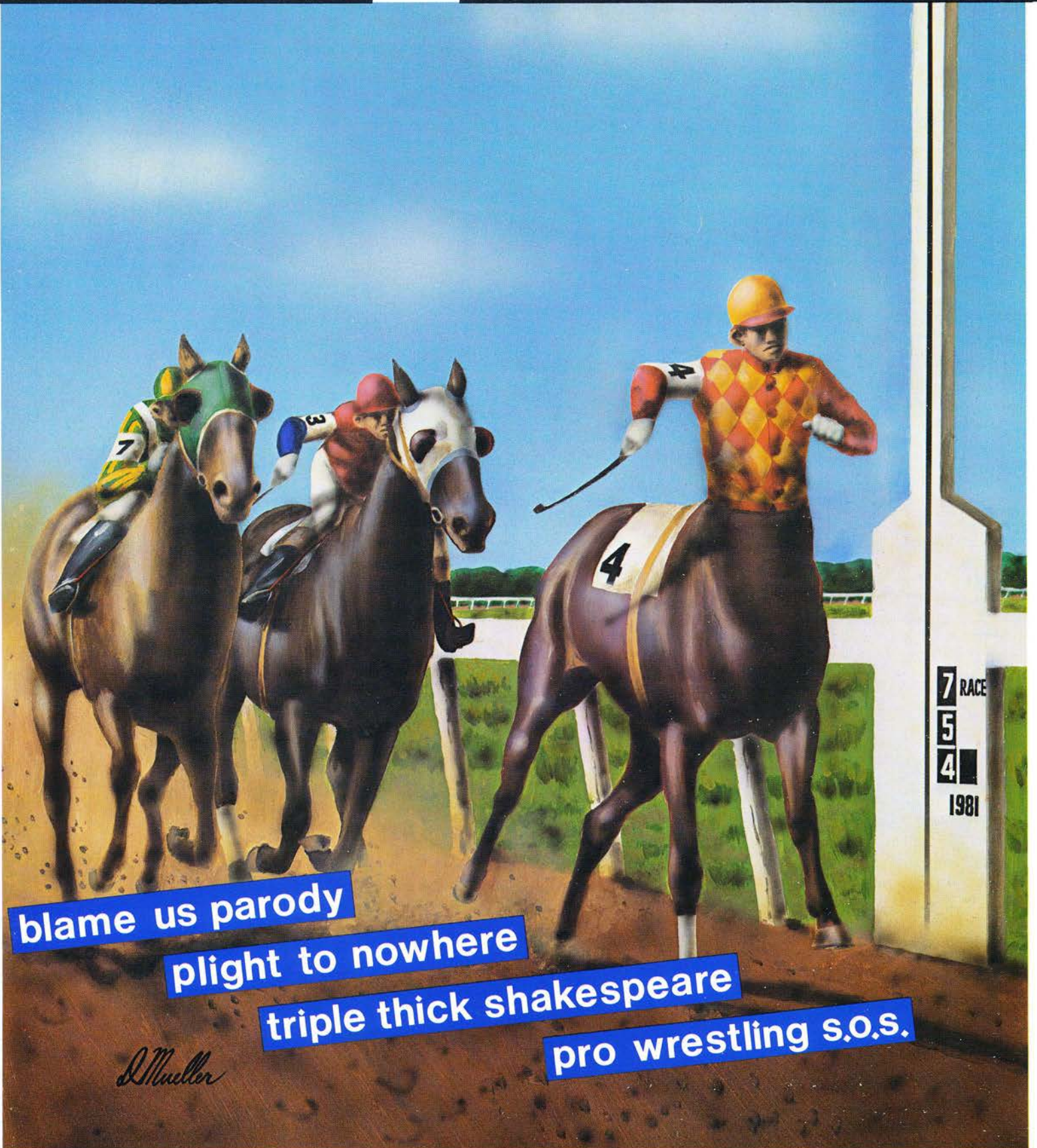


STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

\$1.00 • Summer 1981

H U M A N O P P I T I E S



blame us parody

plight to nowhere

triple thick shakespeare

pro wrestling s.o.s.

D. Mueller

546 University

sound systems

Palo Alto

328-3761

the friendly experts

quality service

custom installation

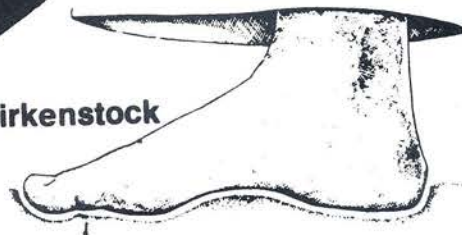
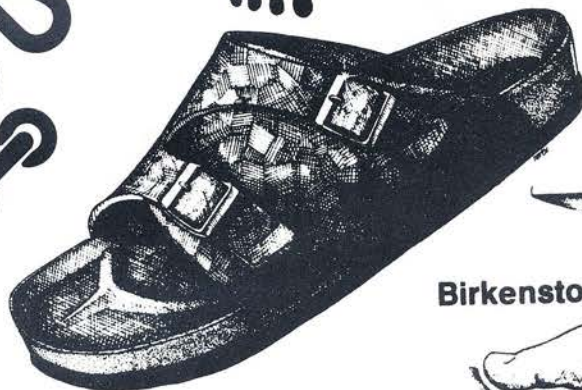
PHOTO: R. K. BERTA



FORMERLY ROOTS

City Feet

Birkenstock Footprints™

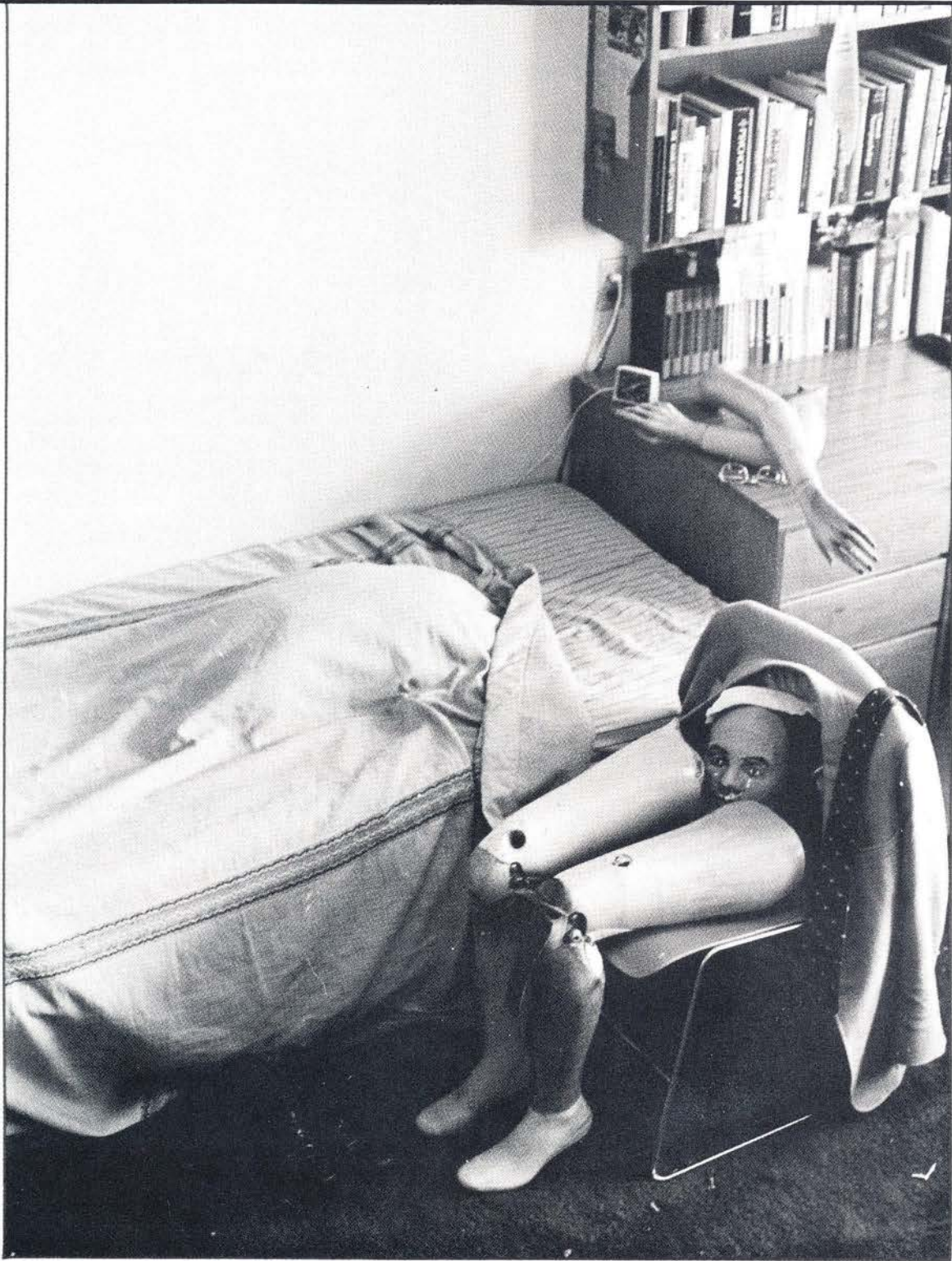


Birkenstock

500 UNIVERSITY AVE.
PALO ALTO, 326-0784

375 THE PRUNYARD,
CAMPBELL, 371-3187

COMFORT YOU CAN SINK YOUR FEET INTO
— YOU'LL FIND THEM AT CITY FEET
WE ALSO SELL SANDALS BY: ROOTS,
BASS, MOBES, AGNEAUX DECKERS,
LIGHTNING BOLTS



Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must obtain permission from the editor. Copyright 1981, by the Stanford Chaparral.

We'd love to hear from you. Write us, won't you?
Editor, Stanford Chaparral,
The Storke Building, P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94305

Surrey Shop



SHARON HEIGHTS CENTER

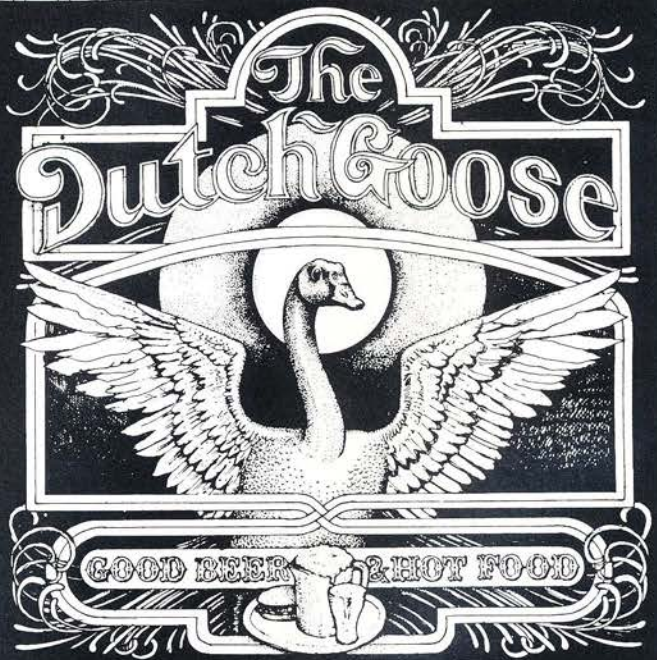
325 SHARON PARK DRIVE MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA



T-SQUARE

An indispensable dress for any *designing* woman. J.G. Hock's spirited T-shirt dress with contrast trim square neck, is A-shaped with cuffed sleeves, self-tie belt, and tiny signature anchor. S-M-L-XL, \$42.00.

Sand Hill Road & Sharon Park Drive
in Sharon Heights



3571 Alameda de las Pulgas
Menlo Park
854-3245
One half mile from campus

KOME^{98.5}

PURE PROTEIN
ROCK 'N ROLL



NCS

NORTHERN
CALIFORNIA
SAVINGS

AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

325 Sharon Park Drive
854-0410

170 Ladera Ctry. Shopper
854-3791

WE'RE THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE
DOMINOES

Table of Contents

Features

Columns

MacMuffin Martel 10

Dorian Gray's Scrapbook Stamats/Wilkins 14

Oxbow Wilkins 16

Don Mallard Steiner/Handy 21

Blame Us Magazine Kessler, Et Al 33

Goodbye Dolly Ballinger 41

Green Asphalt Halamka 42

Another Hiller Kessler 45

Letters 4

An Enchanted Evening Walters 6

Contortionism! Kennedy 8

Interview: Sally Fields Ellis 9

Cover by Derek Mueller

the CHAPPIES

Editor

Michael Wilkins '81

Art Director

Perry Vasquez '81

Staff Editor

Steve Kessler '82

Photo Editor

Peter Stamats '81

Pranks Manager

David Sahlin '81

Editorial Consultant

Jay Martel '81

Business Manager

James Gable '81

Managing Editor

Doug Steiner '82

Accounts

Dave Kennedy '84

Circulation

Jill Scoby '84

Advertising Manager

Scott Fearon '81

Films Manager

Brent Fery '81

Hammer & Coffin

Steve Ballinger '82
Bruce Handy '81
Rob Holbrook '81
Leslie Leland '83
Dave Lyon '81
Dave Mandelkern '81
Chris Morales '81
Mary Anne Rothberg '82
Jack Trumpbour '81
Chris Walters '83
Al X??

Editorial

Allen Cohn
Trey Ellis
Andy Fisher
John Halamka
Alan Hedge
Kurt Johnson
Barbara Nelson
Steve Olsen
Carol Paulson
Ted Shaikewitz

Photo

Peter Green
Howell Hsiào
Chris Lyke
Fred Wainwright

Business

Karen Allen
Joel Henry
Susan Lierle
Brad Pechter
Ceci Scott

Graphics

Anne Bekker
Philip Chalk
Andrea Drobac
Linda Gass
Kathy Greene
Derek Mueller
Daniel Olivas

Guess
who's
coming
to
Stanford?

Stanford
Lively Arts
1981-82
Year To Sing About!

call 497-4317 or 497-2551

Editor, The Chaparral

I must say, as much as I appreciate "black humor" I was infuriated to hear about your feature, "Who Shot R.R." . . . simply to joke about the act of assassination is revolting — even to those of us with a rather perverse sense of humor. I find no humor in your printed garbage! . . . joking about the possibility of the man's death is the epitome of journalistic irresponsibility. . . . Your people represent the student body of the single finest institute for higher learning west of the Mississippi, and yet you stoop to this. No thanks to immature idiots like you, Mr. Reagan will live. . . Why don't you weak-minded little children start acting like the adults you're supposed to be and get back to giving comedy a good name!

Angrily,
Charles M. Bue
Pullman, Wa.

Reply if you have the
courage. Here's a stamp!

Dear Mr. Bue,
Thank you for your kind words. Any additional comments you may have regarding our magazine would be greatly appreciated. Thank you again.

Sincerely,
Arthur Bremmer
Editorial Assistant



LETTERS



Editors,

The Chappie may well have the most unbroken record of failing to be funny of any-humor magazine in existence. . . Strange that nothing seems to change this — it's the same now as when the University was a much less bright place.

Cheers,
Richard Lyman

Dear ex-president Lyman,
In light of your remarks, we have talked it over and decided to quit. Your bringing to our attention the fact that we are desperately unfunny was a devastating realization. . . of the truth for us. Please advise the Rockefeller Foundation that we have office furniture and several typewriters for sale. Again, thanks.

Editors

Stanford Chaparral —
Is this what is meant by "higher education?" You should be very proud of your accomplishments!! What a waste of time!!!! What a shame!!!!!!!

Ruth Lavery
Crystal Bay, Nevada

N O W

E D I T O R I A L

WHAT

the time grows near to that day when another class of Stanford students will commence their trek into the unknown wilds of adulthood (or as Norm Crosby would say, 'adultery,' Applause, and segue into 'I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy.'). It's time for us to sit down and have a little talk. About what? Certainly not what to do after you leave here, that's old news (Cut to: George Carlin. "Now there's an odd thought. . . Old News. Wide-eyed expression to dumb Irish voice: 'Hey Martha, c'mere. Lookit what's on the tube, some old news.' I mean old news is simply an impossibility. Like my friend Jack who just bought a new Olds." Applause.). I thought we should share a moment talking about jokes; how to tell them, and about whom. (Jerry Lewis does his impression of Japanese general, About Who, by putting on thick glasses, bucking his teeth, talking rapid-fire gibberish, then giving the ancient water torture by pouring a customer's drink over his head.)

There are only two tricks to telling jokes. Tell jokes everyone will understand, and tell them about people who are in some way more disadvantaged than the audience. Two comedians that I have met will serve to illustrate the point.

One is John Goree, stagenamed "The Professor" (not to be confused with Professor Irwin Corey). Goree was playing in a club in New Haven last summer, where I had a chance to catch his act. Actually I only caught about half of it. I failed to understand Goree's subtle punning on Averroism, or his Coca-Zola bit, or his impersona-

tion of Hessiod, had he taken part in the Peasant Revolt. His earlier stuff: "Knock, knock. Who's there? Pavlov, just testing," got some chuckles, but all in all the evening was wasted. (Jack Carter: Wasted? I call my son at school. He says to me 'Dad, I can't talk now. I'm wasted.' I told him, it's not you that's wasted, it's the money I send you that's wasted. 'C'mon Dad,' he says, 'I'm stoned.' I told him, you're stoned? The only thing that should've been stoned was the stork. And the little fuck hung up on me.)

