

STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Winter 1983-1984

One Buck

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DEMONS!
PSYCHICS!



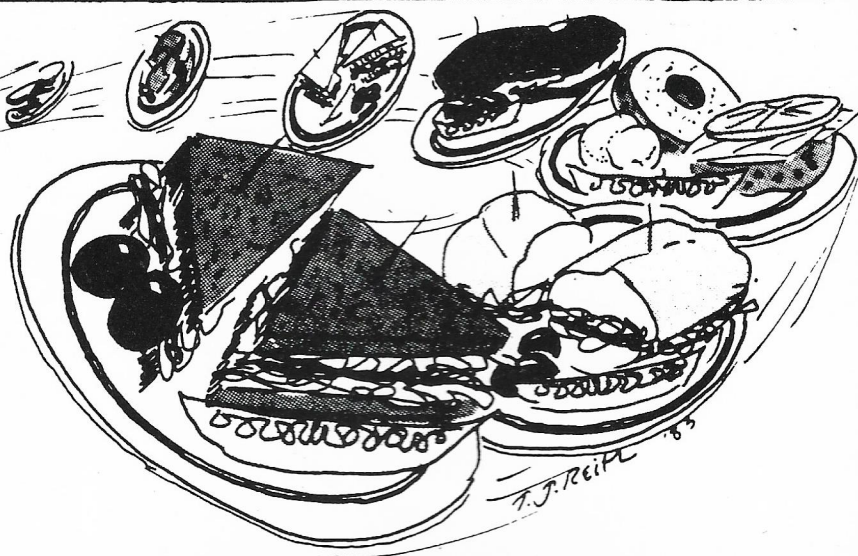
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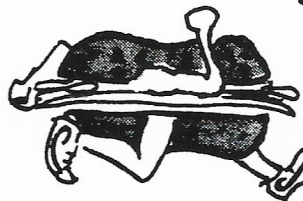
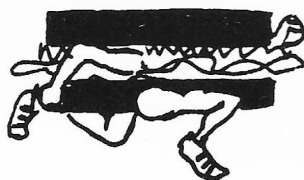
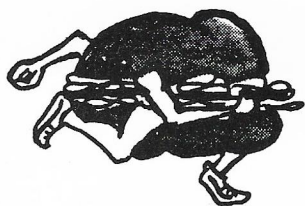
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Chaparral

Volume 85 Number 2

Winter 1983-4

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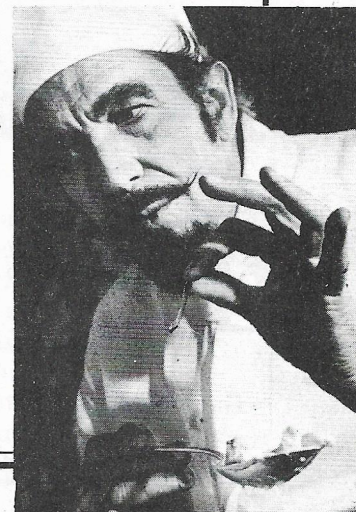
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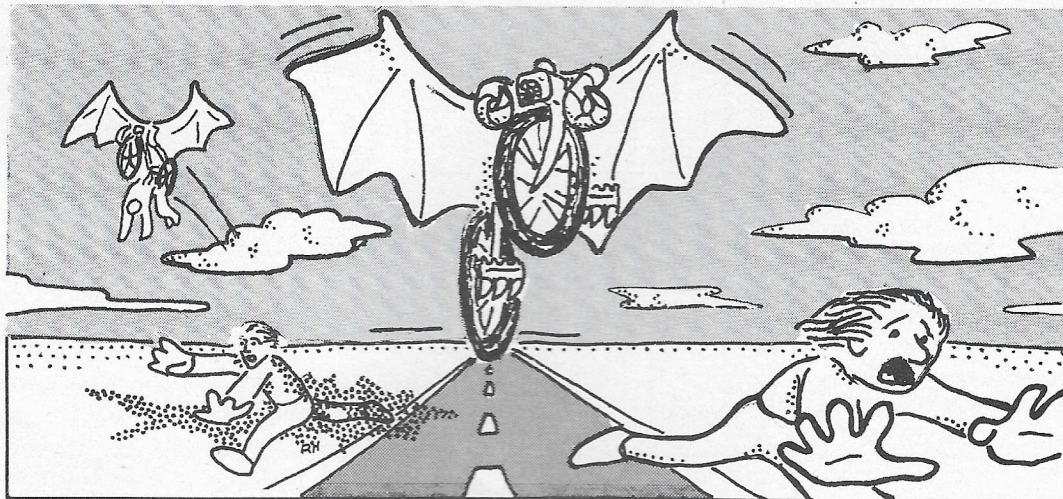
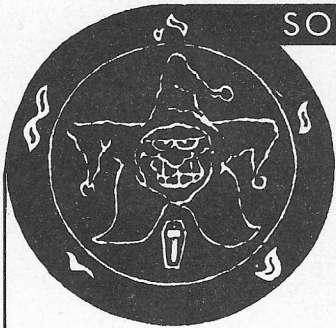
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COVER: photography by Warren Habib, painted by Steve Bowman. Shot on location at the Kirkmans' lovely home.

Death: shot on location at the Mission Computer Store. Thanks Folks.

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by Monica Lytle

S.U.P.E.R.

The bell rang somewhere far off in the distance and I struggled for a while with the sleep deposits still left in the corners of my eyes. Slowly I donned my huge knapsack, adding another 40 pounds to my already pudgy state. My professor was still rattling something off in Spanish. I didn't really understand it though, because, of course, I was two chapters behind. I was still learning "*Donde está Pablo*" and they were re-writing *Don Quixote* . . . but that's a different story all together.

Outside in the middle of the Quad I was already dodging the freeway of bicycles zipping in and out of the alcoves.

Bikes and I have never hit it off. As a child I used to watch all the others zooming past on their shiny new Schwinns. I tried to keep up in my grey Sears Special with the extra-protection training wheels, but somehow I just never felt like one of the gang. Later, when they were all into ten-speeds, I was working on my grade-point average. So you see, I had never learned the essentials of college life: how to carry four bags of books while peddling, or how to dart through those poles on the walkways. I had never experienced a near-death bike accident or the joy of well-defined thighs. I was

an outsider to all that was college. Biking had built a wall between me and the "in" crowd for all of my childhood and it looked as though college would offer no escape.

I looked around at all the gorgeous California women with their educated minds, defined muscles and developed . . . The Beach Girls were all making that noise, all of them. You know that noise. It creeps into every nook of Stanford life. It moves its way into my dreams and my nightmares. You've heard it before. The steady click, click, click that the gears on those ten-speeds make. Every pedestrian on campus fears it. From out of nowhere you hear it and try to ignore it but it seems to surround you. Is it coming from behind, from the left or from the right? You never know until you turn around, which is sin number one on campus. Turning means a change of position, so the biker anticipates which way you will go and still careens into you, turning your body into a speed bump.

Watching the pile-up of carnage and machines as I trekked across campus, I realized that something had to be done. Innocent people were losing limbs, scraping knees and being frightened because of those kamikazies on wheels — those, those . . . BIKERS!!


Thus, S(tanford).U(niversity)P(ed-

estrian).E(xecution).R(egiment). was created. I invited all of the oppressed bikeless community of Stanford to come out from under their football-like padding and combat this problem. Our first action was publicity, but the majority of our poster hangers were run over when the opposition heard of our movement.

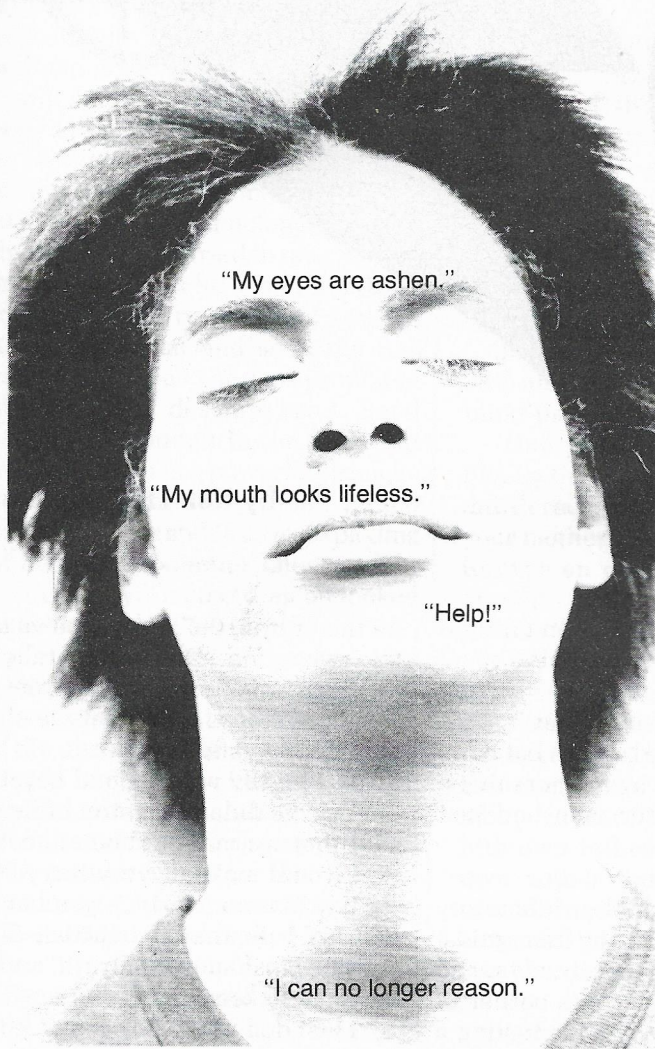
"Operation Role Reversal", however, was a smashing success. Word-of-mouth carried the news of our new movement and pedestrians of all shapes and sizes were now taking running starts and knocking down whole rows of parked bicycles. It didn't stop there though. Soon we were knocking down moving bicycles, blocking bike ramps and sprinkling exploding tacks all over campus.

For the first time in my life I saw bikers actually avoiding pedestrians. I saw walkers strolling with confidence across campus and people actually sticking to the bike routes.

I became a campus heroine and the walkers of Stanford looked to me for guidance. There were plans to ice-pick tires and lower seats. We even proposed to implement a program in the grade-school to get children off their bikes and back onto their feet.

Now about those answering machines . . . 

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"My eyes are ashen."

"My mouth looks lifeless."

"Help!"

"I can no longer reason."

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OED IPUSSY



by Ron Herbst

Well, that was close! Bond was safe again, having narrowly and spectacularly evaded the latest SPECTRE assassination task force. Thanks to a carefully hidden sliding door in a rock, Bond and his compact nuclear powered unicycle were now resting safely in the underground British secret service headquarters in the most desolate part of the Mojave desert.

"Hello, James," said Miss Money-penny, from behind her neat desk.

"Hello, Moneypenny," Bond said drolly, still breathing heavily from his latest scuffle.

"Who was she this time, James?"

"Now, Moneypenny, I see no reason for prying into a fellow's personal life."

"I'm not prying, James, I'm just concerned for your well being. With all the fooling around a man of your reputation does, he's bound to get himself into trouble. Have you ever considered settling down?"

"My dear Moneypenny, are you proposing?"

Moneypenney batted her eyes. "Well, you can't say I wouldn't be good for you."

"Oh, you old darling, I don't intend to offend you, but I just wouldn't feel right marrying you. It would be just like marrying my own mother."

Moneypenny fumed at this, but Bond had already walked away, pursuing a shapely administrator who had just passed by.

Bond entered the laboratory where Q hailed him from amidst a plethora of the latest in advanced spy equipment. Out of the corner of his eye, Bond saw someone testing a device that looked like a salad fork but whose tines were really explosive darts. On the other side was a flame thrower that was the size and appearance of a fingernail.

"So good to see you, 007," said Q. "I've just received good news. M has identified the man who killed 002, and apparently this man is involved with an organization called ORACLE. Unfortunately we have no information on ORACLE's exact whereabouts."

"Perhaps this will help you." Bond handed Q a piece of microfilm which he held up to the light.

"Oh, yes, Greenland, of course! Right

on the button, 007; I say, you've come through again! Oh, incidentally, we received another warning from that blind psychic, saying that we should stop the investigation."

"Did he say why?" Bond inquired.

"Yes, he did, as a matter of fact. He said that we may find out something that would make us very sorry."

"Pay him no mind, Q, you know as well as I do that the British Secret Service must know the truth, and that we have to keep searching for it."

"I just don't want to see you getting into any unnecessary trouble."

"Stop being so damned protective, Q. Sometimes you're so paternal that I could just kill you!"

"My apologies, 007. Oh dear, I almost forgot. I have some things for you to take along." Q energetically picked up something that looked like an ornately bejeweled brooch.

"It's one of our latest inventions," said Q. You press this button here and it gouges out the eyes of whomever it's pointed at . . .

High over the Greenland tundra hung Bond's ultralight, camo-

flaged to disappear against the sky. With his mini-binoculars he scanned the landscape below him for something that could be the ORACLE headquarters.

Suddenly someone fired at him. The shots came from a van down below. James aimed the plane upward as he fired back at the van. Two more shots put out the ultralight's motor, and now Bond was in a dive, shots whizzing past him. He maneuvered as best he could until he was directly above the van. Bond jumped onto the roof, losing his gun in the process, but landing where the driver could no longer see him. He vaulted himself into the driver's window, kicking the man out of the driver's seat and knocking the gun from his hand. 007 tried to take control of the vehicle, but he soon felt a hard punch in the gut. He returned a punch with his right fist and soon the two were wrestling as the van propelled itself along the desolate road. Bond got in a good punch to the face, but the man had him in a powerful stranglehold. Thinking quickly, Bond pulled out the salad fork and fired an exploding tine into his opponent's chest.

"How nasty," said 007 as he looked at where the door had been.

By nightfall, Bond had driven into the heavily guarded ORACLE headquarters despite the van's missing door and the ultralight still stuck to its roof.

Inside the complex he was met by a beautiful woman in a silky costume.

"You're not Leon," she said.

007 sauntered out of the vehicle. "My name is Bond, James Bond."

"James Bond?" she replied in a sultry voice. "I've heard much about you." She scanned him from head to toe. "Very much about you."

She reached over Bond to get two cigarettes, lit them on the candle that hung over the bed, and gave one to the British spy.

Bond took a puff, got out of bed and began to put on his pants. He turned around for a moment to admire her body, which was extremely attractive though mature in years.

"You were fantastic," she murmured. "Even better than Leon."

Bond looked down at her. "Now wait a minute. Who is this Leon chap you keep mentioning?"

"Leon? Why he's my husband. He

was the one who was supposed to be driving the van you came in on."

"The woman began to tremble. She pointed to the clover-shaped birthmark on 007's forearm. "That birthmark, that birthmark!" she gasped.

"What are you saying?"

"My son had a clover-shaped birthmark on his left forearm! Just like yours!"

"I beg your pardon," Bond said, quite perturbed.

"What do you remember about your parents?" she asked desperately.

"Well, I didn't have any. I was brought up in an orphanage. Now what's all this about —"

He was cut off by a man wearing sunglasses who had entered the room. In a harsh, sinister voice, he said, "Tho, Bond, the cat ith finally out of the bag."

Bond whirled upon the newcomer and aimed the brooch at him. "The blind psychic!" he gasped.

"How pertheptive of you, Mr. Bond. Finally the truth ith revealed; you have murdered your father and thlept with your mother. And now you will remain forever an object of shame and disgrace!"


"That's a lie!"

"No, James, it isn't," the woman said. "That's what I was trying to tell you."

"Yeth! How inevitable that you, internathional thpy, who hath killed tho many men and thlept with tho many women, would eventually kill hith own father and thleep with hith own mother. But it wath I that brought you all together without your knowledge, for you to meet your impending fate in order to therve my purpotheth."

"You cad!" spat Bond.

"And now, Mithter Bond, I reveal to you the pitiful arroganth of your parenth who tried in vain to ethcape their dethtiny. They had indeed read about what you were to do, and to keep it from happening, they put you up for adopthon. A feeble, feeble attempt, for ath any thinking perthon well knowth, you can't change the end of a short thtory!!"

At this, the psychic went into spasms of uncontrollable laughter and James began to feel the hopeless inevitability of the whole thing. He turned the brooch around, positioned his index finger above the activate button, then hesitated. "Oh, what the hell." 

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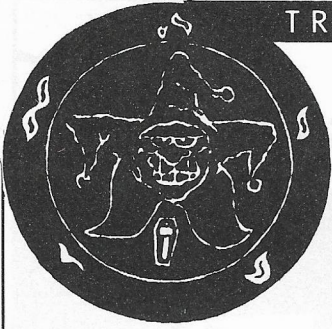
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My name is Sam. My friends call me Sarge. I grew up in Daly City, just south of San Francisco. I went back there after I got out of the service, about ten years ago. I run a bar.

You might be wondering what makes me so special that you should sit here and listen to me. Well, sit tight, 'cause it's like this. I just happen to be . . .



the reincarnation of PETER PAN

Yeah, I know. I thought it was crazy, too, when that screwball mystic, or psychic, or whatever the hell he called himself, told me up in Chinatown that I used to be Peter Pan. At first I thought it was all part of the gag . . . you know, part of the show I'd coughed up my five bucks for. But as I was leaving, the little twerp started grabbing me, babbling that it was true, and that I had to believe him. So I yanked him off the floor by his scrawny shoulders and tossed him back into his ugly overstuffed chair. He's lucky I didn't break his nose . . . telling me I was a little pansy like that.

Anyway, the thing is that after that I started having these . . . whatya call 'em . . . flashbacks: me flying into little girls' bedrooms (hey, quit snickering back there, you prevert.); me swinging around trees like goddamn Tarzan the Apeman; me swordfighting with some ugly cripple bastard.

Well, naturally, I started to get worried. What it finally came down to is I went to see some more . . . respectable psychic types. Every one of 'em said the same thing: I used to be Peter Pan. (One guy said I also used to be Helen of Troy, but I kicked the shit out of him.)

Since then, I've been able to piece

together a lot of my other life with the help of some hypnotist guy. He said he'd work for free . . . something about wanting to write a book.

The story behind why I'm here now talking to you, when I should still be pussyfooting around in the prime of life as Peter, isn't real pretty. Let's just say bubblebrain little Petey wasn't such a goddamn stud when matched against a low flying Boeing. Actually, I think it's a helluva lot better this way. I mean, would you want to go through life looking like Sandy Duncan?

Okay. Now you're saying, "So he's Peter Pan. Whoopee shit. What's he telling us all this for?" It's this simple. I figured if I came back, chances are other people could, too. I'm interested in one other person in particular. I'm on a manhunt. I'm going out to find Captain Hook, and I'm gonna blow the fucker away.

All these psychic mumbo-jumbo-ists tell me the same thing: when I find anyone who I knew well when I was Peter, I'll know it. Sort of like some mental bond. Well, they're right, because it happened.

I had decided to cover San Francisco first, before I started following up on

any other leads I might pick up about Hook's whereabouts. I was just wandering one afternoon, mentally sniffing out the area, when all of a sudden I got this little twinge in the back of my head . . . as if somebody was tickling my skull from the inside.

I stopped and looked around. The vibes got stronger when I turned to look down Harrison Street. Two guys were there. The first was skinny . . . had a crewcut like mine, and was wearing a muscle shirt and leather pants.

The second . . . that had to be him. He was greasy-looking, just like Hook used to be. A big guy. I gripped the handle of the magnum I kept in my jacket pocket, and walked slowly towards him.

"Kiss your ass goodbye, you piece of monkey-pus," I said, as I drew my piece. "You're gonna lose a lot more than your hand this time."

"Are you crazy? Who are you?" he said, and I could tell I'd made a big mistake. The vibes weren't coming from him.

"Peter, is it really you?"

I turned to look at the guy in leather, and I suddenly knew what the buzzing in my head was for. It was fucking Tinkerbell.



by Bill McColgan

So now I had a fairy tagging along with me everywhere. Hey, that was fine when I was Peter Pan, but I got my reputation to think of now. Most of the guys that frequent my establishment didn't go for the "I used to know him when he was a cute blonde" routine. And if I heard one more guy say, "Hey, Sarge, who's your new playmate?" I was gonna go apeshit.

