge their presence. Maybe once, he would look at them slowly, with a real hurt look on his face. That might be good. Then he'd turn away again, and stare at the wall. The footsteps didn't come upstairs. Instead, George heard some music in the family room beneath him. They were watching "Rhoda."

"I can hold out as long as they can," thought George. He considered never leaving his bedroom again. He'd

never turn on the lights, and never turn away from the wall. They might come up and stand in the doorway, saying nothing and looking helpless, but he would never move. He'd just get older.

He'd need food, though, and he couldn't let them bring it up to him. He'd have to go down to breakfast tomorrow. He'd pretend that nothing was bothering him, would go downstairs, sit down at his usual spot at the kitchen table, and eat his cornflakes. Nothing out of the ordinary, except he wouldn't say a word all that time, or let any expression cross his face. The goddamned toaster would show more emotion. Maybe he'd say one thing. He'd thank his mother for breakfast. That would drive her crazy. Then he would go back upstairs, lie on the bed, and stare at the wall until lunchtime.

The door opened, and a beam of light from the hallway swept across the room and fell across George's startled face. A figure stood in the doorway, framed by the light behind him. Dad had taken George by surprise.

George quickly turned back to the wall, but when Dad switched on the lights in the bedroom and sat on the bed next to him, George once again looked up. His father smiled at him kindly. He tousled George's hair. "Here it comes," thought George.

"Well, son, I think it's all right for you to come down now. You've learned your lesson. No more playing soccer, or other roughhousing, in the house. I'm sure you'll be a bit more careful from now on, especially with costly irreplaceable heirlooms which have been in our family for years, and of course your mother and I forgive you. Accidents do happen, and that clock never did tell the right time. Of course, I don't know what I'll tell your grandmother..."

Dad lapsed into silence, and he stared out at something beyond George's shoulder. A sort of sad look came into his eyes, and George felt queasy in his stomach, which was weird, because he hadn't had any dinner. His father looked at him, and smiled again, and patted him on the shoulder.

"You probably can't believe this, but I was just like you when I was a kid. I ran all over the house, and yelled and

screamed and tormented my little sister — your aunt Elizabeth — and broke things and had to be punished by my parents — your grandparents, Grandma and Grandpa. Once I played with an old cavalry sword I found in the attic, supposedly had belonged to a great uncle who was a major in the Civil War, on the confederate side..." He paused again, looking off at the wall. "Well, in any case, son, why don't you come downstairs and watch some T.V.? Your mother's kept some dinner warm for you, and your sister said she wanted to play Monopoly tonight? O.K.?"

"Sure, Dad," said George, sitting up. "I'll be right down."

"Great, son." Dad stood up, and turned to leave. But he stopped when he got to the door, and turned back to George. "You know the only reason we have to do this is because we love you, don't you, George?"

"Sure, Dad, I know that. I understand. You're a parent. It's your job."

Dad suddenly looked very peculiar, like he wanted to say something, and he stood in the doorway a few moments, before turning and walking down the hall. George heard his footsteps going slowly down the stairs. George sat on his bed for a few minutes, and a little smile gradually appeared on his face. Yes, George understood. Dad was not quite as tough and powerful as George had thought. What was more, George noticed that Dad was getting old. He'd be dead soon, or worse, he'd be like Grandma or Grandpa. As George figured it, Dad had once been George's age, and it wouldn't be too long before George was his father's age. And as Dad got older, he'd begin to slip. His thinking would slow down, and he'd get arthritis, and wouldn't be able to move like he'd once been able to. Yes, it was only a matter of time, and George would be getting bigger and bigger, and Dad older, and more pathetic. And sooner or later, Dad would begin to make mistakes. Maybe he'd spill some milk at breakfast, or break a glass, or maybe lose his footing and fall down the stairs. Accidents do happen.

Yes, sooner or later, old Dad would have to slip. And George would be waiting.

TRICK



It was a dark, stormy night. A great night for staying home, making hot chocolate, and listening to ghost stories. A lousy night to go trick or treating. Little Johnny was all upset. As a twelve year old, his earning capacity was definitely limited, and Halloween was his big chance to score enough junk to keep his family in the debt of their dentist for one more year. His mother did not particularly approve of what she saw as "kiddy panhandling," but she felt that it was better than his being deprived the childhood fun of trick or treating, only to wind up as a "screwball running loose in San Francisco" in later years. As a child she had masqueraded as a banana one year, and had been found in a schoolyard near her home late that night, completely peeled. Her clear distaste for the holiday, combined with the terrible weather, made any chance of Johnny's having a profitable Halloween almost nonexistent.

In Johnny's eyes there was no way that he was going to miss *this* Halloween. Hell, next year he'd be a teenager, and teenagers never went trick-or-treating. He insightfully realized that this was probably going to be his last freebee, and no matter what, he had to hit the streets for a few hours. He would rather be wet and sick with a bag full of candy than dry and healthy with nothing to show for it. And it was better to sneak out and trick-or-treat than to get caught stealing a Reggie bar in Woolworth's. By openly disobeying his parents now, he would be saving them pain and embarrassment later on.

He reached for his phone, and called his best friend Billy. Actually, Billy wasn't really his best friend, but he was the only kid he knew with one of those giant golf umbrellas. Billy would probably be able to go. He was one of those kids whose parents didn't give a damn what he did, as long as he left them alone.

"Hi Billy, it's John. You going tonight?"

"Are you kidding? I've been waiting all summer to wear the \$200. R2-D2 costume my parents bought me."

"Jesus, I hope you don't rust."

They were as good as off.

Johnny locked the door to his room, pretending to be going to bed early. He yelled a quick "Good night" to his mom and dad to show that there were no hard feelings. Now he was ready to escape through his window. He tied together five bedsheets and, with his Bionic Man costume under his arm, he prepared to climb down to freedom. He approached his window apprehensively. Perhaps he had overdone it with the bedsheets. After all, they did live in a one-story home.

Once outside, he went to get the one person in the world that he did consider a true friend — Sally O'Neal. His friendship with Sally had dated back to the second grade and was one that was built on mutual respect — he once grabbed her pony tail, and she beat the shit out of him. It was his knowledge that she could take his life at any given moment that made him love her even more. She was cute, but she was tough. When he arrived at her house she was waiting outside under an awning, and for some reason, she was speaking to a garbage can.

"Sally, why the hell are you talking to the garbage can?"

"This isn't a garbage can, this is Billy."

"I can't believe it. Billy, you look like a garbage can. I can't believe that cost your parents two hundred dollars."

Billy just responded with a gurgling noise. At these prices, he was going to get into the part. Sally was dressed like Snow White. Her mother had made her costume, and by comparison, Johnny felt rather shoddy. His Bionic Man costume was made out of that cheap rayon fabric that ripped to shreds the minute you put it on. In the rain, the dye had already begun to run, and it was fraying up the leg. Aesthetics, though, were not particularly important to any of them. What was important was candy, and they trodded off onto the desolate and flooded streets in search of it.

