

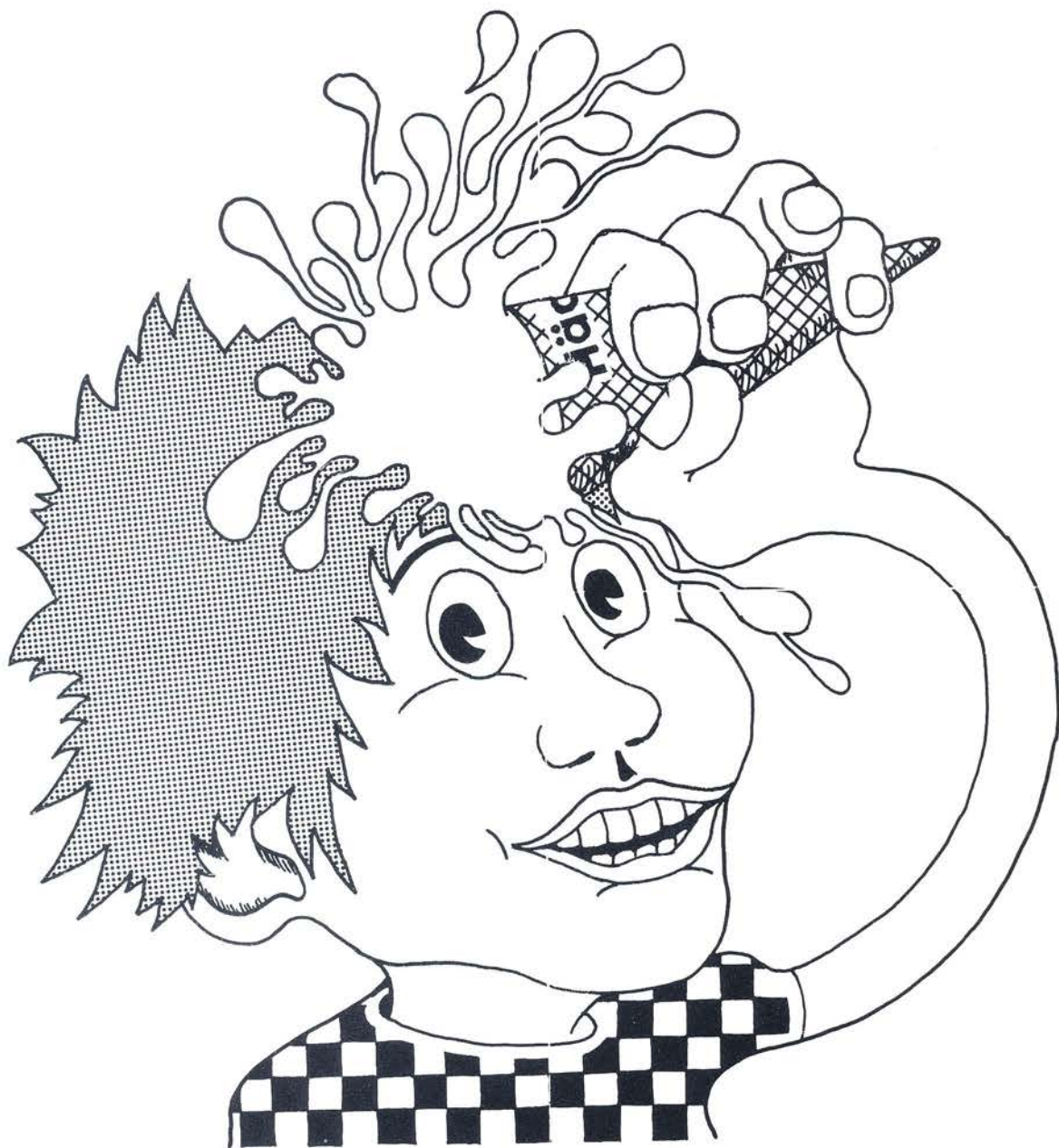
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The Humor Magazine

Autumn 1981 \$1.00



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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 83, Number 1/September 1981

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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. Copyright 1981 by The Stanford Chaparral. All rights reserved. You must learn to study more efficiently—now skip over this fine print and get to the jokes; they're all at least 9 point. Does your Resident Fellow have a drinking problem? Let us know. Send pictures. Editor, Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, California 94305.

you, and it is the overriding reason why people come here. Pranks. Lots of them. The official rules are: on campus, anything goes. Don't worry—they never kick anybody out of this school. Besides, you know how badly they wanted you to come here. The admissions office told me you are probably the most talented and well-qualified matriculant in your class. A couple of pranks ought to prove it. Everyone is expecting big surprises from you and your new friends. Don't disappoint us.

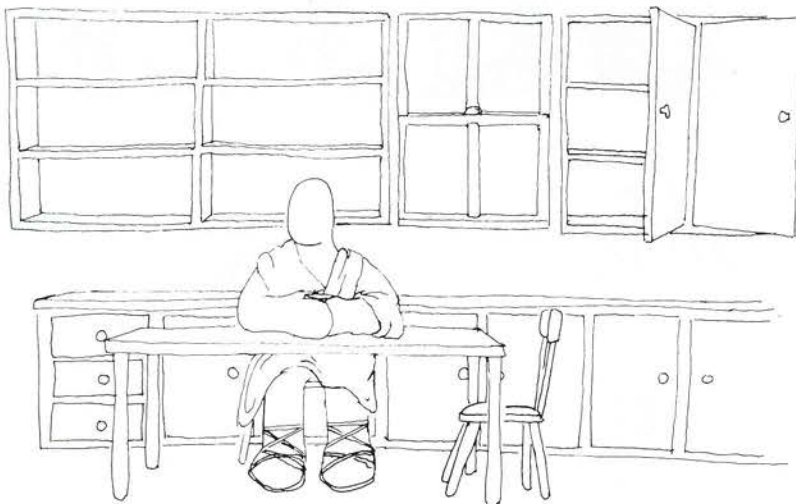
I feel a certain responsibility to prepare you as best I can for the coming year. You've probably heard it from a bunch of other people already, but I'll repeat it: the administration will not put up with a lack of protocol. Remember to address upperclassmen as "Leland sir" and "Jane ma'am." Definitely keep your deckers polished, books covered, and bed made tight. If you ever need medication, go straight to Cowell Infirmary and a competent doctor will help you. They're loose with syringes, etc. and there's always lots of pharmaceutical cocaine left lying around to satisfy rich alum's kids whose parents bought a four-year reprieve.

Some academic advice: Don't

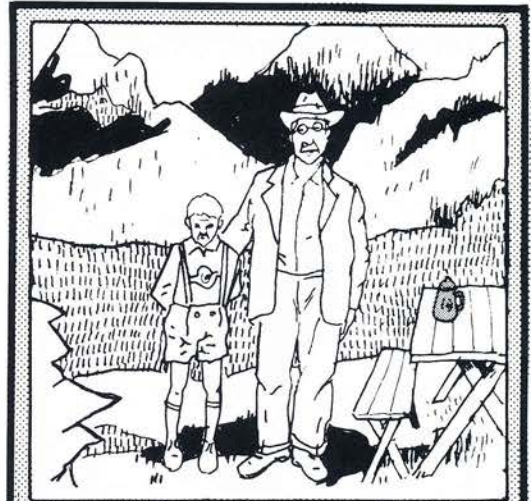
wait until the night before midterms to start copying over all your high school notes. Social advice: If you want to be zany and instantly popular, think of a new mascot, dress up as it, and collect signatures on a petition!

I wish I was capable of it, but I can't tell you everything to expect. It will be a lot like the Moonie Camp in Mendocino, but without the fun. (Kennedy argues with Sun Yung: "A farm's a farm.") Maybe you are here to learn; I trust you've had enough sex in high school to hold you over. Professors are accessible; they will talk to you as soon as you're a graduate student and have spoken well of them to their colleagues. Take advantage of Teaching Assistants and the Palo Alto Library. The Hoover Institute, right on campus, represents an opportunity to become involved in the revolutionizing of sixteenth-century thought.

In short, take advantage of the opportunities here, and take advantage of people everywhere. Look at it this way: this is Leland's backyard, and he's a spoiled kid but he's got some great stuff. So you have to put up with him while you try to get everything you can out of him. Have fun. ▶



Joseph during the immaculate conception.



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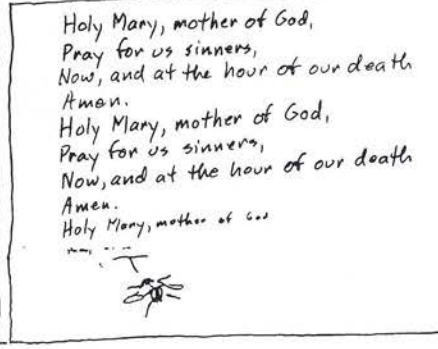
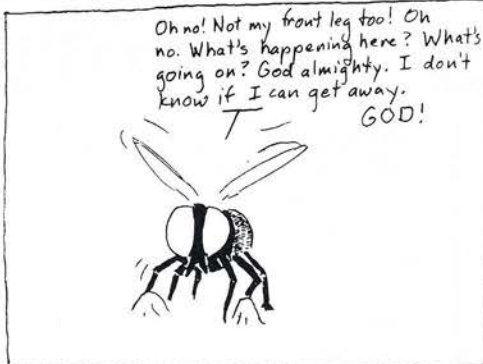
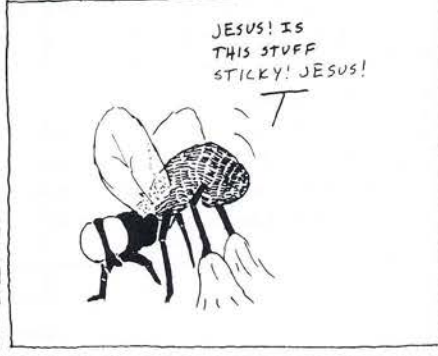
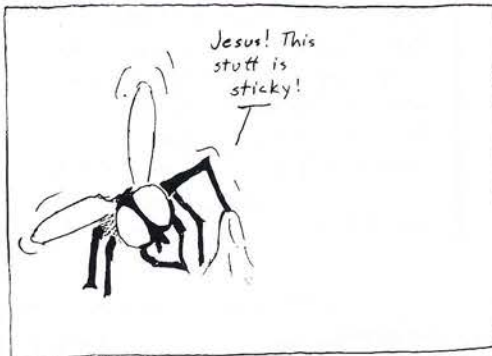
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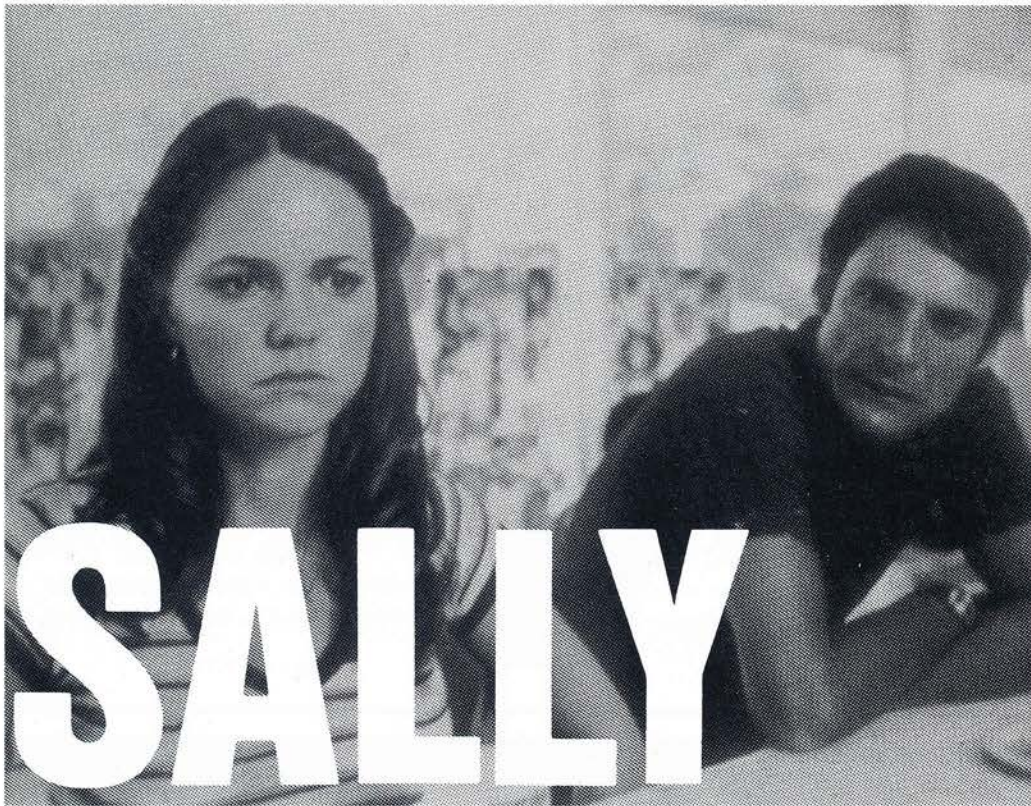
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fly



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)

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There was me, that is Alec, and my three droogs, that is Peter, George and Dense, Dense being really dense, and we sat in the Korova Koffeehouse making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The fellowveck sitting next to me, there being this long plushy seat running around three walls, was govereeting to some devotchka with bolshy groodies from whom, O my brothers, he obviously wanted some of the 'ol in-and-out. I could feel the knives from the cafeine starting to prick, and now I was ready for a bit of the ultra-studybreak myself.