But he said he wanted Hook as bad as I did, so I let him hang around. After all, two noses are better for smelling out that kind of scum, you know what I mean? I laid it on the line, though: first time he tries any funny stuff with me, I break every one of his fingers, one at a time. I ain't jumping around in tights no more.

About a month later, Tinkerbell comes busting into my apartment, babbling something about catching wind of some sleazeball performing in a bisexual live porno show in New York . . . who was calling himself Captain Hook.

"Christ . . . so what?" I said. "Those preverts'll call themselves all sorts of things."

"But, Peter. Look at this interview with him in *AC-DC Magazine!*" He shoved the rag into my face. There was a picture of a guy in a G-string,

wearing a big black pirate captain's hat and an eye patch. But what immediately got my attention was his right hand . . . he didn't have one. In its place was a steel hook.

I started reading. This guy, "Hook", goes on and on about how he truly had the spirit of the old Captain in him. It could have been all bullshit, but it sounded pretty convincing. Even the way he talked was right . . . I mean, the words he used and stuff. And he sure as hell knew what our lives were like back then.

It was the best lead I had. Tink and I were on the next flight out.

You know, New York's a real sewer these days. Tink and I stayed in this fleabag hotel downtown hotel. The little fruit started making goo-goo eyes at me the first night so I slapped him around a little. Didn't hear another peep out of him the rest of the night. I swear to God, one of these days I'm gonna kill that little fairy . . . and if anyone starts cheering for him to get better this time, I'll bash their heads in, too.

The next evening, we went to the club old Hook was supposed to be playing in, this dive called "Freedom's Mansion." The kind of place I used to

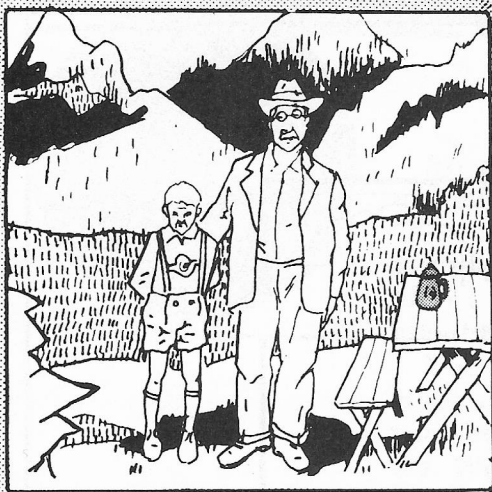
go to once in a while when I was in the Marine Corps, except there was a lot of Tinkerbell's crowd there. Goddamn guys don't even stick to their own kind anymore.

Anyway, we weren't in there more than five minutes when the buzzing in my head started up. I called over to Tink — I made him sit a couple of tables from me — to see if he felt it, too, but he was busy talking to the ugliest hooker I ever saw in my life. She looked like she needed a shave. So Tink wasn't paying me no mind, and he didn't seem to notice the buzzing.

I got up to look around for Hook. I concentrated on all the guys in the lounge, but the vibes weren't coming from any of them. I started wondering if the drink I just had was affecting me . . . but it was so watered down a goddamn preacher could have sucked it down. Then the twinge got real strong. Next thing I know there's a hand rubbing my thigh. "Buy me a drink, handsome?"

I smiled at the platinum-blond attached to the hand. "How's it going, Wendy?"

It turned out that old "Hook" was home puking his guts out



that night . . . “touch of the stomach flu,” the emcee said. So Tink and I left, taking little Miss Chastity with us.

Actually, it was kind of nice to see Wendy again, even if she wasn't quite the same sweet kid she used to be. First thing she told me when we got into the cab was how she'd found some new, better ways to fly. I told her if she didn't put the pills back in her purse, I'd send her flying all right — to the moon. Only I didn't say it that pleasant.

So she said I wasn't much of a “free spirit” as she thought I'd be. So I said there doesn't seem to be much of anything in her life that was “free.” She got my meaning. She started calling me a lot of pretty nasty names . . . using language that wasn't real fitting for a lady, you know? And in public, too.

Now it's totally against my principles to punch a woman. So when we got back to the hotel, I gave Wendy a good talking to. Sure, I slapped her a couple of times, but that was just to make sure she was listening. Anyway, that kinda woman likes getting knocked around once in a while. If I ain't learned nothing else in my time, I learned that. Later, I goosed her one just to show there were no hard feelings.

Wendy had just started working that part of town. Change of employer, she told Tink (She wouldn't talk to me anymore, the ungrateful little slut.) She had never seen this “Captain Hook” character, and couldn't say whether he was the genuine article or not.

We went back to “Freedom's Mansion” a few nights later. Tink had got the word from the slime he was hanging out with that “Hook” was gonna be back on stage. I cleaned my Magnum real good — a beauty like that deserves to be treated with tender loving care — and we went out to finally face that dog-breath pirate down.

When we got to the club, it was packed. I guess the greaseball was quite an attraction. I fondled the handle of my gun — it was a gorgeous piece, I wish I could show it to you. I was

ready for him. I had a few pops to calm my nerves. Fact is, I was feeling pretty good when the emcee stepped up to the mike. Drinks were stronger that night, for some reason.

“And now, the main attraction of the evening,” the announcer whined. “Our world renowned sex extravaganza featuring the one, the only . . . Captain Hook!”

I waited for the buzzing in my head to start when the one-eyed scumbag walked onstage in his jockey shorts, but it didn't . . . not at first.

Then, suddenly, it was there . . . in the back of my head. Not just an annoying little twinge like I got with Tink and Wendy, but a bunch of real sharp jolts. Tink and Wendy started yelling at me, “It's him, it's him!”


I drew my piece, aimed, and blew a hole you could shove a bowling ball into right in the center of “Hook's” chest. It was a great shot.

But something was wrong. The guy on the stage was just a twitching piece of meat at this point, but the jolts in my head were still there. I couldn't figure it out . . .

Until I saw Tink and Wendy near the door, laughing at me. Then a tall guy, dressed up in a three piece suit, stepped out of the shadows in the corner and put an arm on each of their shoulders. I knew him right away . . . the real Hook.

Before I could react, a bunch of gorillas had my arms pinned and were slamming me to the floor. I looked back towards the door. Hook waved his steel claw at me, and then the three of them strolled right out the door. Boy, was I pissed. Where the hell is a crocodile when you really need one?

So I'm telling you like I tell everybody: I'm out to get Hook first, and then Wendy and Tinkerbell for setting me up. And now it'll be easy because I know what they all look like.

Course, I hear the candy-ass shrinks always saying I won't get out of this rathole till I'm an old man. But I got them fooled. What they don't know is that I'm never gonna get old. See, I'll never grow up. Never grow up. Not me. 

Alpine Inn Beer Garden

“A Stanford Tradition”
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Slashdance

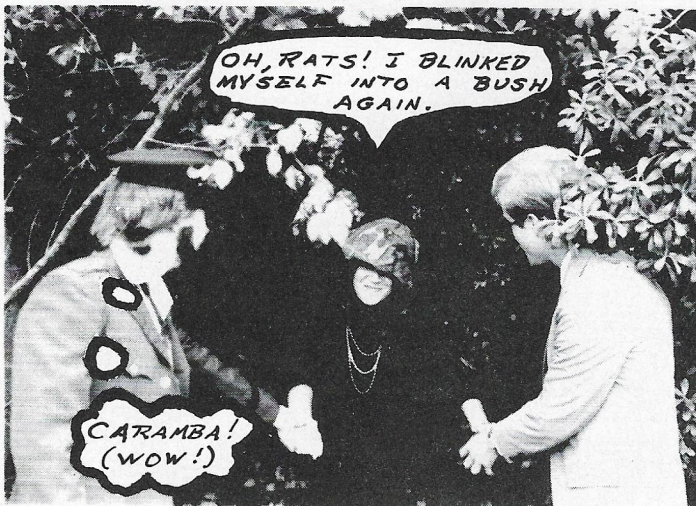
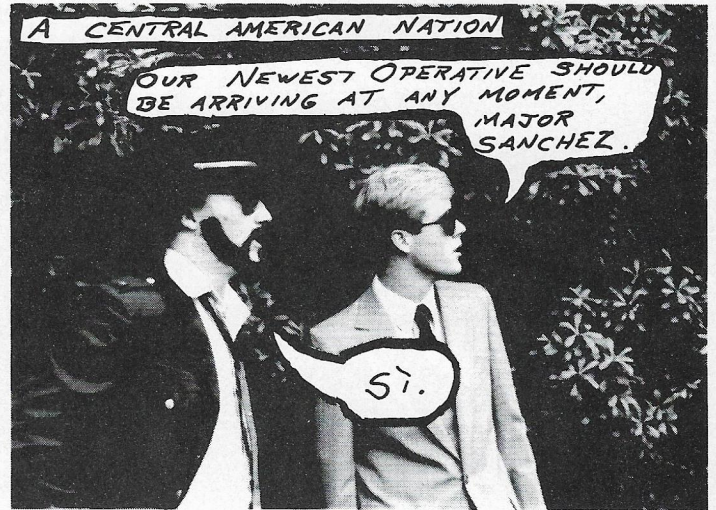
What a feeling!

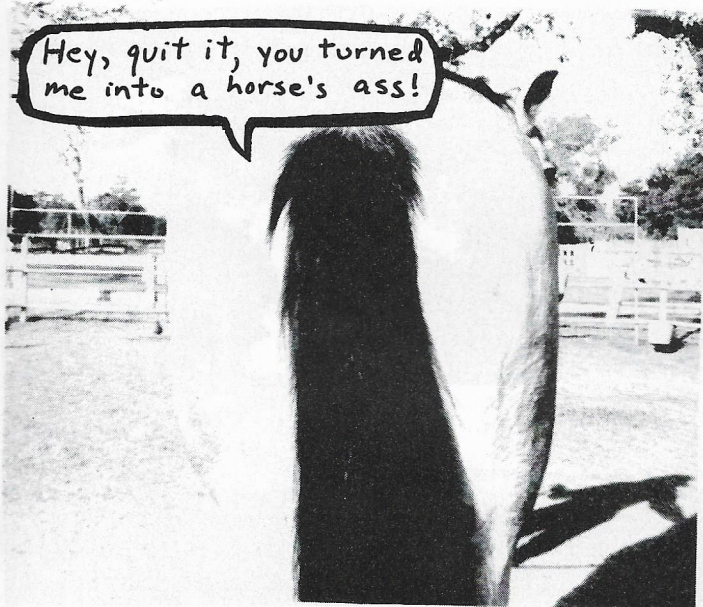


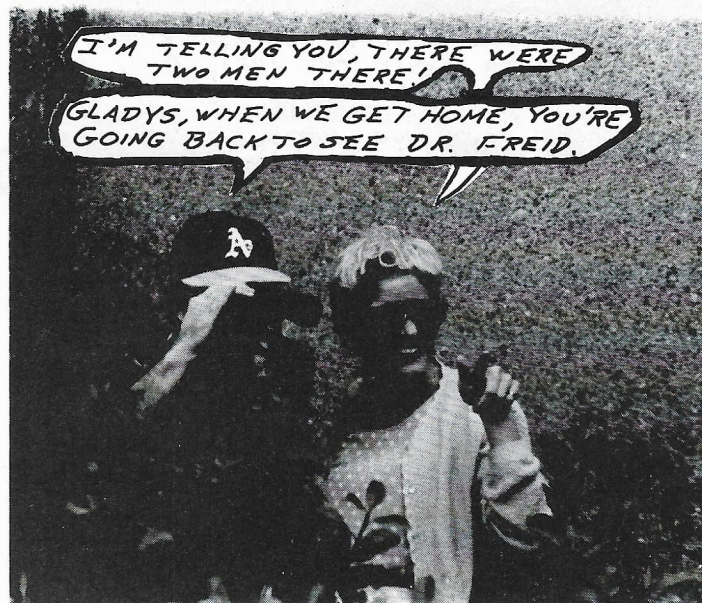
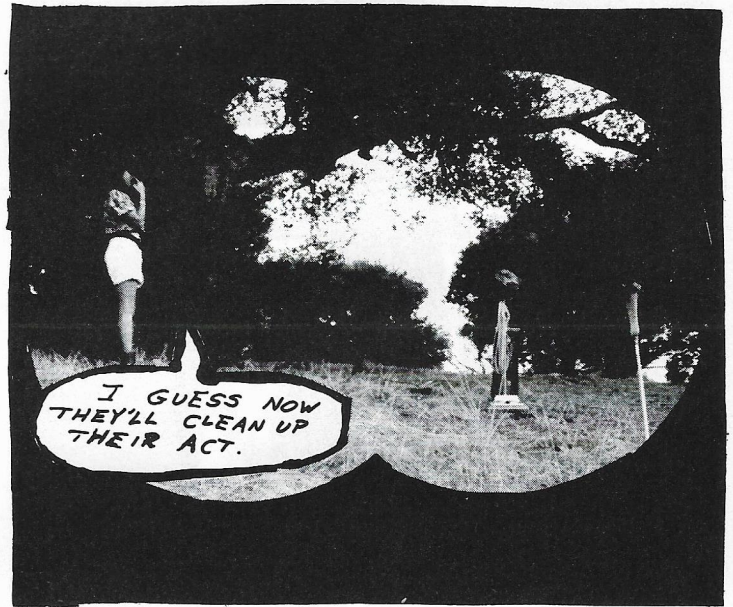
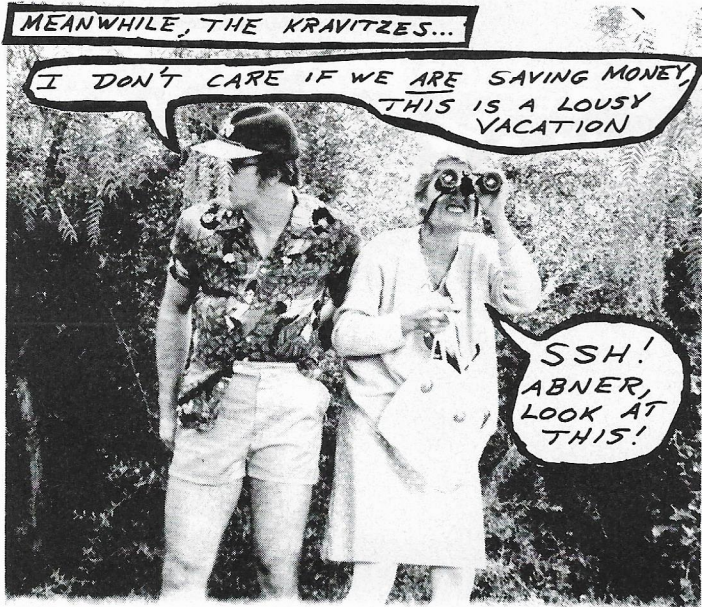
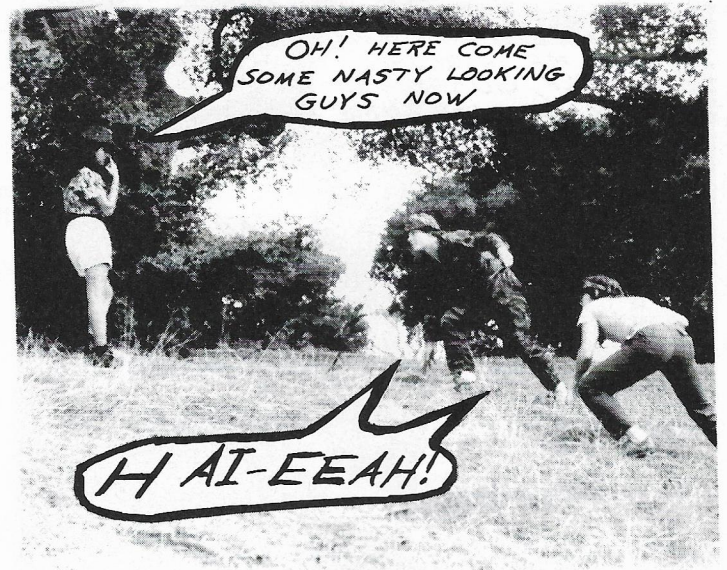
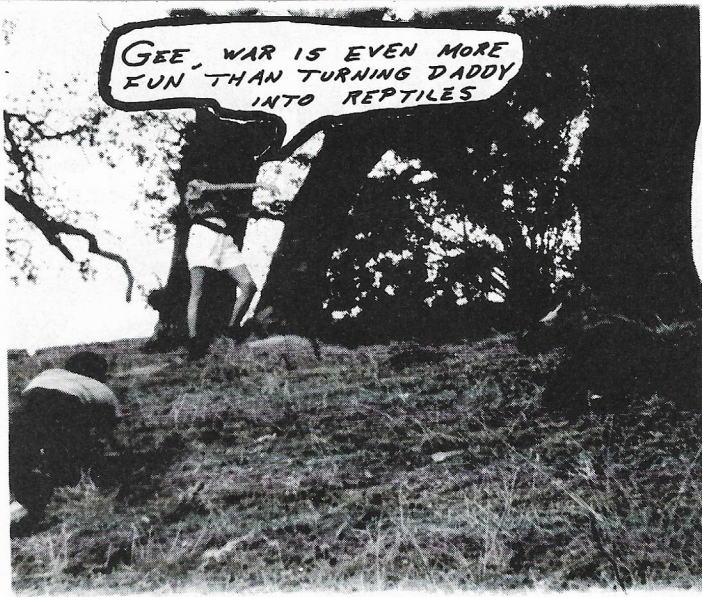
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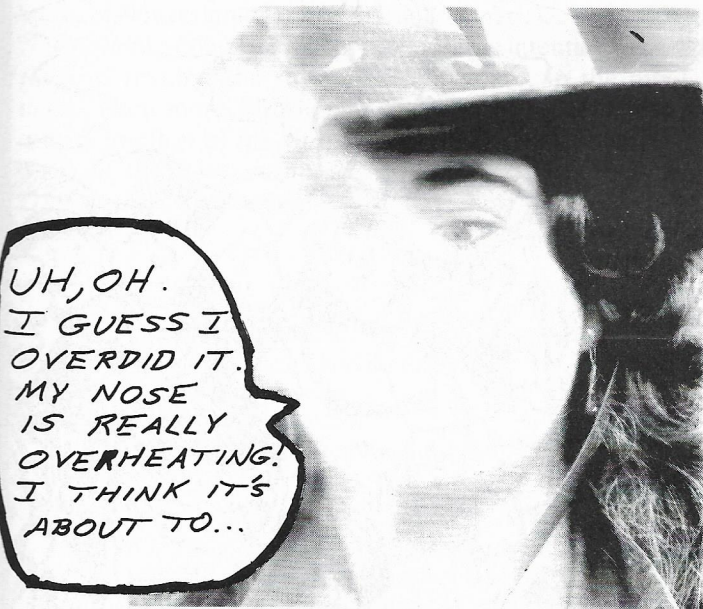
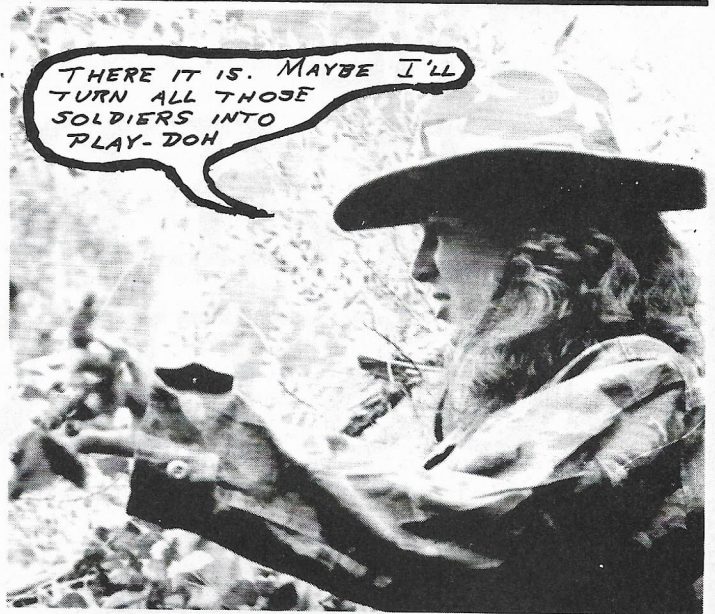
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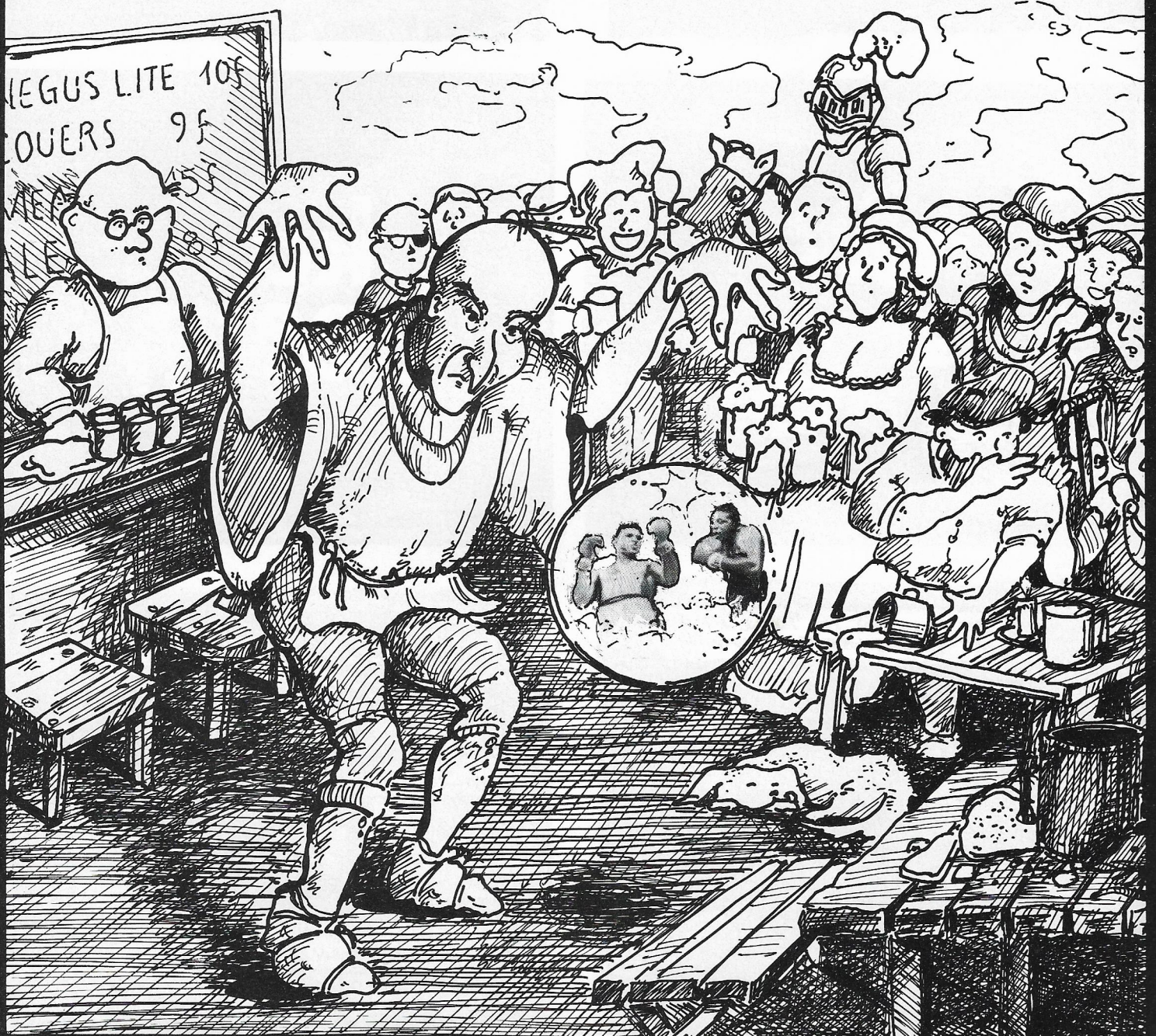






