

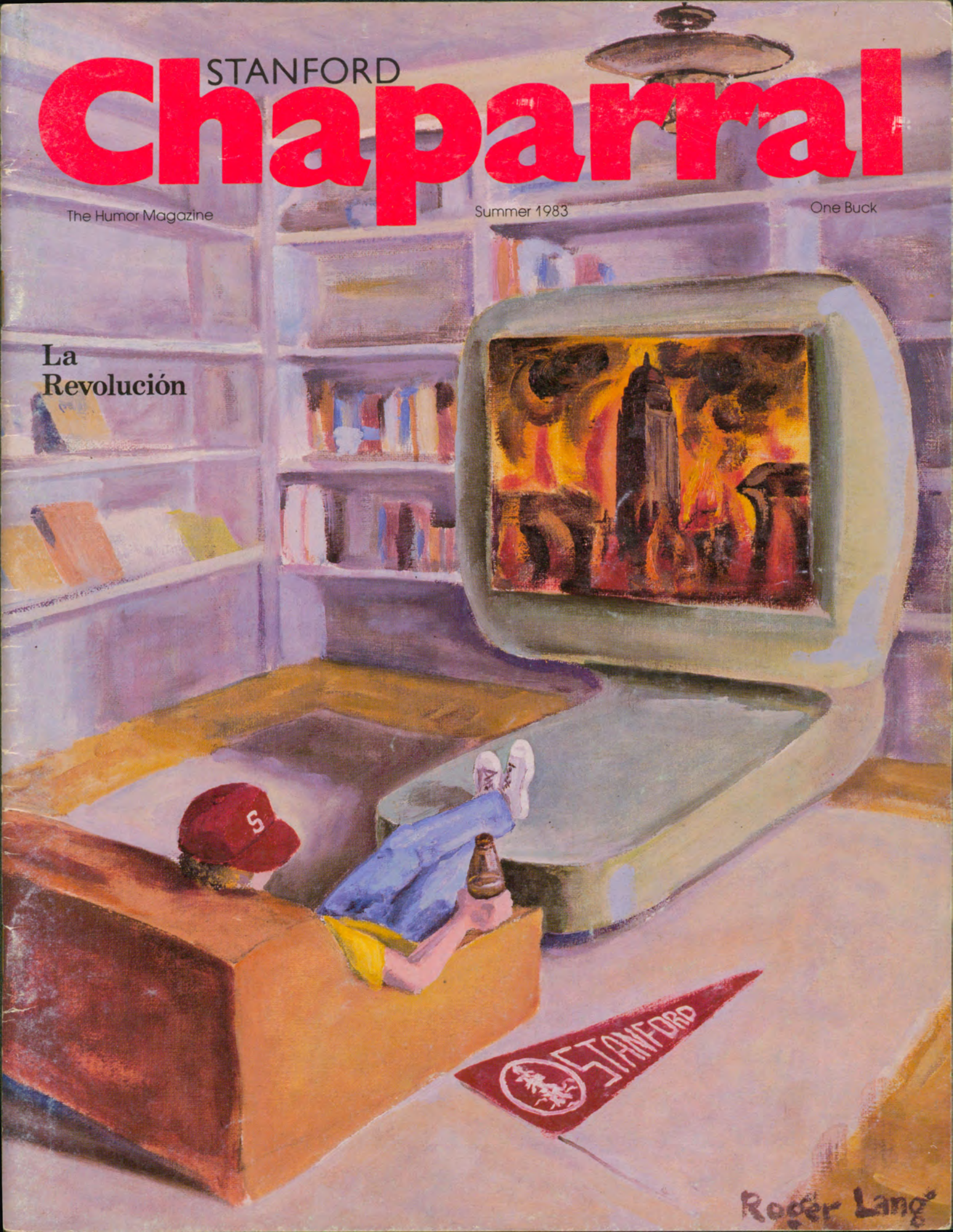
STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

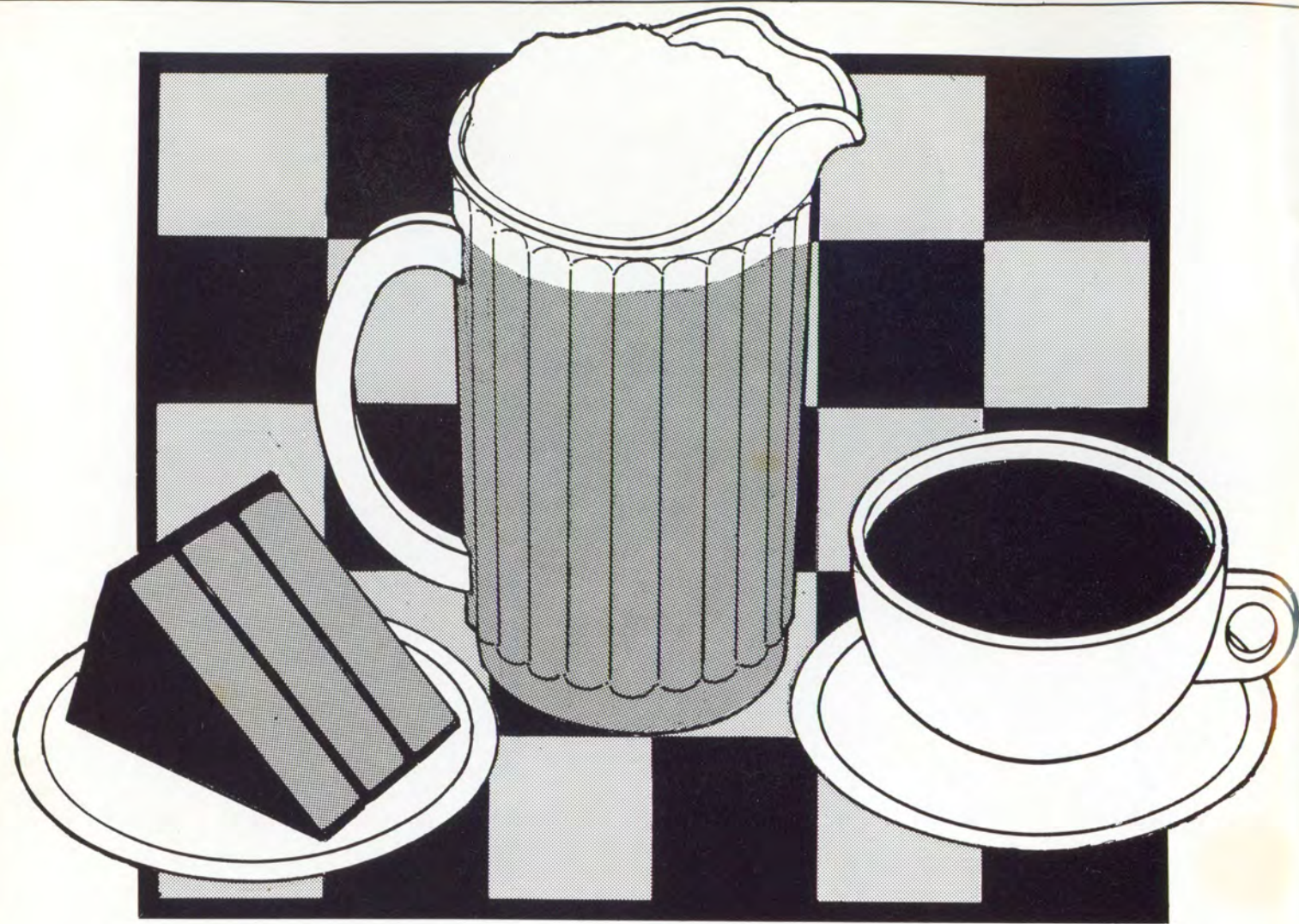
Summer 1983

One Buck

La
Revolución



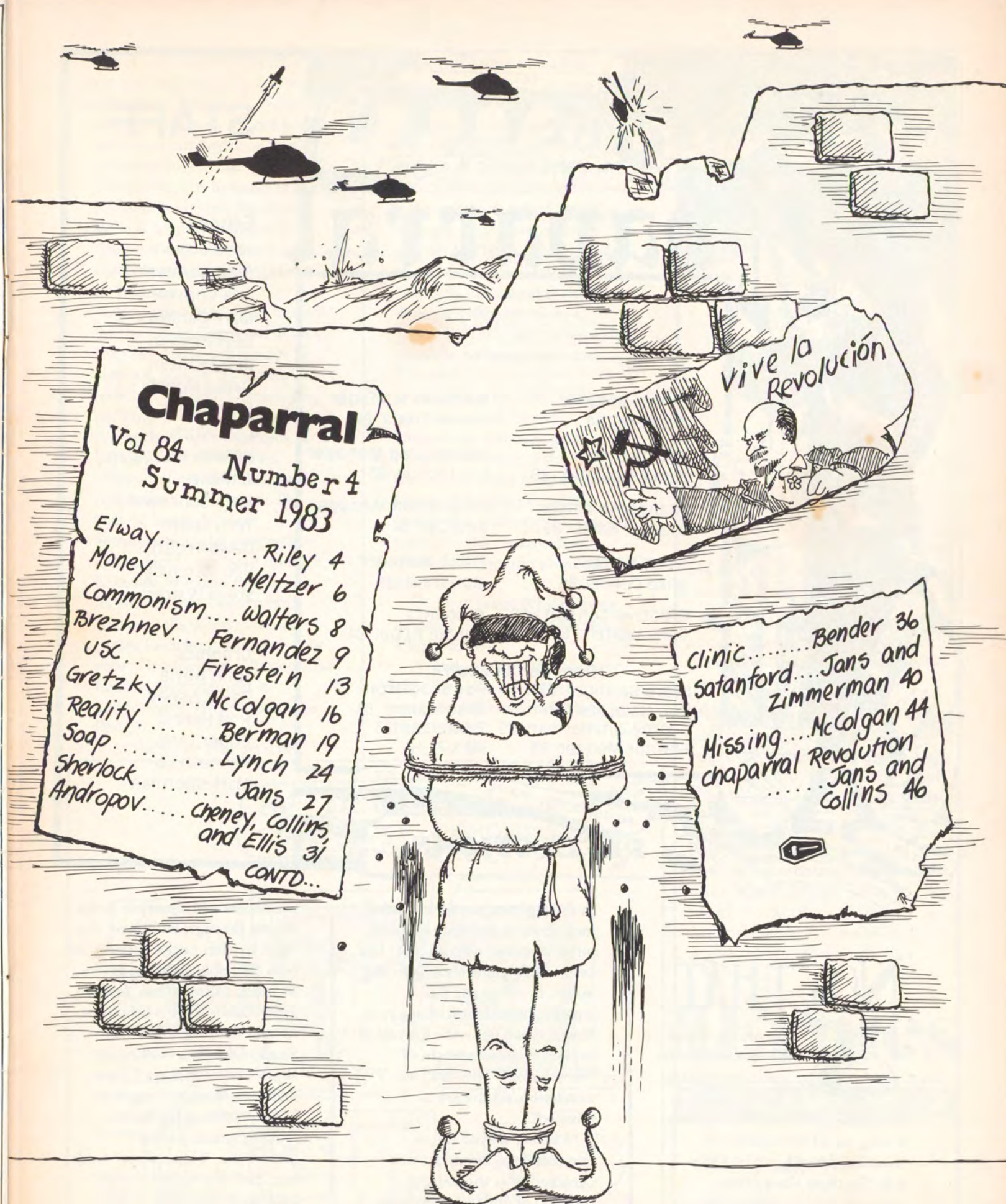
Roger Lang



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Chaparral
Vol 84 Number 4
Summer 1983

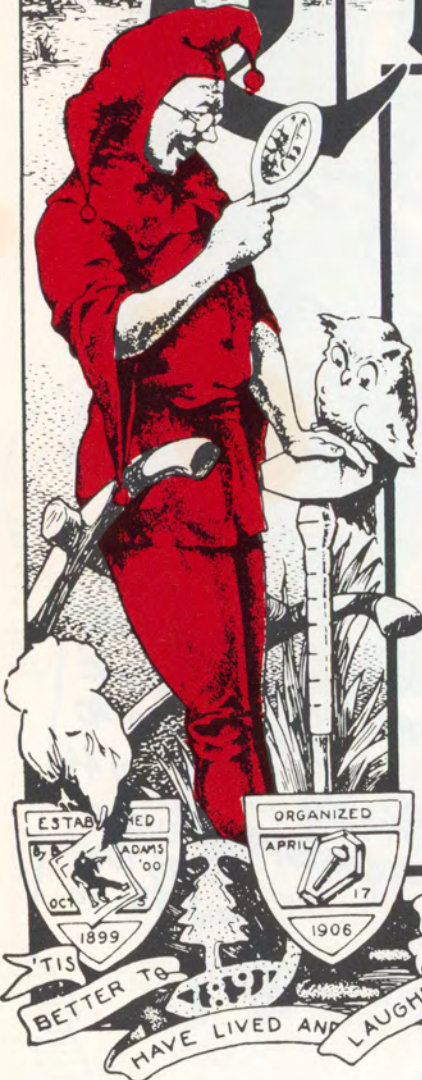
Elway.....	Riley 4
Money.....	Meltzer 6
Commonism.....	Walters 8
Brezhnev.....	Fernandez 9
USC.....	Firestein 13
Gretzky.....	McColgan 16
Reality.....	Berman 19
Soap.....	Lynch 24
Sherlock.....	Jans 27
Andropov.....	Cheney, Collins, and Ellis 31

CONTD...

Clinic..... Bender 36
Satanford..... Jans and
Zimmerman 40
Missing..... McColgan 44
Chaparral Revolution
Jans and
Collins 46

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The Stanford Chaparral



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Staff Editor Mike Collins '86	Films Manager Joel Freid '85
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Hammer and Coffin	
Steve Ballinger '82	Roy Skogstrom '77
Rob Holbrook '81	Mike Wilkins '81
George Zimmerman '85	Brian Jans '83
Eleanor Meltzer '83	Al X ??

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

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NOW THAT

we are no closer to comprehensive social revolution than we were in the 1950's, it's time to re-group. Firing out of the cannon of mindless frivolity in the fifties, into the clear skies of the exhilarating idealism of the sixties, through the banal narcissism of the seventies, now,

in the eighties, we have landed face down in the dung heap of bitter cynicism with a splat. The task of this generation is to rise again, to scoop the foul smelling manure off of our eyes, fling it down upon the ground of broken dreams, and shout "Revolution! This time we won't stop 'till the job is finished!"

However we are not completely to blame for our cynicism. It is the natural reaction of children who have watched their role models sell out. We look for the heroes of

the sixties still shouting in the streets through bullhorns, the veins in their necks bulging, as pigs billyclub their heads like so many snare drums. Instead, Jerry Rubin, after a brief stint as a stockbroker, now turns Studio 54 into a Wall Street singles bar. Eldridge Cleaver endorses Ronald Reagan in between selling his funny-looking sperm-saving underwear. "Hanoi Jane" trades her "Hell No We Won't Go!" buttons in for a pair of leg warmers. The "Mod Squad" has become the "Bod Squad."

Yet we cannot forget that they all sold out *after* having worked for the cause. We've skipped step one. It's not fair of us to turn our backs on world problems just because so many others have, or because the problem is so vast. My friend Willy is a good example. One day over *cappuccini* and clove cigarettes in the Coffee House he told me:

"Like yeah, I was about to work for the Peace Corps but what's the use? There will always be starving people. So instead I took this job with Dismember-co. They provide medical researchers with the limbs of Latin American children."

So what we need in order to combat more defections like Willy's, is a little more enthusiasm in the progressive camp. Hold your head up high, comrade, the next time some facist from the *Conservative Review* calls you a commie. Smirk knowingly the next time some Neanderthal tells you that nuclear disarmament is unnecessary. Be proud to be a Pinko!

At the same time let's be

strong enough to laugh at ourselves. We can't always combat the forces of evil imperialism with our jaws locked and our teeth bared.

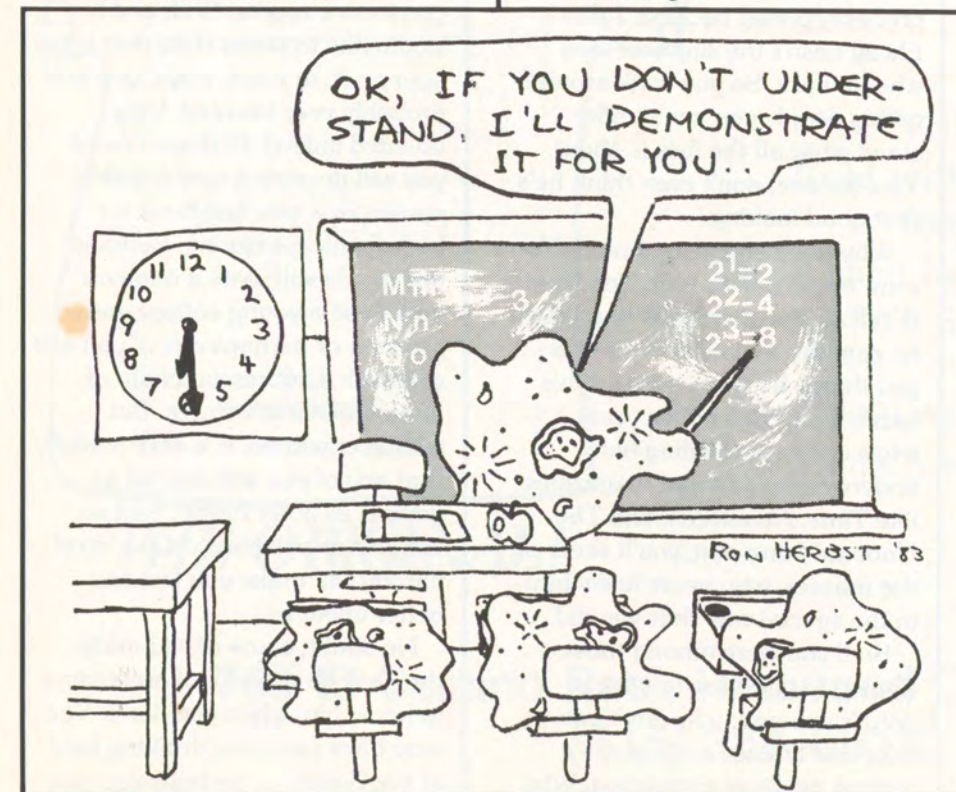
Look at the CIA. Now *they* have a sense of humor! Who but comedians would have thought of pouring a magic powder in Fidel Castro's drink to make his beard fall off? And can't you just imagine the Blues Brother's as advisors in El Salvador, romping through the jungle, smashing jeeps and villages?

So lighten up. Boy, I tell you, revolutionaries, Social Democrats and even plain liberals are some of the unfunniest, most macbre people I know. I'll leave you with a "joke" that a woman I know who works for the disarmament movement thought should go in the magazine:

Q. How many White House advisors does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A. It doesn't matter because after *The War* all of their eyeballs will have melted out of their heads.