It was almost unbelievable. They had gone door to door for three hours, and had come up with nothing. Technically, what they had was *next* to nothing, because some old lady had given them some black chuckles, but everybody knew that those tasted like crud, so what they actually had was nothing.

"I've never had so many doors slammed in my face," Sally said with a tear in her eye. Billy had started to oxydize, and the gears that once enabled him to coast along the ground with a nice whoooosh sound were squeaking annoyingly. The colors of Johnny's costume were discoloring his skin, and his hair was soaking wet. Somewhere along the way, Billy had hogged the entire umbrella, leaving Johnny and Sally to come close to drowning. None of these things concerned Johnny as much as the fact that his bag was empty. He was determined to keep going, even if it took all night. Luckily, it was the next door which would bring the three wanderers salivary salvation.

Johnny had to knock only once. The door swung open, and smiling faces embraced the trio. There were Halloween decorations, candy bars galore, ice cream, cookies, the works. It was too good to be true.

"Come in children, and dry off," said a smiling young man. They wandered in, and saw other soaked kids, other trailblazers in the field of trick or treating. For the first time that night, Johnny felt a true sense of accomplishment. Billy was off oiling his joints with buttered popcorn, and Sally was stuffing her face with candy. Johnny chuckled. Jesus, was his mother an asshole. Apples with razor blades, poisoned marshmallows — what was she talking about, anyway? Oh his way over to the candy table, he was stopped by an older girl that seemed to be, as the kids at the high school said, burnt. She had a face which suffered from chronic acne and a head of hair that Johnny swore was a home for small, white bugs.

"Hello child. Would you like to buy some like jewelry, flowers, beads, or recycled clothes to support a drug rehabilitation center?"

What kind of crap was this? Everybody knows kids had no money. What was her problem? Did she come from the moon or something? He had to know.

"Lady, do you come from around here?"

"Well, I used to live in Wisconsin. Now about the —"

That explained everything. He gave her a quick "no" and kept walking. It sure was a strange house, kind of dark, and there was some strange lute music playing over the



loudspeakers. But candy was candy, and he was on his way to roll in it.

Another older kid approached him. If this kept up, all the candy would probably be gone by the time he got there. He would keep this one brief.

"Child, have you ever considered the scope of the universe in relation to the amount of love that there is in the world?"

One thing that Mom said was right. Halloween really did get the crazies to crawl out of the woodwork. He gave this guy a "no," but as he walked away, he couldn't help but feel that something was up. He was about three feet away

from the candy table when an announcement came over the loud speaker.

"Would all the children please form a big love ring in the center of the room? Thank you." As Johnny joined the other kids on the floor, he got that old feeling that he used to get when he was lectured to in excess, that pain in his ass that came from sitting on hardwood too long at Sunday School. Suddenly, everything clicked. It was too good to be true. It was the Moonies. Shit, this was trouble. He wasn't worried about himself so much, but he knew that brainwashing Billy would be about as tough as killing a fly with a sledgehammer. His eyes rushed towards Billy's part of the circle. It was too late. He had already been reprogrammed into a coin operated jukebox. It was an old Moonie trick. Force kids to make money for them. Actually, the tunes he was playing weren't all that bad, and his parents were always saying that he should do something to earn extra money. Yes, Billy could wait. Johnny ran over to Sally.

"Johnny, I feel all dizzy."

Her candy was drugged. Another old Moonie trick of loading girls up on candy filled with mind scrambling drugs until they would do whatever anyone asked. Johnny had to save Sally before she did something awful.

"Johnny —"

"What is it?"

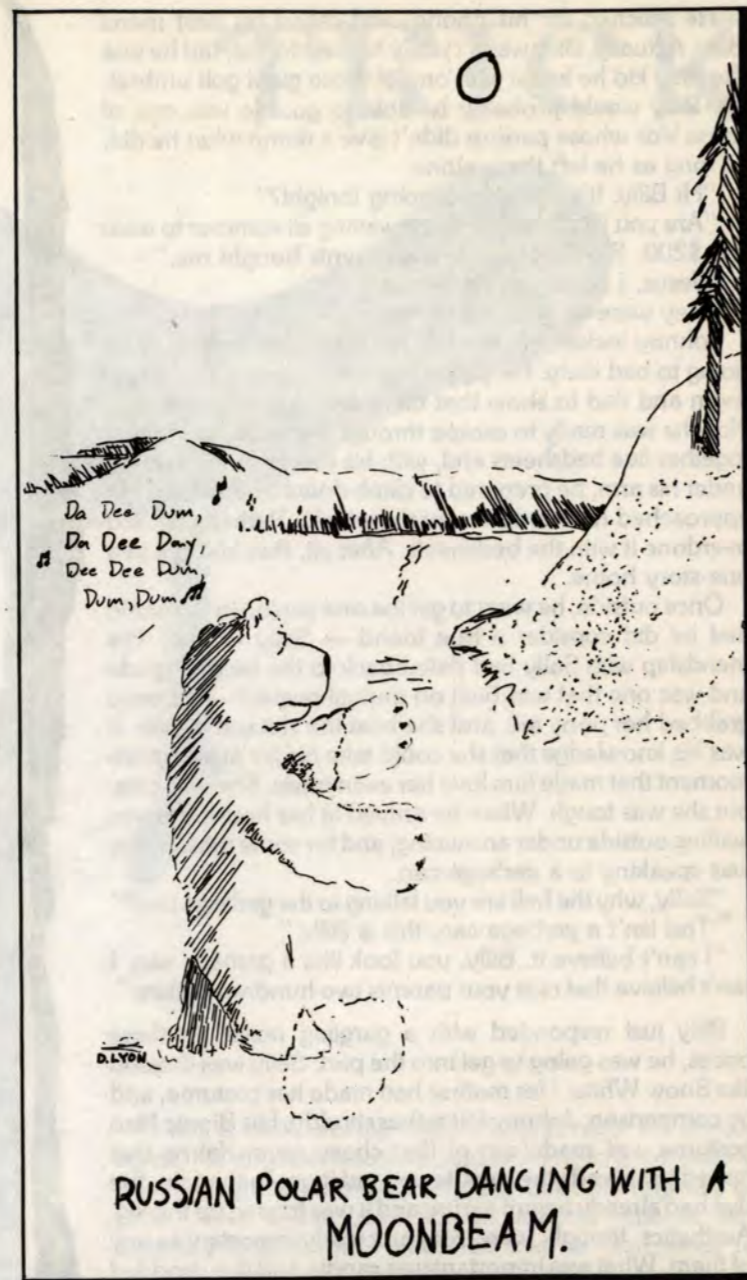
"More than dizzy, I feel like —"

"Jesus, don't say it —" he stopped her before she did what his dog used to do to everyone who walked into the house when she was in heat. He had to move quickly. The ring of smiling, but determined young men and women started closing in.