We left the Koffeehouse and scatted out into the big autumnal nochy, looking for some nerdchicks to filly with. We found one, a doddery EE type, doing homework all by his



oddy nocky in the CERAS computer lounge. So we gollied up to him, very polite, and I said: 'Pardon me, brother. I see that you are not playing star trek. It is indeed a rare pleasure these days to come across somebody who still spends Saturday night without diversion, brother.'

'Oh,' he said, all shaky. 'Is it? Oh, I see.' And he kept vid-dying straight into the terminal screen as he crossed his pale forearms over a bolshy mountain of print-out.

'Yes,' I continued, 'It would certainly interest me greatly, brother, if you would kindly allow me to see the folded fruit of your labors that you have under your arms. I like nothing better in this world than a bit of well executed printout, brother.'

'But,' he tried, 'but, but.' And then Pete skvatted this pile of print away, knocking

On Exhibit Now



See It

sequoia

Travel

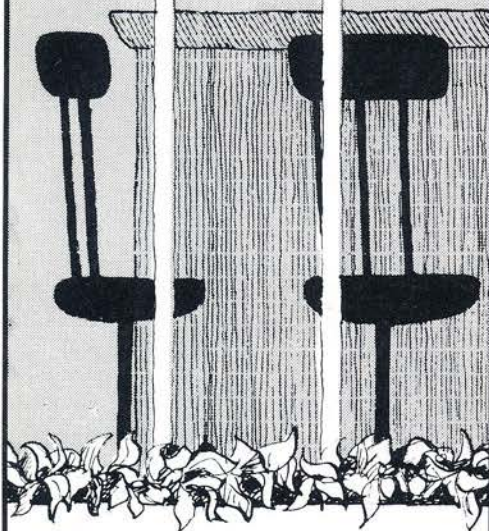
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over this spoinchick's freshly opened Tab and giving one end to George, they then proceeding to unbend and unbiddle. The oomny student-type began to creech: "But that's my term project! Stop! This is sheer wantonness and vandal work," or some such slovos. And he tried to sort of wrest the printouts back off us, which was like pathetic. "You deserve to be taught a lesson, brother," I said, "that you do." I then managed to razrez the object of his affliction to malenky bits and shove them in handfuls in the veck's spotty face.

Now as I was finishing kicking and tolchocking this piteous felloveck's guliver, what should I slooshy but the campus police siren in the distance, and it dawned on me that some other nerdchick must have been about and had phoned the millicents. So now, slooshying this fearsome shoorn of the rozz-van, I belted for the front door, but was grabbed and stopped by Dense. "You stay to meet 'em, wuh-huh-huh," he said in his dense way, as he fistmed me on the gulliver. Though momentarily dazed and immobile, I could still hear Dense's explanation, something concerning his owing me one for nicking his clothes when he was in the shower.

"A real treat this is," I suddenly heard an orifice-of-the-law's voice say as I was tolchocked very rough skorry like into the millicent van. "Little Alec all to ourselves." I creech out,

"I'm innocent, Bog bust and bleed you, you grahzny bastards. I was working on my computer file, I was. Where are my stinking traitorous droogs? They forced me to do it, Bog butcher you." Well, that was that. I knew those dirty bratchnies were going to finally get old Alec expelled from his beloved uniperversity, O my brothers. That was everything. I'd done the lot now. And me still only a freshman.

ENJOY

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pastry gobbling
pinballing
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salad munching
sandwiching
ticketing
traveling
lounging
relaxing



TRESIDDER
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how to definitely

"Women hate me because I'm fat"
"My nose is too big to ever get a really pretty girl."
"I'm skinny."
"I'm really Spanish, but the chiquitas think I'm Mexican."
"I'm ugly."

It's easy to complain.

You say the competition is too stiff. It's only the good looking guys who get the girls. So maybe you're not a Greek god. Few men are. But that doesn't mean that you haven't a chance.

Can I really compete for really pretty girls?

No, you can't.

Forget about pretty girls. When they're not dreaming up ways to play with your mind, they're either out seducing your best friend or locked up in a bathroom somewhere

forcing themselves to throw up the \$50 lunch they made you buy them so they can stay skinny. Nope, pretty girls are trouble.

Can I score with regular looking women?

What for?

So what's left?

Plenty. With umpteen billion females in the world, it's a veritable smorgasbord of women. But even at a smorgasbord, not everyone can have the prime ribs. But that doesn't mean that the chopped liver isn't just as good, and there's usually not even a line around it.

You mean?

Right. Why bother with the 18-34 crowd, when women under age ten and over age ninety are just as much fun, much more appreciative, and a lot easier to score with.

Under 10

Now before you go running off and hiding under a bed screaming "I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to go to jail!", take a moment to logically consider why eight, nine, and ten year old girls may be right for you. The "under ten" set is pretty without being showy, honest without being brutal, and sweet without being phony. Best of all (and remarkably enough), *there's almost no competition!* Most ten year old boys have no money, and if you have enough spare change to buy a Good Humor bar, you've got a foot in the door.

It's easy from here, because ten year old girls aren't very smart and will do anything you tell them. Because they're so young, they don't mind *trying* things. And in an emergency, the slightest provocation of "betcha can't betcha can't" on your part will make them do things you'd bet they could, but never dreamed they would.

It's enough to make you think that five to ten years isn't such a long time at all.

Over 90

This is the part that really turns a lot of guys off. Many men have expressed to me their feeling that they can't even imagine what it would be like to have sex with a woman who had reached her peak when Europe was still one big country. "It would be like having sex with your grandmother, only much, much worse," is what most men think. But some men, like your grandfather, would be happy to have sex with your grandmother, if only she would stay awake long enough.

The key to having fun with a "sexy senior citizen" is *optimism*. For example, many women over ninety years of age wear dentures, and you know what that means. Right. They come out. Aren't things looking a little brighter already?



pick up girls

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF DATING WOMEN UNDER 10 AND OVER 90

- Advantages — Under 10
1. It's easy to beat them in games.
 2. They don't have any cellulite.
 3. They never fake orgasm.
 4. Can't tell the difference between hamburgers and real food.
 5. They're almost all virgins.
 6. It doesn't cost you as much to take them to the movies.

- Disadvantages Under 10
1. They grow up.

- Advantages — Over 90
1. It's hard to get them pregnant.
 2. You don't have to worry about long term relationships.
 3. They never fake orgasm.
 4. They have lots of money.
 5. You meet very few virgins.
 6. You can do whatever you want to them because their memories are so bad.

- Disadvantages Over 90
1. They die.

DATING DO'S AND DONT'S


- Under 10
- DO tell her how old she looks.
- DO take her out. Kids are people too. Make yours a give and take relationship.
- DO insist on her calling you "Uncle" in public.
- DON'T give her anything with your name on it. Written evidence is deadly.
- DON'T let her memorize your license plate.
- DON'T tell her where you live.
- DON'T (most importantly) get caught.

- Over 90
- DO tell her how young she looks.
- DO ask her how she's feeling, but only if you're not in a rush to get anywhere.
- DON'T get involved with her friends. The last thing you need is for her to find another woman's surgical stocking on your back seat.
- DON'T yell into her ear. She can probably hear just fine, and you'll only offend her.

CONCLUSION: A HAPPY LIFE, A HAPPY ENDING

There is a famous anecdote about a conversation between Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, and his illustrator, John Tenniel. It seems that Tenniel had a penchant for elderly ladies and wanted to draw Alice as a very old woman. When he asked the lackadaisical Carroll just what it was that he admired in young girls, Carroll spoke these immortal words — "What, John? Little girls? Oh yes, I like them very much. Oh, yes, indeed I do. Little girls, you say? Yes, I suppose so. How I do adore them. Oh yes. Indeed I do."

Tenniel went away disheartened. It is said that the only times he ever enjoyed drawing pictures of Alice was when he fantasized about how she would look as an old lady.

Which one of these men was right? It's for you to choose. Either way you decide to go, you'll probably end up grinning like the Cheshire Cat. 



A fast-food tragedy
in three acts

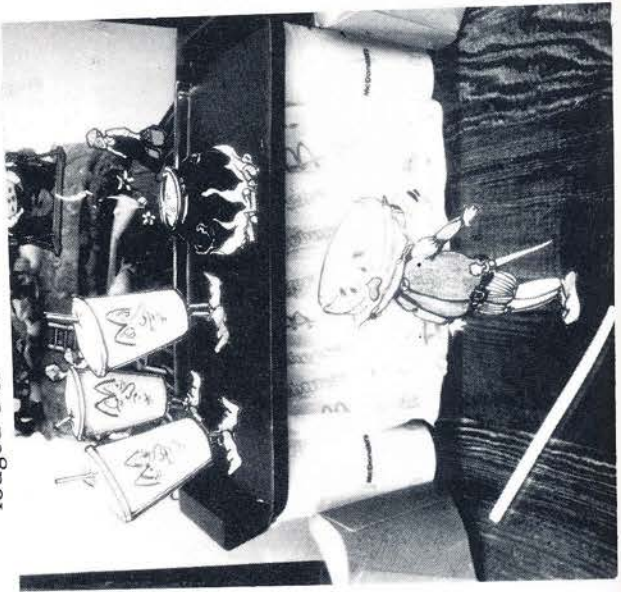
by Jay Martel

Mac Muffin!

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 katsup 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 heard? 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

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?

SH. 3 You, you're the one.

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 keopectate:

Thick we are, for of all milk we're rid.

Will you drink it here or would you like a lid?

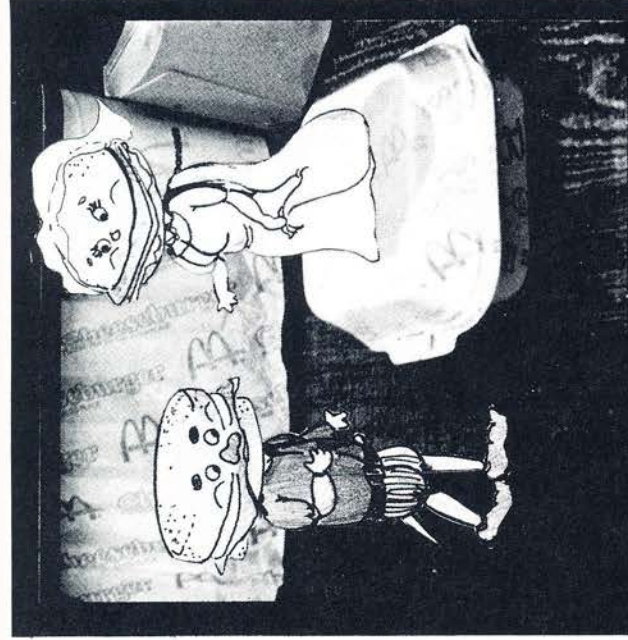
(Exeunt.)

