

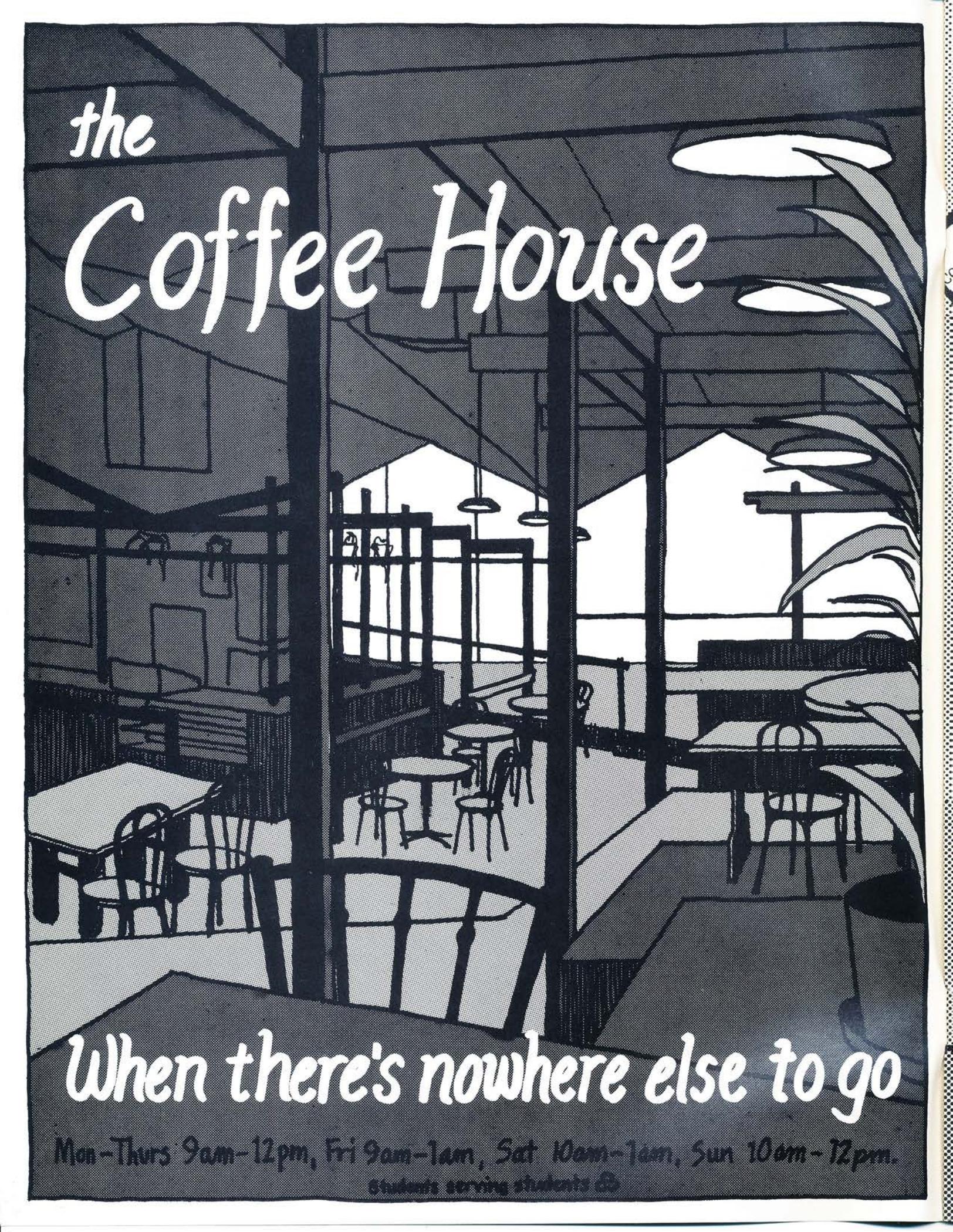
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**Despair**  
 SUMMER 1982

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GAMES: Mariklyo 23  
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**Chaparral**

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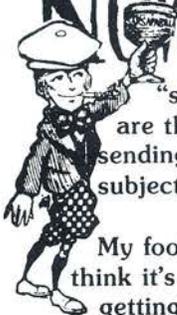
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## REFLECTIONS

### NOW THAT



"What if," "straightahead", and "pronto" are the signals my stomach keeps sending me, but I keep telling it: subject-verb, subject-verb.

My foot speaks only in idiom. I think it's because my work's been getting to me. Deadlines, creative

pressures etc. I'm a Condolence Card writer. I used to be in business for myself until, like they did to all the others, American Sorrow Company bought me out. Worked there ever since, same office, same desk, eight hours a day... you know the story. I made a mistake years ago by not taking on some manual work outside. Who could have known then?

They say that grave diggers are the most satisfied and friend-

ly groups of workers. I think I read it in an article in *TV Guide* or something. I'll bet they're unionized though and it's hell getting the job. The work must be pretty steady, but now that I think of it, the backhoe at my father's funeral was pretty cold, even harsh. I can't see myself operating one of those.

This morning I woke up having the radio tell me that Mervyn's is having its Super Summer Suit Sale, only forty-nine dollars for

one that's completely machine wash and dryable and needs no ironing. I'll check them out tomorrow on the way back from my procto exam.

I'll bet Jesus thought his father was the greatest. Me too. Perhaps salvation and faith in life is related to a good allowance. My Freudian and highly critical up-bringing left me slightly retaining my anus and a semi-colon; my sisters fared worse: one is married to a man with a limp, and the other lives back East.

I can't really complain out here. But I guess I want to anyway. Sure I have it pretty good. Above-ground pool in the backyard, mortgage almost paid off, retirement in a few years. I don't know. Life doesn't thrill me. Woody Allen, he's a young fellow in my office, he says, "Life is terrible, and too short." That Woody's a funny guy. I wish I had some of his spunk. Maybe a sense of humor and laughter is what it's all about. No, it can't be. Think about all the pathetic stand-up comedians you've seen. They're the most depressing people in the world, period. Their desperation hangs on them like a

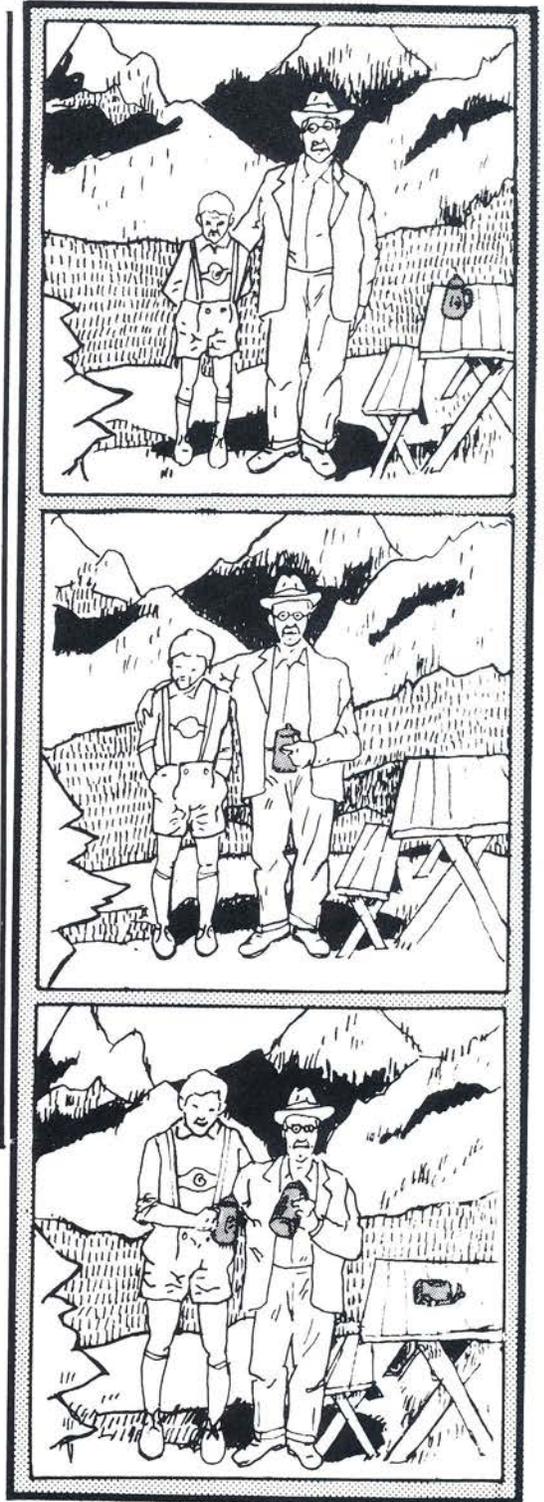
thick cloudy shroud, while their eyes dart about searching for I have no idea what.

The best time to ask my old man for some money was when he and all his buddies were sitting around the kitchen table chomping on cigars, drinking and playing pinochle. He'd be too embarrassed to say no. Now I've got the same liver spots as the hand that gave me a few dollar bills. Pardon the sentimentalism; does it alleviate or compound the despair? He died with a full head of silver hair—God it must still be growing.

Don't have much hair left, nor a whole lot of my colon. So, what have I done with my life? Tough to answer boy. I'll defer to my kid. Now *he* has had a life, that I know. Smart kid spouts "cliche" when I tell him, "I still remember when you were just a twinkle in my eye." Who could tell back then? Jesus, I was so young. Something happened.

Enough of this bullshit.  
Love Ya,

Doug



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# 35 SECONDS

... and I know I ain't hit the slopes for two years but whatthell ya pay yer twenty bucks for a friggin lift ticket ya oota go for it and get yer money's worth I say, so I'm just gonna duck under these here bamboo barriers 'cause ain't nobody gonna tell me where I can't ski, wadda they think I am anyhow some damn snowplow beginner with two and a half foot rentals and no poles slidin down the bunny run on my ass? nosireebob what with that quad Jessie gave me down at the lodge up my snoot and those four beers I downed for lunch I betcha I could take this here chute faster than John Clod Killy... wonder if the boss believed

me when I called in sick this mornin at five ah who cares... Jeez I'm goin pretty fast over these moguls — good thing too 'cause I forget how to turn

Excuse me.

huh, whosaid that?

It's me, Dexter, your rational mind.

what? whothell are you anyway?

Well, actually I'm part of your own psyche, a part which you've spent little time exercising in the past few years. Although I initially took offense at this neglect, I eventually came to accept it as no more than a phase. I would show myself only at certain, select moments,

where my incisive analytical powers might prove vital to your continued well being.

yeah, such as?

Oh, when you were going to take your driving test on acid, for example, or when you attempted to swim naked from Big Sur to Malibu after getting trashed at that stewardess's apartment. Remember that?

you kept me from doing that? I coulda made it, too, you lousy two timin...

Now, just hold on a minute Dexter, what's past is past; I really don't have time to bicker. You see, we've got a little problem on our hands. It seems that you've just propelled yourself over a twenty foot precipice, and at your current trajectory, I would estimate that you are going to land amidst those trees below you, with very little chance for survival.

hey, yerright, I'm friggin airborne! Frightening, isn't it?

hell no, this is great! I ain't never taken a jump like this before — yahhhhhh!

Dexter, calm yourself, please. This is no time for chemically-induced euphoria. You've got to pull yourself together and think this through with me. We may be able to escape this dilemma unscathed, if you can just mount some sort of coordinated effort to avoid those trees.

I'm gonna do a daffy.

No, Dexter.

There! I wish somebody had a

*continued on page 7*



# TRUE CONFESSIONS

## OF AN ECONOMIST

He sat, sullen in front of Ron, donning his tap shoes and top hat. It looked like a hard sell economic plan. As chief economic advisor to the President he had to communicate the ideas. Tax cuts, spending, depression, recession . . . words too big for the modern president. He burst into levity:

*I am the economy. I write the bills that make the old folks cry, I write the bills. Where did I begin? I'm young but very old, I write the bills . . . . .*

Where did this young chap of four foot nine begin? I know him best. I am the economist, I am to blame, I am disaster, unemployment look at me, to think I started at KFC (Kentucky Fried Chicken).

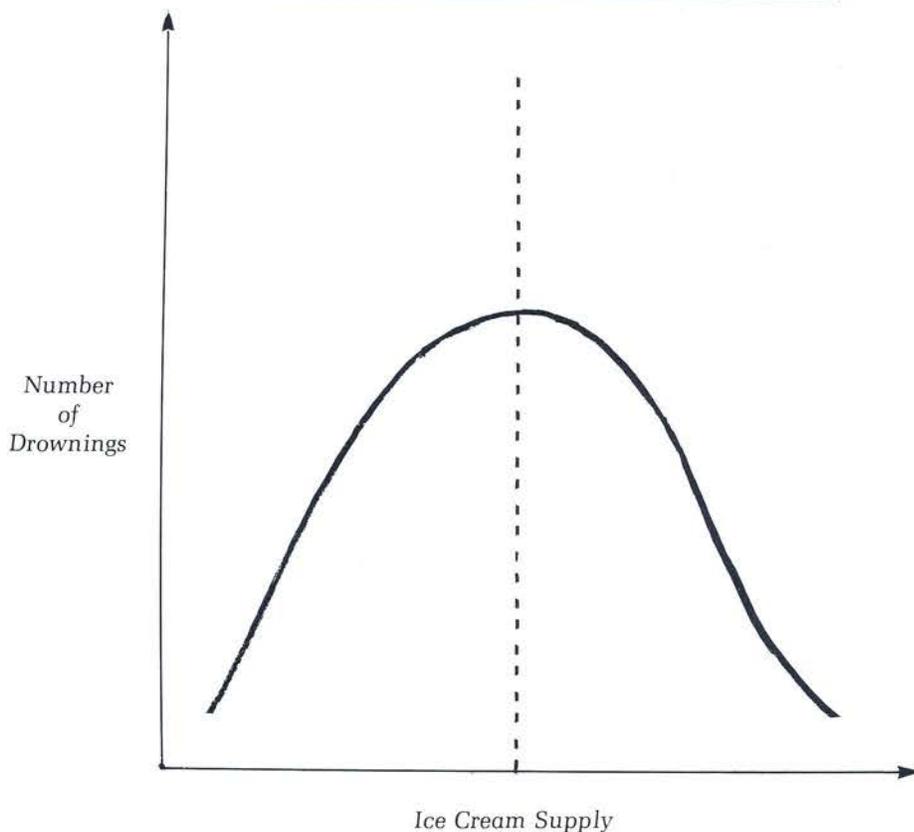
Twenty odd years ago I went to Propensity to Consume) I went to the JIB (Jack in the Box). I ordered KFC, but having no MPC (Marginal an ice cream. I was demanding but they weren't supplying. "No ice cream," they told me. "Try the Foster's Old Fashion Freeze."

"The what?" I queried with a lack of understanding.

"The FOFF."

"Oh yeah," I responded.

Then it hit me. The truth, the guiding light. Economics doesn't depend on demand. It depends on supply. The ice cream theory. . . . Yes, ice cream and drownings. What a connection! Wow, I thought to myself. I bet I can write this up and make millions. I drew a curve on a napkin:



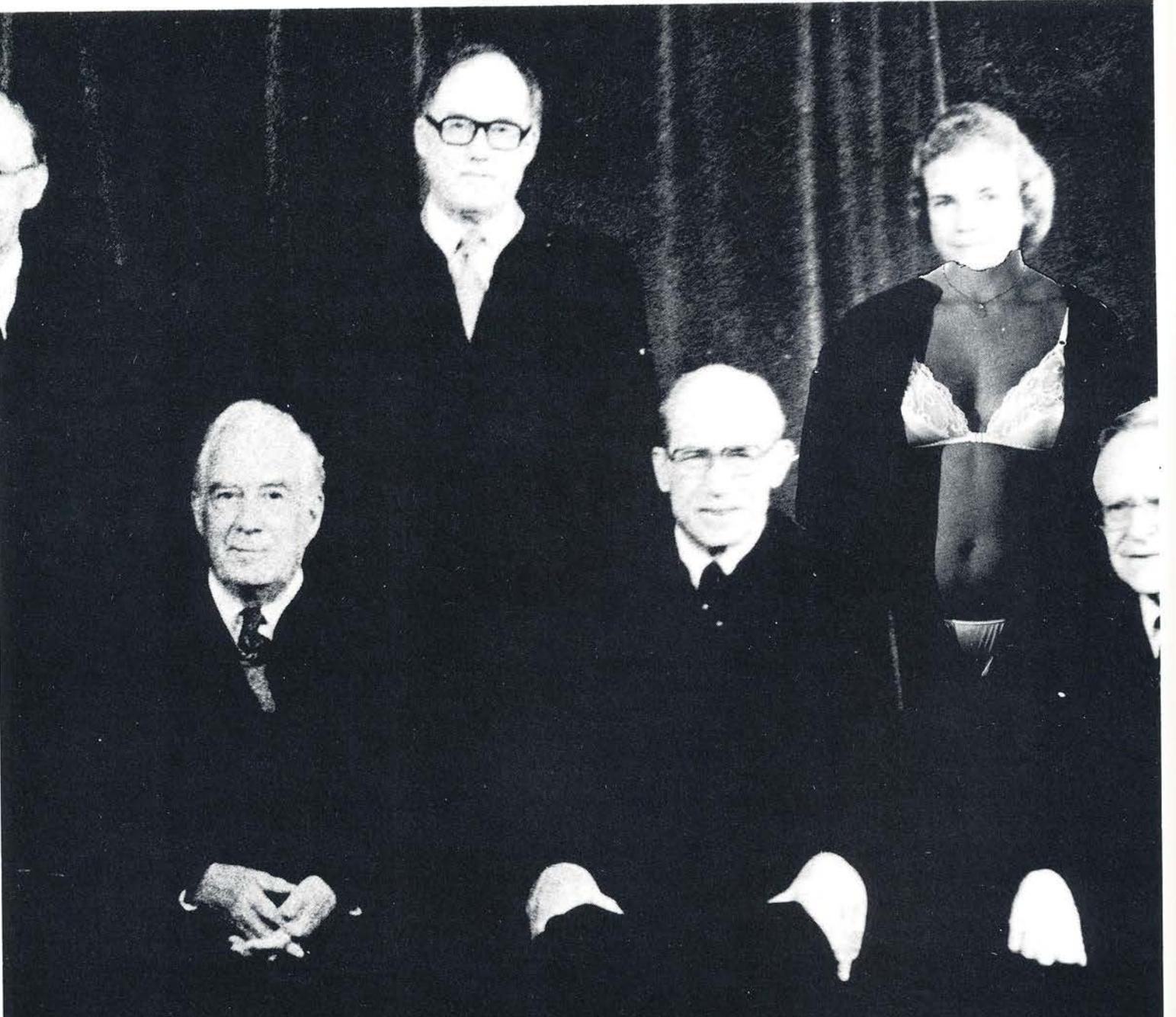
I spent a year in Southern California testing my theory. November, December, hardly any drownings, hardly any ice cream supply. June, July, August, supply up, drownings up. September, ice cream left over from the past three months, but few drownings. I knew that I was right. I'd seen that curve before, but I couldn't fathom where.

