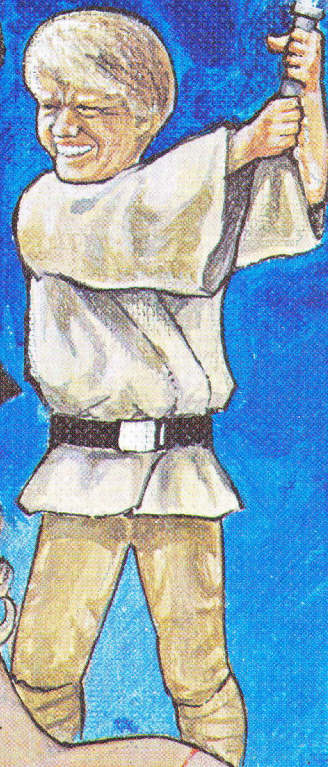


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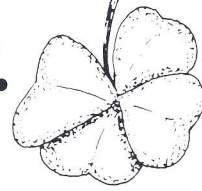
MARCH 1979



THE 70S

D. MUELLER '79

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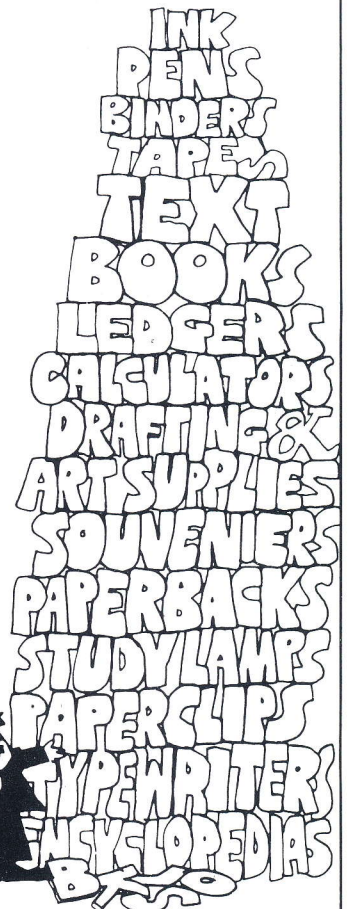
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volume 80, number 4/march 1979

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REFLECTIONS

new that



Winter quarter is almost over, the Old Boy has decided to shed his sarcastic cloak, stepping in front of his defense mechanisms and guilt trips, in order to salute two ideas whose respective times have indeed come. The Obtuse Octogenarian is often accused,

perhaps justly, of too often catering to those racing negative impulses which clot his rotting synapses, causing him to "make fun of" and "cut down." Yet with arthritic lips stiff from years of curling, and deep furrows rank and moldering, reeking of facetiousness, the Funny Fogey's visage is still capable of delight.


First, the Gratuitous Geezer doffs his toupee to Representative Paul McCloskey and his strident call for a much needed

youth center. More than just a rec hall, McCloskey's center would provide youngsters with valuable experiences that would serve them well in adult life; career training, abundant recreation and travel are just a few of the services McCloskey wishes to extend to all young people, of both sexes, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, for free! Of course demand would be great, so McCloskey has wisely made a provision for a real carnival-style lottery that would dispense entry cards to the

center: fun *and* efficient. Kids today have a lot of time on their hands, and the youth center will give them something to do with it. Three cheers for Congressman "Pete," and his "modest proposal."

Secondly, the Snide Senior Citizen congratulates his brethren and sistren at *The Sequoia*, Stanford's Literate Publication, and their "all student issue." What they're doing is publishing an issue consisting only of stu-

dent contributions, and as a publisher in his own right, the Bifocal Bozo wishes to draw the attention of his counterparts at *The Daily*, *The Quad*, *Aurora*, etc., to this revolutionary idea in student publications. Way to go, Ted.

But enough, the Ancient One now wheels himself back to his Pierce Mitchell condominium, where he draws both admiring stares from unseen, forgotten inmates, and caricatures of the stoma patients. 

they're first slapped in the face. It's not good, it's not bad, it just is; don't ask a mad dog why, you get my drift?

To put it succinctly: life is an unending process of random violence and pain, containing some joy and fun but predominated by deterioration. And this is no accident.

Yes, kids, there *is* a Prime Mover; his name is Phil. And he does have a reason for making your puppy get ringworm and your mother slug you for not eating asparagus.

He likes it.

THE BOOK OF PHIL



PHIL

"In the beginning" is a ridiculous phrase for humans to use — what beginning? of what?

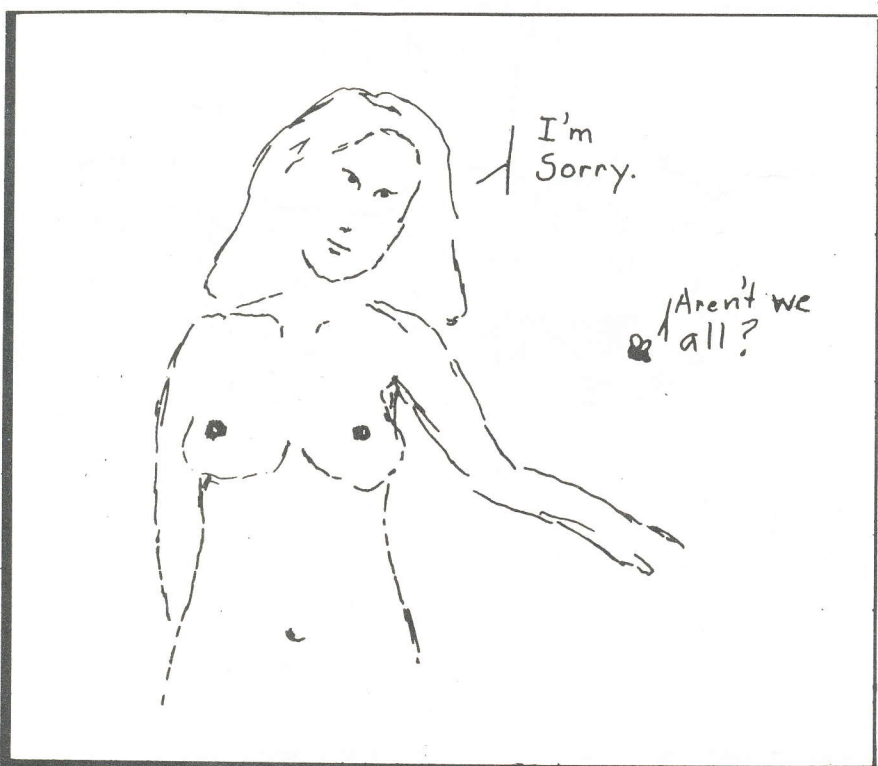
Phil, pretty much always was by himself for a long time; and if he wasn't he isn't talking about it. Phil is nobody's fool; it wasn't long before he realized he was bored stiff. Being of a nasty bent, he decided to create pain; it was labor pain, and the universe was born. Phil pummeled around for awhile, detonating stars, bringing it all together and blowing it up again, letting it slowly burn

The idea that life is on the whole, rotten is not new, and not likely to die out in the near or far future; it's too self-evident. I mean, if someone as bogus as Kilgore Trout can latch onto the basic truth ("Humans are born to suffer and die"), it can't be too hard to understand.

That's not the problem. *Everybody* knows that within a short time they're going to be worm food, and that the meantime is just that — mean — but they don't want to know it. They'd rather believe that there's a gray-haired gentleman Somewhere Up There that has a very comfortable cloud all set up for when they get dealt out, and that this same kind soul is devoting all his omnipotence to their situation while they're on earth. Recently people have been too embarrassed to talk about it like that, but that's what they thought when they were kiddies, and if you scrape away the maturity, that's what they think now.

Whatever your particular panacea is, my message is simple: *forget it*. No chance, dear, it just ain't gonna happen. You don't know any more than I do

what happens after life, but if life is any kind of sample, don't count on much. The human lot is being dumped on with varying frequency and impact; some luck out and die smiling, while some feel like turning around and crawling back in the moment



itself out. But after a few eons, one light show is the same as another. There was one central problem: it wasn't responding. Though there was the physical pain of demolition, Phil wanted a bigger fix.

Plus he had to do everything himself; and besides being a mean old fart, Phil is phenomenally lazy. Anyone who was all that there was for a good deal of eternity would tend to be sedate, I suppose, but far be it from me to guess at why Phil is Phil. He doesn't like it.

So, confronted with all his various stuff, Phil created life. Or created the conditions for life, more accurately: he let it well up by itself. The Supreme Master of The Cosmos can afford to wait,

after all.

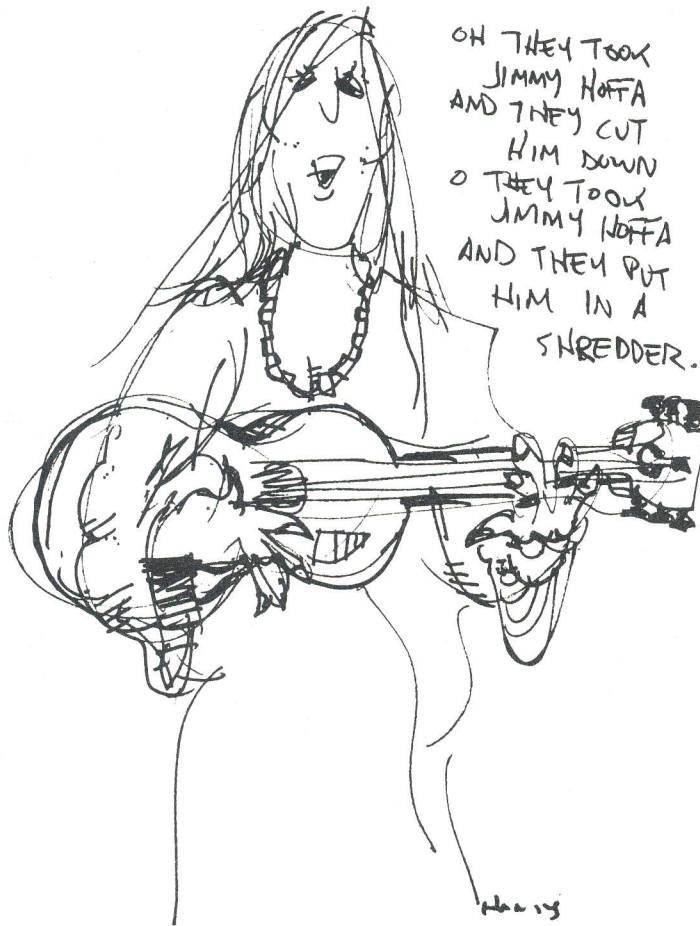
One of the various forms of life which arose, battered and bruised, was man. He was a spectacularly ugly brute at first, and he hasn't gotten much better; we're one of Phil's special triumphs in disgusting awareness. Early man waseasily scared, and one or two lightning bolts would send him scurrying and pissing like a sixth-grader from study hall. The universe echoed constantly with the laughter of His Philness as he rained fire, flood, wooly mammoths and VD down on this pitiful ape; the reason we ever started to walk in the first place was because Phil kept dumping us out of the trees.

But one semi-conscious protospecies is like another, and

soon Phil withdrew most of his omnipresence and hopped around from one planet to the next, concentrating on Big Fucks. We got an ice age, which wasn't really very imaginative, but, like I said, far be it from me, etc.

Once he had set up the planet to give us enough trouble to keep us occupied, Phil largely withdrew from active involvement in man's affairs. To this day, he still hasn't taken the kind of personal interest in us that we got when we were hairy, and I think that I speak for everyone when I say how happy that makes me. For as we will see, we are perfectly capable of dicking ourselves.

Next month: *Phil Giveth, Phil Taketh Away.*



THE OLD TYCOON'S TALES FROM THE



The history of Stanford University is long and tedious. And just like anything else (yes, Stanford University is just like anything else), you must understand the people behind it. The history of Stanford can only be understood through the illuminating lens of specious anecdotes — anecdotes whose mendacity is unquestioned. Only assiduous prevarication will bring us the insight we seek into the history of the University.

Take the case of Stanford professor William Shockley. Dr. Shockley has long been rumored to be a racist; nothing could be further from the truth. One of Dr.

Shockley's colleagues told us that many years ago he overheard the Father of the Transistor talking to a black graduate student who was interested in doing research with him. "You've got to be kidding," exclaimed the Solid State Potentate. "I don't want to have anything to do with your kind!"

Naturally the unintentional eavesdropper was shocked to hear this and when the student had left, he confronted Mr. Transistor. "Bill, you can't discriminate on the basis of race." Much to the relief of his comrade-in-RAMS, Shockley replied, "Race, hell! The son of a bitch was a Democrat."

Many people have noted the similarity in the names of University presidents Ray Lyman Wilbur and Richard Lyman. While Ray Wilbur is no relation to Wilbur Hall (who was president of the University between David Starr Jordan and John Caspar Branner), he is in fact Richard Lay Lyman's uncle. Members of the Lyman family receive preference for all University posts as part of the Founding Grant of the Uni-

versity.


Back before the founding of Stanford, the Lymans owned the largest red tile mine in North America (the mine has since collapsed and is not Fresno). After the disastrous presidential campaign of 1888, Governor Stanford was nearly wiped out and the University was completed only with the financial assistance of the Lyman family. There were three conditions attached to the bequest. The first was that the family should have preference for all posts in the University administration. The second was that Memorial Arch not be rebuilt in the event it were destroyed by an earthquake. (Hiram Lyman said, "A red tile roof would help it a lot, but it's still the ugliest thing I ever saw. The only thing I could imagine that would be uglier would be an enormous Art Deco Tower. No one knows what the third request was.

Currently, that there are 75 members of the Lyman family working at Stanford. Sixty-five are groundsmen in Plant Services, nine operate the Transition, and one has an office in Building 10. No one knows what

he does.

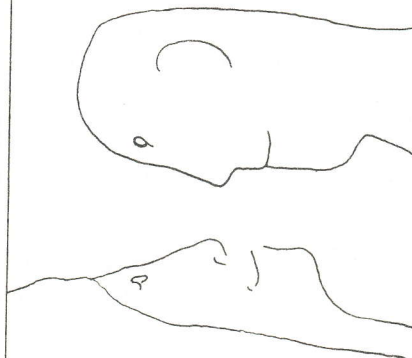
The late president Hoover was memorialized by the University in 1941, when Hoover Tower was completed to house his Library of War, Revolution, and Peace. Hoover attended the dedication of his bilious bibliotheque with his son Lou Henry Hoover and his wife Blanche.

Ray Lyman Wilbur, the President of the University, escorted the "Republican Roosevelt" and his Former First Family to the Dais in front of the massive monument with their eyes covered until the full effect of the Deco Depravity could be felt. When the then-FBI Director and home appliance magnate first saw the Tower he exclaimed, "That's the ugliest thing I ever saw. The only thing I could imagine that would be uglier would be a wall of black and white marble and stainless steel."

Hoover was in fact so mortified by the enormous edifice that he not only could no longer continue to speak that day, but died thirty-five years later when he was struck by a truck. 

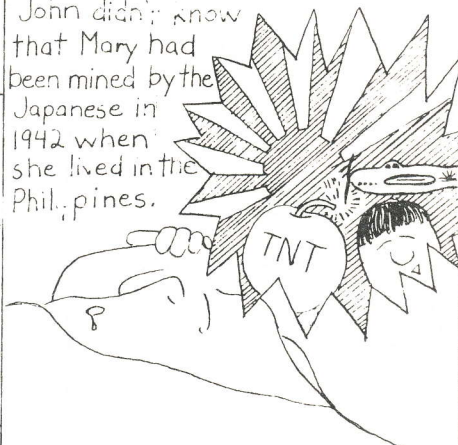
The Discontinuing Saga of John and Mary D. LYON

John loved to make love to Mary.



Mary liked it, too.

John didn't know that Mary had been mined by the Japanese in 1942 when she lived in the Philippines.



Mary couldn't bring herself to mention it; it had been so long ago.

John made one wrong move...



and they both were killed.

BODY POLITIK

While munching on some food service breakfast the other day, I nearly choked on my vittles when a nit-wit sitting to my right remarked: "It's good to see the Carter family making mistakes; it just goes to show you that they are just like any other American family."

I don't know about you folks, but a quick check of the record makes me think otherwise.

1) In your families, do you have anyone comparable to Billy Carter, who urinates with gusto on airport runways?

2) Do any of your families have a Rosalynn Carter who hob-nobs with the likes of Chicago mass-murderer John Gacy? Or a President Jimmy who recently signed a document endorsing the mission of Jim Jones? (It should be noted that the Carters have disassociated themselves from Jones and Gacy, presumably because it would be politically unpopular to remain friends with them. If anyone suggests that this analysis is mere cynicism, consider the following. The Carter Administration is presently supporting the

Pol Pot regime of Cambodia — a regime which has slaughtered over two million people in the past five years, making Jim Jones in comparison come off as a champion of human rights.

Well, it is politically popular to support Pol Pot since the People's Republic of China wants us to, so Jimmy does not hesitate to back this murderous regime. If another important world power said that their support of US policy would partly depend on our endorsement of Jim Jones, Carter would gladly support the hero of Guyana posthumously.)

3) In continuing our list of misfits in the Carter clan, how about Ruth Carter Stapleton? How many of you have a sister whose close friend is crippled porn king Larry Flynt of *Hustler* fame? The Carters proudly proclaim that they have converted Mr. Flynt to Christianity; as evidence of his recent conversion, Larry's magazine continues to salute the raised Phallis rather than the risen Christ as the cornerstone of Christian living in the modern world.