TALES FROM
the Cheshire

THE LIMERICKS OF NOSTRODAMUS



His name was Michel de Nostredame, the brilliant seer, Nostrodamus. For years scholars, wise men, and Orson Welles on HBO have marveled at this sixteenth century Frenchman's uncanny ability to predict the future, using a series of four-line quatrains, collectively known as 'The Centuries.' Once deciphered by the great minds of succeeding generations, the Centuries accurately predict even what is only now becoming history.

Yet for all his celebrated cerebations, Nostrodamus was very much a man popular with the populus. Indeed, after a day of his preponderant prognostication for the royal court, Nostrodamus liked nothing more than to toss down a negus¹ or two with the gang. In fact, his camaraderie with the commoner during this transitional period in Western Europe led to the ensconcement of the seer as a respected profession, over the then competing smellers (who could smell into the future and were led by the dispeptic Belgian, Nostrildamus).

Once his elbows were well bent, Nostrodamus would delight the soiled and sordid in from a day of gathering millet (his grimy groupies became known by the wealthy as 'The Hunchbacks of Nostrodamus'), with his ribald limericks. And, although Nostrodamus composed them with the sole intention of creating raucous revelry, the surviving rhymes are, in the minds of many, even more foresighted than his Centuries. Doubtless only a fraction of his after-hours poetry ever made it to the walls of the bar's outhouse (who's door now hangs in the Louvre), but, the reasoning goes, they are most likely his 'good ones.'

#9) The short knight who will one day rule France,
Claims this of the horizontal danse,
'Two fronts, *mais no*,
'But two backs, yo ho!
'Now that's the way to brandish a lance.'

#10) A cook crying tears of the one-eyed snake.
Is caught, his hairy eclair stuck in a cake,
Lost continence questioned,
Why not abstention?,
'Cause it's the best selling item I bake!

Annotaters agree that both of the limericks above foretell the rise and fall of Napoleon, the nineteenth century French ruler. Says Edwards (1898) of #9, "...the short knight is obviously the little corporal, Napoleon. He ruled France from 1804 to 1814, and lost Europe fighting a war on two fronts against Wellington and the Russians." Rogers (1948), agrees. "Napoleon and Josephine were both sexually insatiable, as Nostradamus (sic) so accurately predicted. Yet one wonders about the Napoleon brandish in line five, since it is known that Napoleon's member was not lance-like at all, but rather the size of a small sea horse." This has been the center of much Nostrodamanian debate over the past quarter century, but now, it is agreed, the revisionists' visionary is making a joke using overstatement at the expense of Napoleon in particular, and of French royalty in general. Such joking is in keeping with his

1. Spiced wine.

image as man of the people.

Of the second, Edwards (1898) again: "In this limerick, the mob catches and accuses a cook of some heinous chicanery. The second line is a play on 'caught with one's fingers in the cake,' but it is not fingers caught at all. It is *an eclair!* A *Napoleon*, perhaps?" Later he continues, "Lost continence' refers to Europe, indeed a lost continent after the convulsions of Napoleonic war. Again, the mob wonders about the inevitability of war, but only *after* the cook is caught. And, as Nostrodamus sums up brilliantly in the last line, tyrants must first sell their followers the idea before they can lead them into war."

Nostrodamus clearly saw the role of the peasant in Renaissance and post-Renaissance Europe. His nights at 'Marcel's Rue d'Awakening' gave him a finger on the quickening pulse of the people. Limerick #6 accurately predicts the French Revolution

#6) They will chop off your dicks for your sins,
Scatter your foreskins to the four winds,
And if you cry 'Why?'
The masses'll just sigh,
You're dead, you vertical grins.

One of the most popular at Marcells, and a marvel of prognostication. Craig (1959) writes in amazement; "...angered by the likes of Henry IV ("Paris is worthless, *en masse*."), and Marie Antoinette ("Let them eat *coq*."), the common man finally rose up in revolt in 1792. Astonishingly, Michel de Nostredame (sic) predicted this with a limerick more than 200 years before." De Nostromas' use of the chopping off of a private instead of a head is characteristically ingenious. Not only does this compare the French nobility to dickheads, it is also a backhanded slap at the penologists. Penology, another rival form of fortune telling, that divines the future by reading the bumps on one's bo-bo was also much in favor at the court where de Nostredame entertained. Apparently, he held this group in disrepute, and #6 is his statement that penology would rise & fall with the royalty, and that dirty limericks were the better and longer-lasting predictive device of the masses.

France's future was not the only realm of the drunk seer.

#32) A frustrated painter from Munich,
With only one ball 'neath his tunic,
Eschews easel and teazle,
And squeezes his weasel,
But finds out, alas, he's a eunich.

The modern annotaters and unanimous in linking these to Adolph Hitler. Palethrope (1950) says, "A most frustrated German painter was herr Schiklgruber [A derogatory name for the Fuehrer], as was the subject of #32. And both forsook painting and sexual activity. And, thankfully, both found in the end that they were impotent." The prediction of Hitler's testicular troubles was borne out in an American wartime ditty, and by Dr. Kurt Kruger in *I Was Hitler's Penologist*. Dr. Kruger also writes, "Herr Hitler was an unabashed masturbator,

but never to climax. I do believe it was his absolute inability to orgasm that caused him to bring the world to the brink of disaster and to brutally torture and torment an entire race of people. It has happened more than once."

If Napoleon and Hitler are the first two anti-Christis in Nostrodamus' trilogy of doom, then the third has not yet arrived. But if de Nostredame is as accurate about this third devil as he was about the first two, then truly, there are none of us safe, should we be living when he or she finally arrives.

#60) A satanic satyr from Florence,
Will gain more adherents than abhorrents,
Metal manhood proud,
Will, sated, seed the clouds,
And his come will rain down in torrents.

"What can we do," writes the mystic Summers (1972), "Save for watching Italy, until Tuku, the anti-Christ appears to lead his forces of doom? Watch and pray." Aside from antedating the advent of cloud-seeding by centuries, there is also speculation that Nostrodamus is using "metal manhood" as a phrase for some sort of bomb, possibly an atomic bomb, and that the come that rains "down in torrents," is the fallout from such a bomb. It would not be the first modern weapon predicted by de Nosotrdeme, who also foresaw the Nike Ajax MIM-3 surface to air missile, and the pistol.

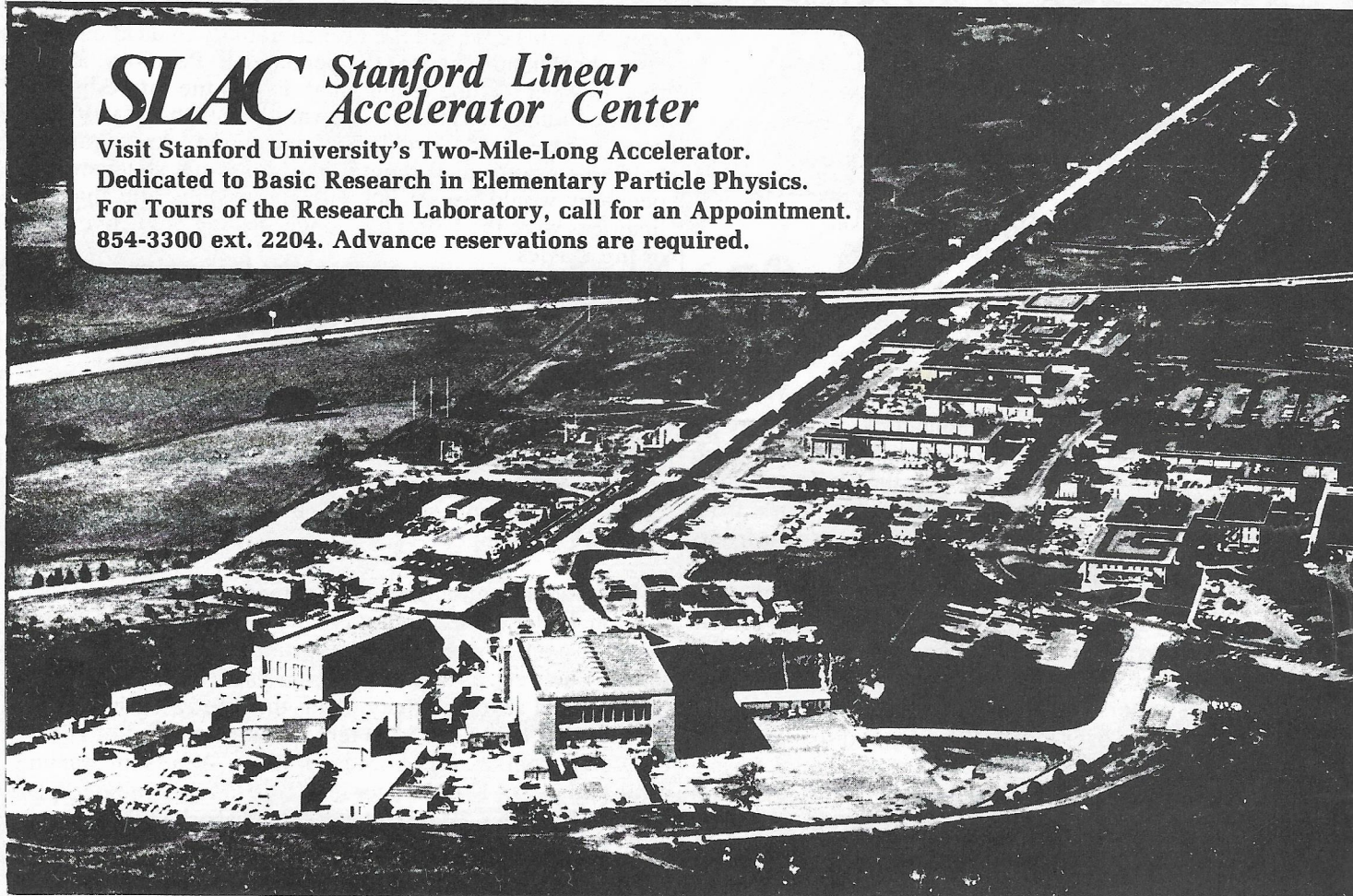
#18) Trireme sailors with huge third oars,
will have in their hold a hundred whores,
Make them straddle their paddles,
But fall drained from the battle,
And the whores have to blow ship to shore.

Just foolin' around here. Naturally Nostrodamus' limericks of horror and destruction, coupled with a nasty negus head made for some jumpy mumpers, and, realizing this, Nostrodamus occasionally let fly with one that just got 'em chugging and singing again.

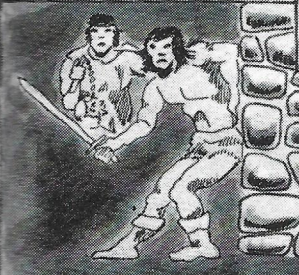
Thus assured of the support of the common people, the unseen seer would sneak his staggering way home in time for his breakfast audience with The Duke de Savingnon. He is certainly most remembered for his Centuries, spun to amuse and amaze the blue-blooded and nobly born. But his more important role in the grand march of history is as a champion of the down-trodden. Whether it was keeping their spirits up with his limericks, or keeping them in negus money by predicting the outcome of jousting contests before the betting windows closed, he greatly improved their odd lot in life. And fortunately for historians, someone like Nostrodamus was sympathetic to the plight of the man in the fields. For without the walls of Marcel's outhouse, modern man would know little of them, save for an occasional damnation in the diary of a noble. Then, as now, you don't write history if you can't afford the ink.

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MIDNIGHT... A PERILOUS TIME IN THE PIETHROWIAN AGE, ESPECIALLY FOR A TRAVELER IN A STRANGE CITY



LET'S GET HIM!

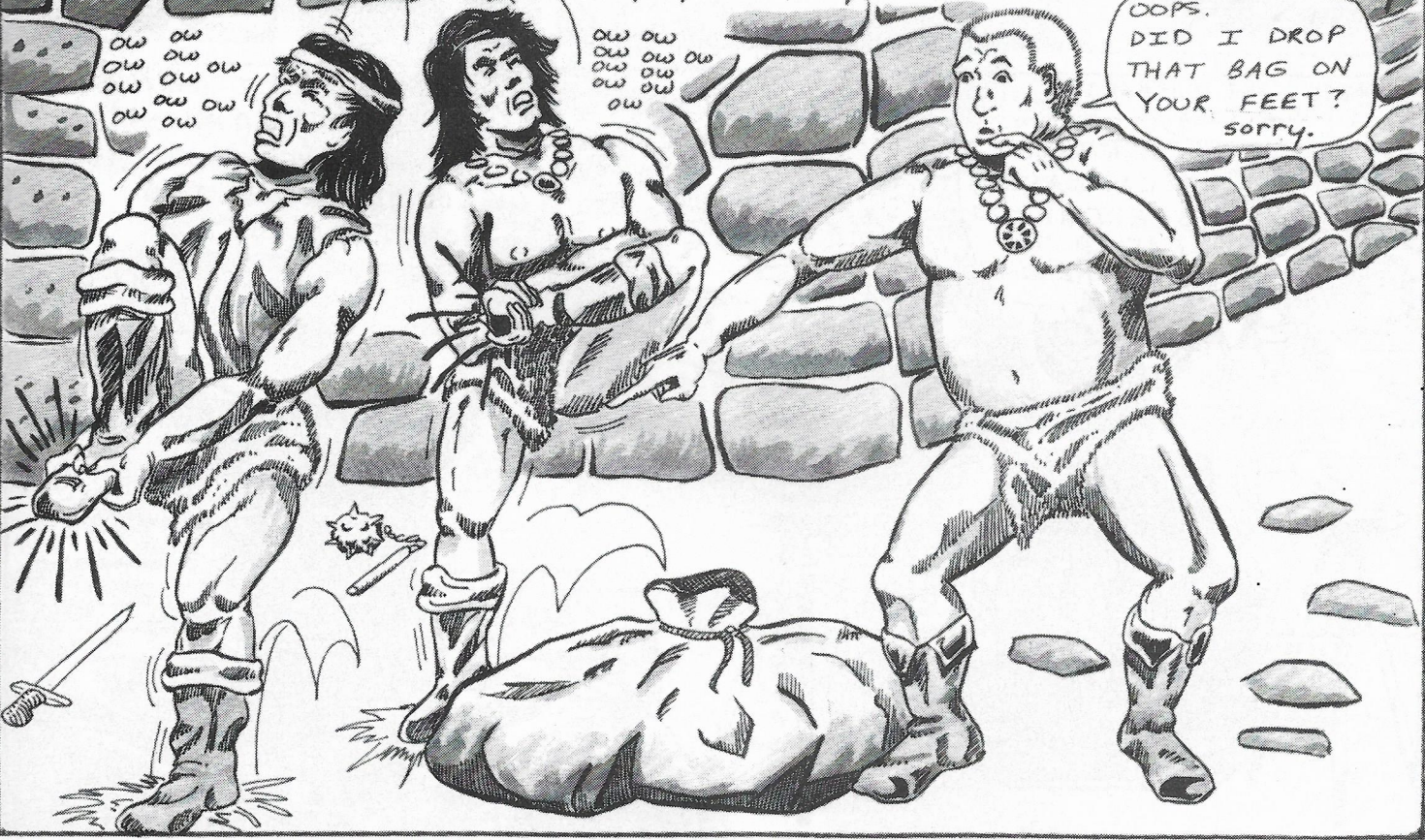
UNLESS OF COURSE THAT TRAVELER IS...