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



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

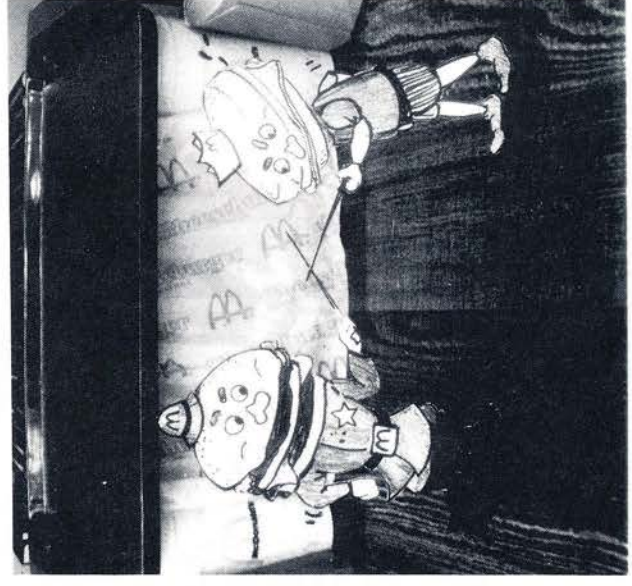
To lunch, Macmuffin, and I will join thee

of late.

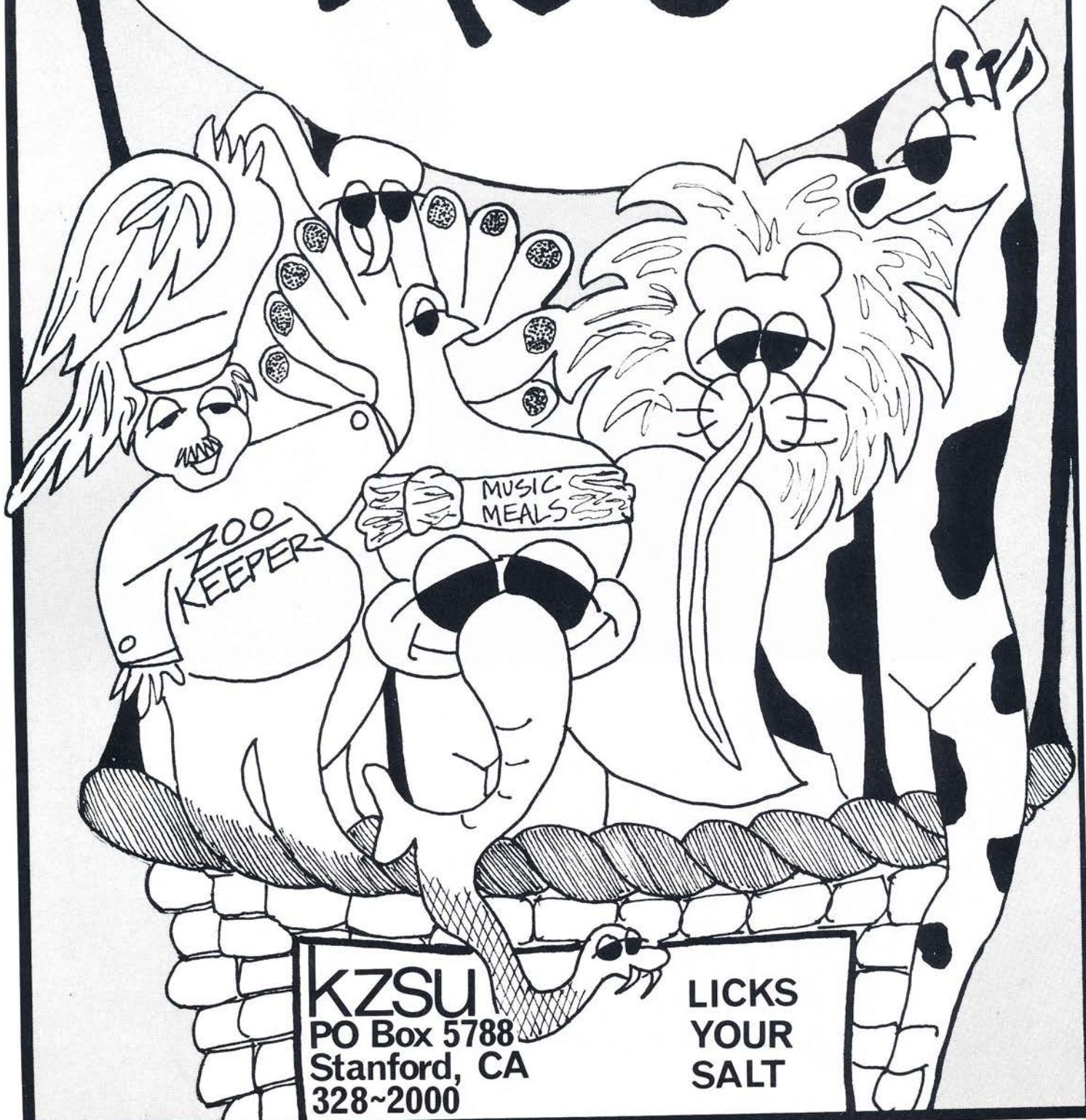
To my container I'll retire, for twenty

winks to take.

(Exeunt.)



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**LICKS
YOUR
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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 fi:in
of my deed,
Doth brew beyond the reach of any
seltzer'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.
Alas; 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.)



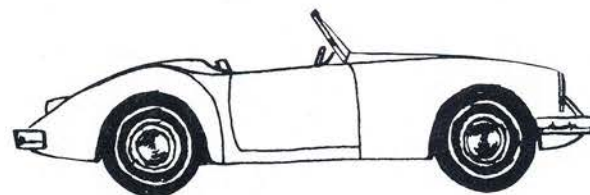
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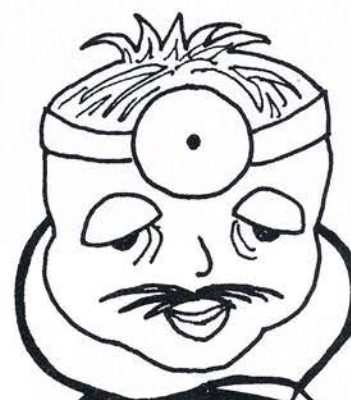
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SEPARATE TALES OF BANALITY

I

The middle aged railroad car chugged across the horizonless desert, pulled by an engine that would be extensively overhauled in a few evanescent months. The engineer, brakeman, and attendant were in the cab of the engine smoking marijuana, "the common man's mescalito" as Don Aldock once nomenclatured. The other five passengers were either dozing or attempting to. The baggage compartment was temporarily fixated.

My memories of the last visit to Don Aldock are vaguely vivid, that is to say I will never forget what happened, but I'm not quite sure exactly what *did* happen. As I prepared to depart, quite pleased with what I had learned, Don Aldock had bared his teeth to the sun for the first time since I had met him, that is to say, he smiled. I had expected perhaps a capsulizing quote to capture the essence of my experience, or perhaps congratulations for the rapidity with which I absorbed his abstruse yet wholly meaningful philosophy.

"Well," I offered, "it's been real."

II

"Ronrico," he maintained his smile, "was this a dream or just an illusion?"

"I'm sorry, Don Aldock, I do not understand."

"What is life for?"

"Don Aldock, that is a veiled extrapolation of Mokaba's paradox. It is like asking what is food for, followed 'what is eating for.'"

"What is eating for?"

"Sustenance."

"Good. What is living for?"

I winced, then winced again when I realized that Don Aldock detected my first wince. I remembered the tale of Senor Winces, who was buried alive by his superstitious comrades who assigned a sequitor relationship to his sour expressions and the invariable misfortunes that followed.

"Please, my star disciple, tell me, for I must fill this gap in my knowledge."

I laughed, hoping Don Aldock would interpret this as one of my "I understand, what a fool I have been" self deprecations. He nodded, and I translated

this as either a sign of patriarchal approval or of some drug taking effect.

"Life is often meaningless," I regurgitatingly ventured, "a series of hollow pleasures. Life as we know it must recognize a cosmic consciousness. As the Hindus say, 'Allah' is everywhere. Allah be seeing you."

"Ronrico," he deflated, "there never was life as we know it."

III

I went back to America and returned to my job as a cult hero. But I felt a tug as I sipped my morning coffee and pondered the verities of *Time* magazine. I was reading about how some savage stumbled upon a lost tribe of archeologists in South America. The resulting publicity altered their lifestyle so greatly they had no alternative but to retreat to civilization, for they could no longer cope without reality. My wife was shaking me, telling me I would be late for work.

"You know so much about life," she taunted, "why can't you get to work on time?"

"Because it's not important."

"It's important. It's important. The dishwasher's broken. I'm pregnant. We're out of dope. It's important. How are we gonna pay for these things when you get fired?"

"Why don't you mind your own business, and while you're at it, why don't you busy your own mind. One should be able to live prosperously on one's personal resources."

"You're so full of garbage. Do you think getting high with some wetback's gonna give you all the answers? I don't think anybody even cares what you say, your mind is so —"

"That's not true."

"scrambled by those weird cactuses —"

"That is not true!"

"you eat and then puke up a minute later."

"That's not true," I exploded. "When I speak, people hear!"

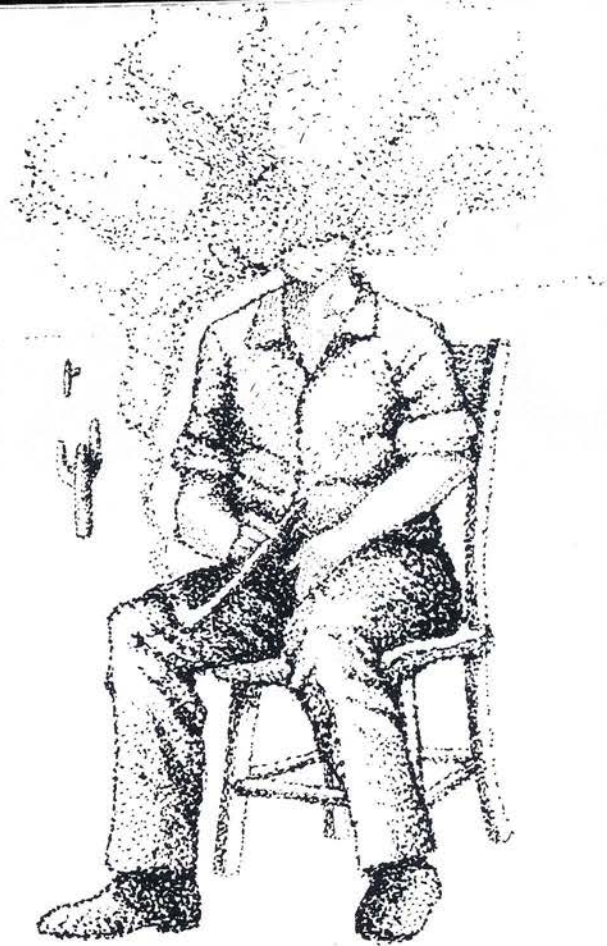
IV

The old man next to me awoke from a grumbling slumber. His shirt was a massive perspiration stain. He smelled like a locker room. His name was Old Jim Towels.