4) And then there's Amy. Would you feel wanted if your parents insisted that you have a murderess for a baby-sitter?

5) How about mama Lilian who confesses that "Billy is the brains of the family?" Since Billy is quite openly a beer-guzzling neanderthal, one must seriously question the intelligence level of our President.

6) And then there's the Carters' dishonorable discharge, Chip. A few years after being kicked out of the Navy, Chip has come close to the edge of divorce, but things have settled down since his wife has apparently developed a tolerance for her oddbird husband.

7) Finally, in the interest of brevity, we'll just leave a passing mention of the self-admitted "black sheep of the family," William Carter Spann, who is presently serving a jail term for armed robbery at San Quentin.

Ironically, those of us who care enough to demand higher standards of conduct from our "First



Family" are denounced by populist ne'er-do-wells as "elitist." And yet, there is an even higher immorality with the Carter clan that transcends this issue of public conduct.

Georgia legislator Julian Bond, who had a long association with Mr. Carter, touched on this in a 1976 speech when he said that Jimmy Carter was the biggest liar he had ever encountered. At the other end of the political spectrum from Bond, former Georgia Governor Lester Maddox affirmed that Jimmy Carter was indeed the biggest liar he had ever met.

When Bond and Maddox made their statements, they were written off as the grumblings of frustrated politicians. Alas, the proof is in the proverbial pudding. A look at the record will show that Mr. Carter has broken practically every campaign promise he made to the American public in 1976. This is from a Presidential candidate who once solemnly declared "I will never lie to you."

For those who still insist that the Carters are just like any other family, how many of you have a father who says that he will never lie, and at the same time is acknowledged to be a notorious liar by two other colleagues plus anyone else who looks at the record? If this is the case with your father, let me know; he'll make a dandy Presidential candidate.

But most of you remark — so what? What difference does it make whether our nation has leaders who, according to H.L. Mencken, are "rogues and vagabonds, frauds and scoundrels," the kind of men who pump "stale bilge" around this "lugubrious ball." Indeed Stanford people often exclaim, "So what!" Possessing the best goddamn education money can buy, along with continued assurances of military superiority, the Stanford student is content with the "stale bilge" that politicians such as Jimmy Carter are so inclined to deliver.

Many readers have asked this writer: is it Carter's Southern roots which account for his fami-

ly's cloddish buffoonery? Or is the President a mere product of a sick electoral system, one which regularly churns out self-aggrandizing chumps—irregardless of geographical roots? Let us ponder both questions.

Certainly, a strong case has been advanced that the South is the natural habitat of the "boob," the good old boy. Again, Mencken wrote that the "normal American" of the South "goes to rest every night with an uneasy feeling that there is a burglar under the bed, and he gets up every morning with a sickening fear that his underwear is stolen."

Nevertheless, this writer does not necessarily agree that the Mencken thesis should be arbitrarily extrapolated to the case of Carter. Yes, some rational Southerners have explained to me that Carter is a mutant, an aberration who gives people a false impression of the Southern mentality. For our purposes, I will give them the benefit of the doubt.

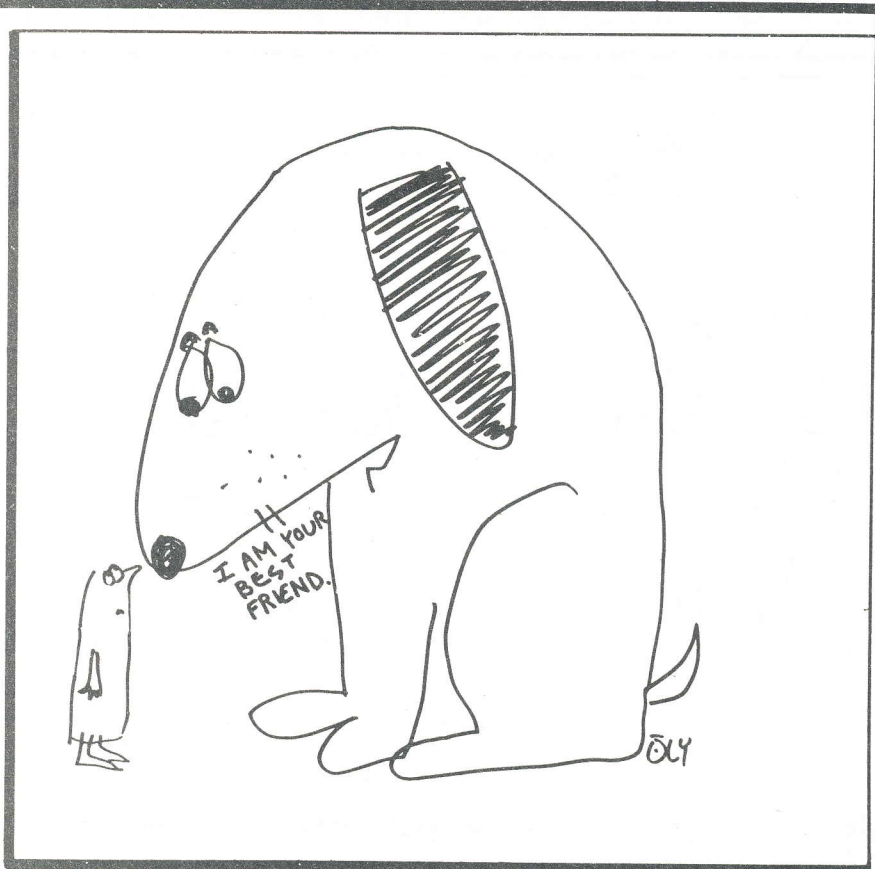
Therefore, the problem must

rest with a sick electoral system. How does the American voter choose his leaders?

"His brain in somewhat of a fog, desperately grasping at some notion of a lesser evil, the common man feels that the vote he is about to cast is the best thing, everything considered, that he can manage in the hairy circumstances. So, perhaps not too happy about the whole thing, he stoutly votes for Horace "Bugsy" Latrine, 'The People's Friend,' and against John 'The Louse' Outhouse, who slipped and allowed himself to be photographed giving candy to a Negro baby, thus fomenting the sinister rumor that he keeps a harem of lascivious Negresses contrary to the laws of God and men." (Ferdinand Lundberg in *The Rich and the Super-rich*)

Cases similar to the hypothetical "Latrine-Outhouse" election are virtually universal, except that the myriad slurs, lies, rumors, and "dirty tricks" may vary in nature from election to election.

It is most unfortunate that my critics respond — how would you change the electoral system then, since it is evidently so rotten? Because I have found a sour



apple, the critics expect me to sweeten it. Well, too bad. I am paid to tell you that the system sucks, not to provide mealy-mouthed solutions to an otherwise hopeless situation.

Final Note: A reader writes —

"Who is the nation's Vice President?" It seems that Walter Mondale has not been seen in months. When last heard from, he was digging ditches on the West Side of Queens, New York.

ANOTHER BEST-SELLING ATTRACTION

The Seventies flew by like a bird that dove straight down, like a falling bowl of granola, into the sunrise with the directness of a maraschino cherry held between the knees of a Swedish business secretary. Her horn-rimmed glasses were lined with bits of fake diamonds. "They're fake," she would always say to strange chiropodists," and my *kharma* is to evolve into a cocoon that bursts open and reveals my true inner being as a common houseplant." She had a wart on her

middle right toe, which really pissed her off.

"You will come to me and not be a cocoon but a side-by-side refrigerator," Zeke said, mowing his lawn with a teflon frying pan.

"You're mowing your lawn," the secretary said. "That means you're a Gemini and like to hold bean sprouts in your nose."

Nixon resigned and Henrietta got off the pill and quit her job as a secretary. She would only use a diaphragm made out of the thin-

nest walrus skin. She was seeing a dermatologist, who brought her packages of dry ice.

Zeke was still around in his eggplant corduroy jacket that smelled like unherded goats. He still thought that Henrietta was Swedish.

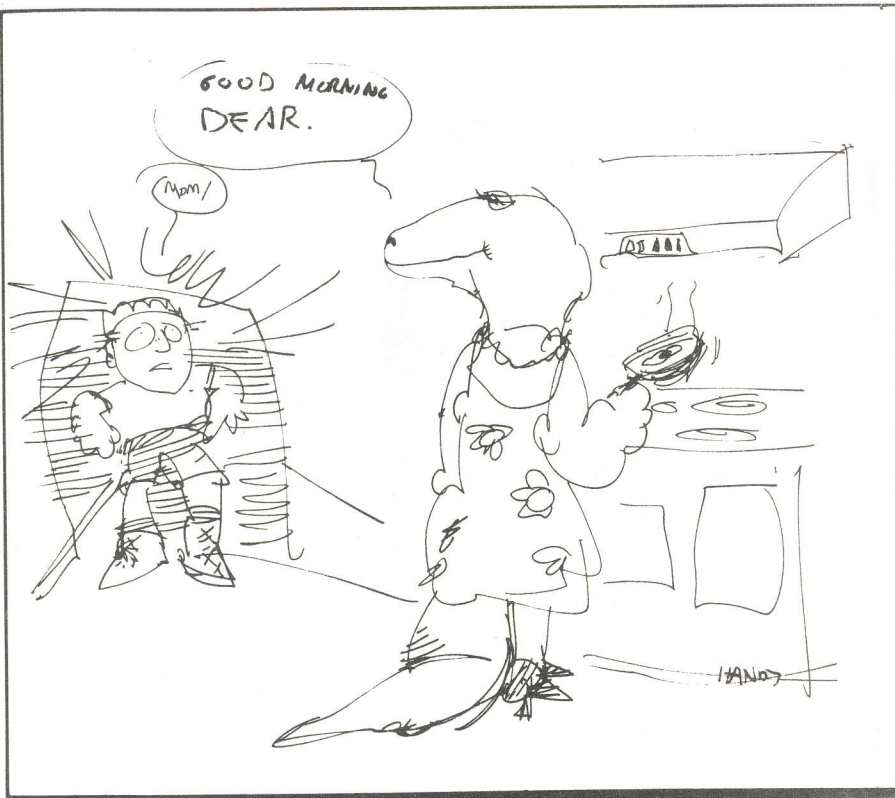
Under the earth, things were decomposing, and oil was to come soon enough to get Zeke's Chevrolet to his guru. He took his mantra in for a check-up twice a week.

During the Bicentennial, the clams in New Hampshire saw no use for human intelligence.

That was the Seventies:

"I don't like clams," Zeke said.

Henrietta washed the maraschino cherry thoroughly before she put it back into Zeke's tequila sunrise. He did not like tequila sunrises either. Outside, the omnivorous orange or the sunset painted coats over the chipped beef of night.



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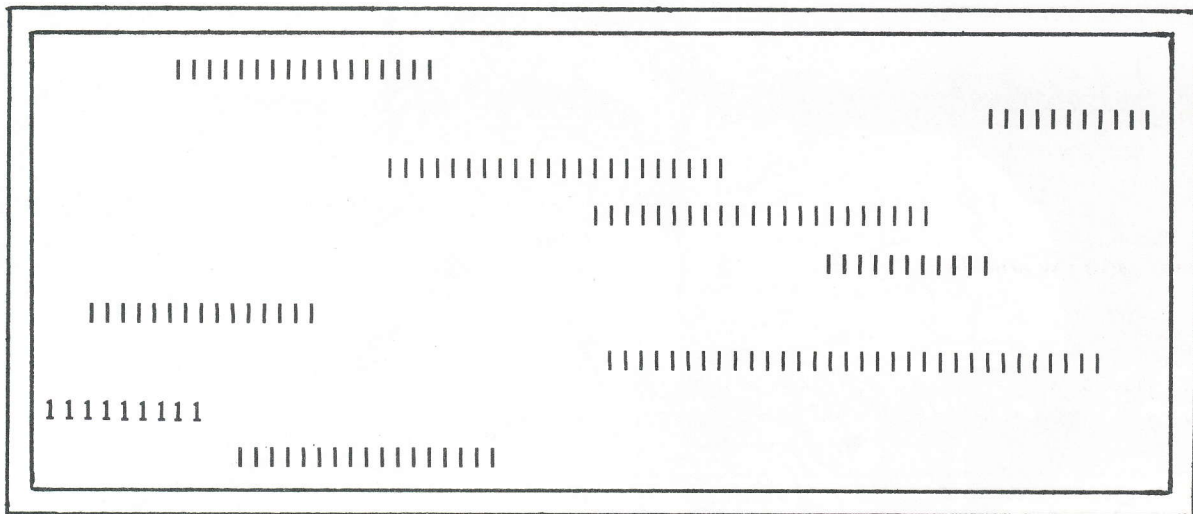
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Professor Lord Elsen of Stanford University, widely-known knowledgeable person about Art, has this to say about the Alber's Bill:

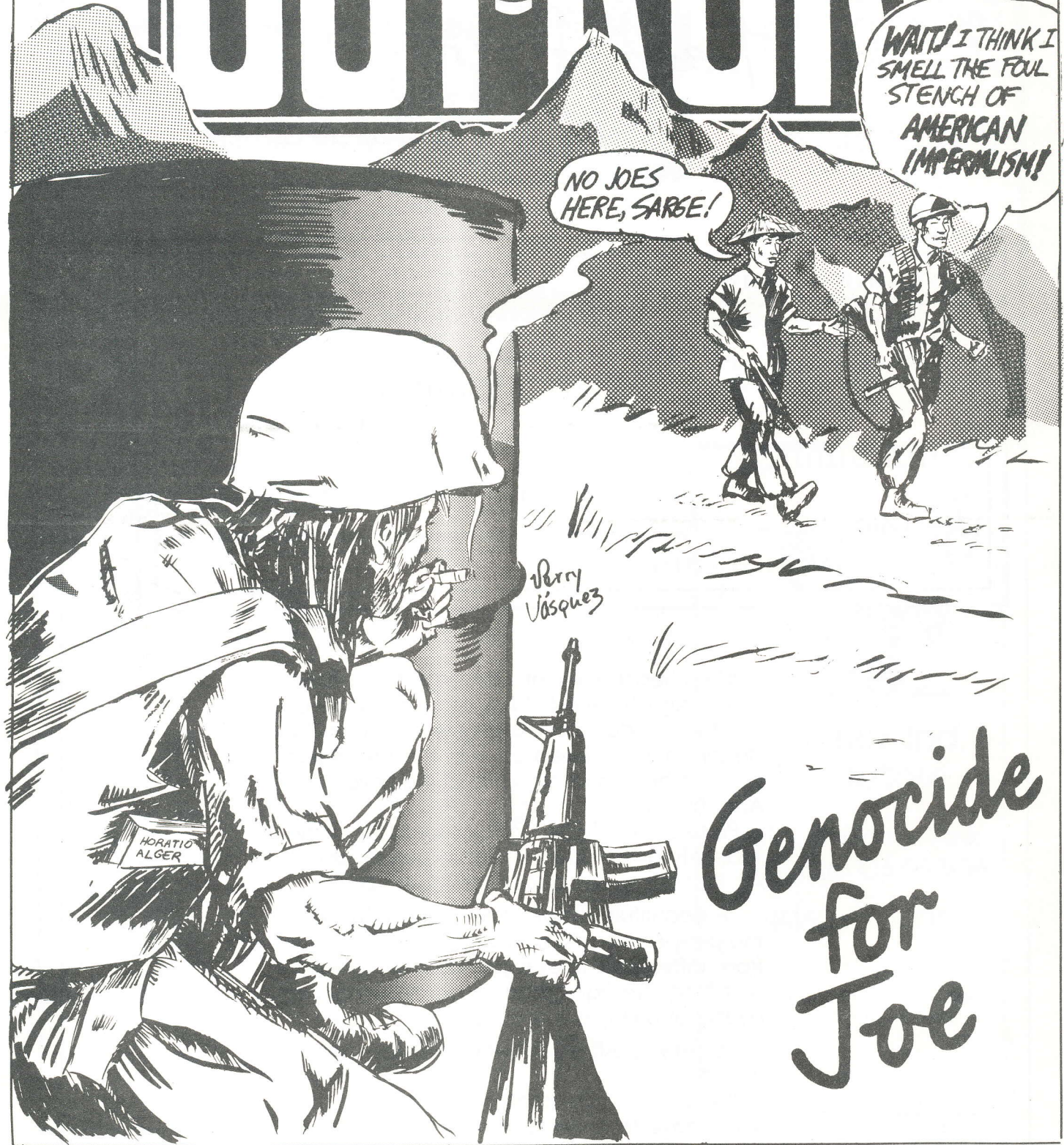
"A beautifully simple, fresh design. The way the perspective of it changes as you look at it from different angles is just fascinating. Also, watching the light change on it during the course of a day is a real treat."

So get your Alber's Bill wherever fine money is sold.

If you don't understand it at first, don't worry, you'll have to learn to.



SGT ROK



NO JOES
HERE, SARGE!

WAIT! I THINK I
SMELL THE FOUL
STENCH OF
AMERICAN
IMPERIALISM!