Hi Ho. ☺



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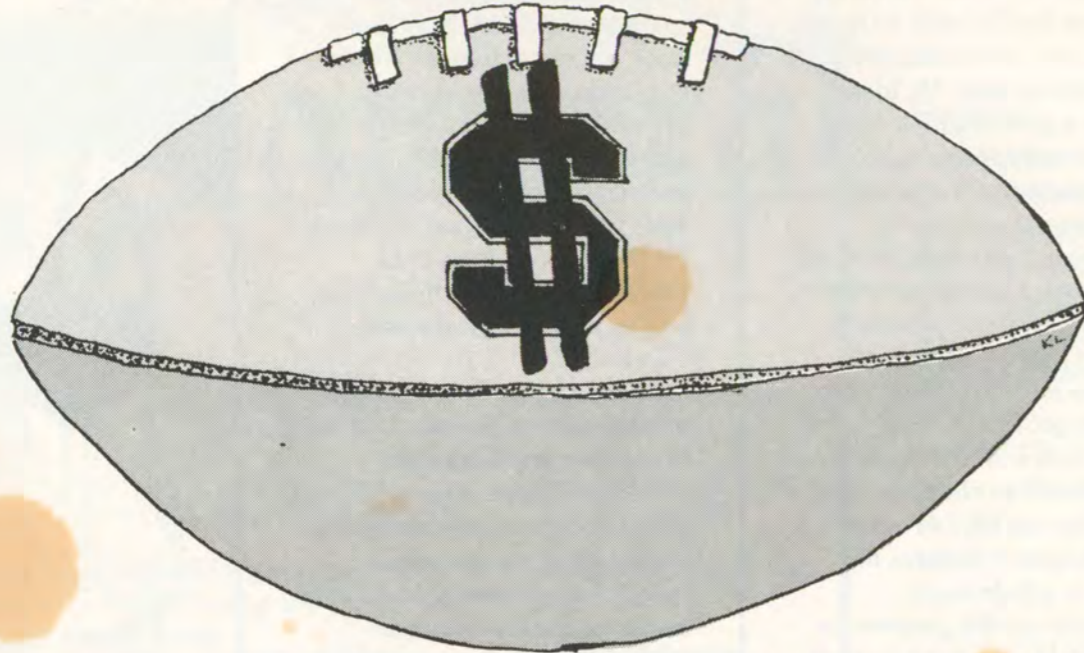
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ANCHORS ELWAY



Some of you want me to break the rules. You want me to say rude things about people who are better than you are, people like Donald Kennedy and Phillip Zimbardo. You *know* you do, so don't try to work your way out of it. People like you disgust me. You're an infection, a walking disease, a spore. Go feed puppies to your king snake.

Some of you even want me to make fun of John Elway. After all, we at the *Chaparral* are college humorists, right? And John Elway is a national figure, and if we wrote something really funny about him, the wire services might pick it up, and we might get jobs on *the National Lampoon*, right? Well, if that's what you think, just put this magazine back in the rack and go buy the *People* you came in for anyway. This is really sad.

I know all about you. You're jealous. If you're a man, you probably got into Stanford because you were editor of the high school annual. You can't understand why no one cares about you, and now you want us to make fun of John Elway, just so

you'll feel better about yourself. You want us to call him a dumb jock, don't you? Admit it. You want us to make fun of a sick capitalistic economy that will pay him *millions*, while everyone forgets what a good job you did on the '79 *Royal Titan*.

If you're a woman, you're probably pissed because John Elway hasn't the slightest idea who you are. So you walk around telling people you can't understand what all the fuss is about. You, for one, don't even think he's that good looking.

Why don't you just admit it. You want to sleep with him. You want to tell all the other girls how much he confides in you, how he tells you things he won't even tell his father. And then in five years, when John is modeling blue underwear in national magazines like *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The National Lampoon*, you'll sneer at the masses, who never knew him in the special way that you did.

So if you were among those hoping to get a few laughs at John's expense, why don't you take this chance to do some serious personal evaluation. Why

are you so terribly insecure? Why do you seek the humiliation of another person, in this case someone who is much more famous and well-liked than you will ever be? Let's look at the facts. Elway's genetic map is a permutation that occurs once in a century, and you can't compete. You lost out when you were a zygote. Still, and I would like to stress this, *that is not your fault*. In many ways, you are probably very talented. Very talented indeed. Perhaps one of you will develop a new sprinkler system or a new text book for hydroponic gardening. Perhaps one of you will write a book on how to be a young college entrepreneur, or perhaps one of you will establish a successful chain of automotive parts stores. But whatever you do, it is very unlikely that any of you will ever be as famous as John Elway. And no amount of well placed *Chaparral* parody will make you feel any better about it.

No doubt, some of you make the juvenile mistake of pretending to know him when you don't. You may have seen him drinking beer at the Goose, or perhaps you saw

him at the store buying a copy of *The National Lampoon*. Don't kid yourself. You saw everything, right down to the kind of detergent he bought. You even strained to see how much cash he had in his wallet. And now you tell your relatives how much you see him around campus, as if it were no big deal. Take a good look at yourself. People are laughing at you behind your back.

Those of us at the *Chaparral* who have worked closely with John for the last three years see a different man: John, the artist, John, the writer, John the human being. Whether it was laying out copy, or selling advertising, John always added his own special charisma to the job. He has a modest desk here in the *Chaparral* lay-out room, and it was here that he first received the phone call informing him of his new career with the Denver Broncos. Needless to say, it was a

big party day here at the *Chappie*, and several staff members, including myself, were privileged to accompany John to Denver for negotiations with Bronco owner, Edgar F. Kaiser, Jr.

To say that John Elway is generous is to say only what is obvious. On the plane trip home from Denver, just as our DC-10 was passing over Reno, John stood alone in the front aisle, gazing at us. He wanted to make an announcement. He rested one hand on his father's shoulder and he looked down at the floor for a moment, trying to hold in the tears.

"You guys are just the greatest," he said. "I just . . . I just —"

But he broke down and sobbed. The whole first class section went silent. Next to me, I could hear Donald Kennedy sniffing. Finally, Jack Elway, John's father, stood up next to his boy and cleared his throat a few times.

"What I think John wants to

say," he said, "is that he truly appreciates everything you fellas have done for him and that he wants to endow an annual fellowship of 35,000 bucks for young college humorists trying to break into humor magazines like *The National Lampoon*."

So pardon me, *reader*, if I refrain from making a lot of really dumb John Elway jokes. And furthermore, I don't care who gets the Elway fellowship. Warren Habib ought to get it, if you want my opinion. He's the managing editor and he deserves it, and I'll be the first one to congratulate him if he does. But I'm not going to make fun of John Elway just because I've been assigned this parody. I could have done *any* other piece in this issue, but no, they have to give me the Elway thing one *week* before the selection committee makes its decision. I'm stupid, but I'm not that stupid. You guys can sit on it.

—Jim Riley

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BUCK\$ HUNTING

This is a True Story. I write it not so much to relieve myself of some nebulous internalized guilt as in a spirit of uncharacteristic altruism. I write in the hope that you, dear reader, will profit from my misfortune and go on to have many grandchildren and a shiny Rolls Royce.

I'm certain that I owe my misfortune to an Oriental gentleman; but let us get to the heart of the tragedy first and sadly digress later. The plot is simple—the implications hardly so. Witness: as I was walking one day from the History Corner to Memorial Auditorium (in order to make myself legal with the powers that be), I lit upon a bunched up wad of

seven (7) twenty-dollar bills.

My life was forever changed. I saw the bills and was not surprised. I expected this to happen. I've read quite a lot about how people become nervous or feel guilty when they find money. So I knew that this was a fairly common phenomenon. It was just my turn.

I picked up the wad (just a wad; no I.D., no incriminating nothing) stuffed it in my back-pack, and registered. I signed class lists, chatted with my friends, even ate dinner and went to a movie, without any outer sign of change. But I was a different person.

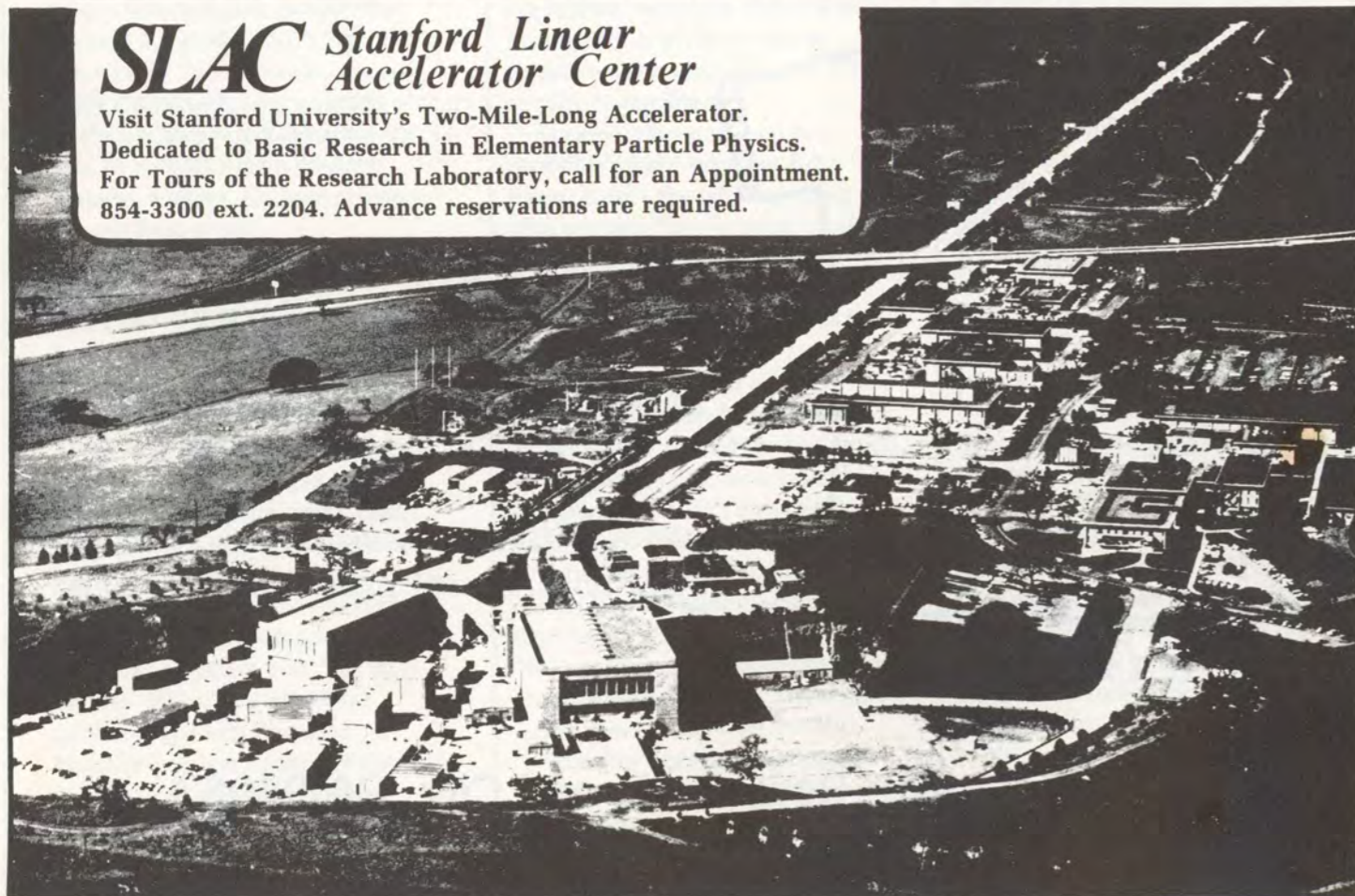
The instant that the outermost electrons of my fingertips en-

countered the protons of the bills, a dramatic and intense, even violent, personality change occurred. I relate it to you here, for it is of utmost importance to my conclusion.

As soon as I picked up the wad, my mood became grim. What could I do with a piddling \$140.00? Not much. Degas paintings, land, even a Vespa were quite beyond the elastic capacity of seven (7) twenty-dollar bills. Food? Too perishable. Drink? Too dangerous. I have no friends, so birthday presents, little trinkets, or how-are-you-doing cards would be an unnecessary and frivolous expenditure. Greed thus evolved to penury, and finally, to outright

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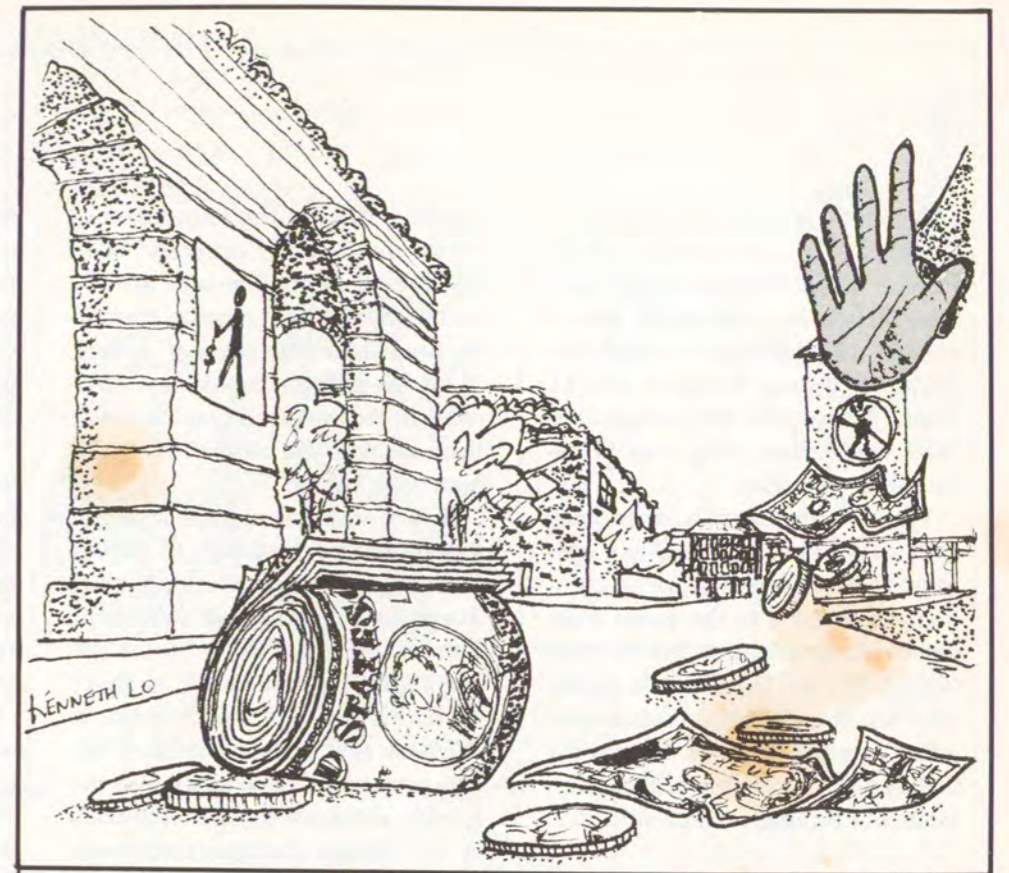


acquisitiveness. The heavy hand of Adam Smith lay stifling across my brow. How could I parlay this sum into vast raw piles of cash? There just wasn't a way. A money market would give almost no return, and there is a \$10,000.00 minimum-deposit on T-bills. Scheisse!!! In the space of a minute and a half, frustration, anxiety, and monetary worry had collared my life. I was no longer a free agent. Responsibility would be my pillow from now on.

From that day last spring, I have had no rest. When later that evening, I saw an elderly Chinese gentleman, with a painful worried look on his face, quaveringly ask for a receipt at the local McDonald's, my misery was complete. I had driven this poor man to the outer reaches of destitution. Here he was, in a foreign country where he couldn't even tell the authorities what had happened (the McDonald's lady unkindly shouted that he should have told her he wanted a receipt before she rang it up) and now, no money. But the evil had taken hold. I hadn't called the police, and now I did not even offer to explain to the waitress that he wanted a receipt so that he could get reimbursed for his pitiful-burger-and-humble-milk dinner. No, the road to Hell is easily tread upon, but none return to tell its tales.

It is from this copious well-spring of suspicion and misfortune that I fling these desperate words of wisdom. For your own sake, I tell you, refuse to stoop for any sum less than \$10,000.00. (preferably in a wad of 500 twenty-dollar bills.) The headache and heartache are not worth the fleeting pleasure of unexpected wealth. I beg you to forbear from picking up anything less, for you will certainly suffer as I have.

I realize that my advice is easier given than taken. Therefore, I propose a simple method that anyone can follow for relegating money to its proper subservient



position. Practice casually dropping large wads of bills at likely places—street corners, stoops, gutters. Start small at first. I suggest amounts totaling approximately twenty to fifty dollars, for beginners. Work up slowly. Remember that it is repetition, not amount, that is truly important.

A good schedule for an ultimately blasé attitude toward money is three drops per hour, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and, if you are up to it, on Sunday. Small amounts, frequent repetition. These are the key elements.

Persons residing on or near the Leland Stanford Junior University campus will please note that there are optimal times and places for this daily practice. Routes leading to and from the newly restored History Corner, the Storke Publications Building, and the lake-side Lagunita court are prime, high-feedback areas. (For more detailed information regarding special times and high-frequency drop spots, mail a postcard, care of: Author, 2935 Lagunita Court,

or just leave a note in my box at the History Department.)

In only a few weeks, you will discover an inner strength, a reserve, a resistance you never thought you possessed. "Dropping Cash" is an acquired state of mind. Quarters, dimes, and nickels of course will not even affect your pulse rate for now they won't even catch your eye. (We've all seen those hapless fellows who scramble at aluminum bits or bottle caps that they've mistaken for pieces of money. Some people just have no dignity or self-control.) Georges, Abes, and even Frankies won't interrupt your stride. No, you've come a long way and you're holding out for the pot of gold (25 ounces @ \$400.00 per ounce).

I give this advice willingly and ungrudgingly for I know that in the long run, it will make the world a much happier place. And although I now realize that the attainment of the goal is out of my own reach, my fellow beings will be more fulfilled people for my torment.

—Eleanor Meltzer

THE COMMONIST MANIFESTO

by K-Mart's

A spectre is haunting America—the spectre of Commonism. All the Powers of New England-hoity-toity-neo-elitism have entered into a provisional pact to power punch this problem: Brooks Brothers and LL Bean, Macys and Bloomingdales, Wall Street whiz kids and Portsmouth prep punks.

Where is the cut rate distributor that has not been decried as Communistic by its higher priced competitors? Where is the mass marketed merchandise that has not been hurled back into its center isle display cart by conspicuous consumers, pitted against the cork and mirror between-the-escalators selling technique of Emporium Capwell?

The history of consumer retailing is a history of crass conflicts.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders—as such, status took a back seat to, say pillaging hamlets. In ancient Egypt everyone dressed like flappers; in the Middle Ages they wore the modern equivalent of welcome mats.

Our epoch possesses this distinctive feature: the willingness of its citizens to lay out more and more of each paycheck on yachting and golf outfits. Outfits, moreover, with no vestige of aesthetic continuity: plaid bermuda jockey shorts clash with Izod alligator skin shirts, Vuarnet "3D" James Bond superspecs peer out beneath cheap paper "Kiss my Axe Cal" wing-rotor beanies, Sperry deck shoes thrust forth from under Gloria Vanderbilt support jeans—it doesn't make much sense. Why does the ugly American have to spend so much to look that way?

The distinguishing features of Commonism is not the abolition of disgusting wardrobes, but the mass marketing of them. Commonists believe the beer belching Winnebago

working class is the foundation of social trend. Their tattered "Maui 78" fishnet football jerseys are absorbed by the land owning class to become their Porsche car covers. Their six-pair-for-five-dollars Kenney's stretch socks eventually make their way into the Studio 54 crowd's bunny ear muffs.

It is Commonism that lays the foundation for the theory of surplus inventory. Say the working class Joe or Jane shops for an hour at the local Robinson's. When he or she eventually returns home, is there an hour's worth of merchandise in the back seat of their Gremlin? No. The poor slobs have fallen into the greedy retailer's hands, bedazzled by the displays of singing microwave ovens and self-winding watchbands. They require but a mere quarter hour to purchase their goods; yet the retailer usurps 45 minutes of their time, time which could be better spent watching "Dialing for Doughnuts" on channel 38 or mowing the cat.