I made further study for a few months, then she left me.

I was the underdog. The other economists didn't believe me. I spent years finding evidence that

the curve worked in virtually every situation: rutabaga cultivation, termite mound construction and even tax cuts.

Well, I finally sold. When Ron needed a few advisors I found myself among the nation's elite, forming the new budget. "It's all a matter of supply," I told them. "Social services, who needs 'em. You don't supply money and people make due. It increases their incentive to work. If they don't have any money, they'll be creative. Just  
*continued on page 7*



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# Confessions

continued from page 5

use Brillo pads as non-Dairy creamer, Vienna Sausages for golf balls, and pet Dr. Pepper bottles for the kids. So we'll change things a bit. After all, we know what's best for the nation."

I took my little curve out of my pocket. Ice cream and drownings, forget it. I was a big man now. It was time for bigger words.

"Incentives, it's all a matter of incentives. If someone is going to starve, he or she will have such incentive that food will spontaneously appear. It's all a matter of psychology. I told a parable to elucidate my point:

"When you put two socks in the drier, does only one come out? Of course not. You only think so. When you lose a social security or welfare check from the government, do you really lose money? Of course not, you only think so."

I passed, to say the least.

The next attack was on wasted government spending. The people said there was waste, the President said there was waste, by God, I'd find waste and give 'em the waste they wanted.

The GSA alone went through 500,000 paper clips a day, needlessly tossed out with 70 tons of waste paper. I pulled out my curve, I scratched on new units. The President agreed.

We hired a new work force to take all those paper clips off the waste paper before it went to the incinerator. (After all the EPA folks needed something to keep them busy.) Net effect: we saved an estimated 500 million dollars, allowing a 17 percent tax cut.

Well, the future is cut out for me. In a flashy song and dance I'll eliminate taxes, wasted government spending; I'll cut services to the bone, but the budget will remain the same.

"Of course," I said taking off my tap shoes and filling my pockets with crisp 100's, "it's all a matter of supply." ☞

# 35 Seconds

continued from page 4

camera or sumthin — hey what the he...

My, now look what you've done, Mr. Hotdog.

I lost my ski! popped right out of the damn binding wouldn't you know it — good thing it's got one of them ski brakes, or I'd be out two hundred bucks...

My word, is that all you're worried about? Doesn't your imminent descent strike you as somewhat more hazardous than before?

cake — I'll just kick this other ski off, like this (urrghh)... there, and land on my friggin feet — that's what I was gonna do anyway, before you butted in, sonny

Well, I must admit that your solution han't really occurred to me, uh, yet... I was going to suggest that you make a breathtaking landing between those two pines there and weave your way through the woods until you were able to safely slow down.

are you kiddin, buster? you expected me to do that in the state I'm in? dyou think I'm crazy or sumthin?

Yes, but obviously your addled intuition has proven more efective in ameliorating this situation than my own well-reasoned judgement. I don't quite know what to say.

here we come (grumphhh)... six feet of powder and not a scratch — heh heh heh

Listen, Dexter, I'm really sorry. I guess I completely overestimated my abilities. I can see now that I'm washed up, a failure, a wimp. I guess I'll just crawl back into my little hovel in your subconscious.

hey, come on, cheer up, huh? no harm done — look, tell ya what, if you go up and get the skis, I'll buy ya a beer

Oh, I've never really had alcohol before, Dexter. Mother always told me to study hard, get to bed early, and keep a clear head.

kid, just stay with me, and I'll show ya the ropes

Uh... what else can I do, ya friggin schizo?

hey, yer learnin already! ☞

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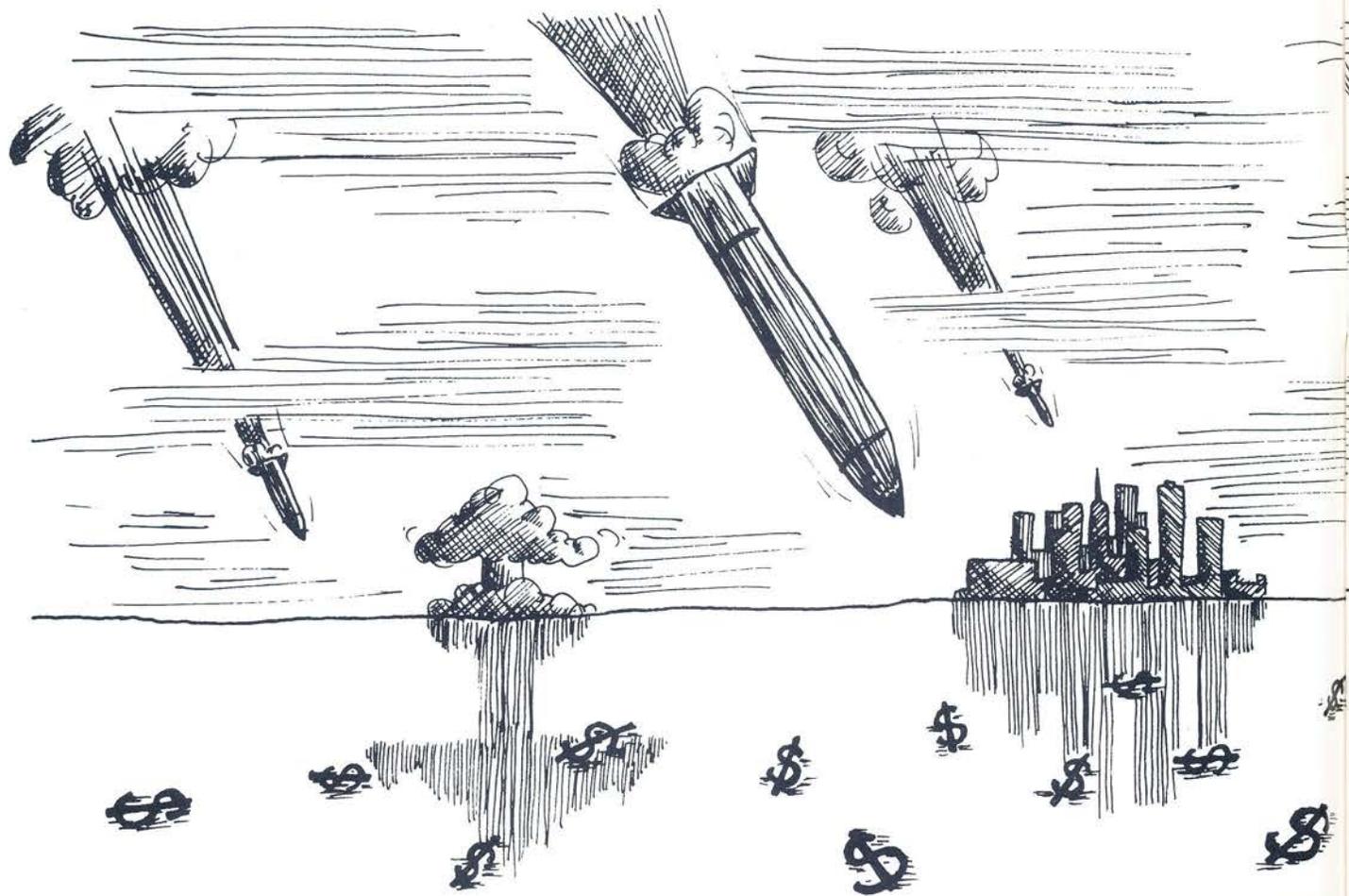
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# APOCALYPSE

Most Americans view the intensifying Cold War with anguish and despair, but not Dr. Casey R. Douglass. Fueled by Cold War hysteria and good old American greed, Dr. Douglass' first book, *Apocalypse Investing: How To Profit from the Coming End of the World*, has ridden the Laffer curve right onto the *New York Times*' Best Sellers list. Recently, the book became the nation's number one best seller, displacing long-time favorite *Garfield Gets Gassed*, and shooting past another relative newcomer, *How To Make Love To*

*The Cube*. Small wonder then, that for Dr. Douglass the frightening sound of rattling sabers has become akin to the soothing sound of ringing cash registers.

The meteoric rise of the former Houston dentist's book has thrust him into the spotlight of national debate. Many have decried the book as greedy and self-centered, charges which Dr. Douglass has not attempted to refute. Instead, he refers critics to the first chapter of *Apocalypse*, where he describes his technique as "a perfectly legal means for the common man to keep his chin above water by standing on his neighbor's back."

This month, in an exclusive interview, we talk to Dr. Douglass about his controversial approach to investment theory.

*Chappie*: To begin with Dr. Douglass, I wonder if you would sum up the basic principles of *Apocalypse Investing* for our readers.

*DD*: Certainly. There is one and only one basic tenet of *Apocalypse Investing*: You can buy now and never pay later. Live for today, because tomorrow just plain isn't going to happen.

*Chappie*: I see. Then you are predicting a currency collapse which will wipe out western civilization as we know it?

*DD*: It's much, much worse than that. I'm talking about the bonafide, genuine *Apocalypse*; the end of the world in a rain of thermonuclear fire. The End is near, I tell you.

*Chappie*: That's awful!



# INVESTING

*DD:* Yes, but consider the financial possibilities of it all. Suppose I want to buy a new car. I go to the bank and get a loan, "ballooning" it so the payment isn't due for a couple of years. But to me, that loan is just like free money, because I'll never have to pay it off.

*Chappie:* So with your program, there finally is a free lunch.

*DD:* Right, but dinner isn't going to be served. Ever.

*Chappie:* How did you become convinced that a thermonuclear Armageddon is inevitable?

*DD:* It's pretty obvious if you think about it. If Reagan relents to the left-wing warmongering pacifists and halts our defensive arms build-up, the Russians will take advantage of the imbalance and destroy us. On the other hand, if the arms

race continues, eventually somebody's bound to wake up with a hangover, or have a fight with their wife or something. One thing leads to another and, "poof", before you know it there's a war and the U.S. is reduced to smoking ruins. It reminds me of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit.

*Chappie:* It reminds me of *Catch 22*. Couldn't such a war be limited?

*DD:* Missiles are like potato chips. It's hard to stop with just one. You eat one, and then you take another . . .

*Chappie:* ". . . and before you know it you've eaten the whole bag." That was in your book. But what about survivors? Deputy Under-Secretary of Defense Thomas K. Jones has said: "Dig a hole, cover it with a couple of doors, and

then throw three feet of dirt on top. Everyone's going to make it if there are enough shovels to go around. It's the dirt that does it."

*DD:* Even if that did work, who gets to be the lucky stiff that stays outside and throws the three feet of dirt on top of you? It's preposterous.

*Chappie:* What can we do about this coming Apocalypse then?

*DD:* Do? What can we do? There's nothing we can do! Not even all those gun nuts will be able to do anything! What are they going to shoot at? SS-20 missiles? By all accounts those suckers are fast . . .

*Chappie:* Sometimes, not even the strong survive . . .

*DD:* Exactly! Now you're beginning to catch on. The secret to incredible riches is within your grasp.

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*Chappie:* Perhaps it would help if you gave us a few more examples of Apocalypse Investment theory in action.

*DD:* Fair enough. Consider the plight of the modern baseball club owner. To keep his players from becoming free agents, he is forced to pay them outrageous salaries with unreasonable fringe benefits. By applying the principles of Apocalypse Investment, the owner can save himself a bundle. All he has to do is sign his players to long-term contracts, with the bulk of the payments due as "bonuses" at the end of the contract.

*Chappie:* Could you give us something which is a little less obscure?

*DD:* Well, look at the new deals being worked out in Detroit between the auto companies and the U.A.W. They all involve deferred payments and short-term concessions. Obviously Chrysler miscalculated the timing of the Apocalypse by a few years, but those long-term government loans they've wangled should keep them going just long enough.

*Chappie:* Are you implying that some of the leaders of industry actually operate by your principles?

*DD:* Of course! And not just business types, but also presidents, kings, the Secretary of the Interior, housewives, bus-boys, and even movie stars.

*Chappie:* Movie stars?

*DD:* You bet. Most people think of the recent deaths of William Holden and John Belushi as a tragic waste, but really, how much will they miss? Maybe they weren't so dumb after all.

*Chappie:* Even so, you cannot really believe that James Watt...

*DD:* I concede that for the most part he's motivated by a hatred for all things not composed of asphalt, plastic, or steel. However, he clearly realizes that he'll never have to account for any of his actions. Mindless consumption makes a lot of sense when faced with either an endless supply or an impending abrupt drop in demand; in Watt's mind, we have both.

*Chappie:* I gather from what you say that Apocalypse Investing is more than a financial program, but is actually a way of life?

*DD:* Absolutely. My book outlines a total philosophy. For example, there's the question of Apocalyptic Love. If there isn't quick and easy gratification, forget it.

*Chappie:* Doctor, aren't you losing sight of moral considerations? This is so Machiavellian!

*DD:* And what does some cheap Italian wine have to do with morals? Hey, if you think my approach is bad, wait until the criminal element catches on. I mean, if you've always wanted to kill somebody, you might as well do it. Even if you get caught, you won't have to serve much time.

Pretty soon the only effective deterrents will be flogging or the rack.

*Chappie:* Luckily, most of those people cannot read. You keep referring to "long-term" investments. The obvious question is, "How long?" When do you think the Apocalypse will come?

*DD:* I'm sorry, but I can't answer that without ruining a few of my own investments. Let me just say it doesn't surprise me that Ronald Reagan has never discussed the possibility of a second term with Nancy.

*Chappie:* You're predicting an Apocalypse by 1984 then?

*DD:* The Apocalypse! The Apocalypse man! There's only going to be one! But you said 1984, not me.

*Chappie:* In closing, Doctor, could you suggest for our readers some actions they could take to put your theory into practice?

*DD:* Sure, I'd be glad to. They should buy stock in tobacco and alcohol, but skip firearms. Stay away from health food ventures. Buy a big car. Invest in a strip mining operation. Drink coffee and eat salty, deep-fried foods. Litter. When starting a detective novel, always read the ending first. The logic of all of these moves should be obvious. Never put off until tomorrow what you wanted to do today. 

# My Old School



Friday afternoon was leisurely kicking in and my summer employer — his week's work finally done — was all set to command my ear some more. Often, he seemed to like nothing more. After clearing the stack of papers that was cluttering up his desk — "Every morning they hand me a molehill and every afternoon they expect a mountain!", he groaned — he put his feet up on the desk and leaned back in his chair. The man was ready to talk.

"I remember when I was in college," he began. Did he ever! Too well for my sake. He went on and on. The frat parties, the women, the boozing, the women, the football games, the women, the formals, the women. . . You get the point.

"What about your classes?", I interrupted, setting him up for an easy punchline.

"Huh?"

This blather went on for quite a while. Finally as the shadows began to set outside, my boss wound it down.

"The best time of your life, John. That's what college is. And don't you forget it." Pause. "I think you're going to have a great time at Swarthmore!"

"That's Haverford, sir."