My older brother introduced me to this guy who is the perfect example of a comedian who makes jokes about the wrong kind of people. His name was Charles "Chuckie" Gold, and all his jokes were about the rich and successful. He'd tell jokes like "Money can't buy everything, but what it can't buy it can rent," and "I was a

real rich kid. For fun, me and my friends would go to a restaurant, order, pay the bill, and leave before the food arrived."

The truth is, people don't like humor about those who are better off than they are. The laughter it induces is tinged with hatred and jealousy. Chuckie unwittingly stuck a knife into the gut of his audience night after night. . . and he flopped as a comic.

What people want to laugh at are jokes about people worse-off than they are. When someone laughs at a joke about somebody poor, or stupid, or crippled, there is no malice in the laughter. It is pure, it is wholesome. There is laughter, not to hide a secret inadequacy, but to exalt and affirm the spirit. A comedian like Woody Allen is popular only because he makes himself out to be a neurotic Jewish shmuck loser, instead of the mil-

lionaire movie mogul that, in fact, he is. No one laughs at a millionaire who has trouble getting women, because, deep down, no one wants a millionaire to get women. Trouble with women is what millionaires deserve.

So it's simple to tell jokes. All that stuff about timing and the like is a bunch of crap. Period. And to prove it, I'll leave you with a joke Don Rickles does that, no matter how you tell it, is funny, because it follows the two rules for jokes. (See that nigger? He's a hockey puck.)



An Enchanted

Chris Walters

EVENING

COURAGE

O.K., O.K., so my experience with Stanford women has been pretty much nil. This weekend was going to be different, though. See, my roommate, Marty Watson, he's some kind of Howard Hughes as far as females are concerned. What I mean is, he always has these different babes calling him day and night asking if he's free, but he always says no, giving some phony excuses like having to rebuild his engines. He isn't a fruit or anything, he just isn't interested. I couldn't understand the guy.

Anyway, last week I finally asked him what his problem was. He kind of smiled. "I'll tell you what, Bill," he said. "You don't seem to have much of a chance to play Casanova around here. Why don't I fix you up with somebody?"

Boy, did I jump. All Marty's acquaintances were foxes, without exception. He called up this girl named Debbie Benson who had tried to get a date with him for this weekend, and said that he couldn't make it, but was going to send me, his "really witty" roommate, in his place. Apparently, she was a little

reluctant, but willing to give it a go in any case. Debbie Benson. Just the thought of that name made my eyes water. All week long I prepared for Friday night, washing the car, getting my suit cleaned, and doing all the other senseless crap you have to do to make yourself look human in a girl's eyes.

Friday night, 558 Mayfield. I had to wait around in the lounge for Debbie to dry her hair, but boy, was it worth it. As she glided down the staircase, I instantly began to undress her with my eyes, and what I saw was a Playboy centerfold without the staples. She flashed me a smile that could have paralyzed a gorilla at fifty paces. Ouch.

"Good Evening, You must be William. My, Marty does have some handsome friends, doesn't he?" She was right. I looked like a goddam Tom Slick that night.

Anyway, I held the door for her when we got to the car, and then headed for Rene's. I had made reservations for this classy French restaurant, and had two tickets for *My Fair Lady* with Rex Harrison in my wallet. I figured with these

sorority women you have to come off top drawer and all that right away to make a good impression. We talked, and I found out that she was from some rich old Beverly Hills family. It seems that her great grandfather had invented the electric shoehorn, and when he tried to get it patented the press made him out to be such a fool that he sued for libel and won a bundle.

We got to the restaurant, she checked in her fur, and we were seated. I couldn't understand a word on the menu, but she spoke fluent French and ordered for the both of us. She said she didn't drink, so we had some Perrier instead. I sat across the table from her, looking into her deep blue eyes and wondering how Marty could allow himself to miss out on this. Jeez, what a goon.

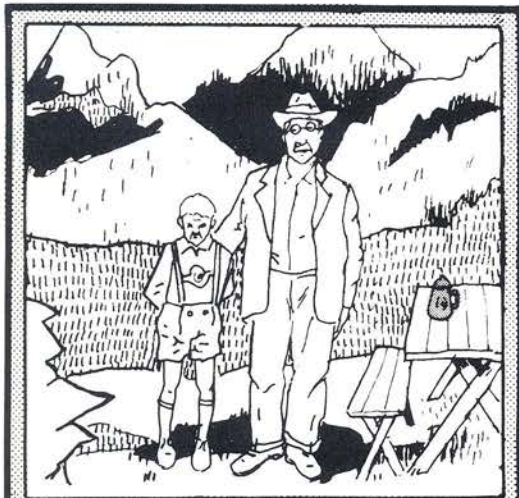
The first course was escargots. While the thoughts of eating snails wasn't especially appealing to me, Debbie assured me that they were delicious, especially with this garlic butter they were swimming in. She picked one up with one of these tiny forks they give you, and I thought she was going to show me how to eat it without getting grossed out. Then, a funny thing happened.

She pulled the fork back, gave a little giggle, and flicked the bugger right into my eye. Boy, that garlic stung like hell. I gave a yelp and reached for the Perrier to wash it out. The thing was, I was half-blinded, and when I reached for the glass of water Debbie pulled it away and started to really laugh out loud. I had to get that shit out of my eye somehow, so I ran to the bathroom and stuck my head in the sink for about five minutes.

When I got back, Debbie was gone. I paid the waiter for the half-eaten snails and rushed outside. No sign. Dejectedly, I walked back to my car, only to find Debbie fiddling around under the dashboard. She was trying to hot-



Chris Walters and his famous "Date-Mobile."



wire my Pinto.

"Just what the hell are you trying to do, lady?" I cried, as I pulled her out of the driver's seat.

"Oh, William, must you be so aggressive? I was merely trying to liven up the evening a little. Perhaps I lost control of myself. Please forgive me."


I was really pissed, but I guess I sort of forgot, what with her giving me those big blue eyes and everything. Anyway, I decided we would go see the play, despite the dinner. The only thing was, she thought Rex Harrison was an ugly old fart. Instead, she wanted to see this new movie by Sam Peckinpah called, *The Bloody Gory Dead Bunch*, which was playing downtown. It looked like I was out another thirty bucks. So we went to see the movie, which was just awful in my opinion. Debbie loved it. Apparently she had seen it before, because she could recite all the lines and knew just when to cover my eyes.

I was feeling kind of queasy when we left the theater, but Debbie wanted to go for a ride down the Row. Naturally, I conceded. It was nice out, at least. Actually, I was beginning to enjoy the fresh air as it mixed with Debbie's perfume, when we passed this dog on the other side of the road. "Git em!" Debbie suddenly screamed, as she tore the steering wheel from my hands and made a beeline straight for it. Fortunately, the little mutt cleared out in time to save its own hide, but not before the car jumped the curve, making this crunchy sound that would later work out to a hundred dollars worth of shredded fender.

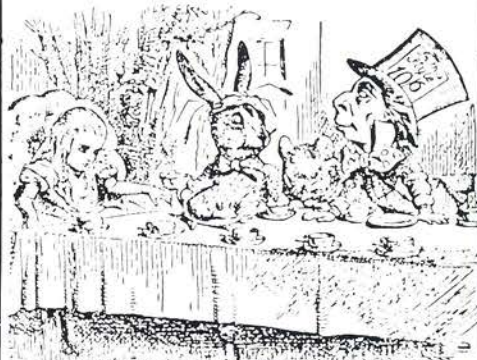
Before I knew it, Debbie was out of the car and hoofing it. Boy, could she sprint. By the time she got to her house, she had a good 400 yards on me. She slammed the door behind her, and when I finally got to it, it was locked.

"Please, Debbie, let me in, or I swear to GO..."

I didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. At that moment three gallons of icy water cascaded down upon my head, followed by one three gallon metal bucket.

There was Debbie, directly above me, giggling and thumbing her nose. "Take that, you stupid cootie monster," she cried, and with that she closed the window and put out the light. 

THE T PARTY



Custom T shirts

screened for you

in just 5 days

Premium T shirts

48 for \$4.10 each
24 for \$4.80 each

Jerseys

48 for \$6.40 each

plus \$15 screen charge

ANY COLOR

ANY STYLE SHIRT

Call us at

364-8910



You'd be mad as a hatter not to go to the T Party!

Alpine Inn Beer Garden

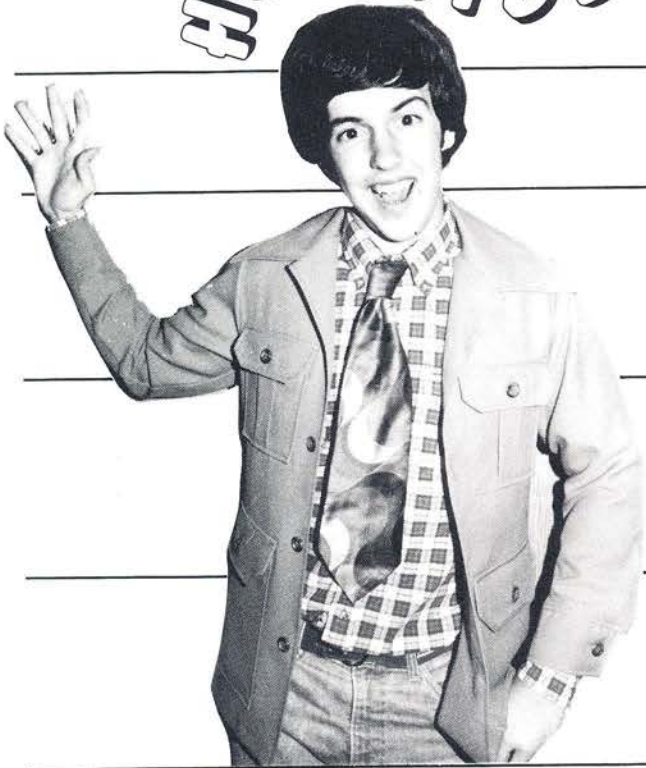
"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road
Portola Valley

Dave Kennedy's

CONTORTIONISM FOR KIDS

HEY KIDS!



Hey kids! Isn't it really neat when someone can turn their eyelids inside out, or can touch their nose with their tongue. Yeah! Well, your friend Dave has come up with some more fun "tricks" for you to try out at home. Just keep this a secret between you and me. You wouldn't want your parents or the police to stop you from having fun, would you? Nah!

Here are some things you and your friends can try:

- 1) Have you ever seen someone with three nostrils? How would you like to be the first kid on the block? You bet! Go to the basement and get Dad's best Black & Decker drill. Turn the drill on and make a hole on the left side of your nose. Wow! Have you ever wondered what the inside of your nose really looks like? Well, now you know. Having fun? Good!
- 2) Do you ever wish that you could have frizzy hair like Bozo The Clown? It's simple to do. The next time Mom & Dad aren't looking, just poke your pinky into an outlet. Boy, will your hair look cool! And if something smells like it's burning, it's probably just tonight's dinner.

3) You know how Dumbo The Elephant has long, floppy ears? Wanna be like Dumbo? Go put one of your ears in Dad's powerful vice that he keeps in the workshop. Make sure the vice is good and tight, or else the vice won't work. Now, as your ear is firmly held by the vice, try walking away. Keep trying. Try running. Is it working? Can you hear me?

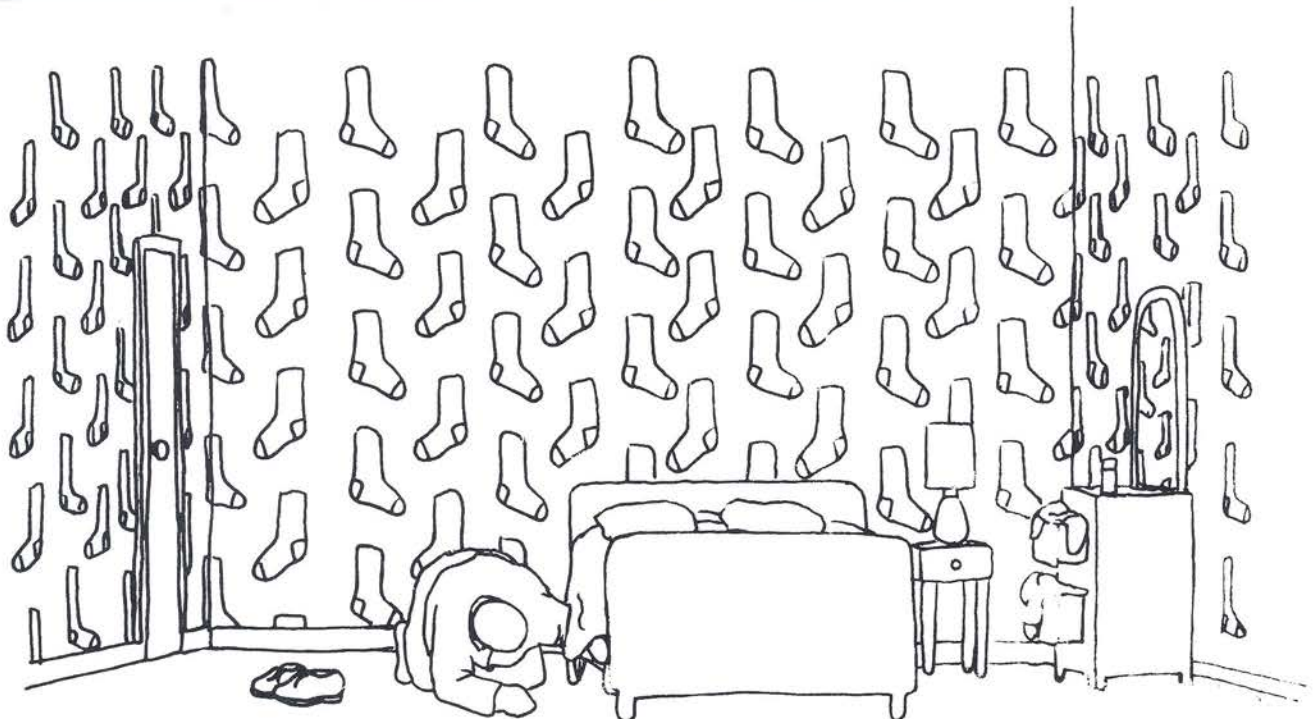
4) Have you ever seen the Rubber Man in the circus make his neck super long? Want to do the same? Do you have a big chandelier in your dining room? And some strong rope? Want to play "hangman" for real? Okay!

But that's saved for next month, kids, along with lots of other cool things to do when it's rainy, or when you just feel like it. Remember: Contortion is fun... for everyone! ☺

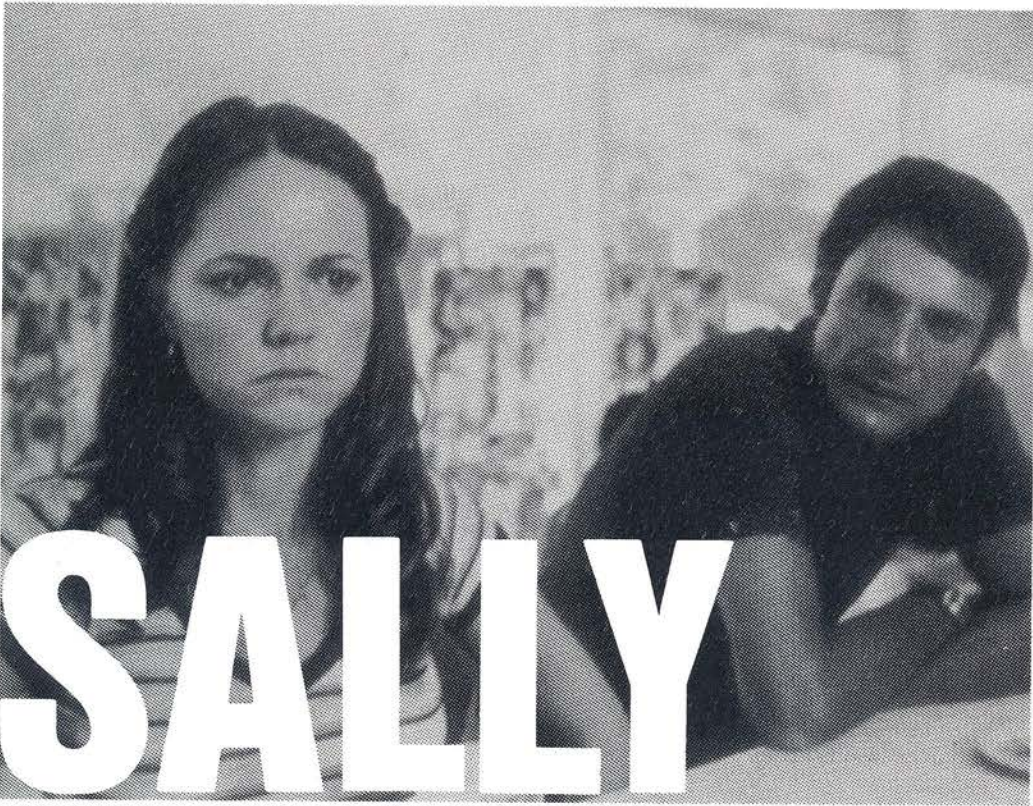
HEY KIDS!

— If any of you know any good tricks like the ones I just told you, send them to me, Dave Kennedy, in care of this magazine.