No, it must be the intelligentsia, the graduate students and assistant professors who don't give a second thought to their appearance and couldn't afford to anyway, who must take the first steps in propelling the revulsion. They must infiltrate fraternity parties and comment on how tacky the rush chairman's fifty dollar Van Heusen Hawaiian shirt looks under his tux. They must start up conversations in coffee houses and student unions, wondering aloud how Gemco can afford to sell wooden mallards at two bucks apiece. The going will be slow, yet every wave must begin as a mud puddle.

Within Commonist outlets, regional distribution specialists must be willing to cooperate. They should begin to stock t-shirts with tiny polo player emblems on them, emblems which will fade out after the first washing while the initially

invisible yet water-sensitive "Zappa on Tour" decals fade in. Likewise, the 501s sold should be made of newly developed Dupont Nitrex, which looks and feels like real denim, yet expands 20% upon coming in contact with sunlight.

Neo-elitists, lured into the stores by the clever prompting of the intelligentsia, will unwittingly purchase these items, attracted by the exorbitantly high price tags and catchy sales promotions. Within days, the revulsion will be complete. Collar buttons will pop off Oxford shirts, checked green socks will wash out white, Adidas jackets will turn dark blue and begin displaying small "Chevron" patches. Neo-elitists will be slow to realize that any attempt to resist is futile: customer courtesy windows do not exchange damaged merchandise.

The result is Commonism, the equalization and democratization of apparel. Its founding philosophy shall be: from each according to his wants, to each according to his waist size. Discount outlets, having become the official retailers of the nation, shall do for marketing what Charles Manson did for the Tom Snyder show. Business will not just boom, it will induce fallout. As consumer tastes degenerate, the eco-socio-political structure will flourish, bringing the inevitable "triangle of history" full circle.

We must act before we think. The time is now. The annual summer bonanzas are just around the corner. Consumers must be made to face the reality of substandard goods at foolhardy prices.

RETAILERS OF THE WORLD UNITE! — YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAIN STORES!



Leonid Brezhnev: By day, statesman, diplomat, ruler of most of the unfree world. Arguably the most powerful man in the world...



Leonid Brezhnev: By night, family man, devoted husband, grandfather, sports man, MONOPOLY player...



Leonid Brezhnev: By November 10, 1982 just another ugly corpse in the Moscow morgue...



Leonid Brezhnev goes to Socialist Hell

With a little help from his friend, Leonid rises through levels of reality...



And appears at the feet of God...

So, say da' magic word...



So, Brezhnev, Leonid, ah yes... "Delusions of grandeur, no sense of humor, ugly wife, uglier kids, perpetrator of the class system, fond of non-revolutionary lifestyles, little regard for opinions of others..."



Tisk, tisk, we've been a bad little bolshevik, haven't we? Got anything to say fer yer-self?

Well, uh, thanks to me our people now have, uh, the biggest military in the world, toasters...



...indoor plumbing, telephones, cotton underwear, internal surveillance, aqueducts...





Uh, roach hotels, sliced bread, pneumatic tires, uh, and golf tees. Excuse me, but, why a duck?



Viaduct?



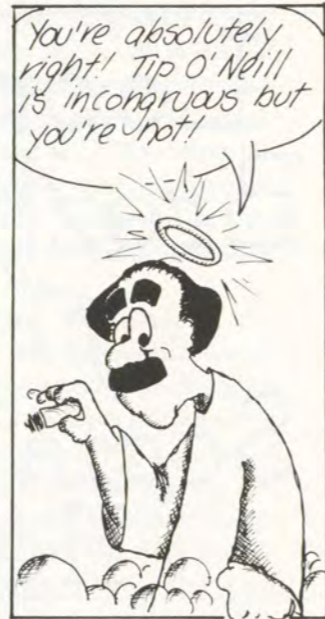
Enough of this! Look, I'm not some incongruous politician you can simply...



Tell you what, fer all your transgressions, great an' grievous, includin' a total lack of familiarity wid' my teachings...



I'm sendin' you to SOCIALIST HELL!



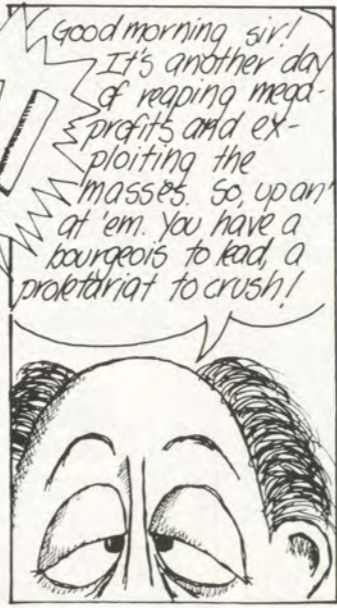
You're absolutely right! Tip O'Neill is incongruous but you're not!



Many realities later...



Good morning sir! It's another day of reaping mead-



profits and exploiting the masses. So, up an' at 'em. You have a bourgeois to lead, a proletariat to crush!



Jeeves, are you sure this is socially acceptable? What about my dark blue wool...

I assure you, sir. It's what all execs are wearing...

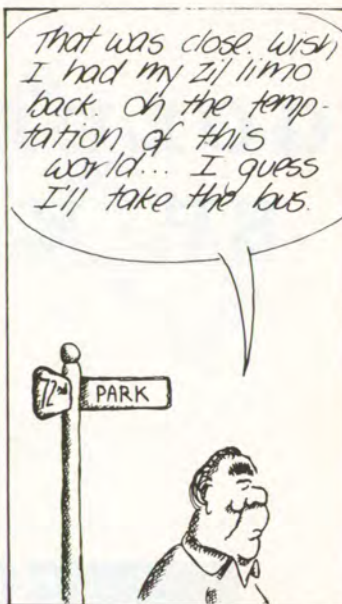


So sir, I'll just leave you to your busy day...

WAIT! What'm I sposed to do? I don't know how to live like this! Give me some help, please!



LATER Oh, if I had only known how easy it was! I hop in my own sporty, cool vehicle, drive to the cleaners, pick up my blue suit, mingle with the little people, check on my third world cash crop plantation holdings, distribute powdered milk to the poor, then, uh, I, uh, oh my...

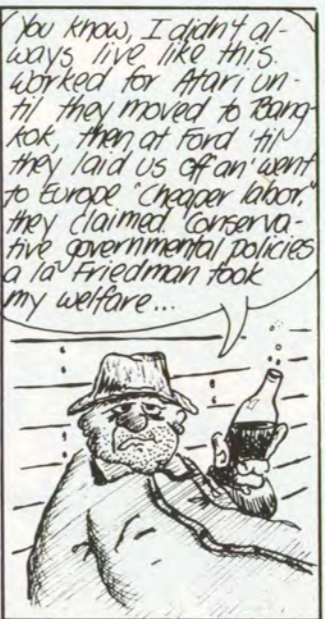


That was close. Wish I had my zil limo back. Oh the temptation of this world... I guess I'll take the bus.

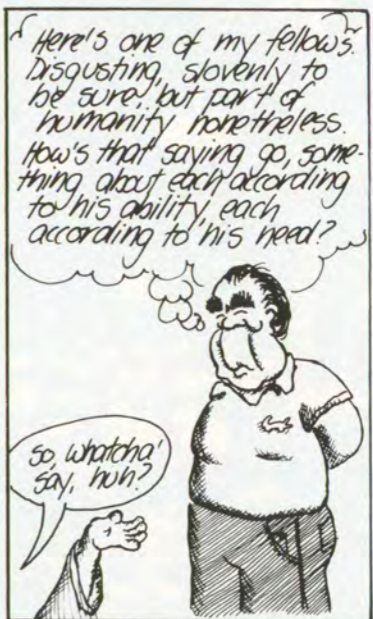


Many miles and hours behind him, Leonid becomes another victim of the capitalists' disdain for public transportation...

Psst! Brother, can you spare a fiver?



You know, I didn't always live like this. Worked for Atari until they moved to Bangkok, then at Ford 'til they laid us off an' went to Europe 'cheaper labor'. They claimed 'conservative governmental policies a la Friedman took my welfare...

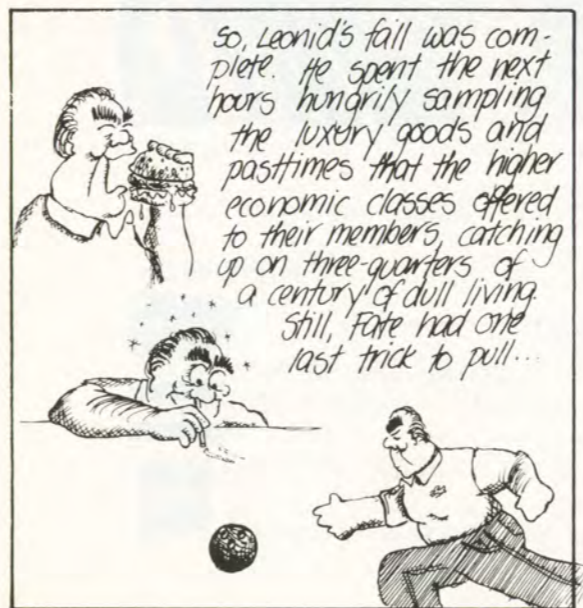


Here's one of my fellows. Disgusting, slovenly to be sure, but part of humanity nonetheless. How's that saying go, something about each according to his ability, each according to his need?

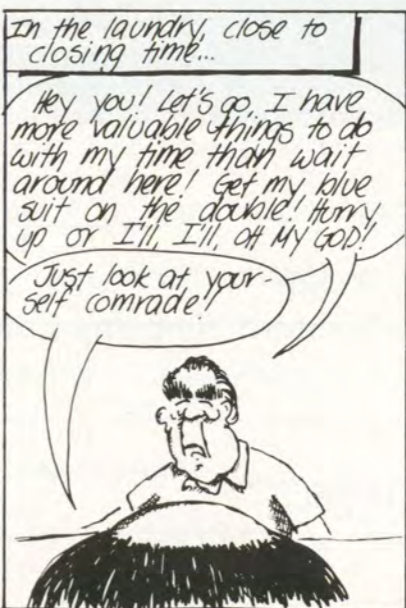
So, watcha say, huh?



What a crack!



So, Leonid's fall was complete. He spent the next hours hungrily sampling the luxury goods and pastimes that the higher economic classes offered to their members, catching up on three-quarters of a century of dull living. Still, fate had one last trick to pull...



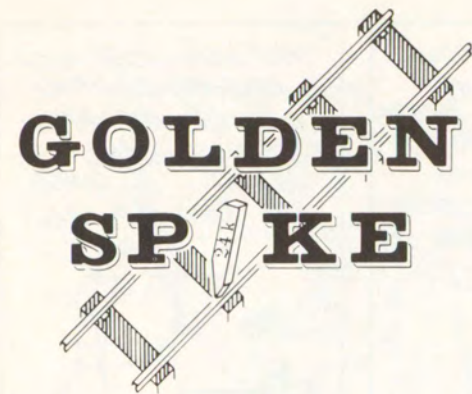
In the laundry, close to closing time...

Hey you! Let's go, I have more valuable things to do with my time than wait around here! Get my blue suit on the double! Hurry up or I'll, I'll, at my God!

Just look at your self comrade!



Yes, you truly are a disgrace. You've succumbed to the lures of the imperialists and I will personally oversee your spiritual renewal. Confucius was wrong when he said, "The Mao the merrier."



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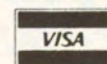


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use exponents if necessary and if you know what they are): _____

HAVE YOU READ A BOOK THIS YEAR? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

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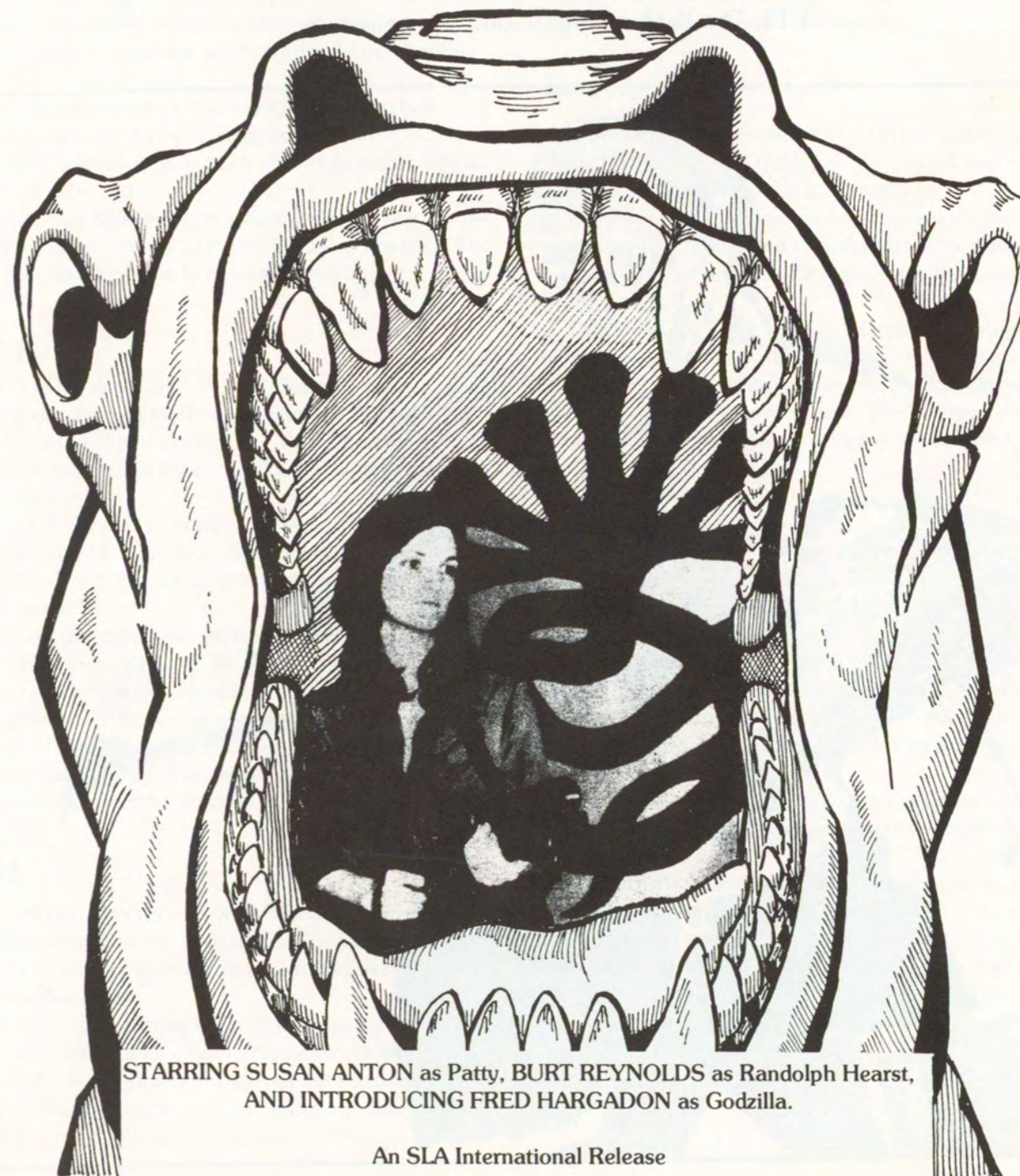
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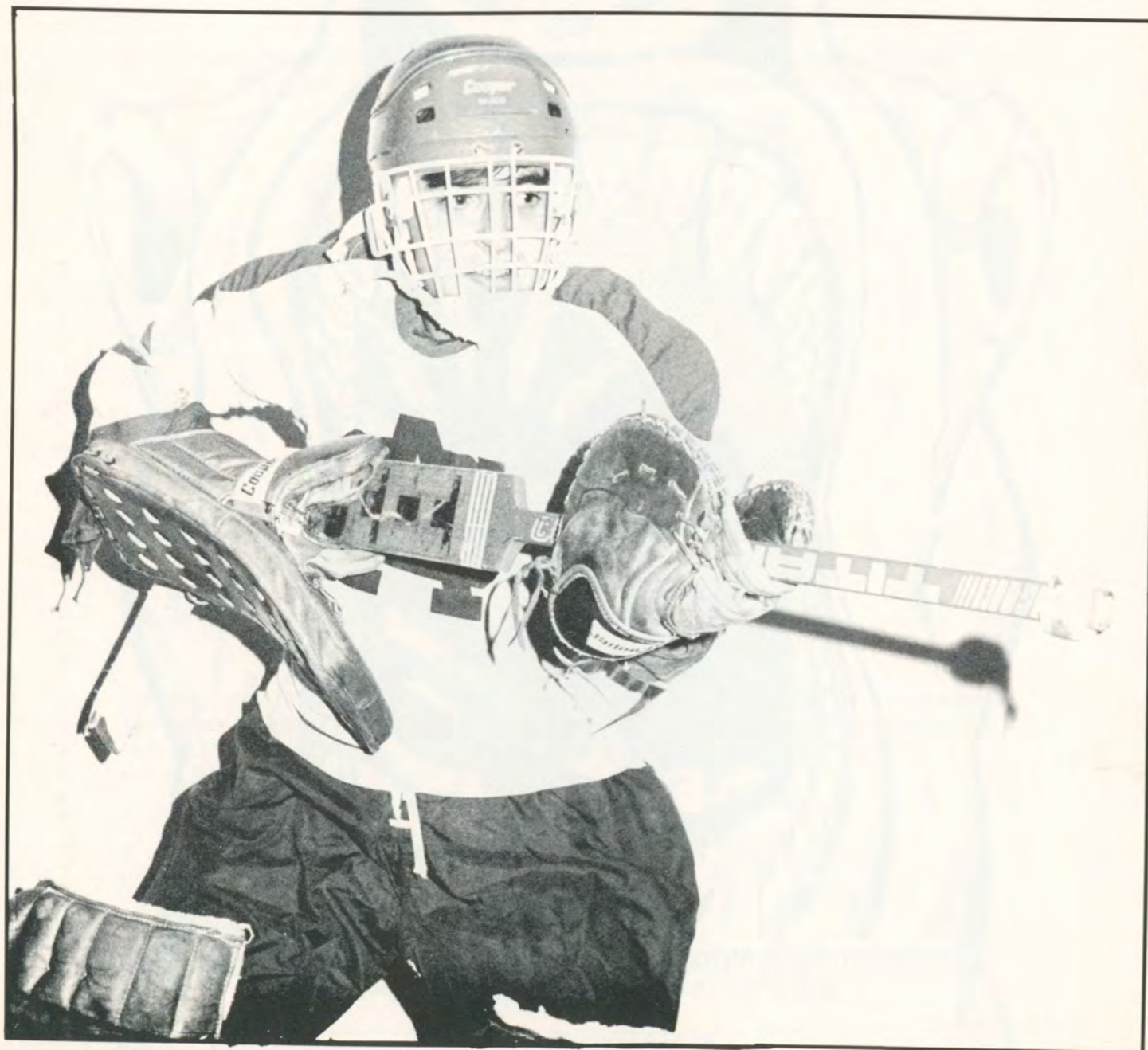
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June 8, 1983

MONTREAL — The prime minister and other top-level officials of the Canadian government received threatening letters yesterday demanding their resignations and the immediate staging of new elections.

The notes were signed, "The Blue Line Nationalist Party," and referred to a commander, identified only as the "Great One," who is "ready to assert the power granted him by the people of Canada."

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau called the letters "a poor excuse for a prank," and declined to comment further.

June 9

MONTREAL — Members of the so-called Blue Line Nationalists roamed the streets of the city yesterday, clubbing policemen over the heads with solid oak hockey sticks.

Shouting slogans such as "Face-off now," the rebels, many of whom wore sky-blue jerseys emblazoned with the number 99, delivered vicious body checks to businessmen who crossed their paths.