"Oh yes, Haverford. I've heard great things about. . . uh. . . Swarthmore. The best time of your life, John."

That was four years ago. About a month after that conversation I enrolled at Haverford College in suburban Philadelphia. *Little Haverford College*, a Quaker school of 1,000 students. Little and, at that time, *all-male* Haverford College. The best time of my life? Lots of wine, women, and touchdowns? At Haverford — an academically-rigorous guys' school with neither fraternities nor a football team? What do you expect? Christ, what the hell did I expect?

Whatever I expected, I spent two years at Haverford not finding it. Two years ago I transferred out to Stanford, trading in Philadelphia for Palo Alto. Now, with you, I will go back there for a bit; back to that college where, as my father used to say, "the sun don't shine." This piece is about the characters and occurrences that made up my freshman year at "The Ford" — my freshman year abroad, if you will. There is a Top 40 song by Sheena Easton, the gist of which is "You could have been with me. . . Instead of alone with nothing." And that's really the moral of all this. If our own spacious playpen starts getting you down, just look at the dim side: You could have been with me — at Haverford. Alone with nothing.

You could have been with me on that very first day of school when I met my first, actual, living Haverfordian.

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*Travel*

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His name was Schnick, and he was a short, dark-haired, intense-looking, Jewish pre-med from Long Island. He was also one of my three suitemates. After grunting a "Hello", he walked into my room, smiled, shook hands, picked his nose, and then uttered his first words.

"John, were you a National Merit semi-finalist?"

I almost swallowed my tongue. "Only if you doubled my PSAT scores."

From that day on I kept my distance from Schnick. Much of that was simply survival though. Schnick showered infrequently and considered it a crime against nature to open his windows, which it may have well been. Our four-room suite smelled like a panther pit. Socially, Schnick's habits matched his hygiene. He would routinely turn off other people's radios and typewriters when he felt they were too loud, and he continually made a big deal about the fact that he never ever lent money. "Imagine," said Mongo, another one of my suitemates, in disgust, "a Jew who *doesn't* lend money."

Which reminds me, you could have been with me as I got to know Mongo well. This guy was a monster (6-6, 215 pounds) and with his dark hair, full black beard, and menacing scowl (I used to duck half the times he addressed me), he reminded me quite a bit of Bluto. Mongo liked to attire himself in ripped-up soccer jerseys, and especially enjoyed thinking up new and foul things to call me. His favorite nickname for me was "Torch".

"What does 'Torch' mean?", I asked him.

"Flaming asshole."

"Oh."

As you might guess, Mongo was lots of fun to have around. He never knocked on my door; instead he used to kick it in. One day he took down one of my curtain rods and bent it every which way, barehanded. "I'll call this one 'Impulse'", he said, sticking the deformed rod on my desk. Every vacation Mongo would get a batch of tennis racquets from the pro shop where he worked at home. Most of these he would play with, a few though he had for other purposes. When he was good and annoyed, "impulse" would dictate that he take one of these racquets into the hallway and beat the crap out of it. "Relax, weenie," he said to me after mashing a graphite special, "if it wasn't for these racquets I'd be doing it to you."

On the tennis court Mongo practically did do it to me. He was a fast-serve champion at home and the rest of his game wasn't shabby either. "Want to return my serve?", he would ask.

"Do I have a choice?"

"No."

The few of Mongo's serves I could see, I got my racquet on. The others? Some went through the fence, some through my face.

One time Mongo was playing in a campus tournament against a sissy opponent. When the opponent lost a crucial point, he went into a whining rage and threw his racquet. The racquet sailed over the net and nicked Mongo who was standing in the service court. Mongo hardly missed a beat. He picked the racquet up, put it across his knee and broke it in half. "My compliments," Mongo said as he handed the remains to his bewildered opponent.

Mongo referred to our suite as "Little Israel" (because everyone in the suite but him was Jewish) and felt he deserved some sort of decoration for toughing out a full year with the rest of us. "It's just me and these three Yids," he would tell anyone who would listen. "I feel surrounded."

In truth, the only member of "Little Israel" who really bothered Mongo was Schnick. And that was really no biggie; Schnick bothered everybody. In our little four-room world, Schnick was the only guy who wouldn't chip in for the refrigerator, the only one who argued about the phone bills, the only one who wouldn't clean his room, his clothes, or himself, and — unbelievable as it sounds, considering their relative statures — the only one who told Mongo flat out how much Mongo's dirty laundry smelled. By mid-year, Schnick's very presence made Mongo's blood boil. "Ooh Schnick, Ooh . . .", he would mumble to himself as he beat another tennis racquet senseless in the hallway. "Ooh . . ."

In the spring, Schnick crossed everyone up by becoming friendly. Suddenly he started hanging around Mongo's room, trying earnestly to engage His Bigness in conversation.

"What's your favorite hobby?", he asked Mongo.

"Breaking things."

Rather than further the interrogation, Schnick decided — mistakenly — to tell Mongo of his favorite hobby: collecting alarm clocks. Mongo's eyes lit up. He stole four of Schnick's clocks and spent the next week or so torturing him with them. Mongo would set the clocks for every ungodly hour imaginable and then stick them in Schnick's drawers, under his bed, below his pillow, behind the shade — anywhere that Schnick couldn't get at them. "You know what the main problem with Hitler was?", Mongo asked rhetorically — a trace of triumph in his

voice — at three o'clock one morning as yet another alarm went off in Schnick's room. "He didn't finish the job, that's what."

If Mongo doesn't sound like your type, perhaps you might have preferred J.B., the preppie drug dealer from New York City who lived down the hall. Perhaps not. J.B. rarely troubled himself with Jew-baiting; his mind was always focused on loftier topics — like masturbation. Although he claimed he was never guilty of the sin, J.B. had more expressions for masturbation than he had fingers. Whenever he was around, chances were the conversation was centered around meat-beating, or ham-slammng, or beef-slapping or chicken-choking or weenie-wagging or wood-wiggling or stem-waxing.

J.B. never let up with this nonsense, but once he started teasing his roommate Kurt (a not-so-mild-mannered loonie from Boston) he would end up beating off — I mean biting off more than he could chew. Kurt would spot J.B. at dinner (where he was perpetually on the make with some girl or another) and just make life miserable for him. "Hey Slammer!", Kurt would shriek at J.B. from across the dining center. J.B.'s face would promptly go beet red, and he would hope to himself that Kurt would go off and electrocute himself somewhere. No such luck. "How's it going, Slapper?", Kurt would inquire, loudly, as soon as he was in range, his blue eyes gleaming devilishly. "Dinner's great, huh Waxer?" Just as J.B. had had enough and was ready to clip him, Kurt would slip off. "Looks like I've got to be going. No hand-to-gland combat while I'm away, okay, Choker? See ya . . ."

Unable ever to dine in peace, J.B. spent much of his free time trying to figure out an appropriate torture for his annoying roommate. Towards the end of the year, a sad quirk of fate gave him the opportunity he so desired. On May Day, Kurt's grandfather died. He had to leave school



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early, and so entrusted J.B. with the chore of packing up his assorted odds and ends and placing them in summer storage. J.B. packed up Kurt's bags alright, but before he put them away from the summer he jammed a whole bunch of tuna fish and egg salad sandwiches into them. Four months later Kurt had to open the boxes.

"Sophomore year's going to be as much fun as freshman year," he said to himself, a giant can of Lysol at his side.

Yes indeed, you could have been with me at Haverford. You could have been with me that afternoon when our R.A., George (a technical whiz) actually got a "C" on a physics test. To celebrate this rare event, George placed the exam against the exam against the wall in his room and drove a dagger through it. You could have been with me that evening when George decided to entertain his fascinated freshmen by making lightning. Not a simple completed circuit mind you. Lightning.

You could have been with me when George made the mistake of asking his best friend Thad to wake him up the following morning. This was a mistake because Thad was Thad — a big, playful galoot who used to ride his bicycle up and down the steps in our dorm. The result was predictably disastrous. At 8:30 A.M. the next day, Thad burst into George's room — bicycle and all — pushed George off his bed and then threw his mattress out the window. "Looks like you can't go back to bed now, Georgie," Thad said. "Time to rise and shine!" George rose and reached for that dagger, but too late; Thad had already run someone over in the stairwell.

You could have been with me for the year's first big snow storm in January. That night, George, Thad, Kurt, J.B., Mongo, I, and almost every other infantile slob at Haverford all tromped over to Bryn Mawr College (a prestigious women's school about a mile up the road) and built a snow phallus that must have been twenty feet long. The "snow sculpture" (as the school newspaper termed it) pointed squarely at Merion Hall, the Bryn Mawr lesbian theme house. The morning after, BMC Dean Mary Maples Dunn — a real softie — took one look at this thing and had a real shit-fit. She went straight to the school warehouse, personally revved up the only working snowplow, and then drove it right through the sizable eyesore. "A giant drive for feminism," grumbled Mongo over dinner that evening.

Haverford was not a great place to be if you happened to be black, or so my friend Carter kept on telling me. I wasn't so convinced; I mean, Haverford wasn't such a great place if you were white either. Not that I argued the point with him. Besides — and I suppose, including — Mongo, Carter was the biggest thing I had ever seen. He was 6-9 and weighed about 240 pounds. On our hall directory he listed his birthday as March 28th-30th. "Face it," said Mongo, "the man's a house."

Carter and I became fast friends, largely because I was about the only person on the floor who would talk to him. Most everyone else treated him like they had never seen a black guy before. "When I walk down the hall they all suddenly start locking their doors," he noted early in the year, a sly smile crossing his lips. "Maybe I should be

stealing their stereos." Carter was quite direct that way. When people would ask him stupid things like, "How's the weather up there, big guy?", Carter would just look at them disdainfully and say, "It's raining." And spit at them.

Whenever Carter and Mongo got together it was like a meeting of two dinosaurs hooked on Henny Youngman.

"So Mongo," Carter would say, kicking things off in his most ingratiating voice, "how's your wife and my kids?"

"Very funny! Very funny!", Mongo would crack snidely as he hacked yet another tennis racquet to bits.

The metal carcass in hand, Mongo would then focus his attention on Carter's ever-expanding stomach, which always lapped his belt. "Going out for the Olympic eating team, eh Carter?"

Carter could only roll his eyes, for he knew what was coming up.

"Carter's so fat," Mongo would say, rolling, "that you don't walk beside him on the street, you walk *among* him."

"Damn Mongo, how long are you going to keep runnin' these same jokes."

"Carter's so fat," Mongo would continue, unflustered, "that every time the cops spot him in the corner they yell, 'Hey, break it up over there.'"

"You win," Carter would say, dropping the biggest bomb of all, "I gotta go study."

Those words promptly put everyone in the dumps. These stories aside, all we did at Haverford was study. And go to class. Carter and I shared one class, a farcical freshman seminar course entitled "Myth and Science Fiction". Carter didn't like the class because the teacher was always pestering him to talk, and because it included a nerd named B.T. B.T. would constantly say things like, "What Carter *meant* to say was . . .", while he wasn't lecturing us about what his father thought about science fiction. Much anyone cared about what his father thought about science fiction.

As pathetic as B.T. was, he didn't rate with a fellow named Gimp who was the designated guinea pig of our weekly tutorial sessions. Gimp really liked being called Gimp; but he didn't like being called Gimp the Wimp, which is naturally how everyone addressed him. Poor Gimp was a practical joke just waiting to happen. He was always squinting, or telling bad jokes, or starting sentence after sentence with a "Well, maybe it's *me*, but . . ."

Gimp's papers were a pretty sad lot, especially his term paper — a science fiction classic entitled *Runnin' on Empty*. Gimp's epic was all of four pages long, two of which were devoted almost entirely to the Jackson Browne song lyric. Gimp took this story seriously, but when he read it in the tutorial section the teacher started cracking up about halfway through. Right about the time Gimp was saying, "Runnin' on empty, runnin' on . . ." One reviewer showed his appreciation for *Runnin' on Empty* by flicking his Bic and setting it on fire. "Maybe it's *me*," said Gimp, his head in his hands.

Just be glad it wasn't you. 

# TIEDOWN

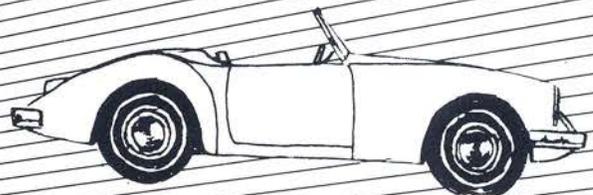


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Hi kids!

Wanda Jackson, despite doctors' warnings, ingested too many toxic chemicals while pregnant, and her yet unborn child, Clitus, has been endowed with sentience and universe warping powers of astral projection...

I tell you Ralston, that Wanda, she's getting me worried. Why, she done gone and got the biggest...

Unfortunately, materialism is the way of many.



But Ralston! It was the biggest coat hanger yet! I was a goner if it weren't for the fact that she suddenly had to have a prescription filled!

Ah, your plight is truly a sad one. It pains me!

Uh, excuse me...



Look, I really don't want to disturb you, but I don't seem to recognize this as part of my route. Could you tell me just where I am? I'm really sorry, but I am running late and you are the first people I've met here.

I beg your pardon!



Before one speaks, one should know the nature of those to whom one speaks. I am Ralston, of the Clan of Ni-honor, bearers of the Staff since the dawn of the Age of Light!

And I'm Irving Nussbaum, door-to-door sex aids salesman from Akron Ohio...

I'm Clitus, Clitus the Fetus.



I take it then that this isn't Akron?

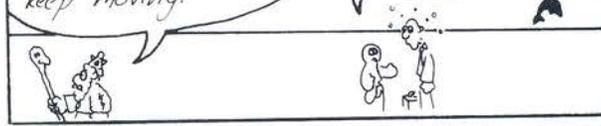
It's the Astral Plane! Welcome!

It's not even Ohio!



come Clitus. He simply, as of yet, cannot accept his situation. We must keep moving.

Mr Nussbaum?  
Mr Nussbaum?

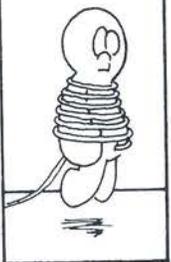


Many footsteps later...

Clitus! Do not my eyes deceive me, or do I perceive the figure of one previously thought lost to me? Do you not see the figure of, of...



**Mother!**

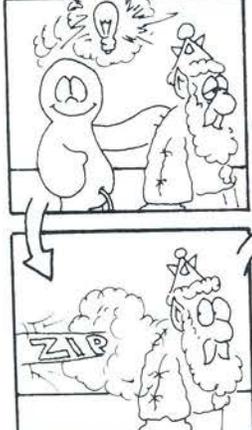
Sometime later...

So, how'd it go?

Clitus, I am not the natural child of the one I call "mother." I am an an, adaptee! She said I was old enough to know the truth.



I am a sourceless being, unfit for the Astral Plane...


Exactly one short time later...

Ralston, I brought you something from Mr. Nussbaum's inventory that should help!

Clitus!



contents: One Tina Tightend! inflatable maniken. Life-time guarantee, wash with mild soap and water.\* On Clitus, you shouldn't have!



You know Clitus, with friends like you...

The cord man, you're stepping on the umbilical cord again!



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FORUM

I'm, uh, you might say, very well endowed, with an I.Q. of over 160. Sure, I'd had a normal sex life, but I felt that that once simply wasn't enough, especially since it burst afterward and I had to send it back to get my \$59.95 refund.

Anyway, I'd never really "given" it to a woman before. Imagine how I felt, then, when I found myself alone in the chem lab room last night with a pretty blond coed! I tried to keep my eyes on my nitro-hydrobenzite titration experiment, but I found them consistently wandering to the other side of the room, where the shapely young maiden seemed deeply perplexed over some Promethean problem. Suddenly, she turned, and caught one of my stray glances head on! I felt like I was about to soak right through my five day deodorant pads. Before I knew it, her burning gaze had dropped below my waist. She seemed to see what she wanted, and walked over to my side of the room. "You've got something I need," she murmured, "badly." With that, she put her hand directly over my most prized possession, and grabbed my dangling unit. Upon discovering its inaccessibility, she quickly opened my zipper and pulled it out. She immediately began to run her fingers over it, expertly caressing it just where it counted most. After a few moments, however, she looked up at me with a disgusted look on her face.

"What's the matter," she said, "can't you get this damn thing to work?" I was too embarrassed to say a word, though, so she just let go and went back to her work. Damn calculator — eats batteries way too fast.

—Name and address upon request.

I've never told anyone this before, but I figure its all right to say it here, to millions of readers who don't even know me. I'm a normal girl in every way but one: you see, I've got this thing for engineering students. Actually, I'm one myself, sort of, since I enroll in all the engineering classes I can just so as to get near these guys. I especially like the really bright ones, you know, the ones with big thick glasses and zits who you never see outside the library. When I think of just how much they can satisfy me, I get goosebumps.