O D D E N D U M



Chappie raps with



FIELDS

BY TREY ELLIS

Many people know of Sally Fields, the actress. But few here at Stanford remember that Ms. Fields was a member of the Class of '66. After earning her degree in communications here, she left for Hollywood, where her first job was "serving greasy customers at a greasy spoon." Soon after she landed the lead role in the series, *The Flying Nun*. The rest is screen history. Recently she came back to the farm for her fifteenth year reunion. The Chaparral was fortunate enough to get a chance to speak with her.

Q. Was it hard for you to leave the convent?

A. Ha, ha. Please, no more nun

jokes. That was many years ago and I'm trying to leave that all behind me.

Q. You didn't answer the question. Was it hard to "kick the habit?"

A. I'll just pretend I didn't hear that.

Q. How does it feel to soar through the skies, gliding high above the cool blue Caribbean waters?

A. That was only a TV show. It was all done with wires in a studio in Hollywood.

Q. Sure, sure – But tell me, what happens if, while you're flying, you take your hand off your head? That stupid looking hat would just fly off and you'd drop like a lead cross from 10,000 feet. Why don't you attach one

Why don't you attach one of those leather straps to the thing? You know, like the ones on a little kid's cowboy hat.

of those leather straps to the thing. You know, like the ones on a little kid's cowboy hat.

A. What is your problem. Why don't you ask me about Norma Rae or my new movie or stuff about Burt.

Q. Who cares about that crap. Listen woman, any sweet thing can raise her arms above her head and smile while her T-shirt hikes up over her belly button. And who cares whether or not you fucked Burt Reynolds. What I want to know, what my readers want to know, is did you ever get it on with the owner of that casino, Carlos?

A. I'm calling the police.

(continued on page 124)

A fast-food tragedy
in three acts

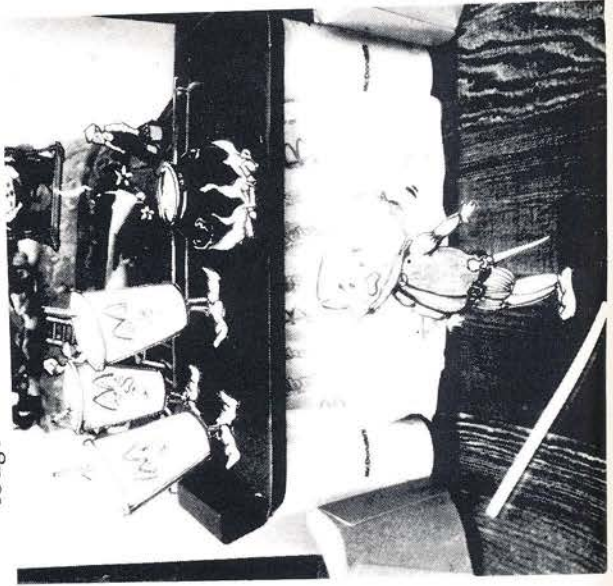
by Jay Martel

ACT I — The Some Moors. Thunder and Lightning.

Enter MACMUFFIN

MAC. Who is't that strides through arches of burning gold,
Bringing the taste of morning to the hungry minions?

Tis I, Macmuffin: A rosy ham slice lodged o'er



The small ketchup packets of success' nectar

So long to me deny'd?

I've visions of greasy patties of beef to be sought;

Yet what shakes have spouted makes me thick of thought

ACT II — Heath Lamps. A room in Macmuffin's castle.

MAC. Lady Filet!

How fares my tender fish sandwich?

LAD. Golden brown, my Lord, with the news of late.

And hast thou beard? With Mayor

McCheese

Have we for lunch been order'd.

MAC. Tis true, then. But dar'st I yank the

Sweating patty from its limp bun?

LAD. Mayor McMuffin you shall be

As smoothly as the shakes hath deemed it.

MAC. No, I cannot. Tis too foul a deed

For a light snack such as I to perform.

MAC. Though she gives me heartburn ev'ryday, . . .
I make no bones about Lady Filet.

Enter MAYOR MCCHEESE

MAY. Hail noble McMuffin of Egg, Fulfiller of Minimum Daily Requirements like Chocks!

MAC. Hail Mayor McCheese, Ruler of this Land Of Prefab Franchisement! Welcome.

MAY. May you, gentle muffin, rise like fries in grease boiled

To take your place in this roadside oasis of snack;

This little tuft of garnish, this cardboard box,

This greasy spoon of Kings, this neon arch;

This fortress built by man himself

Against nutrition and the cost of steak;

This blessed franchise; this store, this

food,

This McDonaldland.

MAC. I am most honored by thy words, yet Thy complexion hath grown dry in the heat

Of thy meaty speech. A little relish, the special sauce

MacMuffin

The fertile yellow of egg, set like the pearl of Foster City,
And betwixt two muffins browned.
How now?

Enter SHAKES

SHAKES Bubble, bubble, rat hair and stubble;
Vanilla churn and Strawberry bubble.

MAC. Yet I am sure I see, in yonder clearing,
Three thick shakes they be:
Chocolate, Vanilla and Strawberry.

SH. 1 All hail, Macmuffin! We bring good tidings to thee
Who is taste treat now,
Mayor of the Arches soon.

MAC. Thy speakest vanilla falsehood, though 'tis true;
I am now taste treat; But the Mayor of Arches?

I knowest not of what you speak.
SH. 2 By my froth, do not doubt. In menu marquee
Macmuffin shall appear 'bove all:
Above Mac of Big, 'bove Sprite and McCheese.

MAC. Above McCheese? But this cannot be!
McCheese lives,
And often are we joined in an order. But hold,
Are you sure 'tis I who will reign?
You are the only reason...

MAC. Enough! You have my trust; but what must I do?
SHAKES Eye of newt and tail of snake,
And flav'ring of keepectate:
Thick we are, for of all milk we're rid.
Will you drink it here or would you like a lid?

MAC. Alas, like the sands of time,
They have been order'd away.
Could it be true the news in paper cups parted?
Will I, Macmuffin, so soon receive

(Exeunt.)

(Exeunt.)

(Exeunt.)



LAD. You are mistaken! This hesitancy
Doth fire up my innards so to resemble
The filling of our hot apple pie!

MAC. Is your Irish blood so riled in this
unsav'ry quest?

O'Fish, why dost thy swim so in thy tartar?

LAD. Art thou a muffin or a little box of cookies?

Hear me now: for with my plan
Greasy arches we shall quickly span.

When McCheese comes, greet him with
the smile of Ronald,
But with the heart of Ham Burglar.

This relish offer him, laced it is with
drug.

And soon will he rest deeply 'tween bun,
when

You shall eat him.

MAC. Eat him? Yet I be vegetarian.

LAD. Eat the lettuce then, leaving me the patty.
But quick, make haste, for McCheese
comes now

In his carriage of styrofoam yonder.
Fare well, my morning treat.

(Exeunt.)

Of Kings, will undo this trend to make
thee whole of new.

MAY. But alas! With any packets of same
I was not placed in my bag.

MAC. You have to ask thy server special.

MAY. 'Tis true.

MAC. Yet as most tasty fortune would hav't, I
hold here

One packet of relish, that will in no time
Alter thee from plain patty to those hot
and juicy.

MAY. Spread on, then, My beefy cheddar
awaits

The tide of soothing ground-up pickle.

MAC. (Aside.) Pickle it is, in both cause and
effect.

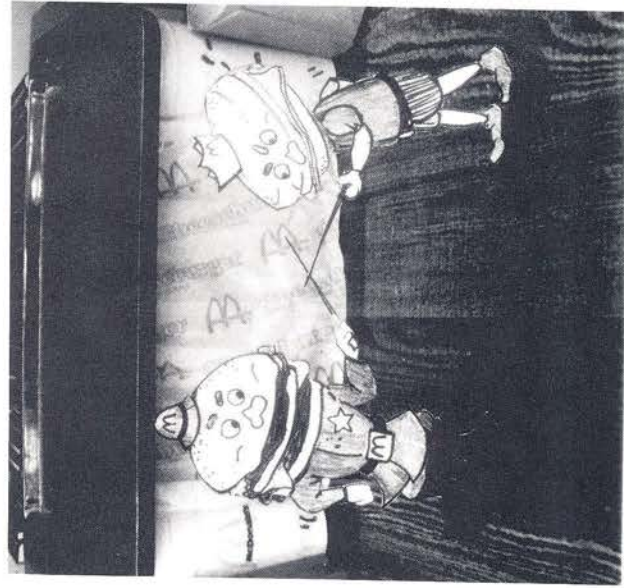
MAY. Oooh. Tickles this pickle.

MAC. 'Tis done. And now, our luncheon awaits.

MAY. But yet I feel a sudden fatigue. Go forth
To lunch, Macmuffin, and I will join thee
of late.

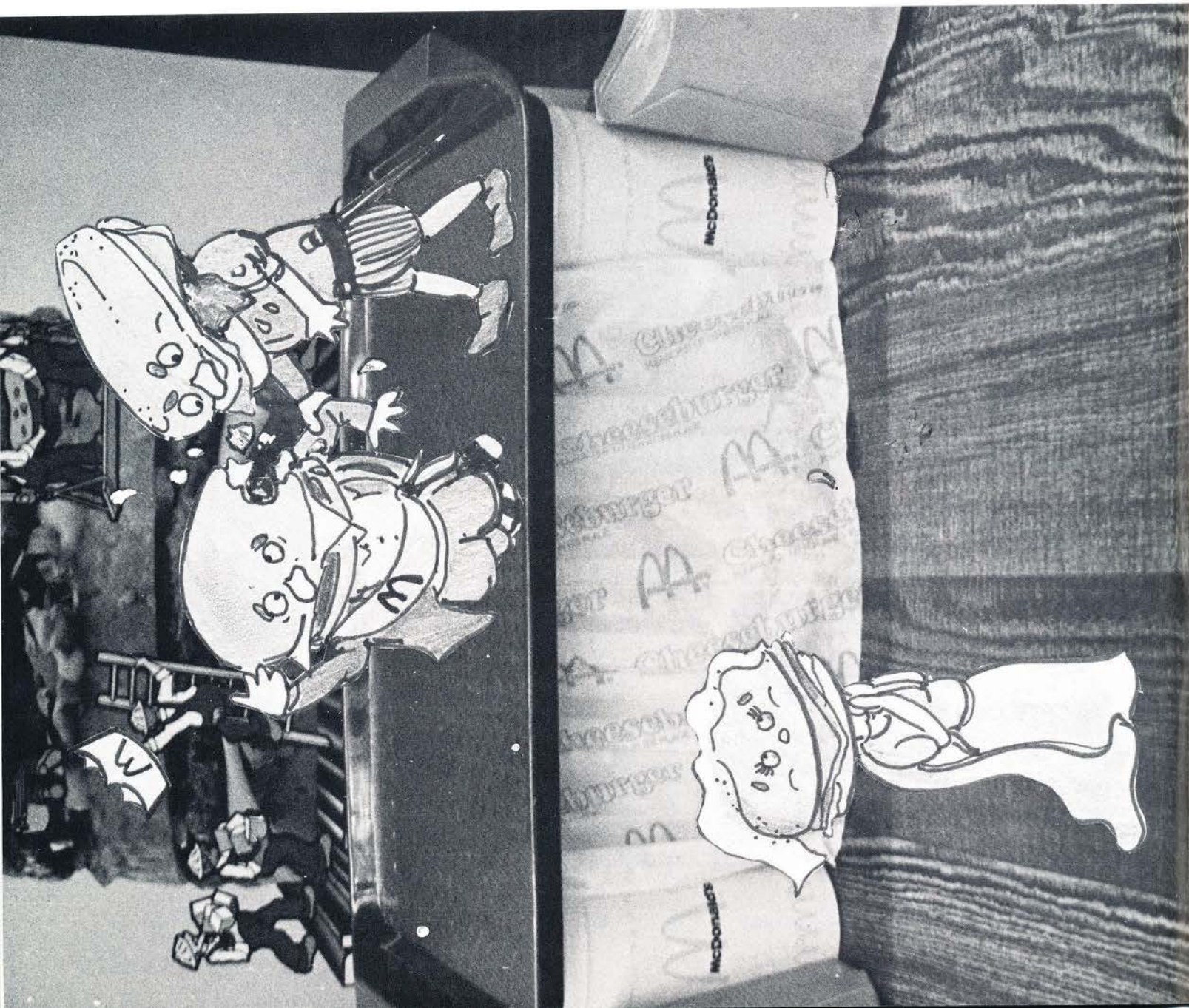
To my container I'll retire, for twenty
winks to take.

(Exeunt.)



LAD. McCheese is
well done, yet
I fear my
relish did not
his patty
flatter.

MAC. Tis true.
Would that I
had a small
coke with
which to
wash the
guilt of
cheesy
trech'ry.



MAC. Sweet dreams, Mayor.
Twenty winks he'll take, and more of
which to holler —
All this and some change back from his
dollar.

**ACT III — The same. A white bag in the
castle.**

MACMUFFIN chews. Enter LADY FILET
O'FISH.

MAC. I have done the deed — Did'st thou hear
a noise?

LAD. Nay, my lord, only the humming of
shake machine hither.

MAC. Methought I heard a voice cry,
"Sleep no more!

Macmuffin doth murder grease!" — the
innocent grease;

Grease that coats the mouth's
satisfaction,

Balm of fast foods, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in our feast.

LAD. Thou must finish thy task; behold the half
that Go'st uneaten.

MAC. I could bear no more; even now the fifth
of my deed,

Doth brew beyond the reach of any
seitzer's aid.

LAD. (Eating.) McCheese is well done, yet I fear
My relish did not his patty
flatter.

MAC. 'Tis true. Would that I had a small coke

With which to wash the guilt of cheesy
treach'ry.

LAD. The drippings from this lunch hath
stained my white bun
And no cleanser, nay Biz nor Fab, shall
draw it out.

Out damned spot! out, I say! —
What, will my sauce ne'er be whiter than
white?

MAC. Lady Filet, you seem deeply disturbed,
With fishticks afflutter and tartar gone
sour.

LAD. Chicken of the Sea! This is my Starkist
path.

MAC. Oh, deep fried ambition! Where hast
thou led us?

The sun rises in the east, and still I
cannot believe
We ate the whole thing.

LAD. You observe the break of day
We must get up and get away
To McDonalds.

MAC. We do it all for you, arched ambition.
Yet thou desert'st us in our neediest
hour.

LAD. Dessert? The new sundaes bring new
buyers —

But Filet O'Fish now to Moby Jack retires.
(Dies.)

MAC. She hath perished, simmer'd in her own
juices.

Ald; what is left would not fill one bag
of doggy.

Tomatoo and Tomatoo and Tomatoo.
Creeps in this secret sauce from filet to
filet.

To the last of tasty slime;
And all the Burger Kings have drive up
windows

The way to consumer breadth. Out, out
brief franchise!

Life's but a case of heatburn; some

chilled orange juice.
That boasts of pulp like fresh squeezed.
And yet contains no orange: it is a
commercial

On prime time, full of sound and jingles.
But selling nothing.

Enter BIG MAC.

BIG. Raise up muffin and fight!

MAC. May I have your order, sir?

BIG. Big of Mac, bastard son of Jumbo Jack?

BIG. Watch thy words, lest the death you die
Not swallow you in one piece.

MAC. Tell me, Big, it is not better at the box?

BIG. Fight, coward.

MAC. Have it your way. We shall soon see
What you are made of.

(They fight with sandwich skewers.)

BIG. Two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce
cheese

Pickles onions 'pon a sesame seed bun.

MAC. You have pierced my yolk, blaspheming
burger.

BIG. Thusly, coward, run yellow from this life;
My skewer has never better held

MAC. I die, pressed patties, having lived
a bad egg;

Let all who hear o'my fate a nicer
morning snack bag.

(Dies.)

BIG. This gruesome tragedy is done at
last.

Never from life has food moved so fast
(Exit.)

DORIAN GRAY'S SCRAPBOOK



April '58 - me at 6 months, with Mom & Fluff-Fluff, my tiger

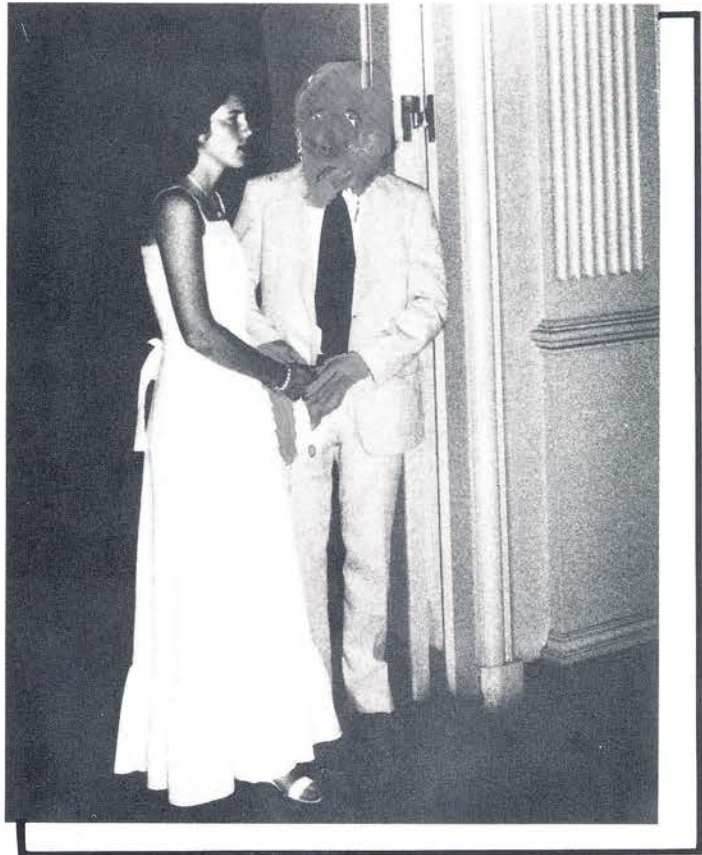
August '60 - My first summer at our beach house (finally too big to take baths in the sink!).