"STOP!" he screamed. They kept coming, and the man who had smilingly greeted Johnny at the door was now holding a bottle of chloroform and a rag, and was looking pretty intent on using them. The walls were closing in. Johnny was dead meat.

Desperately, he grabbed for his Bionic gun, pointed at the leader, and shot. Rainwater came out, and the Moonies were still closing in. If his parents would have shelled for the deluxe model of the costume like he had wanted, the damn thing might have worked. Cheap pricks. Grandma would have bought it for him. Suddenly, Johnny remembered something he had seen at the airport the last time he went to visit Grandma in Florida. He grabbed his nose and shouted out "The airport will be closing in ten minutes." Like clockwork, the Moonies grabbed their hats, coats, and carnations and rushed out of the house. It was something in their conditioning that made them run like wild when they heard that an airport was closing. Johnny was a superhero to all the kids in the room.

Feeling as macho as a twelve year old could feel, Johnny let all the trapped kids out of the house, until the only ones left were Billy, Sally, himself, and the folks on the ground. He dimmed the lights in the house, stuck a dime into Billy, and led Sally to the middle of the dance floor. Hell, he was getting too old to trick-or-treat anyway. He held her close, and they slowly swayed into what would later seem like an eternity.



RUSSIAN POLAR BEAR DANCING WITH A MOONBEAM.



THE CHAPARRAL NEEDS FUNNY ARTISTS AND WRITERS.

THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF OEDIPUS REX

With the recent educational trend of allowing the greatest works in literature to be read as part of the grammar school curriculum (in comic book form, of course), obvious problems have arisen. Adult themes have been watered down, and the work itself is over-simplified. Well, you future parents of America, what would you do if your child brought this home?

BY OLY, BASED ON A PLAY BY SOPHOCLES

THE QUICK-WITTED OEDIPUS SENT HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, CREON, TO THE ORACLE OF APOLLO. THERE, THE GOD WILL TELL HIM HOW TO SAVE THEBES...

CREON, WHAT DID THE ORACLE SAY?

WE MUST TAKE VENGEANCE ON THE MURDERER OF OUR PREVIOUS KING!

I'LL FIND HIM EVEN IF IT KILLS ME!!



THE GREAT KING THINKS THAT CREON HAS CONSPIRED WITH TEIRESIAS TO DETHRONE HIM. OEDIPUS CALLS FOR CREON AND ACCUSES HIM OF TREASON... AN ARGUMENT ENSUES!!

OH YEAH?

YOUR MAMA!

GRRR!!

YEAH!

YOUR SISTER!!

ARRR!



OUR STORY OPENS WITH THE SUFFERING PEOPLE OF THEBES CROWDED AT THE ALTARS OF KING OEDIPUS... THEY PRAY FOR HELP FROM THE GODS...

MY CHILDREN, WHY DO YOU CROWD AT MY ALTARS?

LOOK ABOUT YOU! THE WHOLE CITY DROWNS AND CANNOT LIFT ITS HAND FROM THE STORM OF DEATH IN WHICH IT SINKS!!

THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD REASON, I GUESS!!



OEDIPUS SUMMONS THE OLD, BLIND TEIRESIAS. THE OLD MAN KNOWS MUCH, BUT FOR SOME ODD REASON, HE ACCUSES OEDIPUS OF BEING THE MURDERER!

HE DID IT!! OEDIPUS IS THE MURDERER!

GUARDS, GET THIS JOKER OUT OF HERE!!



WELL... AFTER SEVERAL STAR WITNESSES WERE USHERED IN, IT BECAME QUITE APPARENT THAT OEDIPUS HAD IN FACT MURDERED THE KING (WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE HIS FATHER, TOO) AND MARRIED THE KING'S WIDOW (WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE HIS MOTHER). THE ENTIRE STORY OF HOW ALL THESE SILLY LITTLE MIX-UPS OCCURRED IS TOO LONG AND TOO COMPLICATED TO GO INTO RIGHT NOW. LET US JUST SAY THAT WHEN JOCASTA (THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF THE POOR, STUPID KING OEDIPUS) FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS SLEEPING WITH HER SON, SHE WENT NUTS. SO, SHE DECIDED TO HANG HERSELF... WELL, YOU CAN SIMPLY IMAGINE HOW OEDIPUS FELT DURING THESE ILL-TIMED HAPPENINGS! WHEN HE FOUND HIS WIFE'S/MOTHER'S LIFELESS BODY HANGING IN THE BEDROOM, HE SORT OF GOT UPSET...

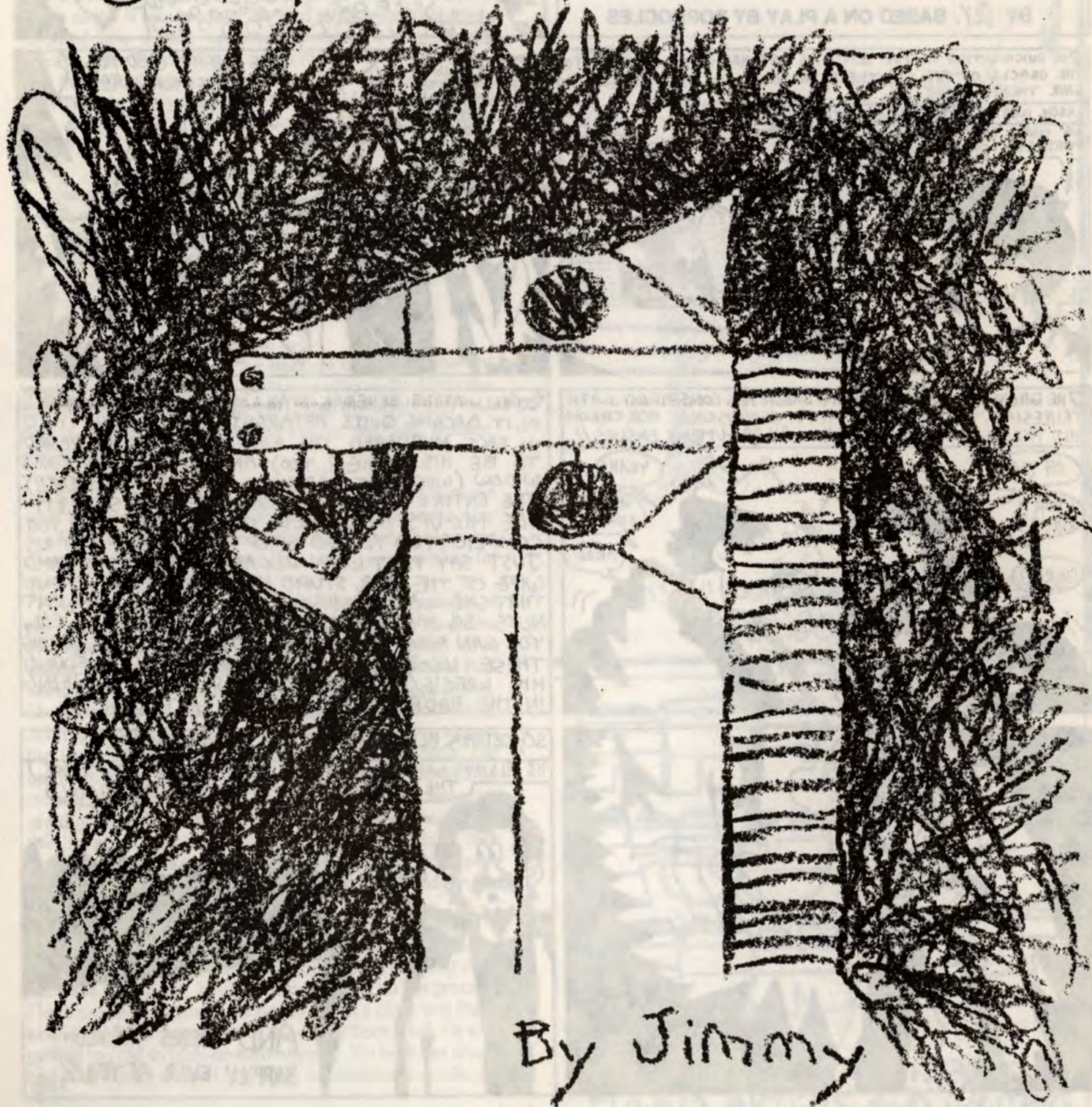
SO, OEDIPUS BLINDS HIMSELF AND LEAVES THEBES...