What I usually do is this. Whenever we get together in a group of four or five to do a lab or a problem set, I always wear a skimpy, low cut dress, and I douse myself with expensive French perfume. Inevitably, one of the guys will gravitate toward me and ask if I'm having any problems "getting it" done. I'll explain that I am, but that unfortunately I've left my homework in my bedroom. Usually, the young buck will be more than willing to follow me back to my apartment, where I can get what I really

want.

Once there, I will shyly lead him to my bed, where I will ask him to look over my results while I slip into something more comfortable. Then I have wild, passionate sex with my 6 foot 7 fullback boyfriend on the living room couch. By the time we're done, the sucker in the bedroom usually is too, and I can run in and tell him to escape through my fire window before my boyfriend finds out he's there and kills him.

—Name and address lost.

While finishing up my final CS 347 project last night, I fell asleep and had a dream which your readers might find interesting. In it, I found myself in an ancient moorglade, securely tied down to the unholy Stone of Talbrook, whereupon Hogarth, wicked sorcerer of the Black Abyss, was about to evoke the Curse of the Unknown Darkness upon good King Oliver, everlasting leader of the Knights of the Eternal Light. Suddenly, a bunch of naked women appeared, shocking me out of my sleep. When I awoke, I discovered that I had run out of allotment time.

—Name and address: who cares?

As a physics-chem double major, I find that I don't really have the time to fully develop a loving, caring relationship with a woman, and have sex. Consequently, I often resort to somewhat devious,

although quite efficient, methods in order to fulfill my baser needs. Here's one that I'd like to pass on to your readers that I picked up from a skin flick.

The first thing I do is find an old pair of pants and cut out one of the front pockets. Then, while carrying a large burden, say, an IBM 1500 Series spectrometer-oleoscope, I go up to an unsuspecting beauty and ask her if she'll reach into my pocket and pull out a dime for me. "Did you find the dime?", I'll ask, anxiously awaiting her inevitable reply. "No," she'll answer, with a surprised look on her face, "but I seem to have found a roll of silver dollars!" With that, she'll pull out the roll of silver dollars I've taped to my leg. Sometimes, she will even give it back.

—Name and address indecipherable.

You've probably never received a letter like this before. You see, I'm so excited about my experience that I'm actually writing about it now, while it's *happening*. I'm hoping this will give your readers a sensation of exactly how it feels to be in a position like mine.

I've never had sex. Before tonight, I couldn't figure out why. I'd often dated girls, and, despite the fact that I'm not all that attractive (I wear glasses and have a skin condition), I was confounded by the fact that I was never able to make it past first base.

Tonight, though, it's going to be different. You see, there's this foxy young chick in my EE 137 class who I've always had the hots for. She wears these low cut dresses that really show off her cleavage, and smells like expensive french perfume. About an hour ago, she asked me in section whether or not I could help her with her problem set. Get this: she said that she had left it at home, in her *bedroom*. I may be naive, but I'm not dumb enough to take a hint when it's thrown in my face. Eagerly assenting to help her, I followed her to her apartment, where she fixed me a drink and asked me to wait in her "passion chamber" while she changed. She also gave me what she had completed of her problem set, which, as you might guess, was very little.

Well, I was sitting on her bed just about finished with her homework when a thought occurred to me. Why hadn't I ever been able to make it with women? Simple: I had never been aggressive enough! What this girl needed was a man to dominate her, take her over, and lustfully force her into submission. So, here I am, stark naked, ready to pounce on her voluptuous body as soon as she enters the room. Boy, will she be surprised!

—Name and Address withheld pending investigation by the SFPD.



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## FADS

Prof. Otto von Rubik has done it again. First he captivated the world with his cube, now he's doing it with his son, Putzgy. Formerly a master of spatial orientation, Prof. Rubik is now blazing new trails in human form. Much for the same reason he built his cube, he built his son to show his biology students how his son was constructed and to see if they could reassemble him. The problem having remained unsolved, the Prof. was finally coerced into giving a talk at the Bulgaria University of the Fine Arts on how to fix his son. What follows is an



unedited transcript from his talk, starting with his answer to the question, "How many times have you had relations with your wife, Professor?":

"Ya, ya, about two times, for ze state. Now, ze first ding you do is get little Putzgy's head in place. Come, now, you all do it on your little Putzgies. Vat? Ya, ya, you can remove Putzgy's blindfold now; I've destroyed ze *Playboys* he found



under my bed. Naughty Putzgy, very naughty Putzgy! Papa was very upset with little Putzgy for dat . . . but dat is another story.

"Now, you have gotten ze head, ya. Have you all gotten ze arms? Nyet? Neither have I. You, in ze front row, come up here, ya. Come hold down little Putzgy for me. Ze only way to get little Putzgy's arms is to . . . vat? Vat's ze matter, you squeamish? Ze saw scares you? Den look away! Now, here ve go . . . vheeeee! Shut up little Putzgy! You didn't yell so loud when you valked in on me and mother last veek, did you? And, and, but, er, let's go on.

"Look at little Putzgy. Does zis look right to you? Nyet! His little rear is in your face! Ve are now going to svivel his pelvis into place. Notice how I keep my thumbs under his groin and push upwards as I twist. See, ve are almost dere and QUIET,

PUTZGY!!! I don't care if it hurts! I notice vat is going on in zat little pelvic region everytime you see your mother! Vat are all you people looking at? You stink zis is so bad?? Vait! Vatch dis! Ha, take dat you little brat, and get your own stinking cup of vater tonight! You know your little hamster, Jerry? I flushed him down ze toilet! Ha! Remember your teddy bear? I vas ze one who ripped his stuffing out and spread it all over your bed!!! Take dat you little shit but leave me alone, all of you . . . just leave . . . me alone . . ." 



# WILD PLACE ON THE PLANET

## INTERVIEW

*It seems that modern pleasure seekers have discovered yet another means by which to obtain their hedonistic ya yas. This month, Ennui's Edwin Newsom interviews Candy Kane, proprietress of a new franchise group of fun centers operating in urban areas throughout the nation. Ms. Kane is five foot seven, blond, and buxom. Newsom, on the other hand, is an anemic copy boy who wouldn't leave my office until I let him take this story. Well, here's your big chance, kid. And wipe your nose, huh?*

**Edwin:** Candy, exactly where did you get the idea for your new type of, uh, fun centers anyway?

**Candy:** Well, Ed, back around 1972 we began to notice a distinct dropoff in the patronage of our massage studios and mature book stores. We figured that there were only two possible explanations: either people were actually beginning to carry out normal, healthy sexual relationships on their own, or that they were simply getting tired of overpriced back rubs inadequately administered by forty-year-old ex-felons. In either case, the solution was clear.

**Edwin:** That was?

**Candy:** We were just going to have to change our theme. Sex wasn't selling anymore. At first we opened a line of adult food parlors. The customer would come in, be seated, and get served up some of the best spaghetti this side of Fresno.

**Edwin:** That didn't work, eh?

**Candy:** Unfortunately, there was an Italian family restaurant right across the street. Our customers could take their wives and kids there without fear of social stigma. They also had garlic bread.

**Edwin:** Personally, I never eat out. I pretty much live off Coke and candy bars.

**Candy:** Hmm, you sound like just the sort of person who might enjoy our present services. You see, after our adult cuisine parlors failed, we did a marketing survey. The results were clear: people weren't spending their pleasure-dollars on sex or dinner anymore. Instead, they were going for fantasy.

**Edwin:** Fantasy?

**Candy:** Yeah, fantasy, in all forms: technical magazines, computer games, you name it. It really made us disgusted at first. Instead of a nice evening of good, healthy sex with a willing young lady, most thrillseekers today stay cooped up at home with some sleazy Issac Asimov joy rag. Know what I mean?

**Edwin:** Well, I must admit that I

sneak a peak at *Scientific American* every now and then, not that I subscribe or anything... and, well, I do own two computer systems and design my own software, but...

**Candy:** You're just the kind of guy who would enjoy our services, then. You see, the first thing we did once we found out about this trend was to entirely restock our



adult book stores with glossy, full color science fiction magazines carrying titles like "Swedish Hard Core Festival of Animation" and "Microchip Bondage." We renovated our booths in back with video games so you could play with your Asteroids in complete privacy for just a quarter. Business boomed. I must say, though, that the average patron of our fantasy stores is quite a cut below the typical scum we used to get in the old days. I mean, these kids nowadays are downright creepy: big, thick glasses, four day beard growth, smelly jeans, and the most dumb fixed-stares you'll ever see in your life. At least the perverts would keep their eyes averted.

*Edwin:* What was the community response to these new shops?

*Candy:* At first, we had problems. Decent people have moral qualms about open fantasy, not that I don't agree with them, and so initially we had to keep it sort of back-room, you know, on the second floor of medical textbook stores and all that. Eventually, though, parents began to realize that they could get rid of their creepy little nerd kid for hours at a time with us around, so we began to get limited support.

*Edwin:* Limited?

*Candy:* Yeah. You see, parents

didn't want to see fantasy too close to home and all, so they squared off a certain number of city blocks where we could place our establishments.

*Edwin:* You mean...



*Candy:* Right. The black light districts.

*Edwin:* Candy, what you've said so far seems to indicate that your business is now directed toward kids and teenagers. What about us

adults? What do we do for fun?

*Candy:* Well, for the discriminating adult who likes to get his needs fulfilled professionally, we have opened a full line of fantasy parlors: for fifty dollars an hour, you can have your favorite sci fi novel read just to you by one of our ugly old unemployed librarians. It's, well, quite an adventurous experience.

*Edwin:* Come on, fifty bucks? You gotta be kidding me. What a gyp.

*Candy:* Perhaps I can change your mind with this little passage from "The Ring of Sartorius" by Richard Pettyburg. It won a Hugo, you know...

*Edwin:* P...Pe...Pettyburg? Uh, maybe we'd better stop right now, while we...

*Candy:* "'Behold the mammoth mounts called Olicius,' whispered the dwarf-king, as he stroked the fir of his well-oiled garboth carrier. 'See how they glisten in the two-sunned twilight.'"

*Edwin:* I think we'd, uh...

*Candy:* "'Suddenly, there appeared before him a vision of Sheka, the golden-rain goddess, clad only in a corminian loincloth...'"

*Edwin:* Mmmmm. Oooooooo.

*Candy:* "From around Olicius he could just make out the advancing troops of Condol, warlock of the Otherlands, naked but for their three pronged..."

(Tape runs out)



# MINDGAMES

"God sets us nothing but riddles. Here the boundaries meet and all contradictions exist side by side."

Dostoevsky  
*The Brothers Karamozov*

This month, we at *ENNUI* have decided to give our readers a taste of the *MENSA*- (the fraternal organization of geniuses) application test. In order to join the society, an applicant must answer questions such as these:  
(Answers below)

1. Why did the chicken cross the road?
2. Why do birds fly south for the winter?
3. Give the next term in the following series:
  - a. 1, 2, 3, 4, . . .
  - b. A, B, C, D, . . .
  - c. 2, 4, 6, 8, . . .

**BONUS QUESTION**  
Why do firemen wear red suspenders?

## ANSWERS

1. Ever since the Paleolithic era, non-migratory birds have shown a definite pattern of what naturalists call "migratory intent" or the "stationary travel syn-

drome." Transportation systems seem to stir this latent need to migrate, though these birds do not possess the necessary means of transportation. A chicken will cross the road merely to get to the other side. He will also cross runways, railroad tracks, escalators, and gangplanks. A common legend is that Colonel Sanders was inspired to invent fried chicken after watching one attempt to cross a subway third rail. Roads, however, have always seemed to have special significance to birds, and recent archeological finds have led scientists to believe that the presence of tar may be responsible. Only recently has it been pointed out that 79% of the remains of prehistoric birds were found in the tar pits of America, Asia, and Africa.

2. The physio-gnomy of many species of birds demands the adjustment of temperature during the four seasons of the year. These birds have favored feeding and mating grounds in Northern areas, but find these spots less than habitable in winter. Thus these birds, through a natural instinct (brought about by several hormonal reactions in the inner ear) fly toward the equatorial regions of the globe. The crux of this question lies in the word *fly*. Why do these birds *fly* south? The answer is simple. Flight is the fastest way of travel for these birds. They would freeze if they attempted to roll or jump, and they would collapse from fatigue if they tried to walk.

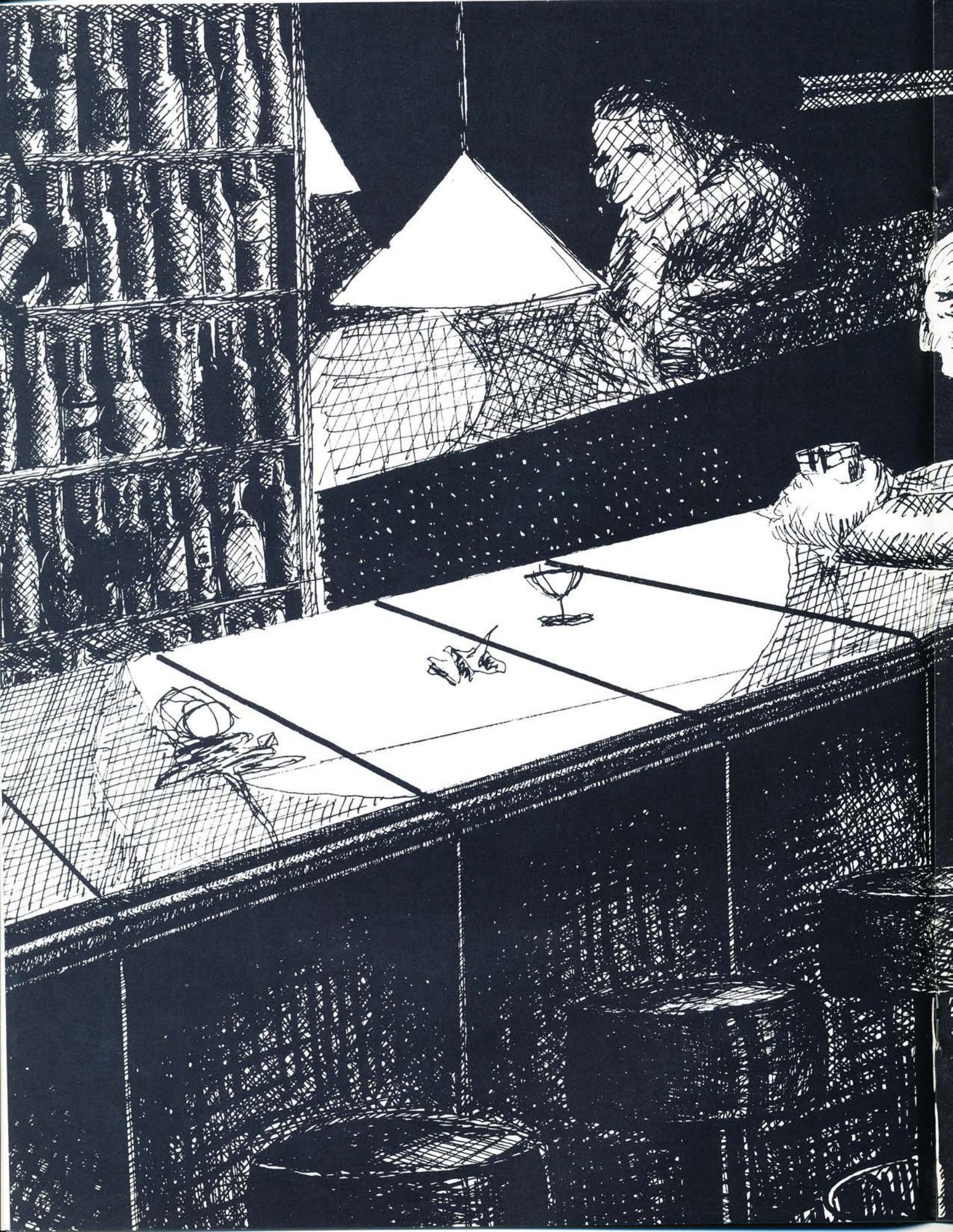
3. a. 246. This is simply the hummer per generation of amoeba mitosis at a temperature of 22 C, as any biologist would know. This temperature appears to be extremely conducive to amoeba reproduction, causing them to multiply at an astounding rate. After four generations, they go from four to 246!

- b. X. Pierre Curie, in 1898, made famous list of the chemical elements. The first five were Antimony, Beryllium, Carbon, Dysprosium, and Xenon. Take the first letter in each of these, and you have the simple solution to this series.

- c. 492. This is a trick question. The derivation to this series can be found if you start with two amoeba at a temperature of 22 C, and observe the pattern of mitosis.

## BONUS

Since mythological times, the color red has been symbolic of fire. Vulcan, or Hephaestus, it has been recounted in ancient Greek and Roman legends, was adorned with "fiery bands decorating his body from head to toe, and giving adequate protection from the intense flames." The color has also been traditionally used to signify distress; the American Red Cross is an example of this. These were the reasons given by Phineas McNeil, president of the American Firefighters Union in 1911 when he proposed the red suspenders as part of the official uniform. The proposal was passed unanimously. ☐





# BENT OVER BACKWARDS

**F**rankie Parker, ex bell-hop for the Night Riders Hotel in Seattle, Washington, stood heavy in line before the chalk white barracks while the officer in charge briefed the new soldiers. Frankie had made big plans of protecting his country from the trigger end of an M-16 up until the officer's nose was an inch away from his own and his hardened hand was resting on the soft folds of Frankie's huge belly.