A message stating simply, "Revolution Now!" was thrown through the office window of Prime Minister Trudeau. The message was attached to a hard rubber disk.

June 10

EDMONTON, Alberta — Wayne Gretzky, record-breaking goal scorer of hockey's Edmonton Oilers and Sports Illustrated "Sportsman of the Year," has revealed himself to be the "Great One," leader of the revolutionary Blue Line Nationalists.

"The will of the people must be served," shouted Gretzky, 22, at a local sports awards banquet. "It is time for me to step forward. It is time for my followers to stand up and be counted."

A full scale riot ensued at the Edmonton Howard Johnson's site of the banquet. Several figure skaters and bobsledders were trampled to death by members of the mob wearing razor-sharp hockey skates.

The rest of the Oilers team was escorting Margaret Trudeau to the opening of the new Plato's retreat in Toronto and could not be reached for comment.

June 11

EDMONTON, Alberta — Wayne Gretzky and his Blue Line Nationalists achieved their first major victory yesterday when Edmonton fell to his forces after several hours of sudden death.

Gretzky promptly renamed the city Espositograd.

In a speech made at city hall to his jubilant followers, Gretzky said, "What makes our movement so strong, so formidable, is that we draw our strength not only from the left wing, but from the right wing and defensemen, as well."

June 12

MONTREAL — Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was slap-shot to death yesterday in front of the Montreal Forum.

A Blue Line Nationalist hit squad made up of disgruntled Toronto Maple Leafs has taken credit for the action.

Loyalist forces appear ready to pull out of Quebec's capital city, as the Gretzky forces continue to make gains.

News from other parts of the country indicate that the rebel movement is gaining momentum in the north. From Saskatchewan have come reports of increased incidents of fighting, as well as slashing and high-sticking.

Officials in Newfoundland reported that there had still been little revolutionary activity in their coastal providence. "We don't have time to worry about that nonsense up here. We're much too busy waging our war on the killer baby seals which have infested our coastline."

June 13

MONTREAL — Commander Wayne Gretzky staged a triumphant entry into the heart of French Canada yesterday atop his armored Zamboni ice machine.

The Blue Line Nationalists now control a majority of the provinces in Canada, and Gretzky stated that he will base his new government here, in the city he has renamed Bobbyorrgrad.

The Blue Line Party's Offense Department announced a new diplomatic policy, under which the number of envoys sent to any given nation will be greater than the number of officials in that host government. This strategy was described as "power-play diplomacy."

June 14

WASHINGTON — President Reagan announced last night that he intends to recognize the new Canadian government, despite opposition from the powerful basketball lobby.

In a special press conference televised nationally, the president said that he wants to establish diplomatic ties with the Blue Line administration. He announced that he is sending Olympic hero Mike Eruzione to Bobbyorrgrad as official U.S. envoy.

Meanwhile, in recently captured Vancouver, Commander Gretzky announced a plan to achieve parity with the Soviet Union.

"The Russians are years ahead in wristshot technology," the self-proclaimed "Great One" declared. "We must strengthen our wrist power."

Along those lines, he proposed a program geared toward encouraging wrist action among all Canadian youths. "Within a few years the young men of Canada will have developed a right hand motion second to none," Gretzky predicted.

continued on page 18

June 15

BOBBYORRGRAD — U.S. envoy Mike Eruzione was taken prisoner by Wayne Gretzky's tactical "goon squad," and the revolutionary Canadian government sent terms for his release to Washington.

In a videotape from the governmental penalty box where Eruzione is being held, members of the goon squad, addressing President Reagan, declared that they acted under orders of Commander Gretzky.

They went on to demand the reestablishment of the California Golden Seals, as well as the immediate withdrawal of all U.S. major league baseball teams from Canada.

The president of the Toronto Blue Jays, when reached for comment at Margaret Trudeau's Niagra Falls apartment, said "I resent the implication that the Blue Jays play major league baseball."

No White House officials would comment on the incident last night, but Nancy Reagan announced that she was, "indeed very cross with Mr. Gretzky," and stated emphatically that "no members of the Blue Line Party will be invited to the next annual hair dyeing party on the White House lawn."

June 16

WASHINGTON — The president announced last night that the U.S. government will take every step necessary to ensure the security of the nation and protect athletic interest abroad.

Stating that a rescue mission for hostage Mike Eruzione was underway, Reagan warned Commander Gretzky that the United States "is about to display a full military press, darnit."

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, reached at his Washington apartment with Margaret Trudeau, said, "We're sending some crack offensive linemen up there. We'll see how those ice-skating fairies do against some real force."


There have been reports, as yet unconfirmed, that opponents of the Gretzky regime in Quebec are being aided by advisers sent by the CIA and the NCAA.

June 17

MONTREAL — The short-lived regime of Wayne Gretzky was over-thrown yesterday, as members of his Blue Line Nationalist Party were driven from the city by black and gold clad members of the Pittsburgh Steeler Liberation Squad.

Day Three of the Eruzione captivity ended happily as U.S. linebacking forces broke through the Blue Line defensemen to score the rescue.

A provisional government has been established under the watchful eyes of longtime Canadian political commentators, Bob and Doug McKenzie.

Former Commander Wayne Gretzky seemed unshaken. "We'll be back next year, no question," said Gretzky from the Nova Scotia retreat he shares with close friend Margaret Trudeau. "After all, we just needed a little Stanley Coup experience." 

the **REALITY INCIDENT**



The first rule of the private eye business is "Always go by your instincts." That's what I should have remembered when this sniveling plate of processed cheese named Miles Millman came crawling into my office one day.

"Excuse me," he said. "are you Mr. Utopia, the private investigator?"

"That's what it says on my door," I told him. "Have a seat."

"Thank you," he peeped nervously. "My name is Miles Millman; I'm a physics professor at the major university just down the road."

"The one with the crazy band and the football team?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's the place. But let me tell you why I'm here. I was in my office yesterday doing the things I normally do: paying some bills, feeding the cat, developing my quantum theory on high energy gamma radiation. . ."

These professor-types were all alike. "Get on with it!" I yelled at him.

"Ah, yes, of course," said the Professor, trying not to feel foolish. "Anyways, at around 2:00, while I was taking a few readings at my lab bench, I noticed this strange buzzing sound. I turned around, and there, where my desk and pencil set used to be, was the polar bear exhibit of the Brooklyn Zoo."

I looked Millman straight in the eyes. I'd had screwballs in the office before, but this guy took the Nobel Prize.

Why don't you tell me more about it while I call those

friendly men in the white jackets?"

"No, I'm serious," said Professor Millman, working up a slight sweat. "There are polar bears in my office!"

"Of course there are," I said condescendingly.

"You don't believe me, do you? All right, here's two hundred dollars for you; just come down to the physics building with me, O.K.?" Millman took out his wallet and waved the two C-notes in front of me.

In the interests of pure science, I decided to accept the case.

"All right, Millman," I told him, "you've got Ned Utopia, Private Eye working for you, but I don't make any guarantees."

"Oh, thank you Mr. Utopia," squeaked the Professor. "May I call you Ned?"

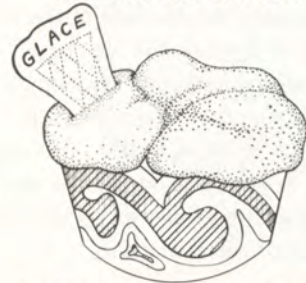
"No!" I shouted. "Now let's see these bears of yours."

I got into my beat-up Chrysler and followed Millman to the physics building. Strange as it may sound, he had been telling the truth. When we got into his office, there were the Brooklyn Zoo's polar bears, safely inside a plausible looking cage and smelling like stale sweat socks. Not only that, but there was an authentic New Yorker staring at them: he was wearing a warm-up jacket with "Sal" stenciled in on the front and "Ralph's Laundromat" on the back. It was the strangest thing I'd seen since the ex-police commissioner got his nose stuck in that high ball glass, but that's another story.

"Where did that joker come from?" I asked the Professor.

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"Beats me," said Millman, "he just showed up; claims he's from Queens."

"You've talked to him?" I asked.

"Yeah, but not with a lot of success. It's a very maddening experience, like *Alice in Wonderland*, or like the Denver City Sewer Commission Report without the footnotes." The Professor sneezed. "I think I'm allergic," he wailed.

I decided to have a talk with Sal myself.

"Morning," I said.

"Stick in ya' ear," replied the young man.

"I'll ignore that. What are you doing in this man's physics office?"

Sal was miffed. "It ain't an office, Mac; it's the Brooklyn Zoo and I'm staring at these here bears."

"Aaaaarrrr," said a polar bear, clawing through his cage.

"But you're not supposed to be here," I argued.

"And just who's doing the supposing?" replied Sal.

I was beginning to see Millman's point.

"Look," said Sal, "you want my advice? Go over and get yourself an orange slurpee; you'll feel better. But leave me alone, huh? Or I'll be forced to rearrange your bridge-work." With that, Sal returned his attention to the polar bears, who at the moment were stalking a stray penguin that had somehow found its way into their cage.

"Punk!" I muttered, and I turned to face Professor Millman. Strangely enough, he was standing in front of a refreshment stand that had not been there only a few seconds earlier.

"Professor," I said, "this is absurd."

"Boy, I'll say," said Millman, "an orange slurpee costs eighty-nine cents!"

Mom had always wanted me to become a pharmacist, maybe I should have taken her up on it.

"Look, Professor," I said, "what's going on here is a serious breach of reality."

"What do you mean?"

"You're a scientist," I told him. "Is it possible for the Brooklyn Zoo to materialize in a 12 by 20 foot office?"

Millman, in his milk-toasty manner, knitted his wispy little brow and started babbling.

"Well, the second law of thermodynamics doesn't specifically rule out large scale transubstantiation, but given the enormous amount of entropy that would have to be overcome, not to mention the problems raised by Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, which can be applied in analyzing—"

"Just answer the question!" I yelled.

"O.K.," said Millman, "the answer is no, it's impossible."

"Right," I agreed, "so therefore someone has been tampering with the physical universe as we know it."

The Professor seemed more confused than usual. "How does someone do that?" he asked.

"I have no idea," I answered, "but I imagine the paper work alone is incredible. Tell me, Millman, what sort of research are you doing here?"

"I'm investigating a new method of removing coagulated toothpaste from around the cap," he replied



proudly.

Oh, boy.

"What other research is going on in the department," I asked patiently.

"Well, Professor Schwartz is using electricity to stimulate excessive growth in chickens, Professor Lewis is dropping small rocks off of buildings to try and make one big rock, Professor Li is spending the quarter in a walk-in closet to avoid the department chairman—anything so far?"

"No," I said, "keep going."

"Uh, Professor Entwhistle is using newly-discovered subatomic particles to investigate subjective reality on a universal plane—"

"There we go," I interrupted, "where can I find Entwhistle?"

"Do you mind keeping it down?" blurted Sal. "It's getting so you can't tell the animals from the people!"

"Aaaaarrrrr!" said a polar bear.

"Good gravy," I muttered to myself. It was going to be one of those days.

I went to the basement, where Millman told me I could find this Professor Entwhistle. I opened up the appropriate door, and there, standing next to some propane tanks, was the most gorgeous woman I had seen this side of Winnemucca. Brown hair, brown eyes, a body that wouldnt quit and a face that had already won. Dissipation of reality or no dissipation of reality, there are some things that take priority.

"Uh, hello," I said, "I'm Ned Utopia. I know we've just met, but would you like to—"

"You must be the investigator that Professor Millman said he was going to hire," interrupted the goddess. "My name is Honoria Entwhistle. It's nice to meet you."

"You're Professor Entwhistle?" I exclaimed, my juicier notions becoming somewhat more complex.

"Yes," she replied innocently. "What can I do for you?"

Many things, I thought, but instead I asked her about the menagerie upstairs.

"I have no idea how it got there," she replied, "unless it's someone's idea of a practical joke. I doubt it has anything to do with Miles' research: he's trying to develop a new method of cleaning coffee stains from white tennis dresses."

"Odd, he told me something about toothpaste." I could see we weren't getting anywhere. This case was stranger than a gay bar for albino squirrels.

"Well, if there are no more questions," said Honoria (I felt I was on a first name basis with her already) "then you'll have to excuse me; it's my lunch hour."

Time to pop the big question.

"You wouldn't be, uh, interested in having lunch with me, would you?" I asked.

"No," said Honoria plainly.

"Oh, come on. It's just lunch." I was considering begging at this point, but I like to keep at least a little dignity.

Honoria looked at me skeptically. "All right," she said,

"but one sexist remark and we're through; I've run across your genre before."

"My chauvinism is sealed," I announced, and we left for the parking lot.

I took Honoria to my favorite Italian restaurant, Mario's Ristorante. The owner, Mario Stepinsky, was an old friend of mine. Why his surname was Polish has always been a mystery.

"Most men, you know, only want me for my body," said Honoria over the din of the strolling flugelhorn players. "All I get are dirty looks from my colleagues; you're one of the few men who's interested in me as a scientist."

"Uh, yeah," I told her, gagging slightly on the fettuccine. "Did you try the pasta? It's very good."

Just then, Mario came up to the table with a worried look.

"Ah Monsieur, Mademoiselle, excuse me for interrupting, but I must apologize for the delay on the next course. You see, a baseball game has broken out in the kitchen."

"A what?" I asked carefully.

"The Padres and the Giants," said Mario. "I believe they are playing a double-header."

Honoria and I quickly ducked into the kitchen.

Impossible as it was, there were the San Francisco Giants and the San Diego Padres in Jack Murphy Stadium. We arrived as Atlee Hammaker, the talented Giant pitcher, was attempting to pick off Rodolfo, one of Mario's waiters, from first base.

"The waiter is getting a nice lead," announced Jerry Coleman, the San Diego radio announcer, "Hammaker throws the ball to first—keep the waiter honest—but wait, the ball hit the *pesce al forno* and is bouncing into right field, now the waiter is making a run for the exit. . ."

Honoria and I made our way back to the restaurant. Rodolfo the waiter came in right after us.

"Ah Monsieur, your *pesce* has arrived," proclaimed a bedraggled Mario.

"Why," I asked Mario, "are you speaking with a French accent?"

Mario was taken aback. "I do not know Monsieur. It is indeed very strange, though, now that you mention it. And why do I have a Polish surname? *Sacre bleu!*" Mario left us, shaking his head.

"Do you have any idea what's going on?" asked Honoria.

"Do you?" I replied accusingly. Enough was enough, it was time to get to the bottom of things.

"What is that supposed to mean?" said a surprised Entwhistle.

"The gig's up, kid," I told her. "I know you've been fooling around with high energy atomic physics, universal relativity, and all that, plus from what I gather of your department, you're the only one with brains enough to pull off a stunt like this. The game's over; I'm taking you in."

"But you've got it all wrong, Ned," she entreated. "I'm not researching anything on relativity."

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"You're not?"

"No, I'm researching a new and brilliant method of replacing bicycle chains without getting your hands all greasy," Honoria said openly. "The only person I've ever heard of who talked about restructuring the universe was that basket case from Bryn Mawr. . . I can't remember his name. . ."

I had an inspired guess.

"Miles Millman," I ventured.

"No, his name was Inches Grainperson," shouted Honoria, "but he does resemble Miles, now that you mention it!"

"Yer out!" screamed an umpire, emerging from the kitchen.

"I was safe, I'm telling you," shouted back a Basque shepherd, who looked like he was in the wrong restaurant.

"Come on," I said to Honoria, "let's get back to campus."

We ran out to the parking lot, only to discover that my old Chrysler had become somewhat bloated and looked much more yellowish than usual.

"Can you drive a lemon?" asked Honoria.

"Piece of cake," I told her, and we climbed into the lemon and drove off.

"But I don't understand, Ned," Honoria said on the way, "Grainperson's theories were totally ludicrous from any scientific standpoint; he was the laughing stock of every serious physicist in the world, as well as some of the silly ones. It's impossible to destroy reality."

"Nothing has happened to destroy reality," I argued, "it's just been altered. Reality is a concept unto itself that denies non existence. No matter what chaos is introduced into its system, reality cannot cease to exist, because reality is what it has been subjected to."

"I'm sorry Ned, your whole argument is absurd."

"As opposed to what?" I said. "Remember, we're driving in a citrus fruit."

"Good point," conceded Honoria.

Just then, I swerved the lemon hard to avoid an errant ski gondola.

It was a strange trip.

We finally arrived at the physics building, only now the metamorphosis was complete: the Brooklyn Zoo had engulfed everything. What's more, I could make out several secretaries and a handful of professors performing such tasks as feeding the lions, selling post cards and flash cubes at the souvenir stand, and cleaning up the droppings in the elephant cage. I finally spotted Grainperson, alias Millman, perched securely on the roof of the monkey house.

"You're a smart man, Utopia!" he yelled down to me. "I hired you to buy myself some time to continue my experiments, but I never thought you'd figure out as much as you did!" Millman laughed hideously, his Campbell's-soupy face twisted into maddening contortions. "It's too late now, though," he continued. "With one throw of this

switch, I will restructure reality forever!"

"What's wrong with the way it is now?" I called up to him.

"What's wrong with it now?" he bellowed. "It sucks, that's what's wrong with it. In the new reality, I will be the master! I'll build empires, collect huge fortunes, get girls!"

"He's delirious," said Honoria.

"And now, say good-bye Ned Utopia. You too, Entwhistle! The laws of the universe will change. . .NOW!"

Millman threw the switch. Nothing happened.

"They'll change, NOW!" he repeated. But again, nothing.

"Holy hand grenades, it doesn't work!" Millman languished.

"I took the precaution of disconnecting your power source when I arrived," I shouted up at him. "That's it, Miles; everything will be back to normal in a few minutes."

Just then, Sal, the character from page , threw a lit cigarette against the wall of Miles' building, and for reasons I never completely understood, the monkey house immediately burst into flames.

"Come on down, Miles, before it's too late!" I yelled up at him.

"I don't think so, Utopia," he replied. "I've worked too hard and too long to count cockroaches in the federal pen. But if I do have to die, at least I'm going to take you with me!"

I didn't like the sound of that one.

"Listen, detective," Millman yelled, the flames thickening and thrashing all around him. "I've been doing a little research on you. You know what? You're fictional! You don't exist; you're just a cheap amalgamation of Sam Spade, Phillip Marlowe, and Woody Allen!" Millman laughed menacingly while the flames were burning holes through the roof. "So what do you say to that, Utopia: what are you going to do now? Think about it, Utopia—you're not reallllll. . . . There was a puff of smoke, and Millman was gone.

That night, over a candlelight dinner at my apartment, Honoria and I mused over Millman's dying message.

"Is it true Ned," she asked, "are you really a fictional character?"

"Well, I have suspected it for a while now."

"But that's terrible," sighed Honoria, "that means you don't really exist in any normal sense of the word. Your presence is completely contrary to Descartes."

I gave Honoria one of my deep, inspiring looks. She really was incredible; I was going to hate to face the moment when I'd have to leave her.

"Listen kid," I told her, "do you know the story about Descartes walking into a bar?"

"What?" she asked.

"Descartes walks into a bar, and the bartender asks him if he'd like anything to drink. Descartes says, 'I think not,' and he disappears!"

Honoria decked me with the cream of broccoli.

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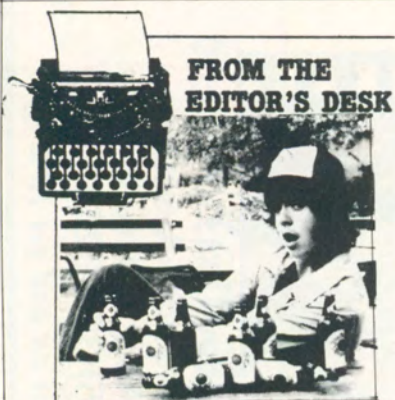
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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Dear Readers:
 This is the proudest day of my life. This premier issue of REVOLUTIONARY SOAP OPERA DIGEST is the end product of over six months of planning. But let me tell you how it all started. While riding home to Arlington in my limosine one day, I popped open a brew and turned on the "Seven O'clock News" — and I didn't understand a thing.