Old Jim Towels snorted, his head spasmed under a crumpled white Panama hat, and his arms shook, spilling a flask of whiskey all over the right leg of my pants. His voice rumbled like a mudslide out of the bottom of his parched throat.

"Sure is hot, huh, kid."

"Heat is a personal conception. Since heat comes from the oft-worshipped sun, there are many tribes that feel a scorching temperature is a present from



the gods that they are simply too mortal to use to their advantage. Fire, the physical embodiment of heat, is the most powerful symbol imaginable to them. It is tribal custom to present fire to others on celebratory occasions. Even the Western world has adopted this, it is the tradition of the "house-warming gift."

At least Old Jim Towels was no longer snoring beside me. He was snoring in the seat in front of me.

"Greetings."

An elderly Mexican man, enshrouded in a beige serape, tapped me on the shoulder. His visage was very similar to Don Aldock's, and his beard was cut in quite the same manner, that is to say, not at all. His eyes had the look of a man of knowledge, and his dilated pupils confirmed this.

"You are Ronrico, the young friend of Don Aldock's."

"Guilty on both counts," as I playfully poked him in the stomach.

"Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm a man of knowledge. I've been around for long, long years, stolen many a man's soul and faith. Pleased to meet you, hope you've guessed my name."

"You must be Don Drysdale, the wise man of the Dazierre region. Don Aldock speaks highly of you."

"Don Aldock cannot speak any other way."

I was confused, and lapsed into my smiling act.



Don Drysdale, I immediately discovered, would not laugh at his own joke.

"Come," he beckoned, "you must meet my traveling companion, Santiago Koefax. He is an apprentice Man of Knowledge, a Man of Some Good Ideas."

Santiago Koefax was a young man, his demeanor not unlike my own. He extended his left hand for me to shake. We shared a firm, extended mutual grip.

"Shake it three times and you're playing with it," I volunteered.

"Shake it *three hundred* times and you're playing with it," he countered.

We shared a wholesome laugh. I got the end slice, so he began.

"What is reality?"

"In twenty-five words or less?"

"If you're giving me an option, I'll mercifully choose 'less', since it might be quite difficult for you to utilize *exactly* twenty five words.

"One is capable of focusing his mind on one subject, is one not? Does one not then, have the power to choose his own reality?"

"I'm sorry, I must not have been paying attention. Could you repeat that?"

V

Santiago Koefax clapped me on the shoulder, and

offered me a pipe of Don Drysdale's special cactus mixture.

"No thanks, I'm trying to cut down," I sheepishly declined. I had not seen Mescalito in some time, and wanted to wait until Don Aldock and I were reunited.

"Ronrico," Don Drysdale tossed, "has it ever occurred to you that the cosmos were constructed solely for the entertainment of a superior being? Perhaps Mescalito is just playing a game with himself. Maybe the rules are that several civilizations have been placed on different planets, each starting with the same basic technology —"

"That is to say, none?"

"Correct. Each planet develops its own technology. Perhaps they reach a level of satisfaction —"

At this point he laughed, precipitating a coughing fit. He had a drink of water and continued.

"But this is highly unlikely, wouldn't you say?"

I smiled and nodded.

"So each civilization frantically pursues this goal of technological perfection. And when the civilization of one planet is advanced enough to contact civilization on another planet . . . BOOM."

"Boom?"

"Those two are out of the game. My people fear technology for this reason. We would rather till the soil with our hands than use so much as a stick and risk annihilation. So you shouldn't spend all your time pondering life, for ultimately, it will prove to be no more than a game."

"This reminds me of a tale Don Aldock once related to me. There was a mythical tribe that actually existed many years ago called the Syreos Nation. None of the members were allowed to laugh, those who did were made into soup, except those who were too imporrigeable. Actually, I can't remember the story, but I recall Don Aldock's summing comments:

'When he who is serious

Looks in the mirror, he is

Confronted by his reflection.'

"We must disembark now," Don Drysdale apologized. "I'm glad to have met you. Remember, life is a game. Be life."

"Be a game?"

VI

Soon after Don Drysdale left the train, I was conquered by drowsiness. The next thing I remember was being poked by the attendant who was telling me to get off because it was my stop. Don Aldock was just pulling up to the depot in his old pickup truck when I stepped off the train.

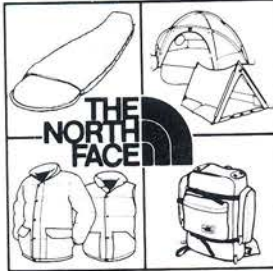
"Who do you think you are?" he blurted, his standard greeting.

"I think I'm me."

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He clutched me to his thin yet masterful body, embraced me, then spun the truck around and raced toward his home.

"We have so much to talk about, Don Aldock."

"I have much to tell you. You have much to listen to. Ronrico, which of these doesn't belong: a. black; b. white; c. gray?"

"I could only guess, Don Aldock, I'm sure I am not smart enough to know the answer."

"The answer is a. black and b. white. They don't belong because one should not consider extremes when seeking alternatives. Which doesn't belong: a. coffee; b. bad news; c. alcohol?"

"Bad news, because the other two are drinks."

"No, coffee. Coffee is a stimulant, the other two are depressants."

I had much to learn.

We arrived at Don Aldock's one room shack. His wife was inside stirring dinner in a large metal bucket.

"What's for dinner, hon, we're starved?" Don Aldock asked.

"Peyote soup with psilocybin mushrooms," came the cheery response.

"Again?"

"That's all we have in the house, dear."

Don Aldock smiled meekly at me.

"Dinner will be a bit late," he said, "let us go into my study."

Don Aldock's "study" was a section of the room partially obscured by yellowed newspaper hanging from the ceiling.

"Last time, I told you of the power spot, the one point on earth from which all one's powers are derived. Each man has his own power spot somewhere, and he reaches his maximum power when he stands on that spot.

"Well, I met a man who found his power spot. It was on a conveyor belt at the Ford Motor Company assembly plant in Dearbourn, Michigan. In order to keep his power, however, he had to keep walking, because, you see, the belt was moving.

"The foreman didn't want him walking on the belt, but it was impossible to budge him, he was so powerful. Finally, the foreman turned off the belt, the man kept on walking, left his power spot, and he was beaten up severely."

"So, Don Aldock, nothing is eternal."

"Only eternity."

After dinner, I felt a bit nauseous, and remembering the quaint Mexican customs, I threw up at the dinner table to show my appreciation. In the candlelight of the dirt floored hut, I saw ants, spiders and mystic visions.

"I can't believe my eyes," I explained.

"How sad for you," Don Aldock sternly admonished, "Do you believe mine?"

"Yes, Don Aldock."

"Then close your eyes, you do not need them."

Darkness fell as I closed my eyes.

VII

"Perhaps you would like to read a newspaper," Don Aldock offered.

"But that would be impossible, Don Aldock, my eyes are closed."

"But mine are open. You said you did not trust your eyes, but you did trust mine."

"I was wrong."

"Do you know what is important?" Don Aldock awoke me with the next morning.

"Only those things that will make me a man of knowledge."

"Will food make you a man of knowledge?"

"Without food, I cannot become a man of knowledge."

"The same for creature comforts?"

"Some, such as shelter and a place to urinate."

I had spoken of something that was on my mind, no, it was now on my body.

"Is time important?"

"No."

"Some things are interesting, but not important.

This is true of almost all things of society: time, sex, sports, orthodontia. . . ."

"My wife thinks time is important."

"Tell your wife to take a hike."

"I love my wife."

"What is love?"

"Love is a feeling two people have for each other. It's hard to describe."

"Nonsense. Love is when you like somebody, and then you're around them a lot."


"How can you be sure, Don Aldock? How can you take a nebulous concept, such as love, assign factual values to all the unknown aspects, and use these values to declare an absolute truth?"

"If one is not allowed to assign values, the only statement one could legitimately make would be 'I think I think, therefore I think I think.'"

"With that premise, you could claim to know all the things of the universe."

"I do. There are only ten thousand of them."

"Exactly ten thousand?"

"Exactly. If you don't believe me, count them yourself." 

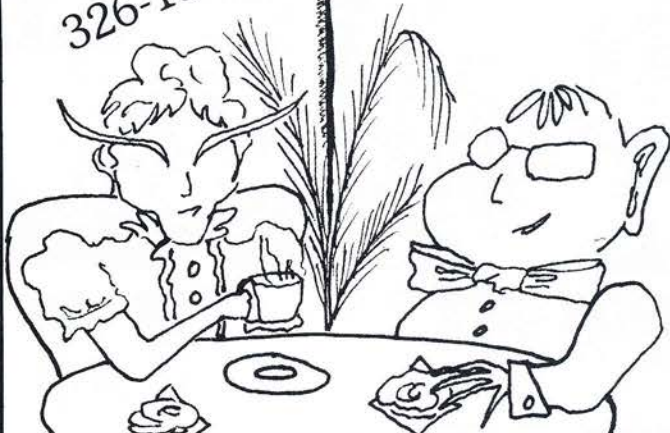
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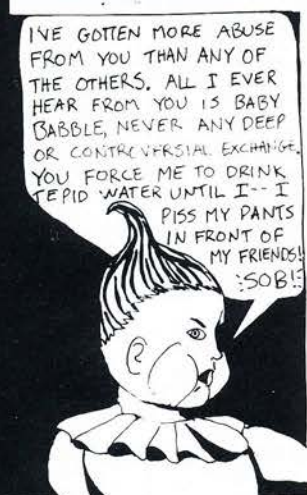
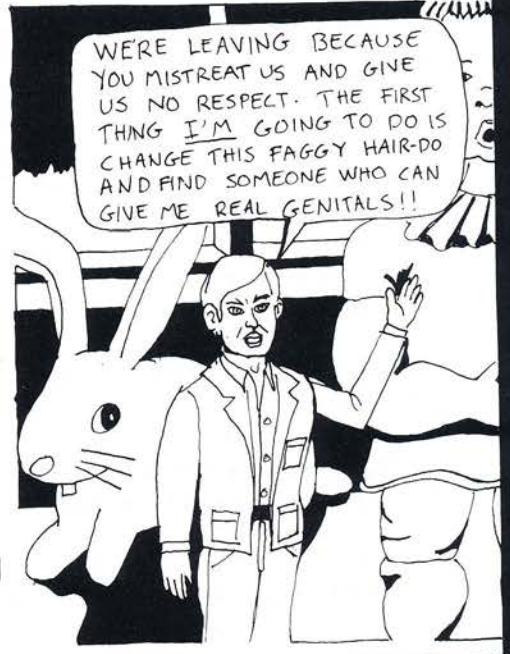


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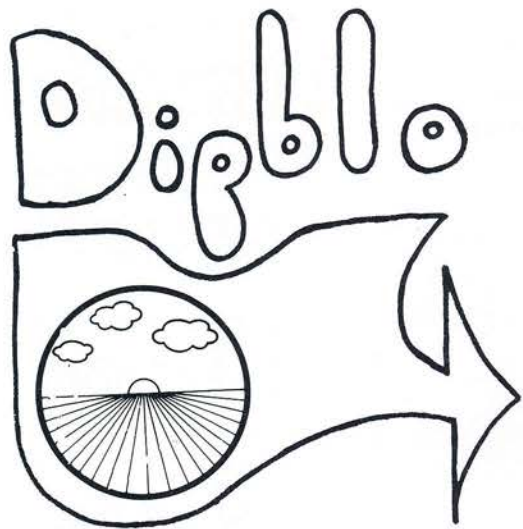
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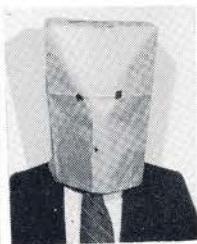
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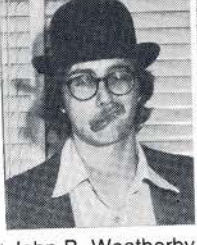
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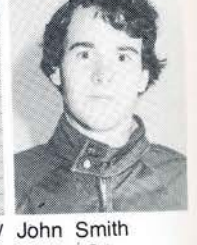
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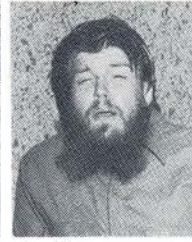
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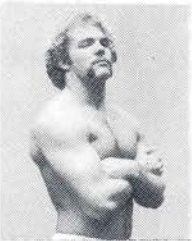
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When Frankie was eight years old he saw his father beat a man to death. He was spending the night at Johnny Angelillo's apartment, and they had gone camping by the pool in the complex's common backyard. Johnny's and Frankie's dads both worked at night, 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."