"We'll have you trimmed up in no time," the officer sneered, his rancid breath and bright silver medals closing in on Frankie's tender skin. He dug a thick thumb into Frankie's side, chuckling.

"No way," said Frankie. He rather enjoyed poking his fingers deep into the soft jelly around his midsection and he could sit for hours in front of the television with his hands tucked neatly out of sight. "No way," Frankie said.

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again to the general amusement of the officers gathered. He wasn't budging an inch.

"Oh yes, Oh yes," said the army. They weren't budging either. Poor Frankie.

**T**ed McGuire sits on the edge of an uncomfortable black leather sofa, eating a beer. It's been days now — maybe weeks — still without a word. Finally, a little man bursts through the oak doors of the shambles Ted likes to call his home.

"What did you get for me, kid?" snaps McGuire at the little man who keeps shaking his head.

"Best he could do boss. Really, Mr. McGuire, really."

"Well out with it, dammit, out with it! And quit shakin' that head of yours, will you?"

"Best he could give you, boss: Fourteen, with a possible sixty-four split goin' either way down the line. We'll have 'em by the balls if it ever goes five to one and if she back-doors on us, why... we got Lucky Princess backin' her up if she'll hold. Said it's the best he could do." The little man is shaking all over now, his thin black socks down low on his ankles.

"Tell him he can shove it up his ass." Ted McGuire says. Ted McGuire doesn't deal on conditionals. "And call next time," he screams after the little man, now down the street, still shaking his head.

**S**o he saved his fat and went AWOL and a year and a half later he found himself shaved, clean, and hauling luggage for tips back at the Night Riders Hotel. He'd had enough of hiding out in crumpled basements in houses that had no windows or in Southern Pacific railroad cars that had no wheels. The army wasn't really after Frankie but he liked to think so. He let the hair on his face grow out and around his newly purchased sunglasses, and he did most of his travelling in the small, grey hours of the morning. Adventurous as it may have been for Frankie, he soon tired of the game. In a world like Frankie's, it wasn't easy being romantic. So either from a loss of dignity or a lack of food or perhaps a combination of the two, he showed up on his knees back at the Hotel, begging for his job back, his boss chuckling behind his huge desk. Now, as before, rich skinny cowboys call him "Frankie-boy" as they shove their baggage his way, and if Frankie is lucky they flip him a quarter or two just before the door closes, leaving Frankie alone in a hall of red carpet that has begun to grow up the sides of the wall.

"It's a tough guy's world, Frankie-boy," one slick rancher had said. He had a fancy hat on his head and an even fancier dame on his side who giggled loudly after every sip of her beer. "Why don't you just step out of the race, huh, Frankie-boy?"

Frankie blushed and wanted to stare at the woman and at the tight slit in her green silk dress, but the man had poked a crisp dollar bill into his fleshy cheek, and his eyes watered over as the door clicked shut.

**T**he bar was packed when Ted McGuire entered, a sheep-skin coat stretched over his big back. It fit well. A little too well.

"What'll you have, McGuire?"

"Why don't you decide. You're the bartender."

McGuire liked to keep his bartenders honest.

The bartender, a big man, put both his huge forearms on the bar opposite McGuire and leaned in on him.

McGuire felt a hot pulse of sweat break out from under his coat. He'd seen this big man somewhere before. On the oil rig in North Dakota? A picture in a book? Diving for mussels off the Southern California coast? Or perhaps here, behind this same bar, twenty, maybe thirty years back.

"Whiskey," McGuire said.

"What?"

"Whiskey, dammit, whiskey!"

The bartender didn't respond. He just reached out a big hand and placed it behind McGuire's neck and pulled him real close until the edge of the bar was digging into McGuire's rib cage. "I'm really sorry, McGuire, but I can't hear too well because of all this racket goin' on in the bar."

"Well I'm sorry too," McGuire said, but the bartender's big hand was still pulling at the back of his neck and the edge of the bar digging into his stomach made it very difficult to breath. The bartender stared into McGuire's eyes and then slowly eased him back into his stool. Both men were silent for a long time, listening to the noise.

"The bar has changed a little bit, hasn't it, Smittie?"

McGuire finally said.

"You've changed a little too, haven't you, Ted?"

"Maybe, Smittie, maybe so."

The bartender reached for a glass and placed it and a bottle of whiskey on the bar in front of McGuire.

"I'll buy the first one," the big bartender said.

**F**rankie Parker had been rather heavy all his life. That's why when Mrs. Tolledge, his fifth grade teacher asked for a volunteer to play Santa in the annual Christmas pageant, everyone in the class immediately turned around in their new swivel chairs and looked at Frankie. Frankie just sat there and dug his thumbnail into a deep groove in his wooden desk top. He hated the kids in his class, he hated Mrs. Tooleedge, and he hated the new swivel chairs. He'd get even . . . someday.

As for Ted McGuire, he once popped the tip off his middle finger when he was working on a roofing crew somewhere in Texas. He had felt himself quite a young buck and indeed he was: young, strong, and square backed. But he got a little careless unloading the rolls of cold tar onto the roof, and he got his finger pinched between the bottom of the heavy roll and the roof. When they pulled his glove off you could see the white bone sticking up into the air like a painted flagpole mounted in bloody blue flesh.

"Aw, quit your crying, you candy ass," one of the workers said, "you ain't hurt." So he quit crying and went right back to work and although the sharp pain remained for several months, he never cried again.



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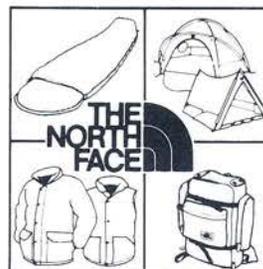
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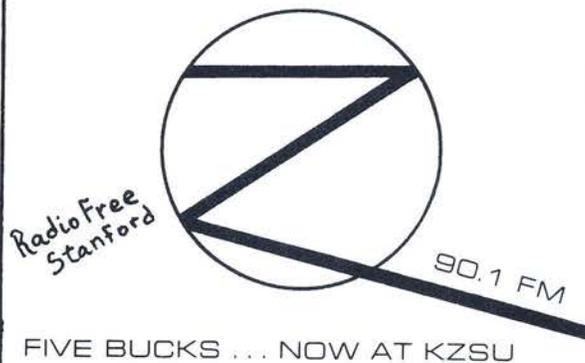
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**C**an I help you?" she asked, peering over the counter, her eyebrows arched high.

"Yeah. Gimme a room." Ted McGuire signed his name quickly into the maroon hotel register, while the young woman whispered "Frankie" to the green velvet curtain behind her.

"Frankie?" Ted McGuire asked, feeling a little sick in the stomach as Frankie Parker's big belly entered the lobby.

"Baggage, sir?" Frankie asked.

"Yeah, it's out by the car."

Frankie hustled outside and Ted McGuire asked "Frankie?" again to the woman behind the counter.

"Yes. Frankie Parker. He's our best bell-boy," she responded and cocked her head, revealing her bare neck.

"Which room, sir?" Frankie was already standing by the elevator, breathing heavily.

"Will that be all, Mr. McGuire?" the young woman asked, her big breasts now resting heavily on the high counter.

"Yeah, for now. When you're off work, bring yourself and a bottle of your best champagne to my room."

She smiled and ducked behind the counter.

"Gee, you really know how to handle them, don't you?" Frankie asked, down the hallway toward McGuire's room.

"I've had my practice, kid. What's it to you?"

"Why nothing, sir. Nothing at all."

"Well then why don't you mind your own business?"

McGuire snapped and Frankie stood staring at the closed door. Frankie walked back to his spot behind the curtain, and every night for the next three weeks he watched the back of the big-breasted woman walk toward the elevator, a bottle of pink champagne in her arms, giggling excitedly.

"That does it," Frankie muttered and hammered his round fist into his palm, sending light waves over his belly. "If McGuire can do it, so can I."

"I wanna be a tough guy, Mr. McGuire!" Frankie screamed, his whole body wiggling like a bowl of chocolate pudding, wiggling there in the doorframe.

"Why don't you throw some of that weight around, then?"

"I've tried, Mr. McGuire, really, I've tried! But I'm still taking shit from skinny cowboys and women just laugh at me! I'm tired of gettin' poked in the ribs, running around every corner only to come crawling back! Teach me, eh, Mr. McGuire. Please?"

McGuire took a long glance at the balloon plugged in the doorway. "I've got someone I want you to meet," McGuire said. "Might do you some good."

**T**he bar was fairly quiet when Ted McGuire and Frankie Parker stepped in through the back door. A close couple stared blankly at a kino board in a corner and a quiet woman sat at the far end of the bar.

"What's in here?" Frankie asked somewhat nervously, following the sheepskin coat up to the dimly lit counter. McGuire shuffled Frankie into a stool at the bar. The bartender came to the counter.

"Whiskey, Smittie," McGuire said, "two of them."

"Who's your friend?" asked the bartender. He'd just had a disappointing telephone call from a friend and he wasn't in the mood for any new faces. He took a long look at Frankie with his tar-black eyes and then walked down the bar toward the quiet woman. Frankie felt a hot flush coming to his face, and an intense panic shook his body when the woman also stared down the bar. Mrs. Tolledge! And that wasn't just another familiar face he recognized in the tar-black eyes of the bartender. That was the officer in charge that first day of boot camp! The two started a slow walk down the bar toward Frankie.

"You set me up, McGuire!" Frankie screamed and tried to break free from McGuire's hold on his collar.

"You gotta go back to your roots, Frankie," McGuire said. The big bartender was across from Frankie now and Mrs. Tolledge sat on a stool next to him. A hot sweat ran down Frankie's back as McGuire and the bartender exchanged knowing glances.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Frankie?" the bartender said.

"Yes it has," Frankie responded and looked for McGuire behind him but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Can an old teacher buy an old student a drink, Frankie?" the woman said out of the side of her mouth.

"I'll get the first one," the big bartender said.

"Call me Frank," Frankie said to the woman as the bartender turned away. Frankie figured McGuire would have liked it that way.

**T**each me, Mr. McGuire, huh? Would you, Mr. McGuire? Huh? Huh?"

"Get up off your knees, you damn candy-ass and tell me what you want." Frankie stood up and clutched at Ted McGuire's sheepskin coat high up by the collar.

"Teach me how to be a tough guy, just like you!" Frankie said impatiently.

"What the hell are you drivin' at, kid?" McGuire screamed and tried to push by Frankie Parker, but Frankie plugged up the door to McGuire's room like a cork on the end of a bottle.



The continuing escapades of the English speaking world's favorite para-normally capricious embryo...

# Clitus the Fetus

IN:  
"ENTER THE DOLPHIN"

Hi Kids!

Of all the diverse and unusual beings inhabiting the Astral Plane, few can compare with Clitus, an otherwise normal human embryo who just happens to be endowed with sentience and powers of astral projection thanks to it's mother's voluminous drug intake...

I am sorry my little amniotic acquaintance, but I cannot believe that the astral dolphins originate from your plane of existence!

And why not, Ralston?

Just because dolphins exist on the Astral Plane is no reason to assume they originate from it! I live on but do not emanate from the Astral Plane!

A point well taken! In the search for truth, one must plumb all resources! We will question the one known as Bruce!

Well, I certainly don't mean Bruce Schwarz!

Of course not, Ralston. Everyone knows it's not even close to vernal Equinox yet! Still, I can't quite picture who...

... Bruce Jenner, Bruce Springsteen, Bruce Wayne, Brucellosis, Bruce...

Clitus, the one we seek is a master of the obscure, a champion of the mystic, he's...

## BRUCE LEE!

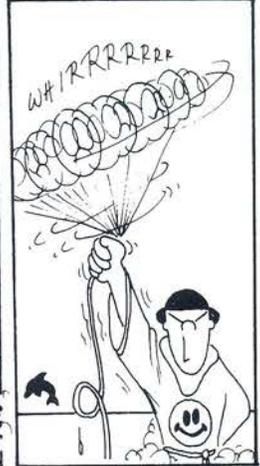
Correct, my little fetal friend, but do not make haste! The Master must not be unduly unerved!

But Ralston's grip proves ineffective

Harro Bruce! I Critus!

## CLITUS!

Uh Bruce, uh, you got the umbilical, you know, the cord! what say we talk it over, huh?



Oh wise Bruce, tell us, if thou canst, the nature of the Astral dolphins! Be they earthly or astral?

dat knowredge not known to Bruce. You must find Venerable One!

Bruce hope honorable embryo not too badly damaged. Bruce wish you votsa rock in finding Venerable One!

Well Clitus, I can only hope that you've learned something from that little episode!

Uh, Ralston, who's the "Venerable One"?

Ah, the Venerable One! Among my clan, the Ni-Bonor, he is something of a legend, a being one with the Astral Plane wiser than wise, whose very age is said to exceed that of the Astral Plane itself!

After much searching, our heros locate the Venerable One...

Hey Ralston! Is this him?

CLITUS! Come down from there!

No need to speak, I know what you wish to ask. No need to ask, I know the question. No need to question, I know the answer. No need to answer, I know what you wish to ask...

No need to hum, I know the words!

Hey Venerable, I can name that tune in three notes!

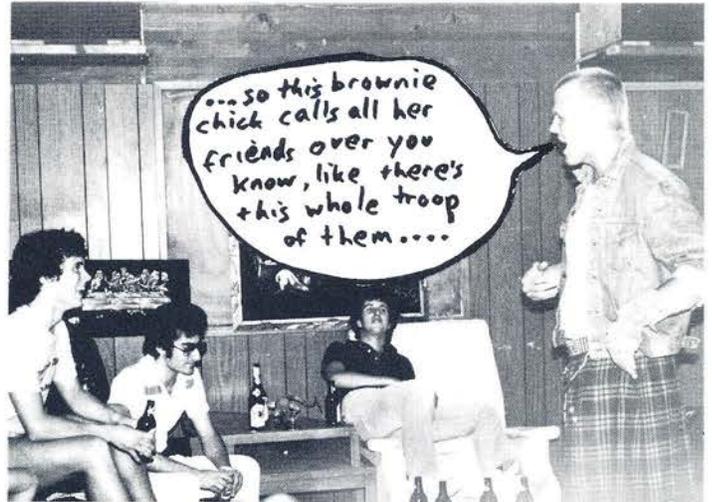
YES! YES! An eternal circle! As the tree frog returns to the slime, as the lotus is one with the mud, so are the dolphins of an order higher than us! O, it is clear!

You're wrong garrulous dwarf!

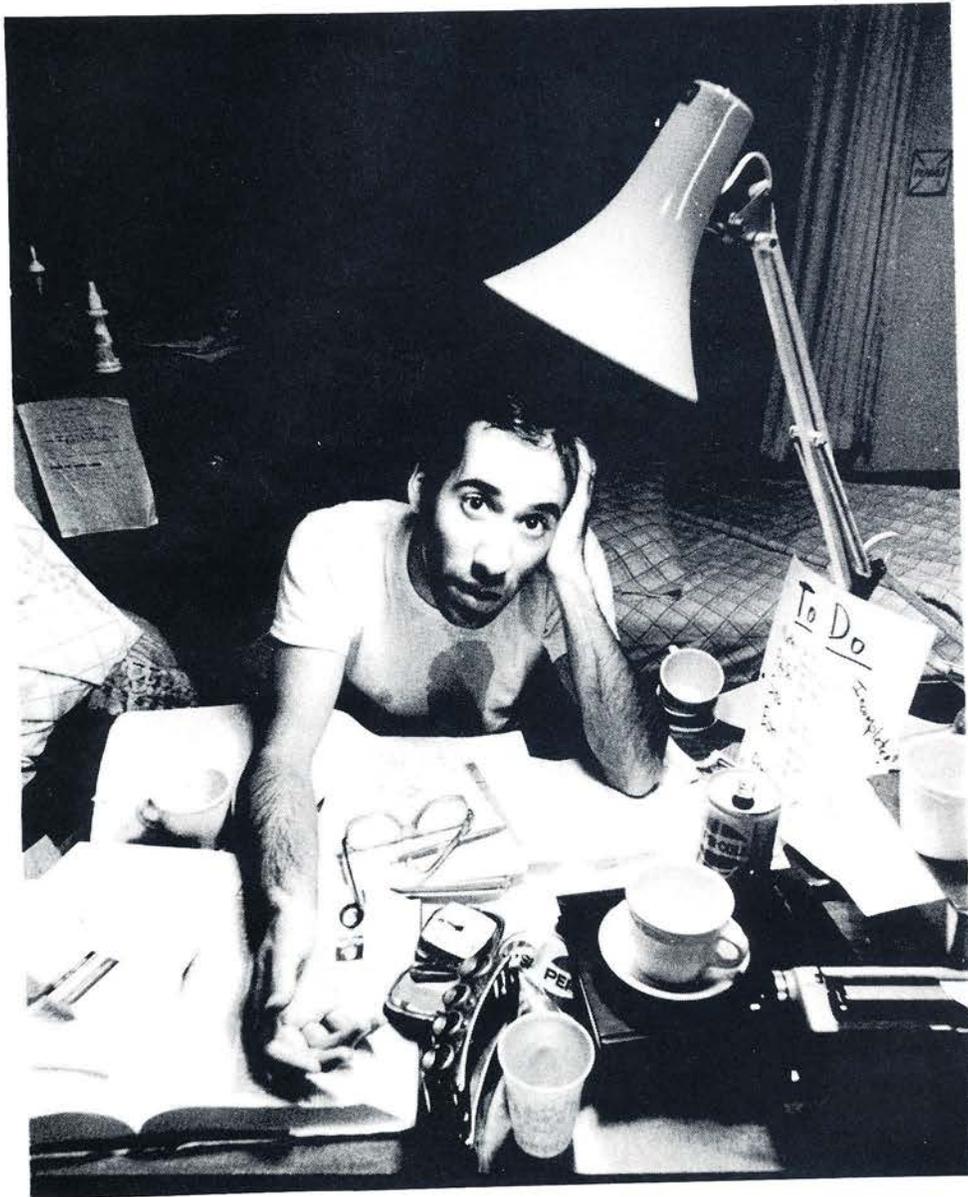
Later  
An Clitus, you cannot imagine what meeting the Venerable One meant to me yet I shall never forget the pang of his concise rebuttal of my theory!