Yes friends, I'm sure you too get hopelessly confused trying to sort out all those IRAs, PLOs and SWAPOs. And those anchorpeople don't help you. Some even speak French to you, especially when they're blabbing about the Middle East — *à la* this and *à la* that. What's a decent American to do?

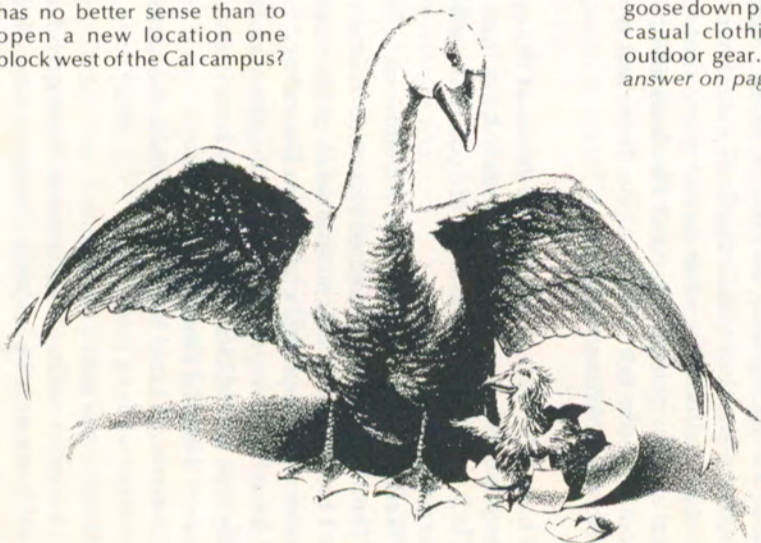
That's where we come in. Each week we'll bring you concise summaries and exciting features on current social movements everywhere. So read us, enjoy us and learn.

The Honorable Senator Frank Eastland
 Executive Editor

Advertisement

Q. What famous Palo Alto store has no better sense than to open a new location one block west of the Cal campus?

Hint: They specialize in goose down products, casual clothing and outdoor gear. answer on page 38.



CONTENTS

May 24, 1983 Vol. 1, No. 1 Next issue dated June 7th, 1983 will be on sale May 24th

REVOLUTIONARY
SOAP OPERA
 digest



Gun Seller Goldstein—*Get Physical!*

EXCLUSIVES

- 6 Ask Us!
- 82 Late Breaking News—All the News You Must Know!
- 96 Front to Front

PEEKS AND PROFILES

- 18 IRA's Most Handsome Terrorists
- 20 El Salvador's Raul Garcia-Edington Loses Pounds the healthy way

- 90 A Birthday Party For Bobby Sands!
- 108 José Guillermo Garcia Contemplates Success, Totalitarianism, And Being Single!
- 128 Spotlight on—The Traumatized Family of Lech Walesa!

COVER STORY

- 99 "Another Wife"; new daytime drama about the Mormon Revolution

SPECIAL FEATURES

- 7 Search For Guevara
- 14 The Young and the Catholic
- 15 General Strike



Coup Leader San Chitpatima: a "wimp"?

Ask Us!

Q. We've heard that in the next few weeks Bobby Sands (TYATC) is going to announce his conversion to Protestantism. We're shocked! Everyone in my dorm reads the newspapers and we all believe that this would ruin everything! Tell us it isn't so. Also, what is Bobby's shoe size?

L.L., New Jersey

A. Relax. We checked with our sources in Belfast and found this to be a rumor after all. Silly! As for Bobby's shoe size, it's 9 1/4, we hear.



Love or Career?

Q. I have an ongoing bet with my sister and a friend. I say the guy in the new Budweiser Light commercial is none other than Search for Guevara's Raul Garcia-Edington. Who Wins?

A. Sorry, not you. We checked with Raul and he says he has no further TV plans except for an occasional guest-junta spot on Robert Mugabe's "I'm talking to you!" We'll keep you posted.

Q. I would like to know what the talented crew who overthrew the Shah's regime is doing since One Life To Give folded about a year ago. I really miss seeing them in the news. Do you think any of them might become international terrorists now?

A. We're also keeping an eye on that fun crew! As of this writing, we've been told that one of Khomeini's top advisors has become bored with the country's relatively stable political situation, and may consider filling in for Ochoa when he leaves Search For Guevara next month. □



A svelte Castro explains how mother's milk helps shed pounds.

SEARCH FOR GUEVARA

Col. d'Aubuisson feels alienated from his party. Despite his warm reception at last week's General Council meeting, he feels some of the tender feelings shared with the Areñas have subsided. He wonders if this has anything to do with his popular nickname, "Captain Blowtorch".

IGNORED!

While invading Suchitito, Robert stops a peasant woman who is crouched near the front lines, and asks if she knows if the United States has certified El Salvador's position on human rights. The woman shrinks away, not seeming to understand Robert's dialect. "Remove her legs!" Robert shouts, but as his aides begin to saw at the woman's torso she suddenly understands and says yes, El Salvador was certified.

The contrite d'Aubuisson apologizes for the misunderstanding and instructs his aides to get a pair of crutches from the car. The woman seems nervous, and wriggles away from Robert's attempts to bandage her stumps.

BETRAYED!

A black veil falls from her face! Robert realizes that the woman is no other than his first wife Evangeline, who died (he thought) in an FMNL raid of their honeymoon

cottage even before their marriage was consummated.

Evangeline is distressed. She does not want to explain to her husband where she's been for the past four years; moreover, she has no legs and cannot possibly serve the Revolution anymore. "You have destroyed my life," she tells Robert. "I hate you, and I am leaving you again."

Robert is outraged. Betrayed! He looks down at the paraplegic yet still enticing form of his wife, and tries to express his feelings about Evangeline's unscrupulous behavior. Suddenly, a man jumps out from behind a bush and empties a .44 into Robert's legs.

ATTACKED!

Evangeline really didn't mean to have her husband crippled. As several aides run to the Cadillac to fetch supplies, she tries to explain that it was necessary to. . . □



wedded bliss?

THE YOUNG AND THE CATHOLIC

Margaret Thatcher is a little concerned that the Protestant clergy in Belfast are complaining about the latest rash of security killings. Sitting in her private chamber, she reads in her favorite newspaper that the clergy had called the last 44 slayings "perhaps a little extreme."

"Media, media," mumbles Margaret. She reads also that someone had discovered that she authorized a section of the government to "shoot to kill anyone who they think suspicious."

"Phooey!" Margaret declares. "Now I'll have to call a press conference."

A LIFE OF LIES!

It just isn't fair! She's tired of people hounding her about things that she has no interest in discussing! At the same time, it would be only a matter of time before everyone discovered the truth.



"Darling, I've missed you!"

14



One life, two loves ... Susan must decide!

THE SHOCKING TRUTH!

Suddenly, an attractive young woman appears, carrying a tray with scones and crumpets. "Darling! Margaret cries. "I have missed you." Margaret slips off her wig and uncomfortable prosthetic breasts, and the young woman sits tamely on the edge of the bed. "You know, Susan," Margaret says, "You look emaciated. You haven't been striking again?"

Susan is annoyed. It isn't easy having a husband who is the first female Prime Minister of England. "Don't be silly. Anyway, it's you who haven't called me." Margaret protests that she's been busy.

Susan is concerned. It had seemed funny, back in the early seventies in Belfast when her husband had come up with the idea. A smashing way to humiliate the Brits. But the joke was wearing thin.

NO WAY OUT!

It just wasn't fair that she must live a life of deceit. Susan decides to become extensively upset and concerned. After all, she's a good Catholic Girl. "You have to stop killing Catholics," she insists.

Margaret is unconcerned. "Let them eat cake," he says. □

GENERAL STRIKE

Lech Walesa is bored. Things seem to be cooling down in his country, and he realizes it's about time to give up on re-unifying Solidarity. It's sad, but he realizes that the fun is over now; that the days when Poles said his name as often as they said Bobby Vinton were drawing to a close.

IT'S OVER

Walking through Gdansk, Lech is at a loss when he realizes that no one even recognizes him! He has an awkward moment when a police officer walks up and thrusts a bayonet in his abdomen, but the man looks at him, then grins sheepishly.

"Sorry, wrong comrade," he says, and Lech winces. The policeman staggers off down the street, spear-ing Solidarnosc brochures with his bayonet and depositing them in the trash.

POLITICS OF THE HEART

On a whim, Lech decides to look up his old flame, Mariknovka, in the telephone directory. He just wants to share some vodkas and old times, and possibly borrow some food stamps.

Mariknovka is upset by Lech's sudden arrival at her apartment building. She runs to her window.

"Help," she shouts! "Help!!!!" Lech is confused; Mariknovka has never been afraid of him before! She had always considered him to be something of a wimp.

CHANGE OF HEART

Mariknovka is not afraid of Lech; it's just that she's engaged to a leader of The Party! As police rush into her apartment, she shows the Lion of Poland a picture of her newly beloved. "He was so effective in suppressing the media during the strike," she tells him, "and Lech, he had your brown eyes."



Mariknovka despairs; will she betray an old love? Will Lech "strike out" a final time?

Lech realizes now that Mariknovka always needs to be on the winning side. He never should have considered being unfaithful to his wife. Then in a burst of passion, Mariknovka explains to the police that...! □

15

DEL MONTE PYTHON'S: LIFE OF SHERLOCK or Another Excuse For Us To Wear Dresses

A HANDSOME VICTORIAN DEN; LUXURIOUS BUT TATTERED FURNITURE CROWDS THE ROOM. A TALL, THIN MAN (SHERLOCK HOLMES) IS STOOPED OVER THE FLOOR, HIS FACE ALMOST TOUCHING THE OAKEN BOARDS. HE CRAWLS ALONG OBVIOUSLY ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING. THE PORTLY WATSON ENTERS, PORT IN HAND. HOLMES SNEEZES.

Watson: I say, Holmes, it seems to be snowing.

Holmes: No shit, Sherlock.

WATSON PEERS MORE CLOSELY AT HOLMES

Watson: Oh, right. Sorry, I meant outside; I hadn't noticed you breakfasting down there. Anyway, (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) it is about time for a client to burst in, don't you think?

THE DOOR BANGS OPEN AND A FLURRY OF SNOW SWIRLS INTO THE ROOM, ACCOMPANIED BY A RATHER POOR LOOKING OLD MAN. HOLMES SHRIEKS AND MAKES FRANTIC MOTIONS ON THE FLOOR.

Holmes: Damn! I wasn't half-way through the eggs, and dessert blew away too. What a shitty day (DESPONDENTLY).

Old Man: Amazing snow, isn't it?

Watson: Sorry, but we've already used that joke.

Old Man: Well, how about the one involving the stripper and the Bengal tiger that lost its stripes?

Holmes: No, I solved that one last week. But pay the good Doctor 20 pounds, rather poor looking old man, and I'll tell you who murdered your wife.

Old Man: But, but... how did you know Emily was dead?

Watson: Amazing, isn't it, how he can just sniff these things straight out of the air?

HOLMES SHOOTS WATSON A VERY DISAPPROVING LOOK.

Holmes: Twenty pounds and hurry or I'll never tell you.

THE NOW EVEN MORE RATHER POOR LOOKING MAN HANDS WATSON SOME BANK NOTES.

Holmes: The murderer was Miss Scarlet, in the conservatory, with a lead pipe.

THE RATHER POORER OLD MAN, WHO ALSO LOOKS LIKE A SUCKER, COMPLAINS.

Olde One: But that's an answer from a stupid board game!

Sherlock: No it isn't, ask the director. At 3:58 pm yesterday, she bashed Emily's head in from behind, splitting the skull right open and splattering part of the visual cortex onto the wallpaper, which was blue, thus upsetting the rather carefully balanced decorative scheme of the room, and looking rather tacky. Six minutes later, after having her tea, Miss Scarlet returned to the mutilation of your dear wife's body, poking a pipe through the prostate one's left eye, immediately causing a glorious fountain of blood to...

AT THIS POINT THE OLD MAN BLANCHES AND HEAVES, UNSUCCESSFULLY COVERING HIS MOUTH AS HE RUNS FROM THE ROOM DRIPPING VOMIT.

Holmes: (petulantly) Well, some gratitude the lower classes have. If I'd known he was planning on soiling the rug, I'd have charged him more.

IN COMES A WOMAN OF ALMOST CERTAIN REGAL BEARING. SHE IS DISGUISED AS A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN OF INFERIOR STATION: FRUMPY, POWDER-BLUE COAT WITH A RIDICULOUS LOOKING PILLBOX HAT. HER EXPRESSION IS OF PERMANENT POST-MENOPAUSE. IT IS THE QUEEN. WATSON GULPS SOME MORE PORT.

Watson: How do you do, hic, your Majesty.

Queen: (STERNLY) I don't: I have my servants do it for me.

THE QUEEN TURNS TO HOLMES. HE NODS A GREETING.

Queen: (STERNLY) I have a problem.

Holmes: I think the good Doctor is better qualified to deal with hemorrhoids.

Queen: (STERNLY AGAIN) Not that problem.

Holmes: Then I can help. I would say that you fear for your life. That someone inside the palace is trying to kill you and you want to enlist my help because I'm an outsider, and besides all your bodyguards are gay.

Queen: (STERNLY SUPRISED) Well, yes, exactly. Can you help?

Holmes: (HE LIGHTS HIS PIPE AND LEANS OVER TO WHISPER IN A CONSPIRATORY WAY. HE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING IN HER FACE. HE LEANS BACK AND CALMS DOWN) Oh, sorry. Right, now where were we? I was just thinking of the stripper and her tiger. Ummm, yes. I believe I can help you. Leave your bedchamber unlocked tonight and Watson will come in. We should have it all cleared up by morning. Good day.

(HE LOOKS AT HER EXPECTING HER TO LEAVE. SHE HESITATES, GETS UP, LOOKS AROUND WILDLY—BUT IN A STERN MANNER—AND RUNS FOR THE DOOR. HOLMES AND WATSON SNICKER AT EACH OTHER IN A CONGRATULATORY MANNER.)

THE DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS A WOMAN DRESSED IN RED, BLOOD IS SPLATTERED OVER HER COSTUME. HOLMES LOOKS HER OVER.

Holmes: You are married to a clumsy twit who is older than you; you have one young child, male; you love your horse and ride your husband; you have a mole on your left buttock.

WATSON PICKS UP HER DRESS AND PEERS BENEATH IT.

Watson: And what shape is it?

Holmes: Heart-shaped.

Watson: (ASTONISHED) Superb, Holmes. (THE WOMAN SLAPS HOLMES.)

Woman: You pervert. Where's my ten pounds for the murder?

Holmes: Do pay her, will you, Watson? (HOLMES TURNS TO THE WOMAN) Your mother-in-law was just in. She suspects something, but she hired me to take care of it, so don't worry. Now we better head off to the pet shoppe.



HOLMES AND WATSON ENTER A PET SHOPPE. A MAN IS BEHIND THE COUNTER. HE IS USING A HACKSAW TO REMOVE THE LEGS FROM A CAT THAT WEARS A BEAK. HE STABS A FEATHER INTO THE CAT'S SIDE. LOOKING UP HE SEES HIS TWO CUSTOMERS AND HASTILY STUFFS THE BLEEDING CAT

INTO A DRAWER.

Man: Yes, may I help you? We do conversions of all kinds.

Watson: My friend needs something.

Man: I'll say. Just look at that nose—it's a proper beak. Right! (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Off with it then!

THE MAN PULLS OUT AN AXE AND HACKS OFF HOLME'S NOSE. HE PRODUCES AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK AND SOME GLUE.

Man: How's this then. It's a guaranteed elephant's trunk from Cleveland. (HOLMES JUST STANDS THERE BLEEDING, HOLDING HIS NOSE.)

Watson: They don't have elephants in Cleveland.

Man: Silly me; did I say that? I meant San Francisco.

Watson: They don't have them in San Francisco either.

Man: Well, not even gay ones? (WATSON SHAKES HIS HEAD) How 'bout Kansas, my auntie lives there and she sent me the trunk.

Holmes: (WITH A NASAL TWITCH AND BLOOD ALL OVER HIS COAT) What we came for was a bitch.

Man: Well, I could let you have the wife but it'd cost you extra. She's only fourteen, um (CORRECTS HIMSELF) nineteen and has quite a few good years left.

Holmes: No, you silly sexist sod, we need a dog.

Man: (THINKS HARD) Her sister's not very good looking.

Watson: No, you misogynistic English comedian, do you want our business? We need a hound, something to track down scents.

Man: Why didn't you say so? (HE PULLS OUT A DOGS NOSE AND BEGINS TO FIT IT ON HOLMES) This snout's reputed to be straight from Baskerville, and it's on special today.



THE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER. SHE LAYS IN BED, A CONSTABLE STANDING GUARD. HOLMES (WITH A DOG'S NOSE) IS SNIFFING THE FLOOR, FOLLOWING A TRAIL OF POWDER BEING LAID DOWN BY WATSON FROM HIS MEDICAL KIT. WATSON LOOKS UP AND SEES THE CAMERA. STARTLED HE JUMPS UP TO HIS FEET AND LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY.

Watson: Um, Holmes, have you found the trail yet?

Holmes: What trail, the Queen's not been killed yet.

Watson: (SHEEPISHLY) Oh.

HOLMES SNIFFS UP TO THE CONSTABLE AND LIFTS HIS REAR LEG. WHILE THE GUARD IS DISTRACTED, WATSON PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO THE FIGURE ON THE BED. A QUICK SCREAM.

Watson: Holmes, she's dead!

THE WOMAN IN RED RUNS INTO THE ROOM.

Woman: Oh my god. The Queen's been murdered!

Holmes: Watson, follow me. I've got the scent!

ALL FOUR RUSH OUT OF THE ROOM.



ANOTHER ROYAL BEDROOM. PRINCE CHARLES IS STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR, PREENING. HE WEARS A DRESS.

Charles: (IN A STERN FALSETTO) Now, Chuckie, you fell off your horse again today; I shall have to spank you. Some day you'll have to follow in my footsteps. Now lower your trousers for mommy.

Woman: The Queen's been murdered.

Charles: Does that make me Queen, uh, King?

Holmes: That's you're man, Constable. Arrest him.

Woman: (AGHAST) Charles, how could you?

THE CONSTABLE AND CHARLES EXCHANGE LONGING LOOKS. CHARLES TRAIPISES UP TO HIM.

Charles: Oh, take me away, chain me, whip me, poke me with your billyclub.

Woman: (AGHAST) Charles, how could you?

Holmes: (TURNS TOWARD WOMAN) Well, Princess Di, I guess that makes you Queen.

A GROUP OF SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTORS BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

Inspector: Okay, up against the wall. The film's over, you're all under arrest for treason.

CHARLES SQUEALS IN DELIGHT.