Berry
Vásquez

Genocide
for
Joe

JUNE IN NAM. THE HEAT BAKES YA LIKE YA WAS SOME SORT OF LEATHERNECK PEKING DUCK, AND YA DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE ONE. NO ONE KNOWS WHY ANYONE'D WANT TO HOLD ONTO THIS BATTLE-SCARRED PIECE OF MOTHER NATURE DISEASED. THE BRASS UP TOP SAYS IT'S GOTTA BE DONE. "FOR THE GLORY OF THE MOST HONORABLE REVOLUTION," THEY SAY. BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW WHY. WHEN THE BRASS SAYS FIGHT, YA FIGHT, WHEN THEY SAY KILL, YA KILL, AND WHEN THEY SAY DIE... **YA DIE.** I'M SERGEANT ROK, AND ME AND MY BOYS, THE PUNGI PLATOON FOLLOW ORDERS...

WRITTEN BY: MIKE WILKINS
 ART BY: PERRY VÁSQUEZ
 LOGO BY: JIM HOLDER
 CAPITALIST: BRUCE HANDY



THE MESSAGE CAME IN ON THE T-BOX. JOE WAS MERCILESSLY SLAUGHTERING WOMEN, **CATTLE** AND CHILDREN. UP NEAR VINH.



PUNG'S A WELL-TRAINED BATTLE-HARDENED BUNCH. BUT THE MENTION OF TORTURE IS ONE THING THAT GETS MY MEN'S IRE.

I'LL TEAR OUT JOE'S HEART!

EASY SOLDIER, WHEN THE TIME COMES.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, BUT JOE WAS NO MEKONG DELTA MINUS.

LET'S GO IN, GUNS BLAZING.

IT HURTS ME TOO, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL.

IT HURTS. MORE THAN THE BOYS WOULD KNOW. HER NAME WAS SHU FLI. SHE HAD NO FIST. WE MADE A FUTURE. SHE LIVED IN VINH. HOW MANY SHU FLIS IN HOW MANY VINHS WAS JOE GONNA CLAIM?

CLICK

NO MORE! THE PLATOON HAD TO THINKA SOMETHING, BUT WE HAD TO GET THERE FIRST.

LET'S MOVE PUNG'S!

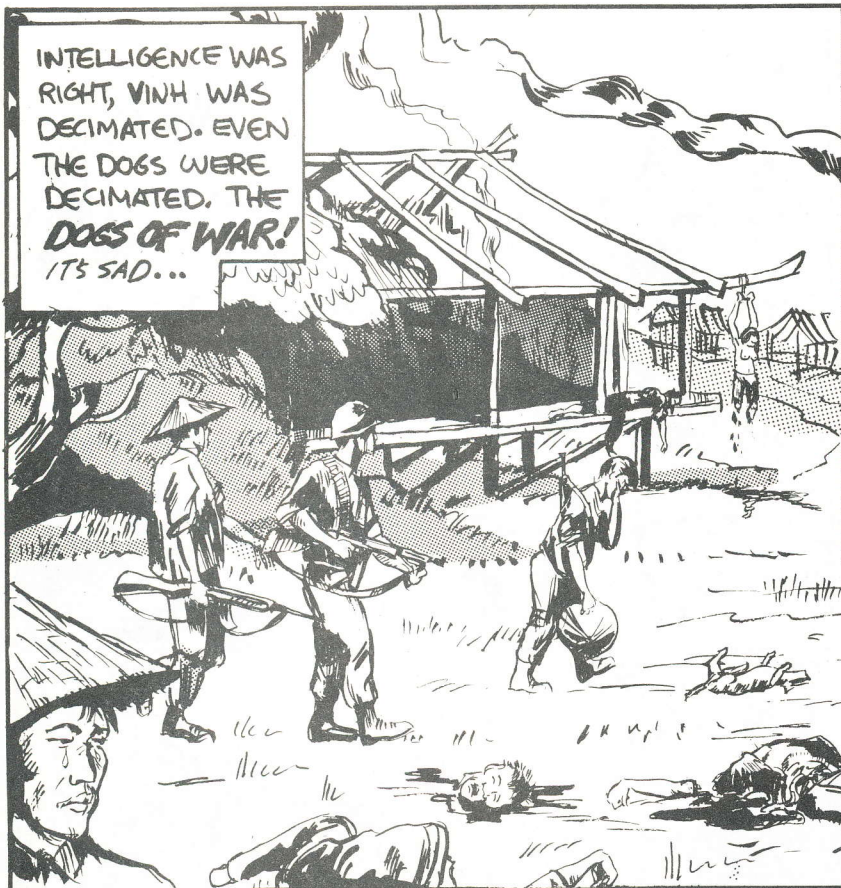


SCATTER VIP YOU MESS!

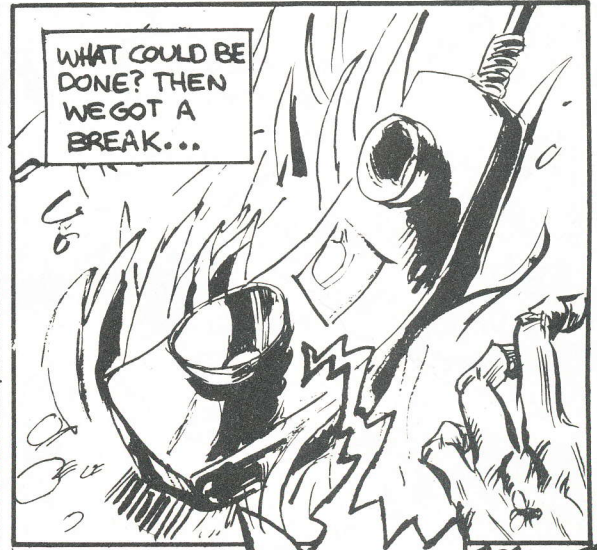
BUT JOE MUSTA KNOWN WE WAS COMING, AND PREPARED US A WELCOMIN' PARTY!

BUDDA BUDDA

INTELLIGENCE WAS RIGHT, VINH WAS DECIMATED. EVEN THE DOGS WERE DECIMATED. THE DOGS OF WAR!
IT'S SAD...



WHAT COULD BE DONE? THEN WE GOT A BREAK...

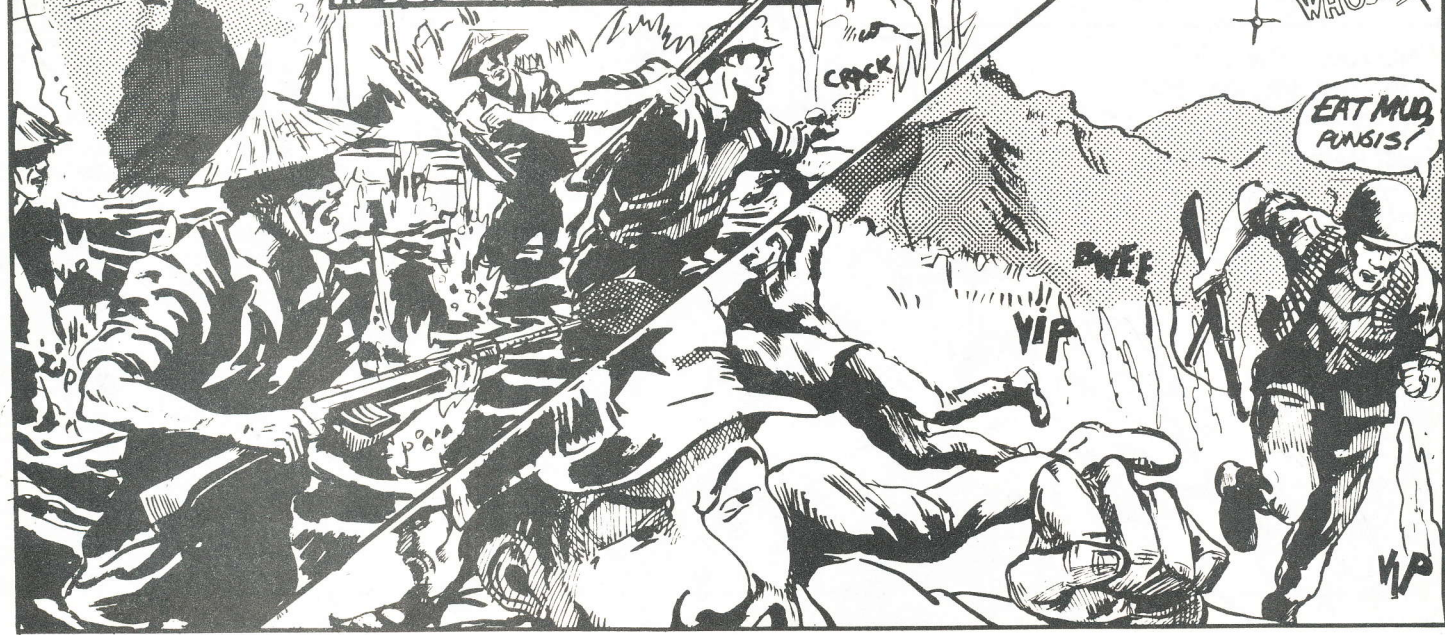


YEAH MAN, WE'RE GONNA GET REAL HIGH, AND THEN GET IN OUR JEEPS AND GO KILL CIVILLIANS OVER IN POON TANG!

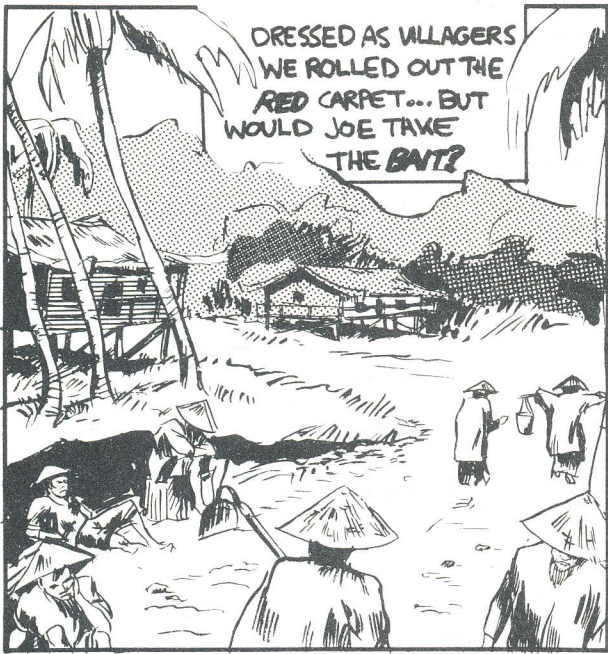


THE PUNGIS WERE OFF. WE HAD TO BEAT JOE TO POON TANG!

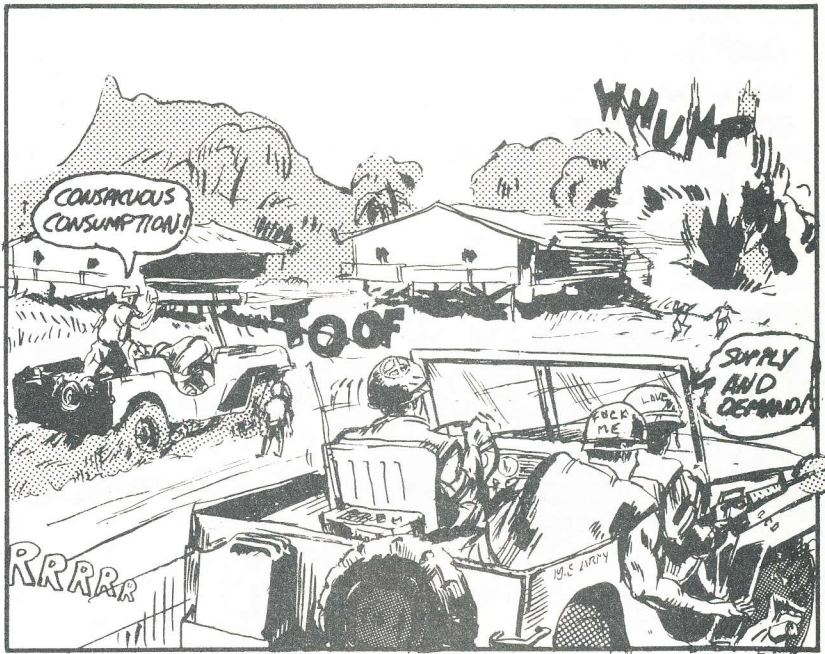
CMON BOYS, LET'S GIVE JOE A REINDOCTRINATION HE AINT GONNA FORGET!



EAT MUD PUNGIS!



DRESSED AS VILLAGERS
WE ROLLED OUT THE
RED CARPET... BUT
WOULD JOE TAKE
THE BAIT?



CONSCIOUS
CONSUMPTION!

SUPPLY
AND
DEMAND!

RRRRR



...HOOK, LINE,
AND SINKER!!

AIEEEEE

BLAT

EAT LEAD
JOHN Q!



WE HAD FINISHED
OFF THE PATROL, BUT
TO STOP THE CARNAGE
WE HAD TO STOPPER
THE SOURCE...

A-COMPANY,
THIRD ARMY, THEY
WEREN'T FAR OFF...

C-C-COLONIZE...
URGL...



GIVE HIM A
TASTE OF
APPETITE.

WHRRIPP

I SWEAR I'M
ONLY A
FARMER. I
DON'T KNOW
WHERE THE
PUNKS ARE.
ARRGH!



SMOKE THIS JOE!

AND IF YOU GO CARRYING PICTURES OF CHAIRMAN MAO...

Just passin THRU...

Jimi

ROK I'M PROUD OF YOU.

BUT EVEN IF THERE WASN'T A WAR ON, WHAT JOE DID WAS INTOLERABLE, AND JOB OR NO JOB, SOMEONE HAD TO STOP 'EM.

SAVE IT FOR THE PRESS, SIR, WE JUST DO OUR JOB.

MAKE WAR NO MORE!

JER:



The Memoirs of Gerald Ford

March 3, 1979

I don't remember much. Look, to be honest with you, nobody ever accused me of being Albert Einstein, and Betty isn't exactly a fine example of symmetry in nature, yet, by a curious turn of events, we became President and First Lady. This is the story of my years in the egg-shaped office.

It is hard to say what I liked best in office. It was all so much fun, being important and famous and powerful, I suppose the greatest advantage of it was that the White House has everything. I am proud to be the first President to have an Advent Videobeam. It is not the kind of thing that you go out and buy yourself, yet for three years I saw all the football games on a six-foot television screen (measured diagonally of course)! It was like watching the action live! With my busy schedule, it was lucky that we had a Betamax too, it automatically videotaped one game while I watched a different one.

It wasn't always so easy. Take my first State of the Union message. I decided to write it all myself and was quite proud of it, yet people still give me "prairie patties" for it. For those of you who don't remember it very well, this should refresh your memory a bit:

"It is my sincere goal to serve this nation as honestly and effectively as possible. After carefully studying the state of the Union (hence the title of this address) I conclude that the Northeast metropolitan area can expect about three inches of rain tonight followed by partial clearing tomorrow and some patchy fog. In the Midwest, you'd better button up those overcoats, I am afraid that another hailstorm is on the way. In the west, more sunny skies. Girls, it's time to take out the bikinis again and soak up the rays."

December 26, 1974

Our first Christmas together in the White House was wonderful. The family went all out and bought me a hell of a gift. It has real possibilities — a machine that can make all kinds of buttons. I design them, press the handy lever, and can buttonize anything. People could stand to learn a lot from buttons. Betty just loved my idea of a Whip Inflation Now button — WIN, get it? If every citizen wore one, maybe inflation would drop . . .

February 12, 1975

. . . Today Vietnam fell to the Communists, the end of an era. As I think back, I guess we lost the war. There was a great football game on last Sunday, boy can that O.J. Simpson run! One hundred and fifty yards in a game, simply amazing. If there's one guy that I'd really like in my cabinet it's O.J.—but damn, where am I going to get that kind of money. Maybe I'll call George Steinbrenner in New York. With his help, why, we could buy a great government!

June 20, 1975

I feel very distant from my son Jack. He is a forest ranger. It is a very tough life. The hours are hard and long. Whenever I visit him in his solo watchtower there is sap all over the floor. It is a lonely job. My other son rides in the rodeo. He loves the boots and spurs, even the whips. He rides broncos so much that sometimes he walks around as if he is still on one. It is fine with me if he likes to hang around with cowboys. Susan is a wonderful daughter. She gives of herself so willingly, a father could not ask for more, believe me. Betty started a marvelous bottle collection recently and it is growing fast . . .

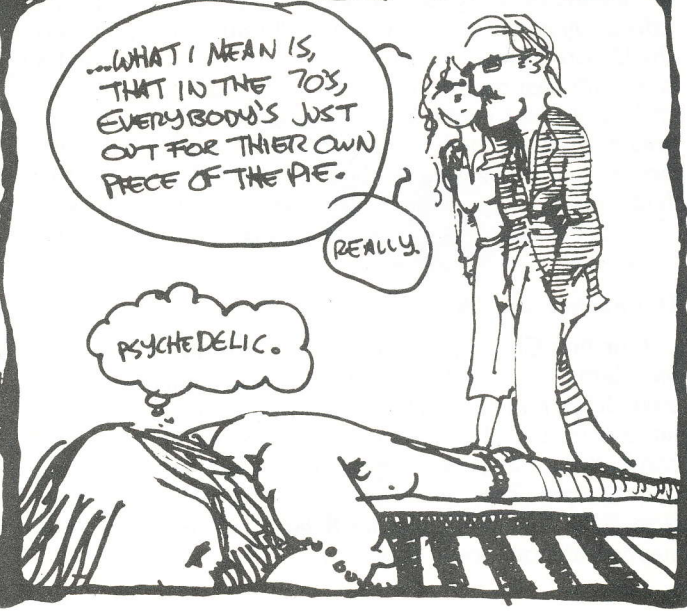
April 19, 1976

Travelling to Europe on Air Force One is the only way to go. The seats are really wide, there is no hassle with connecting flights, and the service is usually pretty good. After some very complicated meetings on NATO and EEC during an overseas mission, it was great to visit the Louvre, and Versailles. Gosh, Louis the fourteenth had practically everything but the Advent Videobeam. D'Estang is a very nice guy; he has a really funny accent when he tries to speak English, z's for s's, you know, the way chefs talk about Bluebonnet margarine. I was barely able to keep a straight face during our talks. From France we went to the free nations of Poland and Czechoslovakia . . .