Nov '75 - the Old Deerfield gang: Skeets, Jake, Me, Thurston & Robbie - before the game w/ Philip's

May 77. →
Muffy, from Harrington -
a night to remember!



Dec 10 Relaxing after
the Walker-Rand Deal.
Talk about a coup. Took
the whole next week off.

When Frankie was eight years old he saw his father beat a man to death. He was spending the night at Johnny Angelillo's apartment, and they had gone camping by the pool in the complex's common backyard. Johnny's and Frankie's dads both worked at night, so there was no one to help them set up a tent. They couldn't get it to stand, so they snuck back inside through the Angelillo's doggie door to watch T.V.

Frankie didn't have a television. His mother and father did, but it was kept locked away in their bedroom. He liked Johnny's apartment. The television was always on, even during dinner.

Johnny's mom was asleep on the couch, wrapped up in its plastic slip cover. They were staring at this space-age mummy when an urgent voice from the television caught their attention.

"Don, it has become a real donnybrook in the ring tonight, maybe because the Mid-Atlantic Heavyweight Belt is on the line, but, whatever it is, the rulebook has been tossed out the window, and these two grapplers are going at it tooth and nail."

"That's right. The Masked Angel has decided to fight fire with fire, and what's this, he has picked up a chair and is swinging it at Ox Hogan. That Hogan has been asking for it all evening."

BOW

by
**Mike
Wilkins**

Frankie and Johnny stared at the set, and then at each other. The man being chased around the ring by a masked man swinging a folding chair was Frankie's dad. There was blood all over Ox Hogan's face, and he was limping.

Frankie had no inkling that his father was a professional wrestler. Mom had said that Daddy worked the graveyard shift at a local mortuary, and Frankie had always laughed when his father told him that business was dead. So why was his father on television? And why was his dad bleeding so much? He screamed to wake up Mrs. Angelillo, but by the time she was coherent the worst had happened.

"Don, the tide has turned! Ox has rammed The Masked Angel's head into the ring post and The Angel is down. It's Katie bar the door! One, two, three, it's all over. Ox Hogan has captured the belt. But, what's this?"



Ox isn't quitting! He's grabbed the ring bell, and is flogging The Masked Angel over the head with it." Blood was everywhere.

The Masked Angel was not moving. The referee came over and tried to keep Ox from pounding on The Angel's head. Ox dropped the ring bell and went to find some other makeshift bludgeon. The referee tried to find The Masked Angel's pulse. He could not. Ox Hogan had killed a man, with a studio audience and hundreds of television viewers as witnesses. And he was not done.

"Jim, Ox Hogan is adding insult to injury. He's going after that mask. Remember, fans, no one has ever seen The Angel without it. They're trying to take Hogan away now, other wrestlers have come to help out. Wait! He has the mask off. He has the mask!"

The camera closed in on the face of the dead man. It was Johnny Angelillo's father.



Trey Ellis

Johnny's mom had to drive Frankie first to the emergency room, and then home. Johnny had gone into hysterics, seeing his father dead, and had opened a gash across Frankie's chin with their television remote control device. It was the last time Frankie saw Johnny, because the Angelillo's moved to Georgia the next week.

It shocked Frankie a great deal to see Mr. Angelillo, alive and well, when he came by to return some borrowed tools, and to say thanks for the going away casserole that Frankie's mom had made. After Mr. Angelillo left, Frankie was told that his father didn't really kill Mr. Angelillo, and that the reason the Angelillo's had moved was because Mr. Angelillo could wrestle there and make more money, and that's why his father had killed Mr. Angelillo, so that he could have a better life somewhere else. Wrestling was just his father's job, and it was too bad that his father killed people, but that's what put bread on the table. He really didn't hurt people, which was a lot better than some

jobs, and what's more, he gave people enjoyment. People like to see the bad guy get his every now and then. Which is why his father would be home for two and three weeks at a time. He was supposedly in the hospital recuperating from a Ricky Steamboat chop, or a Blackjack Mulligan bolo punch.

Frankie's father had been one of the best back then. But now Frankie was seventeen, and his father was past his prime. Ox went from being "Killer Ox Hogan," to "Ring Master Ox Hogan," to "The Unpredictable Ox Hogan." It was tougher and tougher for him to get main event booking, decent money was harder to earn, and he could see his career ending unless he did something quick. He hinted for years to Frankie that a career in pro wrestling would be a good life, but as Ox got older this hinting became urging. Frankie had the size to be a pro, but wanted none of it, and was losing patience with his father.

They stood at the end of the line. It was noon on a summer Saturday, and the Dairy Queen was hot and crowded. The floor was sticky and Frankie could smell the sweat on the neck in front of him. He didn't like Dairy Queen's, and he didn't like crowds.

"Frankie," Ox said, "now that we're away from your mother for awhile, I want to talk. . . man to man."

"C'mon, Dad, not here."

"No, really, I want to know what you're thinking about doing."

"Doing?"

"Yeah, doing. . . with your life. Your goals and stuff."

"I told you before, I don't know."

They moved forward in line.

"What are you going to have?"

"I'm not hungry, maybe a cheeseburger or something."

"Where's that appetite we Hogan men are famous for? If you don't eat you'll never be a professional wrestler like your old man."

Frankie bristled, and was about to take on his father when two boys in their early teens presented themselves.

"You Ox Hogan?" Ox stared down at them, not really surprised that people recognized him without his rhinestone trunks that spelled out "PAIN" across the buttocks. The bald head and dyed blond sideburns that fell in ringlets to his chest were enough for even the most casual fan to remember. Ox stared at them, as if trying to decide whether or not to go into his act.

"You really hurt Chief Strongbow Wednesday. Why didn't you let go when the ref told you to. The announcers say he's still in the hospital, and may lose his leg." The smaller of the two gathered up his courage.

"You're a faggot."

With that, the two pulled out straws and blew the

paper wrappers at Ox. Instead of running, they stood fast, waiting for a reaction. Frankie looked away. Ox made a face usually reserved for Friday nights after the news, and let out his famous "Ox Holler." The kids vanished. Ox winked at a man in the next line, who was holding his shivering daughter against his legs. He was not amused.

"We'd make a great team Frankie."

"Dad, I don't want to wrestle. . .um, here, order. I don't want anything."

"Hi doll. Two Brazier Supers, large fry, large coke. And Frankie will have. . ."

"Nothing. Thanks." Frankie smiled, trying to get some sympathy from the waitress, who was too busy to notice.

"A Brazier Super for my son, please."

Frankie glared at his father.

"You'd need a stage name, and a gimmick."

I'm not shaving my head, I'm not dying my sideburns, I'm not doing anything!"

"We'd be the biggest thing in years, bigger even than the von Erich brothers. Think of it. Ox and son? Ox and calf?"

"Dad, I don't like it, any of it. It's fine for you, but I hate it. I hate the sweating. I hate watching it, and I hate thinking about ever doing it."

"Mr. Ox I and II?"

"Dad, no!" Frankie was yelling.

"The Oxen!"

"I don't want my kids growing up thinking their father hits other human beings with ring bells, and punches people in the heart, and throws salt into other people's eyes. I want to be a normal fucking father! Now get off my back!"

The waitress shoved their tray across the counter in a polite attempt to calm Frankie down.

"Five seventy five Mr. Hogan."

Ox reached for his wallet, pleased that the waitress had not called him Ox. People did have a kind of respect for six foot seven inch, three hundred pound bald people with facial scars.

"Um, Frankie," said Ox, as if to apologize.

"Yeah, Dad?" Frankie looked at the floor.

"Do you have three bucks?"

Frankie lent his father five, they found a table, and ate lunch in silence.

The two did not speak to each other for a week. Frankie went to his mother for help. His mom's name was Francie, which would have been Frankie's name had he been a girl. Before she married Ox, she had been Francie LaRue, roller derby star. Ox first saw Francie when a colleague had shown him a nickel postcard of her holding a beachball. Even though the lighting and focus were bad, Ox was smitten, and vowed to marry her when the roller derby came back to the area.

CRICK
photographic
PHONE 941-9631
YOU WANT IT WE'VE GOT IT!
PHOTO FINISHING DARKROOM SUPPLIES
CAMERAS and ACCESSORIES
FRIENDLY PERSONNEL
THE OLD MILL
A FINE SHOP IN THE VILLAGE SECTION
Corner of San Antonio Rd. & California St., Mr. View
OPEN 7 DAYS a week
PHONE 941-9631



THE ORIGINAL
Decker's
FOR THE SPACE BELOW YOUR FEET®

ROOTS & SHOOTS

325-2529

1074 El Camino Real - Menlo Park



THE FINEST IN PIPES,

TOBACCOS AND GIFTS

Stanford Shopping Center
188 Stanford Shopping Center, Palo Alto, CA 94304
Telephone (415) 327-6314

In those days, Frankie's mom was attractive in a certain cheap way, but whatever beauty there once was was there no longer. Her muscles had gone to fat when she stopped skating to have Frankie, and her face had become slack and wrinkled. She tried to be kind, and had never beaten Frankie when he was small, preferring to let Ox do it when he got home. She wanted the best for her son, but most of all wanted Frankie to be happy.

"Mom," Frankie said, helping her with the dishes, "Dad's really bugging me about being a wrestler. It's getting to me."

"You know he means well, Frankie, he just wants you to have a better life than he had."

"What kind of better life is that?" Frankie stuck both hands into very hot dishwater. "Christ! Goddam it!" He wrung his hands, and tried to divide his attention between his mother and very intense pain.

"Frankie, your dad thinks that if you start out wrestling with him, with a big name in the sport, it won't take long for you to get to the top. Dad wasn't even a T.V. Title holder until you were five. He worked very hard to make a name for himself, and for us. Hogan means something in wrestling, and he wants you to take advantage of that."

"Mom, I do not want to wrestle. I want to do something normal. Normal! We are a family of freaks. Don't you realize that. We can never go out to eat as a family, we can't go to public places without being harassed, even in the supermarket, even in the Dairy Queen. We move every eight months. Do you want me to inherit this? Is that what you want for your son? Look at Dad! He is a goon. How can he want that for me?"

Frankie's mom started to cry into the Joy.

"Frankie, we wanted you to be a doctor, or a lawyer, when you were small. But you are just not that bright. Face it, Frankie," she said, wiping away tears with a dishrag, "you aren't talented enough to do anything else as well as you could wrestling."

"Don't you want me to enjoy life?" Frankie said. His mother had gotten soap in her eyes from the dishrag, and ran to the bathroom for toilet paper. Frankie followed, but the conversation was ended by a slam of the door.

That Sunday, Ox invited twelve of his wrestling buddies for dinner. Frankie had met some of them, either on the golf course, or when they car pooled with his father, but had never been near this many at once. He had never gone backstage before a match, where all the wrestlers pump up before going on, and the sight of this much humanflesh in their little living room gave Frankie an extreme sense of claustrophobia. Here was over a ton and a half of people, sitting three on a couch, and hulking near the mantle.

Two of the younger ones were massed on the floor. There was nowhere to step. Frankie found himself in the loveseat with Maniac Mark Lewin.

"So, Frankie, Ox tells me you want to be a grappler like us."

"Well, Mr. Lewin, I . . ."

"Maniac, Frankie, Maniac. You're one of the guys now."

"Maniac, I don't know if it's really . . ." There was suddenly a shadow over Frankie. It was a seven foot eclipse named Rex. Rex Wrecks was his stage name, and he was the current champ.

"So, Frankie boy," he said, cupping Frankie's head with his hands, "you're coming after my belt soon, uh? You know I'll have to fight you for it." He patted Frankie hard on the side of the head.

"I think he can take you, Rex, you goddamned oaf." The Masked Assassin moved toward them. "And, what's more, if he don't, I got a ten year old daughter who can do it."

The Masked Assassin laughed, and so did Maniac. Rex did not.

"Fuck you, masked man," he bellowed, "Wait'll I get my hands on you at the armory Wednesday night."

"Go to hell, you big jerk," said Prince Faunteroy, champion midget wrestler, who was perched on the shoulders of his manager, The Great Mephisto. Prince Faunteroy had accidentally lost an eye in an Idaho Death Match with Rex some years ago. There were still some hard feelings.

"A dwarf like you should watch what he says, even if he can only watch with one eye." Prince Faunteroy squirmed to get off of the The Great Mephisto, who lost his balance and fell back into Baron Von Raschke. The room degenerated into argument.

Too many big bodies, too much noise, too much movement. Frankie put his head between his legs to keep from throwing up.

"What are you staring at, jerk-off." It was Prince Faunteroy sneaking under Frankie towards Rex.

"Mom," Frankie yelled, "Mom, help! I gotta get out. I gotta get out." The arguments stopped.

"A mama's boy?!", said Maniac, "Fucking Ox Hogan raised a mama's boy? Gotta fix this before you become a wrestler." With that Maniac took Frankie to the floor and applied a figure four leglock. Prince Faunteroy straddled Frankie's neck, and grabbed him in a headlock. El Medico pinioned his arms with his patented "Jet-ski" hold.

Frankie's screams were muffled in the carpet.

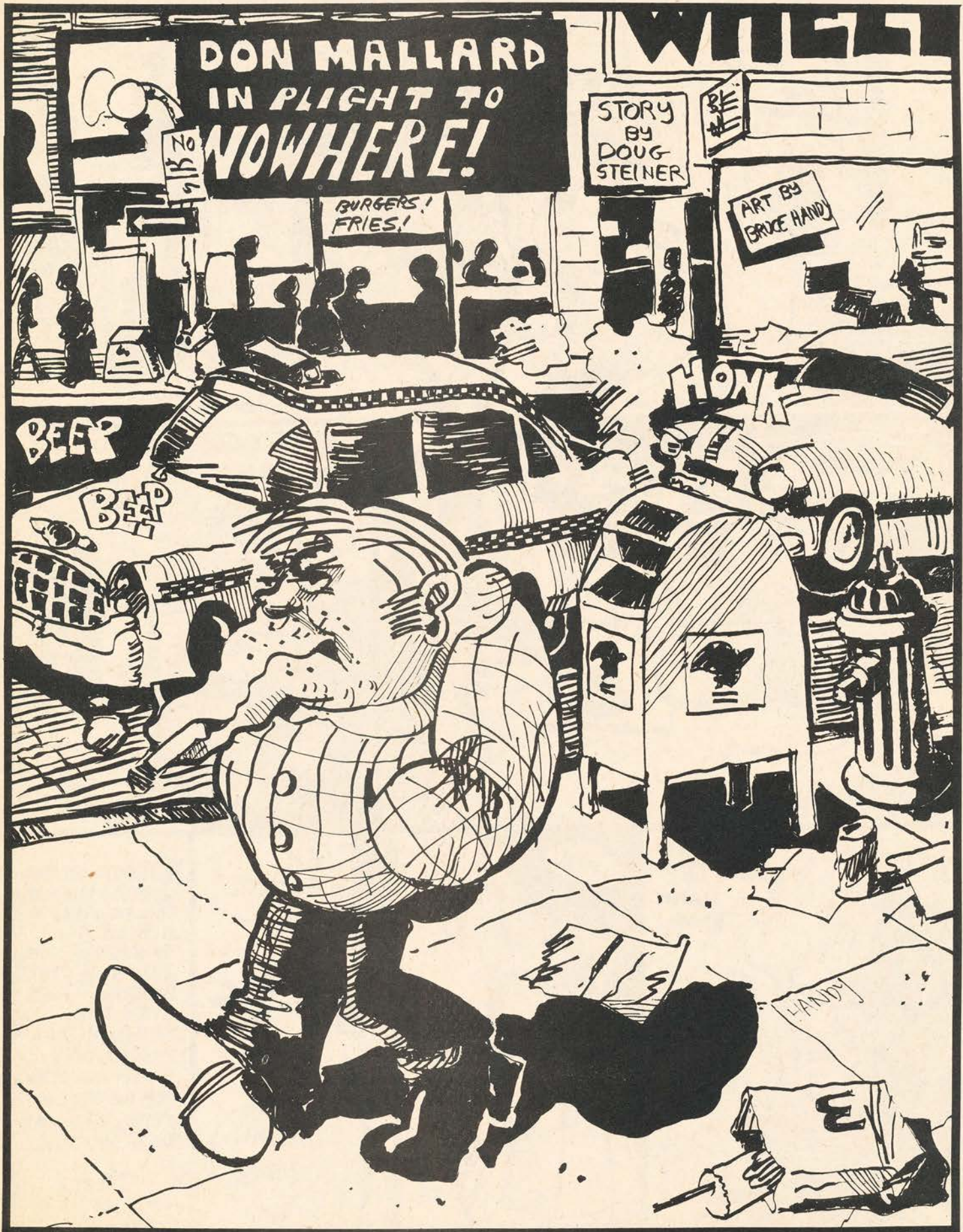
"To be accepted, to be one of us," said Maniac, "You can't be a mama's boy." Frankie's mom ran out of the dining room, but was held by two of the guests.