HE ALWAYS SAID THAT HE WANTED A GAL JUST LIKE THE GAL WHO MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD!!



...AND THEBES THRIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!! FINIS

EQUUS OF CHINCOTEAGUE



By Jimmy

The cold March air bit like a wild Chincoteague pony as Gramps hustled in from the out of doors.

"Laudie mercy," he cried, "its as cold as a witches tit out there."

"Papa," scolded Grandma, "you shouldn't a talk like that a fronts't to the children."

Paul and Maureen laughed and laughed! They knew that when the weather got cold, old Gramps got to feeling not quite right in the head, but they loved him anyway. Oh, he'd hoot and holler and carry on, but deep inside he was still the sweetest old Gramps on Chincoteague Island. Grandma knew it, and though down in her heart of hearts she was laughing too, she was not about to let Gramps know it.

"Now skee-daddle and wash up, you crazy old man, fore I checkerboard your cheeks withen my waffle-iron."

"Eat my age spots, you wrinkled heap of varicose senility," chided Gramps, as he stumbled up the stairs.

Paul and Maureen were howling! Grandma and her waffle-iron. What a pair of funny grandparents those two were . . . Gramps with his insane ramblings, and Grandma, with her skill for turning kitchen appliances into instruments of torture. Paul often wondered aloud to Maureen that there probably weren't two better grandparents in the whole of Chincoteague, Asseauteague, or even the world. This would usually stop Maureen's tears long enough for them to riding through the marshes and along the beaches of wonderful Chincoteague Island. Chincoteague Island stands only eight inches above sea level, and would surely be blown away by harsh Atlantic storms; that is if it weren't for the protective visage of the outer island Asseauteague, which shields Chincoteague from most bad weather. Snuggled in between the mainland and Asseauteague like it was, Chincoteague was the most beautiful place Paul had ever seen. The folks around town proudly boasted that Chincoteague was heaven's Ellis Island, and that they were all "immigrants to the promised land." It was here, Chincoteague Island, where the wild ponies once swam to shore, here, where American Canneries once spilled 14 tons of mercury, here among the bristlecone pine trees and dead fish that Paul and Maureen would ride. Maureen loved to ride, and Paul loved to be ridden. Their squeals of delight could be heard for miles around. Paul wanted to be a horse. Paul hated men.

Darkness.

Silence.

The stage is blank. Slowly a single spotlight illuminates Dr. Ed, in his jacket and tie. After a pause, he gets up from his chair at the back of the stage. The spotlight follows him center stage. The rest of the cast remain seated in the dark background.

Dr. Ed: It wasn't always like this however. As a small child, Paul was as normal as your average boy. He had many friends, and seemed in general to get along well with mankind (except for Mr. Crown, the mailman, who attacked Paul with dog repellent whenever he got the chance). Paul's parents were proud of him, and for his sixth birthday, they bought him a Ludwig trap set, resplendent with cymbals. As if by magic, the magic borne from a gift of love, Paul gained an almost immediate mastery of his "skins," rattling off the intricate riffs from Billy Cobham's *Spectrum* before nightfall.

However, as night fell, thieves came and killed his parents, set fire to his house and stole almost everything of value.

All he had left in the world was his snare drum, and Sampson, his pet donkey. Paul escaped physically unhurt, but some primordial instinct deep inside him had been unleashed. How Paul hated mankind! How Paul longed to be set free from this hate. Though he was just a child, he could already sense that others looked upon him as a psychological outcast, an emotionally disfigured spiritual leper. He was pretty confused, and did what any youth in a similar situation would do, he embodied his hate for mankind in Equus, the Horse God. Equus lived in Sampson, and Sampson became part of Paul.

Once again able to function as a socially acceptable human being, Paul became a musician, and he and Sampson earned a modest income playing clubs up and down the coast.

Then one night after a gig in Philly, horse thieves killed and set fire to Sampson. Without the donkey to act as a spiritual depository, Paul became introverted and withdrawn. Such a loss placed an unbearable strain on Paul's already fragile psyche. After weeks of horrible nightmares, he snapped, went berzerk. He believed himself to be the human embodiment of Equus, the horse god. He was not immediately uncontrollable however, and while he could no longer hold his drumsticks, he continued the nightclub circuit as a hooper, often doing arithmetic problems as an encore.

Paul and the she-horse get up and move center stage behind Dr. Ed.

Dr. Ed: Then one night after a performance, six farmhands caught him making the moves on a young she-horse. In a rage, he gouged out their eyes with a swizzle stick.

The six humans rise from their chairs and solemnly, ritualistically, put on their human masks. The lighting fades on Dr. Ed as he returns to his chair. The humans encircle Paul. The she-horse makes wondering horse sounds. She looks at Paul.



Paul: No, No, No . . . I . . . I can't. I'm defiling their holy of holies! No! (Pleading to the humans) How was I supposed to know she was the mares daughter . . . (in defiance) . . . you didn't see this. You'll never see this. (He grabs a swizzle stick. Starts gouging at the human masks) Take that humans! You who have stolen my humanness, with your pony ideals and two-bit beliefs. But you can't saddle me with this guilt . . . (frantically) Get off my back! (start lunging) Take that Eddie Arcaro, eat shit Willie Shoemaker, I'm taller than you are, Steve Cauthen.