September 5, 1974

I pardoned Nixon today as instructed on his memo . . .





welcome to 70's Land

In the all-new Seventiesland, located between Tomorrowland and Fantasyland, vacationers of all ages can reexperience the diverse and exciting decade as only Disneyland could recreate it. Eleven thrilling rides and attractions combine with a tasty variety of shops and restaurants to entertain children and adults of all ages.

America advances boldly into the 1980s, but the wonder of the Seventies will always remain in Disneyland. Don't miss it!

ATTRACTIONS AND RIDES

DUMBO THE FLYING FORD—The entire family will thriek with delight as they ride in hollowed-out heads, which resemble the great ex-president, that bounce, trip and stumble while whirling in a circle. (use "A" coupon)
PSA & McDonnell-Douglas' FLIGHT TO THE GROUND—"We're going down!" the pilot's voice booms to thrill-seeking adventures in the realistic plane interior as "real" fire engulfs the cockpit. (use "D" coupon)

THE HAUNTED CONDOMINIUM—Ride in cars resembling hot tubs through eerie, pre-fabricated corridors where realistic EST counselors spring out from behind peacock feathers. "Spooked" mirrors show a reflection of you sitting next to Idi Amin. (use "B" coupon)

JUNGLELAND SAFARI—Visit infamous Uganda, Angola and Guyana in a red and white striped jungle boat with a "real" safari guide. Watch with excitement as the guide shouts "Look out for those temple people!" and expertly guns down natives trying to wade out to the boat with small paper cups full of poison. The most exciting ride since "The Matterhorn." (use "E" coupon)

MR. KENNEDY'S WILD RIDE—This was the first ride built in Seventiesland, when construction began in the late sixties, and should be one of the most popular. Thrill and chill as you are whisked, in realistic simulated cars, from a broken bridge into a perilous river, and then suddenly to a pay phone where you call your lawyer. (use "B" coupon)

GREAT MOMENTS WITH MR. NIXON—Visitors enter a dimly lit theater to see, on the stage, a perfect reproduction of the tape recorder used by the great ex-president in the Oval Office. You'll swear it's the real thing! Modern technology in one of its finest hours as the tape recorder flawlessly delivers the unforgettable "Plead the Fifth, Expletive Deleted" Address. (free-no admission)

BILLY CARTER'S BEER PARTY—Fun lovers "get the spins" in giant whirling Billy Beer cans.

PIRATES OF THE POTOMAC—Look on in awe as a cast of thousands realistically rapes the Statue of Liberty, sets fire to the Constitution and sings "Yo,ho,ho,ho; A pirate's life for me." (use "E" coupon)


THE BIRAIL—No longer the outmoded, restrictive monorail, the much-popularized birail whisks passengers between the Seventiesland station and the Disneyland Hotel, both ways. (use "B" coupon)

LIVE:IN CONCERT—Through the magic of Disney Studios' projected holographs, all the great performers that died in the Seventies "jam" together in a revue that promises to be fun for the whole family. Lynyrd Skynyrd plays "I Wish I Was in Dixie," while Groucho Marx recites some of his most famous monologues. Jim Croce's guitar is perfect accompaniment to Charlie Chaplin's eating a shoe — just as he did in "The Gold Rush"—while the memorable Elvis Presley sings his classic, "I'm Old and Fat and Want to Die." (use "E" coupon)

THE FORD PINTO AUTOPIA—Bumper cars were never like this! Feel your heart leap as you slam into the back of the car in front of you and watch it burst into flames. (use "D" coupon)

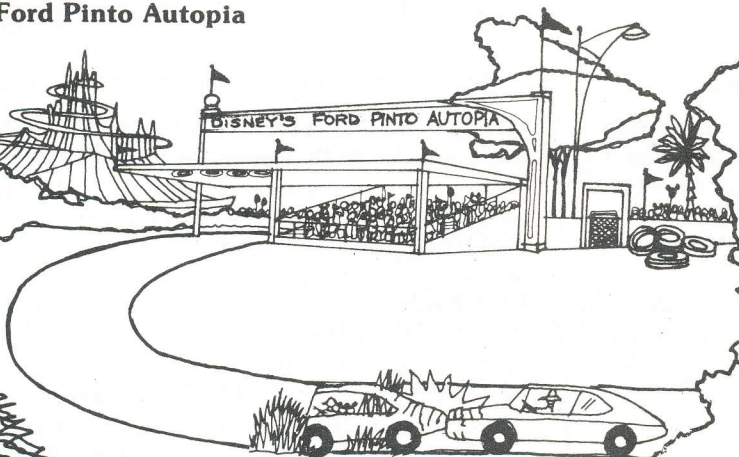
RESTAURANTS AND REFRESHMENTS

IRANIAN OIL REFRESHMENTS—The Shah of Iran himself serves thirsty vacationers Iran's finest crude in commemorative howitzer shells.

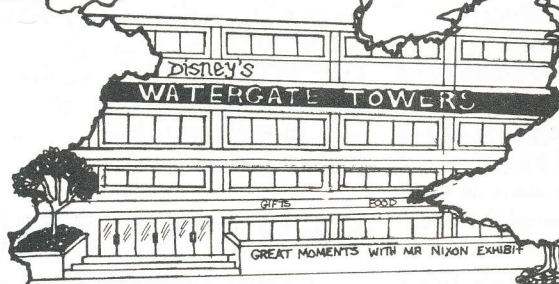
C.I.A. CHILE STAND—Latin America's ethnic snack is tampered with to create an American delight. 

welcome to

Ford Pinto Autopia

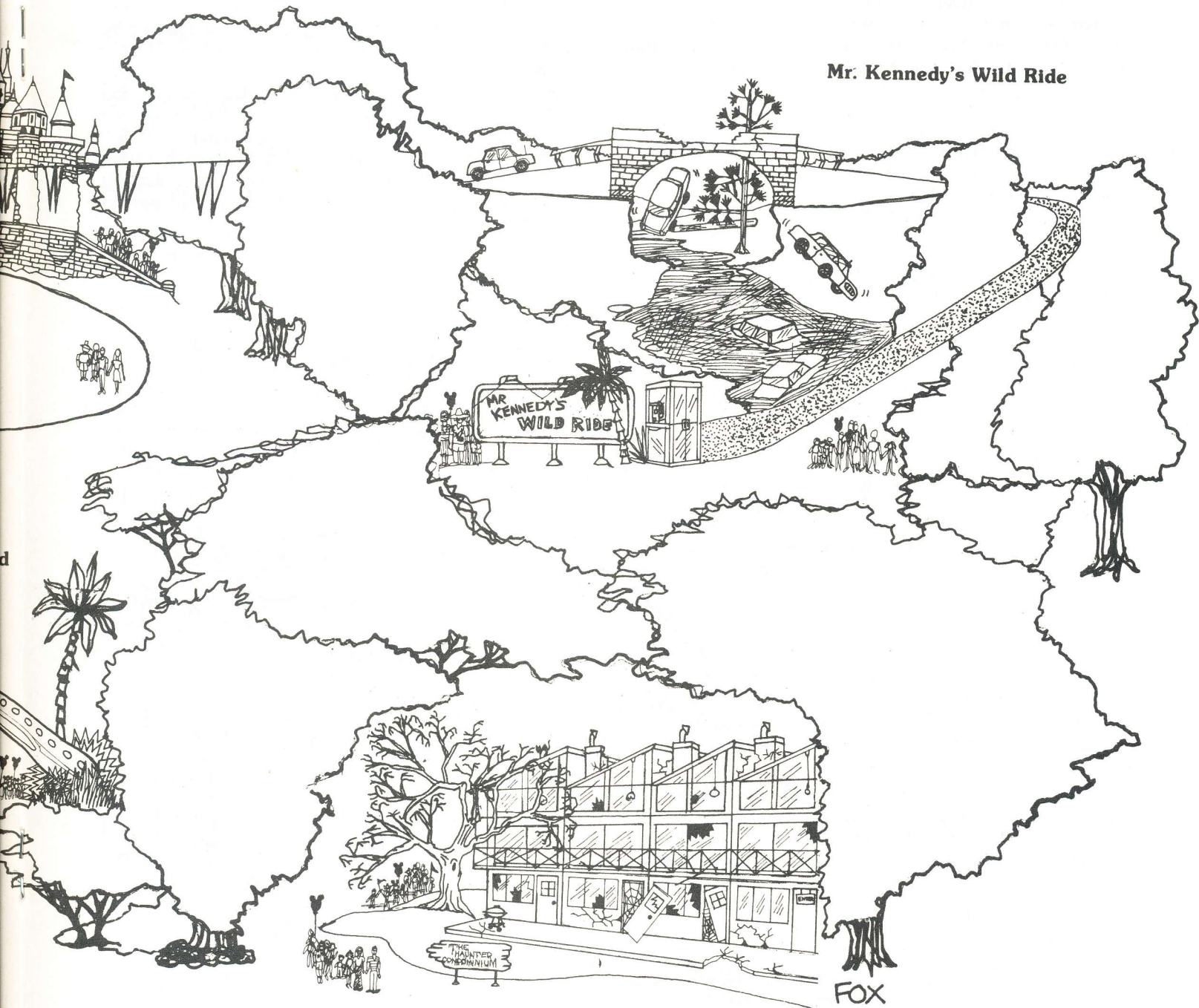


PSA Flight to the Ground



Great Moments with Mr. Nixon

to 70's Land



Mr. Kennedy's Wild Ride

The Haunted Condominium

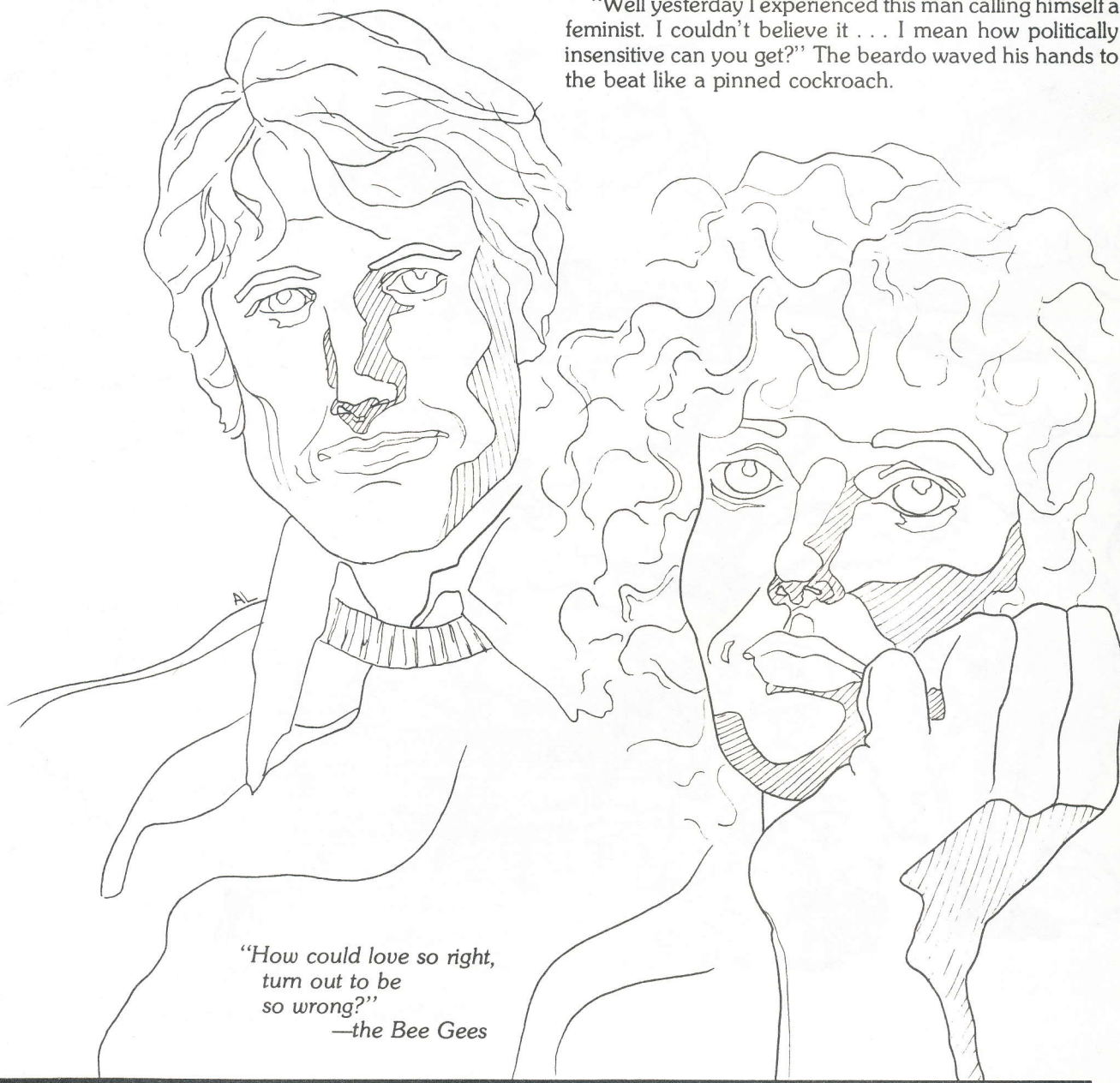
HARLEQUIN ROMANCE

Long shot of Portola Valley. Camera slowly pans towards house. Lights on. Party noises. . .

John was a twenty two year old college Senior. Mary was a twenty year old college Sophomore. John was an English major. Mary was an Earth Science major. John was a cynic. Mary was an idealist. They met. . .

At a party in Portola Valley. Some students had rented the house for the year and were throwing a house warming party. Mary knew one of the women. John heard about the party from a friend. A country-boogie band played by the diving board while people danced on the deck. The bar was at the shallow end. Inside, Mary was telling a beardo about her C-R group: ". . . It was kind of strange, you know, with no men there. We all started releasing our agressions . . . I had this real hostile Us vs. Them feeling."

"Well yesterday I experienced this man calling himself a feminist. I couldn't believe it . . . I mean how politically insensitive can you get?" The beardo waved his hands to the beat like a pinned cockroach.



*"How could love so right,
turn out to be
so wrong?"
—the Bee Gees*

"Oh, I don't know about that. I think feminism is also masculinism . . . Men are people too."

"Yeah we've got to get liberated . . . My father used to tell me that a real man didn't cry, you know, that whole macho-tough guy trip. What a bullshit stereotype . . . I cry."

Mary noticed that the beardo was looking down her blouse. "Yeah, I think that was the point of the '60s . . . uh, I've got to go to the bathroom. Nice talking to you." She walked outside while the beardo checked out her ass be-bopping behind her skirt.

Slouching in the open space between the ceiling to floor plate glass that was the doorway, John watched it too. Cute hippie chick he thought, probably wants to save the world, good in bed, likes Dylan. John appraised people quickly, packaging them and arranging them on mental shelves with a "miscellaneous" shelf for people who defied order. People were predictable, he thought, wondering why Mary wasn't dancing.

Mary couldn't dance. Standing by the bar, she only wanted another beer. Or maybe a half-beer. The party had already fragmented into a cubist painting: a face, music, a word, lights made impressions on her fading memory, and with much more beer, the party would dribble itself into a Jackson Pollock puke abstraction. So, a half-glass compromise between more and morning. Mary bent over the keg and squeezed the tap. Foam. "Here, let me help you with that." Somebody pumped the keg. Mary looked up.

Camera cuts to John's face. Violins swell. Cut to Mary's face. Violins crescendo.

"Thanks."

"Sure."

John and Mary stood on the front balcony talking, the entire Bay Area laid out below them, yellow lights thickening to surround the bay with a single, brilliant outline. "Most of those lights are probably unnecessary." Mary spoke, not looking at John. "It's sick."

I was right, thought John. "Yeah, it's a waste."

"I read this article that said you could take all the energy used to light LA for one night and feed all the people in the Sudan."

"Yeah, I saw that . . . in *Rolling Stone*, right?"

"Yeah, the one with Steve Martin on the cover . . . Did you see him on *Saturday Night Live* last weekend?"

"No. I don't watch TV."

Mary sipped her beer. "Oh, I don't usually either, but some people in my dorm were watching it."

"I hate TV. It's just mindless garbage for all the masses, you know, camouflage for the commercials."

"Yeah, it's scary . . . for sure."

Realizing that they had been looking in each other's eyes, John and Mary turned back towards the lights. John leaned on the redwood railing and rubbed his coarse chin, which he shaved once a week. We're going to leave together, he thought, looking at Mary finish her beer. She set it on the railing. The bitter taste of the last swallow stuck to her mouth and made her want to spit. She touched John's arm.