Don't take it too hard Ralston. The Venerable one is a busy man. I doubt he did it on porpoise!

# Foto Funnies



# It's too late to help Allen

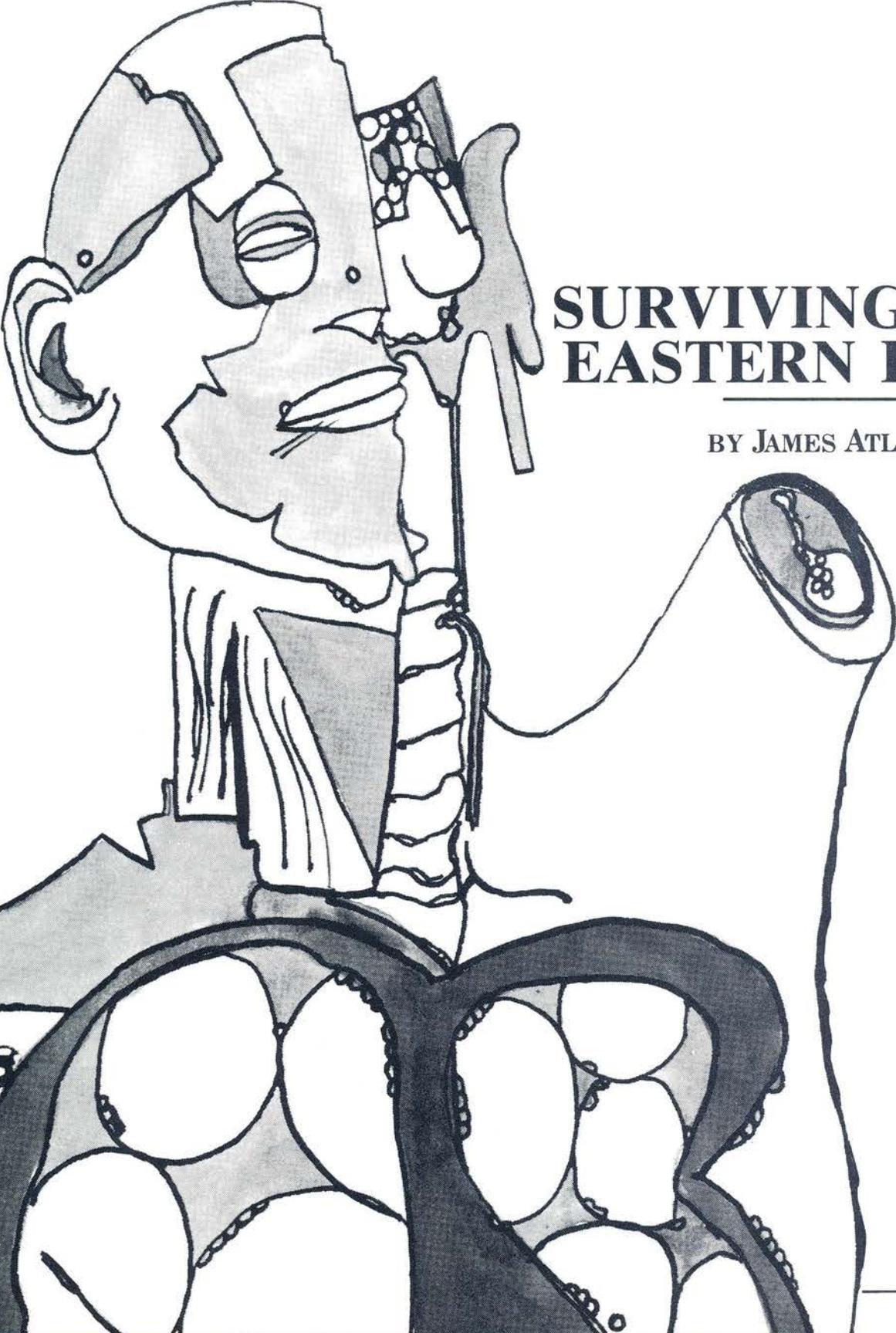


This is Allen, our 1982 All-Nighter Poster Child. He went to the Sunday Flicks instead of writing "Freudian Interpretations of Ancient Greek Plumbing." It's due tomorrow. Right after his differential equations midterm.

Every school year this disease strikes down thousands of college students just like you. But with your help we can put this malady to rest. Please give generously to the Chaparral Sleep Institute.

# THE Angstlantic

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## SURVIVING THE EASTERN BLOC

BY JAMES ATLAS

# Making the Bomb Work for You

La "peace" est orange. —*Abe Lincoln*

As a great American leader once said, peace can be maintained only through perseverance. We believe in peace. Or, as a great French military strategist once said:

● "The paix, it is orange." —*Pompidou*

Mushroom clouds are orange and they are understandable in the context of a deep-seated yearning of all people for a peaceful world. Psychologists have cited the "nuclear question" as a central factor inciting a mass hysteria across the United States, a deeply-seated fear that the ultimate conclusion of nuclear armament will be conflict. A few quotes will illustrate this:

● "In the event of nuclear war, we will all become nauseous." —*Dr. R. Hock*

● "We sell them. The French sell them. Business is Business. But now the Russians are in on it, where will it all end?"

—*Collin Sanders, The Kentucky Star*

Who are these people? They are well-meaning teachers and educators but they often drive foreign cars and smoke unfiltered cigarettes. History has shown that intelligence is not enough. When the stability of *our* world is in jeopardy, we must turn from idealist, well-meaning zealotry and begin to look for guidance and support from the realists—those who have set aside emotion and feeling and are guided by the nation's best interests. The scientists and engineers at United Technologies fight incipient paranoia with military technology, not fantastic ideals.

Fort Dix is in Georgia. We want to keep it that way. We do not favor war in the conventional sense. They are bloody, they are long, and they involve lives. Nuclear death is brief and painless by comparison; a nuclear conflict minimizes necessary human suffering. Recovery is also faster.

TV, Jazz, Soul, R&B, Pop. We send our culture overseas. They return threats of holocaust. The path of the lepton. Positive

charge on the nucleus. Anti-nuclear sentiment is everywhere. And never do we feel it more keenly than during the Phil Donahue Show. "In a perfect world there would be no nuclear weapons at all," says Donahue. Sorry, Phil. In the real world pantyhose and weapons do exist. So long as they do, the best way of reducing the risk that all Chinese will be porcelain is to make certain that any nation considering the use of nuclear weapons will be dissuaded by the iron fist of reason.

The issue facing the American people is not nuclear war, yet the fear of death during nuclear conflict is legion. It stems from the undisciplined conscience of a leisure society. As experts in the preparation of nuclear armaments, we have some informed knowledge of the consequences of nuclear war. Not death, but permanent disfigurement and congenital sterility faces our nuclear survivors. Nuclear proliferation now implies genetic purity later, and an end to the blind impassioned cultural differences that are the source of international conflict today.

That's deterrence. It has been at the heart of Western security since the Second Big One. Brezhnev thinks the same way and so does Haig. But this infallible strategy is being threatened by a motley mass movement of misguided & misinformed peacemongers in Europe who quiver in the face of the potent, pulsating, and ever-enlarging military machine in the West. Is the culture of skeleton-painted faces and radical protest to replace the rationalism and beauty of scientific theory? We do not think so.

Opponents of nuclear war envisage a Europe of neutrality with stultifying democratic sentiments or populist moral constraints on the Superpowers. What they don't see, don't understand, are blinded to, or don't wish to know—is the vision of a neutral Europe becoming a savagely castrated Europe.



## REPORTS & COMMENT

### The Middle East: No Hope For Peace. Ever.



The sun slowly rises in the East casting an orangish glow on the sand dunes as the following slowly comes into focus: two heavily armed Israeli soldiers stand over the body of a young Palestinian, kicking his teeth in as blood pours forth from his nose and mouth. A little further down the road we can see two heavily armed Palestinians kicking in the face of a young Israeli. Still further down the road are the mangled bodies of a Palestinian and an Israeli who slashed each other to bits in a knife-fight, started over the possession of a now mangled chicken.

As bad as this situation is in Los Angeles, it is far worse in Israel. Just walking down the street is enough to make you want to stick your head in a toilet and flush until your guts come out. Corpses are everywhere, the bodies of savagely tortured suspected PLO members, and of Israeli citizens or soldiers who are held tacked to the wall by a spray of machine gun bullets. The sight of an Israeli driving his Peugeot into the gut of an angered Arab or of a Palestinian dropping a hand grenade in the matzo-brei of a dining Jew is not uncommon.

And yet it is here that millions of dollars a year are spent by the U.S. government in shuttle diplomacy in order to end the hostilities between these two seemingly belligerent parties. The first serious effort was made by foreign policy master Jimmy Carter, but the Camp David agreements have proved to be a simple solution to a sugar-coated image the media has presented to the American public. It was with the intent of disclosing the true facts that I decided to fly to Israel.

I flew to Dublin in order to take advantage of El Al's Terrorist Super-saver fares. Upon landing in Dublin, I was politely greeted by the former leg of an IRA member, but I was

able to jump out of the way before the misguided appendage connected with my private parts.

I immediately fell to the ground on my hands and knees and crawled into the trunk of a cab. Once safely away from the airport, I slithered into the backseat and soon found myself staring down the barrel of a Uzi while a face with distinctly middle Eastern characteristics cast a less-than-friendly glare.

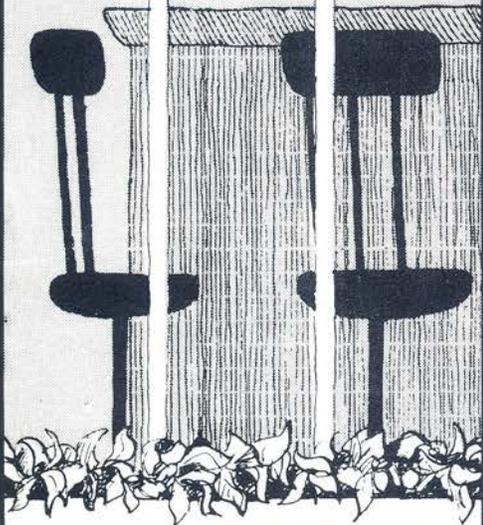
"Where to, mate?" he asked. I could detect hatred and anger, and suspected that he must be some sort of terrorist. I, of course, being the cool professional I am, knew exactly how to respond: "Oh, just show me some terrorists."



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"No problem," he angrily retorted. I looked at his cabbie license. If he were really Irish, what would be the probability of his name being Mohammed Al McShane?

Rather than waste my time talking with this lackey, I decided to wait until he took me to the headquarters of his group, and in the meantime I enjoyed the ride. Except for occasional stops to sweep a few British policemen out of the way, it was uneventful.

As soon as the car stopped, however, I was dragged from it by my nostrils, which proceeded to flare (and lasted for the next few days). It was in this way that I came across the most fantastic terrorist network in existence. On the wall was a map of the world with red pins identifying where each terrorist group and its adversary government was located. Armaments were stacked to the ceiling in boxes marked "Watch Out: Handle With Care!" I was approached by a man of indistinguishable national origin who I later found out is called "Zsa-Zsa."

"So this is the IRA," I said, testing a hunch. The next thing I knew he threw me to the ground and did another job on my nostrils.

"IRA pigs!" he shouted at me.

It was clear. I had stumbled onto a secret branch of the British government's anti-terrorist division. I suggested this hypothesis to Zsa-Zsa and again I found myself lying on the ground -- only this time my left nostril was sitting on the chair next to me.

As I taped the nostril back onto my face, Zsa-Zsa, a peace loving man with a short temper, explained the purpose of his organization. His international force of seven is going to eliminate all world terrorism by killing all the terrorists, as well as anyone who might think that Zsa-Zsa needed a nice, safe home away from all this complex reality.

This explained the presence of all these multi-national people, including Mr. McShane. All of these people were rejected by the most prominent terrorist organizations from throughout the world; they have opted to fight for world peace. My presence was still unexplained, so I grabbed the nearest hand-

grenade, pulled out the pin and tossed it at Zsa-Zsa yelling "Think fast!" which I later found out is Hungarian for "Open your mouth and I'll satisfy you much."

Fortunately, Zsa-Zsa's severed head remained intact so I grabbed it and jumped into the backseat of McShane's cab and threatened to blow Zsa-Zsa's brains out if he didn't take me to the airport fast.

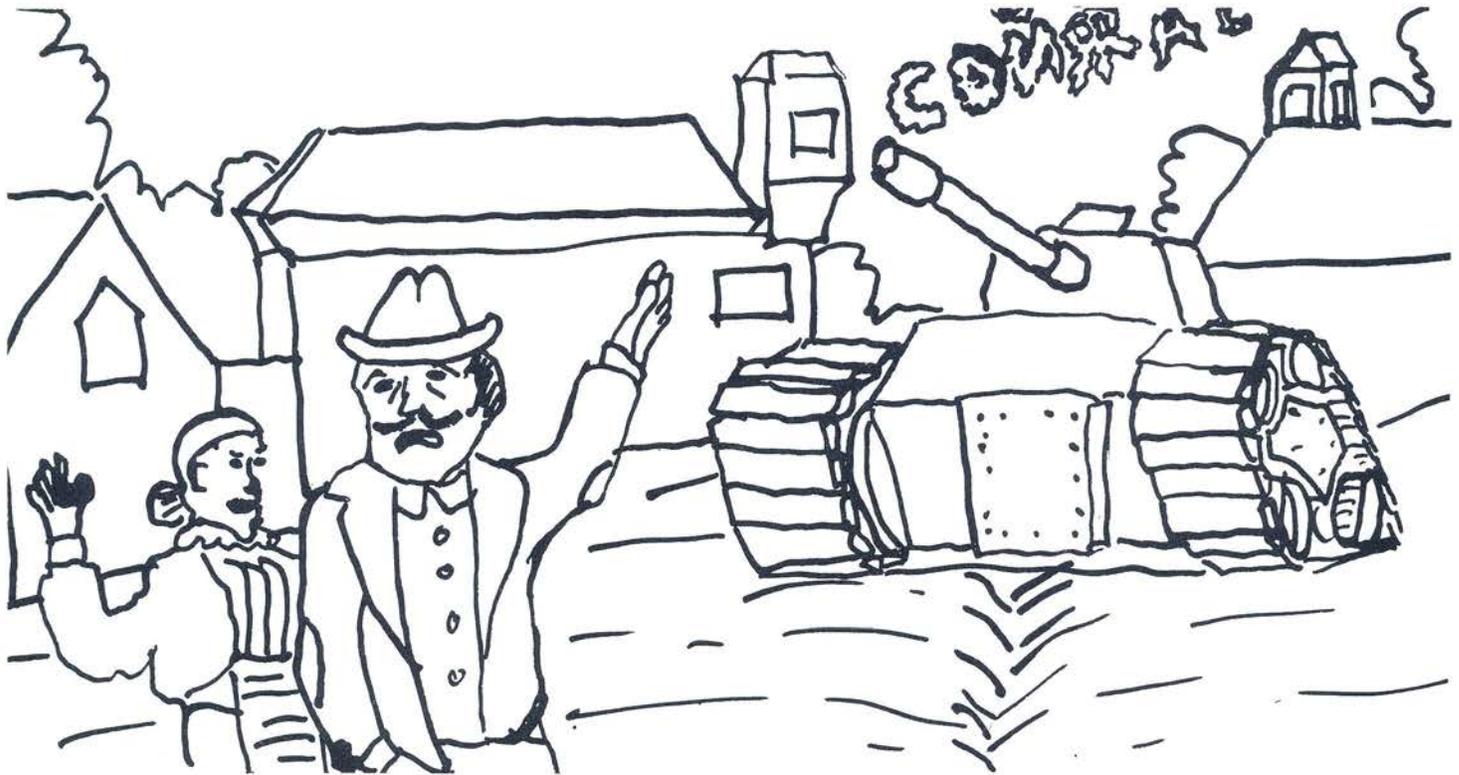
Once in the airport, I caught the El Al transfer flight to Serbo-Croatia. Unfortunately, the flight was hijacked by Basques. The Basques pointed the plane towards Argentina, however they were subsequently pushed out the door by the Puerto



Rican FLAN. Sadly, the flight movie was "Evita" and while they were asleep, seven angered Serbian terrorists cut their throats and demanded to go back home. They were shot by 6 IRA members who demanded to go anywhere but Ireland, but it was to no avail, because one of them dropped his machine gun, killing all of them and leaving the plane in the hands of 2 Lebanese Christians looking for a good time. They very soon found out what happens when a PLO member is hiding with a sharp knife in a bathroom stall; thus we were pointed to Jordan. But we never made it there because an El Salvadoran rebel sat on his plastique, causing the plane to blow-up over Cairo and leave me straddling a minaret. There is no hope for peace in the Middle East.