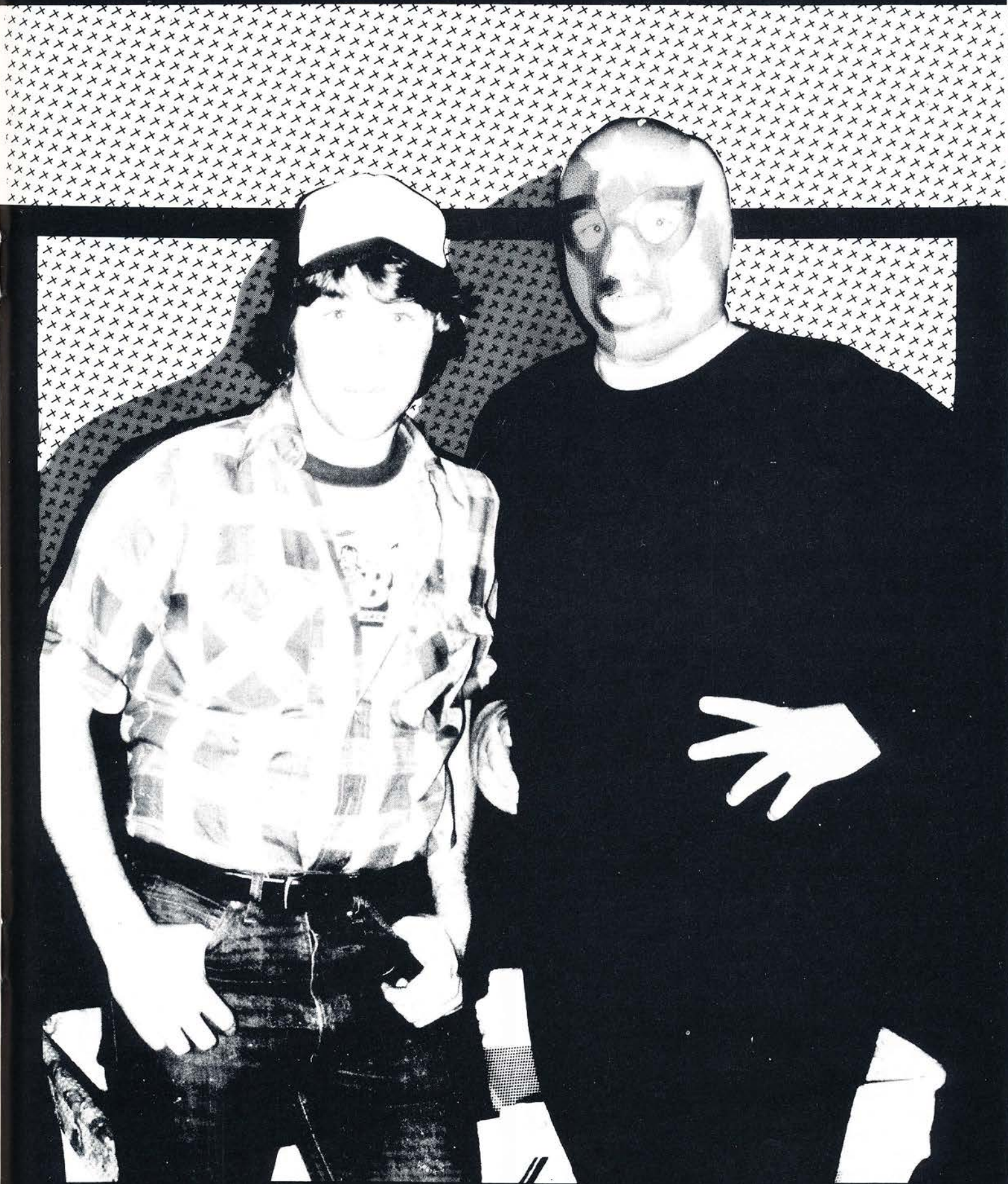
BOW

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?"

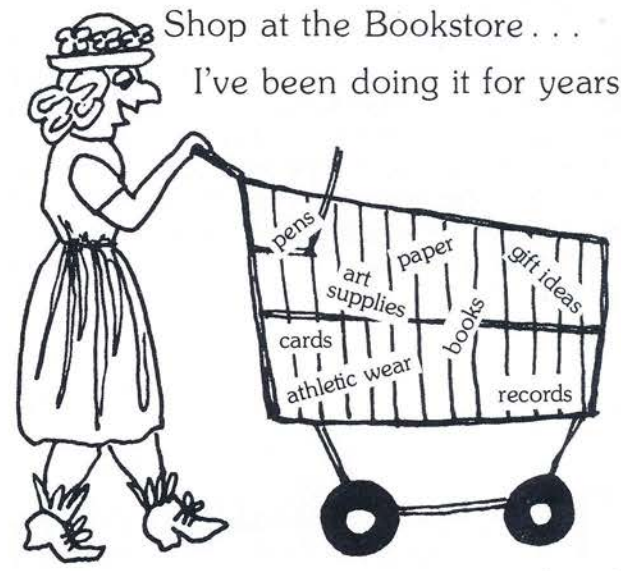
Frankie lent his father five, they found a table, and ate lunch in silence.

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.



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Thursdays 'til 9PM

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 Fauntneroy, champion midget wrestler, who was perched on the shoulders of his manager, The Great Mephisto. Prince Fauntneroy 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 Fauntneroy 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 Fauntneroy 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 Fauntneroy 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.

continued on page 46





**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

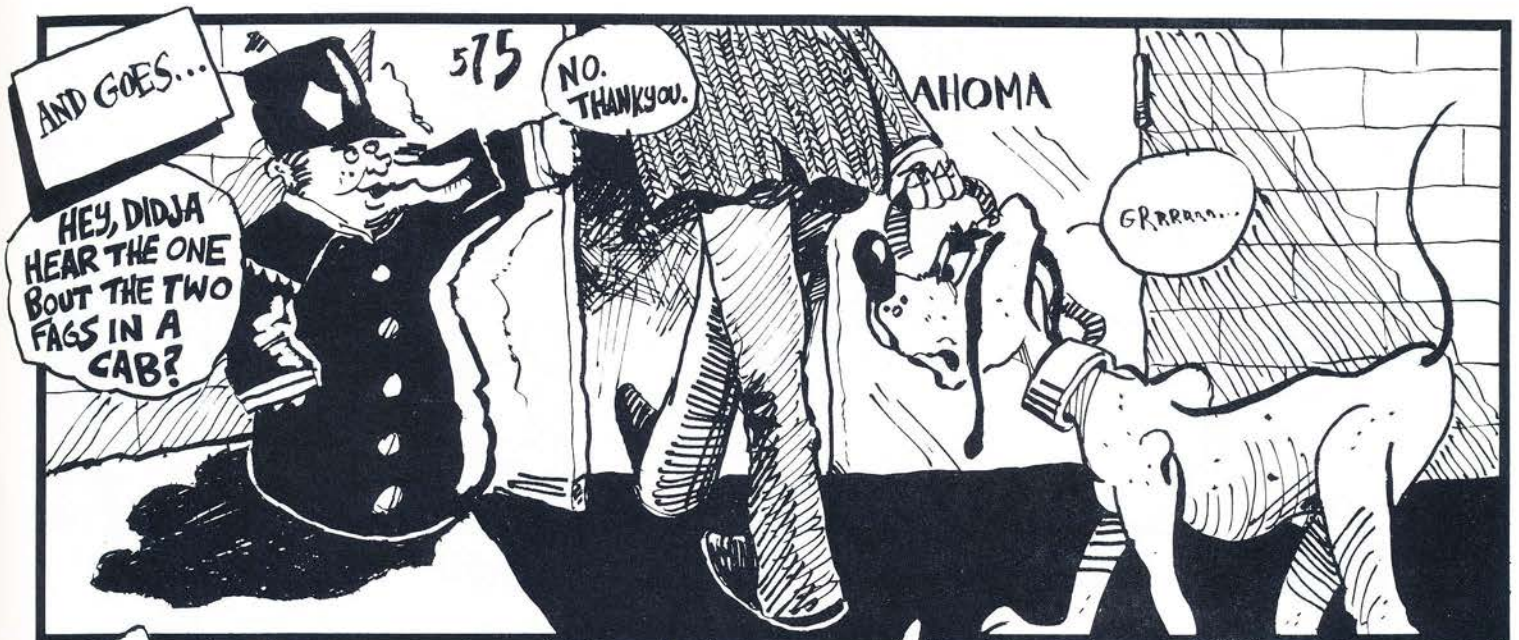
DAMN
MUG.

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...









AND GOES...

HEY, DIDJA HEAR THE ONE BOUT THE TWO FAGS IN A CAB?

575 NO. THANK YOU.

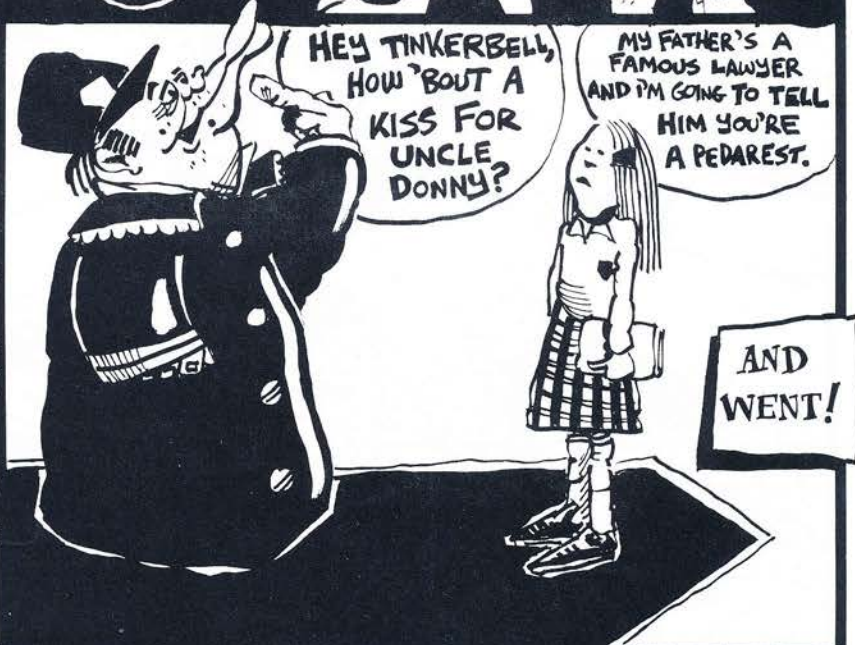
AHOMA

GRRRRR...



AND GOES...

THAT A FUR COAT MA'AM? OR YOU JUST TAKIN STEROIDS? HA HA



HEY TINKERBELL, HOW 'BOUT A KISS FOR UNCLE DONNY?

MY FATHER'S A FAMOUS LAWYER AND I'M GOING TO TELL HIM YOU'RE A PEDAREST.

AND WENT!



I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE WIT DIS UGLY PUSS...