The humans make sounds of pain which are amplified from the stage. They run away screaming. The episode is finally over. Paul sits, swizzle stick in hand, staring blankly towards the audience. He is breathing heavily; perspiration covers him. The she-horse sits at one end of the stage, then gets up and returns to her seat. Backlights drop. Dr. Ed gets up from his seat and walks center stage. A single spot illuminates him.

Dr. Ed: The authorities judged him unfit to stand trial and that is why he was entrusted to me, Dr. Ed, the talking psychoanalyst, at the Chincoteague home for the mentally grotesque. Life on Chincoteague is one big Tod Browning movie. Paul's "family" is just as bananas as he is. "Grandma," for instance, the infamous Ma Blender, was

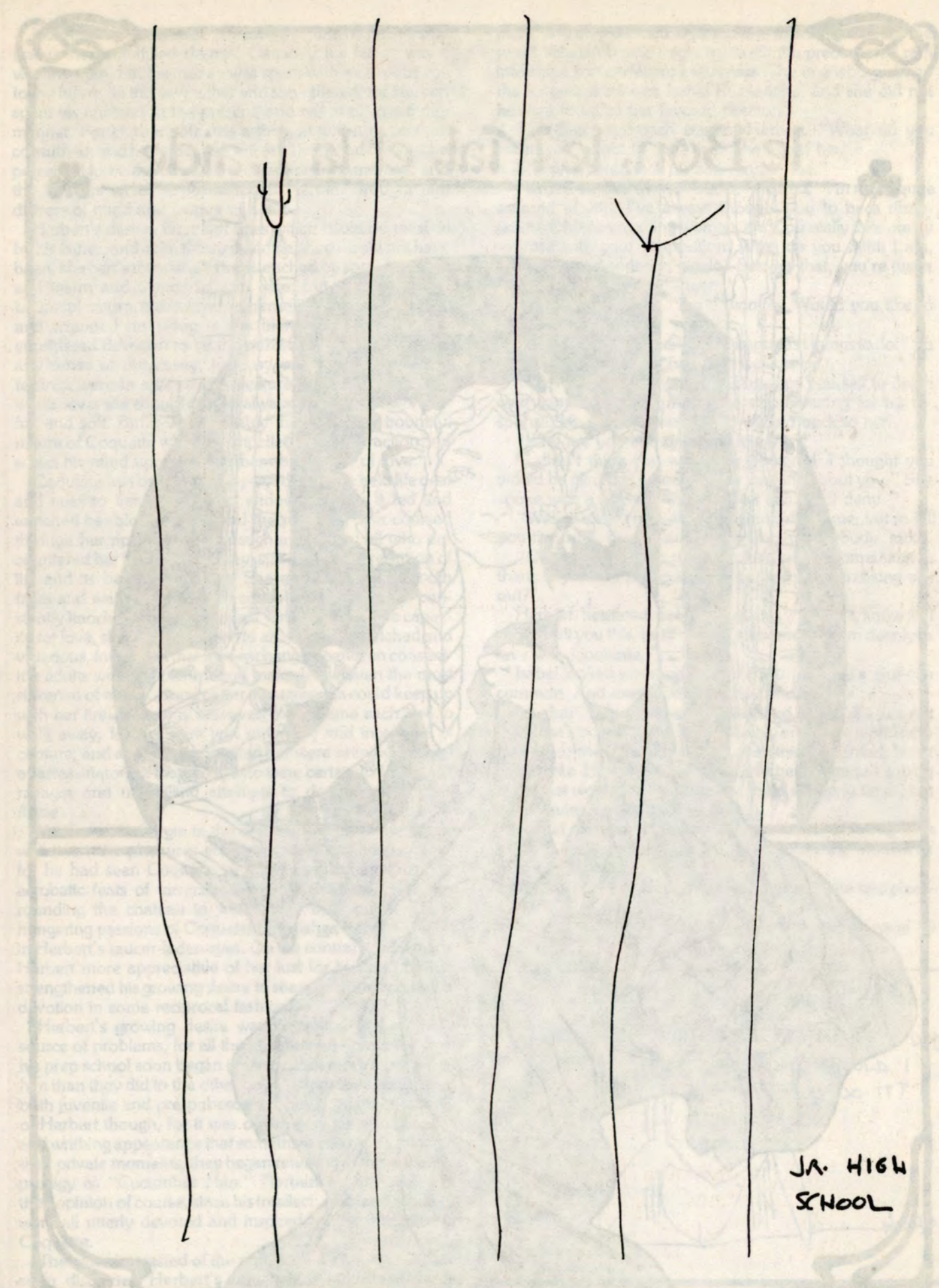
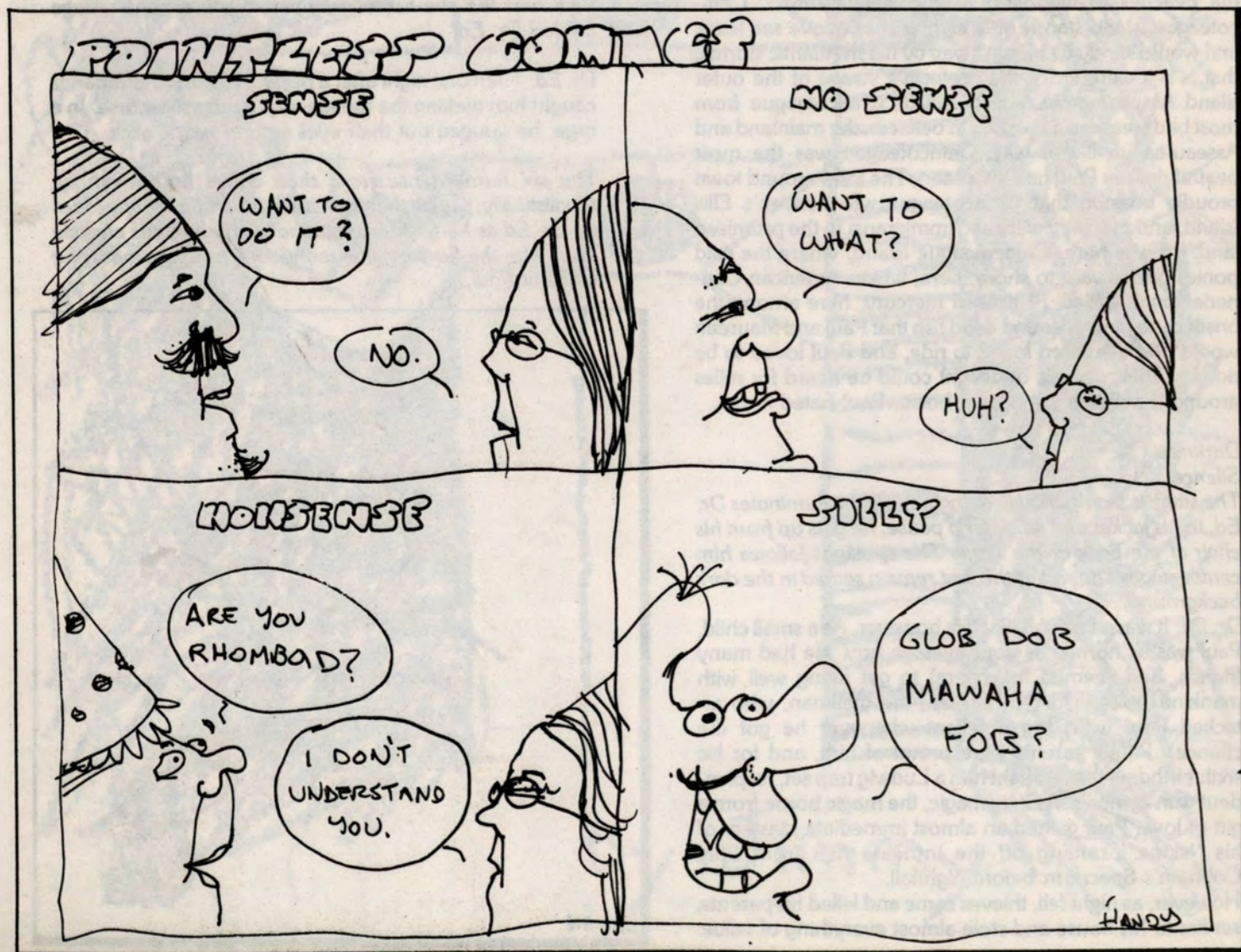
the toast of four states til she committed the legendary Gay Puree killings. I am supposed to transform this sludge from society's septic tank into something that is somehow "normal." I am commissioned to take away their spirit, their individuality and force them into a lifeless mold, to give them the dead stare of the masses, that assembly line product we call humanity. Well, life's like that, you know. (lights down, curtain)