CRUNCH

CURLY

THE BARBARIAN

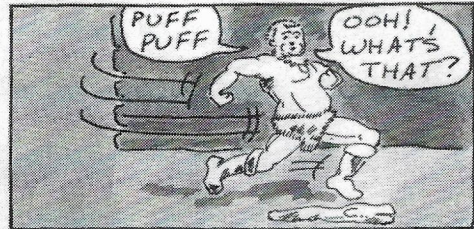
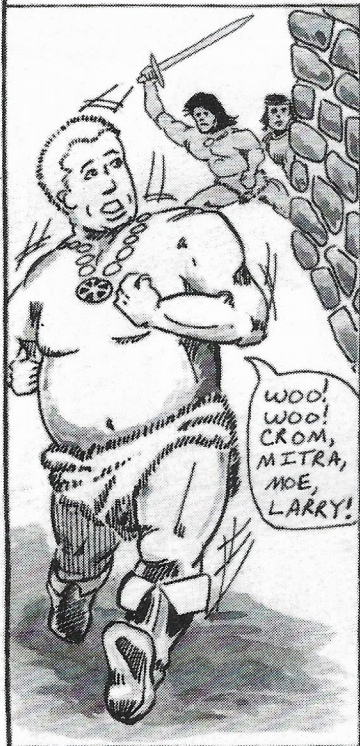
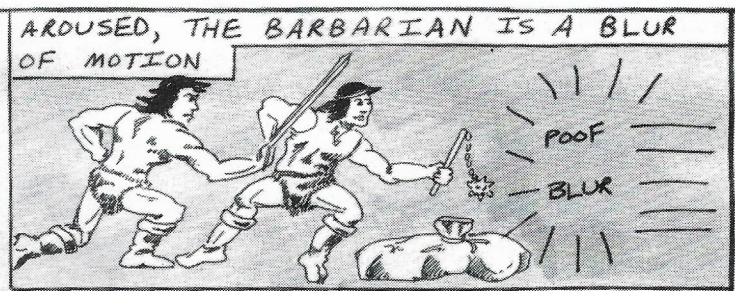
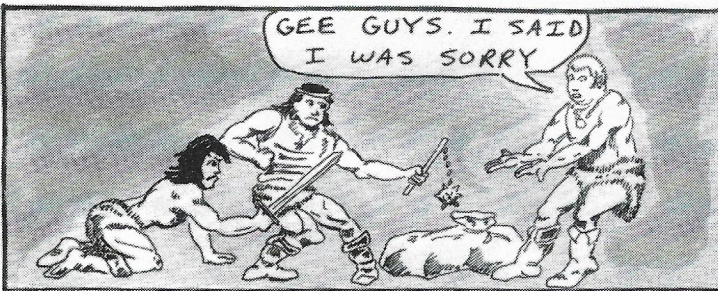
Created by Moe E. Howard
Story by Bill McColgan Art by Paul Cheney



OOPS. DID I DROP THAT BAG ON YOUR FEET? SORRY.

OW OW
OW OW OW
OW OW OW
OW OW

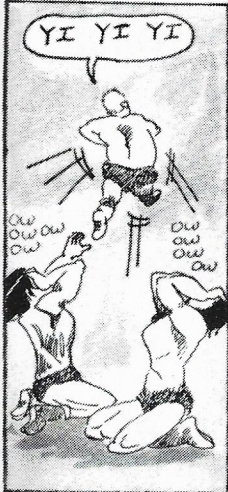
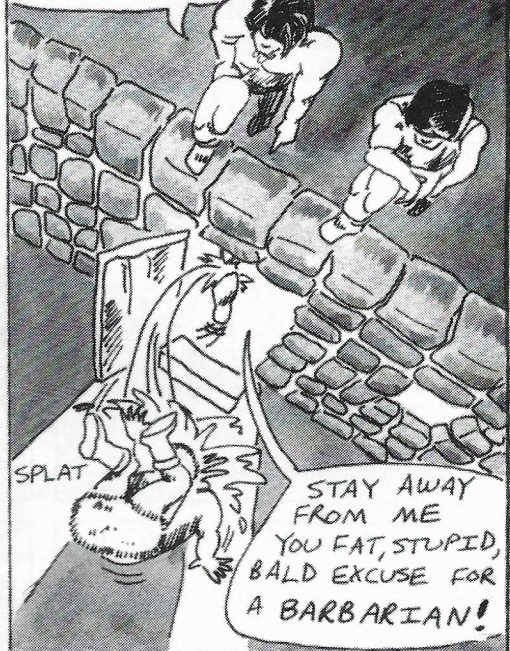
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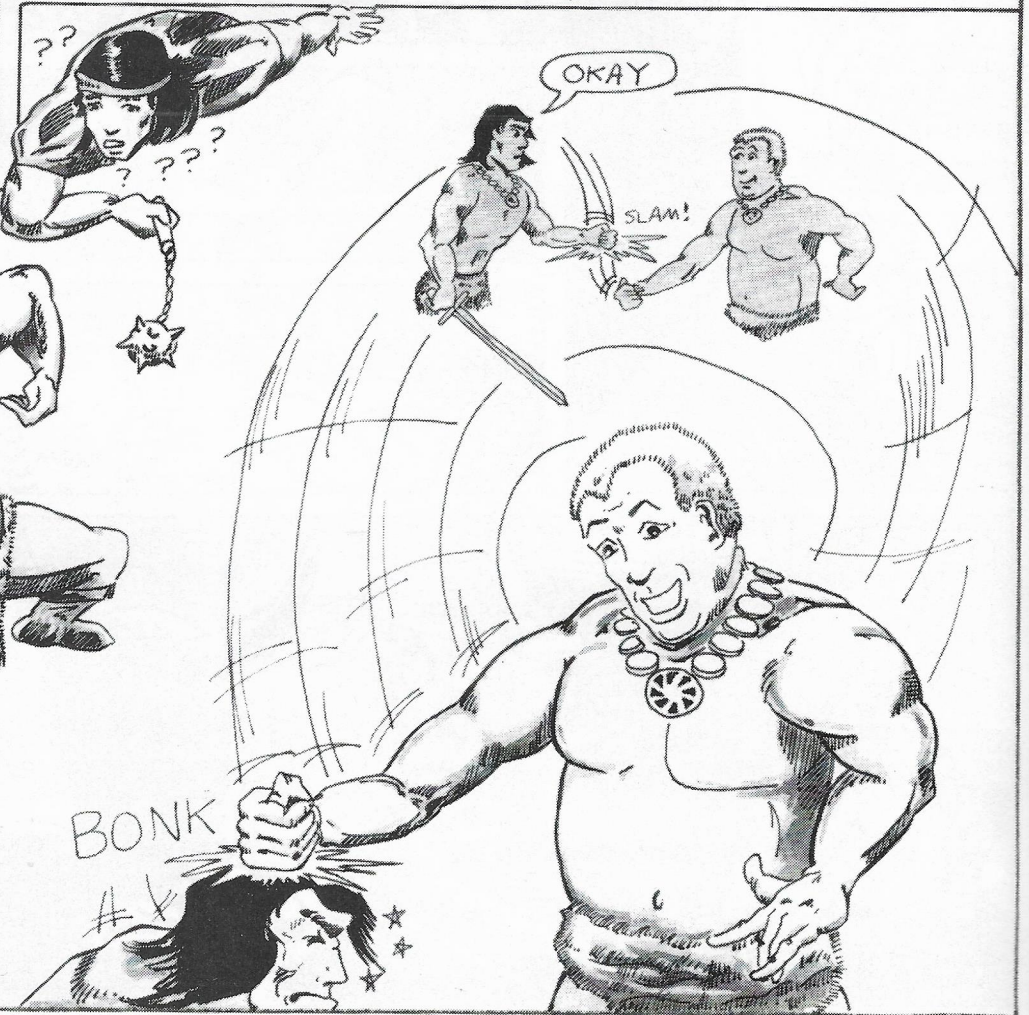
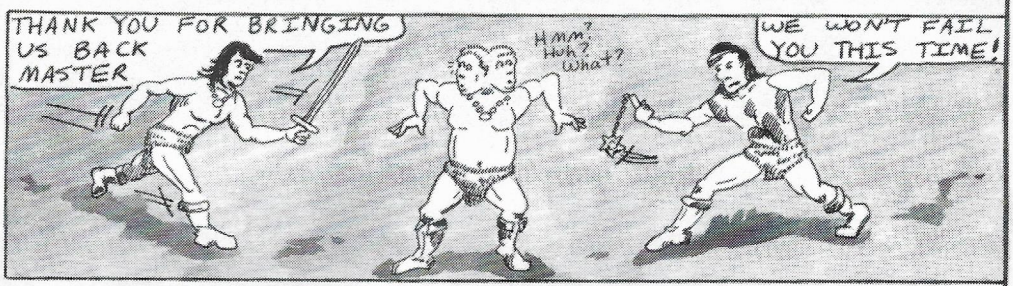
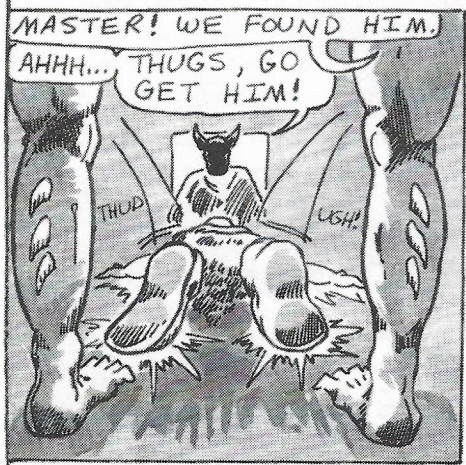
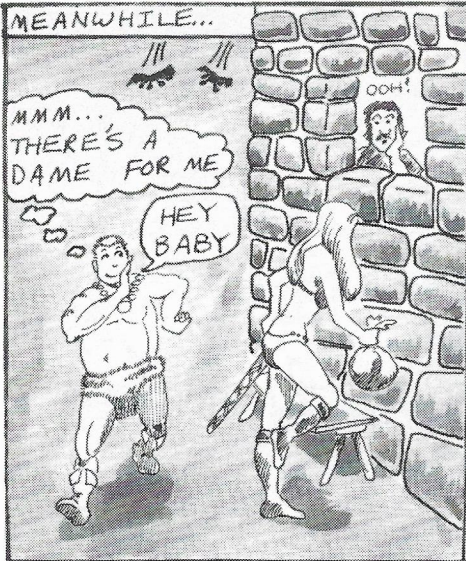


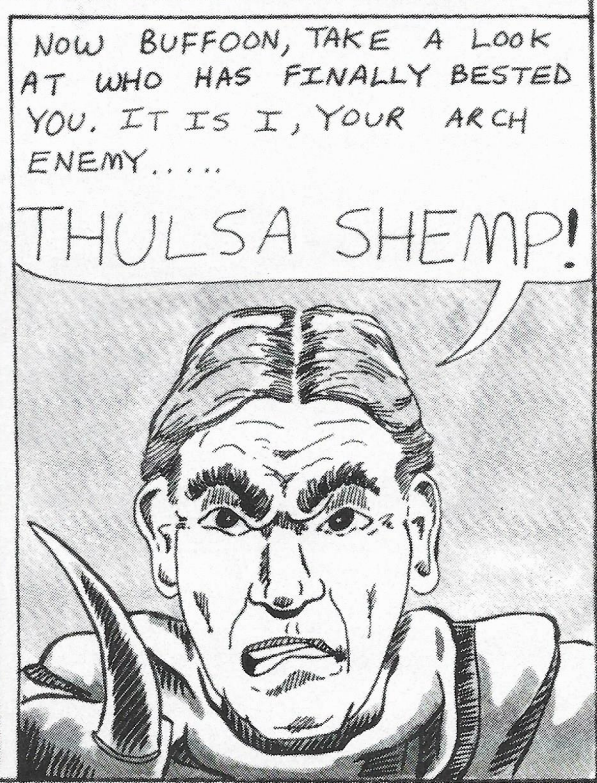
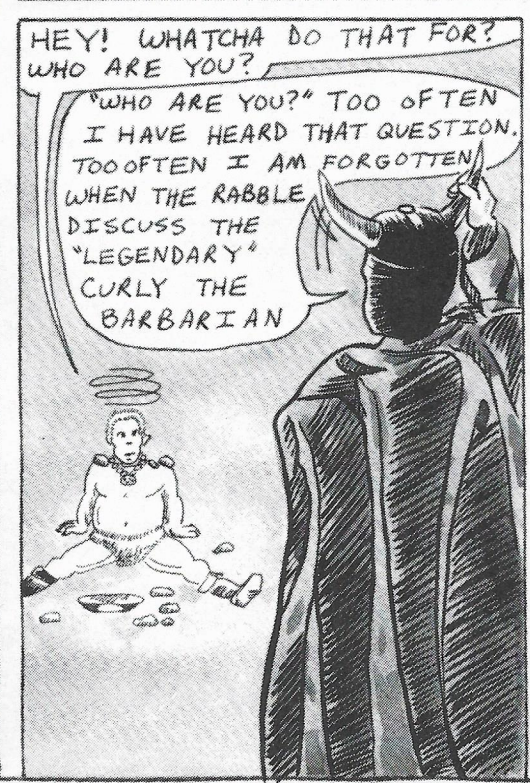
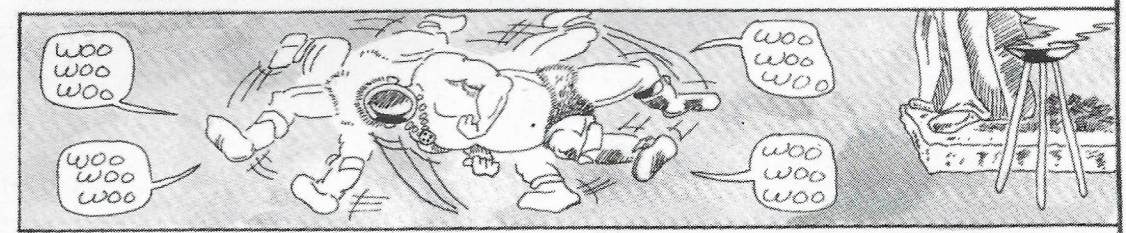
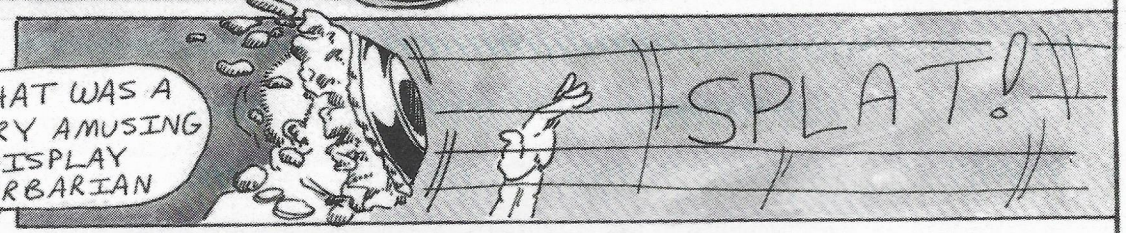
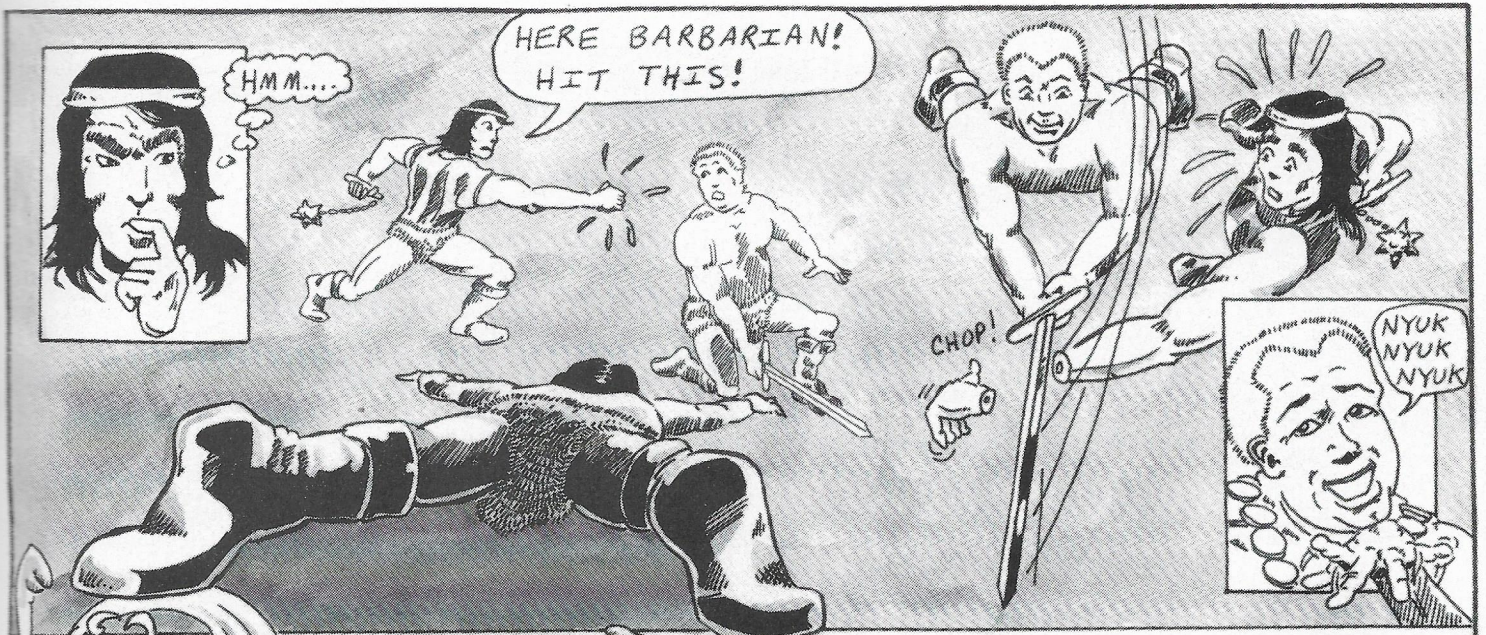
MEANWHILE...



THERE HE IS. LET'S GET HIM.