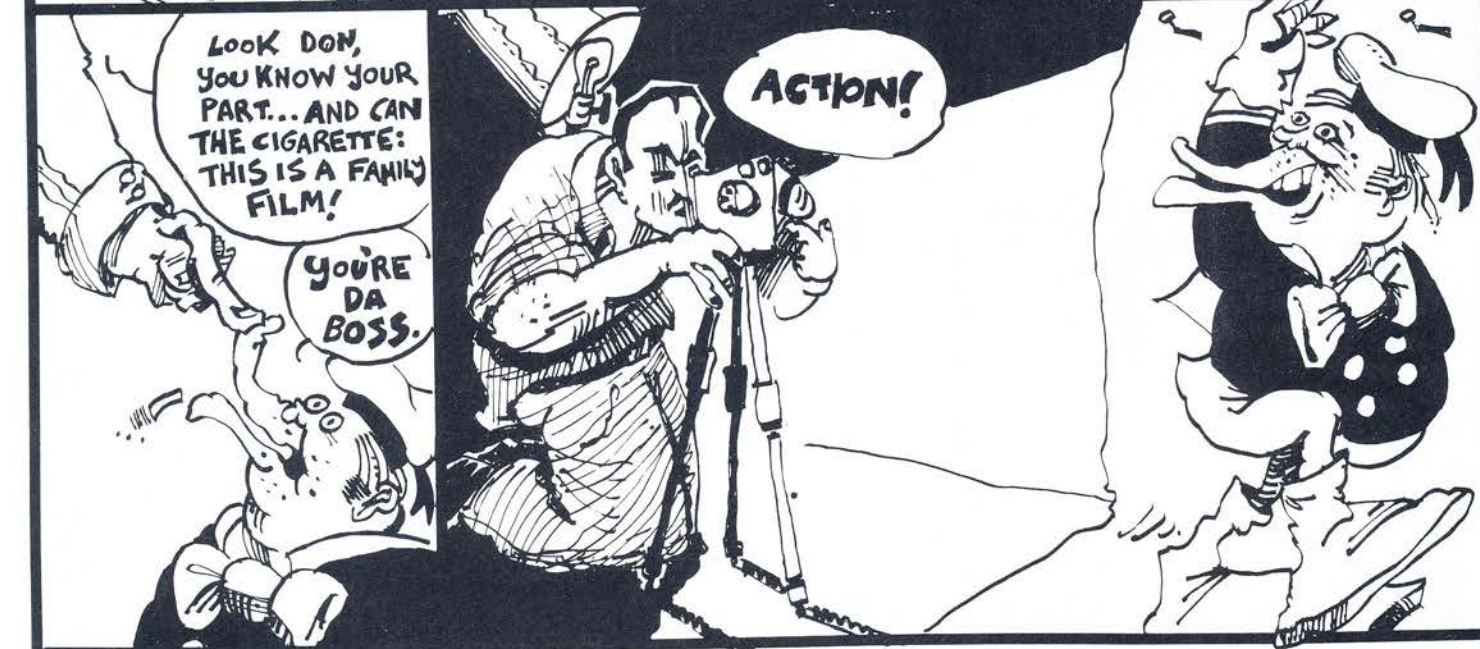
BUT SOMETIMES, ACCORDING TO CONVENTION, FATE STRIKES WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT...

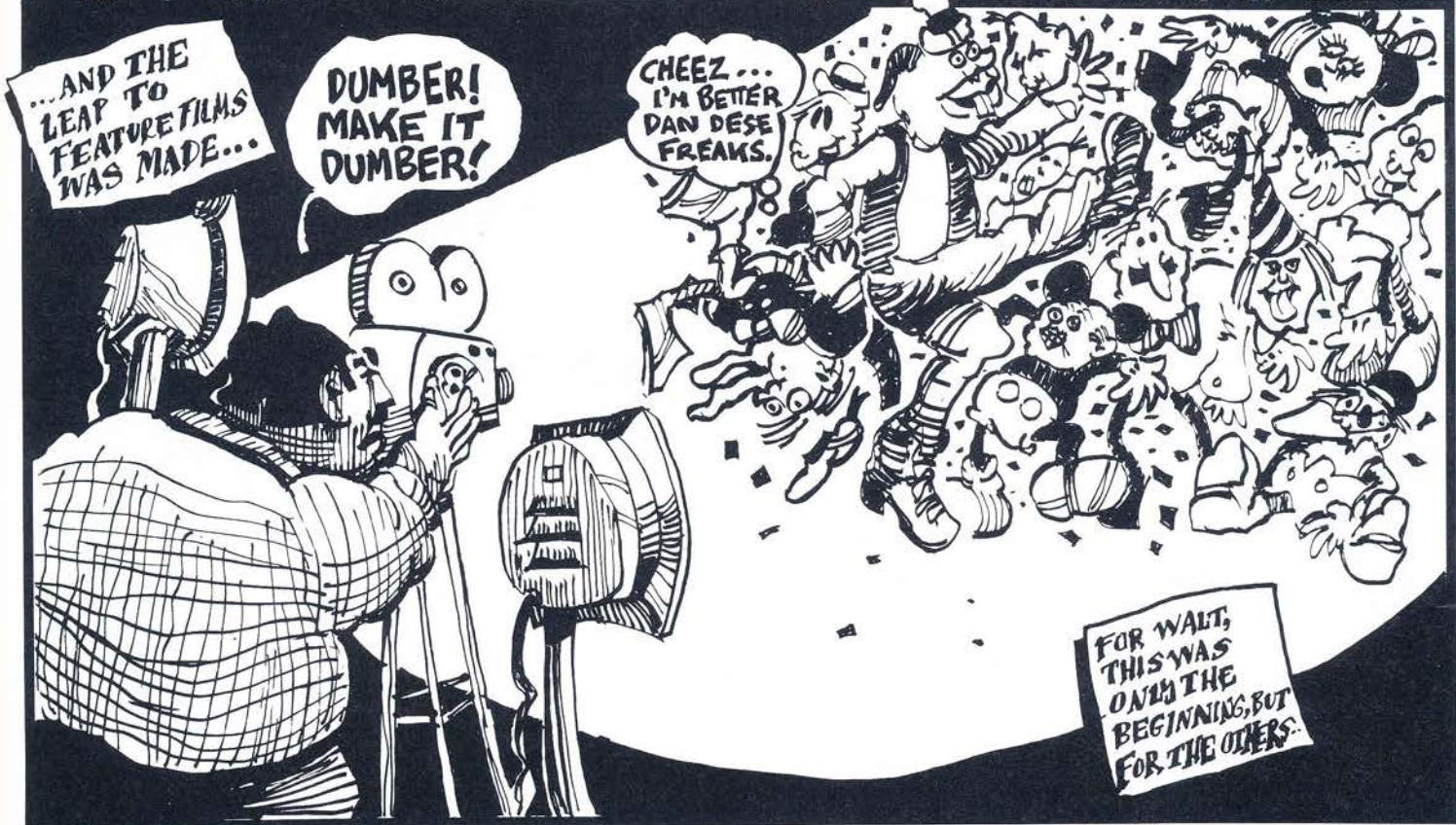
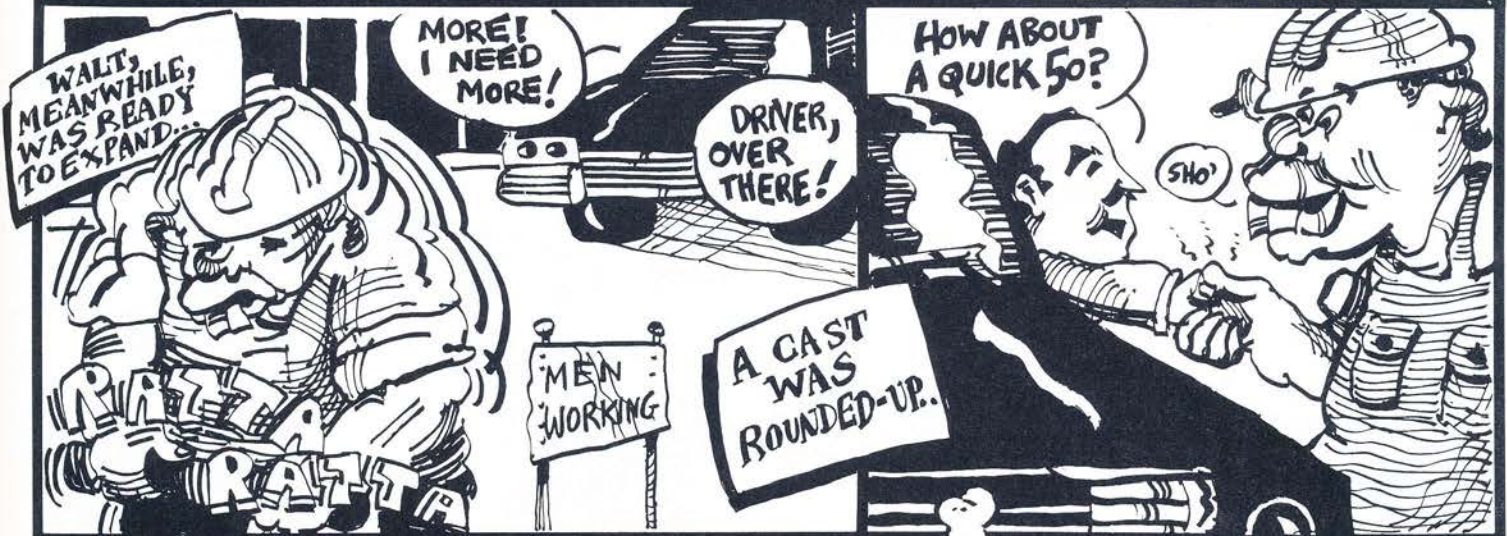


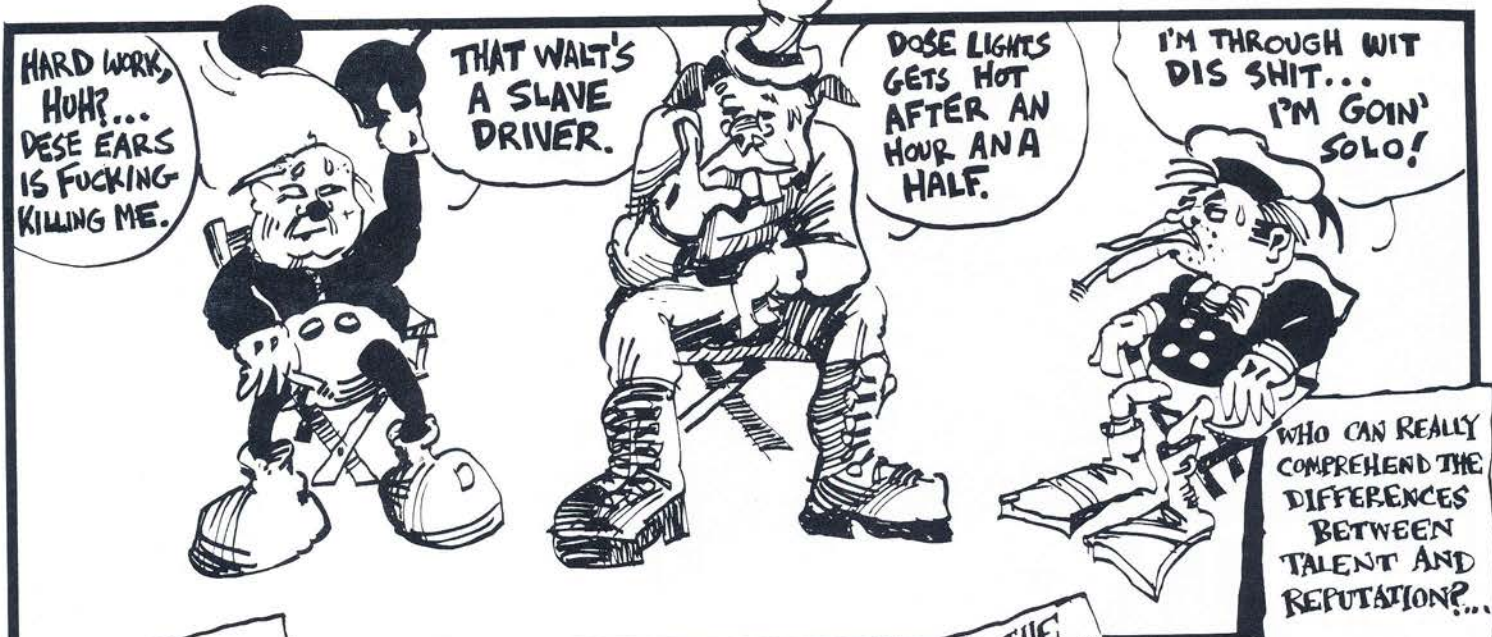
YOU GOT ANY-

OMIGOD - I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! WHATTAYA SAY TO CHEESECAKE AND COFFEE?