"If your son wants to be a wrestler, Francie, we gotta do this. It's for his own good."

The apartment door opened and Ox and a buddy walked in with six buckets of fried chicken.

"The bread-winner's home." He saw what was happening, and stared for a second, three buckets of chicken propping up his chin.

cont. on pg. 32



**DON MALLARD
IN FLIGHT TO
NOWHERE!**

**BURGERS!
FRIES!**

**STORY
BY
DOUG
STEINER**

**ART BY
BRUCE
HANDY**

HONK

BEEP

BEEP

HANDY

B



**DON MALLARD:
A HARD-LUCK
GUY LIVING IN
A HARD-LUCK CITY**



EH, WATCH IT
YA CLOWN!

Chock full o' N



SEE IF I GOT
A QUATAH.

UGH-
HAIR TONIC!



EH SHIT-
CAN'T SEE
A DAMN
THING.



UMPH.



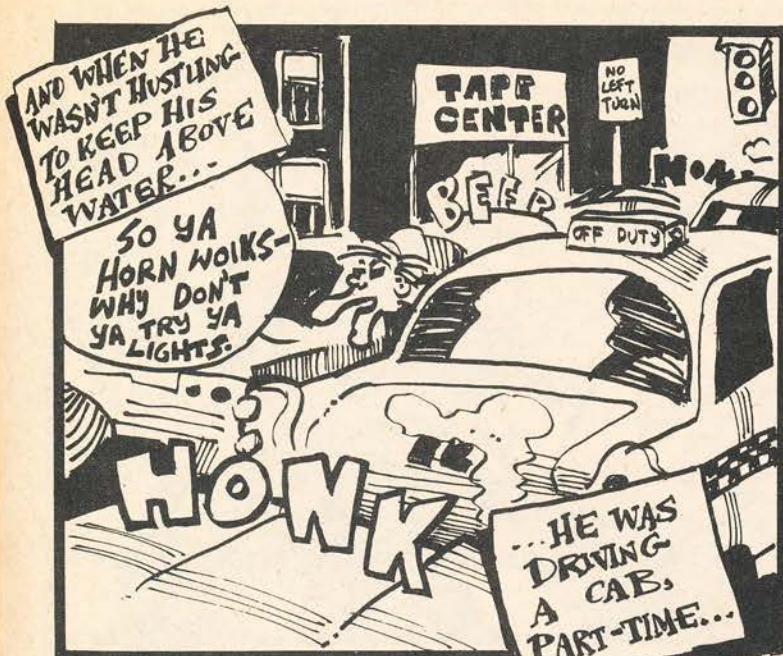
EH
FUCKIT...

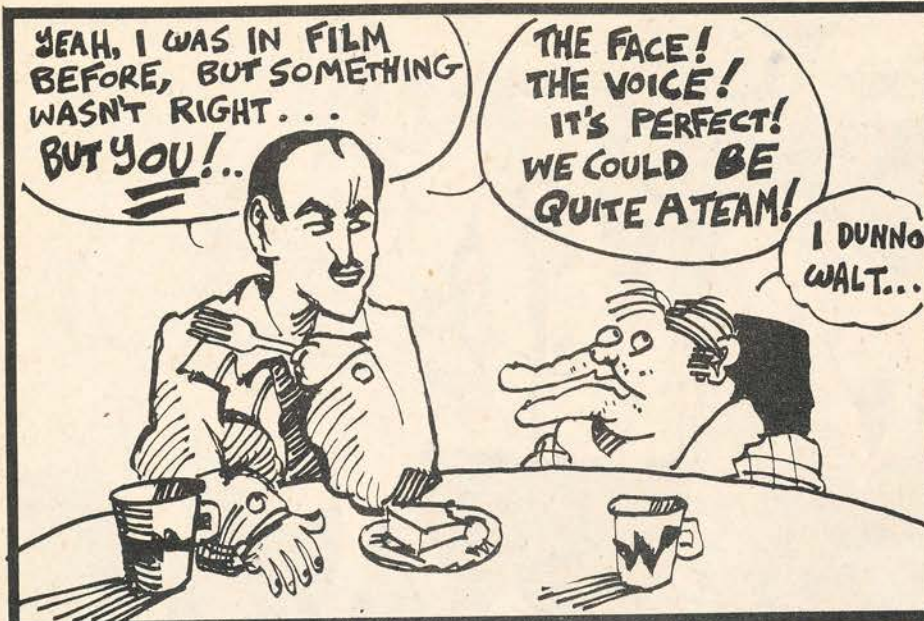
CLICK

DAMN
MUG.

HERE ARE MANY
WAYS A MAN MAY
CHOOSE TO LIVE
HIS LIFE...
SOME GOOD, SOME
BAD, AND SOME
PATHETIC... YES,
EVEN THE
FREAKISH FEEL
PAIN: A LIFE
SPENT SEARCHING
FOR PSYCHIC COM-
FORT, THIS WAS
DON MALLARD...









THE PREMIERE

THEY'RE GODDAMN LAUGHIN.

SHUT-UP DON - YOU'RE A STAR!

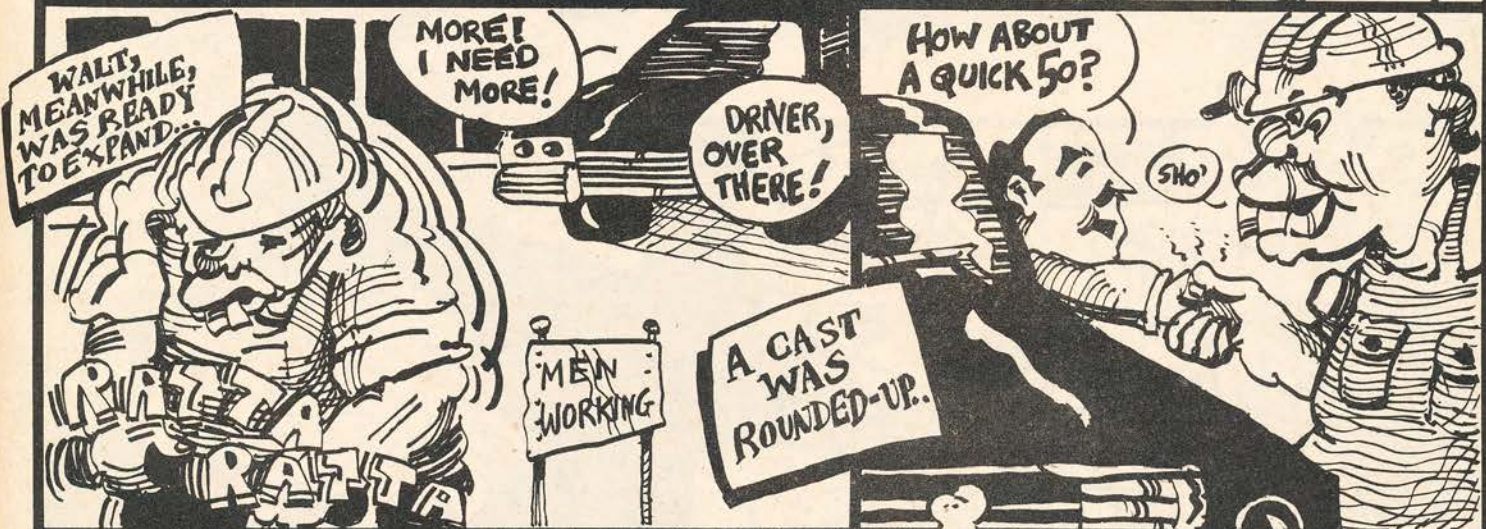
HO HO HO

SUCCESS BROUGHT RAPID CHANGE TO DON'S LIFE...

HEY DON, REMEMBER ME?

I ASKED YOU ONCE IF YOUR MOM FUCKED SWANS.

YOU NEED WRITERS OR ANYTHING?



WALT, MEANWHILE, WAS READY TO EXPAND...

MORE! I NEED MORE!

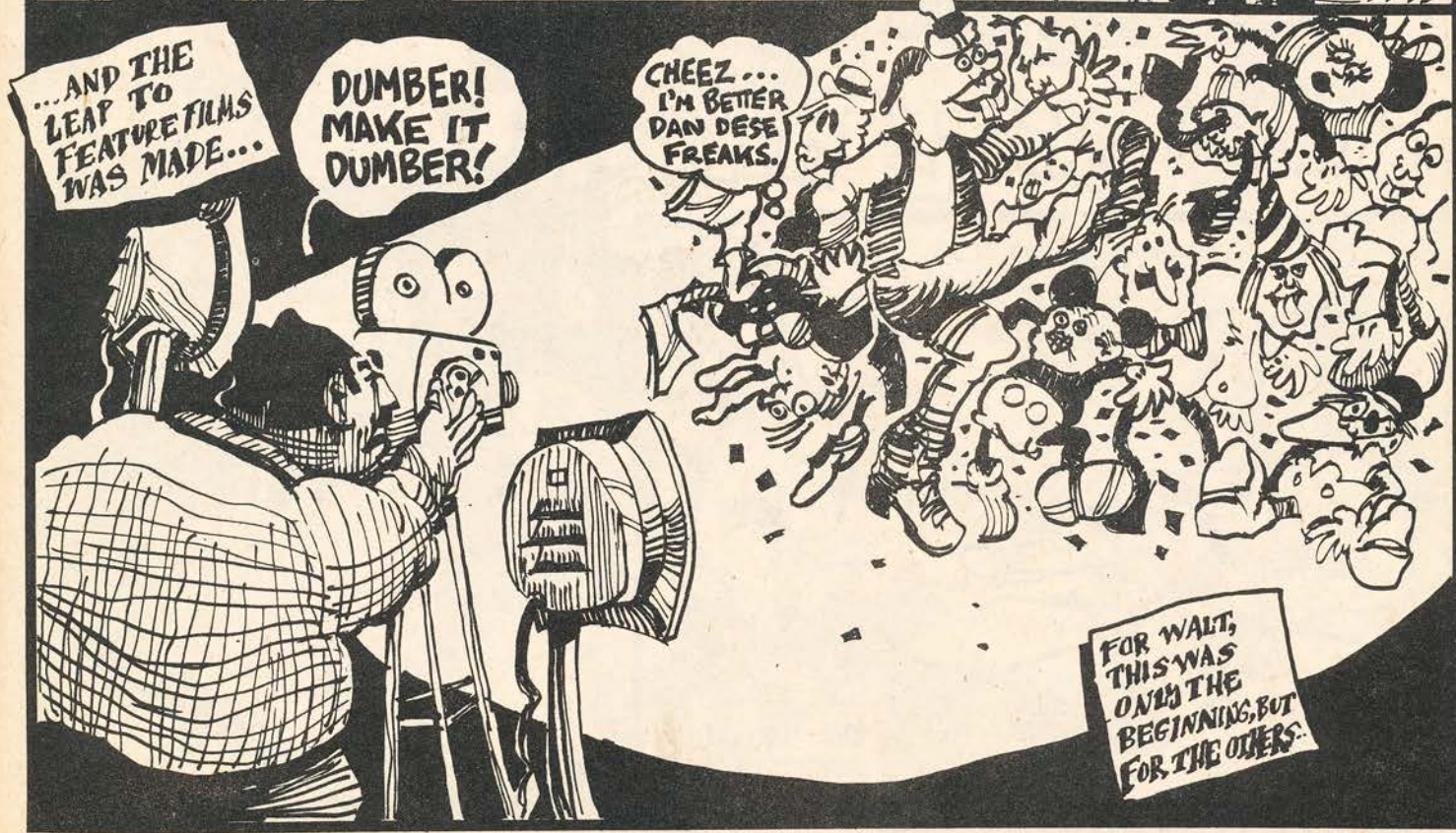
DRIVER, OVER THERE!

HOW ABOUT A QUICK 50?

SHO?

MEN WORKING

A CAST WAS ROUNDED-UP..



...AND THE LEAP TO FEATURE FILMS WAS MADE...

DUMBER! MAKE IT DUMBER!

CHEEZ... I'M BETTER DAN DESE FREAKS.

FOR WALT, THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING, BUT FOR THE OTHERS...



HARD WORK,
HOH?...
DESE EARS
IS FUCKING
KILLING ME.

THAT WALT'S
A SLAVE
DRIVER.

DOSE LIGHTS
GETS HOT
AFTER AN
HOUR ANA
HALF.

I'M THROUGH WIT
DIS SHIT...
I'M GOIN'
SOLO!

WHO CAN REALLY
COMPREHEND THE
DIFFERENCES
BETWEEN
TALENT AND
REPUTATION?...

TO BE SURE,
THE PRODUCERS OF
THE DON MALLARD
SHOW DIDNT!

LAUGH

DAT FUR?
OR YOU TAKIN
STEROIDS?

NOR DID THE
BOOKING AGENT
AT THE MGM GRAND.

EVER THOUGHT ABOUT
WHAT CHIC IS? LAST
WEEK I SEES THIS
DAME IN A FUR...

NOR,
SEEMINGLY
DID THE
AUDIENCES!



HA HA CHORTLE HAR! H-TUCK HA



WE ALL
LOVED YOUR
ACT DON.

THANKS.

MARVY.

I'M SICK A
DIS COMEDY
SHITCK...
I OUGHTA DO
ME AN ART
FLICK!

THE MALLARD
JUGGERNAUT
ROLLED ON...





SORRY DON, WE'RE INTO THE CLASSICS NOW...

I FOUND THESE SEVEN MIDGETS IN A SANITARIUM

HOLD ON DON, I GOT AN IDEA.

SURE WE CAN USE YOU... WE'RE DOING A NATURE PICTURE IN OREGON.

ONCE AGAIN, WALT CAME TO DON'S RESCUE...

TAKE ONE!

TRUE LIFE ADVENT
DUCK VALLEY
SCENE 1

TREAD WATER YA BASTARD

HELP, I CAN'T SWIM

GET THAT FREAK OUTTA HERE

EPILOGUE: THANKSGIVING DAY, A FEW YEARS LATER...

HE SA GOOF, BEEN A WHILE, HUH?

WHATCHA BEEN UP TA?

GOT ME A CARVEL'S UPSTATE... I DOES ALRIGHT FOR MYSELF.

BROUGHT MY KID DOWN FOR DA PARADE.

HOW BOUT YOU DONNY? TIME DONE YOU RIGHT?

DADDY, THAT MAN SCARED ME.

YEAH, I GET BY.

SAY, MAYBE YOU COULD COME UP TO DE STORE AN, UH... TIE BALLOON OR SOMEFIN.

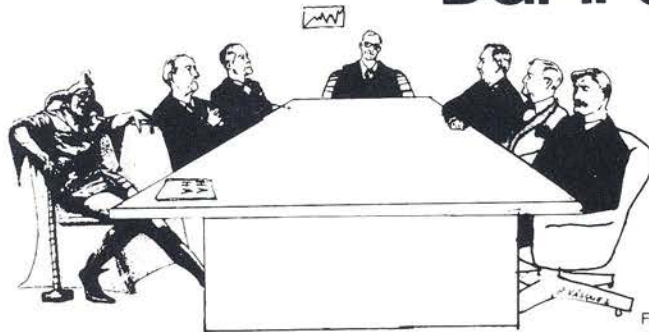
SURE GOOF WE COULD WOIK SOMETHIN OUT...

ICE CREAM, HUH? THE SOFT KIND! MAYBE I OUGHTA GO INTA THAT...

THE END!

THE REAL WORLD is not a funny place.

But it should be.



Fuck it. Just rip out the whole page.



Subscribe to the *Chaparral*

Send to:
Circulation Manager
The Chaparral
Box 8585
Stanford, CA 94305

Name

Address

1 year \$4 2 years \$7

This man wishes he had
patronized our advertisers.



	page
Alpine Beer Garden	7
Campus Shell	48
City Feet	inside front
Cookbook Restaurant	47
Crick Photographic	19
Dutch Goose	2
Henry's Restaurant	48
KOME	2
KZSU	inside back
Letraset	40
Lively Arts	4
Northern California Savings	2

	page
Oceans Away	47
Old Uncle Gaylord's	40
Roots and Shoots	19
SLAC	inside back
Sound Systems	inside front
Stanford Bookstore	40
Surrey Shop	2
Tinder Box	19
Town & Country Pharmacy	48
T-Party	7
Tresidder Union	47
WET Magazine	back

"Ox, are you satisfied? Are you happy?" Francie was shaking to get free. "Is this the life for your son? Is it? With men like these for friends. Where a dinner party is six buckets of chicken. Do you need him? Is that why? You can't be doing it for the boy."


Frankie was crying, and carpet lint was sticking to his face.