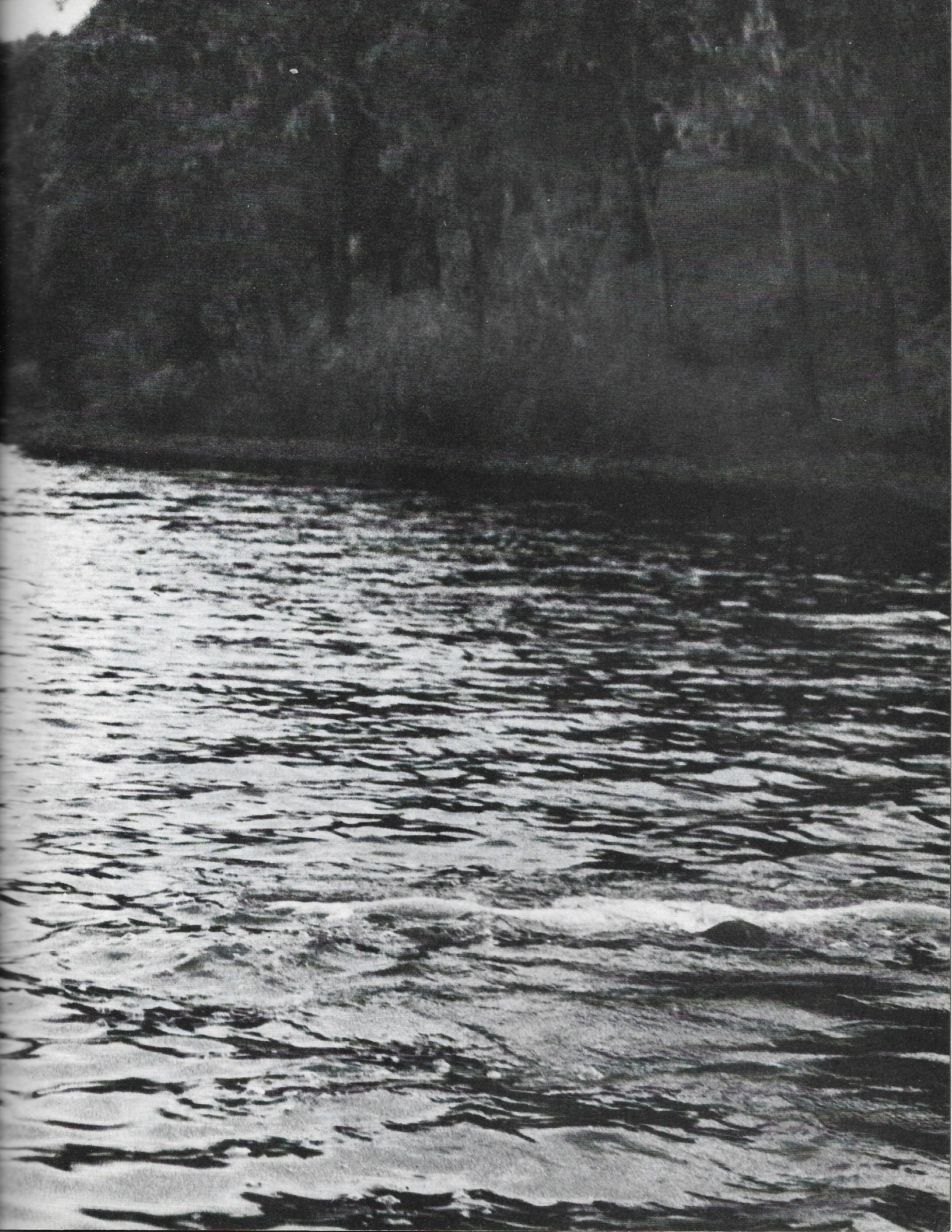






-Kierkegaard

*In the wake of
Nature's almighty wrath,
We are but floating turds.*

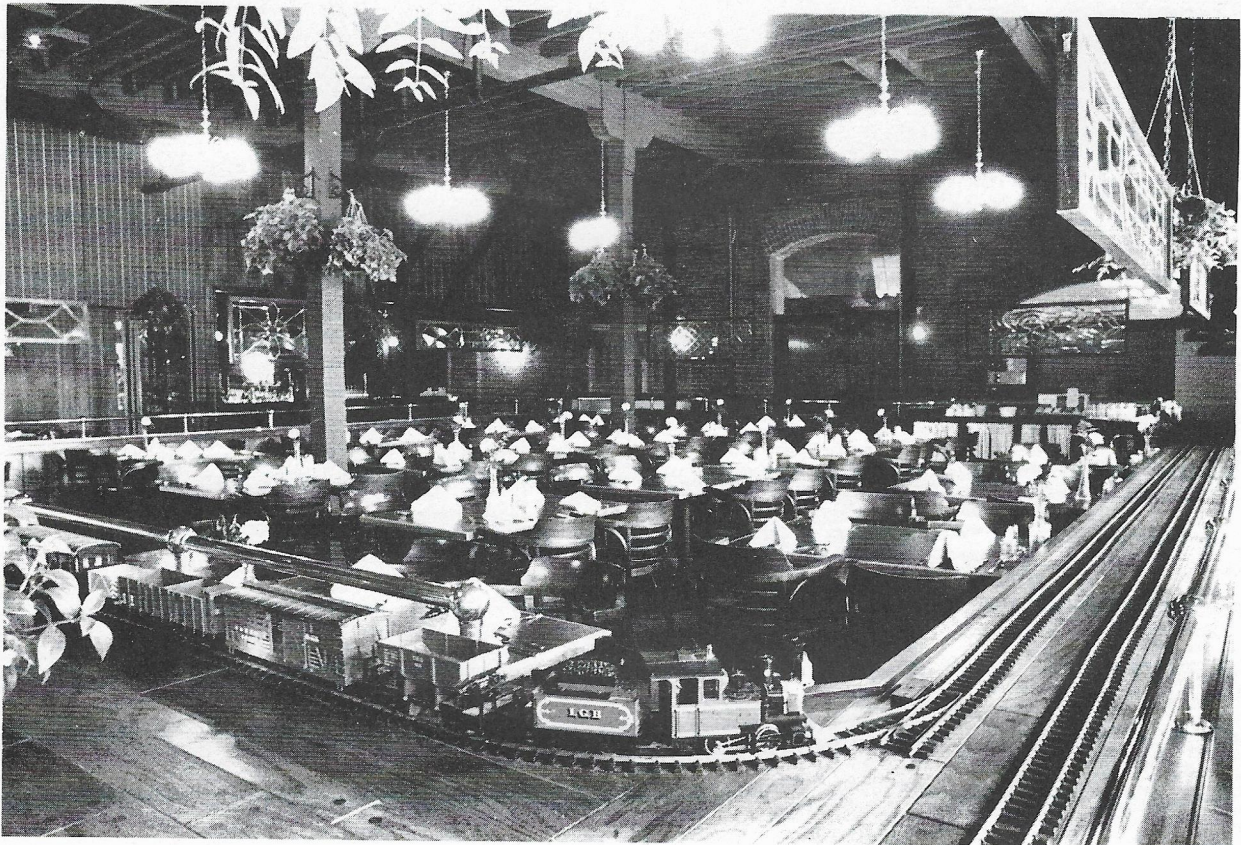


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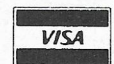
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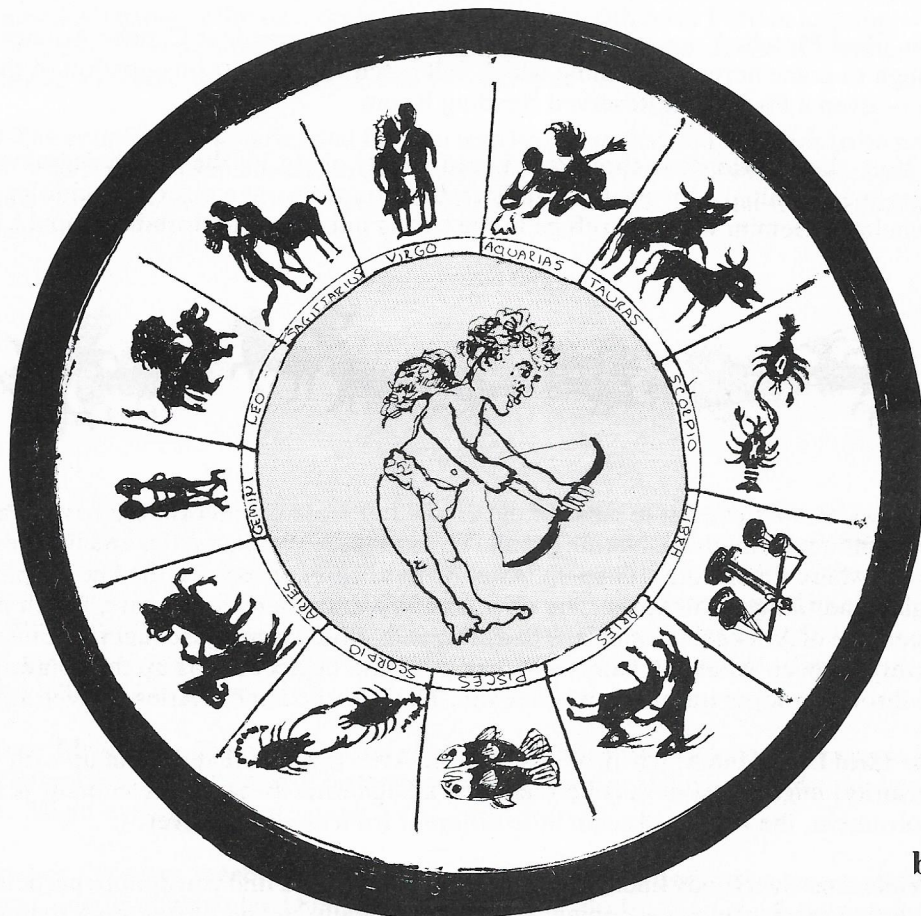


FOR RESERVATIONS

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BOOK BONUS!

the totally cosmic love guide



by Mike Collins



Aquarius: The water-bearer, is the sign of the nature loving, granola-crunching, 'I'm high on life and stuff' attitude so common in bums and trollops. In the sixties, everybody but your mother and father were Aquarius or said they were, but things have changed. Aquarians of the modern day content themselves with attending endless Grateful Dead concerts and tie-dyeing their furniture, baking wheat bread and considering the infinities of the cosmos. While this may amuse the cosmos, it seldom endears them to the less visionary, more conservative signs, who write them off as 'crazy mixed up kids'. Aquarius don't hold jobs, they hold convictions. Lots of Aquarians starve in the winter.

Your Ideal Love Match: Your *Friends of the Earth* outlook may be slightly barely tolerably interesting to most people, but it seems absolutely profound to the space-cadet Gemini. All that nutty rhetoric about 'Peace, Love and Understanding' comes as a complete surprise to the Gemini, who will regard you as a great and wise person, showering upon you all the gratitude they can muster.

Your Passion Nemesis: The successful, materialist Capricorn just doesn't know where it's at in your book. What is a six-figure income when you never see the stars, of what value is job security if you never stop and watch the world go by? Capricorn laugh till they cry when you say such things; Gemini go *crazy* for it.



Pisces: They think they know everything. They're right. Pisces are the learned, the studious, the bookworm people. The people you see in the library on your way to a party. Pisces eventually know enough to do a fine job of running the world, but the Capricorns are busy doing that already so Pisces content themselves with writing book reviews or teaching. Or both. The Fish is a creature of the indoors; stepping into a beam of strong sunlight or a cool breeze has been known to vaporize the poor unfortunate. They love extensive buildings; shopping malls with bookstores, office complexes with bookstores, large bookstores.

Your Ideal Match: Your heavenly match is the ever dependent Cancer. Sooner or later you learn enough to come across something which will catch the meager imagination of the Crab, who would follow anyone anywhere — even a Pisces to a Reserved Reading Room.

Your Passion Nemesis: You, the smarter-than-thou Pisces, can hardly abide by the deeply-ingrained emptiness of the Gemini intellect. Attempts at even initial conversation fall flat when you whip out a piece of major-league vocabulary like 'relationship'. The overwhelmed Gemini will seek refuge in the strong but more comfortably stupid Libra.



Aries: You lose. Aries exist to balance out all the fun those Capricorns are having, and those silly rams never amount to anything. Nothing at all. Young Werther was an Aries and he knew what to do, if you can see where I'm heading. Give up. Aries do hard labor, mostly on the line of splitting large rocks or digging and filling small holes. The obvious connection here is accurate, which is to say that a high percentage of Aries are criminals — bad criminals. Aries always get caught, because they are worthless in every respect. Aries rob banks with cap guns and neglect to gas up the getaway car, or take a joy ride through trooper training in a police van. There are no famous Aries, or even any interesting ones.

Your Ideal Love Match: An ideal lover for the Aries (i.e. one that will put up with your unfathomable inferiority) might most closely be reckoned a Sagittarius. Because the centaur is likely to drowse off during any romantic involvement, the Aries will seem little different from any other lover.

Your Passion Nemesis: While most everybody finds an Aries an anathama, Libra find you dollops particularly reprehensible. Most Libra aren't criminals, but much prolonged contact with a romantically inclined Aries tends to push them to the edge. Libra collect guns, Aries collect bullets. 'Nuff said.



aurus: The Rude Bull. Taurus is entirely, unquestionably, unaccountably rude at all waking hours and most sleeping ones. The Bull will go out of his way to be delightfully discourteous and will go to any length to offend. The bull tosses ice and empties at football games; they short sheet your bed and tell your mother what you really did last night. Taurus shouts the old, derogatory nickname you had almost forgotten across a crowded party, and demands you drive him home afterwards. What is the essence of the Taurus? A Taurus always takes a room on the top floor of the hotel when traveling, and tosses his room service at pedestrians on the street below. Not pleasant by any means.

Your Ideal Love Match: The Leo because they've heard it all before. Everybody says nasty things about the unhygienic Lion, so you have nothing new to offer. This stumbling block overcome, you two are able to discover wonderful things about each other, insofar as this is possible. The Taurus might condescend to compliment the Leo, who might in turn agree to close his or her mouth when chewing.

Your Passion Nemesis: Everybody else.



emini: The sign of the airhead. Your typical Gemini equates *Laugh-In* with *Masterpiece Theatre* and has trouble with numbers because there are 'just so many of them.' If you are a Gemini and have made it this far into the text, give yourself a pat on the back and take a breather. The Gemini loses arguments with the Parkay. Persons of this sign dream of a vacation in sunny Cleveland, but never find the time. Many Gemini are employed as secretaries; some have mastered the art of typing. Most Gemini are still 'just about finished' with 'Princess Daisy'.

Your Ideal Love Match: Scorpio, the Michigan sign, is ideal for the sensuous, but hardly erudite Gemini. The Michigan sign, so hard to put down, is apt to talk at great length about the big play in Saturday's game or the time his father shook hands with Jerry Ford in Lansing, which will enthrall you, the Gemini. Scorpio, a kindly if somewhat wishy-washy sign, is often pleased to tell the Aquarius all he knows. But remember, there is more to a relationship than those first two minutes.

Your Passion Nemesis: The coupling of Aquarius and Gemini is so broadminded and liberal as to be singularly unproductive. Aquarius contents itself with rolling complacently in the grass or talking to the trees while you count the number of suns in the sky or try to remember the Aquarius' middle name. You drift farther and farther apart, forget the Aquarius' name as you run off to marry a forest.



ancer: The sign of the follower. The docile Cancer would jump in with a pack of lemmings just to 'go with the flow'. Cancers don't vote, and they don't complain. Some folks keep a Cancer or two as pets, which points up the problem of having a Cancer follow you home — they're so cute, you've just got to keep them! Cancer, the crab, is likely to see himself as a cow. So true. Cancer, like cattle, want everything nicely planned and prepared; they are not meticulous, however, just incapable of making independent choices or decisions. Cancer enjoy T.V. dinners, group tours, hamsters, and believing in absolutely everything.

Your Ideal Love Match: Who but the bovine Cancer could love an arrogant Capricorn? While the relationship is usually one of distant adoration, if you are willing to make the first move, you could fine it well worth you while. Might even get an autograph.

Your Passion Nemesis: For the same reason you desire the Capricorn, you detest the monotonous, dull-beyond-reason Sagitarius. The Ho-Hum Centaur couldn't lead himself in anything but circles. You can follow anybody into bed, but only Sagitarius can put you to sleep there.



Leo: Leo is the sign that can be smelled all the way back in March. The people of the lion are dirty, unhygienic, pig-pen types who consider water a crime and soap a sin. They never wash behind their ears, even when grandma is coming for dinner. They always wear that one pair of jeans with the dirty knees and the stained T-shirt from *Barney's Rummage World*. They don't wash their hair or brush their teeth or do their laundry or trim their fingernails or anything. The Leo most closely resembles topsoil.

Your Ideal Love Match: By process of elimination alone, Virgo was made for you, Leo the Scuzzy Fleeceball. Why? Because you make that extra effort to look down and notice them, which sets you apart. The lonesome Virgo is often so startled that they will forgo traditional pleasantries like cleanliness and jump into a wild, dirty romance which most often resembles Georgia Pro Mud Wrestling.

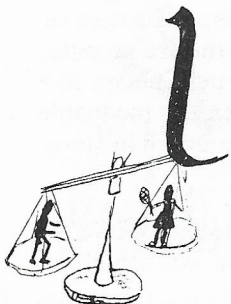
Your Passion Nemesis: Whenever the mighty Michigan Scorpio finds himself in anything resembling close proximity to a noxious Leo like yourself, he will immediately call out, "Stinky Stinky Smelly Sack of Dung", which is neither romantic nor nice.



Virgo: The wimp. Virgo are the kind of people that it's just plain fun to take advantage of because, after all, they're only Virgos. Virgo all wear broken glasses and button up shirts with stiff collars and high-water pants with holes in the knees. Virgos fall to the floor gasping after two push-ups and can't do a lay-up to save their souls. Lots of Virgos are out there, but they all look the same and so you never really appreciate their contribution to society: defining the low end of the scale and making the rest of us, even the Sagitarius, look good. It is interesting to note that once in a long while large numbers of fighting mad Virgo band together and go out looking for an obnoxious Capricorn or Taurus to beat up. The Virgo usually lose, but it makes them feel good just to try.

Your Ideal Love Match: Your wimpish mentality continually prods you onto further betterment, and when you want education you seek out a Pisces. The studious Pisces helps eliminate the guilt every card-carrying Virgo harbors, and with time (and, perhaps, a new pair of glasses) you will probably read lots of new books and — with luck — find the romance you seek.

Your Passion Nemesis: Taurus the Bully beats up the Virgo on sight. As Pisces would say it's more fun to read pulps than to be one.



Libra: Members of the Libra sign are tough, mean people who know it. Bullies are Libra, and so are most Librarians, from which the name is derived. Libra jogs just to leave Virgo and Sagitarius coughing and wheezing in the dust. Libra likes to laugh at other people. It's a Libra that squeezes hands into Jello when being introduced, a Libra that helps folks cough up their esophagi while giving out friendly pats on the back. Libra don't have friends. An old Libra is a lucky Libra.

Your Ideal Love Match: The lean, tough Libra finds it hard to resist the stand-offish charm of the Rude Bull, Taurus. Many of you Libra are also rude in your spare time, and a good number of Taurus are prone to exercise when not considering some particularly nasty piece of libel. As such, you two have much in common. Bonnie and Clyde were fairy-tale couple cut from this same magic cloth.

Your Passion Nemesis: Your sensibilities render any physical contact with the slimy, smelly Leo an outside possibility at best. The headstrong Libra is apt to push an unsuspecting Leo over a cliff or wall whenever the chance presents itself. You're just crazy!



Scorpio: They all come from Michigan. The Scorpion is the kind of person you picture processing your order for a wind-up plastic Chocolate Yum-Yum Flakes Zoom Toy in Battle Creek or making glove compartment knobs in big, friendly factories reeking of grease in the midst of inner-city Detroit. Still, many Scorpio come from Lansing, Kalamazoo, or Ypsilanti. Scorpio like to talk about football, water pollution, unemployment and football. Some eventually leave the state and explore the world, or at least the Midwest.

Your Ideal Love Match: Since most Scorpio live in Detroit, a relationship with the filthy Leo is just like coming home again. Since you are brave in the face of grunge and grime, you are also accustomed to unemployment, and a relationship with a Leo is the next best thing.

Your Passion Nemesis: Nobody follows anything anybody in Michigan, and nobody follows anybody *into* Michigan, so most of you Scorpions will never see a Cancer or would care to. This suits the Cancer fine since most of them still believe that Michigan is a suburb of Chicago.



Sagittarius: The Centaur is the sure fire sign of the ho-hum, the yawner, the meaningless; in a word, *booooooring*. A large number of Sagittarius sleep-walk; some walk when awake — but only after determined prodding. 'Early to bed and stay there' is the battle cry of the go-get 'em December sign. Sagittarius prefer jobs requiring little effort, short hours, and lots of time for staring at ceilings, walls, and shoes. Many are civil servants. The Centaur enjoys several afterhours pursuits, if he/she still has the strength and the T.V. has been removed. These pastimes include finishing half of a crossword puzzle and then losing it, thinking about hamsters and window shopping in the sundry goods aisle at the local *Food King*.

Your Ideal Love Match: Your stump-like personality and charm make your ideal mate the nature loving Aquarius, who enjoy vegetables of all sorts. You find satisfaction in the Aquarian's hungry loving Aquarius, who enjoy vegetables of all sorts. You find satisfaction in the Aquarian's hungry cravings, unbiased as they are in regard to preference [it's a toss up between you and a bowl of Rice Crispies. The deck's stacked — Crispies have something to say.] Strive not to fall asleep during foreplay, or to quote the *Statistical Abstract* in the throes of passion.

Your Passion Nemesis: You, as a Sagittarius, the Doldrum King, must always be wary of romance with your closest kin, Pisces the studious. Such a relationship is doomed to ennui from the outset, and is generally far less satisfying and fulfilling than, say, watching water evaporate or soil erode. A typical date might take place in the library one evening, while the lusty Centaur catches a few Z's as the inflamed Fish derives quantum equations. Children of such parents eat themselves.