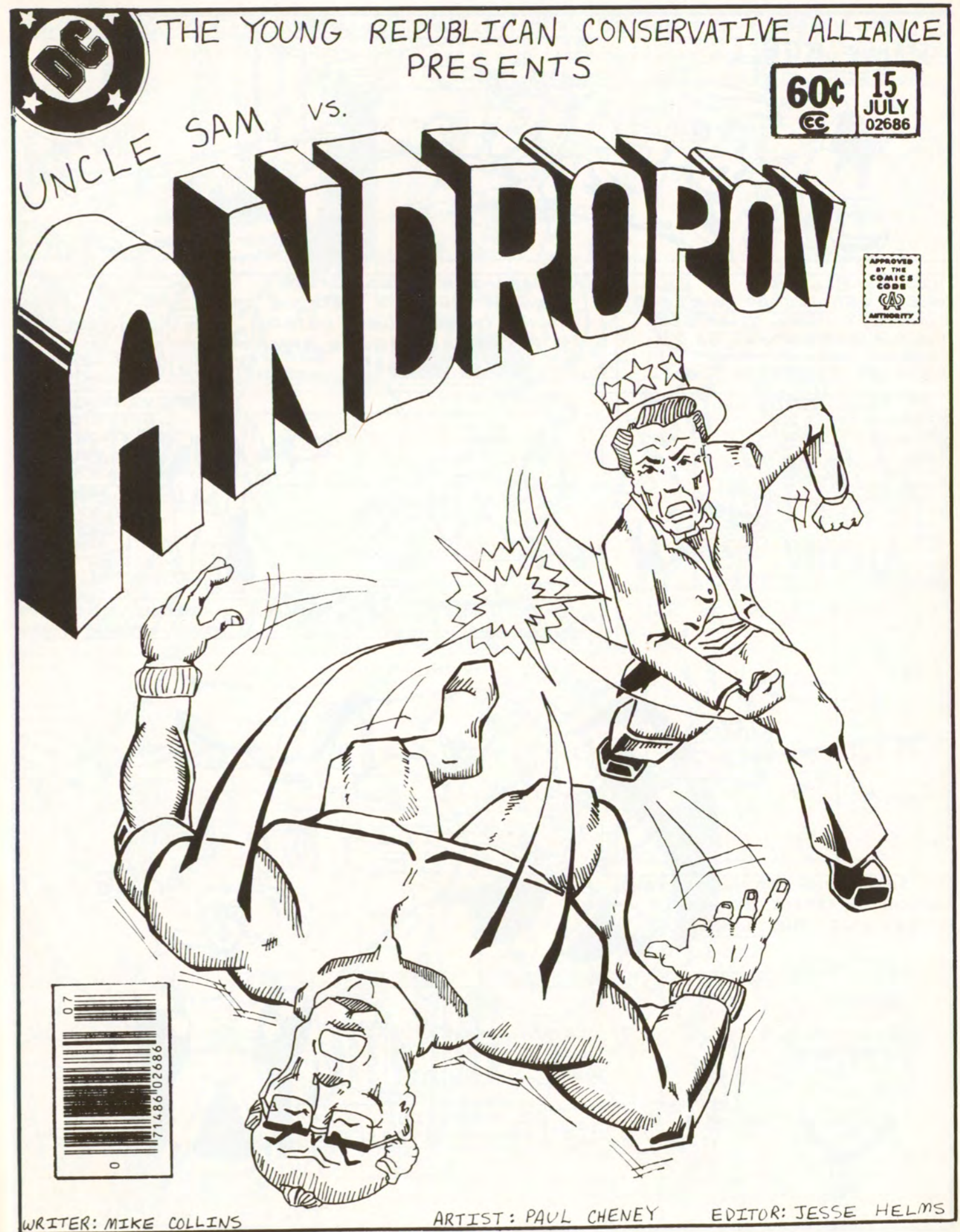
Inspector: You make me sick.

(HE SMASHES CHARLES ON THE HEAD WITH HIS CLUB SPRAYING BLOOD ALL OVER. SOME GETS ON THE CAMERA. EVERYBODY LEANS, SPREAD-EAGLED AGAINST THE WALLS. THEY ARE FRISKED.)

Holmes: You can't do this to me, I'm Sherlock Holmes.

Inspector: Cram it, clownie. I've been waiting to bust your comedy troupe for years. Always making us bobbies look like we're bleeding faggots. Just wait till you get to jail, then we'll see who the simpering homos are. (HE TURNS TOWARD THE CAMERA) And you, stop it now or you'll join 'em.

THE INSPECTOR THRUSTS HIS HAND INTO THE LENS AND THE SCREEN GOES DARK.



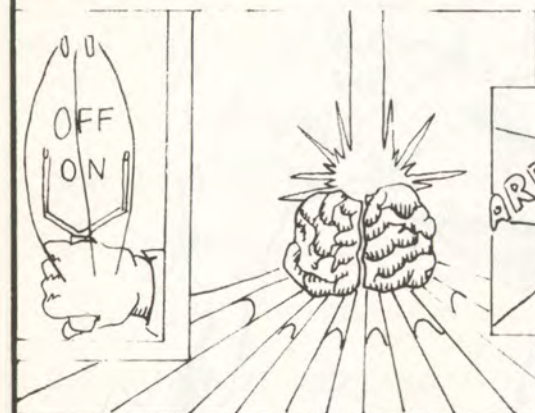
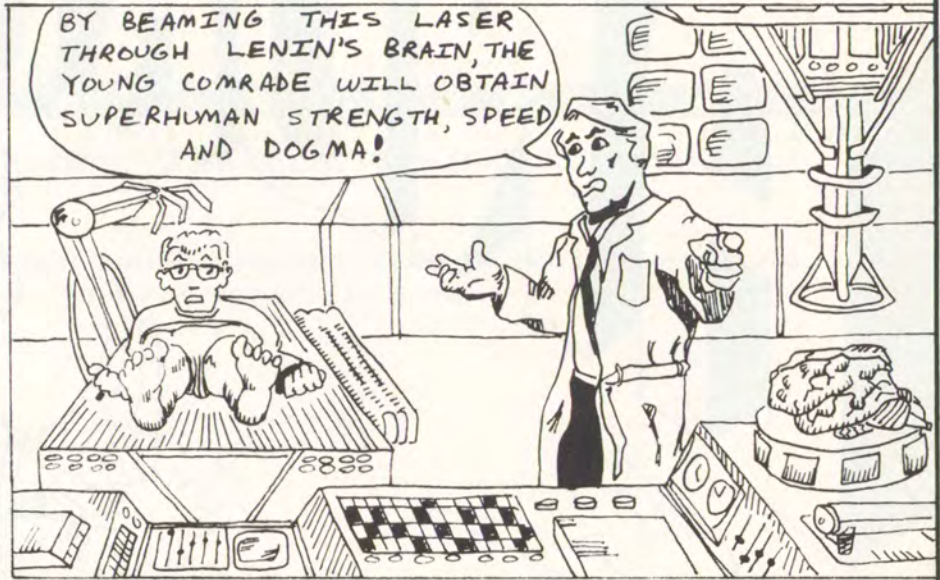
ANDROPOV BEGAN HIS CAREER OF COMMIEHOOD AS A ROOKIE SPY WITH THE INFAMOUS **KGB**;



HIS EXCELLENCE AT EVIL DEEDS DID NOT GO UNNOTICED COMRADE, YOU WILL VOLUNTEER FOR OUR EXPERIMENT, DA?



BY BEAMING THIS LASER THROUGH LENIN'S BRAIN, THE YOUNG COMRADE WILL OBTAIN SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, SPEED AND DOGMA!



SO BEGAN THE ARCH-VILLIAN'S REIGN OF TERROR. BY MERELY UTTERING THE WORD...



HE TURNS INTO A MIGHTY SUPERBEING!

ON THE EVE OF THE STATE FUNERAL...



COMRADE, I HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO LEAD THE COUNTRY AND LATER THE WORLD!!

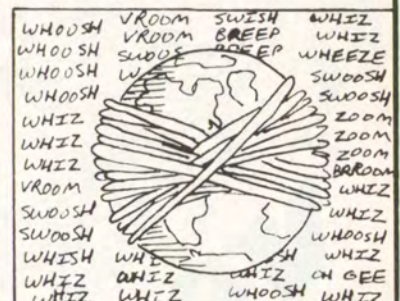
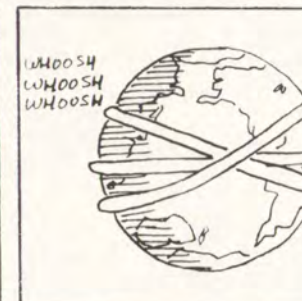
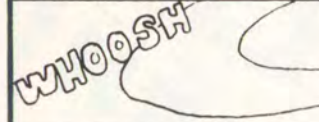


USING YOUR SUPEREVIL POWERS YOU MUST RETURN TO AN EARLIER TIME, A TIME WHEN AMERICA WAS RIPE FOR INVASION

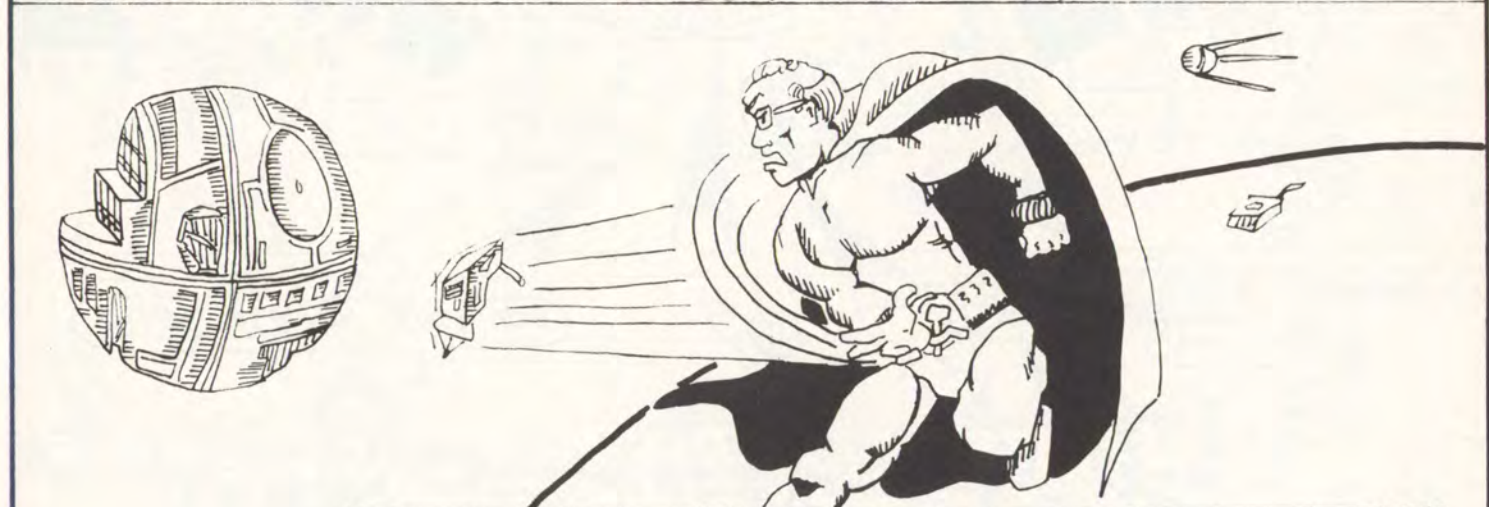


* DEMOCRATS ARE WEAK

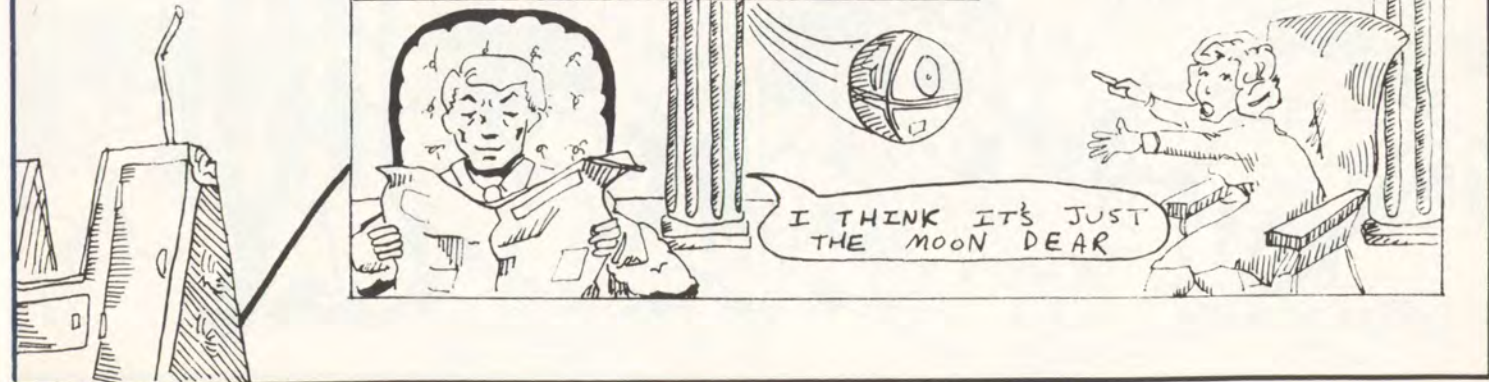
BY EINSTEINIAN PHYSICS TOO COMPLICATED TO EXPLAIN, ANDROPOV GOES BACK TO EARLY NOVEMBER, 1980



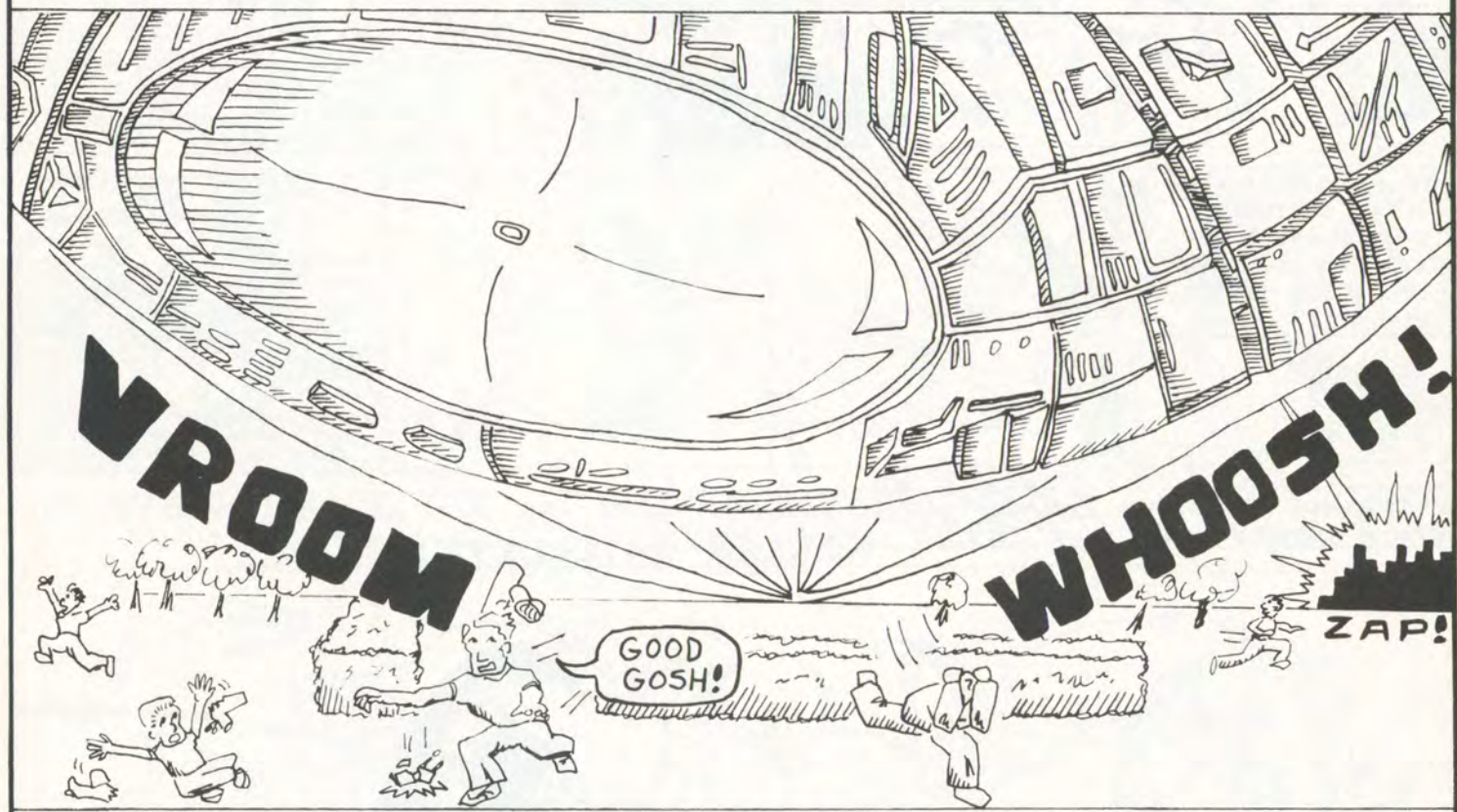
USING HIS INSIDIOUS COMMIE MIND, ANDROPOV COMBINES ALL OF THE SOPHISTICATED SPACE DEBRIS INTO ONE DEADLY **KILLER SATELLITE!**



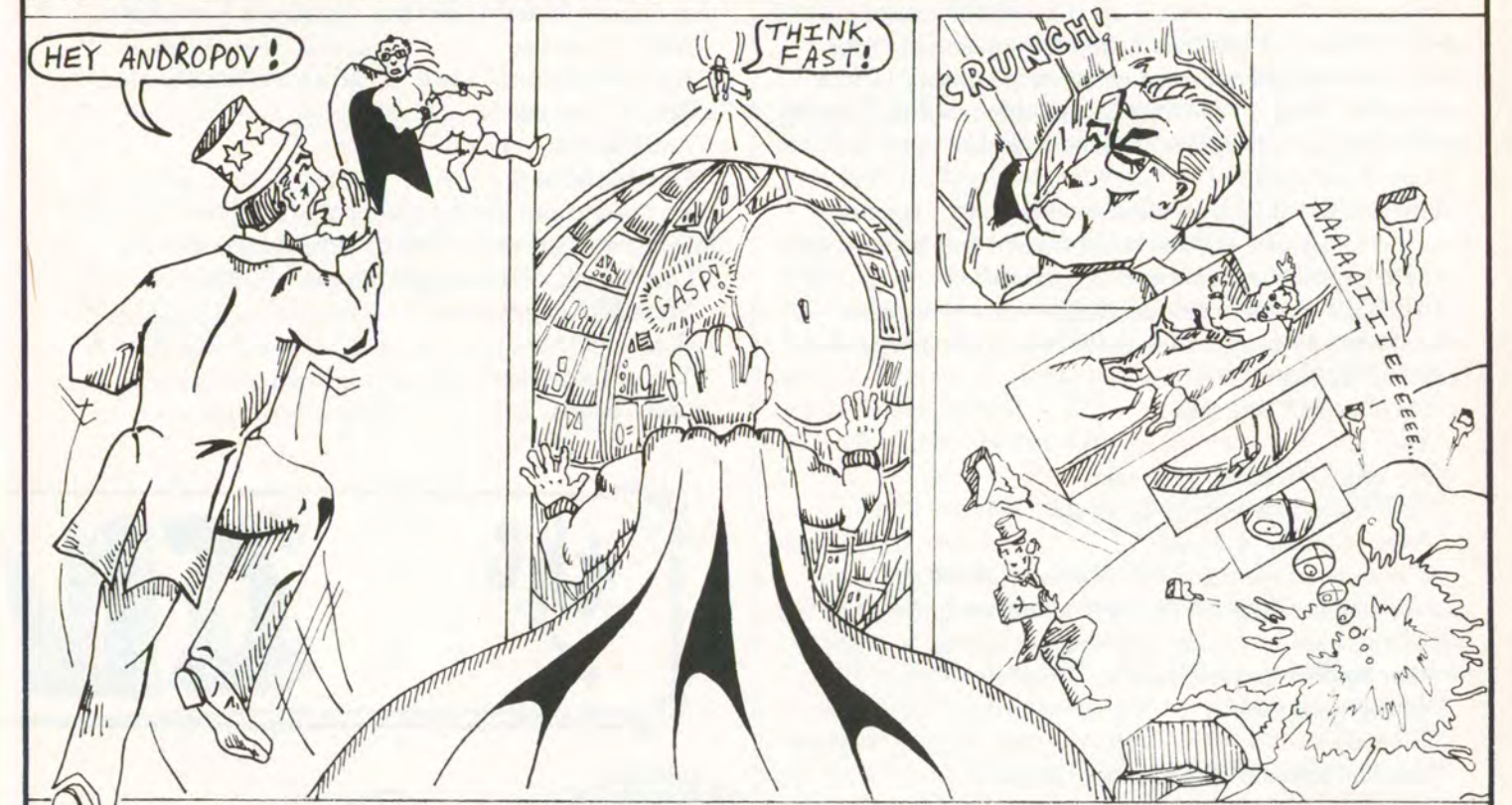
MEANWHILE, BACK IN WASHINGTON



THE NEXT DAY IN SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA...