The gallop down to Tom Reed's pond and back had given Paul and Maureen that satisfying feeling of exhaustion and hunger that comes after exercise.

"Grandma, are we hungry!" they chimed in unison. Grandma called from the kitchen, "Wash up, children, breakfast will be ready in a jiffy." But Paul and Maureen never heard the last part of Grandma's message. They had already gone out back to wash up for the meal. Paul shivered involuntarily as Maureen towed him off and brushed his neck. Paul nudged Maureen with a nose of gratitude, and Maureen screamed in contented pain.

The shrill "Klee-ang, Klee-ang" of the breakfast bell cut through the air and beckoned the two to come eat. They didn't have to be beckoned twice. Grandma's cooking was a force to be beckoned with; her flapjacks were the best on Chincoteague island. But flapjacks weren't the order for

continued on page 38



JA. HIGH SCHOOL

le Bon, le Mal, et la Laide



Herbert was no precocious youngster, and he had neither undue nor unfulfilled desires. Certainly his father was a wealthy man, but his money was spent with a cautious eye to the future. In this way father and son differed, for Herbert spent his energies in the present, and not at all in a thrifty manner. For Herbert, life was a thing in which to become consumed, and his father was not at all attracted by what he perceived to be the inherent excesses of consumption; and the dangers which it posed to his Herbert brought him distress of mind and fatigue of heart.

Herbert's desires were not ones which could be satisfied by his father, and even if they could be, they would not have been. Herbert's thirst was to be quenched by something soft and warm and wonderful and wise, but of a good and bountiful nature. Herbert raked himself of all self-awareness and wrapped his being in the blanket of devotion. He considered devotion to be the purest form of love, lacking any sense of objectivity, jealousy or misguided lust. His feelings were in awe of the creature he worshipped, and whatsoever she should do was always wise, warm, wonderful, and soft. But it was probably the good and bountiful nature of Coquette which so impelled him to attraction and so set his mind upon sharing her abundance of love.

Coquette was bright and fiery-eyed, and she held life dear and near to her most amply endowed heart. It fed and enriched her bloodstream, and the pulsating river coursed through her ripening flesh in such a way that all who encountered her had to walk away with a fuller appreciation of life and its beauteous forms. She exuded feelings both fresh and warm, and in such consistency that suitors constantly knocked upon her portals. And in her infinite capacity for love, she opened herself to all; even the wretched and villainous, for she felt that love exchanged between consenting adults would replenish and make fertile even the most sickened of minds. None of her transgressors could keep up with her tireless energy however, and in time each had to walk away, for her spirit was unworthy and incapable of capture; and all who approached her were seen by Herbert as assassins of that spirit, who were certain to fail in their meager and unfulfilling attempts to douse her ethereal flame.

Herbert was a virgin in the eyes and minds of all, but he well knew the pleasures and raptures of erotic experience for he had seen Coquette perform many marvelous and acrobatic feats of fornication in the fields and vales surrounding the chateau in which they both dwelt. These hungering passions of Coquette diminished her not one bit in Herbert's saucer-laden eyes. On the contrary, they made Herbert more appreciative of her lust for life, and further strengthened his growing desire to share and consummate his devotion in some reciprocal fashion.

Herbert's growing desire was beginning to become a source of problems, for all the enlightened young ladies at his prep school soon began paying much more attention to him than they did to the other boys, whom they considered both juvenile and pre-pubescent. They thought differently of Herbert though, for it was obvious by his discomforted and writhing appearance that something was on his mind. In their private moments, they began referring to this apparent prodigy as "Cucumber Man." Herbert knew nothing of their opinion of course, since his intellect, soul, and emotion were all utterly devoted and inspired by the indomitable Coquette.

The more interested of the prep school's female clientele soon discerned Herbert's nonchalant attitude towards

them, and they decided to pick straws in order to choose the sweet little lamb who might try to stir the preoccupied ram into some sort of deeper awareness. The one who grabbed the longest straw was Isabel Ruckentine, and she did not hesitate to utilize her favored position.

The direct approach startled Herbert. "What do you mean you've got to have me?" he asked her.

She whispered into his ear, "Inside me."

Herbert backed away. "Isabel," he said, "I'm really quite amazed at you. I've always thought you to be a distinguished, hygienic young woman, and you really take me by surprise with your proposition. What do you think I am, some sort of pandering gigolo? Besides that, you're just a young girl, not even fourteen."

She corrected him. "I'm a woman. Would you like to see?"

"No, I would not. I have more important things to do." So saying, he turned and began to walk away.

"What are you going to do? Flagellate yourself to death over somebody's picture?" She stood waiting for his response. He turned around, and walked back to her.

"Why are you bothering me like this?"