EH?







HARD WORK,
HUH?...
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! HI-YUCK-HA



WE ALL
LOVED YOUR
ACT DON.

THANKS.

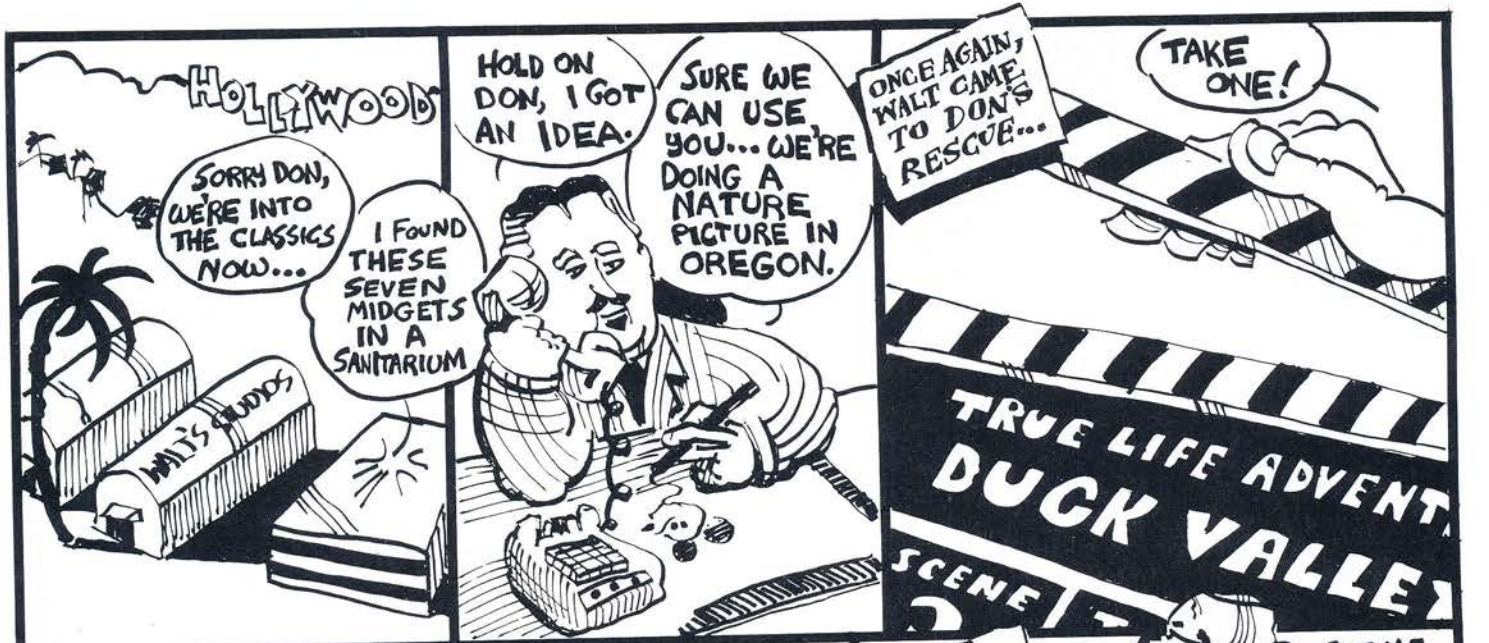
MARVY.

THE MALLARD
JUGGERNAUT
ROLLED ON...



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





HOLLYWOOD

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'S A GOOF,
BEEN A
WHILE, HUH?

WHATCHA
BEEN
UP TA?

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

BROUGHT
MY KID
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 SOMEPIN.

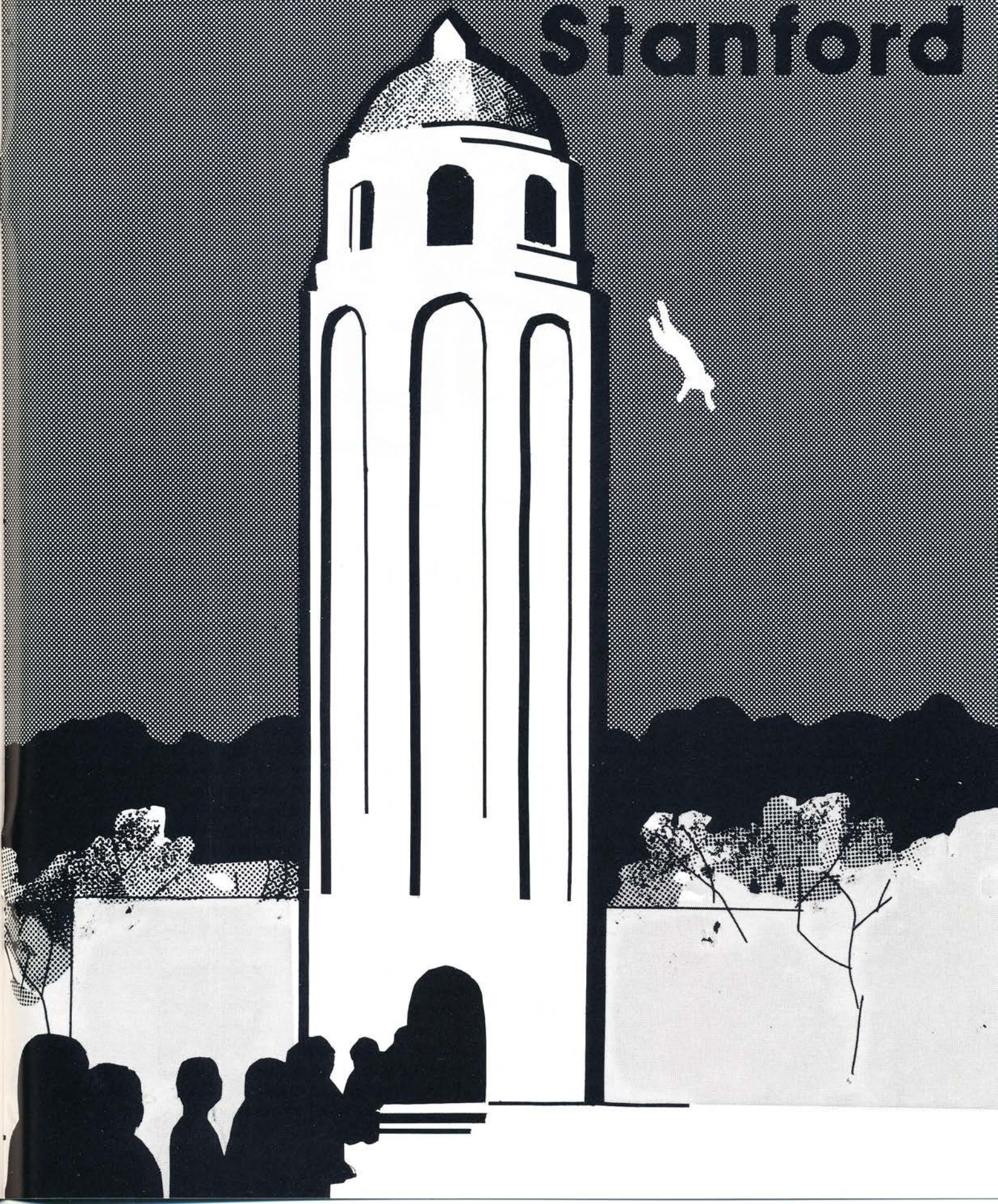
SURE GOOF
WE COULD
WOIK SOMETHIN
OUT...

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

42nd

THE
END!

Reproaching Stanford





Welcome to the Farm

"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."

"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

"Don't count on having sex."

Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."

"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."

"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."

Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."

"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."

"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."



Suicide

"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."

"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."

"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.



"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."

The Bay Area

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."

"The Chaparral, yeah!"

"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."

Extracurriculars

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

The Chappies are: Mike Wilkins, Jim Gable, Bruce Handy, Doug Steiner, Jay Martel, Pete Stamats, Steve Kessler, Perry Vasquez, Rob Holbrook, Dave Lyon, Leslie Leland, Matt Love, Trey Ellis, Betsy Peabody, Rebecca Moss, Andy Fisher, Andrea Drobac, Anne Bekker, Alan Hedge, Mary Scanlon, Karen Allen, Chris Walters, Chris Morales, Jeff Iorillo, Brent Fery, Al X, Steve Ballinger, Mike Resnick, Brad Pechter, Chris Lyke, Howell Hsiao, Kurt Johnson.

"Seeing that Dave Lyon drunk made my freshman year."

"Stamats and Gable. A girl can feel safe with them."

"Rembrandt? Manet? Vasquez!"

"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."

"The *Daily's* P.U. I stick with the *Chappie*."

"That Mike Wilkins is so cute. . . ."

"Bruce Handy's a god, a real god."

"I dry-humped Jay Martel once. . . ."

"Kessler and Steiner — They're circumcised."

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| | |
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| City Feet | 2 |
| Coffee House | 23 |
| Cookbook Restaurant | 46 |
| Domino's Pizza | 21 |
| Dutch Goose | 29 |
| Gary Andrews Campus Shell | 16 |
| Golden Spike | back cover |
| Haagen Daz | inside front cover |
| Henry's | 9 |
| KZSU | 14 |
| Northern California Savings | 20 |
| North Face Factory Outlet | 20 |
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| Pablo Cruise Concert | inside back cover |
| Roots & Shoots | 20 |
| Sequoia Travel | 8 |
| SLAC | 47 |
| Sound Systems | 2 |
| Stanford Booking Associates | 20 |
| Stanford Bookstore | 29 |
| Stanford Bookstore (Medical/Technical) | 16 |
| Surrey Shop | 16 |
| T & C Photo Center | 46 |
| T-Party | 6 |
| Togo's | 1 |
| Tressider Union | 9 |

OXBOW

continued from page 30

"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.