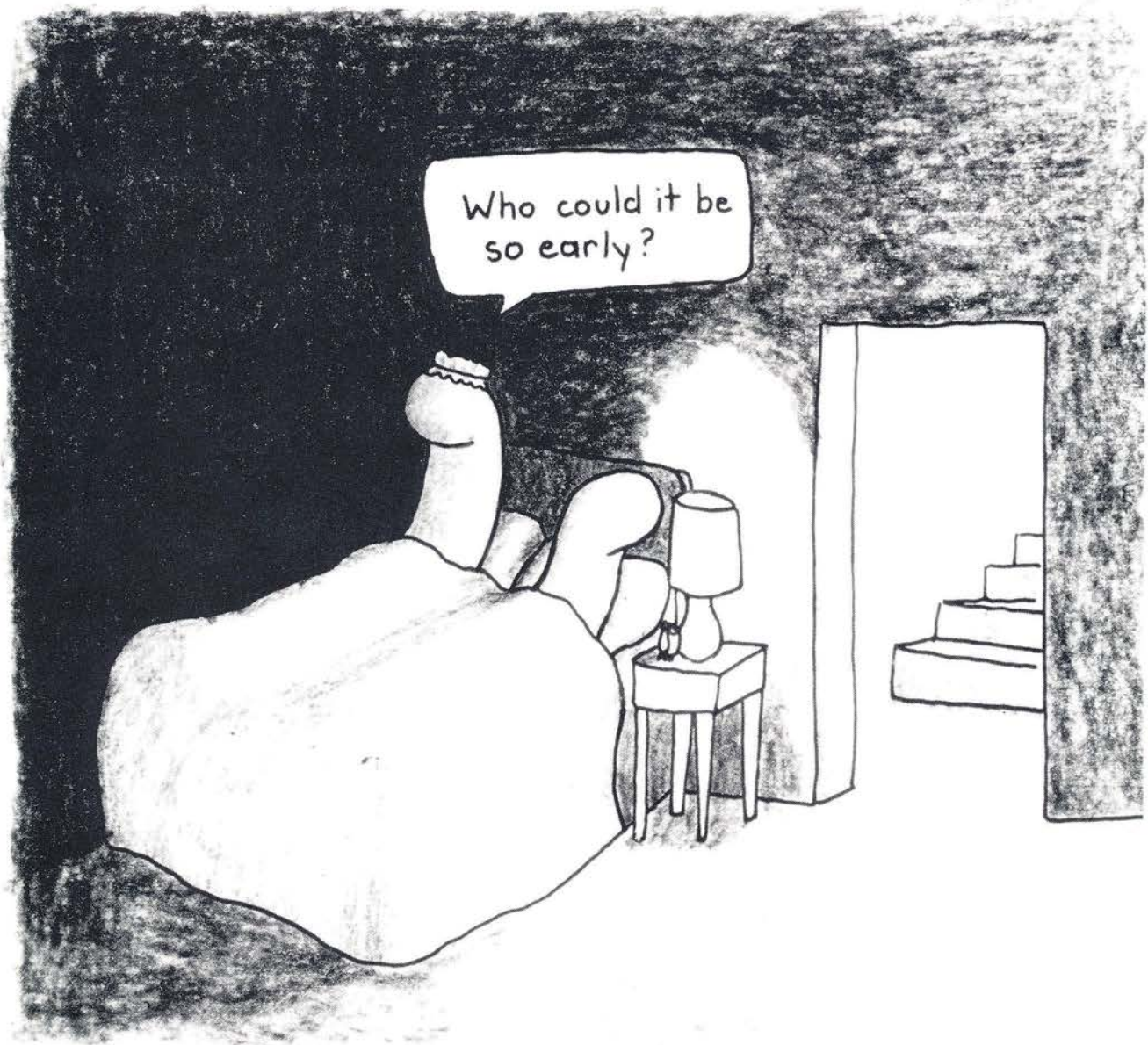
"You need a partner Ox Hogan? Huh? I'll be your fucking partner. I'll wrestle these friends of yours. But get them off Frankie, and out of my house right now before you find out just how well I can fight."

"You heard the little woman guys. Everybody out. Yeah, take the chicken with you. See you Wednesday. Goodbye, thanks for coming."

Frankie did not want to move. His arms hurt, and so did his back. His mother took his father to the bedroom where they argued for a long time. Frankie stayed on the floor and thought. When the arguing finally stopped, he got up, and went to his room. He stayed there until after midnight, not letting his mom in when she came to talk, then packed a dufflebag, and left home.

Frankie never again spoke to his parents. He got a job as a mechanic for Montgomery Wards', met and married a nice enough girl from Garden Supplies, and led a normal enough life. He fathered a child, and got raises, but the truth was that he was not very happy. It bothered him that he couldn't talk with his mom, but he was afraid that if they found out about his current state of affairs they would somehow convince him to wrestle professionally. And this he just couldn't do.

So, if the urge to see them ever became strong, and he felt his resolve weakening, he would wait until his own son was in bed, and then turn on the matches. If he was lucky, he would see his mom and dad, now past sixty, wrestling as a tag team. His father's sideburns were now grey, and his mother wore a corset that showed from underneath her wrestling uniform, because it was the only smooth part on her body. And, if the stars were right, his parents would lose, his father being pinned by some new dyed Adonis, while his mother watched helplessly from their corner. 



BLAME US

JUNE 2, 1981
95 CENTS



FLIGHT CONTROLLERS

They're the reason
why you can't really
blame the pilots

You don't have a mind
of your own! Test
results inside

How your oldest son
steals money from
your purse while the
other kids divert you



The Juan Coronamatic Ransom Note Typewriter



Howell Hsiao

**Because
when you're
on the run,
you don't have
time to be playing
with scissors and glue.**



MALCONTENTS

COVER STORY

50 **Air Safety:** Why we have to stop blaming the pilots/*Trey Ellis*

SPECIAL REPORTS

- 3 **Harold Transgorian:** If he had his way he'd be the only student in the class of '85/*Dave Sahlin*
- 11 **Chris Morales:** He's the reason your taxes are so high/*Stephen Kessler*
- 14 **The Beverly Hills Diet:** How substituting this year's cocaine for last year's protein powder can help you lose fifty pounds a week / *Karol Watson*

16 **Promethius:** After three thousand years, this frisky firebug 'fesses up /*Margot Sherr*

23 **Frank Robbins:** The Rutgers researcher has finally found the truth /*Dave Kennedy*

54 **Barry Manilow:** "I write the songs that makes civilization decay" /*Ray Mondesire*

73 **Woody Allen and Mia Farrow:** "Blame us for our love child, Mason Reese" /*Alice Davis*

76 **Strike!:** One to hold the picket sign, and 1,999,999 to watch helplessly as The Russians flatten

their homeland / *A Pictorial Revue*

BOOK BONUS

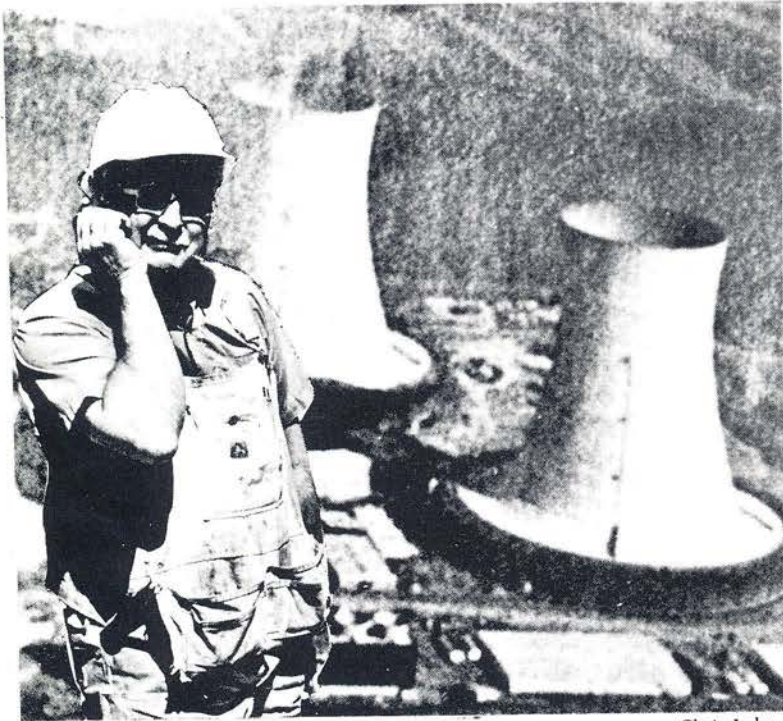
60 **Adolf Hitler:** Denying responsibility in "Would You Jump Off the Brooklyn Bridge if I Told You To?"

REGULAR FEATURES

- 4 Letters
- 5 Front Runners
- 8 Top Tens
- 34 Faces & More Faces
- 36 Movie Views & Reviews
- 42 TV Views & Reviews
- 69 Music Views & Reviews



FACES & MORE FACES



Chris Lyke

"An embarrassing mess" is what Three Mile Island Safety Valve Operator Ned Mertz recently called his slip-up that nearly caused an atomic tragedy in 1979. Mertz left his station when he received a phone call from his wife, who would not let him off the line. "The next thing I know, there are red lights and buzzers going off like crazy, and half of Pennsylvania is evacuated," Mertz said. "I felt really bad."



Howell Hsiao

Fourteen-year-old Dino Tarentino lost all his allowance and late night privileges when he admitted to starting last fall's Italian earthquake. "I was playing Red Brigade, and I had a handful of my Papa's hand grenades," Dino told Blame Us. "Papa saw me, and started to chase me with a machine gun. I tripped into this big hole, and the next thing I know, my village is rubble and 2 million people are homeless. I feel much grief."

YELLOW



Why are Americans buying so many foreign cars? New York independent cab driver Harold Goldberg thinks he knows. "Y'see, my old hack was always running out of gas, so I got me a Jap car," he says. "Everybody I pick up likes the ride and says, 'Ay, I'm gonna get me a Jap car, too.' Next thing I know, Detroit has a 40% unemployment rate and 117,000 guys are getting laid off. It's all my fault. I'm a schmuck." Goldberg is currently looking into domestic automobiles "so that I can turn this thing around."

Chris Lyke

SECTION A — BACKGROUND INFORMATION

ITEMS 1-8 TO BE COMPLETED BY ALL APPLICANTS

Use only a No. 2 pencil

1. NAME Enter your full name and middle initial if you have one. Omit spaces, hyphens, and Jr. DATE OF BIRTH

LAST NAME — FIRST LETTER														FIRST NAME — FIRST LETTER														DAY		YEAR	
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	G	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												
T	H	A	N	S	G	D	H	I	A	N	H	A	R	O	L	1	7	6	3												



Chris Lyke

SAT REGISTRATI

HAROLD, S.A.T. WONDER KID

Harold Transgorian stuns America as the only high school student who knew all the answers.

By David Sahlin
The college testing controversy still rages across the country as two million angry parents filed suit in federal court Monday, charging that the Scholastic Aptitude Test was biased against their children. The Scholastic Aptitude Test, or SAT, administered by the College Testing Service and used by almost every college admissions office in the country, has often been accused of prejudice, but never as loudly as now. Critics are not claiming that the newly revised test was biased against any ethnic or economic minority, but rather that it was equally unfair to all students —

except for one, Harold Transgorian, a senior at Glenbrook North High School of Northbrook, Illinois. Of the some five million students who took the SAT this year, only Harold received a score of above 400. In fact, his score was not only good — it was perfect, a 1600. And that makes Harold Transgorian a very happy young man, especially in light of the universally horrible performance of his classmates. “This is fantastic!” exclaimed the wonder student gleefully. “Every college in the country is trying to recruit me because I’m the only student who fulfills their admission requirements!” Harold’s parents

were equally ecstatic. “Of course we’re proud of our son,” said Frank Transgorian, a staging clerk at the Wyler’s plant in Northbrook. “Who wouldn’t be? The only problem is that all those parents are claiming that the test was unfair just because their kids couldn’t stand up to the standards of our Harold.” Indeed, the parents of the some five million children who, unlike Harold, did very poorly on the SAT, are not quite as happy as the Transgorians. Most feel that the test was blatantly biased against their children in favor of Harold. “This may sound like sour grapes,” said George Foster, whose daughter, an

...EEK
was

50. If you turned west off of Waukegan Road in Northbrook, Illinois onto Walters Avenue, took a left turn after two blocks and continued for one more block and then 200 feet, what kind of tree would you find growing in the front yard of the house on the left house on the left side of the street?

(A) Oak
(B) Maple
(C) Weeping Willow
(D) Spruce
(E) Christmas
(F) None of the above

51. Which of the following does Harold Transgorian keep in the top drawer of his dresser?

(A) Handkerchiefs
(B) Underwear
(C) T-shirts
(D) A and B
(E) All of the above
(F) None of the above

52. HAROLD : CHOCOLATE

(A) Billy : Rocky Road
(B) Fred : Banana
(C) Alan : Vanilla
(D) Mark : Chocolate Chip
(E) Jay : Cherry Fudge
(F) Paul : Pralines and Cream

53. Which of the following did Michael Transgorian break on his big brother Harold's ninth birthday?

(A) Talking GI Joe
(B) Hot Wheels set
(C) Creepy Crawlers
(D) Air Rifle
(E) All of the above
(F) None of the above

Harold Transgorian's favorite restaurant is

(A) McDonald's
(B) Jack in the Box
(C) Little Louie's Red Hots
(D) The Sizzler
(E) Howard Johnsons
(F) None of the above

On what day of the week did Harold Transgorian borrow the car?

(A) Monday
(B) Tuesday
(C) Wednesday
(D) Thursday
(E) Friday
(F) Saturday



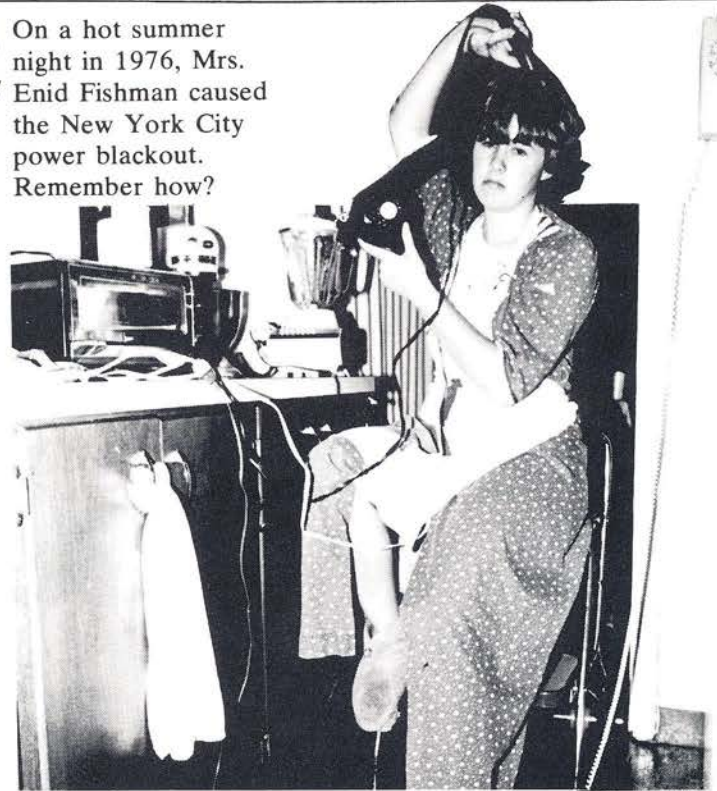
At first, the College Testing Service held that Harold actually missed this question on the test, but when Harold protested and the contents of the drawer were examined, officials had to admit that Harold was right.

honor student, received only a 29 on the SAT, "but the fact is that most of the questions on that test could only be answered by that Transgorian kid because they are all about him. It's just not right. Why should my daughter have to know what Harold Transgorian's favorite television show is?" Even impartial observers are baffled as to how high school seniors who didn't know Harold were expected to answer any of the questions on the SAT. Most students complained that they were unable to even fill out the personal information section on their answer sheets, let alone answer questions such as: "If Harold Transgorian were to go to the Lakehurst Mall and buy 2 pairs of Levi's at the Gap for \$11.95 each, and the latest Dixie Dregs record at Music World for \$5.95, and then a large Orange Julius for \$.90, which electronic games would he choose to play at Aladdin's Castle with the remaining change?"

Meanwhile, college admissions offices across the country are in turmoil as they are faced with the choice of either lowering their standards to accommodate students with poor SAT scores, or of admitting no student into next year's freshman class unless he happened to be Harold Transgorian. Though some educators cite the disastrously low SAT scores as evidence of a more general decline in the quality of education due to government cutbacks, most directly blame the newly revised test. President of the College Testing Service Fred Hargadon still defends the SAT. "This year's test was revised from last year's in order to eliminate any social or economic bias," Hargadon explained. "I think we accomplished that. Everybody but Mr. Transgorian did equally poorly on the test." When asked whether the test would be changed next year, Hargadon replied with astonishment, "Why? Next year Harold will be in college and won't be taking the SAT. Then *everybody* will do horribly on it, and *all* bias will have been removed."

US TRIVIA

2 On a hot summer night in 1976, Mrs. Enid Fishman caused the New York City power blackout. Remember how?



Howell Hsiao



Howell Hsiao

1 In 1957, this sniper climbed to the top of the Sioux City Civic Center and shot forty-five Sioux City citizens before he was sequestered by several Sioux City civil servants. Can you name this man and his excuse?



Peter Stamatz

3 Most historians agree that the plague, which wiped out one-third of Europe during the Middle Ages was bad news. But few authorities know the rat vendor who started it. Do you?