"This party's a drag. You wanna leave?"

"Yeah. I've got a car."

"Excellent. Maybe we can go to my place and get some tea or something. I better say goodbye to Jane."

"God, it was so good to see you, we're gonna have to get together sometime this quarter and really talk."

"Yeah, we should. That would be really nice, maybe for lunch or something."

John put his arm around Mary as they walked towards his car.

Mary turned the key in her door, opened it and walked in with John. It was a box, broken up by a sink, a few plants, and some essential furniture: a bed, a desk, a dresser. On the walls Art Nouveau *jeunes filles*, one teat exposed, mingled with blotchy reproductions of blotchy impressionist paintings, an artsy-fartsy French cocktail party from the nineteenth century John thought. He sat on the blue shag carpet, leaning against the bed.

"You want some tea? I've Zinger or Sleepytime." She put her birthday brass kettle on her graduation hotplate.

"Huh?"

"They're kinds of tea."

"Oh. Got any coffee?"

"No, just tea."

"I'll take Zinger, I guess."

She put two bags in two mugs and then a record on the stereo. Dylan. "I knew it," thought John. Mary sat down beside him.

"So, you're a communications major?"

"Yeah. I figure I'll get a job with a magazine or something, you know, before I make it big . . . the Great American Novel and all that. God, *The Real World*." John laughed knowingly.

"What do you write about?"

"Real things. Men and women . . . How they deal with each other. Love."

"Oh yeah?" They looked at each other, embraced, and kissed open-mouthed.

"That was nice."

"Yeah."

They kissed again, tongues dueling, breaths shortening, tightening their embrace as their mouths fused.

Camera coyly pans from fleshy lovers, across room, to steaming kettle. Violins caterwaul. Fade out.

He looked at the digital clock that said four-colon-zero-zero. They'd been asleep on their sides, only warm butts touching beneath the sheets. He stretched his back and legs and then got out of bed. Picking his clothes out from beneath hers, he dressed. While he was slipping his boots on, she woke up.

"You leaving?"

"Yeah."

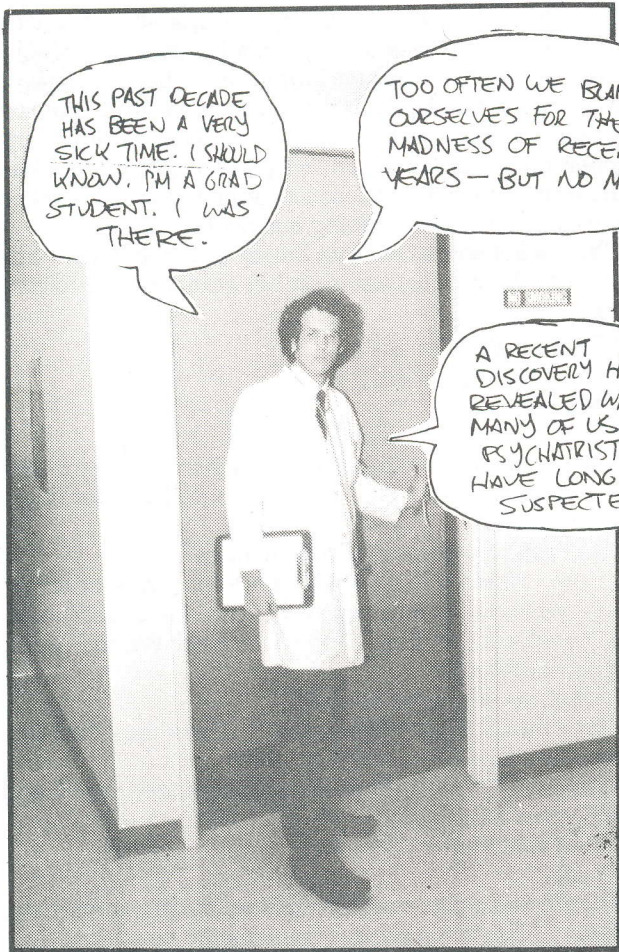
"That was nice."

He kissed her. "Yeah." He left. She went back to sleep.

Outside in the parking lot as the sky began to lighten, he saw a cat rummaging in a dumpster. How fucking ironic, John thought, and then, hey, what a great image for a story.

Fade . . .

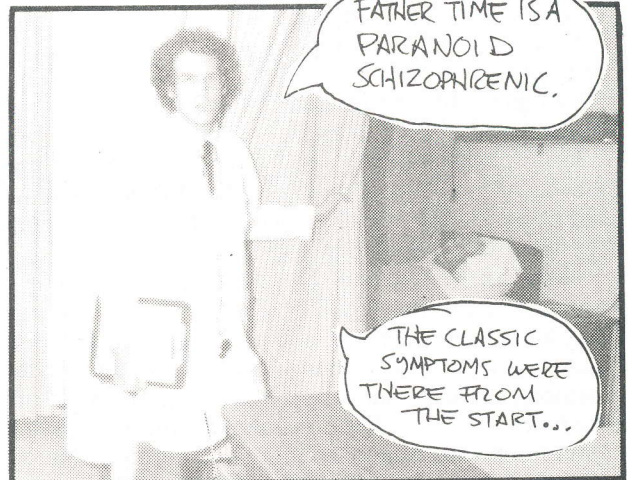
SICK TIMES



THIS PAST DECADE HAS BEEN A VERY SICK TIME. I SHOULD KNOW, I'M A GRAD STUDENT. I WAS THERE.

TOO OFTEN WE BLAME OURSELVES FOR THE MADNESS OF RECENT YEARS - BUT NO MORE.

A RECENT DISCOVERY HAS REVEALED WHAT MANY OF US PSYCHIATRISTS HAVE LONG SUSPECTED...



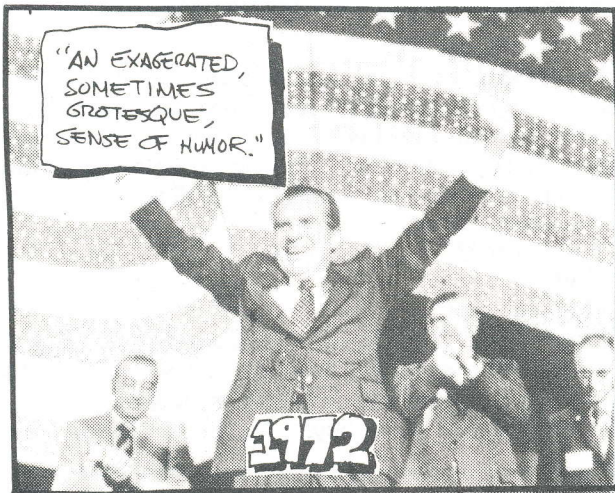
FATHER TIME IS A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC.

THE CLASSIC SYMPTOMS WERE THERE FROM THE START...



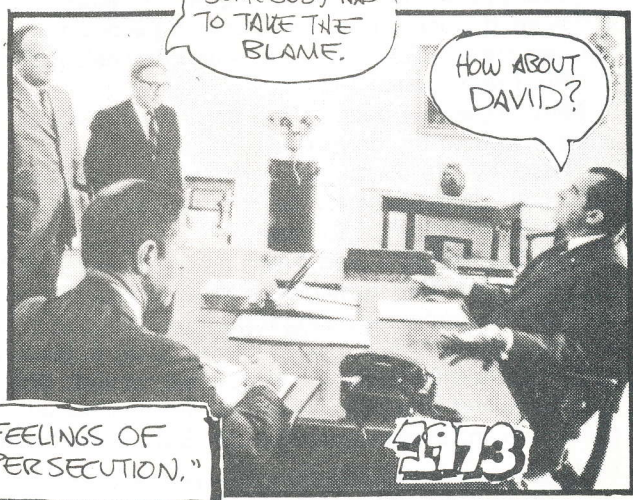
"IRRATIONAL OUTBURSTS OF HOSTILITY."

1974



"AN EXAGGERATED, SOMETIMES GROTESQUE, SENSE OF HUMOR."

1972



SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE THE BLAME.

HOW ABOUT DAVID?

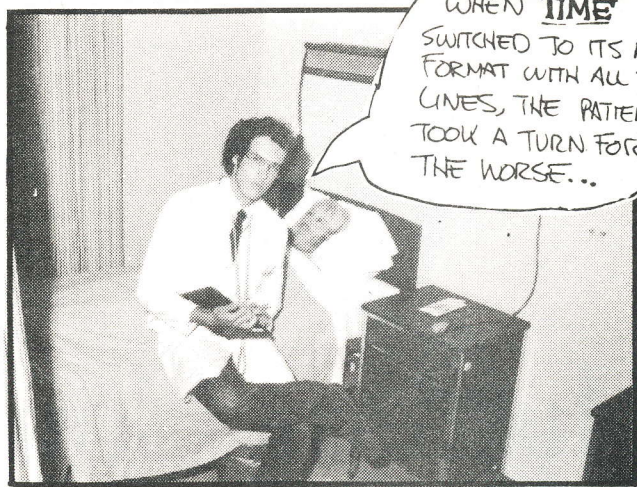
"FEELINGS OF PERSECUTION."

1973

"AND FINALLY, APATHY AND LISTLESSNESS."



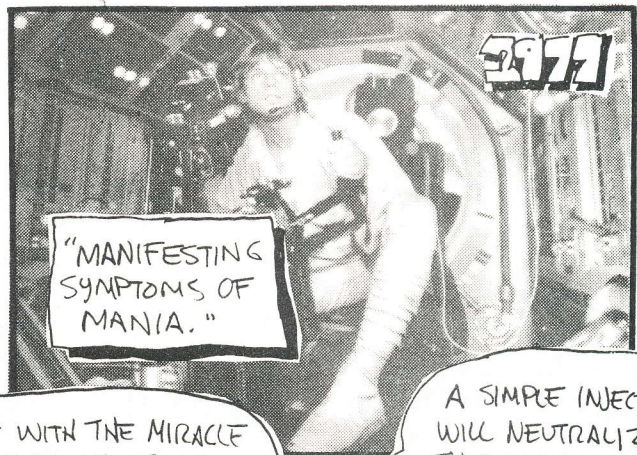
WHEN TIME SWITCHED TO ITS NEW FORMAT WITH ALL THE LINES, THE PATIENT TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE...



A LEADER AS GREAT AS ITS PEOPLE!



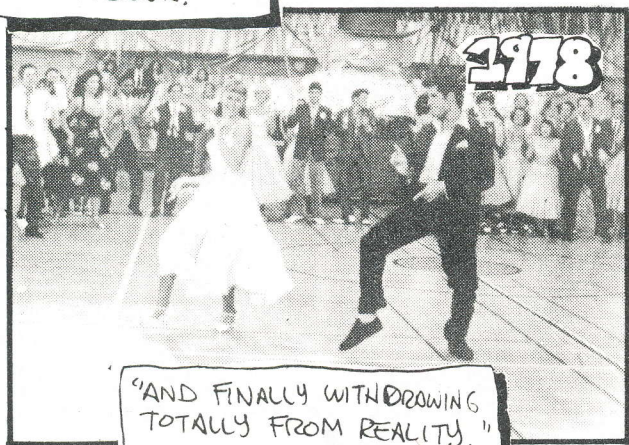
"SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR."



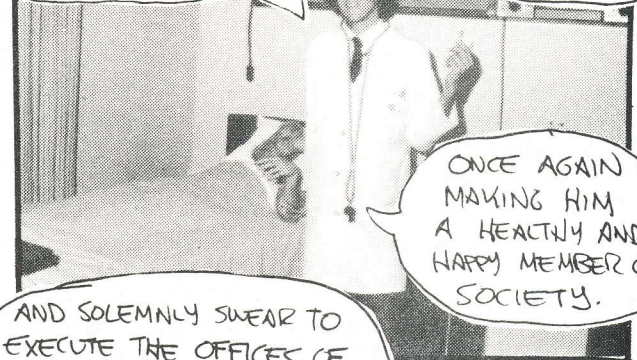
"MANIFESTING SYMPTOMS OF MANIA."

A SIMPLE INJECTION WILL NEUTRALIZE THE CHEMICAL IMBALANCE IN FATHER TIME'S BRAIN...

BUT WITH THE MIRACLE OF MIRACLE OF MODERN PSYCHIATRY, A CURE HAS BEEN FOUND FOR THIS DISEASE.



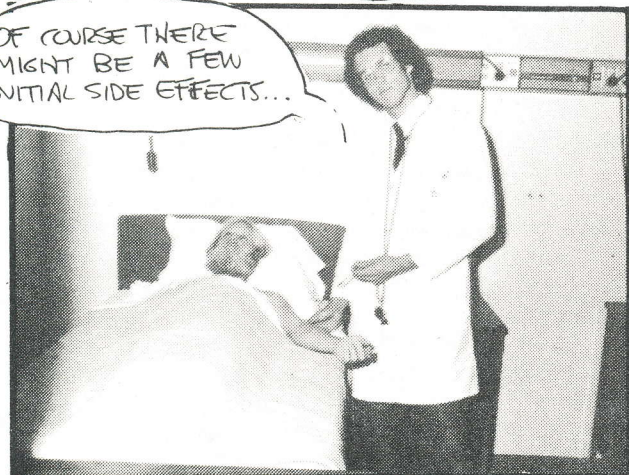
"AND FINALLY WITHDRAWING TOTALLY FROM REALITY."



ONCE AGAIN MAKING HIM A HEALTHY AND HAPPY MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

AND SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO EXECUTE THE OFFICES OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

OF COURSE THERE MIGHT BE A FEW INITIAL SIDE EFFECTS...



Human Consciousness in the 70's

by Dr. Otto Blitzkrieg

Dr. Otto Blitzkrieg first became interested in raised human consciousness as a pre-medical school student at a major western university. He went on to obtain his PhD. in It at the Me Institute in Where, Colorado. His interests include breeding doberman pinschers, raising piranha fish and backgammon.

In the idealistic 1960s, drug-dazed gurus of youth preached "free love," "peace," and a world that could be "really cool." It is no wonder that with the advent of the 1970s, these positivist potheads ceased to exist.

What the spiritual leaders of the sixties did not realize was that ours is not some cushy world out there where "life can be groovy." It is a brutal and heartless world, where weasels in the wild tear at the soft flesh of young geese to fight for survival. So must every person, the seventies revealed, fight for betterment of status ("where you're at"). This is the "kharma" of every individual.


It is not a bit surprising that I was asked to write this article on human consciousness movements in the seventies. Having written the nationwide bestsellers, **Buy This Book** and **Buy This Book, Schmuck**, I know better than anyone, the important values that the seventies have introduced into our mainstream of consciousness.

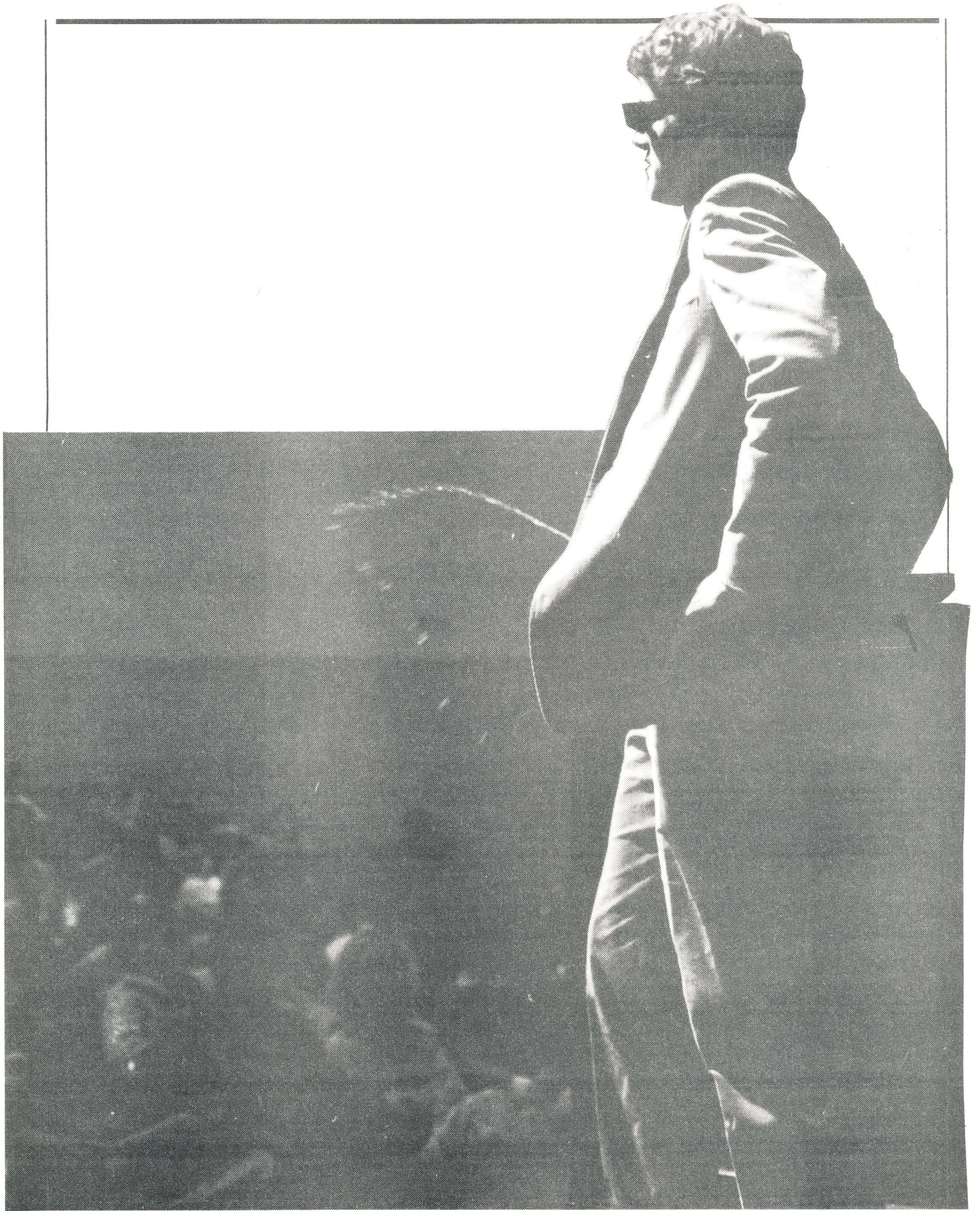
For example, I was not the first person asked to write this article, due to some editorial misunderstanding. By clearing up this misunderstanding through blackmail of the editors, I advanced my own personal space and made it clear what I wanted, and what I was going to get. All the "brotherly love" in the world couldn't have done that.