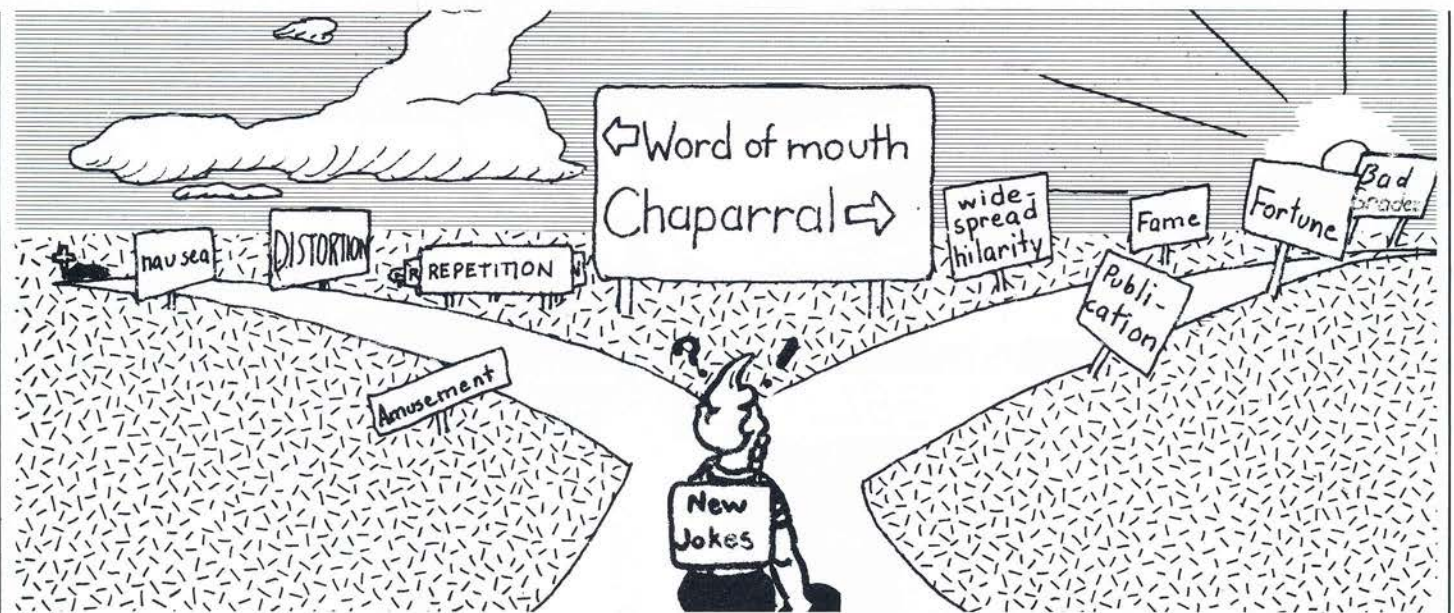
"You need a partner Ox Hogan? Huh? I'll be your fucking partner. I'll wrestle these friends of yours. But get them off Frankie, and out of my house right now before you find out just how well I can fight."

"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. 



Writers: We'll take anything from light fiction to broad satire. Cartoon ideas are always welcome. We're not particularly interested in smut though.

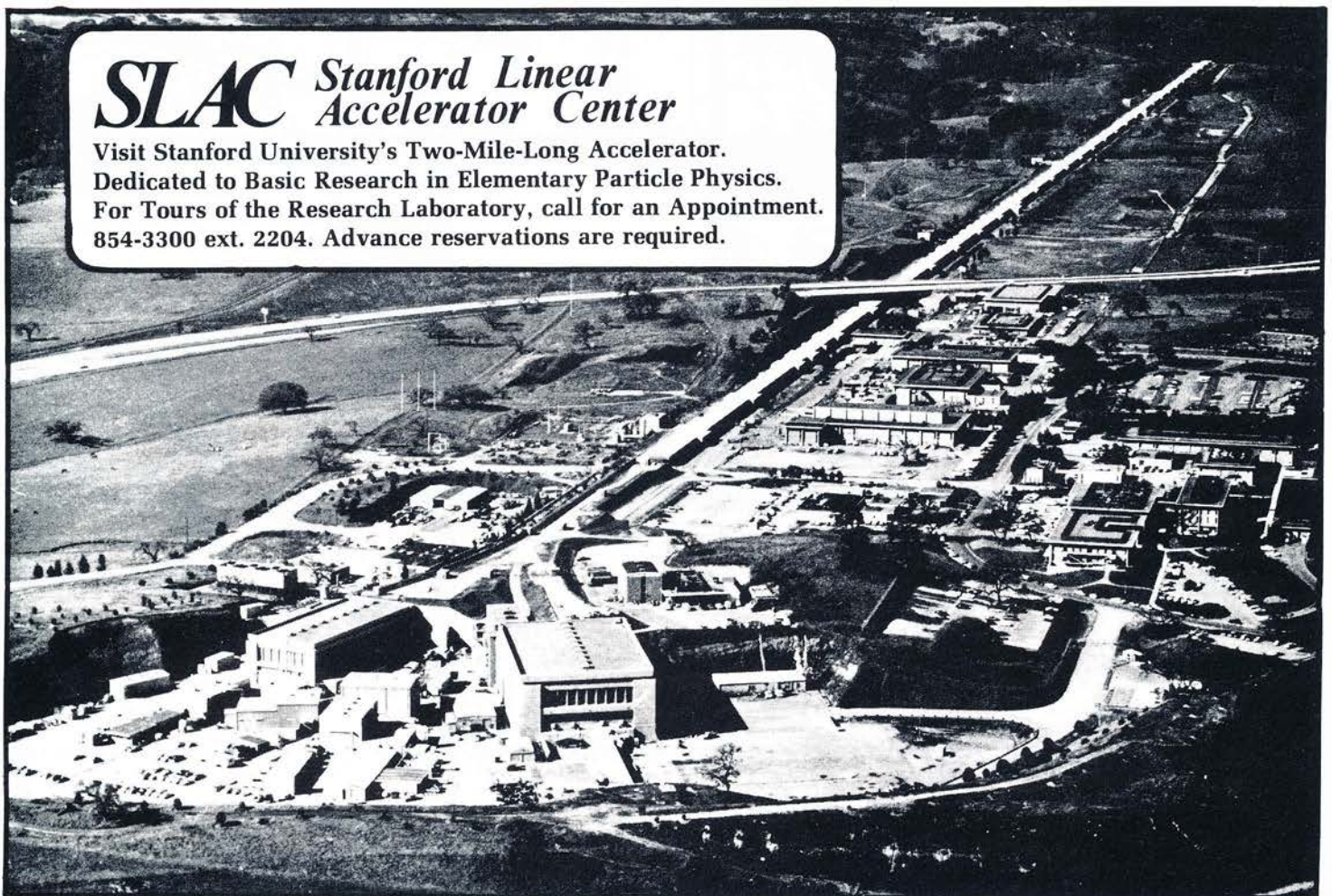
Artists: Cartoonists, illustrators, designers are always welcome. The *Chaparral* is the only student publication that publishes in full color. If you can work in color, you may get to do a cover.

Photographers: The *Chaparral* has a complete darkroom, and this year our photographic reproduction will be better than ever. If you're interested in creative photography, or are experienced in color work, we need you.

Business Staffers: So you can't write, draw, or take pictures, but you still want to get involved. Sure, why not? You'll get practical experience and learn lots about advertising and publishing.

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THE GOD ISSUE



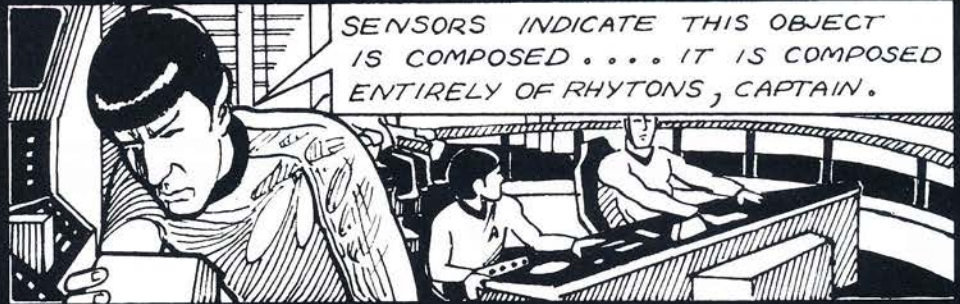
OBJECT
AHEAD,
KIPTIN!



I SEE IT,
MR. CHEKOV!



WHAT DO THE SENSORS
INDICATE, MR. SPOCK?



SENSORS INDICATE THIS OBJECT
IS COMPOSED IT IS COMPOSED
ENTIRELY OF RHYTONS, CAPTAIN.



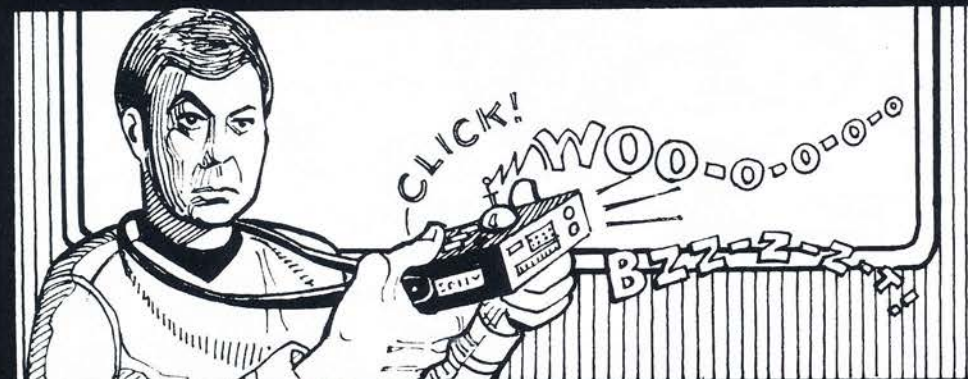
BUT SPOCK! RHYTONS
EXIST ONLY
IN THEORY.
IF THIS
OBJECT IS
COMPOSED
OF RHYTONS
IT MUST
BE . . .



QUITE RIGHT,
CAPTAIN:
OMNISCIENT,
OMNIPOTENT &
OMNIPRESENT.
THIS OBJECT
IS **GOD**.



BONES! GET
A READING
ON HIM!



CLICK!
WOO-O-O-O-O
BZZ-Z-Z-Z

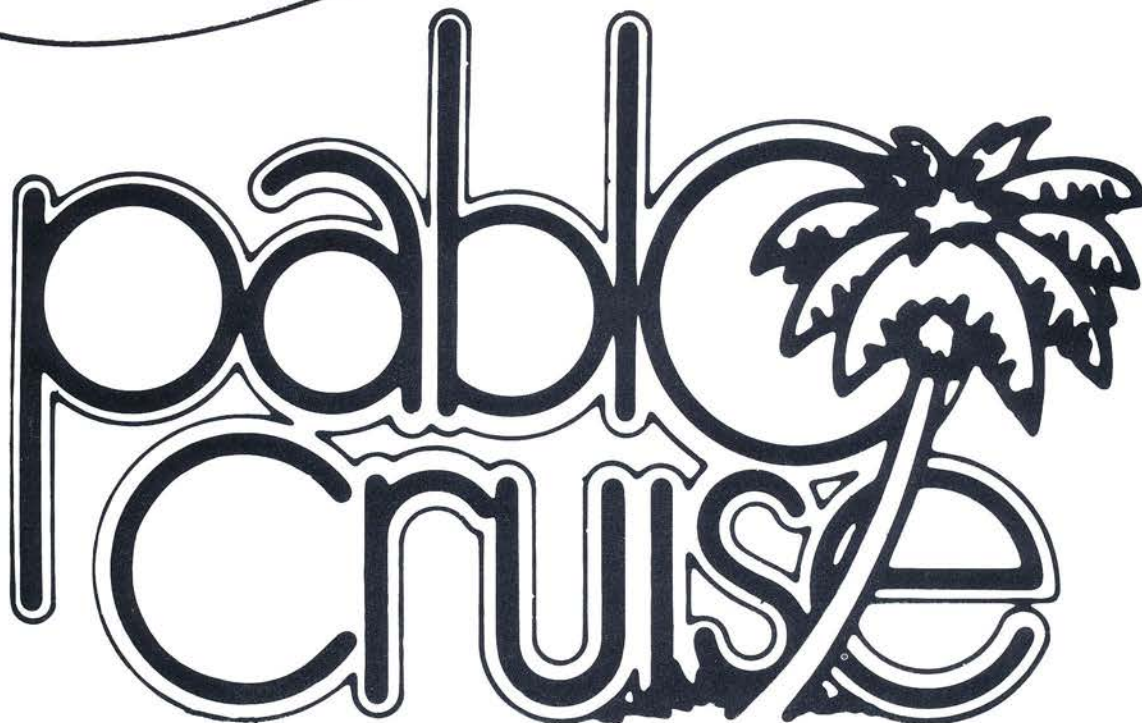


HE'S
DEAD,
JIM!

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by presenting

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October 4, 1981

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SPIKE IT



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