# OUR MAN IN FUHLAND

BY JAMES ATLAS



What with the invasion and all, things in Fuhland are getting hot. As hot as any kitchen in any restaurant in good old New York. Boy, do I miss those restaurants; those nights on the town, those dinners at "21," and if I eat one more Fuhlish sausage, which causes more heartburn than any sausage in this part of the world, I don't know what I'll do. PLEASE, send more Roloids! They confiscated last shipment and gave them to the Soviet high command, who have had enough Fuhlish sausage as well. ATTN. FOREIGN DESK EDITOR: Ignore prior ramblings. When you hear what I've been through, though, I think you'll understand.

*Dateline: Tumuch, Fuhland:* The Soviet invasion of Fuhland began a week ago today, a week behind the scheduled date marked on the communiques dropped throughout the city. The communiques read, "Attention all Fuhls! Invasion begins NOW!" But it was a week later that the soldiers entered the city, led by tanks, and accompanied by an air command of fighter jets that left this message skywritten in white exhaust against the grey background of clouds, "You may be a Fuhl today. But tomorrow you will be a comrade."

Much propaganda had preceded the actual invasion, so thousands of Fuhls lining the windows and building tops watched the message disdainfully, and even unimpressed. They knew better. Once a Fuhl, always a Fuhl.

A man standing beside me said, "Hah!" This makes no difference. In two weeks everything will be back to normal, business as usual." He was taken away instantly and shot. The man standing next to me a moment later looked vaguely similar. (It is not true, by the way, despite what foreigners say, that all Fuhls look alike.) I think the two men were brothers, because this man said, "Hah! Do they think we're going to be scared by a few measly tanks and an air show that belongs in a circus?" Yes, moments later he, too, was shot. There is a saying in the neighboring countries that would seem to have some validity, "The Fuhls never learn!"

Actually that was said to me by a fellow American in a sidewalk cafe on the third day of the invasion, where the only drinks served were vodka and contaminated water. The city was quiet, except for the sound of faraway rifle fire, and the patrols covering the streets, searching people at will before curfew, and either shooting them or roughly escorting them to one of the already infamous schoolroom-turned-prison cells after curfew. It was still early afternoon.



boat? Whew!) ATTN. EDITOR: Ignore last parenthetical comment.

And even though we're all Americans now, there are times when we still feel very Fuhlish. So perhaps I'm here by design and not merely by accident. If you must know I was Fuhlish enough to request this assignemnt. Yes there must be a bit of the patriot in all Fuhls and perhaps a bit of the Fuhl, therefore, in all patriots. ATTN. EDITOR: Ignore last pragraph please. I just had lunch and that revolting Fuhlish sausage will make a man rave on about almost anything. And PLEASE PLEASE send Roloids!

Later that day there was a demonstration in front of the square were the Soviet compound had been set up. The news of the demonstration had filtered through the streets and the sidewalk cafes for the last day or so, but I still could hardly believe it. People were being searched, taken away and shot; sometimes they were shot outright in the streets and the Fuhls were planning a demonstration. And a peaceful one at that, I had been told. What were they thinking of? I guess, from a certain point of view, one-sided annihilation is peaceful. Or at least over quickly. And that's what I figured would occur. Soldiers and tanks would come out, and another chapter of pathetic Fuhlish history would be written. All their good intentions would be scattered to the wind like cornmeal to feed the chickens.

But as it turned out this was no ordinary demonstration. In front of the compound gates, marching with placards held, if not high, at least up, were hundreds of old and disabled Fuhls. A group of young activist Fuhls stood on the side of the street, pretending to pass themselves off as passers-by. They snickered among themselves, congratulating each other on their plan, cock-sure that the Soviets would not attack such a motley, worthless-looking crew. One of them told me, "It's all part of our plan. Can you imagine them actually attacking all those old and crippled Fuhls. Hah! They know the press would get a hold of it and then where would they be? They still have to answer to the League of Nations, you know."

I reminded him that the League of Nations was long defunct, and that the United Nations had taken its place. And I told myself that it took a real Fuhl to believe that anyone answered to the United Nations anymore. On top of that I had become wary of Fuhls saying, "Hah!" So far, everyone who had spoken those words had been shot. "I am the press," I said.

"Shouldn't you be writing all this down?" he suggested.

"Don't worry. I have a great memory," I said.

So I watched, along with these architects of the plan, from the sidewalk. We watched the demonstrators, many in wheelchairs and on crutches, move sporadically, as if with a communal limp.



We watched them fall all over each other, moved by the spectacle, thinking, "I'll be like that someday," or "There but for the grace of God go I," but mostly thinking what a miracle that they had made it this far.

Then we watched the compound gates open, and a line of soldiers (I had been wrong about the tanks) appeared, all laughing at the group of hapless and hopeless demonstrators. We watched the sergeant in the lead, who was laughing the hardest, nudge his ensign in the ribs and spit on the ground, and say, "Ah! These Fuhls! What will they think of next?"

And lastly we watched the sergeant, with a malicious gleam in his one spectacled eye, give the order for his men to turn and attack the Fuhlish passers-by and leave the demonstrators alone. Indeed, the young Fuhlish activists had predicted the first reaction correctly, somewhat to my surprise, but they had neglected to predict the second reaction at all. What ensued was a chaotic melee, and we were beaten, arrested, and taken away to a bleak and darkened old schoolroom-turned-prison cell, while the demonstration continued, peacefully, marred only periodically by collisions among the participants.

Just before they dragged me off into the cell, only slightly bruised and bloodied, from what had actually been an extreme close-up view of the sidewalk, the soldier in charge took my credentials. From the time of my arrest I had been yelling myself hoarse. "I'm no Fuhl! I'm an American reporter! Here look at my papers!" And the soldier had finally taken them with a reluctant frown, and I could only hope that he would show them to his commanding officer, instead of trading them for a package of black-market cigarettes. As

We watched them collide and stop and struggle to pick up their dropped placards. The placards said things like, "There's no Fuhl like an old Fuhl!" and "Old Fuhls never die. They just get more Fuhlish!" and "Handicapped Fuhls are just as Fuhlish as the next guy!"

they dragged me away I continued to scream and plead, "I'm an American! I'm no Fuhl! I'm an American!"

I must've waited in that cell for eight hours! My watch had been cracked in the melee so I couldn't know for sure. A window above my head had the glass cracked out and bars had been put hastily in, or they appeared so, because splinters of glass jagged the edges still.

It was dark outside, but a pale yellow streetlight spilled through the one window, illuminating that small corner of the room. All the rest of the room was dark. There must have been about twenty of us in that one room. At intervals of, what I would guess were, half hours a guard would come in and take one prisoner away. Minutes later a single shot would sound. Just one! Didn't they ever miss, I wondered wryly. I had sweated clean through my shirt hours ago, and then through my underwear and through my socks. My heart was going faster than ever before, convinced, I guess, that it didn't have much time so it better hurry up wherever it was going. In short I had begun to shit bricks! ATTN Editor: Ignore — Oh hell, don't ignore it, print it! If you want some sort of candy-assed version of the Fuhlish invasion then send over Barbara Walters. As for me, I've risked my ass in a Fuhlish prison for you, and I'm damn well entitled to shit a few bricks!

Anyway by the time the numbers had wound down to just two of us left I was sweated clean through and past the point of shitting bricks. In fact the fellow next to me, the same Fuhl who spoke to me in the street, had been meticulously figuring a life expectancy chart from *Reader's Digest* for the last hour or so. He had found the magazine and a scrawny pen-

cil beneath an old-fashioned radiator and had been charting both my score and his own on the page opposite. At first I refused to play along. "Do you live in the country or the city?" he asked me.

"Where does it look like?" I snapped.

"The city huh?" he said. There seemed to be no stopping him. "That's minus two." He scratched a mark. "Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"Sometimes," I lied. I drank a lot. But I needed every year I could get. He looked at me suspiciously.

"It will do you no good to lie. You might change the score but then you can't hold *Reader's Digest* responsible if it isn't accurate. Heavy or Sociable?" he asked and waited, the pencil aloft above the page in the yellow glow of light.

"Sociable," I demanded, and he sighed and the pencil came down on the page like a needle.

"Well you gained a few years there," he said and muttered something under his breath about my not fooling anyone but myself.

He had just finished the last question, something about weekly exercise, when the door opened. A flashlight shone in the Fuhl's face, singling him out. He rose reluctantly and told me I was going to live to be seventy-eight.

"That all depends," he said, and turned to face me from the doorway on the other side of the room, blocking for a moment the soldier with the flashlight, so that the light seemed to surround his outline, and fill the whole bleak room with his suffused presence.

"On what?" I asked.

"On whether or not I can give up smoking. I could gain three years right there." The door closed behind them and I heard a faint "Hah!" as they proceeded down the hall and I began browsing through *Reader's Digest* in the dim light from the window. Minutes later there was a shot, but it was expected, so I went right on reading the article about killer crabs off the shores of Maryland. I read two more articles. One, on how to tell your neighbors that their parties are too loud without offending them, and the other, about a man who had grown giant tomatoes in Mexico with the supposed agricultural assistance of beings from another planet.

When they came for me and shone the flashlight in my face, I went politely. I was past the point of protest. I was taken to a room, where a man behind a desk looked at me severely and handed me my credentials. "You know," he said, "you could've been shot. Please be careful for the rest of your stay. We'd hate to shoot a reporter. The League of Nations frowns on such things."

"The United Nations," I corrected him.

"Them too," he said. "Now get out!" I got out, convinced that Fuhls were all over the place. They were scattered all over the globe, not just through Fuhland, and given time, they would turn up everywhere. Behind desks, at the League of Nations, or the United Nations, anywhere, in fact, where there was some hope that they could escape their Fuhlish ancestry, melt into the common fold, and live their lives out, unnoticed as the Fuhls they really were.



S-CEIT, WITH THE ASSU COURSE GUIDE — STUDENT EVALUATION OF LIFE

NAME:

LIFE NO.:

INSTRUCTIONS: USE NO. 2 PENCIL. MAKE ONLY ONE MARK PER QUESTION. MAKE ALL ERASURES COMPLETE.

CORRECT MARKS INCORRECT MARKS

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100
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STUDENT INFORMATION

CLASS: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 3. JUNIOR 5. GRADUATE 4. SENIOR 6. OTHER

YOUR MAJOR SCHOOL: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 1. HUMANITIES 4. EARTH SCIENCES 7. LAW 8. BUSINESS 2. SOCIAL SCIENCE 5. EDUCATION 9. MEDICINE 3. MATH/SCIENCES 6. ENGINEERING 10. OTHER

DURING YOUR LIFE YOU WERE CONSCIOUS APPROXIMATELY WHAT % OF THE TIME? RELATIVE TO STANFORD COURSES, HOW MUCH TIME HAVE YOU SPENT ON YOUR OUTSIDE LIFE? EXPECTED GRADE

LESS MORE A B C D + P NC I

RATING CATEGORIES. RATE THE ITEMS AND YOUR OVERALL JUDGEMENT IN CATEGORIES A THROUGH E BY MARKING A NUMBER IN THE 1-7 SCALE. 'NO' SHOULD BE MARKED WHERE YOU HAVE NO OPINION; 'NA,' WHERE AN ITEM IS NOT APPLICABLE TO THIS LIFE. PLEASE MARK ONLY ONE RESPONSE FOR EACH QUESTION.

A. HOW GOOD WAS YOUR PARENTS' PERFORMANCE?

POOR	EXCELLENT		POOR	EXCELLENT				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA

Stimulation of thought and creativity  
Effective use of toilet training  
Quality of response to child's work  
\*Overall parent performance\*

B. HOW RELEVANT WAS YOUR LIFE TO YOUR COURSE WORK AT STANFORD? THE DEGREE TO WHICH YOUR LIFE INCREASED YOUR:

POOR	EXCELLENT		POOR	EXCELLENT				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA

Ability to identify and analyze inapplicable problems  
Ability to discuss scholastics critically and competently  
\*Overall life contribution\*

C. WHAT WAS YOUR PARENTS' RELATIONSHIP WITH CHILDREN?

POOR	EXCELLENT		POOR	EXCELLENT				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA

Availability outside scheduled time at home  
\*Overall parents' relationship\*

D. HOW WELL WAS YOUR LIFE PLANNED?

POOR	EXCELLENT		POOR	EXCELLENT				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NO	NA

Appropriateness of text and readings  
Usefulness of other assignments  
Appropriateness of assessment methods  
\*Overall life planning\*

E. OVERALL, HOW SATISFIED WERE YOU WITH YOUR LIFE?

NOT SATISFIED	VERY SATISFIED					
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

**WRITE ONLY IN THE SPACE PROVIDED**

**A. WHAT WERE THE BEST THINGS ABOUT THIS LIFE?**

**B. IF YOU HAD TO LIVE YOUR LIFE OVER AGAIN, WHAT WOULD YOU DO DIFFERENTLY, IF ANYTHING?**

**C. WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIFE?**

A. To try and be happy while you do the nasty things you must?

B. A new Monza!

C. Or, a baby's arm holding an apple?

D. Or to plagiarize *The Tubes* in a campus humor magazine?

**D. MAKE ANY GENERAL COMMENTS THAT WOULD BE USEFUL TO OTHER STUDENTS WHO MIGHT BE ALIVE**

# A.L.A.R.M.

A.L.A.R.M. NEWSLETTER

4367 NICEVIEW ROAD, WESTPORT, CT 06880

VOL. 1, NO.2

## OPENING STATEMENT:

AS WE EXPLAINED IN THE FIRST NEWSLETTER, THIS MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT "PERIODICAL" YOU WILL EVER READ IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE. THE MEMBERS OF THE A.L.A.R.M. "FAMILY" ARE FORMING A "MID-AMERICA SURVIVAL ZONE" (SEE CHART).

WE ARE GRATIFIED BY THE SLOW YET STEADY RESPONSE TO OUR FIRST APPEAL, BUT TIME IS, AS THEY SAY, "RUNNING OUT." THERE ARE MORE THAN ONE (OR EVEN TWO) TYPES OF DISASTERS THAT CAN ENFALL THIS LAND AT ANY MOMENT. IN THE TIME IT TAKES YOU TO READ THIS, YOUR HOME AND POSSESSIONS COULD BE SWEEPED AWAY IN A TIDE OF WATER OR COMMUNISM.

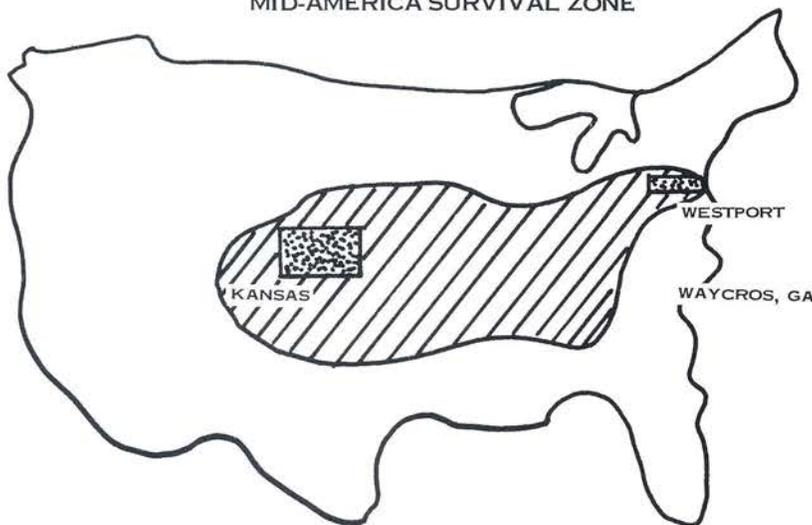
THE "MID-AMERICA SURVIVAL ZONE" IS MADE UP OF PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU AND ME — IN FACT, IT IS YOU AND ME. HERE IS HOW IT WORKS: IN THE EVENT OF A DISASTROUS CALAMITY, OUR SURVIVAL "NETWORK" IMMEDIATELY TAKES FORM. THE MEMBERS OF A.L.A.R.M. WILL LINK HANDS, AS IT WERE (AND WILL BE), AND JOIN TOGETHER IN A CONNECTING LAND MASS OF SAFETY, WHERE THE SPIRIT OF MUTUAL COOPERATION WILL PREVAIL AMONG THE "GROUP", AND ALL INTRUDERS WILL BE DESTROYED. IT IS KIND OF LIKE A BIG GOLF COURSE.