AS OUR HERO SCANS THE HORIZON...



I entered the Clinic, filled out the necessary forms, and sat down by Mrs. Wheeze and Mr. Hack. Mrs. Wheeze, a small white-haired woman in her seventies, had brought her Great Dane which sat on the floor chewing up the latest issue of *Punch* magazine page by page. Mrs. Wheeze and Mr. Hack were in the middle of a go.

"Wheeze, wheeze."

"Hack, hack."

"Wheeze."

"Hack, hack, hack."

"Cough?" I asked.

"Wheeze."

"Hack."

I nodded and reached into my shirt pocket. "Drop?" I asked holding out two rolls: cherry, and eucalyptus. Mrs. Wheeze took a cherry. Mr. Hack took a eucalyptus. I put the rolls back in my pocket. The dog looked up at me and started to growl. I took out a roll and gave him a drop tossing it on the floor before him. He ignored it and continued to growl. I looked over at Mrs. Wheeze. She looked back at me smiling. The dog got up and came at me. He stuck his head into my crotch.

"Stop that!" I said.

Mrs. Wheeze tugged on the rope in her hand. The dog returned to her. She scolded him once and then began to pet him. He looked over at me and wagged his tail.

I got up and went to the reception window to see how much longer it would be. The nurse behind the window was brushing her hair.

"Mr. Greeber?" she said.

"Yes."

"Mr. Arnold Greeber?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "Mr. Arnold Greeber."

"A few minutes," she said.

An hour later, she called my name and led me into an examination booth. She took my temperature, looked over my admissions form, and asked me what was wrong.

"I am experiencing chest pains," I told her.

"Where?" she said.

"In my chest."

"Yes, I understand. Where in your chest?"

"The inside," I said.

She jotted this down on medical paper.

"If you could visualize this pain, Mr. Greeber, what color would it be?"

"I don't know," I said. "Blue."

"This blue or darker," she said showing me a ring on one of her fingers.

"Darker," I said.

"Interesting."

She jotted this information down too and looked up at me when she was done. "What else?" she said.

"That's it," I said.

"That's it?" she said. She frowned and tapped her pen on the paper. "That's it?"

"I guess I could have a bit of a sore throat. . ." I said.

"Aha!" she said and started to write.

". . . but I don't. No, I think the sore throat is pretty much all gone now."

She put her hand up to my neck and felt my glands.

"Swollen nodes," she said.

"But maybe not all gone," I said.

"Why don't you tell us *all* about it," she said, "from the beginning."

"Well," I said, "a few nights ago, I must have eaten something that wasn't cooked enough or else it was a stomach virus or something. . ."

"Why don't you let us decide," she said.

"Yes, well, I threw up."

"Vomited."

"Yes, vomited. I vomited. I awoke in the middle of the night and vomited. It was the first time in over six years. It was a terrible feeling. I felt that I was suffocating, losing control."

She nodded and scribbled frantically on the paper.

"The next day I felt fine. Like I said, it must have been the food. Anyway, I felt fine, just fine, except that I had a fever."

"And. . ." she said.

"And a sore throat," I said. "I had a sore throat."

"And. . ." she said.

"And these chest pains," I said.

"Good," she said.

She got up from her chair and paced back and forth. "Now, this vomiting," she said, "what color would you give it?"

"I don't think this is the right approach," I said.

"You're not helping me."

"Blue."

"You've used blue."

"Okay, purple."

"You're guessing. I want you to think."

"Yellow."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Interesting." She picked up a reflex hammer and tapped it on the palm of her other hand. "Tell me, Mr. Greeber, by any chance do you suffer from allergies?"

"Yes, grass and trees," I said, "but my allergies only affect me in the spring."

"It is spring."

"During February?"

"Yes, haven't you seen the acacia trees blooming?" She shook her head. "Oh, Mr. Greeber, you must open your eyes to the world. You must look at all the trees and flowers around us."

"I'll be sure to do that," I said.

She picked up a flashlight and told me to open my mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh," she said.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh," I said.

"Un-huh," she said and returned to her paper. "Post-nasal drip."

"I don't have post-nasal drip," I said. "When I have post-nasal drip, I cough. I can't help but cough. Now, have I even coughed once since I've been here?"

"Are you the doctor or am I?" she said.

"You know, I just remembered something else," I said.

"A week ago, someone threw a cricket wicket into my face and I started to develop these terrible nosebleeds."

"Are you certain you were hit by a cricket wicket?" she

asked.

"Yes, of course," I said, "but now. . ."

"Yes?"

"The thing is. . ."

"Yes?"

"I'm afraid to blow my nose."

The nurse came over with the flashlight again and looked up my nose. "The tissue has healed," she said. "You can blow your nose all you want, but we can't set the bone back in place. You should have come in immediately."

"I was talking about a capillary, not the bone," I said.

"Yes, well, don't worry. No face is perfectly symmetrical."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Take a look at your eyes. Your right eye is much smaller than your left, but your post-nasal drip should go away. Rest and force fluids." With that she told me I could go but that I should return Monday.

From the Clinic, I went shopping for fluids. I picked up orange juice, prune juice, apple juice, cranapple juice, pineapple juice, grape juice, grapefruit juice, lemonade, and treacle. I passed by the dairy section and picked up a bottle of milk, but then I realized that milk is mucus-forming.

I returned home and remained in bed for the next three days drinking. I made a slight recovery but by Monday morning, when I thought about missing my appointment at the Clinic, I found myself getting sicker and sicker. I tried to take my mind off it by watching some American soap operas on T.V., but they all contained hospital scenes. By 2:30, the phone began to ring.

"Hello, is Mr. Greeber there?"

"Yes?"

"This is Nurse Holt from the Free Clinic. We are calling to see how you are."

"Just fine, thank you, Nurse Holt."

"Then why aren't you at work, Mr. Greeber? I do wish you would let us decide how you are."

I got to the Clinic by 3:30. Mrs. Wheeze and her Great Dane were back too. This time her dog was wheezing. At the reception window, they gave me another admissions form to fill out. Under the section "reason for visit," I kiddingly wrote down "dying" and then added "of post-nasal drip." They took me immediately. Nurse Holt had kept an examination booth open for me.

"You know, we've been thinking of you over the weekend, Mr. Greeber, and we realized that we were right. It is spring. Did you remember to look at the blooming acacia trees?"

"I was forcing fluids," I said.

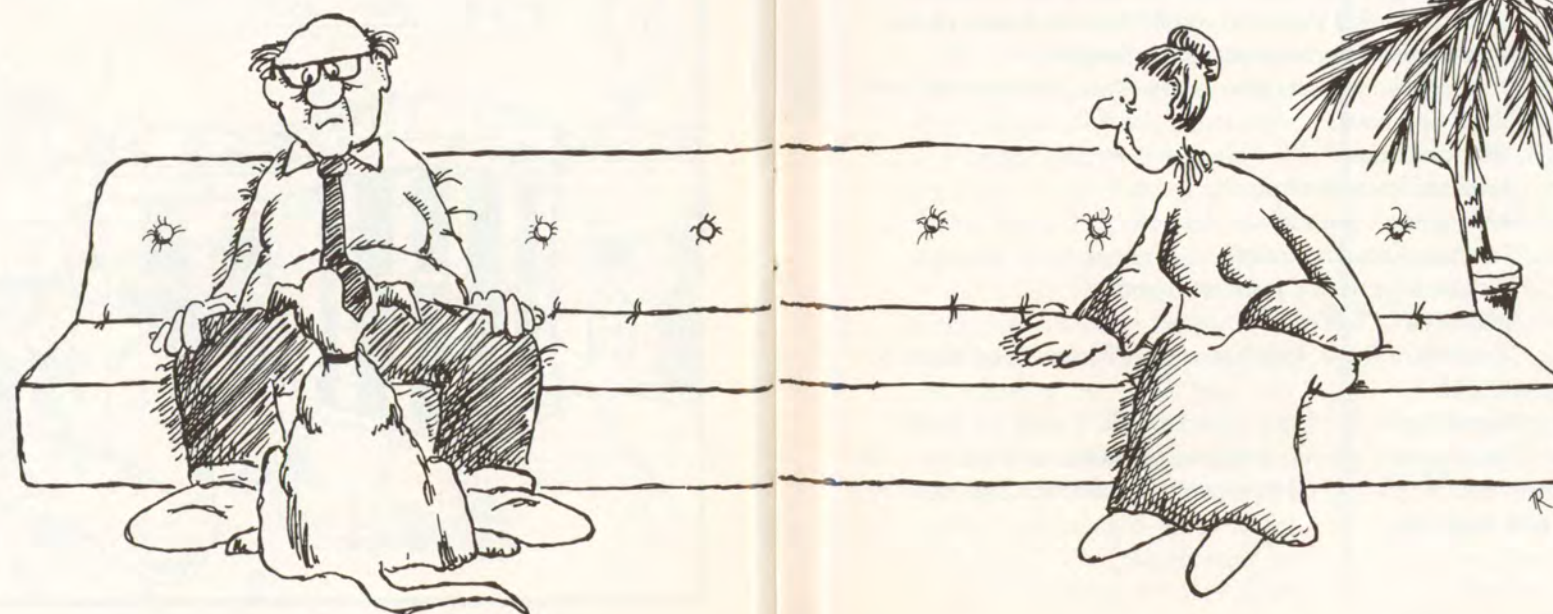
She looked at my admissions form. "I see you wrote down that you are dying of post-nasal drip," she said.

"I was just kidding."

"You have a marvelous sense of humor," she said. "I'm going to keep this." She pocketed the admissions form in her white smock. Then she told me she was going to let the doctor see me. She pushed aside the curtain and stepped out of the examination booth. I got up from the table and listened to her whispering just outside.

"Doctor," I heard her say, "I have a very interesting patient I want you to see. He has blue pains in his chest, yellow vomit,

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and he's afraid to blow his nose. He suffers from allergies and he wrote on his admissions form that he is dying of post-nasal drip. Clearly all the evidence leads us to one conclusion: a classic case of veracitus inflamatus."

The doctor came in.

"You say you are dying of post-nasal drip?" he asked me.

"I was just kidding," I said and began to laugh.

"You say you suffer from allergies?" he asked.

"Only in the spring," I said.

"It is the spring," he said. "The acacia trees are in bloom."

"So I've been told."

The doctor picked up the flashlight and looked down my throat. "You are dying of post-nasal drip. I want you to have a throat culture and a blood count," he said and walked out the booth.

"Mr. Greeber, you're going to have to stay in the infirmary the next couple of days while we run some tests," Nurse Holt said.

"I want another opinion," I said.

"We haven't formed an initial opinion," she said. "That's what these tests are for."

She led me out of the examination booth and put me into a wheelchair.

"But I can walk," I said.

"Save your strength, Mr. Greeber."

She wheeled me upstairs to the infirmary.

"What about my clothes?"

"You don't need any. We have disposable gowns."

"Yes, but my job. What about my job?"

"What is more important? Your health or your job, Mr.

Greeber?"

"My health." I got up from the wheelchair and slid onto a cot.

"We're not trying to force you to stay, you know."

"Of course not, but . . ."

"Then I need your signature on these release forms."

"Certainly, but . . ."

She was gone. I stayed in bed for the next couple of days, but I did not get any better. The fever came back. My sore throat came back. I started to vomit. Over the course of the next two weeks, I became weaker and weaker.

One day, Nurse Holt came in to see me. She held my hand.

"What do I have?"

"We don't know."

"I want to know the truth."

"It's nothing," she said.

"I want to know the truth."

"Is there anyone you want us to notify?"

"Me," I said. "Tell me."

"You rest now, Mr. Greeber, and we'll hum." She began to hum.

"I want the truth," I said. I tried to yell. "I want the truth."

She hummed louder, gave me a sedative, and left me to die with nothing to hold on to except my conviction that it was not post-nasal drip.

our chosen work, and when the morning finally arrived, praised be Satan, I was personally in charge of the telephone detail. We spent two loathsome hours on the phones with those long-winded senators, informing them that certain budget problems had come up, and that there would be a special meeting in the senate chambers at 11:39 a.m.

The then recently constructed ASSU senate chamber was a separate building positioned directly to the right of the Hoover institution, so, as we awaited the senate's arrival, we hid in those walls which He, our Master, adores.

Oh how those glorious minutes before 11:39 seemed to be days in length! As Ivan sealed the senate doors according to His sacred rite, locking the senators in, I bit my fingers off in anticipation, thus becoming the only casualty of the day. Frantically trying to stop the flow of blood from my hand, I couldn't help but gasp in awe and wonderment as our plan unfolded. It was quite clear from the inflation of the hot air balloon which we had attached to the air ducts of the senate building that the discussion within was progressing at a heated pace even for the senate. Soon, the entire senate building began to rise. First slowly, then picking up speed as they began to debate their new predicament, Stanford's only airborne building ascended, while thousands of joyous students and faculty looked on in bliss.

The colossal bulk of the senate building hung over the skies of Stanford in a manner quite unlike any flying machine this world has ever seen. Soon however, the prevailing winds took over and swept away the elaborate senate chamber (and its less elaborate senators), along with the other refuse of the skies until it was only a small dot disappearing over San Francisco Bay.

With the senate now sinking from our eyes and minds, Ivan and I parted so that each of us might seek some rest. I had not slept for more than fifteen minutes when

my bed began to lurch up and down, causing my stomach to imitate its actions. I knew that something out of the ordinary was going on when I saw Ivan outside my third-floor window, his head spinning around, his fingers moving in strange, claw-like patterns as gusts of wind within my closed room seemed to obey his commands. As I opened the window, the stench of his breath hit me as hard as a wooden cross across the face, nailing me to the wall and thoroughly rousing me. He began to speak in tongues and immediately I was shitting bricks with thoughts of soul-scouring pentecostal fire. Not Ivan! But rapidly he assured me that the Master used tongues too, and that he had been blessed with the privilege of housing the Master's spirit within his body. I sat up, trembling, and asked Ivan what he had in mind.

He promptly replied in a deep raspy voice, "The Time has come. The Kingdom of Satan shall be established upon this Earth, and it will be established on the site of Stanford University." Ivan made a long sweeping motion, and we left. On our way past the Post Office, Ivan explained to me that He had made a commandment for us to meet with university president Donald Kennedy III, in order that the university as a whole might participate in Satan's resplendent vision.

Donald Kennedy looked like a man who was tired of dealing with student bureaucrats. He greeted us on his front lawn near a newly bloodied goat, in casual fall dress, and we followed him to the tacky, university-supplied patio furniture. Cautioning me to remain silent, Ivan seated himself directly across from the president on a large, red steel chair. Slowly and distinctly, he articulated His purpose.

"I have come to obtain your pact of support, and to allow you to grant me the power to change the university, through my servants, to fit the Master's needs. While we optimize His position, we will do you one favor: the student bureaucrats shall be no more."

The president cast a long, troubled look across the campus. Carefully he asked, "Can you get rid of that building with the tacky mural too?"

Immediately a huge crack did form in the center quad, and the Memorial Church was swallowed therein. As this occurred a voice rang out from the ground proclaiming, "This is my Don, in whom I am well pleased."

The next time I saw Don Kennedy was at our roast of the Council of Presidents. He was having a splendid time in the garden, nursing a tropical drink, with a beautiful look on his face.

It was at this same party that I noticed that within one of the many torches giving light to the occasion, a certain Council of Presidents member was enthusiastically speaking, "This is an outrage. . . You people are violating the Fundamental Standard and the Honor Code. . . I demand that it stop right now. . . I'll tell the Daily on you."

Ivan, who was fiddling nearby, turned to me and said, "You know, he's right about that, it must stop." With a wave of Ivan's hand, two large stone tablets on which the Honor Code was written materialized in the space above the COP member, crumbled into several formidably sized fragments, and promptly fell upon the squeaking mass of flames, extinguishing the noise. With this minor distraction ended, Ivan went back to his fiddling.

It was two hours later when the next interruption to our social gathering reached Ivan's ears. It was not much longer before the irate elections commissioner stood in front of us, whining and shouting his grievance.

"You have no right to take over the government. It says right here in the elections commission's handbook that all members involved in a political takeover must submit a declaration of intent by 11:47 p.m. on the day after the takeover, and it is now 11:52 p.m. I am afraid you have been disqualified."

After puking on the commissioner's blue hat, Ivan promptly spun

the ranting commissioner's head around twice. "I don't care who you are," the elections commissioner replied, "God himself would have to file the form."

With that, the rocks around Ivan underwent a startling metamorphosis. First, they turned yellow. Then they became rounded. Soon, several stone Pac-Men were chomping away at the commissioner's flesh. When the terrified video-victim attempted to flee, Ivan merely fiddled the Pac-Man theme at a faster pace, and the little Pacs were upon their victim. Thus ended the charges of election impropriety.

As we left the party, a number of campus christians were protesting Ivan's rule, claiming that it was un-Christian. Screwing up the mad half-smile on his face, Ivan declared that he had been looking forward to this for a long time, and had the christians imprisoned in Donner.

The following day, I was sent to the airport to greet the Lions, who had been flown in from Detroit. After dropping them off at the stadium, I rejoined Ivan to observe the day's festivities. Sitting high among the wooden benches of the Stadium, He gave the signal that the Intersity Christian Fellowship be brought onto the field. It wasn't long before their sheepish numbers were all in place, bleating and baying to their heart's content. Suddenly, the home team's gates flew open, and the voracious Detroit Lions ran out, spreading unholy carnage across the field. What a glorious sight.

With the purge nearly complete, Ivan sent me to manage the conversion of Overseas Studies into a new Student Moral Maintenance Office. Once there, I promptly spoke with His minions in the Kremlin to arrange for our new Stanford-in-Sibera program. No applications were necessary for this campus, students were nominated. It was the brilliant suggestion of the Director of Overseas Studies that the Stanford-in-Berlin campus be helicoptered to the other side of the wall, within a brisk 5 minute walk of

the guarding machine-gun patrol towers. I myself arranged for the openings of our campuses in Democratic Kampuchea and Ho Chi Minh City.

While I was busy with foreign affairs, Ivan was busy with "Dean Fred", the Czar of Admissions. The dean was turning out to be a fine Mephistopheles type, avidly reworking the admissions questions to field the right kinds of applicants. "Explain why Faust is your favorite literary character" was the primary question for incoming freshmen. Another fine example was, "If you could sell your soul to Satan for the fulfillment of three of your deepest desires, which ones would they be?" Under the new admissions process, already the new freshman class was full of innocents just dying for the chance to discover sin.

On the academic front things were going well. The faculty of the physics department had instituted several courses detailing the construction and deployment of nuclear devices, the philosophy department

was extolling the virtues of Machiavellianism, and the Religious Studies department was finally allowed to give the Master the praise He deserved. Not only were special, new courses introduced, but every instructor was commanded by the new Dishonor Code (signed in blood) to do his best to promote attitudes of cheating and competition.