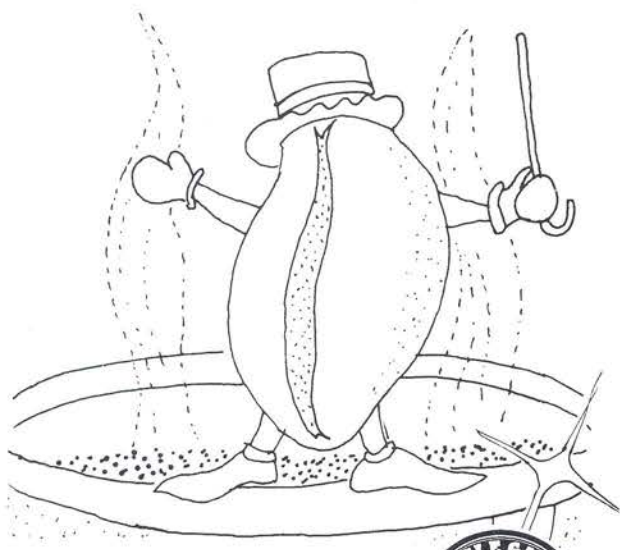


(1) The sniper is Cecil Sasson. His alibi: "I didn't know the gun was loaded." (2) Miss Enid Fishman caused the massive NYC power failure in 1976 when she plugged her portable television into the same socket which held her refrigerator, toaster, curling iron, electric juicer, and can opener. Her husband warned her against it, which made it worse, somehow. "I'm really sorry, New York," she told the newspapers the next day. (3) Klaus Kremmer, whose rat vending cart made way for the latter day "ice-cream cart." (4) John Wig invented the Wig by sneaking up on sleeping relatives and cutting all their hair off.

4 Inventor John Wig used to do something to his family that made them hate him. What was it that he did, and what famous invention did he leave to the world of today?

ANSWERS

Fresh from the Bean
(finely crafted cappuccino)



**OLD UNCLE
CAYLORD'S**



636 Emerson Palo Alto 326 1809
noon midnight everyday

Looked everywhere?



..now try us!

STANFORD BOOKSTORE

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305
(415) 329-1217



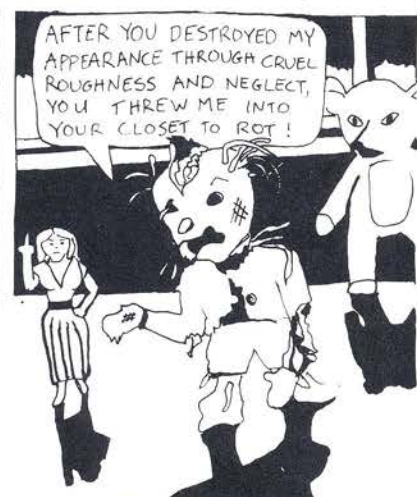
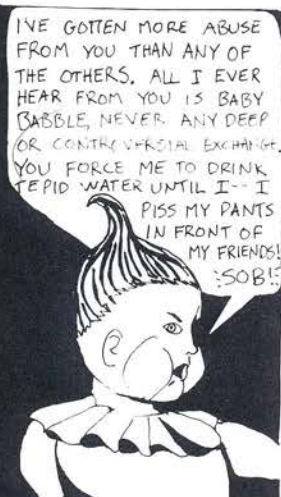
M-F 7:45-5:30 Thurs til 9pm Sat 8:30-5:30

The Stanford Chaparral would like to thank the ladies and gentlemen at Letraset-USA for their very, very generous donation. In our hearts and on our pages, Letraset materials are number one

Letraset *with the lettering*

Goodbye Dolly

by Steve Ballinger



GREEN

Asphalt

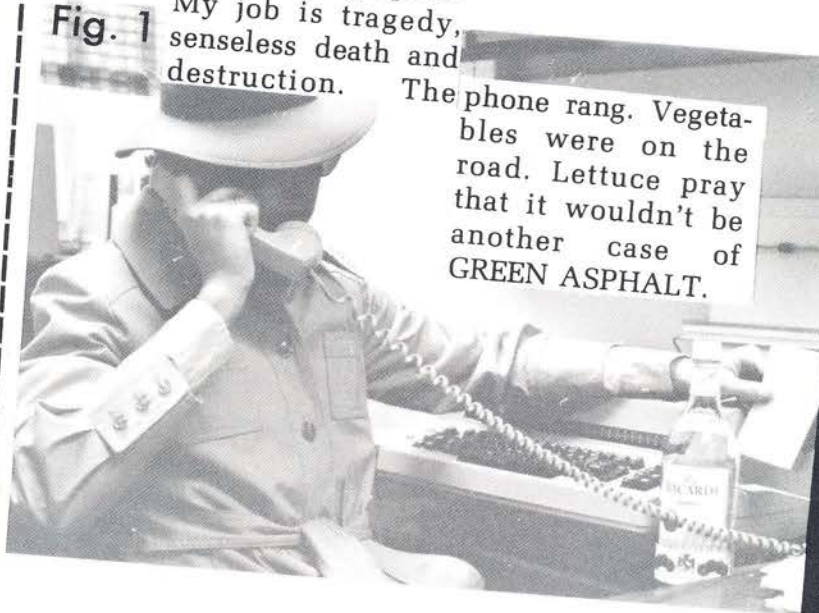
SUB-HUMAN SAFETY



by
John Halamka

5:20 AM. . . The name's Irving Spade. My job is tragedy, senseless death and destruction.

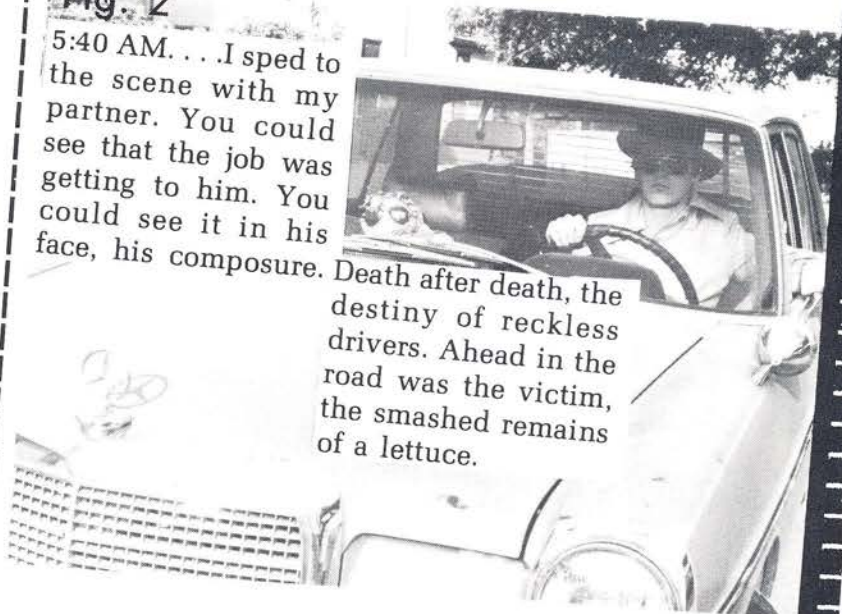
Fig. 1



The phone rang. Vegetables were on the road. Lettuce pray that it wouldn't be another case of GREEN ASPHALT.

Fig. 2

5:40 AM. . . I sped to the scene with my partner. You could see that the job was getting to him. You could see it in his face, his composure.



Death after death, the destiny of reckless drivers. Ahead in the road was the victim, the smashed remains of a lettuce.

5:45 AM. . . Jutting from the pavement like an iceberg in asphalt, the tossed greenery oozed in the roadway. I did all I could to keep my breakfast down.

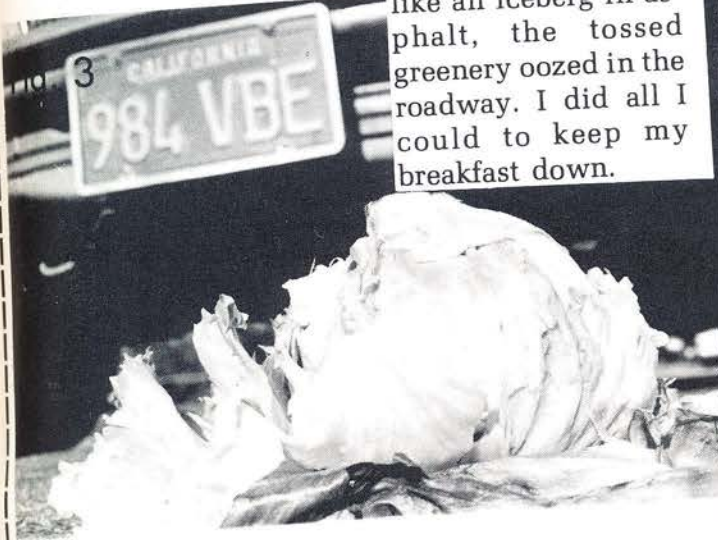
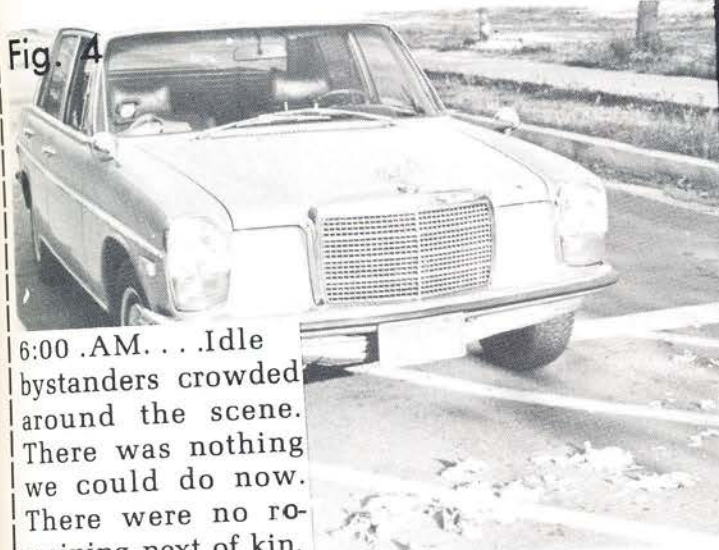
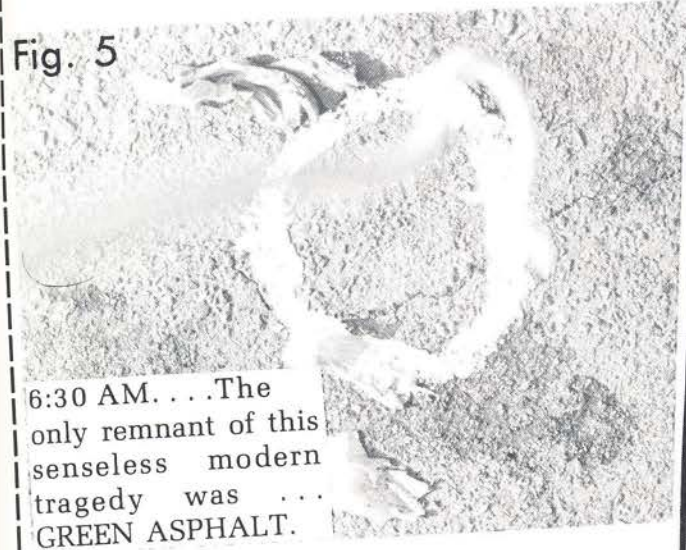


Fig. 4



6:00 AM. . . Idle bystanders crowded around the scene. There was nothing we could do now. There were no remaining next of kin.

Fig. 5



6:30 AM. . . The only remnant of this senseless modern tragedy was . . . GREEN ASPHALT.

Fig. 6

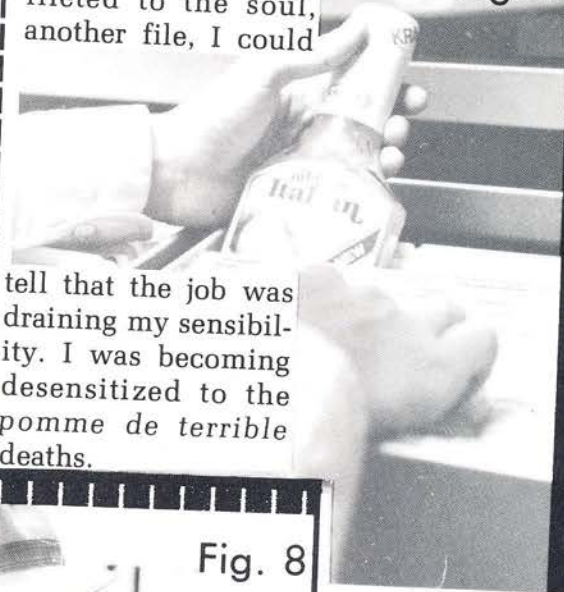
12:30 PM. . . It was a long day, from tragedy to tragedy;



epithelial flesh lying tattered in the road, dripping with the fluids of life. Nothing is safe from the careless driver and the horror of. . . GREEN ASPHALT.

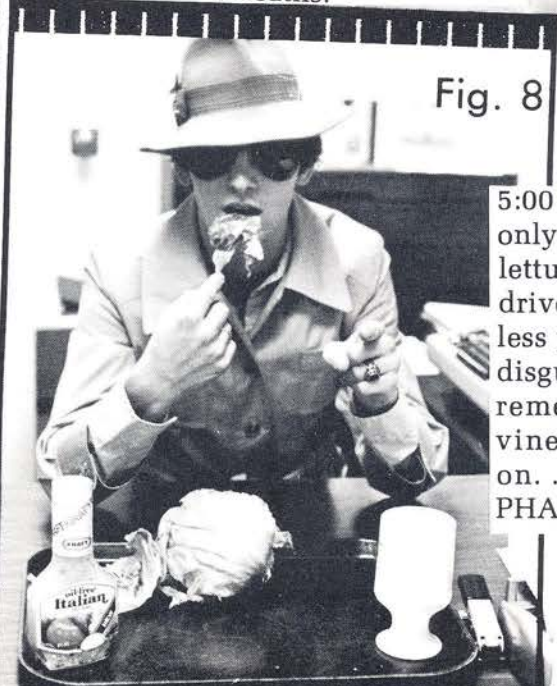
Fig. 7

4:30 PM. . . Another day, another victim fileted to the soul, another file, I could



tell that the job was draining my sensibility. I was becoming desensitized to the pomme de terrible deaths.

Fig. 8



5:00 PM. . . Remember, only you can prevent lettuceed tires. Don't drive carelessly unless you seek a puree disgusting fate. And remember, oil and vinegar don't mix on. . . GREEN ASPHALT.

ONA EGY.
STAFF



Saturday, May 2 8:00 p.m.
Sunday, May 3 1:30 p.m.
Memorial Auditorium, Stanford University

MOVIE WORD IS OUT

ND SOCIAL - 7:30 PM

B

SCO GAY MEN'S CHORUS
"OFFEE HOUSE" AT 8:30
TER THE PERFORMANCE.

A STRAIGHT ONE?
OUT, CALL FOR LOCATI

CALL FOR MORE DETAIL
D FIRE HOUSE - END F

ents Tape" a

John Anderson for ASSU Senate



Qualifications: Lecturer for Political Science Dept.
U.S. Congressman from Illinois
Presidential candidate 1980

Platform: 50¢ tax on every athletic shoe bought by Stanford students. This tax will use market mechanisms to force students to conserve energy for their studies. The revenue from this tax will go to older students, whose funds are being thoughtlessly cut off by the current administration.

I believe that there is a *real* place for the ASSU to make statements on *national* and *international* issues. I know I listen to students — they're the only people who voted for me.

Better food, shorter lines, easier homework, higher grades — that's the Anderson difference.

Make History — Elect John Anderson to Something

MOTORCYCLE
FOR
SALE

30 HONDA

LIKE NEW - JUST

800 "SOFT" (on the

Must Sell - No

1550/80

CALL EYES AND
ADVANTAGE OF N
DILEMAMA



ush Mama

A powerful and realistic portrait
of urban black America, depicting
the life of a woman in Watts.



TIION '81

A N O T H E R H I L L E R

by Steve Kessler



Anne Bekker

Alan Hiller always felt queasy when the month of April arrived, and even the assurance that he had already lived through twenty-four of them didn't make him feel any better. Each year, at sometime in April, Jupiter lined up directly in front of Uranus, causing a strange gravitational attraction between the two planets which slightly shifted the orbital pattern of Saturn for a few seconds. For most of the three billion people on Earth, this event was of little importance and passed each year without fanfare. But the mere mention of this occurrence made Alan shake, and for a very good reason.

These were the precise conditions that made Spontaneous Human Disintegration possible.

The Encyclopedia Britannica classified Spontaneous Human Disintegration as a rare disease that "was only noticed after it was too late." Basically, a man or woman would be standing around feeling fine one minute, when suddenly they would "disintegrate into a small pile of gray ashes between four and six inches high, depending on the size and weight of the victim." And although the encyclopedia comforted its readers by telling them that in the entire history of mankind, only fifteen people had ever perished from this disease, this fact was not of much comfort to Alan.

Of the fifteen people who mysteriously died by Spontaneous Human Disintegration, eleven of them were in Alan's family.

When Alan would try to tell his doctor about the possibility of his disintegrating at any time, the doctor would just laugh and read the same passage about Spontaneous Human Disintegration out of his medical encyclopedia that he had been reading to the boy since Alan was fourteen years old.

"Alan, it says right here that Spontaneous Human Disintegration is not a genetic disease," he'd start, ignoring the fact that, with the exception of one great uncle, every male in the Hiller family had died of this disease since 1911. "And even if it was, what could we do? The disease has no known symptoms. None of the victims has ever complained in the least before the thing happened."

The doctor could never find the right words to explain what it was that exactly happened to Alan's father, and his grandfather, and his grandfather's father, and eight other cousins and uncles in Alan's family. However, that was not so important.