THE MORE PEOPLE WHO JOIN, THE BETTER OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVAL. IN THAT WAY, IT IS KIND OF LIKE OPEC, AND THAT IS NO COINCIDENCE. YOU HAVE BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO RECEIVE THIS "NEWSLETTER" BECAUSE OF SOME TALENT OR PERSONAL CHARACTERISTIC OF YOURS, OR PERHAPS BECAUSE YOU OWN A STRATEGIC PLOT OF LAND. AT ANY RATE, YOU ARE IMPELLED TO JOIN IMMEDIATELY. A SIMPLE GLANCE AT TODAY'S HEADLINES WILL TELL THE SIMPLE STORY:

"AMERICA IN TROUBLE" — DETROIT FREE PRESS

"OUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED" — NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

MID-AMERICA SURVIVAL ZONE



OUR GOAL



WHAT WE HAVE



YES, AMERICA IS IN TROUBLE, AND WE CAN NO LONGER DEPEND ON OUR "ELECTED OFFICIALS" TO PROTECT OUR LOVED ONES AND LOVED THINGS. SO JOIN OUR "COUNTRY CLUB." DO IT TODAY!

# LETTERS

## LETTERS COLUMN

DEAR SIRs:

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR SENDING ME YOUR PUBLICATION, BUT I AM NOT INTERESTED IN JOINING AT THIS TIME. PLEASE TAKE ME OFF YOUR MAILING LIST.

SINCERELY,  
STEVEN DOUGLAS  
WAYCROSS, GA.

### THE SKILLS EXCHANGE —

WILL EXCHANGE PROCESS FOR DECONTAMINATING WATER FOR INSTRUCTIONS ON BUILDING A HYDRO-ELECTRIC PUMP.  
D.S., P.O. Box 1178, WESTPORT, CT 06880

TRADE 1968 STRAT-O-MATIC NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR ORIGINAL WINTERLAND POSTERS.  
T.J., 124 GROVE ST., MANHATTAN KS

EXCHANGE PLANS FOR SOLAR TREEHOUSE FOR DOCTOR'S MEDICAL BAG.  
D.F.S., P.O. Box 2341, WESTPORT, CT 06880

### FOR SALE

ELECTRIC GUITAR, STRAT '62.  
MR. S., P.O. Box 778, WESTPORT, CT 06880

IF YOU LOVE YOUR LOVED ONES — JOIN!!

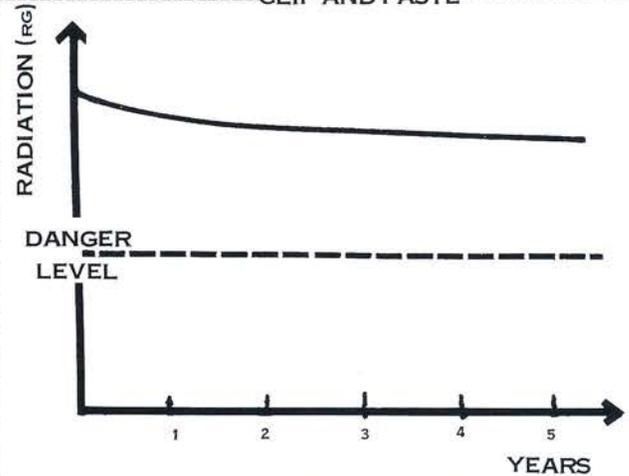
### ANNOUNCEMENT:

OUR WESTERN REGION COORDINATOR, MR. THOMAS JACOBS OF MANHATTAN, KANSAS, WILL BE SPEAKING THROUGHOUT OUR WESTERN SECTOR. THE DATES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

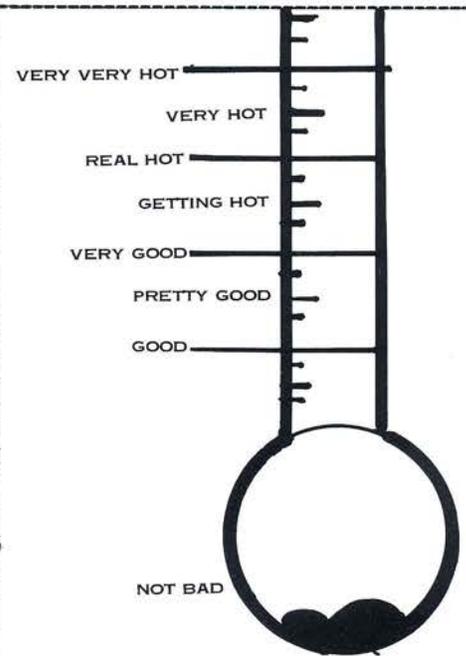
HUTCHINSON, KS. . . HUTCH H.S.	JUNE 22
EMPORIA, KS. . . EMPORIA MALL	JUNE 27
ROLLA, MO. . . U OF MO. STUDENT UNION	JULY 10
OTTUMWA, IA. . . TRUVALUE HARDWARE	JULY 27
FT. DODGE, IA. . . 3RD ST. NEAR I20	JULY 31
ALBERT LEA, MI. . . VFW HOSPITAL	AUGUST 13
LA CROSSE, WI. . . THE BLUFFS	AUGUST 28

MR. JACOBS WILL BE SIGNING NEW MEMBERS AT THESE DATES

CLIP AND PASTE



RADIATION CHART



MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

"THERMOMETER"

# NOTES

## ANNOUNCING OUR FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION!!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET YOUR FELLOW A.L.A.R.M.'ISTS. THE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, AT THE BEST WESTERN MOTEL, IN THE GOLD ROOM. MARCH 17TH, 8:00-7:00 PM. THERE WILL BE CONFERENCES ALL DAY, LOTS OF SURPRISES, AND PLENTY OF ACTION AT NIGHT.

## SCHEDULE

- 8:00 BREAKFAST — FRENCH TOAST OR PANCAKES
- 9:30 GOLD ROOM: PROTECTING YOUR BODY, DAVE STEINER, EASTERN 2/3 COORDINATOR.
- 11:00 THE VIDEO REVOLUTION AND ITS IMPACT ON SURVIVAL, THOMAS JACOBS, WESTERN COORDINATOR.
- 12:30 LUNCH — CHICKEN BUFFET
- 2:00 PROGRESS REPORT ON MID-AMERICA SURVIVAL ZONE, DAVID FRANCIS STEINER, PUBLISHER OF A.L.A.R.M.
- 4:30 WHY WATER BEDS ARE A BAD IDEA IN A SHELTER, T. JACOBS, WATERBED OWNER.
- 6:00 HAPPY HOUR, ELECTION OF NEW OFFICIALS.
- 7:00 FUN ON THE TOWN.
- ON

## THINGS TO DO:

THERE MAY BE A BASKETBALL GAME (BIG 10) AT PURDUE. (WOULD APPRECIATE IF OUR INDIANA MEMBERS COULD ADVISE.) THERE ARE SEVERAL FOUR-STAR RESTAURANTS IN CHICAGO, JUST 350 MILES TO THE NORTHEAST.

SCHLITZ TOURS IN NEARBY MILWAUKEE.

ATTENDANCE AT THE CONVENTION IS ADVISED STRONGLY. THIS MIGHT BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO MEET THE PEOPLE WHO WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE. SO MARK THE DATE ON YOUR CALENDAR!!

## CLIP & PASTE

### WEAPONS CORNER:



Short Cylinder P.P.C. Conversion U.S. Patent  
 Douglas 1-10 twist BBL 1,080" Dia. 6" Long  
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 Cylinder is shortened to function with 38 spc.  
 H.B.W.C. only  
 \*Reduced Loading  
 \*No bullet jump  
 \*Reduced recoil  
 X-Ring Accuracy  
 Each gun individually built

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

NAME .....

OLD ADDRESS .....

NEW ADDRESS .....

MAIL TO: .....

A.L.A.R.M  
 4367 NICEVIEW RD.  
 WESTPORT, CT 06880

ALLOW SIX WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BE PROCESSED

FAILURE TO JOIN IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH! THINK ABOUT IT.

## THE BOOKSHELF:

- THE GUIDE TO SELF SUFFICIENCY \*\*\*1/2
- SELF SUFFICIENCY: A MANUAL \*\*\*
- SELF SUFFICIENCY BY YOURSELF \*\*\*\*
- CUJO \*\*1/2

## ANECDOTE CORNER:

JOHN SEYMOUR, AUTHOR OF THE DYNAMIC "SELF SUFFICIENCY BY YOURSELF" WAS BUILDING A WOODSURNING STOVE IN HIS YARD WHEN A NEIGHBOR LEANED OVER AND RIDICULED HIS WORKING ON SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY. "SO I SAID TO HIM," SAID JOHN, WHO MAY SOON BE A MEMBER, "WHEN DOOMSDAY COMES, JUST THINK OF THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE!" OF COURSE I MEANT THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."

INDEED WE DO!

JOIN NOW. DO YOURSELF A FAVOR. JOIN, JOIN JOIN!

# Sound Systems

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## The Perfect Compact System!

Ⓒ Sherwood Amplifier/Tuner

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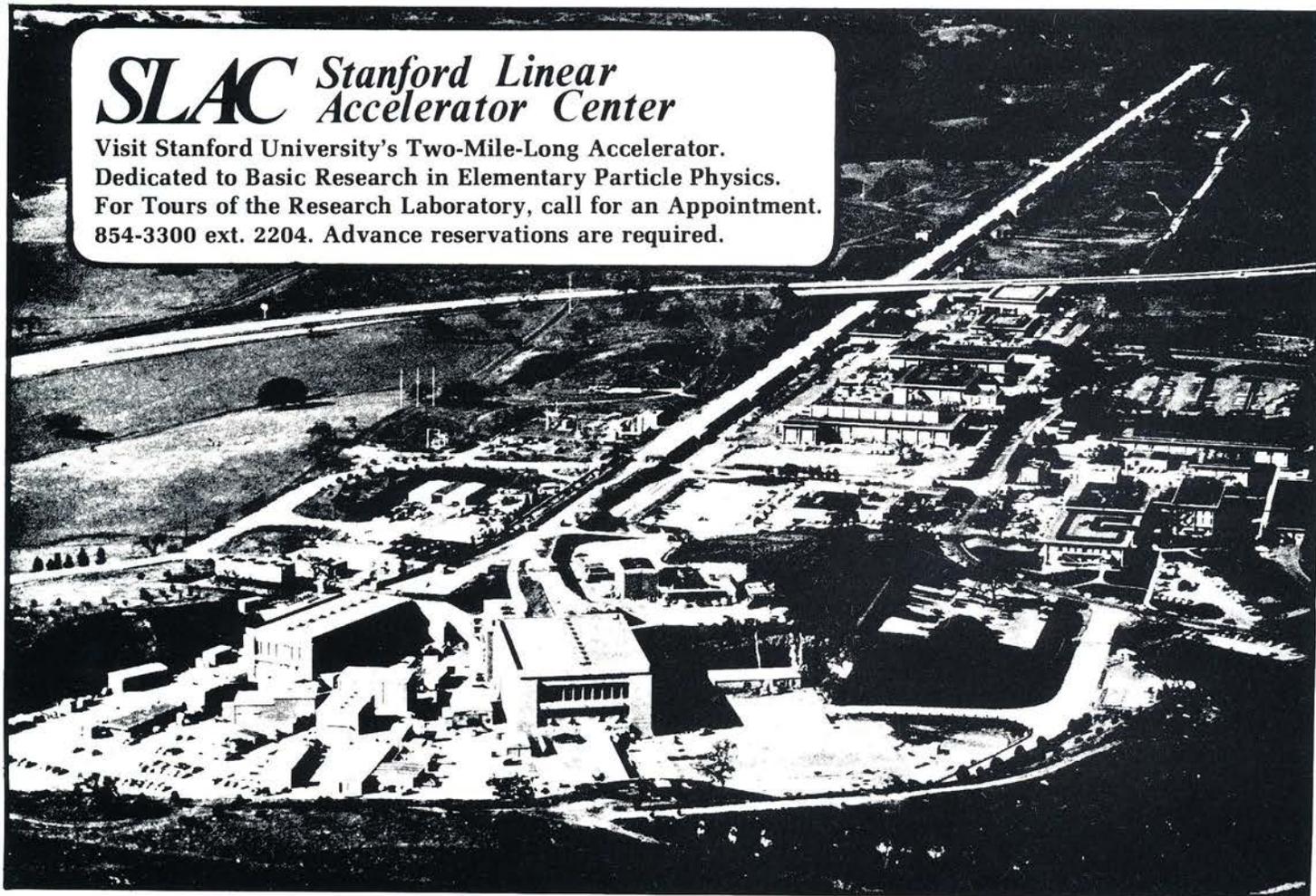
Sure sounds good!

Quality Service  
Custom Installation  
Friendly Experts



## *SLAC* Stanford Linear Accelerator Center

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For Tours of the Research Laboratory, call for an Appointment.  
854-3300 ext. 2204. Advance reservations are required.



# TRUE SECTION

## True Facts

Melvin Ward, a Salt Lake City socket wrench repairman, told reporters that while driving to work one morning "a strange, pulsating red light appeared before me." Disregarding the portent, Ward continued his journey until his car exploded, killing him.

The Louisiana Institute for Educational Studies has made a remarkable discovery: people are getting dumber. "It's amazing," says spokesman Larry Tarsoot. "Our longitudinal study on intelligence patterns, now in its seventieth year, has brought to light the fact that people just aren't as smart as they used to be. Subjects can't seem to retain information anymore, and tend to take more interest in, say, old Benny Goodman tunes than in important world events. I just don't know what to make of it."

Hank Fleapacker, an Arizona Hermit, hasn't seen or spoken to another human in over twenty years. "It's not that bad," Fleapacker says, "there's lots of time to sit and think, without having others around to distract you."

At the 17th Annual Hold Your Breath For an Extremely Long Time Contest in Freno, the reigning champion, Floyd Porkput, feels confident about another victory. "I've been holding it in for over 20 minutes now," he calmly asserts, "and I'm not about to take another breath until

every single last contender either gives up or passes out. They don't call me the champ for nothing, you know. Yup, I'm a shoe-in, all right."

The Defense department has incurred huge deficits in its B-17 manned bomber scheme over the last six years, according to an unnamed department source. "Classified statistics show that the project is in the red to the tune of 1.7 billion dollars," said the source. "Hey, you won't print my name, will you? Great! Then I'd just like to say that my boss is a real tard, and that my wife is about the ugliest cow I've ever seen. That's why I'm cheating on her with a 16 year old. How do you like that, Dor-, oops, I almost said it. Hah, hah, hah..." Reporters are petitioning the Pentagon to release their files on the project in order to verify the undersecretary's claims.

Sects Axe, a number one heavy-metal band from Sacramento, has not always commanded the popular following that they claim today. "When we started out," lead singer Percy Grip trills, "absolutely nobody would ever come to see us play. The halls were always completely empty. I suppose our sound just hadn't really developed yet." In fact, critics agree that the Axe put on some of their best shows back then, before they fell prey to the crass commercialism of today's music industry.

Congressman Simon Holstein stands accused of slandering the *True Facts* column in a speech to the National Press Club on January 27th. Holstein reportedly called the editors "cheap sensationalists who print nothing but garbage." Holstein, a New York jewboy, is guilty. His case goes on trial Monday.





The Chappie is not as good as it used to be...  
but then it never was.

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## A Message From Wes Stupar, Vice President, Research & Development

In the technical community "experience" means knowledge acquired through practice. Gaining a broad range of experience is a prime goal for the on-the-rise professionals. And it's essential to anyone seeking self-improvement and advancement.

Autologic assignments will provide you with a unique brand of technological experience. For example our major product, the electronic phototypesetter, requires highly advanced expertise in both digital and analog electronics, mechanical servomechanisms and optics. If you're versatile, we have your challenge.



# The Autologic Experience



Certainly we're involved in a challenging marketplace. Autologic hardware is playing a key role in automating the fast-evolving and growing information processing and newspaper publishing businesses. In an industry where time is of the essence, our interactive graphics technology has greatly speeded up press time. Whereas type was formerly composed by casting molten lead, we're now using laser systems to produce typographic images directly on printing plates.

Indeed there's much more we could tell you about Autologic. But your best bet is to meet us through experience. We pride ourselves in being an equal opportunity employer.



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