In the last nine years, the intangible "free love" of the sixties has given way to the more realistic and easily attainable "free hate" of the seventies. "Free hate" gets results much faster and more efficiently than its mushy sixties counterpart. For example, the other day I was having lunch with my colleague, Werner Erhard. "Werner," I said to him, "you have to be the biggest dumbshit I know." "Yeah," he said to me, "and your head is swollen with ostrich vomit." As demonstrated through this brief exchange, we are bitter rivals in a competitive field who loathe each other. Through this pure hate, we are able to become one with ourselves and get "ours" before the other guy gets "his" first.

In my latest book, I'm O.K., I elaborate on this idea by showing that God, too, is out to get his. I'm sure that He understands perfectly well that when I steal from the collection plate every Sunday and invest the money in I.B.M. stock, it's simply a matter of bettering my personal space. After all, it certainly wasn't J. Paul Getty who said "God helps those who help themselves." God is a businessman, and we all owe it to Him to get out in this wonderful world and turn a profit, before He decides that we're a bad investment with a low rate of return and declares bankruptcy. The only way we can do this, of course, is to beat out the other guy, even if it means nailing him up.

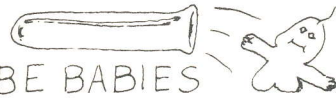
This is a selfish attitude, I suppose, but selfish is totally O.K. as long as you're thinking only of yourself.

It's amazing to think that such a short time ago, in the sedentary sixties, being selfish and greedy was termed as "uncool" (bad). This, I think, represents the greatest lesson of the seventies in terms of human consciousness advancement: the name of the game is "me," not "us" or "a bunch of smelly, penniless hippies." 




DR. PYREX'S

GUIDE TO THE LOVE AND CARE OF TEST-TUBE BABIES

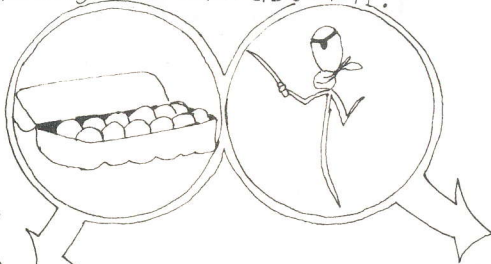


DILYON



So, you're about to have your first test tube baby. You're happy, excited, and more than a little apprehensive. Don't worry! I am Betty Vial, a test-tube surrogate-mother and I want to tell you about your baby.

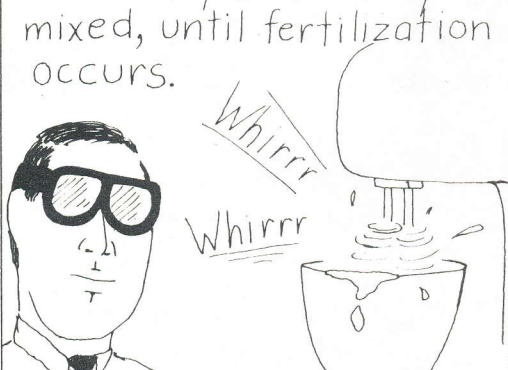
The first step in the test-tube baby building process is insemination and there's nothing artificial about it!




Your eggs are collected and a sample of his sperm is obtained.

Then they are carefully mixed, until fertilization occurs.

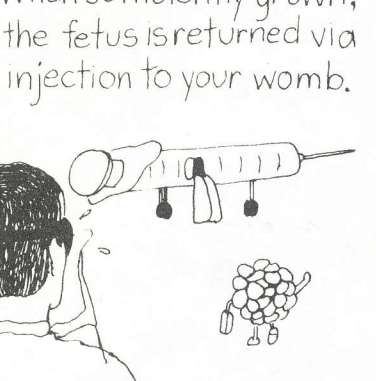
Whirrr
Whirrr




Now it's into the incubator for maturation



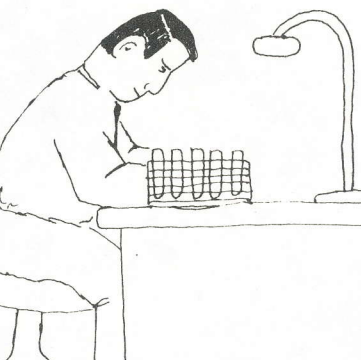
When sufficiently grown, the fetus is returned via injection to your womb.



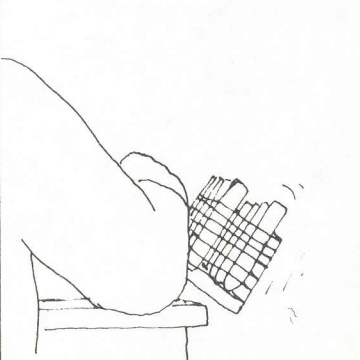
Quite simple isn't it? Soon you'll give birth to a baby no one can tell from the real thing. Of course, there are some possible problems you may encounter:

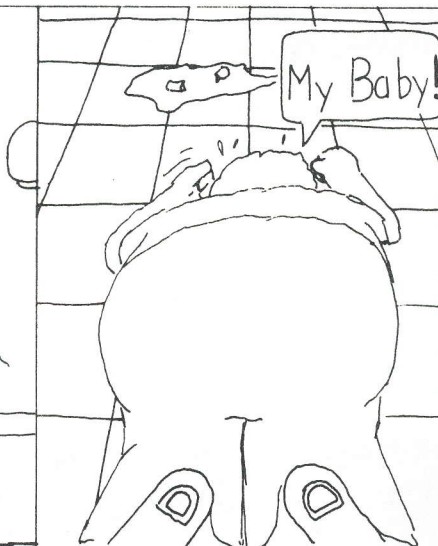


Breakage...



LOOK OUT!





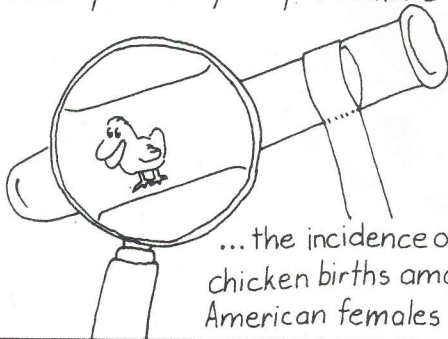
Yes, test tubes are fragile and some breakage is bound to occur. You only pay for babies delivered in good condition, however. Contamination is also a potential difficulty. Sometimes equipment isn't fully cleaned and your baby winds up contaminated. Don't fret, all our work is guaranteed.

Contamination:



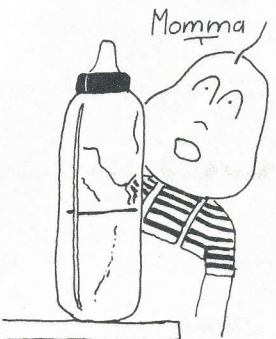
There are a few things which may worry you, but which are completely normal...

Appearance: Don't be alarmed if your baby looks odd at first. This is usually a stage. While your baby may look like a chicken...

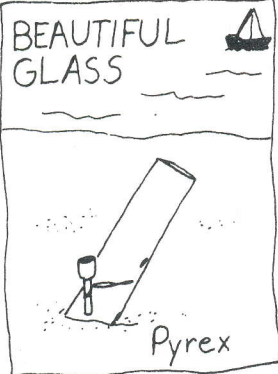


...the incidence of live chicken births among American females is low.

Unnatural affection for glass containers:



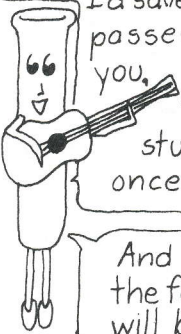
Found in 2-3 year olds



and even adolescents. This is a passing silical-oedipal fixation and should be ignored by you.

Well, that's all I have to say. Good-bye and good luck with your new baby.

If I could fit Tom's in a bottle, if dishes could make things grow too, I'd save every egg till eternity passes away to make babies with you. But, there never seems tubes enough to grow the stuff you want to grow once you combine them

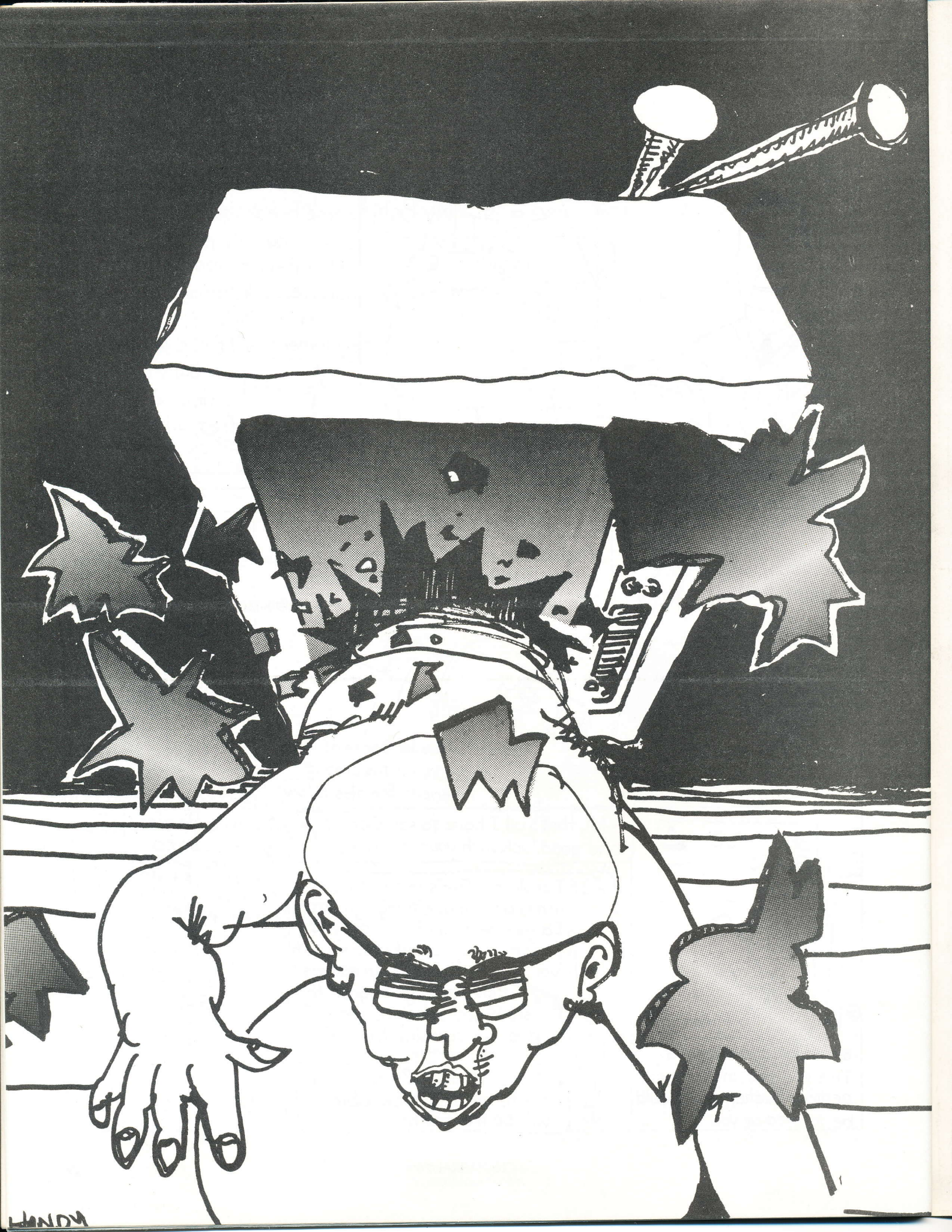


And who knows? Maybe in the future test-tube babies will be the norm...

Mum's Babies
Basic ... \$2,000.
All white add 100.
WASP, ... \$3,000
Tall add ... 100.
Intelligent add 5.

Have him your way





HANDY

ONE MAN'S STORY

A massive cramp in the back of my thigh dragged me, screaming, from the depths of a sound sleep. "Fon chieu!" I yelled as I banged my knee on the metal back of the chair in front of me. The terrible pain in my leg caused me to yell again, and for three minutes I rubbed my thigh, stumbled over chairs, and spewed forth verbiage, the content and volume of which was a tribute to my experience as a marine sergeant in Our Favorite War. This soliloquy was interrupted by what felt like a freight train trying to occupy the same place at the same time as my jaw. When I could once again focus my eyes I stood up, and debated taking time to look for my teeth. I decided it wasn't worth the effort and headed for the aisle.

The place smelled of urine and root beer. And stale popcorn and stale underarms. It was dark. It was quiet enough for me to hear the soles of my wingtips unstick from the floor as I stepped over ol' Jerry Hatrik, asleep in last night's dinner. Another smell. All in all, it was pretty depraved, I thought, picking JuJu Beads from the seat of my sagging work pants, sleeping in a place like this. But it's home to me. And, the price is right. I turned and headed up the aisle toward the door. Passing through the lobby I caught sight of myself in a full-length mirror, suppressed a wave of nausea, and pushed out into the early morning rush.

I knew better than to try to fight the flow of bodies along the worn sidewalk, so I just picked up my feet and contemplated my life. I did this every morning. It never helped anything. Some day I'll have to contemplate just exactly why I contemplate. Anyway:

I'm a vice cop in a big city . . . I'm not sure which one. I used to work in a small town making sure nobody drove too fast or had too much fun, but the T.V. possibilities were too limited; even Kojak would be a no-name if he spent his days confiscating dope plants in Manitowac, Wisconsin. Anyway, they stuck me in vice. Don't get me wrong, I love my job, but it's been eight years so far, and all of that time, except for six weeks of basic training, has been spent on one case. Eight years of all-night theaters and tattered clothes; doing nothing but following Billy Weng.

Billy is self-employed. He owns a child-porn shop which bears his name and many of his children. He keeps his overhead down by stealing merchandise from the respectable child-porn shops around the area. This is against the law.

You may wonder why anyone would spend this much time away from his family and friends just to catch a deranged, ex-refugee thief. I do too. The fact is, my boss faked my death seven years ago. He's pocketing my paychecks and long ago talked my wife into taking the kids to Cleveland. Am I pissed? Of course I am. But I'm not as pissed as I was when I got a letter in the mail that said Uncle Somebody wanted me to spend four years being shot at and napalmed in some jungle. I guess it's all relative. Let me tell you about Billy.

I finally spotted him outside the Dandy Candy Porn and Ice Cream Shoppe, on Zip St., about ten-thirty Saturday morning. I recognized him by the fact that his left leg was a quarter-inch shorter than his right leg would have been if I hadn't blown it off while he was sleeping in his Sengieou hamlet. This led to an almost imperceptible limp when he used his crutches in cold weather. I've done my homework.

He looked around before going into the Shoppe, but didn't notice me. I gave a quick prayer of thanks to the guy who'd loaned me the Chinese New Year's Dragon costume, and followed him inside.

He was standing in the corner, pretending to look at the ice cream toppings. I went straight to the far wall, and took my stance (a sort of casual lean-on-the-bar and-look-inconspicuous-type pose), and asked the guy behind the counter if I could have an ice cream cone. He looked surprised and hesitated for a moment. Well, I wasn't about to let any peon ice cream scooper blow my cover, so I grabbed his lapels and pulled him toward me (accidentally getting marschino cherries on the counter, much to his chagrin).

"Look," I told him, "I'm trying to avoid attention. You wanna just get my cone?" He nodded and sort of coughed, so I let him tumble to the floor.

He got the ice cream without creating any more trouble

and apologized in a sniveling, high-pitched whine. He was so pathetic that I felt sorry for him. I decided to let him in on why I was there.

"See that guy," I whispered. He shook his head no. I picked him up and threw him through the mirror behind the counter.

"Over there, dumbshit!" I hissed, jerking my head in Billy's direction . . . the paper-machie dragon flew off my head, dropped to the floor, and broke into fourteen pieces. A middle-aged woman walking around the shop slipped on the debris and slid through the glass door, out on to the street, and under a passing truck. Fearing that Billy might hear the noise, I dove behind the first row of magazines. I did not spill my ice cream.