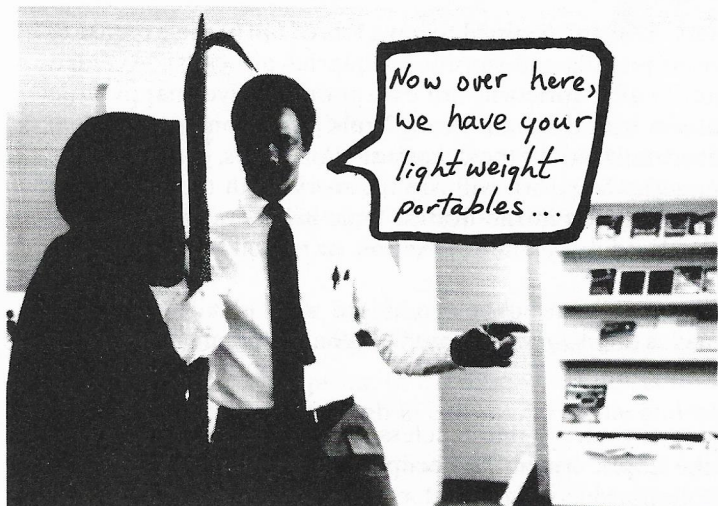
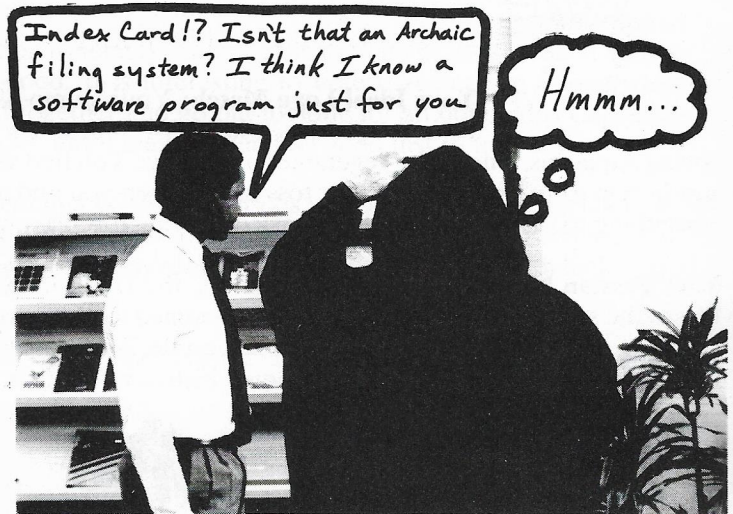
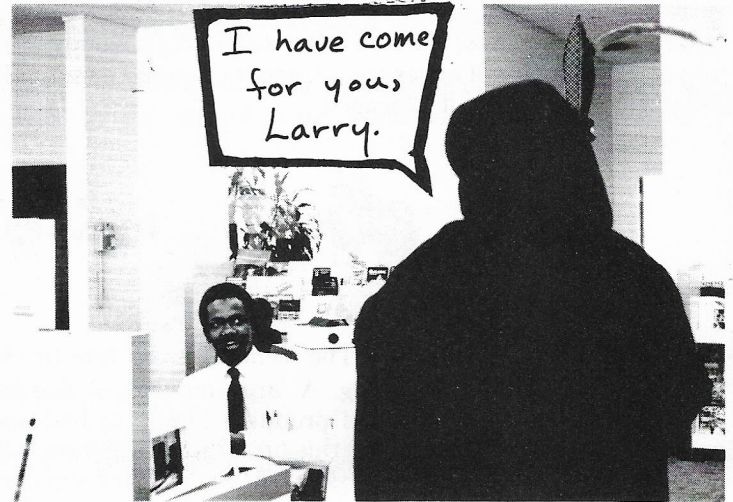
Capricorn: You win. Capricorn are born winners. You are destined to have lots of fun at the expense of others (like those ho-hum Sagittarius and those granola-and-sunshine Aquarius airheads). Average Capricorn (and we use the term loosely here, as all Capricorns are exceptional) drive snappy little sport numbers to their six-digit salaried positions with dynamic young firms poised on international expansion; they wear the most expensive hand tailored clothes, work six-hour days, and play golf better than their bosses. Sooner or later you, as a Capricorn will run the world with the rest of the Goat clan. The Capricorn misses breakfast, eats lunch in the hottest 'hole-in-the-wall' downtown, and has dinner where he cares to. All great leaders have been Capricorns, or pretended to be.

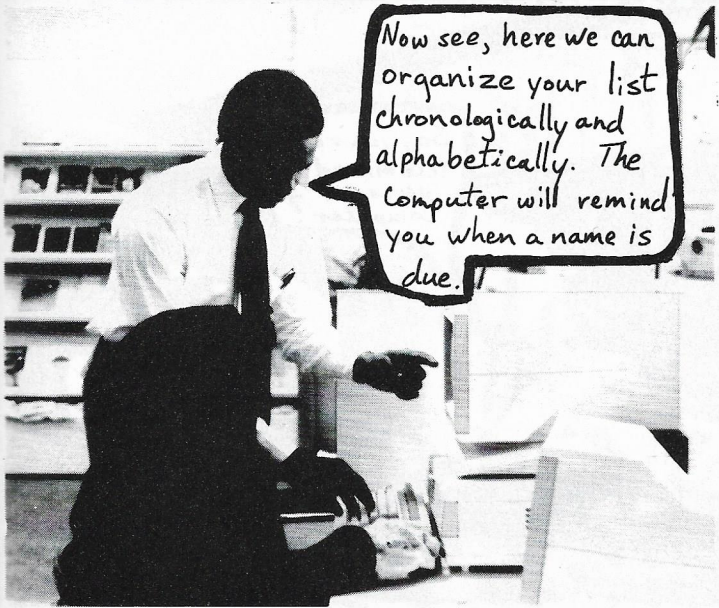
Your Ideal Love Match: While a Capricorn can pick and choose, you are most ideally suited to a relationship with a Libra partner. Their prime physical condition makes them *almost* a match for your oh-so-mighty stamina. Libras enjoy the exercise.

Your Passion Nemesis: Capricorn in search of a mate should be especially wary of the spineless, flaccid Virgo. The stature of the goat is such that when the Goat and Virgo are seen together the Capricorn entirely eclipses his partner, and while this may be a startling improvement, it certainly produces a one-sided relationship which borders upon self-abuse. You deserve better.

Death Buys a Computer

by David Gregor





Now see, here we can organize your list chronologically and alphabetically. The computer will remind you when a name is due.



Now if you have any large or special orders that need to be filled, this baby will automatically recommend the most efficient method

But won't that curtail originality?



Oh no, you will always have override capabilities. Why don't you give it a test run?

One heart attack later...

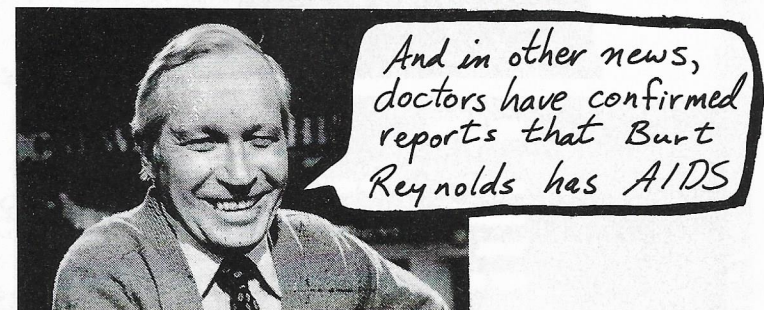
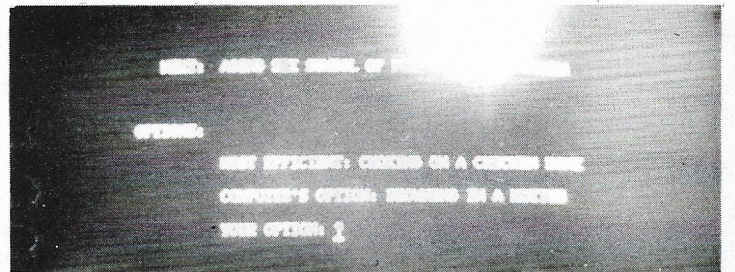


Can I help you?

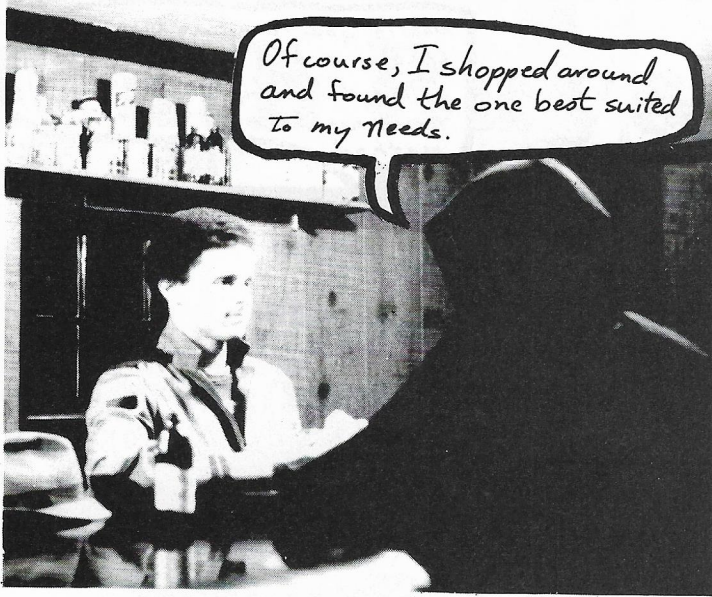
Yes, I'll take that one



Let's see here...

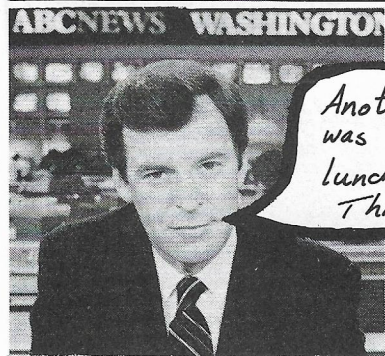


And in other news, doctors have confirmed reports that Burt Reynolds has AIDS



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Another young executive was decapitated while eating lunch at Benihana of Tokyo. This is ...



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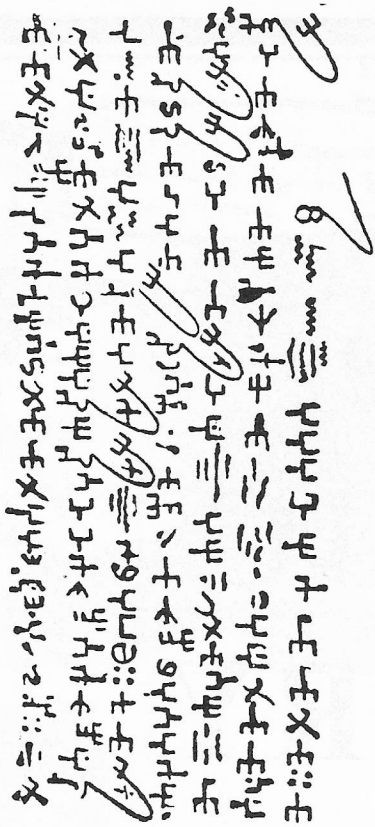
Man, being the wonderful creature that he is, did not see fit to end his treasure trove of folklore with the inspiring and uplifting stories of the Passion, the lives of the Saints, and former Dodger Roy Campenella, but instead, appended a whole body of tales dealing with the Supernatural, or the Paranormal, or, most simply, stories about things that sneak up on you and laugh at you as they rip your head off. Somewhere deep in our collective soul there exists a need for the recounting of the adventures of mishapen, bewinged, yowling, venom-dripping, bloodthirsty horrors whose main interaction with the race of man takes the form of gleefully snapping limbs and pulling viscera from feebly protesting unfortunates. If sheer volume is to be of any count, there is indeed a *very* large need for these tales.

In addition, there is a well-known need to shift the blame or consequence from ourselves to something more powerful — regardless of the facts of any such case. Oddly enough, it is the most guilt-oriented part of our culture that now comes to the rescue: the church. For an organization whose avowed aim is to get the whole world to play nice with no hitting, the church certainly has devoted an incredible amount of effort to the creation of a body of incredibly vicious, malefic creatures.

With all this in mind, it is in the spirit of scholarship that we begin this investigation into the nature of the vulpine, fanged, scuttling, oozing, deformed, twisted grotesqueries that have been our friends and companions for these past 3000 years.



H & C Publishers, Stanford, California



FACSIMILE OF THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIMEN OF THE DEVIL'S WRITING.



Astoreth Appointed by early medieval works as one of the Governors of Hell, he currently presides over the upper northeast corner, commonly known as "Hell's Vacationland." A strong dollar makes it an exceptional value for budget conscious travellers. Book your rooms well in advance!

Asmodeus Prince of the Demons, and personally the demon of fiery lust (a position he lobbied quite strongly to get). An incredibly busy demon, he nonetheless finds time to manifest himself on the planet earth as Richard Dawson.

Abaddon The Angel of the Bottomless Pit, and obviously not a very good choice to invite to picnics — most would prefer to bring Asmodeus. Mostly remembered in the now rare epithet "Abaddon take me if this two-masted schooner is not of the utter highest quality."

Beelzebub The King of Hell, sort of like the Frank Sinatra of the Inferno, although without such strong ties to the Mob. Well known as the "King of the Flies," Beelzebub has done some rapid diversifying of late and is now known more fully as "The King of Flies, Spiders, Belgium, the Discount Carpet World, and Clubs," as well as "The Chairman of the Board." Feyerabend's *Theatrum Diabolorum* estimates the number of his subordinate demons at precisely 2,665,866,746,664. "King of the Flies," indeed.

Belial The Viceroy of Hell, not to be confused with an imp of the same name who works in a nearby office as The Notary Public of Hell. Belial's main job involves the torture of sinners with cleft palates. They must pronounce his name in order to leave the depths.

Bogie From Scottish folklore, a "frightful spectre of evil influence," often known to materialize distractingly during the execution of a second putt on a par three.

Cain The problem child Adam and Eve just won't talk about. Adam wishes they could be more open, but Eve feels the less said the better, and just wishes to forget the whole thing. Their counsellor reminds Adam that "marriage is a two way street," and that he must therefore "take things as they come." This does Adam no good, but he still forks over \$50 per session. Adam is a dope.

Chemosh A Moabite diety, he is the vengeful spirit who repays liberal arts graduates for their neglect of the hard sciences with depressed job markets. Legend has it that the sacrifice of all one's Friday and Saturday nights will appease him.

Chimera A mythical beast with the

head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, or some such arrangement. In medieval times people were very big on mixing together various elements that just didn't blend well at all, the legacy of which can be seen now in the modern map of Europe, which places France and Germany right next to each other, although some fortuitous accident has shipped Britain way out to sea.

Dionysus Once the benevolent god of going out and having a good time with the boys, a drunk driving accident turned him into the Arabian god of judgement and tormenter of the dead.

Dusii A particular strip of demons which haunt caves and woods. Caves and woods being notoriously fearless to the point of insensibility, years of this service have rendered the Dusii obsessed with a feeling of uselessness and inadequacy, and they are liable to be grouchy and curt, even at their own parties.

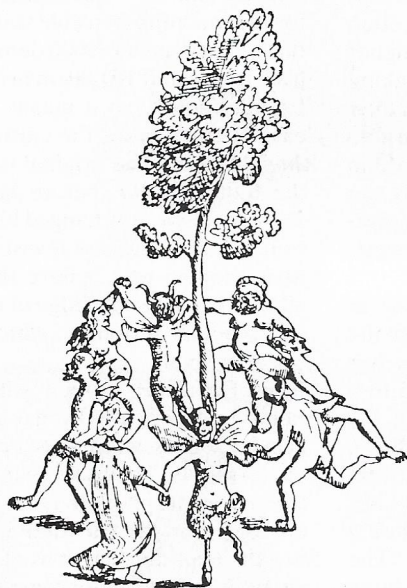
Dwarves Noted for their almost human capacity for petulance, these seedy little beggars go in for petty household mischief and the occasional kidnapping and slaughter of small children. A unique aspect of the dwarven race is that each one is powerless if his cap is knocked off, and must give obedient service to whoever holds it. Just another example of how fable springs from everyday human experience.

Elberich King of the Dwarves. Also known as Oberon, he succeeded to the throne after the disappearance of his predecessor and main adversary Tony "Three Fingers" Mordecia, former candy store owner turned labor "organizer." Federal agents have Elberich under round-the-clock surveillance, but have yet to pin anything on him, except for one small American flag lapel pin, which he later denied owning.

Elohim The gods who originally created the Earth — by name Anu Hea, and Bel. Jehovah later came along and took all the credit, leaving the threesome almost totally destitute. They have been forced to change their names and now eke out a living making commercials for Uniroyal tires.

Error, Monster of Another of St. George's dragon opponents, chronicled in Spenser's oddly titled *Faerie Queen*. Word had it that the dragon would have had an easy time of it with the aging holy man, but a group of gamblers drifted in from upstate New York and demanded he take a dive. In a moving passage, the dragon speaks to his brother:

"You don't understand! I could



have been a contender. Someone with class, real class, instead of a washed-up vermiform reptile, which is what I am. . .”

Famine Notable as being the most boring and least feared of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Reportedly he accepted the role after having been told the Four Horsemen were to be War, Plague, Death and Horrific Gastro-Intestinal Seizures, but after signing a contract it was decided to add some comedic relief and change his part to Tooth Decay. Famine was chosen in an out-of-court settlement.

Faeries Sorry; I won't do it, I can't do it. Some themes are simply too old and familiar to even attempt a joke.

Fever Demon, The The Fever Demon was held to the spirit that entered people's bodies and caused, obviously, fevers. The recommended cure in those days was the introduction of a stronger spirit to expel the fever demon. Modern science and medical techniques have made the Fever Demon less threatening, so to retain modern credibility, he has become the Dance Fever Demon.

Ghosts The disembodied spirits of people wrongly murdered and un-avenged, these shades prowl the Earth, cavorting in bedsheets, rattling chains and issuing low moaning sounds, and are every bit as ineffectual and ludicrous as they sound.

Golem An originally Jewish device of vengeance. A wronged man activates the Golem by applying a mystic rune to the forehead of the clay beast, and the Golem then goes out and gets membership in the offending person's country club. The Golem can only be halted by erasing the rune or raising the greens fee.

Gorgons Great ugly things with the power to turn people to stone simply by looking at them. They are also said to have exceedingly beautiful heads of hair, thus rendering the parallel to my blind dates almost perfectly complete.

Hathors Egyptian goddesses who attend the birth of children and foretell their fate. Grandmothers on a celestial scale.

Hela The Goddess of Death. A grim, forbidding figure. Walks battlefields, felling men with her icy touch. Hangs out at Scotch 22. Buy her three Rob Roys and she'll agree to anything.

Hobgoblins An incredibly cute, friendly sounding name for an evil, squalid imp. A suburban couple, intrigued by the name, would buy a hobgoblin from a street vendor, and bring it home, only to discover it the next morning finishing off the gory remains of Billy and little Sue.

Incubus Male spirits that seduce women, normally appearing in the form of tennis pros, college professors, or close, trusted friends.

Infernal Powers More fully recognized as the Infernal Powers Act of 1973, which required then-President Nixon to get congressional approval for the use of Satanic powers or incantations in a foreign country for a period of longer than 90 days.

Izdhubar The mighty Chaldean hunter, who was spurred to his mighty deeds by the insecurity of his childhood, when he was unmercifully ridiculed because of his name.

Jinnis Nasty things created out of fire to annoy the human race. Their effectiveness is marginal, as anything they touch becomes engulfed in flames and even a casual handshake becomes an inexplicable nightmare of charred flesh. However, they are great practical jokers and good folk to have around at picnics when the charcoal just won't light.

Judgement, Day of The last day of time, where everyone gets caught at everything they ever did. A day to give real meaning to the term "judicial backlog."

Kali Multi-limbed figure of death. Representative of the Indian penchant for worshipping things with more arms than they. It is indeed a very good thing they never became acquainted with the octopus.

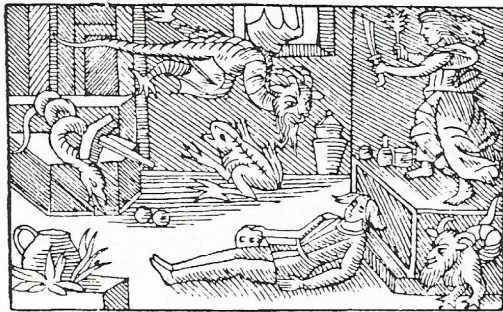
Kelpie In the tradition of Nessie, the Loch Ness Monster, the Kelpie is yet another cute name for a giant Scottish serpent. The Kelpie is a great horrible carnivorous water-horse that pounces on unsuspecting tourists, and hauls them away to eat alive.

Kronus Also known as Moloch, this individual was particularly pleased by the sacrifice of young children, the creation of the myth being yet another wonderful testament to the sanity and morality of our collective subconscious.

Leviathan In the tradition of 'more is better,' the legend of leviathan centers on a creature that is "just damn big." Its main pursuits are the swallowing of ships and the frightening of light-houses.

Lilith Adam's first wife, who left him because he wasn't "Open enough with his feelings" and "wasn't ready to communicate in a meaningful way." After working as a cocktail waitress for a while, she's now married to a former NFL quarterback, and has her own Real Estate business.

Limnads Also Naiads, these are cheerful little sprites mainly concerned with the business of leading passing strangers to a painful death by drowning.



Maskim The seven subterranean spirits of the Chaldeans, who once rebelled against heaven itself, and were greatly feared for their tremendous power. Now hugely reduced by age and battle, they mostly manifest themselves in the form of an awesomely useful adhesive tape.