"I didn't think you would be bothered. I thought you would be glad that someone was thinking about you." She spoke with a sincerity that Herbert could not deny.

"Well, it's very nice of you to think about me, but to tell you the truth, I've been thinking about somebody, too."

"Oh, we knew you were thinking about something. Is there anyone in particular you've been, uh, thinking about?"

Herbert hesitated before speaking. "I don't know if I should tell you this, but I have to tell someone. I'm deeply in love with Coquette."

Isabel looked surprised. "Your maid? But she's, she's so common. And everybody says that she's, she's..."

"A slut?" he answered. She nodded. "Well it's just not true. She's beautiful and she's the only one in the world who matters to me. I've always had everything I wanted, but it seems like I'll never have her." Herbert regretted saying those last words; he had thought them so many times, but never quite admitted it so fully.

At that moment, a gleaming Pierce-Arrow drove up next to them. A diminutive face appeared above the window as it rolled downward. It was Coquette.

"Hello, Herbert. Hello, Miss Ruckentine," she said pleasantly.

continued on page 39



5th Period



ENGLISH NEXT PERIOD.

OH GROSS! MR. MINGER'S SO FUCKING GAY.



HEY LET'S GO TO THE MALL.

YEAH, REALLY.



OUTFUCKINGRAGEOUS.

THE NEW BOSTON FARTFUCKING OUT



YEAH, HE'S ALWAYS PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND ME.

PERVERSE.



I'M GONNA SEND YOU BACK TO SCHOOLIN'



BOSTON? THESE CHIKS'LL BE EASY.



HEY WANNA SMOKE SOME LUMBO?

SURE!

CHOICE!



THIS GUY I KNOW BROUGHT IT BACK IN HIS ASSHOLE... GOOD STUFF, HUH?

THIS OTHER GUY I KNOW HAS A \$1000 STEREO.



BUT I'M REAL BROKE...

... I JUST BOUGHT A WATER BED YESTERDAY.

TOO BAD YOU'LL NEVER USE IT.

NEAT.



HEY! I WENT TO A PARTY AT JERRY GARCIA'S ONCE!

WHAT A TARD.

FOR SURE.



DUST IN THE WIND...

DID YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THAT?



LOSER.

WOW.



HEY, DEB, ISN'T IT TIME FOR OUR "SOCIAL COMMUNICATION" CLASS?



WALK THIS WAY TALK THIS WAY

... AND MY MOM WOULDN'T BUY IT FOR ME.

BITCH.

END

. . . equus

today. Paul thought he could smell the smoky juices of fresh sausage frying even before he got inside. And he was right! Two big plates of steaming rough-cut meat, along with eggs sunny side up, and hot cocoa. Paul mused to himself the two eggs on his plate looked very much like two eyes staring back at him. It was then that Paul noticed that Gramps wasn't at the table.

Grandma was talking to the sobbing Maureen, "It serves your Gramps right . . . that's what I like best about my new Ekko egg turner. Besides, that will teach him to call me senile. Paul, you'd better hurry and finish your breakfast. You doan want to be late for your appointment with Dr. Ed. Maureen, after you finish, you can help me start lunch." Maureen was quivering in uncontrollable spasms of fear as Paul bundled himself up for the long trip to Dr. Ed's office. Even if you lived your whole life on Chincoteague, you never quite got used to the cold spring morning air. On his way into town, Paul noticed a flock of geese circling in around the marsh. "Spring will soon be here," he thought and just the expectancy of spring seemed to warm the day a little.

Town was quiet, and Paul didn't even have to wait in line at Dr. Ed's office like he usually did.

"Good morning, Nurse Block," said Paul, in his sing-song voice that he knew Nurse Block loathed.

"Well, how d'ye do, Paul," replied Nurse Block, as she took Paul's coat, muffler, and shirt. "The doctor will be with ye in a moment." Then she left Paul alone in the office while she went to heat up the branding iron.

Paul could hardly wait to see Dr. Ed. No matter how badly Paul was feeling before he saw Dr. Ed, by the time it was time to go home, he was laughing and singing.

Dr. Ed gets up from his chair center stage, and moves to stage right, across from Paul.

Dr. Ed: What separates us into social categories? What causes one man to become a horse, another to bet on the horses, yet another to sniff glue; to do anything in an attempt to escape from himself? But this attempt to somehow free oneself from oneself is common to all men, it is only the means of escape which can be judged as normal, or abnormal. Escape through religion is praised, escape through drugs condemned. Wow. Religion is the opiate of the masses. That's pretty clever, but what do I mean? *(To nurse Block)* Send in the down. *(Paul crosses to center stage, facing Dr. Ed)* Don't bother, he's here. Well Paul, sit down. I have something to discuss with you.

Paul (standing): Paul is a dead man.

Dr. Ed: Now Paul, don't be stubborn. We're supposed to be friends. We are friends Paul. Paul?

Paul: I buried Paul.

Dr. Ed: Paul, I'm disappointed in you. I would have thought you'd appreciate what I did for you.

Paul: Turn me on, dead man.

Dr. Ed: When I entered you in last Sunday's Meadowlands futurity claiming stakes, I thought you'd help me out. Money doesn't grow on trees Paul, it takes me weeks to earn \$500.00. *(Paul backs out of the light as Dr. Ed addresses the audience)* My worst fear was Affirmed, my second worst was Secretariat, and he lost to both of them.

At 14 to 1 odds a payoff would have meant that I could've quit this nowhere job, and lived with sane people. But instead, Paul stops coming down the backstretch. He says he pulled a tendon, but that's a lame excuse. He needs to feel like he's bested me. And is that so bad? But I am better than he is, after all, I mean, I run this place . . . I can still think rationally, and I think I'm pretty tired of this wormy horse-apple. I think \$500.00 ain't hay, and I think I want to teach him some respect. *(Paul reenters the light)* But who am I to judge? *(To Paul)* Paul, an insane asylum is not a happy place. You're going to be leaving us soon, but out there, in the real world, because you once lived with us, you're going to be branded for life. Do you understand Paul? For Life. *(The word "life" is built up by the chorus and echoes through the stage as the lights fade and out.)*

Paul was feeling better now. That Dr. Ed was a good doctor. Nurse Block helped him put his clothes on carefully over his blistered skin. "Golly, Nurse Block, I don't know my right foot from my left, my hat from my glove," said a confused Paul as he sat down to tie his shoes. Nurse smiled and said, "Paul, Dr. Ed and I have a visitor for you." Paul's heart leapt! A visitor! Paul hadn't had any visitors since the Marine recruiter had come by last year. "Would you like to meet him?" "Oh boy, would I!" glowed Paul.

Nurse Block smiled a big smile and opened the door. Paul didn't recognize the man in white with his metallic toolbox, as he stood waiting to be let in.