There were many new policies in Residential Education. Gone were the mamby-pamby, squeaky clean RF's; Ivan brought in several replacement madames and pimps from very respectable Nevada brothels; along with them came their ladies-and-gentlemen-in-waiting to be RA's and give the innocent little boys and girls an education in more practical matters. Sandwich dorms were abolished, replaced by a new system of coed rooms. Stem food remained as wretched, but in a creative moment Ivan called for the insertion of myriad aphrodisiacs and psychoactive substances to brighten the grim fare.



And so, the next two years at Satanford passed uneventfully—Until one day. On that spring morning, I met Ivan as though it were for the first time. He explained that the Master had left him the week before, and he was haunted with foreboding. At that moment, in the middle of White Plaza, the rain clouds parted, and a shining blood-red stream of light bathed the asphalt. Fraternity men and Sorority women bowed in awe as a great winged figure rode the shaft of light to its base in front of Ivan. There, directly in front of us, stood Lucifer himself, in all his glory, looking at Ivan in woe and disgust.

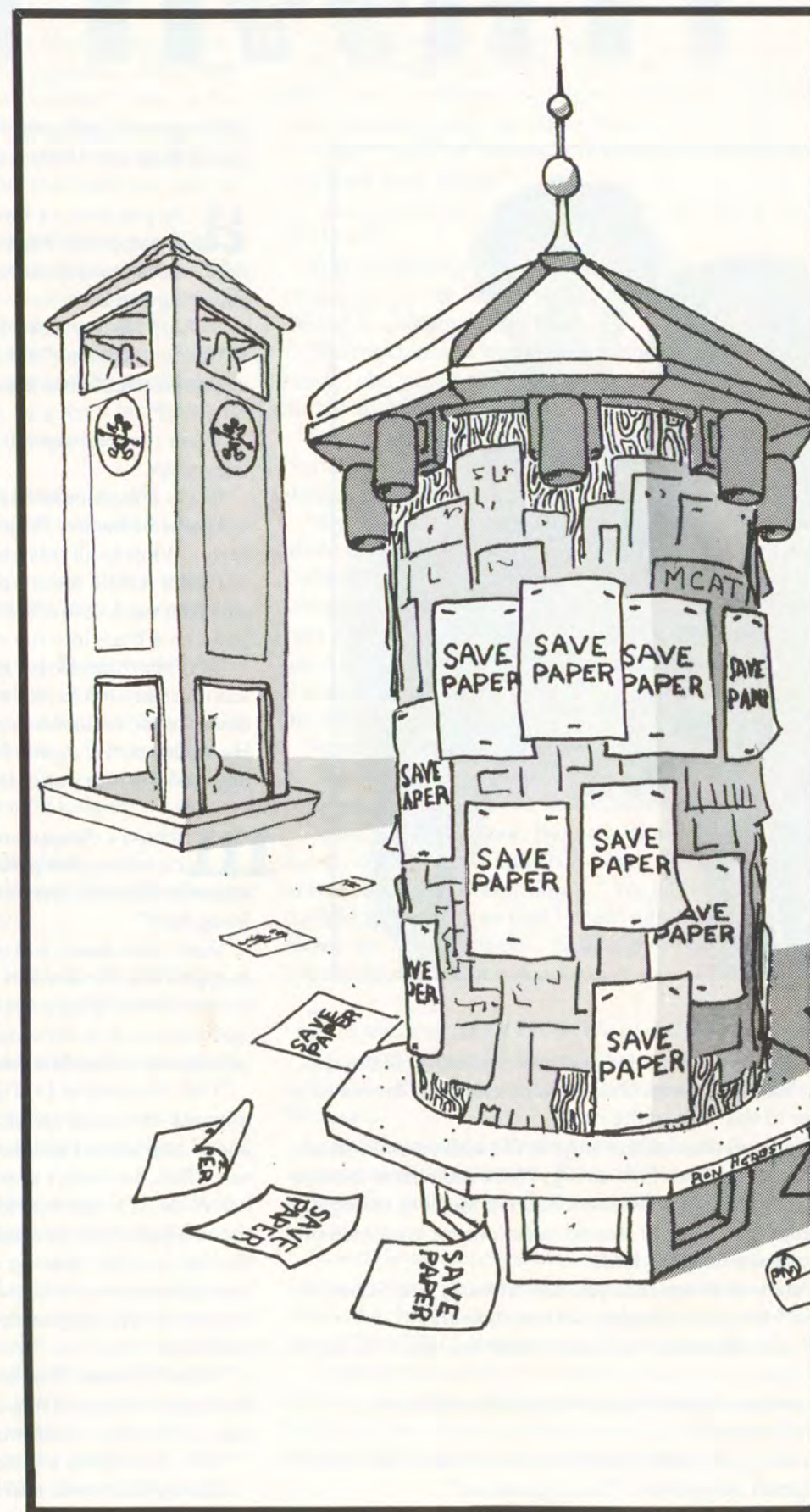
"I HAVE BEEN BEATEN!" The Prince of Darkness proclaimed.

"Oh, Master, what do you mean? We have faithfully carried out Your will in this work." Ivan was quite confused.

Storming about White Plaza, Satan began to explain. "Before you started meddling with my greatest achievement, produced by my greatest henchman ever—my faithful robber-baron, Leland—this university was turning out sacrificial lambs, benignly clueless, ready to be brutally sundered by the vicious vivisectionism of real life." At this point Ivan began to melt before the terrible onslaught of Satan's burning red eyes. "Look around, you incompetents, we are turning out well-rounded adults, ready to deal with the rougher parts of life. I'm ruined!"

The light around the Master's head shone brightly now, as He made the claw fountain spout wine. And with that He departed from our presence, and stormed southwest, directly through the boathouse. The last I saw of Him, our Master was walking past several shocked Bi Delts in Big Way yachts, causing the lake to boil under His feet.

But alas, now I must put down this chronicle, for my Master is calling me back to duty; it seems that St. Peter is deluged and needs the help of a newly-winged angle in welcoming all the recent Stanford graduates. ☹



missing



other guards, and gestured with his thumb that I should follow their car. What had happened to this place?

are you now, or have you ever been a member of the Democratic Party?" The man behind the enormous desk was a mousey, nervous type, with thinning hair and squinting eyes.

"What? No, I . . . I'm a Republican."

"Ah, good, good." He smiled broadly, baring his yellow, uneven teeth. "What is your business in Stanford territory?"

"I just came to see my son. He hasn't called in the last few weeks."

"He is a matriculated citizen?"

I leaned forward. "Yes, he's a student, if that's what you mean. What is all this about, damn it?" I must have raised my voice a little too much because the two goons who had escorted me to the office grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me back into my chair.

"Mr. Matthew! Bob," he said, more softly. "The new administration frowns on such outbursts. Please settle down, or we cannot be responsible for the consequences." He smiled at me again. I knew then that I had to find my boy and get him out of there.

Michael's disappeared, Bob." Buffy was crying, clutching her pillow. "I'm sure they took him. Ever since the Hoover *junta* took over, this campus has been a living hell!"

"Just calm down, will you? Tell me what happened." I snapped out the words. I couldn't help it. The little tramp bothered me. Where does a young tart who's been doing god-knows-what with my son for not even a year get off calling me by my first name.

"I left Michael at LOTS one night—only for a few minutes—because I had . . . I had to get a bag of Doritos and . . . and when I got back, he was gone." She stifled a sob. "Bob, he hadn't even logged out. I . . ." She lowered her voice. "I think the Hoover hit squad got him, and those Sigma Chis are animals with anyone left of Franco." She sat upright, placing the pillow in her lap. "Michael was working on an exposé on the role of the United States military in the suppression of last month's Lagnuita rebellion."

"What?" I said. "The U.S. government doesn't do things like that anymore. They don't want to bring Southeast Asia to Northern California."

"Bob, I'm telling you the Hooverites called them in."

"Enough! I'm sick and tired of your mamby pamby anti-establishment crap." I started to leave. "I'll find my boy on my own."

"Fine," Buffy said. "But Bob—" I turned. "Make sure

you're in before curfew. They do horrible things to curfew violators, even if you look like an old-fart alum."

I walked to the Office of Matriculated Citizen Affairs. On the way over I'd passed several of the beefy guards. They were all over the campus, patrolling in groups of five and six. I saw one poor young man beaten unmercifully by two squads of them—something about him being a suspected member of "SPA." I assumed they meant some health club, but Michael had never told me that aerobics was an Honor Code violation.

When I arrived at the Office, I explained my situation and requested a meeting with someone who might be able to help. They sent me in to see Mr. Kennedy, president of the education division of the Stanford government.

Kennedy's office was small, bereft of decoration. He was a haggard, disheveled man; he was sweating profusely due to the lack of air-conditioning, or even a fan in the tiny room. He rose when I entered and clasped my outstretched hand weakly.

He sat on the corner of his desk. "I'm sorry, Mr. Matthews, but we have no information regarding your son at present."

I sat down in a plastic chair facing him. "What about this Hoover *junta*, Mr. Kennedy? Might they have some knowledge about my son?"

"Well, Mr. Matthews, we here at the Department of Education are not without some influence with the territorial government." Mr. Kennedy stood, and in so doing, signaled that I should do likewise. "I'm sure you have nothing to worry about, but if I find out anything I'll let you know. For now, we've arranged lodging for you tonight at the Lucie Stern."

"Thank you." I headed toward the door.

"Mr. Matthews." He bit his thumbnail. "Get back to your room before the ten o'clock curfew."

My room for the night happened to be in Buffy's building. She came by around nine-thirty with a couple of her unkempt friends.

"Bob, these are friends of Michael's from the Alliance, Raymond and Nigel."

Nigel spoke first. "Mr. Matthews, Ray and I have a suspicion that Mike was taken for detention on 'The Row.'"

"The what?"

"The Row, Bob. It's where the Hooverites lock up the undesirables," said Buffy. "You know, insurgents, leftists, lepers, Dekes."

"Why would they want my Michael? He's none of those."

"Mr. Matthews, Michael is a member of SPA and an investigative reporter for our underground newspaper," Raymond said. "SPA has been declared a subversive organization and—I have to level with you, sir—membership is punishable by death, or worse."

"Worse?" I asked, looking him in the eye.

"Yes." He attempted to continue, but just sucked in his breath and turned away.

Nigel finished for him. "They could hold his registration."

I sat in Kennedy's office the next day. Buffy was with me this time. She had protested that it was useless, that Kennedy was merely a pawn of the Hooverites, but she insisted on accompanying me.

"Our records indicate that your son has stopped out and is no longer on Stanford territory." Kennedy turned to his aide and said, "isn't that right, Norm?"

"That's right, sir. We haven't found him on any of our residence lists, either."

"That's bullshit," snapped Buffy. "Why don't you check the Row?"

Norm smiled humorlessly. "I don't know what you're implying, but the Row is simply made up of highly desirable undergraduate hous—"

"Maybe that was true before, before Mr. Bigshot over there," she gestured toward Kennedy, "lost all his authority, but it's not true now and you know it."

Kennedy sat back, staring blankly at the bare wall. Norm turned to me. "Don't listen to her. The individual student is still number one priority here at—"

"Sir," I began. "I don't want to hear any arguments about the situation here. I don't care if he's been force-fed California quiche. I don't care if he's been coerced into sitting through organic chemistry lectures. I don't even care if he's been locked up with Dekes. You see . . . I have put a big investment in that boy." A lump rose in my throat and my vision blurred. "I just want my boy and/or his tuition money back!"

Norm just stared at the floor for a moment. "I'm sorry, sir. We've done what we could. We'll try to find out if, perhaps, someone knows where he went."

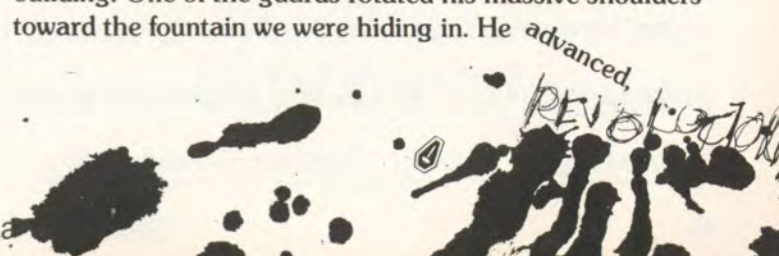
As we got up to leave, Kennedy finally spoke. "Did you know I once met the Queen. I mean, really met her—she talked to me and everything. . ." We left him there babbling. I knew then that I could not expect results from within the administration. Buffy's long-haired degenerate friends from the Alliance were now my only hope.

It was well past 12 a.m. We had talked to several people who had information on what was going on within the Row walls, but no one knew anything about Michael.

I was frightened to death at the slightest sound. We were out well after curfew. Several times already we had jumped for cover just before a squad of guards turned a corner.

One time we watched while they tortured a captured curfew violator. It was awful. One by one they sliced and slashed at his transcript until, laughing, they sent him home, his G.P.A. reduced to a "1.7" in fencing.

Suddenly a squirrel, from out of nowhere, dropped down onto my head, stupidly, I yelled and flung it against a building. One of the guards rotated his massive shoulders toward the fountain we were hiding in. He advanced,



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the odious philistines of the Chaparral (they called themselves "old farts" with good reason) have been deposed, and their heads shrunken to the appropriate size (I've studied Polynesian anthropology as well as Robespierre.), the remainder of this issue can be dedicated to intellectually (rather than erogenously) stimulating humor. Gone are the lurid, hazy days of intellectually stifling nepotisms and pederastically pedantic peccaries. (Challenging vocabulary, eh? Then whip out your dict.)

Take my parody of Aquinas' Confessions. Fourteen pristine pages of palimpsest detailing the tortuous guilt of a parish priest who stole an orange from an office machine. My article stoically manipulated the dehumanizing alienation inherent in man's relationship to His machines. The Editor (oh, how he writhes in agony against his bonds as a new staffer subjects him to a reading of Virginia Woolf's A Room of One's Own to the tune of Basil's "Mickey") neutered my masterpiece, emasculating the priest to a gay bishop and transubstantiating the fruity metal monolith into an androidal Anita Bryant. Oh! How a schism greater than the one caused by either Luther or Lucifer pierced my heart of darkness. The ghastliness; the ghastliness!

And the theme, "La Revolucion," the world already has too many Karl Groucho Marx and John Lenin jokes. The rest of this issue will deal with something more challenging: "The Sage of Enlightenment." ☞

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Fuck it. Just rip out the whole page.

"Ratiocination Road Trip"

Picture this: Kierkegaard and Marx in a '67 Plymouth convertible zooming down I-90 in the midst of a heady ethos binge. Pretty soon they see a fellow in a hair shirt walking across the road ahead. "Hey," Marx quips, "Why is this guy crossing the road?" "Because he was able to surpass the aesthetic and the finite and achieve a state of pure faith." Marx gives him a jab in the paunch. "No, no, it merely reflects his economic background!" Kierkegaard smiles as the pedestrian flies over the windshield and then flops into the backseat. "It seems obvious," Marx chuckles, "that the pedestrian's is a struggle of ass against class." "Say," calls the stranger, "Is this the road to Utopia?"

Suddenly an ugly Italian flags down the car. "More, you asshole, there is no such thing as Utopia. Those who would construe such a society are but fooling themselves." More retorts, "You Machiavellian bastard!" as Machiavelli hops in.

Later, at a roadside cafe, the boys pull in and grab a booth. "May I help you?" the waitress asks. "Well, maybe you can and maybe you can't," calls Hume brazenly from the next booth. "There is no cause and effect, only vague correlation."

"What's your name, honey?" Machiavelli winks at the serving girl. "Isolde," she smiles sweetly, "Now, how about a nice draught of mead."

"I'll have eggs Benedict," says More. A large, bald man in a robe steps up quickly.

"Pardon me?"

"I said I'll have eggs, Benedict."

And so on.

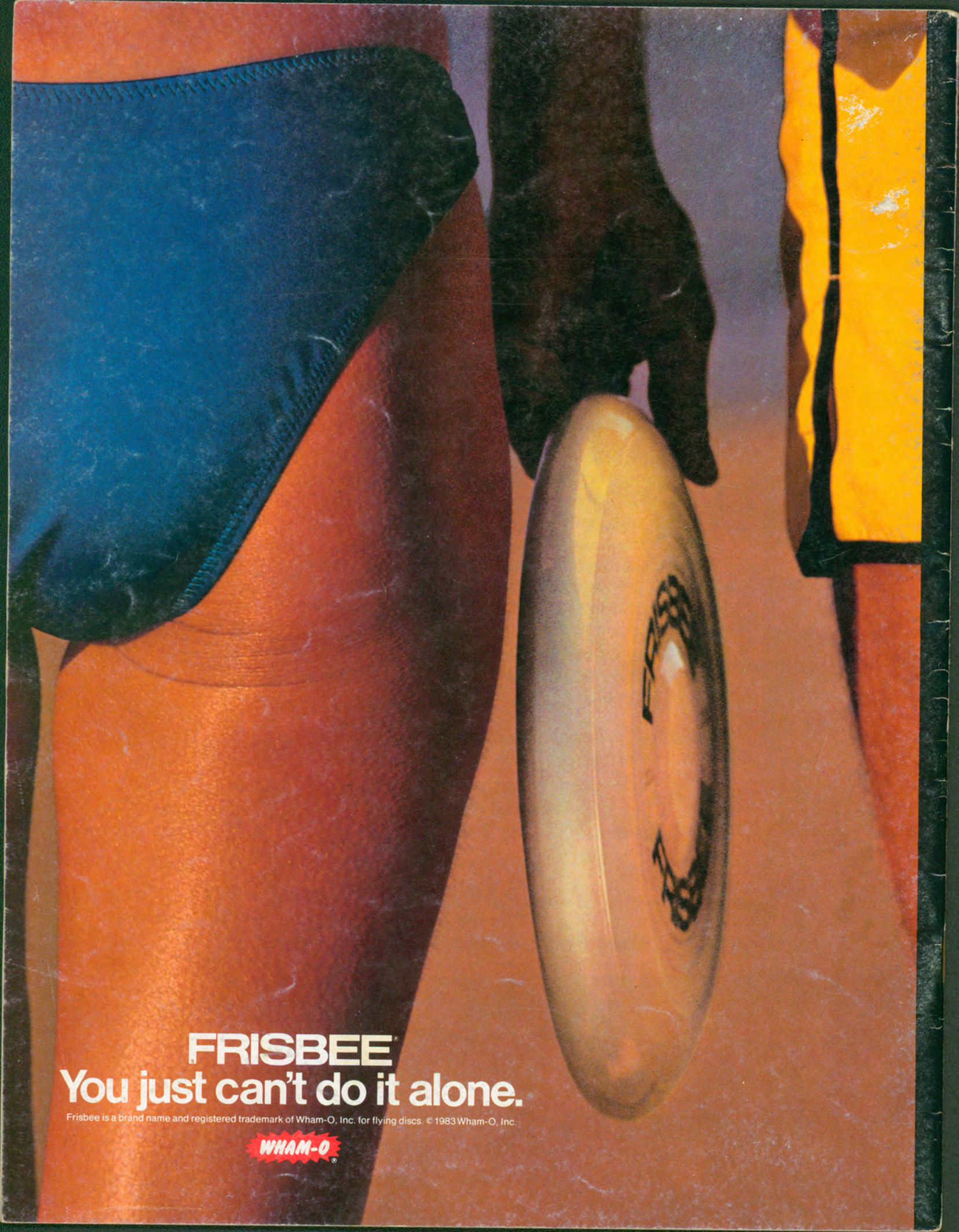
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