Muhknee Obscure, temperamental god of the Anglo-Saxons of modern-day North America. A cruel and fickle diety, it often demands the sacrifice of ethics or friendship on its altars. High priests awe crowds with frightening displays of extended credit lines and "purchasing power."

Neptuni Aquatic demons who revel in awarding spurious yachting titles to uncouth unlettered half civilized savages from the uttermost edges of the known world.

Ninja Awesomely powerful human killing machines; roughly the exact opposite of today's FBI. Born from a culture that simply doesn't respect human life the way we do, they made killing glorious and a virtual art form, forcing us to drop a great huge bomb on them to slow them down.

Nymphs Cruelly seductive sprites that gather at secondary schools and often at parties at institutions of higher learning to tempt men into making ridiculous fools of themselves in their blind desire to violate the Mann act.

Odin Chief Nordic god, whose worship dies out because he was usually too hobbled by drink to respond effectively to the prayers of his believers. Little missed.

O Yama Chief of the demons in Japanese lore, and in later days the Japanese craze for imitation has caused his name to be affixed to a genre of story telling much in the manner of the Western world's O. Henry. However, instead of a surprise or "twist" ending, all O. Yama tales end with the protagonists being damned to hell. One example is "The Gift of the Magi," where a young couple sacrifice their most prized possessions to buy each other a gift for the emperor's birthday — only to die in a gas explosion and be damned to Hell. Another is "The Last Leaf," where a small, sick child believes he will die when a tree outside the window drops its last leaf. It does, and he dies and goes to Hell.

Pluto Another god of the underworld, this figure being oddly represented by having outsized floppy ears, a rounded black nose, and grinning mouth with dangling tongue. His demonic familiars Mickey and Donald complete an obscene parody of the holy trinity.

Pwcca An evil Welsh spirit that effectively cuts Wales off from the

rest of the world by taking all their words and pulling them inside out.

Quasimodo The hunchbacked bell ringer of Notre Dame, and three-time All-American, who, along with George Gipp and Ronald Reagan, led the Irish to two national championships.

Quadrilateral Nightmare demon personally afflicting ex-Stanford Coach Paul Wiggin and one-time professional athlete John Elway, this visitation takes the form of the last 80% of the last play of the 1982 Big Game.

Quarnedo, The Monster That Knows No Fear Born from the darkest swamps of deepest Louisiana, it shambled forth from its bayou home to the lights of the biggest city on Earth, New York City, where it was crushingly, devistatingly ignored by all and sundry.

Mrs. Rapp My eighth grade geography teacher. A huge, bloated monster-woman, of equal parts harpy and ghoul, with a voice like broken glass cascading over a bucket of howler monkeys and a personality of a frozen fish display. A tough grader, too.

Ravhena Ancient philosopher noted for the incomprehensible statement that "Everyone has 1000 demons on his left side and 10,000 on his right." I don't know what it means, but in case of emergency, I'm cutting left.

Rho-T-Amenti The original name of the Sun God Ra, before he went show business and changed his name so it would sound less Jewish.

Sibyls Women who believe they are gifted with the knowledge of destiny and oracular prophesy, which is to say all women.

Sirens Beautiful women who lure sailors to their deaths by making high keening sounds, which must be attractive to sailors. They also do the same to commercial pilots, but that branch are known as the Air Raid Sirens.

Succubi Beautiful demon women who visit you in the night for some exhaustive, attachment-free sex, with the unfortunate side effect that you wind up waking up dead and without a soul. Such an obviously didactic myth that it's hard to take seriously.

Tanner, Roscoe Mythical tennis-playing monster, armed with a fear-somely rapid serve. Finally conquered by the Knight Errant Connors when it was revealed that Tanner could not hit a decent groundstroke to save his life.

Thanos Another god of death. May I take this opportunity to remind you that there is a fine assortment of candies and sweets available in the theatre lobby? Thank you.

Tubal-Cain Something has to be done about this preponderance of gods



and goddess of death. It is so very seldom that you see a god of flesh wounds or "I'll be alright in a minute, just help me to my feet." Lord knows we need a god of aging; that's one thing I'm really afraid of — that, and finding Mick Jagger in my bedroom with a knife.

Ulysses Chief imp devoted to the pursuit of murky, incomprehensible writing, which is nonetheless hugely critically acclaimed, and the basis for more than one undergraduate suicide.

Utrecht, Treaty of A personal demon, ever since I stupidly chose to place it in the twenty-fifth century during the essay section of the AP History exam, that action resulting in a cumulative score sufficient to delay my college entrance by three years.

Undead, The A vague term. We are all undead. Why isn't it unalive? If someone were to say to me, "Here comes an undead!" I might run away, only to discover later that it was my good friend Tim. If someone were to say "Here comes something Un-alive!" I would have no difficulty resolving my decision not to wait around to see what it might be.

Vayu Vedic wind god, and despite immense editorial pressure I will not stoop to some crass joke about the "breaking" of his laws. I have some pride.

Vampires Something so terrible that its best to just shun the world altogether in order to avoid. Stay in your room and paper the walls with pages from the Bible; that's my advice.

Vrita Hindu god of overly spiced food, acting as an agent of vengeance against the western world for two centuries of colonial oppression.

Werewolves No! Were people! Were they to have been wolves, that would not be frightening, except to some wolves, and what do they know, anyway? These Werepeople run around through forests at night, and if they bite you, you turn into a weresperson too. The Herpes II of the Supernatural.

What's That Noise in the Basement? The most common household, modern day demon, ranking slightly ahead of "I think the baby's swallowed something metal" and "There's a black man outside who says he wants to talk to you alone" in the suburban world. Generally, the noise in the basement is nothing more than mice or perhaps a multi-limbed semi-organic killing machine from a planet of a different star.

Wind, Gone With The Fiendish creation normally run opposite champion sporting matches, leading to harsh words and sporadic outbreaks of

violence between the heads of households.

Xerox American capitalist nightmare figure: the haunting image of investments Not Made. At night it eerily calls out stock quotations from the 1950's, rising to shrill crescendo at current market value.

Xanadu Representative of the worst creations of mankind: Simultaneously a New York City Discoteque and an Olivia Newton-John movie. Only Joan Rivers is more repellent.

Xylophone A tremendously terrifying thing, especially when someone is either threatening to hit you with it or, especially, play one.

Yamu A Hindu demon. Of an enormous panoply of imps spread throughout the spectrum of human experience, Yamu's function is stealing into rest rooms and removing all the paper towels, making it impossible to dry your hands anywhere other than your shirt.

Ymir Frost giant god of the Nordic peoples, he also goes under a variety of other names, like their head god Odin, called Woden, called Wotan. Anthropologists theorize that this is due to the fact that the person who would invent or name a particular diety had a 50-50 change of freezing to death before the name was fully memorized by his fellows.

Yale Mythical land of an eccentric race of pink and green people who travel the earth bereft of the comfort of socks, and haunted by the knowledge they couldn't get into the two schools that really matter, especially the one with the good climate where they wouldn't even need socks.

Zeus The olden god of the Greeks. Gods were so much simpler then, having just all sorts of basic human qualities like greed, lust, and wild, insensate anger. It must have been a wonderful time, worshipping a god your mother probably wouldn't have let you hang around with.

Zohak Another dragon, notable for being no more than three inches from head to tip of tail. Not very widely feared, respected, or even noticed, he lived a checkered life, finally sinking into the depths of depravity in a Baltimore Hotel, where, in an alcoholic rage over being taken for a salamander for the 1500th time, he took his own life by setting afire the breath of Edgar Allen Poe.

Zulus A fierce warrior tribe of the African continent who take great joy in threatening to cause the lingering and painful death of anyone who attempts to use them to finish off the last difficult letters of their whimsical encyclopedia by making tactless racial jokes about basketball.

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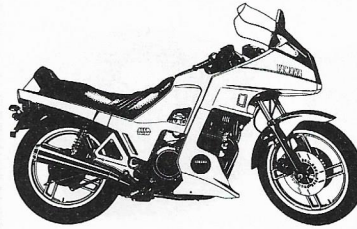
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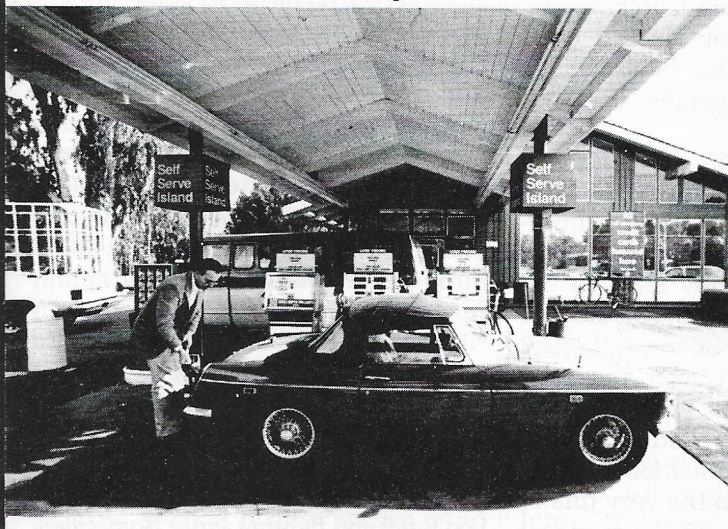


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CAPT. COOL



"God damn I'm hip."

Captain Cool eyed himself approvingly in the mirror, peering out the sides of his sunglasses. The new uniform was it. He'd out-cooled even himself. He spread his cape out for effect. Tie-dye was coming back, he knew.

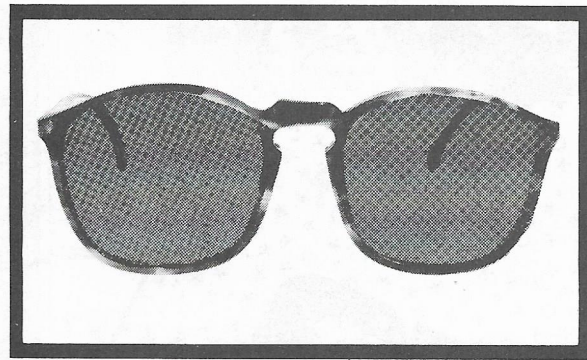
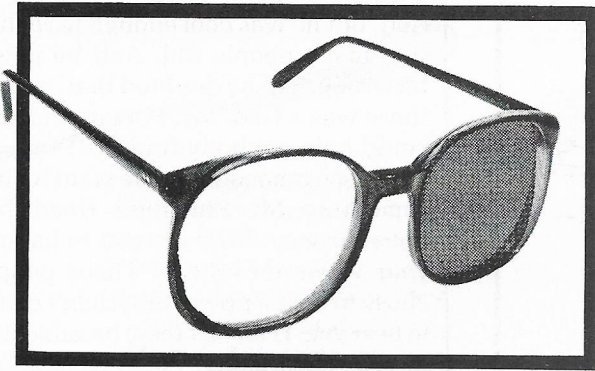
"Whoosh!" he said, pretending to fly. "I'm cooler than Toucan Sam."

Captain Cool figured he was superherodom's last hope. The good guys just weren't what they used to be. Ever since Captain Marvel died of cancer, it was as if *all* super-heroes realized they weren't immortal. They stopped being cool. They'd gotten competitive and petty, and cared only about their own glorification. But the situation had sunk to the very pits of unhipness with the NBC broadcast *Battle of the Network Super-heroes*. Maybe he would have kept his mouth shut if he hadn't seen Wonder Woman reduce herself to mud wrestling Black

Widow on network TV. But now Captain Cool knew his time had come.

Of course, the Captain had *always* looked down on the other super-heroes. Their motives were right, but their approach simply reeked of poserhood. The uniforms were the worst. Most were just red, white and blue (Like their wearers' attitudes, thought Captain Cool). The U.S. was pretty cool as countries go, but what about the rest of the world? Did Iron Man ever fly through the Iron Curtain? Did Captain America ever go stop injustice in Nicaragua? Hell, no! All those patriotic fairies in the Justice League thought that those commies were just getting what they deserved.

The Captain usually hung out in Berlin, partying up with Bowie and Lou Reed and fighting scum. Sometimes he'd fly artists up to the top of the Wall and hover while they spray painted curses in German. The Wall sported just about the hippest graffiti this side



by Tim Quirk

of China — none of that Futura 2000 New York subway bullshit.

He didn't mix much with the other heroes. The Green Arrow was OK, 'cuz dressing up all in green like Robin Hood was definitely cool, but he was always hanging around with that asshole Green Lantern. There were rumors that the two were lovers, and Superman was trying to get them banished from the League.

But now Captain Cool had returned to the States, and he saw how far the problem had advanced. Everyone had suddenly flipped out. Spiderman had gone on strike after ABC cancelled his cartoon, and the Flash had been publicly humiliated when he admitted in a *Playboy* interview that he occasionally took speed when he was feeling slow.

So Captain Cool decided to embark on a large scale re-hip program. He spent a week shopping around South Broadway and St. Mark's Place while he designed the new uniform. He considered appearing on *Good Morning America* in his new garb to tell the country he was back and that all the losers should leave, but he had always avoided media coverage. If you were really cool, people would hear about you anyhow. And Captain Cool was beyond cool. He was so cool that everyone in the Village knew he'd returned before he ever left.

Anyway, the Village was not really a happening place. It was, in fact, quite un-cool. But it was a perfect place for the Captain to begin his crusade against plastic people. And his first target was his nemesis, the ultimate in all that is worthless and boring and fake: MR. PINEAPPLE HEAD!

THE ADVENTURE

Mr. Pineapple Head was a creep. He was also decadent. He lived in dirt. He took many un-cool drugs. He was mean and nasty to people he didn't know. He wore spandex and lycra and had an earring in his nose. Basically, he tried too hard.

Mr. Pineapple Head spent most of his time recording horrible records on his own label which consisted of the assorted shrieks and moans of people he stuck pins into. He said it was artistic license. Andy Warhol said it was avant-garde. Captain Cool said it sucked. Who was right?

Mr. Pineapple Head could afford to buy spandex and make his own records because he was rich. His daddy made lots of money by drawing cartoons of dogs who thought and did funny things for newspapers. Mr. Pineapple Head got his father to give him this money by sticking pins into him.

Mr. Pineapple Head didn't really commit any crimes. If he did, the police would have arrested him. But Captain Cool wasn't a policeman; he was a superhero, and his job was to stop people who did bad things that weren't against the law. Mr. Pineapple Head was going to put on a concert. He had a chorus of people he was going to stick pins into. It isn't hard to find posers who don't mind having pins stuck into them. But finding more posers who will listen to other posers scream when someone sticks a pin into them is a bit more difficult. And it is almost impossible to find posers who will pay ten dollars to listen to other posers scream when someone sticks a pin into them.

Since nobody was going to buy tickets to his concert, Mr. Pineapple Head — who thought his music was very good — decided he would do a public service and *make* people listen to it. Once they heard the sounds that Mr. Pineapple Head could produce, he claimed, they would find God.

So he assembled his chorus in a church one Sunday morning and hit the priest over the head with a Bible, so that the priest, too, could find God. Then Mr. Pineapple Head hid his chorus under the altar and waited for all the church-goers to fill the church. Then he locked the doors.

"My, my!" yelled the frightened church-goers. "What is happening here?"

Mr. Pineapple Head clapped his hands three times and the chorus of people he planned to stick with pins assembled in front of the pews. Most of these people were wearing leather. A few already had pins stuck through various parts of them.

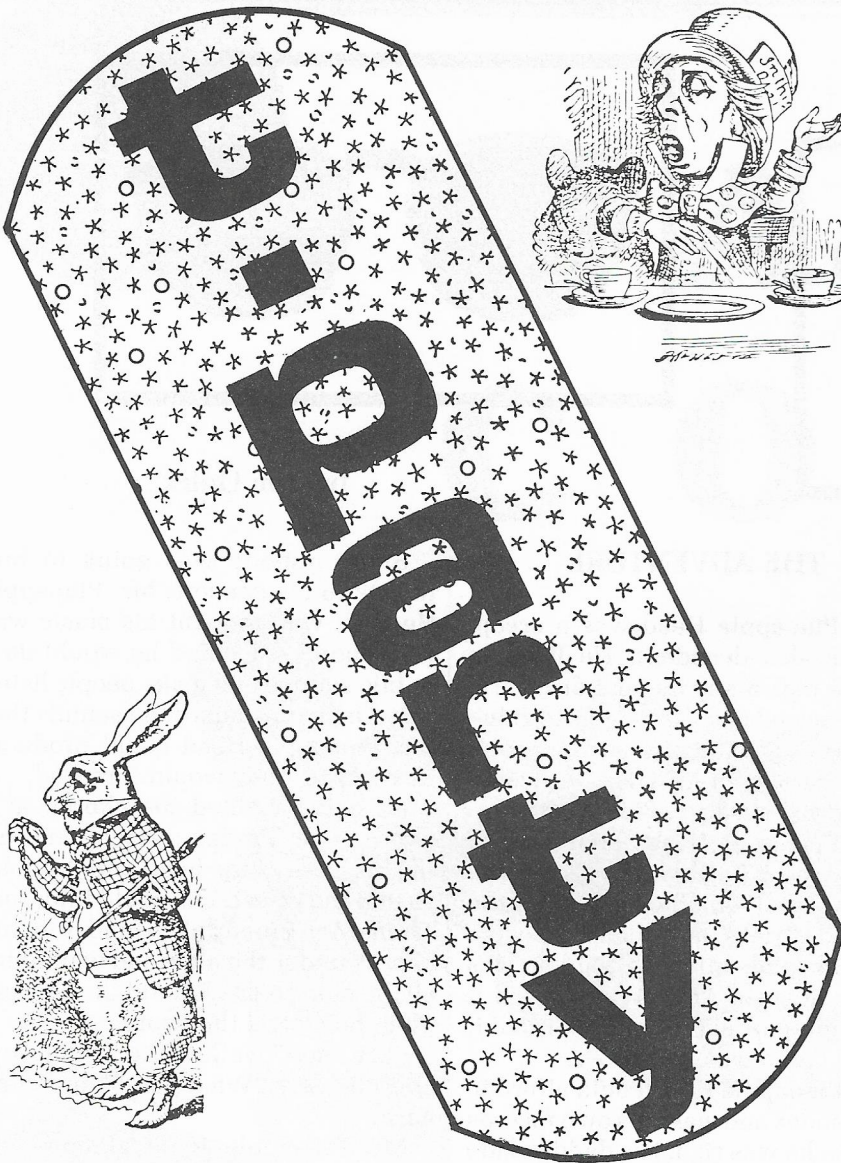
"Kneel down, all of you!" Mr. Pineapple Head commanded the congregation. "Open your ears to the true voice of God!"

"Not so fast, fruit-face," Captain Cool said calmly. He had snuck into the cathedral as a devotee, but as he ripped off his Sunday-best and put on his shades, Mr. Pineapple Head saw who he really was.

"Drats!" cried Mr. Pineapple Head. "It's Captain Cool!"

"Hooray, hooray! Save us Captain Cool!" chimed the innocent church people.

"That's right, baby," Captain Cool said to Mr. Pineapple Head. "Now, go away."



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"Never! These people must find God!"

Now Captain Cool, like most superheroes, found it hard to believe in God, but he was cool enough to realize that many people did. And he might be wrong. Yet he doubted that, even if there was a God, Mr. Pineapple Head could help anybody find it.

"These innocent people want to find something, Mr. Pineapple Head, but not your way. Who are you to impose your views on others? These people chose to hear a priest, they didn't chose to hear you. I can't let them be subjected to your cacaphony."

"Easy for you to say, Captain Cool. But what makes you so sure that I'm wrong? If they could only hear!"

"No way. They don't want to."

"But they do!" screamed Mr. Pineapple Head. "They just don't know it. They won't listen to me because I'm ugly . . . because I'm a pineapple head."

Captain Cool did not back down.

"That's where you're wrong guy. You're only ugly because you think you are. You make yourself ugly by putting things in your face and hair and wearing dumb clothes. You're rich, but you pretend to be poor. You think ugliness and pain is the answer. You think hatred is cool. You're a loser. Split."

"Nice sermon, coming from one who is admired and thought beautiful. You would sing a different song if . . . you had a pineapple head!"

"Wrong once more. Dig this: people only think I'm beautiful because I think I'm beautiful. I look no better than any pineapple head. I just wear nice clothes and think nice thoughts. That's cool."