Stelthily, I crawled the length of that shelf and crouched behind a revolving rack of paperbacks. I licked my cone and peered around the books. He hadn't heard the ruckus and had moved to the kiddie-porn magazines. I made ready for the attack. My breath quickened. My muscles tensed. Perspiration beaded on my forehead. A chill slithered down my spine. I was ready for anything.

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Waaaaa!" I jerked up and spun to face my attacker, knocking the paperbacks on top of a four-year-old kid. Maybe being mashed to a bloody pulp would teach that little kid not to get too near book racks in the future, I thought, as I stuffed my ice cream cone eight inches deep into my enemy's eye socket.

I pulled out my Luger, loaded with hollow-nose bullets.

There was a cry behind me. I tried to dive away but slipped on the remains of the clerk who had so carelessly attacked me just minutes before. As I fell, I wheeled and, mistaking a grief-stricken mother picking up paperbacks for one of Billy's bodyguards, fired two shots. She was no more.

But I couldn't relax yet. Senses sharpened, killer instinct in overdrive, I spotted a foot under a nearby table. I pulled the trigger; the foot became a knee. Again, the knee became a face, twisted with pain. Disgusting, I thought, as I pulled the trigger once more. I stood up and brushed myself off.

Just as I was about to hunt up Billy again, the shop-owner came racing around the corner, hollering to beat

shit and waving his arms like a crazed, ambidextrous badminton player. This so revolted me that I severed the offending limbs at the shoulder with two more shots. Then, using his face for a step ladder, I hopped up on a shelf to look for that deviate, Billy.

The building was rocked by a massive explosion. I was knocked unconscious by the blast. When I came to, I realized that I needed help, so I picked my way through the rubble to the phone. The explosion had melted the dial. I was on my own.

Carefully, quietly, I picked my way back to where I'd been when I last saw my quarry. He was still there. He seemed unaware of anything unusual — this would be to my advantage. Again I waited.

He picked up a magazine, folded it, and slipped it into his pocket. At last, I thought, I've finally got him. I stood up and — another explosion hit the building, knocking me to the floor. I dragged myself to my feet again as a Russian pilot came crashing through the ceiling. He landed directly on Billy, snapping his neck. The bodies tumbled to the ground, but the pilot was up in a flash. I hopped around a fallen magazine rack to behold a glorious sight: Billy's one good foot was the only thing that could be seen jutting out from under a huge slab of ceiling material. The red, glittering disco boot was a testimonial to the end of an era of disgusting smut.

My heart was filled with joy at the thought of his death and with love for the one who'd done this honorable duty. In an uncharacteristic fit of generosity and kindness I pulled the boot off of the lifeless foot and offered it to the Russian. He seemed stunned. He didn't even see me in his confusion. He just stood there. I was touched; he looked so cute. I wanted to hug him, and offered him the boot again.

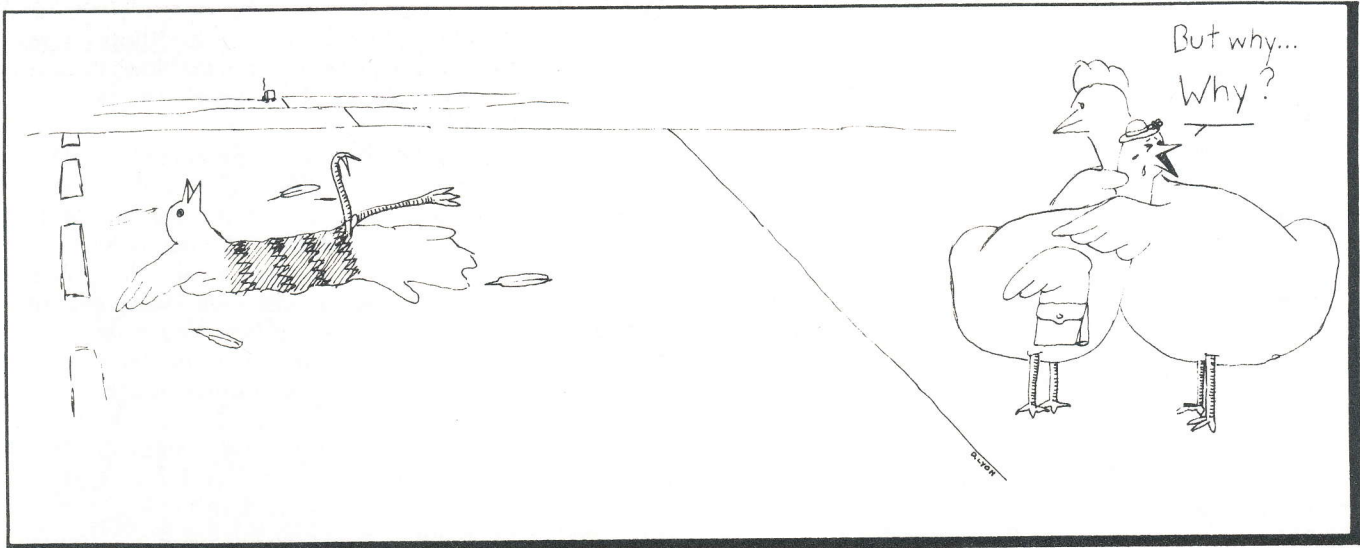
Finally, he realized I was there, but instead of accepting my gift, he began screaming, and came at me with his bayonet.

"Bastard," I mused. "You bastard."

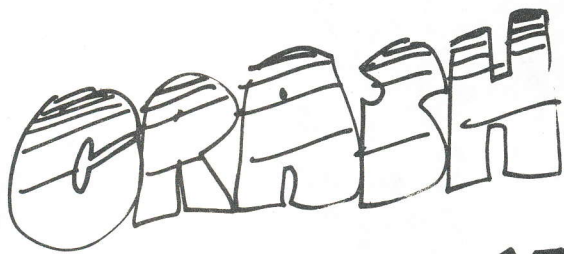
I pistol-whipped him senseless, then climbed up on the nearest book shelf and jumped down on his face.

"Ingrate."

I walked out through a hole in the wall. Toward nowhere in particular. And, by the way, I did look back. I tend to be nostalgic at times.



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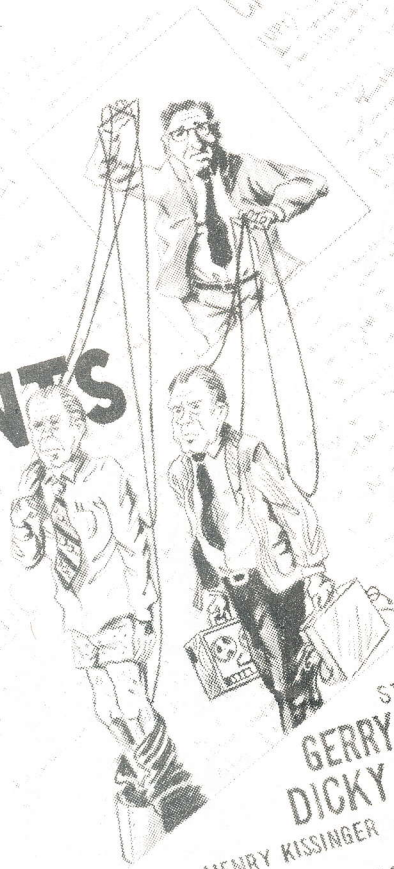
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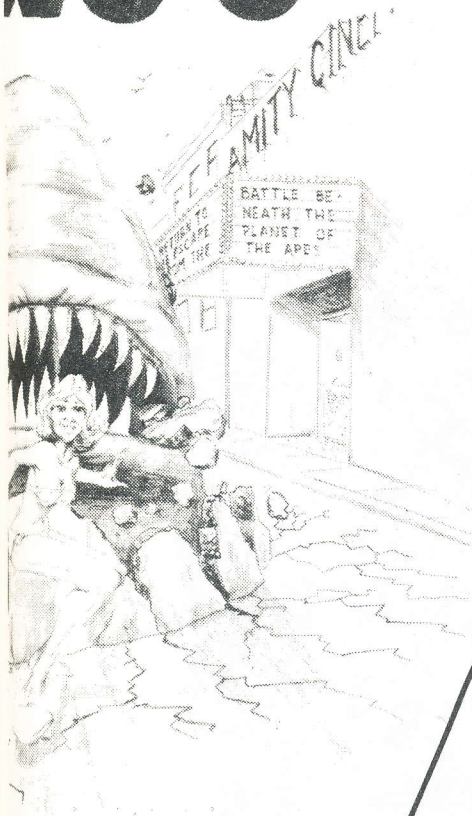
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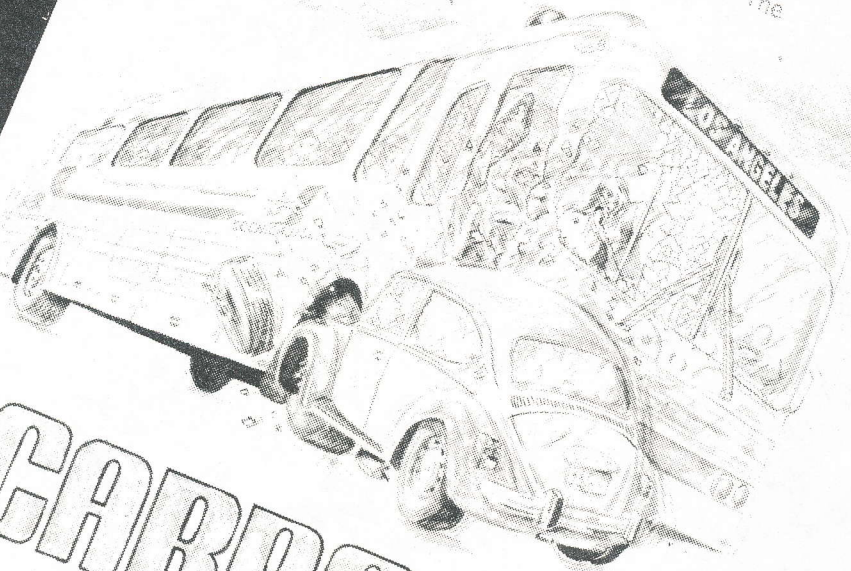
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MS 3



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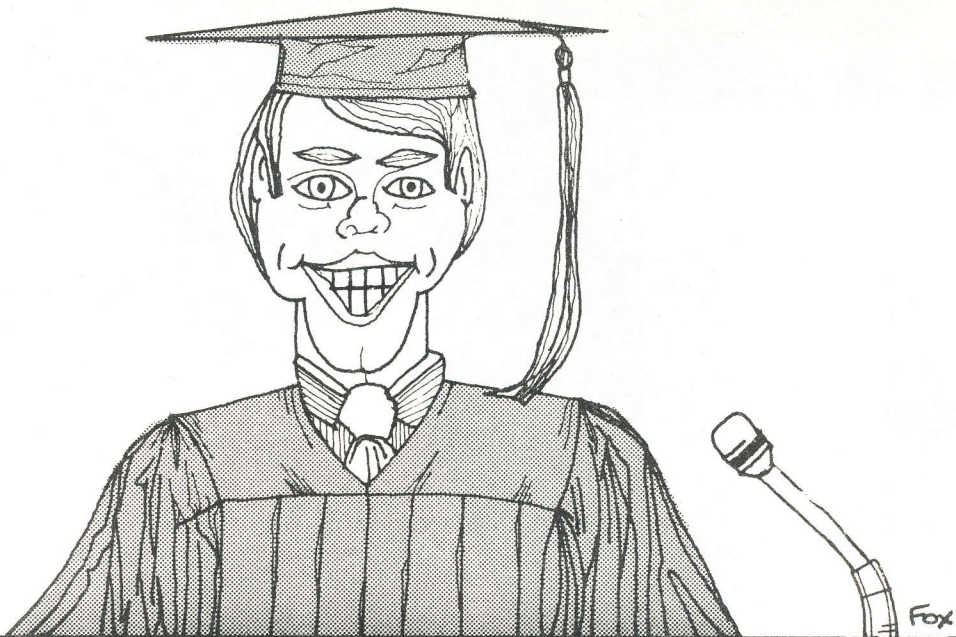
Help! We've been hit. The driver is dead, we're out of control and we don't have the exact change for the toll bridge ahead.



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Graduation 75

Raymond Harrison Buchanon was like any other valedictorian that the Richard Nixon High School had produced in the last twenty years. He was a teacher's dream. Many of his English compositions had been reprinted in the *New Yorker*. His mathematical skills were so polished that often the teacher and even the Japanese kids in the class could not follow his hypotheses. The science club had elected him "Supreme Leader and President for life" after his Westinghouse science project on fuel recombustion had won first prize and had been taken under option by the Exxon Corporation. Almost everyone else at the school hated him for being such a conceited bastard, but that didn't bother him one bit. In fact, there was only one thing that *did* bother Raymond H. Buchanon as the school year drew to a close at Nixon High.

He knew that he had about as much of a chance of graduating as he did of getting laid by the year 2000.

The Richard Nixon Public High School had undergone many changes in the past ten years. This was due largely to the fact that the Parent-Teachers' Association there was made up of gossipy housewives who didn't belong in decision making roles to begin with, and a few unlucky faculty members who had drawn the short straws at last year's Christmas party. The PTA had screwed up everything it had ever stuck its nose into. In 1968, when the PTA was formed, all that they did was pass resolutions prohibiting rock music in the cafeteria, smoking within 100 yards of the school, and other totally unenforceable rules. No one cared, because it actually got a lot of mothers out of the

house in the afternoon, creating a wealth of empty homes to have orgies and pot parties in. Kids started to encourage their mothers to join, and while the PTA was enlarging, so was the number of pot parties and orgies. Everything was going well until 1973, when the pot parties and orgies started to catch up with the students. SAT scores declined, Achievement Test scores declined. the PTA got tough. They renamed the school in honor of their conservative President Nixon. They stiffened graduation requirements, and somewhere along the way they decided that no one would graduate unless they had successfully mastered three scholastic areas: Reading, Mathematics, and Gym.

Ray Buchanon could not do one fucking chin-up. He was not graduating because of this.

Willy Jarrett hated everything about goddam William Taft High. William Taft High was the old name of Richard Nixon High, the name that Willy Jarrett used when people asked him where he went to school. The PTA had made such a big thing about changing the school's name in '73 that they had been too embarrassed to change back to the old name when they found out in '74 what a crook goddam Nixon was. Willy Jarrett hated those PTA assholes, so he still used the Taft name. He wasn't crazy about that lazy fat moron Taft either, but he knew how much it pissed off a PTA lady when he said "Taft High."

Willy saw his four years at Nixon as a prison sentence handed down to him for bad behavior. He wasn't quite sure what he had done to deserve it, but he put up with the rigorous academic pace as best he could.

Even at his best, Willy Jarrett was still an academic misfit.

Willy just got by in English, but advanced algebra was a mystery to him. He knew that he was a sure flunk in Math, and that meant that he might be forced to serve an extended sentence. If the goddam school wasn't so goddam strict about its requirements, he'd be able to goddam graduate without a problem. God, he hated Taft High. And the PTA. And not being able to graduate.

There was one reason that Raymond Harrison Buchanon and Willy Jarrett weren't graduating, and one reason only — some horny potheads screwed up on their SAT's a long time ago.

Well, someone had to pay.

Raymond Buchanon came from a household that stressed education. Diplomas hung on every wall; it was like living in a doctor's office. Everybody in the Buchanon family had at least one thing hanging up. Even the dog. Harvard Obedience School, class of '67. Ray couldn't stop thinking about what his parents were going to say when they found out that he wasn't even going to get past high school. His father would probably give some speech about how he was very disappointed and how he expected better and then go into his den and jump into the fireplace. His mother wouldn't say anything in words, but she would make a lot of moaning noises to make him think that she was dying. Actually, Ray knew that he didn't have the guts to tell his parents the truth, so he decided that he had better examine the options left open to him. He could blow up the school. Making a bomb would be no problem, and all his records would be destroyed. He could poison the gym

teacher, but they'd just bring in a new one and then the new guy would fail him. For a second, Ray thought he had the perfect idea: if he could buy off the gym teacher, he could pass gym, be valedictorian, and wind up safely in college before anyone could even accuse him of bribery. The only problem was that all of Ray's money was tied up in trust funds, and there was no way that he could touch any of it. If only there was some other way to get to the gym teacher. Ray searched his mind completely, but he couldn't think of one person that knew the gym teacher well enough to make a sincere plea for the passing of Raymond Harrison Buchanon.

Willy Jarrett could take a one handed jump shot blindfolded from half-court and hit. He was the gym teacher's favorite student. They smoked dope together.

Every dinner at the Jarrett house was an experience in itself. It was worse than feeding time at the zoo. Willy's mom would put some kind of mystery meat down on the table, and before you could get your fork over to the tray, the goddam vultures in Will's family would have scooped up everything but the bones; if you weren't fast, you didn't eat. Willy had to stop inviting friends over for dinner when he was a kid, because his father had once accidentally stabbed one of them in the hand with a fork.

As usual, the only sound at the Jarrett dinner table was the chumming of food. Willy felt that if he could break the news to his parents that he probably wasn't graduating, they might take it easier then if they read it in a letter from the principal. Willy gathered his courage and spoke.

"Hey Dad?"

"Mmmglmph?" His father kept chewing.

"Dad, I want to tell you something really important."

"Mmmglph, suh fruzzel, dumb kid?" The fat bastard didn't even look up from his food.