What's important Alan," the doctor continued, "is that you're as healthy as a horse, and as the books say, you wouldn't experience any symptoms anyway. All those people, it's like they never knew what hit 'em. It's hard to explain, son."

What was even harder to explain was that Alan could feel it coming, and he had no way to prove it.

Alan's father used to feel queasy in April too, but no one would believe him. The last time Alan saw his father was on the third Saturday in April, 1977. They were home together sitting on a couch, watching an NBC baseball "Game of the Week."

"Alan, how long does it take your mother to buy enough food for a couple of sandwiches?" his father muttered.



Organic crystal with double refracting quality is made by melting human tissue into powderlike form.

"I'm hungry too, Dad."

"I hate these damn Red Sox. Do we have any beer, Alan?"

"You just drank the last one, Dad." Alan bent down to tie his shoelace.

"Except Yastremski. Now Yastremski is a good ballplayer. I like that Carl Yastrem—"

That was the last sentence that John Hiller ever spoke. When Alan looked up, he was sitting next to a small triangular pile of gray powder. He did not see his father evaporate, but he did hear one tiny, very distinct sound.

It was a "poof."

And then there was the story about Alan's first cousin, Jeffrey Hiller. It happened to Cousin Jeff in church, on his Confirmation Day. The entire Hiller family looked on with great joy as Jeff received the sacrament from the priest.

"From this day forth you shall be called Jeffrey Peter Christopher Hiller." As the priest's hand reached out for Cousin Jeff's forehead, one small sound broke the silence of the church.

"Poof."

All the priests said it was a miracle.

But Alan knew it was not a miracle. And he knew it was not a miracle when his father's twin brothers, Ted and Fred Hiller, went into a men's room at a football game and never came out. And then there was his Cousin Ken, and his Uncle Joe, and his Grandpa Larry,

and his Great-Grandpa Ernie, and his Great-Great-Uncle Mike, and his Great-Great-Uncle Mike's sons, Peter and George. Were they all miracles? Alan thought not.

All these things ran through Alan's mind as he drove his car to his girlfriend's house, to propose marriage to a girl who knew nothing about his past.

Lynn Handy had no idea of the proposal that was on her boyfriend's mind that night as she set the table, but it had occurred to her that she would not mind marrying Alan if he did ever happen to ask. Being Mrs. Lynn Hiller made a lot of sense; Alan would always work hard and be a good provider, at least a better one than she could ever be. Lynn's high school diploma was obtained by answering an ad on the back of a pack of matches, and she only got that because Alan helped her with the final exam.

"Ma, start making the salad. Alan'll be here any minute," Lynn yelled from the dining room, where she was folding napkins into small swans. She had seen some chef do it on the "Dinah" show, and could not wait to try it herself.

"Don't rush me." The reply came from the kitchen, where Mrs. Handy stood spitting into a pan to see if the teflon was hot enough.

"Ma, Alan don't like tomatoes. Don't use tomatoes, Ma." Lynn folded back the swan's tail.

"I don't care what he don't like." Mrs. Handy had to yell a little louder, because the spit on the pan's surface was starting to sizzle. "I think there's something wrong with him, Lynn. He doesn't like tomatoes, and he's always so quiet."

In the Handy household, that was a perfectly valid comparison.

"You just don't know him, Ma. He's real smart, and he talks a lot when he feels like it, and he likes a lot of vegetables that he likes."

And so the conversation continued until Alan arrived.

As Alan walked up the driveway, he resolved to be as blunt and honest as possible about the risks Lynn



Remnants of human tissue melted into powder is covered with a thin sheet of mica. Cooling powder grows downward from bottom of mica sheet, imitating its crystal structure.

would be taking when she married him. She was a good kid, as far as Alan was concerned, and what she lacked in I.Q. she made up for in kindness. Lynn deserved to get the truth, and she would get it right after dinner.

"Hi, Alan. Gimme your coat." She kissed him hello. "Ma, Alan's here."

"I hear him."

"Alan, go sit down and I'll put dinner on the table."

As Alan was sitting down, a voice came from the kitchen. "We can't eat until your father comes home."

"Ma, Alan's hungry now."

"I'm, not really that hungry." Alan thought that would end the argument, but the voice from the kitchen did not.

"You'll eat when Lynn's father comes home, Alan, unless you think you're something special."

"No, Mrs. Handy, I really don't—"

"Ma, don't talk to Alan that way." The phone started to ring.

"Don't be fresh to your mother, young lady." A second ring.

"Oh, Ma, you're ruining Alan's evening." The phone rang a third time. "Alan, get the phone goddammit, I'm busy."

"Lynn, try and calm your mother down."

"Ma, don't be such a fuck."

"Good job, Lynn." Alan picked up the phone and heard Mr. Handy at the other end. They started speaking. "Oh, yeah, hi, sir. What? Yes, they're fixing dinner now and I look forward — oh, you've decided not to come home for dinner — well, do you want to speak to Mrs. Handy — no, I can tell her if you want. You're welcome. Bye." Alan hung the phone on its receiver. During the twenty seconds he was on with Lynn's father, Mrs. Handy told her daughter that she was a bigger fuck, and not to talk to her mother that way anymore. Lynn retorted this way:

"Yeah, Ma, you're the one to talk."

Alan decided that this was as good a time as any to give Mrs. Handy the message. When he did give it to her, she did not take it well. She walked out of the kitchen, put a salad down in front of him, and said, "This is how I make my salads. With tomatoes. If you don't like tomatoes, you can eat somewhere else." Then she went into her bedroom and closed the door.

Lynn sat down at the table and tried to cheer Alan up. "How do you like the swans?"

"Huh?"

"The napkins — they're swans."

"They don't look like swans."

"You could be nice enough to say they looked like swans even if they didn't really," she said. "Alan, maybe we shouldn't see each other. Maybe you're too smart for both of us. Maybe you really are. I used to think about getting married to you Alan, but I couldn't — you're too weird."

Alan thought about how this really put a damper on things. He had come to Lynn's house ready to propose and tell the truth about himself, and now all that would just seem like an apology, like he didn't really mean it. Alan became overwhelmed. He thought about their

the STORE

at Tresidder



Open from
7:45 a.m.
to 9 p.m.
every day

497-4319



Whole grain bread, fresh juices, & more omelettes than your mom has recipes.



The Original

COOK BOOK
RESTAURANTS Inc.®

127 Town & Country Village
321-7500

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
BA. MA. SCHOOL EARTH SCIENCES
GEOLOGY

UNIVERSITY COLORADO
POLITICAL SCIENCE
(SUMMERS '69, '70)

MAURY M. TRAVIS
TRAVIS RESEARCH INTERNATIONAL

1369-C CAMINITO GABALDON
SAN DIEGO 92108

(714) 295-6264

9 AM - 9 PM Daily
9:30 - 7 Sundays
326-1930

student discount
prescription program,
check cashing,
& lots more.

Town & Country Pharmacy

Gary Andrews Campus Shell

Foreign and Domestic
Service and Repair
Shell Tires and Batteries

715 Serra, at Campus
328-7851



Superb dining . . .
reasonably priced in an
intimate atmosphere

Extensive menu
including fresh fish daily
bass, salmon, snapper

Henry's

482 University Ave.
Palo Alto, 326-5680

lunch
from 11:30

dinner
from 5:30



wedding, and having to explain why there were no males on his side of the family. He thought about his children, playing on Grandma's knee one minute, going "poof" the next, and trying to explain to Mrs. Handy that it wasn't her fault. He thought about making Lynn a young widow. He thought about Jupiter and Uranus tugging at each other. He thought that Lynn should be tested.

"Lynn, you're right, we could never get married."

"Alan, you're right. Go home."

Alan watched Lynn get up and run into her mother's bedroom, crying into one of her deformed swans. Alan thought it would be best to just wait until she came out, so he looked down at his salad and started to pick out the tomatoes. He could not hear what was being said in the bedroom.

Lynn's mother was in bed, watching reruns. When she looked up and saw her daughter upset, she forgot about everything that had gone on earlier.

"Mommy, I just told Alan to leave, but I don't mean it. I don't want him to go away."

"He won't go anywhere Lynn, don't worry." In a lifetime of observing men, Mrs. Handy had learned a



Hardened disk is single crystal with the same double refracting for properties as calcite. Crystalization of human relationships allows for maximum "shatter factor" which may then be utilized in the relief of constrained affairs. In case of emergency, take hammer and tap lightly around the edges.

few things. "Sit with me and watch T.V. for a while, then go back out. He'll apologize." Mrs. Handy knew Alan would apologize because deep down in her heart, she really thought he was a worm.

They sat and watched the television. Lynn was thinking about going back out to Alan, when she thought she heard the front door close very softly, like someone was sneaking out.

"Ma, did you hear the door?"

"That wasn't the door. It sounded like the faucet let go of a big drip."

"Ma, it was too loud to be a drip. That was the door."

"Just sit still Lynn."

"Ma, I'm sure that was the door." Lynn ran out of her mother's room to see what Alan was doing.

But he was already gone. ☞

K Z S U

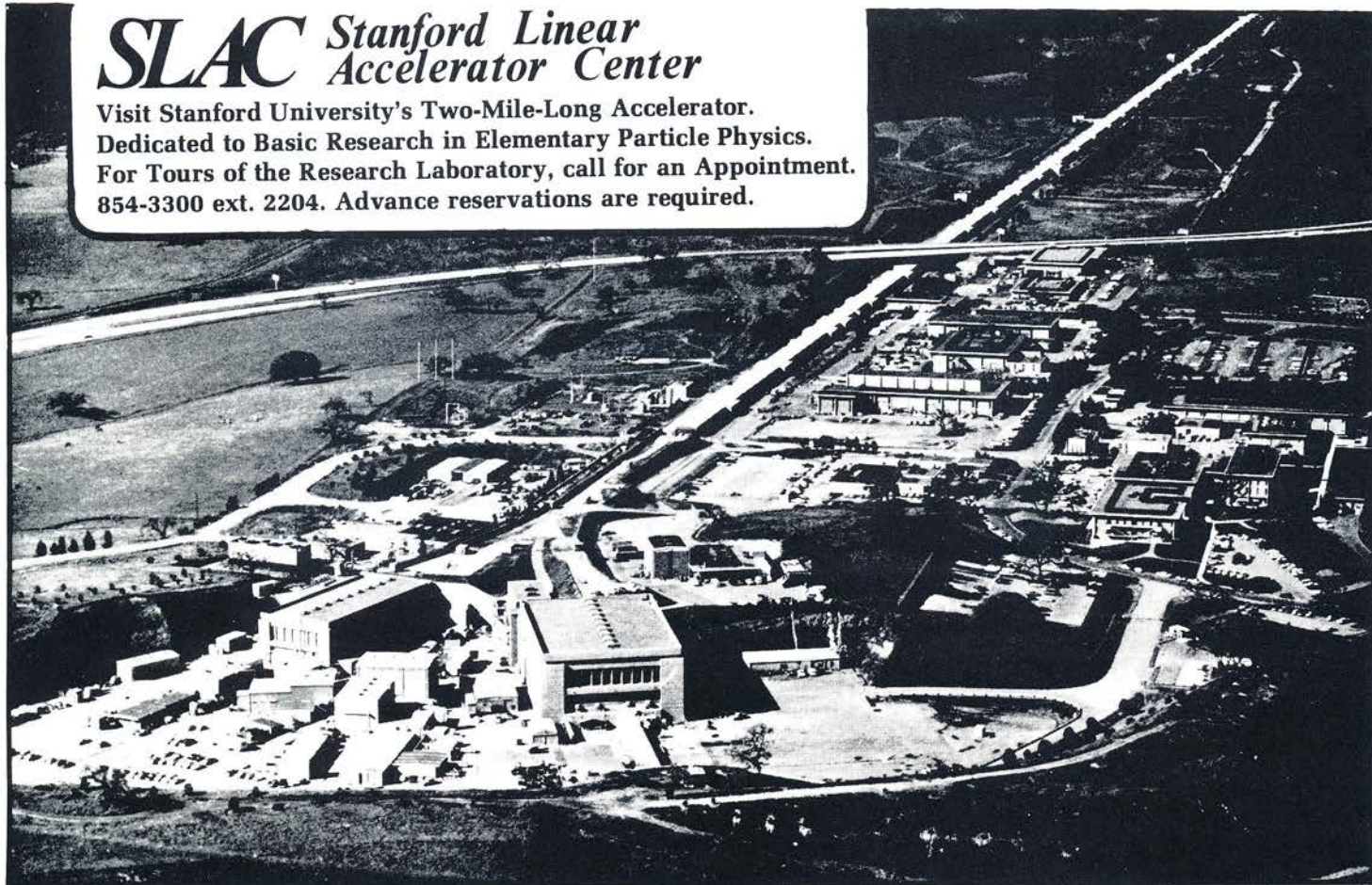
SUMMER JAM

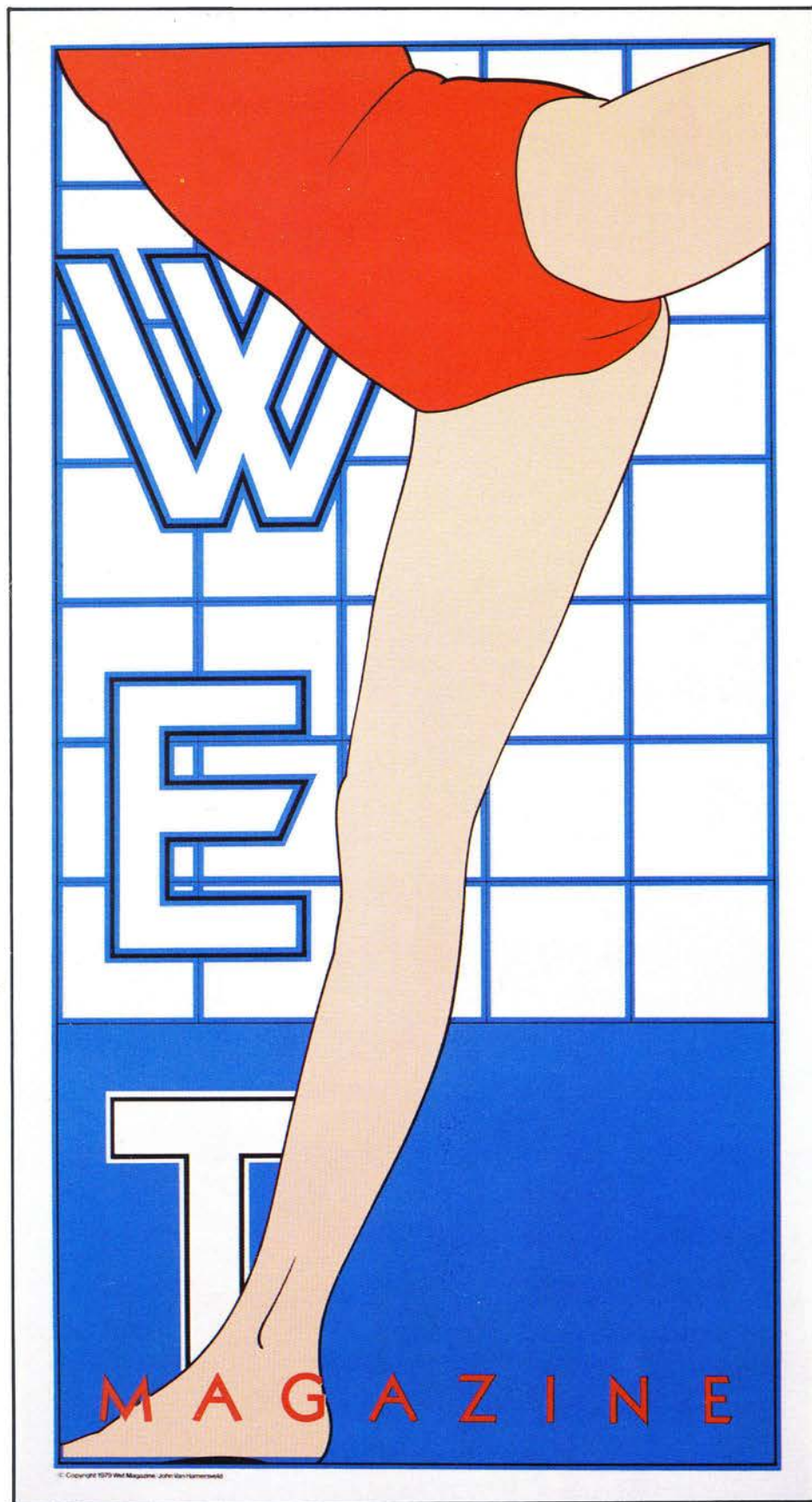
On KZSU 90.1 FM

Monday, June 29th — Sunday, July 5th
The Music Meals Expand!
Every Monday — Thursday, 5pm - 7pm
Starting Monday, July 6th on KZSU

SLAC *Stanford Linear Accelerator Center*

Visit Stanford University's Two-Mile-Long Accelerator.
Dedicated to Basic Research in Elementary Particle Physics.
For Tours of the Research Laboratory, call for an Appointment.
854-3300 ext. 2204. Advance reservations are required.





ORIGINAL SILKSCREEN PRINT

by John Van Hamersveld

Limited edition (750) signed and numbered. 20½" x 38¾". Published exclusively for WET Magazine by Mirage Editions. Print available from Mirage Editions, 1662 12th St., Santa Monica, CA 90404 (213) 450-1129. Send \$35 (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax) plus \$3 for postage and handling.