"Come in, Mr. McGraw," she greeted, "Paul this is Mr. McGraw, he works for Elmer."

"Elmer who?" asked Paul, as he started inching backwards.

"You know very well, Elmer who," laughed Nurse Block.

The warm March sun chased away the cold morning wind, and the dew beamed on the new grass. Paul's heart would always belong to Chincoteague, even if his hoofs belonged to some third grade arts and crafts teacher in Iowa.



. . . le bon, le mal, et la laide

"Coquette, what are you doing here? Where's Bentley?" Herbert inquired.

"He's been stricken with a grave case of rheumatism, and your father instructed me to bring you home." At this, she stepped out of the car and walked around to the back door. "Would you like a ride home, Miss Ruckentine?"

"No thank you, Coquette. My ride should be here shortly." She turned to Herbert. "See you soon," she said, with a decided emphasis on "see."

"Yes," he replied, "I'll see you tomorrow." He walked to the car, more confident of his charms. "I'd like to ride in front," he told Coquette.

She responded lightly. "Whatever you say, you're the master." Herbert remembered those words for a long time.

"Let's drive up to the bridge today," he told her as she started up the car. She gave a curt salute to him, and they proceeded away from the school, with Isabel watching and thinking that Herbert's loss would certainly be their gain. She made a quick prayer to Bacchus.

Inside the car, Herbert looked over longingly at Coquette and noticed how her upright position at the steering wheel enhanced her robust shape. From the firm extended pectorals to the slender waist and full thighs, Herbert saw not a white cotton blouse and grey woolen skirt, but the gates to Heaven and the road of eternal splendor. She was fairly rippling at the ridges, and the slopes and valleyways of her being sent Herbert's mind into ecstasy. He contemplated, desired, imagined loving her in the fullest sense. All this in a moment's glance, a moment when Herbert's saucer-laden orbs caught the glint of Coquette's bright and fiery eyes. They reached the bridge together.

It was up to Coquette whether or not they should cross into the country beyond, but she realized she had been there and Herbert had not, for he had only seen things from one side, and she had heard in his voice just how desperately he wanted to see the hill and meadows of that land. So after momentarily stopping, they went over the bridge and into the world of wonder, and Herbert soon found himself absorbed by the scenery. Mountains, mountains, he thought, and such lovely peaks. Coquette could see the awe in his eyes and did not let him know they were only hills, for the innocent's vision should not be disturbed. She drove on and began seeing things through Herbert's eyes; his freshness, spontaneity, and affection all working to let her know that they had indeed made the right choice.

And as they drove further on, Herbert became more familiar with the scenery, and wanted to browse through it more intimately. And so they stopped for a moment in order to thoroughly enjoy the area. They walked down a small path to a trickling creek filled with pebbles and mud, and Herbert played with the pebbles, sometimes pushing them into the mud and sometimes skipping them down the stream — bounce, bounce, bounce, plunk.

And they arrived at another small bridge, a wooden tunnel over the water which led to a glorious glade. Coquette had also been down here before numerous times, and she led him through. She was surprised at how long he stayed in the tunnel area, enjoying its every minute, its every second, its very form. So many men she knew who just wanted to reach the glade beyond and there lie in the grass,

some even seemed to run through; but here was the unassuming Herbert appreciating it for all it was, dwelling within its cylindrical comfort.

And they did cross through, hand in hand, intertwined in a gentle grip, and all Herbert could say was "I love you," but it was enough and Coquette knew what he meant and knew what he felt, and because of that she shared in his experience.

And as they had come, so they then left, forking their way back through the mountain passes and headed toward home once more. Herbert was thinking about how he could spend the rest of his life driving the car with this lovely woman, while Coquette was thinking about how inevitably sad it was that Herbert would grow up and go away and see things differently. And love her in a different way. But she also realized that Herbert was young and well-intentioned and might grow firm and true, for if he was only thirteen now, he would soon be nineteen or twenty, and though she was uncertain whether she could handle it, she knew she would be around to see it. And she smiled a knowing smile at him, and he loved her even more. And she loved it too, for it was even better the second time.

And as her glistening glade lay throbbing in the late afternoon sun, and as her peaked hills sat splendidly high, encircled and shrouded by the clouds' kisses and fingertips, Coquette's nature thought very little and loved very much. And Herbert seemed to be in heaven, drifting among the mist and splattering the surface below with its gentle touch and steady rains.

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AGE 8	 <p>C'MON! SAY IT! I DON'T WANNA! SAY IT! YOU'LL FEEL GREAT!</p> <p>O.K.</p>	"DAMN!"
AGE 12	 <p>C'MON! DRINK IT! I DON'T WANNA! DRINK IT! YOU'LL FEEL GREAT!</p> <p>O.K.</p>	"GULP!"
AGE 14	 <p>C'MON! TAKE A HIT! I DON'T WANNA! ONE HIT! YOU'LL FEEL GREAT!</p> <p>O.K.</p>	"WHOOOSH!"
AGE 16	 <p>C'MON! LET'S PICK-UP SOME GIRLS! I DON'T WANNA! C'MON! YOU'LL FEEL GREAT!</p> <p>O.K.</p>	"HEY BABY!! WANT A GOOD TIME?"
AGE 18	 <p>C'MON! DO IT! I DON'T WANNA! WE'RE ALL DOING IT! YOU'LL FEEL GREAT!</p> <p>O.K.</p>	"NOW, HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT DROPPING CHEM. ?!?"

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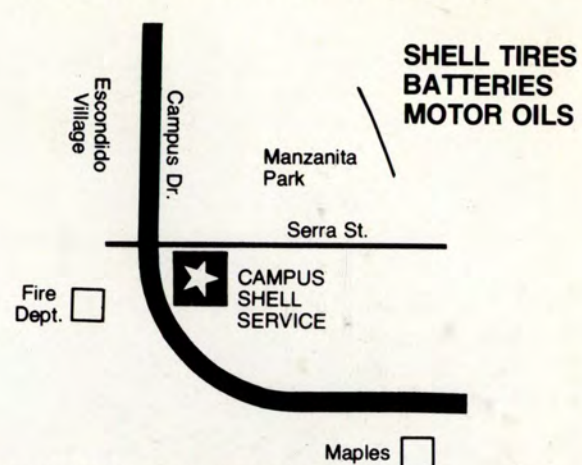
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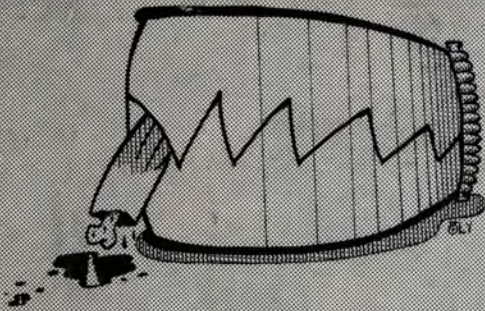
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