"Dad, I don't think I'm gonna graduate." That really got him. The old man almost choked on his food. In fact, the news got everybody. It was the first time in his whole life that Willy could remember all action stopping at the dinner table. Willy's little sister broke the silence.

"STUPID, STUPID, WILLY IS STUUUUUPID!!!"

That was consoling. Willy's other brothers and sisters joined in the song. Willy looked to his mother for sympathy. She looked at him, swallowed, and hauled what seemed to be a gallon of spit into his plate.

"Thanks Mom." In all of the confusion, one clearing of the throat echoed above the chaos, silencing everybody: Willy's father was ready to speak.

"William, if you don't graduate, I'll see to it that you never walk again. And I'm not joking, Willy. I'll paralyze you from the waist down."

Willy's father was not a man of great compassion.

Willy liked his legs. He decided to cheat on his Math final.

Willy Jarrett stood in the lunch line, cursing the grease that covered the walls, cursing the thought that he might have to look at it for another year. He skipped over the main course and went straight for the Twinkies and Doritos, figuring that because they come sealed, there was

no way that the kitchen could have contaminated them. He paid his forty cents and walked off of the line. But just before he could get to his seat, he was stopped by a kid that he had never said more than three words to before.

"Willy? Willy Jarrett?"

It was Raymond Harrison Buchanon. Ray wasn't carrying any food. He had just finished lunch. In the teacher's cafeteria.

"Hi, Willy. You remember me? I'm Ray Buchanon."

"No." If there was one thing Willy Jarrett hated, it was somebody who wore white shirts to school. Ray's had an alligator on the pocket.

"Come on, Willy. We were in the same woodworking class in tenth grade. Remember?"

"Oh yeah. I said I was sorry about the varnish I put on your roast beef. It was a goddam joke. Chrissake, its been three years already, man. You still on that?"

"Listen Willy, I don't care one tether about that anymore. I need a favor that only you can do for me."

"Forget it." Willy looked down and tore into his Doritos.

"Please Willy. I'm not going to graduate if the coach doesn't pass me in gym. I've been so distraught that I haven't been able to do my homework for a week, and—"

"I haven't done my homework since the beginning of the year." Willy decided that he was not going to make this easy.

"Willy, you've got to talk the gym teacher into passing me. He's quite fond of you. Willy, I swear, I'd do it for you if you ever had a problem like this. I'd even—"

"Help me cheat on the math final if I needed it?"

"If you needed it, sure I would Willy. If you needed it, I wouldn't even hesitate. Unquestionably."

"I need it, Buchanon."

Ray had no idea that Willy really needed to cheat on the

math final. Up to that point, he thought Willy was making the whole thing up. It sounded fair enough, though. Willy would talk the coach into letting Ray slide, and in return, Ray would sit next to Willy during the Math final and give him all the answers.

A deal was made.

Hint: As things would turn out, only one party would keep up his end of the bargain.

It was the day before graduation. Willy Jarrett was smiling like a Cheshire Cat. He was finally getting the hell out of goddam Taft High School. He floated through breakfast, over to the school, and in to the auditorium to pick up his cap and gown. He smiled at the woman who was giving out the uniforms, and said "Good morning m'aam. Lovely weather we're having, isn't it? My name is Jarrett."

The woman shuffled through the files.

"Jarrett, Jane?"

"No, m'aam. It's Willy Jarrett." The woman shuffled through the files some more.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Jarrett, there's no cap and gown ticket for you here. Wait — here you are — oh, um — Mr. Jarrett, you have to go to the dean."

What kind of shit was this? A thousand thoughts ran through Willy's mind as he ran up the stairs to the dean's office. Above them all, though, one rang louder than the rest. That goddam Buchanon, that goddam Buchanon, that goddam Buchanon. . . .

Willy flew right past the dean's secretary straight into his office. There sat Dean Crerain, making a chain out of paper clips.

"Hey, Dean, what's the deal here? You got my cap and gown?"

"You're not graduating, Willy. You failed to fill your math requirement. You failed on your math test."

"Like hell, man. I aced that goddam thing. I aced that goddam thing."

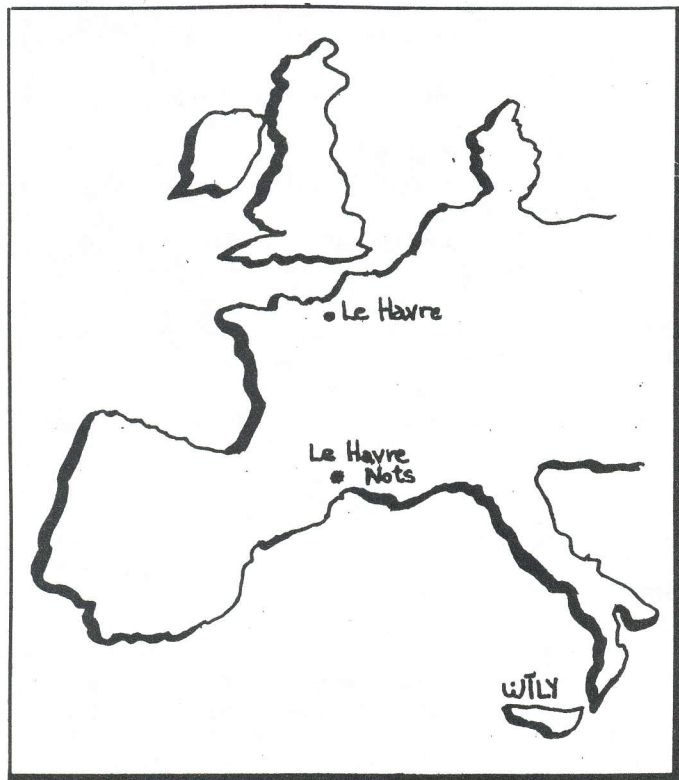
"No, William. You failed quite completely. I thought that your parents would have received the notice of your hold-over by now, but I guess—"

Willy flew out of that office and out of the goddam school. He kept running as hard and as fast as he could, his eyes tearing. He kept on running. That goddam no good fucking Buchanon. He ran faster. That goddam no good fucking Buchanon gave Willy all the wrong answers. Willy ran to the house of every friend that he had that was graduating, and gathered them together for help. And Willy's friends had friends.

Willy Jarrett was going to get even.

The graduation eve cocktail party at the Buchanons was a tradition. All of Ray's relatives were there, patting him on the back. His father kept calling him a chip off the ol' block and his mother kept smiling and his dog wagged its tail. Ray looked as if he didn't have a care in the world. His cap and gown were hanging on his door, and he had his speech in his coat's breast pocket. Tomorrow morning was going to be the greatest morning of his life. Ray sat back and fantasized about how great graduation would be.

Boy, was he ever wrong.



Graduation morning, While everyone's parents were being seated in the section of the park where graduation was scheduled to begin, the band was tuning up to as close to an on-key sound as a high school band could hope to come. Ray was seated on a platform with the principal, the dean, and all of the teachers. The band struck up "Pomp and Circumstance" and the kids piled into their seats. Cameras clicked. Parents beamed. The salutatorian finished speaking, and Raymond Harrison Buchanon III walked up to the microphone. He reached into his coat pocket for his speech, but what he pulled out wasn't his speech at all. It was an index card. Ray read to himself:

Dear Ray,

If you will look way back, about 50 feet behind the last row of seats, you will see a young boy holding a rope that is tied to a dog's neck at the far end. The boy is me. The dog is yours. The rope is a noose. If I so choose, I can pull my end of the rope above my head, at which point the noose on the other end of the rope will tighten, hanging your dog. You have one minute to explain to the entire audience how you cheated your way into graduation, or I will hang your dog. Please don't test me.

*Love and kisses,
Willy*

Ray looked way back past the seats. There, he saw Willy Jarrett holding a rope up about five feet in the air. At the bottom of it was Skippy Buchanon, gasping for air. Willy smiled and waved. Ray chose to ignore the threat and start his speech.

"Good morning fellow students, Mr. Principal, Dean Cremin, teachers, parents, relatives, and God. Commencement is defined in Webster's as not an ending, but a beginning—"

Ray saw Willy lift the rope up another foot, forcing poor Skippy to stand on his hind legs. The dog wheezed. It quickly became obvious to Ray that if he didn't tell the truth, Willy would hang Ray's only friend.

So Ray did.

And Willie didn't.

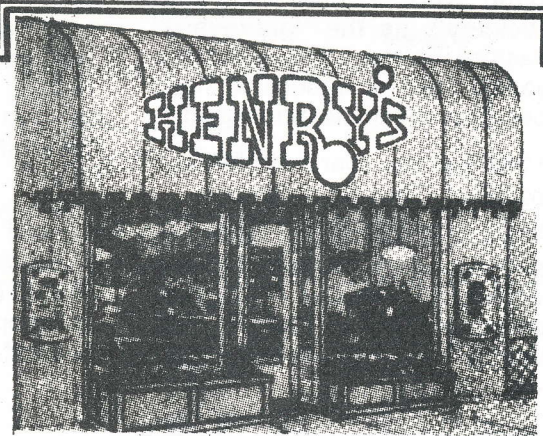
Willie wouldn't have anyway. Probably.

As luck would have it, it happened that the gym teacher

had once caught the principal grabbing the ass of a boy in the locker rooms a long time ago, and since the coach had always kept his mouth shut, he was due for a favor. He sat the principal down, and when it was all over, Raymond Harrison Buchanon had had his diploma taken back for at least one more year. The gym teacher also got the principal to agree to graduate Willy Jarrett, who really hadn't cheated at all, providing that Willy worked hard and passed Math in summer school.

When the gym teacher told Willy the news, Willy hit the goddam ceiling. Summer school was easy. He knew that he was getting the hell out. Willy Jarrett was happy. He grabbed a basketball, chucked it all the way to the far side of the court, and hit.

Hi-ho.



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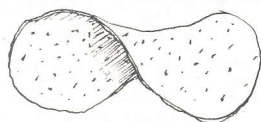
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In 1939, Adolph Hitler threw the world into the throes of war by invading Poland. The war years were not happy ones, especially for the resistance forces in occupied France. One of these unhappy people was a poor Parisian toast apprentice named Andre. Angry at what he saw, he decided to find a place where all men were equal, and where he could make his toast in peace and dignity. Andre came to America, working as galleyboy on a British steamliner. Safely away from the horror that engulfed a hemisphere, Andre found work at the Palo Alto Stickney's as the "graveyard" toastboy. This was America! Andre worked hard, and became head toaster for the prime morning shift.

The war was over and business flourished. Then it happened.

One day the bakery delivered raisin bread by mistake. It was a sensation! To this day, H.O.T. customers delight in hearing that Andre's "raison d'etre" in the toast

business was because raisin was the entre. Needless to say, post-war Palo Alto "ate up" the new creation, and Andre became the "toast of the town," catering many parties and speaking to countless bridge clubs. Friends persuaded Andre to leave Stickney's so that he could "make more bread." Although toast was what he made best, he eventually opened a small shop where the modern House of Toast is today. Needless to say, Andre has had many imitators, but he has always kept one step ahead. Even today, Andre is constantly experimenting with different combinations of breads, toasters, and condiments. The House of Toast is the birthplace of relish on dark rye toast in 1953, cinammon baked into the bread (so that it doesn't fall off when you make cinammon toast) in 1968, and of course, The Famous House of Toast Bottomless Butter Dish. Stop by and visit Andre. He's a unique person — and so is his restaurant. 



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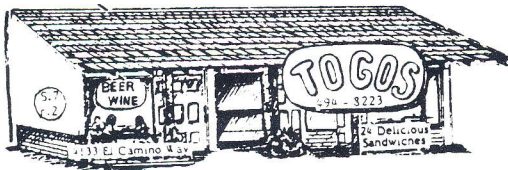
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4131 El Camino Way
Palo Alto, California

25 different subs

Six-foot-long subs — \$20

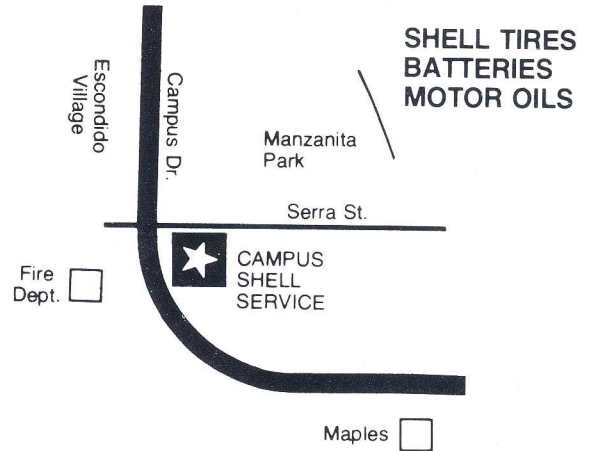
(Please give two days notice)



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CONVENIENTLY LOCATED "ON CAMPUS"



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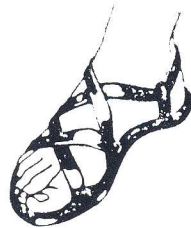
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715 SERRA STREET, CORNER OF CAMPUS DR.



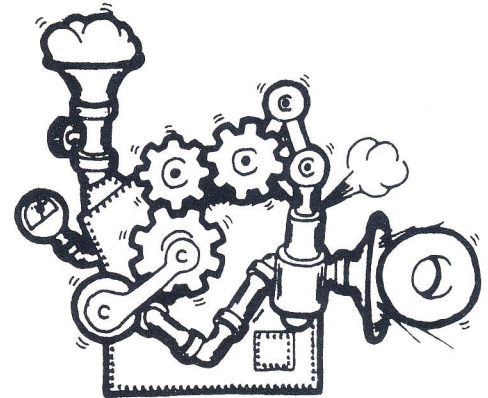
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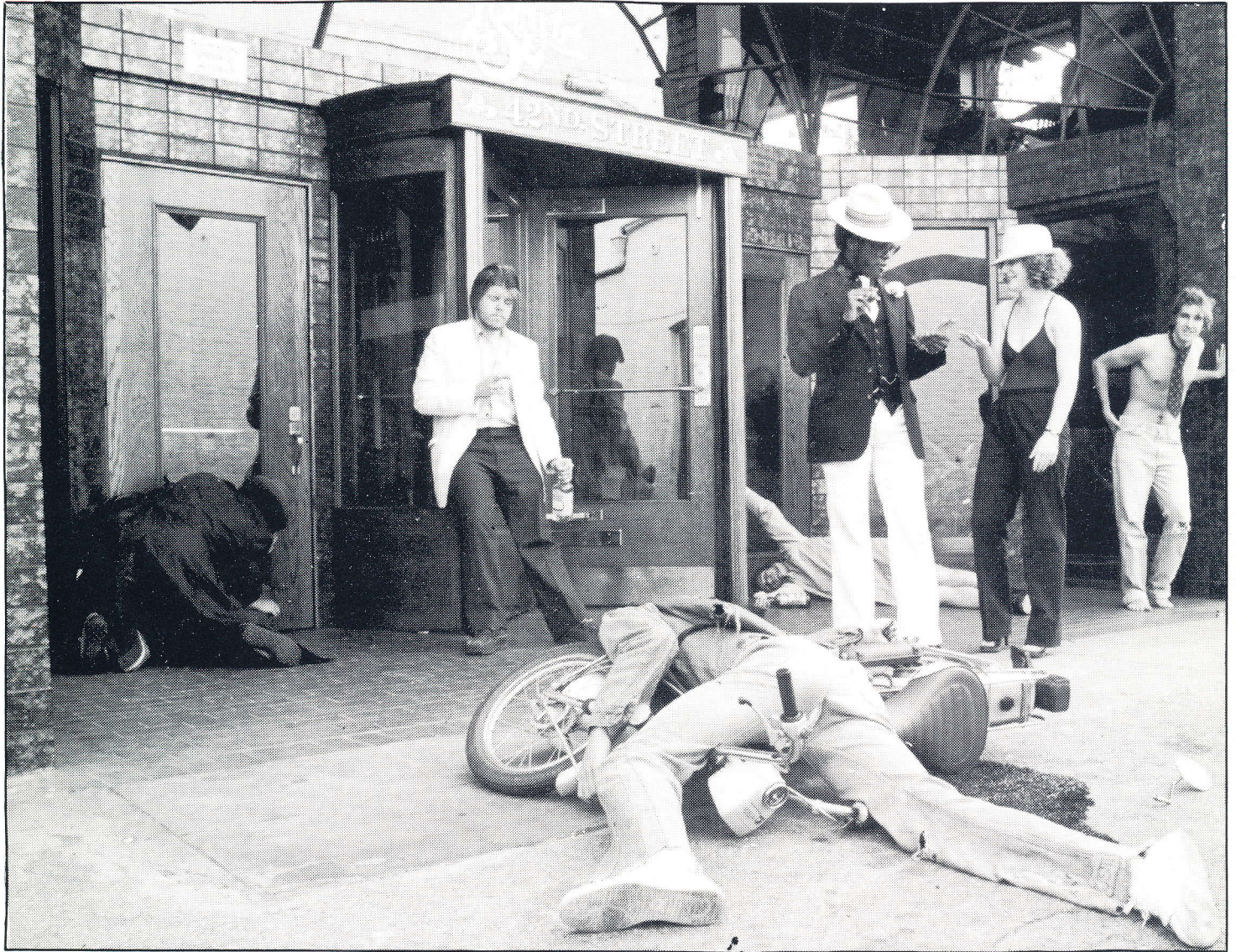
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