Mr. Pineapple Head pretended he didn't believe Captain Cool and raised his pin like a conductor. "You still can't stop my concert!"

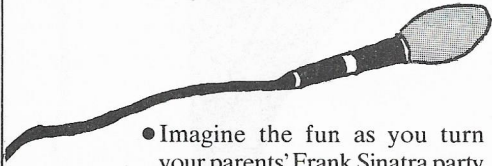
"You're wrong for the last time," Captain Cool said, removing his sunglasses. "Chill out, man."

As he spoke, Captain Cool glared at Mr. Pineapple Head. Like most people who get glared at by Captain Cool, Mr. Pineapple Head stopped cold. His mouth dropped open as he viewed the absolutely awesome aura of coolness the Captain projected. While he stood there like an idiot, Captain Cool kicked him in the balls.

The fight against pseudoness had begun.

Mr. Backmasker

Tired of singing the same old pop tunes? Well now, with Mr. Backmasker, you can control your friends with satanic messages you put in the background of any song.



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- Sense the satisfaction as your dentist drills *his* teeth.
- Mr. Backmasker will give new meaning to the children's song "I think I'm gonna eat some worms."
- The happy birthday chorus will never be the same with the hidden message: "The anti-Christ shall rule from Pittsburg."

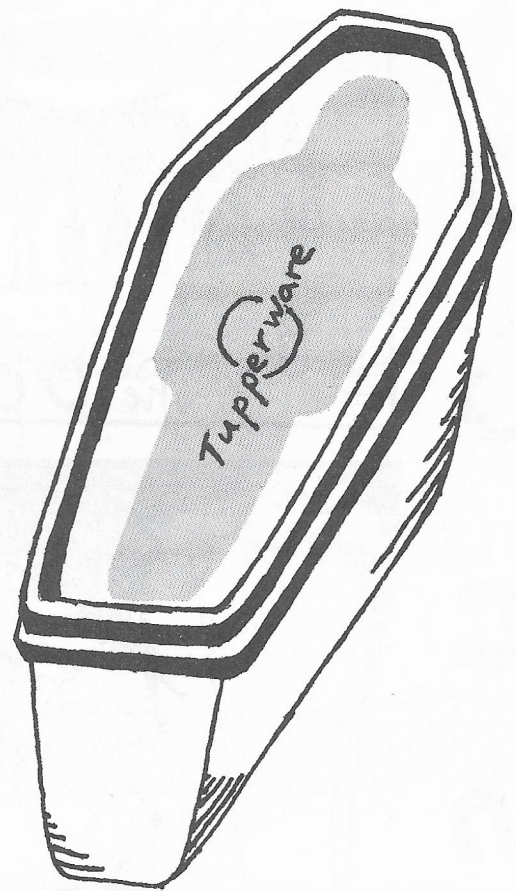
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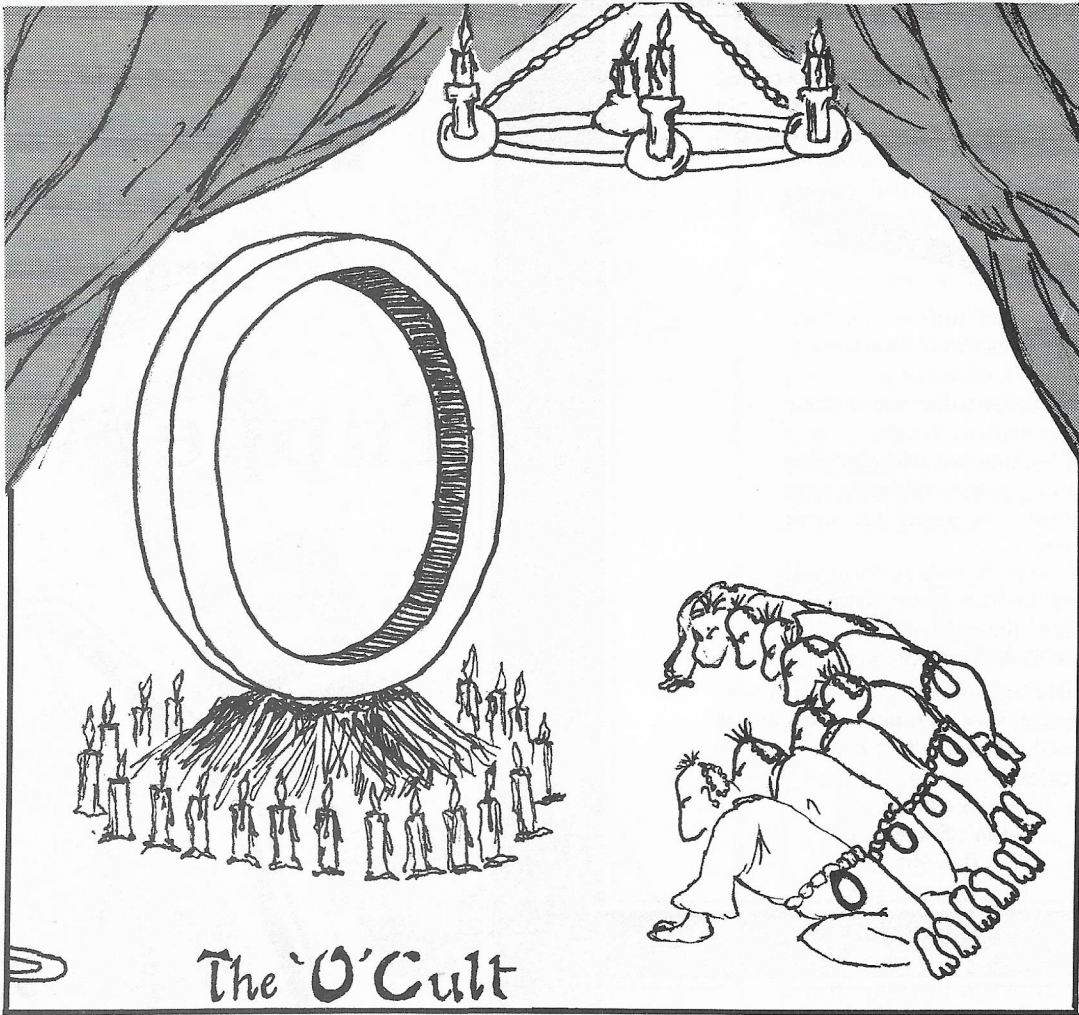
House of Humor



210

El Camino

Mt. View



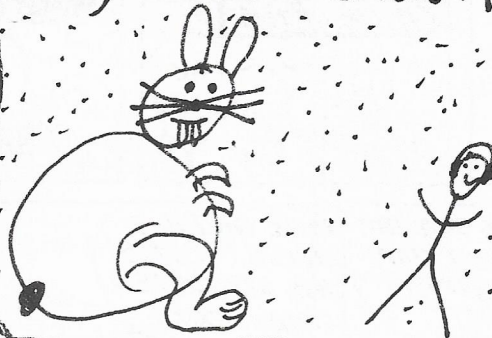
"Hey quit it, you're melting my face."

It Snowed

1

Billy Made a Snow Rabbit

2



Then he waited for the rabbit to come to life & give him a magical Christmas.

3



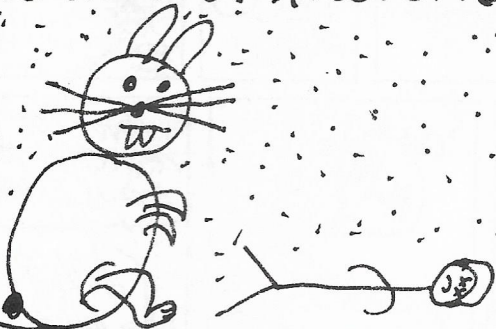
He waited some more.

4



He died of frostbite.

5



Then the rabbit laughed and hopped away.

6

ho, ho, ho



Clitus the Fetus

(rhymes with...)

in "Polterfetus"

Due to its mother's voluminous drug intake, the unborn Clitus has been granted sentience and reality warping powers of Astral projection...

In the uterus

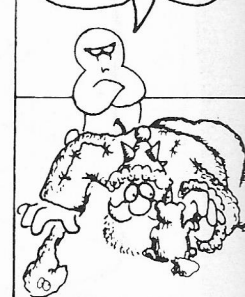
A relaxing nap is rudely interrupted...



...and almost simultaneously on the Astral Plane, a bored wizard dwarf attempts to...



I face another intra-uterine threat and you taunt squirrels!



You are so right Clitus. Forgive me! What's up?



It was big an' pink and there in the uterus with me!

Pink and in a uterus? Clitus, this warrants a closer look!



Be serious Clitus. There aren't any rodents on the Astral Plane!



With a flick of mental muscle, Clitus flings the dwarf and itself into Einsteinian space-time...



But I believe we've found your "big an' pink" albeit sans fangs apparition!



... a BROTHER! Ralston, I'm going to have a brother!



But Clitus, what's your brother going to have?



Your sexual identity is certainly something more than wombmate!



Unable to solve its gender problem with mere inspection, Clitus and Ralston return to the Astral Plane...



After much searching...



There's no need to define because we are all one. All is one and one is all. One approaches a limit of zero. We are nothing. No need to...



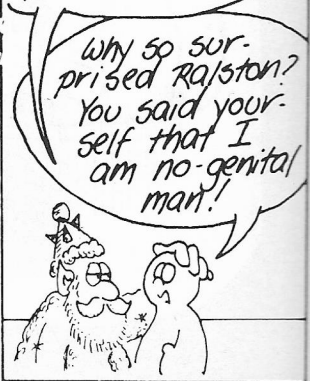
Clitus, if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times...



ACK!



... Never be disrespectful to your Astral Elders!

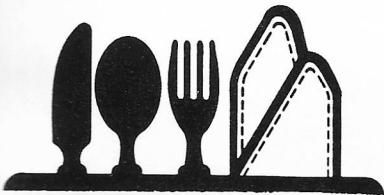


Tresidder Memorial Union

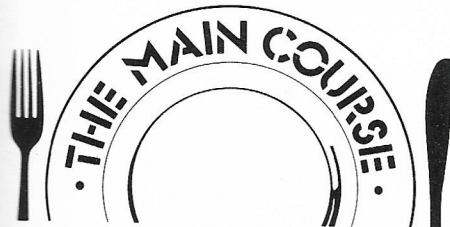
What's in it for you? Everything!

Food Services

Union Crossroads, Lower-Level
Phone: 497-4321 A comprehensive eatery with services listed below.



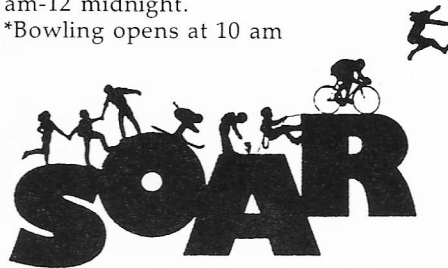
The Corner Pocket Phone: 497-0374
Pizza — whole or by-the-slice, Frozen Yogurt, Chili, Soup, Salads and Beverages. Hours: Daily 11:30 am-11:30 pm
Corner Pocket,
Phone: 497-0374 Fast, on campus pizza delivery. Coming this Fall. Hours: 6 pm-12 midnight



Main Course Phone: 497-4321
Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner Specials, Deli Bar, Mexican Fare, Salad Bar, Grilled Foods, Fruit Bar, Beverages and Ice Cream. Hours: Mon-Fri 7 am-6:30 pm, Sat-Sun 10 am-4 pm
Marcel's Phone: 497-3521 Pastries, Fruit, Coffee, Special Order Cakes and Pies. Hours: Mon-Fri 7 am-6:30 pm, Sat-Sun 8 am-4 pm
Tresidder Catering, Union Crossroads
Phone: 497-4324 Coffee and Pastries, Deli Trays, Lunches, Receptions, Formal Dinners and more. Hours: Mon-Fri 8 am-5 pm
Coffee House, Lower Level Phone: 497-3592 New expanded service including good sandwiches, nachos, salads, beers, wine, fine coffees, entertainment and art displays, plus outdoor seating on the Coffee House Patio. Hours: Mon-Thurs 9 am-12 midnight, Fri 9 am-1 am, Sat 10 am-1 am, Sun 10 am-12 midnight
Encina Station, Encina Hall
Phone: 497-3409
Hot Entrees, Grilled Hamburgers, Fries, Mexican Fare, Homemade Soups and Chili, Salad Bar, Beverages including Beer and Wine.
Hours: Mon-Fri 7:30 am-2:30 pm

Recreation

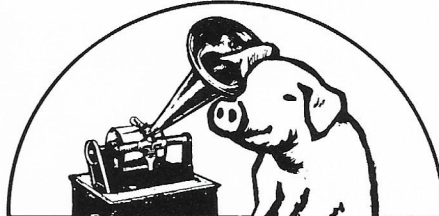
Recreation Center Lower Level
Phone: 497-4316
Bowling, Games Room with 35 Video Games, Billiards, Pinball and Foosball, Board Games, Bicycle Licensing, Tournaments and Classes.
Hours: Mon-Thurs* 9 am-12 midnight, Fri* 9 am-1 am, Sat 10 am-1 am, Sun 10 am-12 midnight.
*Bowling opens at 10 am



SOAR (Stanford Outdoor Adventures and Recreation), Recreation Center
Phone: 497-4316
Trips and Excursions, Classes and Workshops, Information Switchboard and Equipment Rental including Tents, Backpacks, Sleeping Bags and Stoves.
Hours: Same as Recreation Center

Programs

Associated Students Of Stanford (ASSU), Upper Level Phone: 497-4331
Stanford's Student Government and the location of many student services: T-Shirt Shop, Lecture Notes, Legal Counseling, etc.
Hours: Mon-Fri 8:30 am-5 pm
Office of Student Activities (OSA), Upper Level Phone: 497-3542
Program advising for individuals and student groups.
Hours: Mon-Fri 8 am-12 noon, 1 pm-5 pm



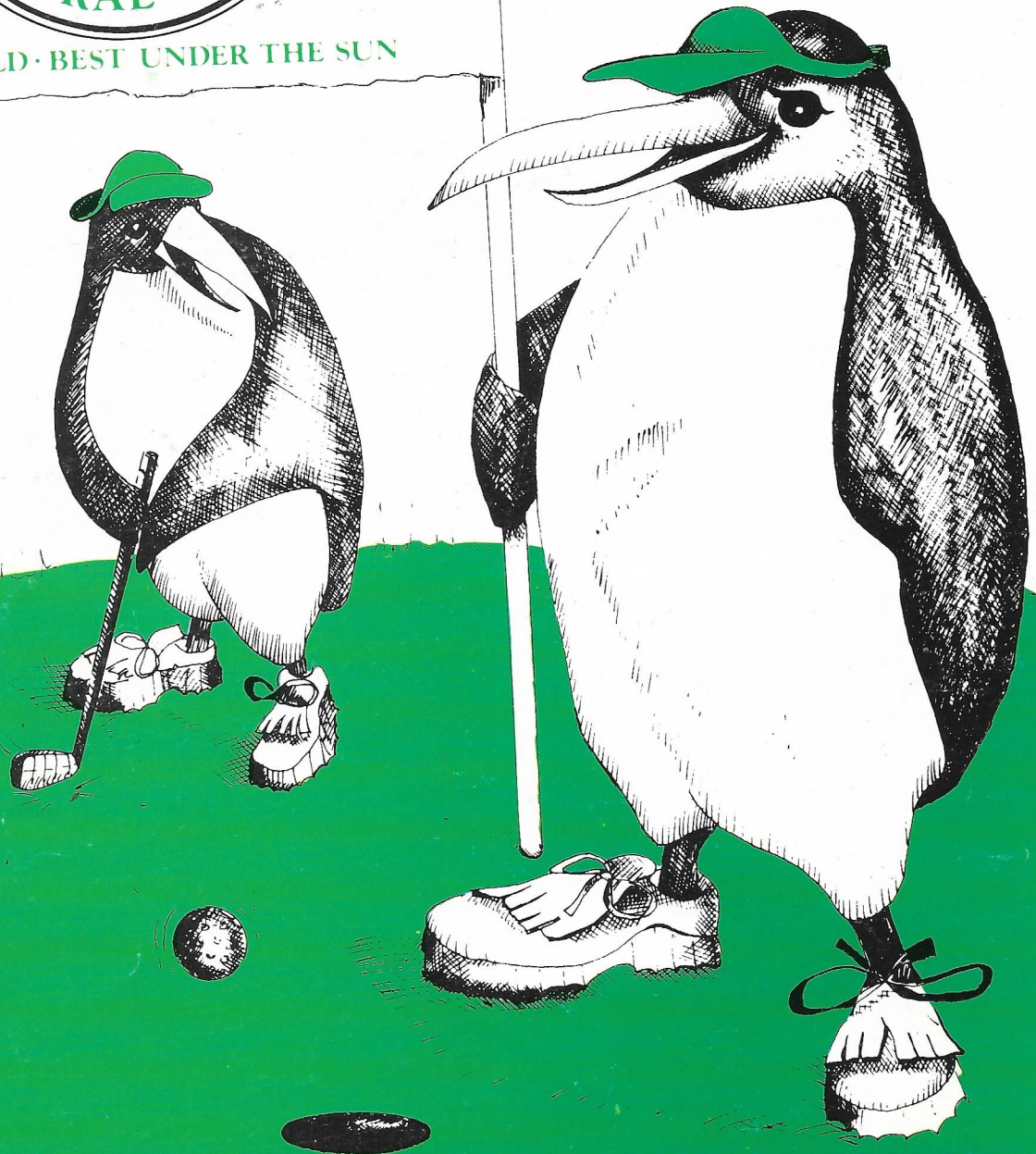
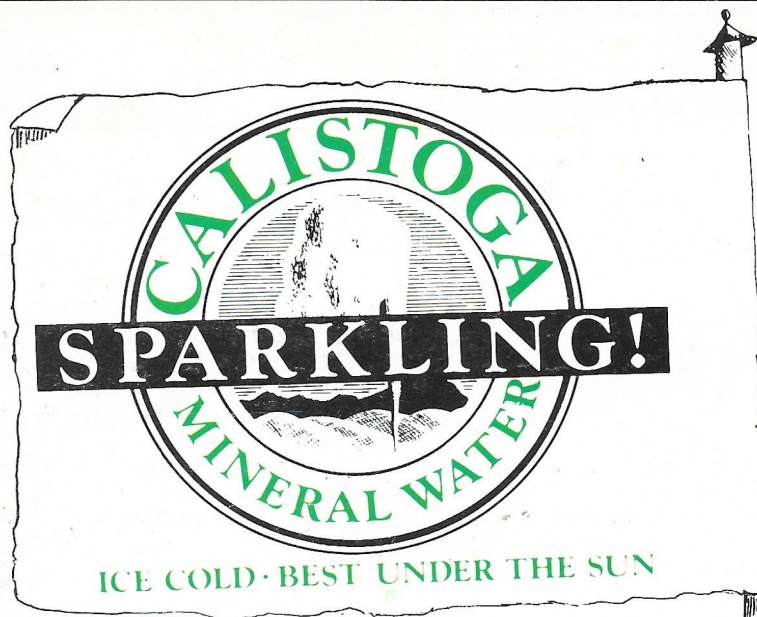
Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS), Upper Level Phone: 497-9671
Lectures, Classes, Noon Concerts, Coffee House Entertainment, Films, Art Exhibits and Special Events. Volunteer Opportunities.
Hours: Mon-Fri 9 am-5 pm

Information

Information Center, Upper Level
Phone: 497-4311
Information on Tresidder Union, Campus Events, and Bay Area Transit
Hours: Mon-Fri 8 am-10 pm, Sat-Sun 10 am-10 pm
Campus Events Tape, Information Center
Phone: 497-0336
Pre-recorded tape for regular listings of major campus events.
24 hours a day

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The Store, Lower Level
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Wells Fargo Bank Walk-Up Window
Hours: Mon.-Fri 8:30 am-5 pm
Wells Fargo Bank Express Stop
Hours: Daily, 24 Hour Service.
Tresidder Ticket Office, Upper Level
Phone: 497-4317
Tickets for Sporting Events, Concerts, The Lively Arts, Music, Drama, Excursions and more. Hours: Mon-Fri 10 am-5:30 pm, Sat 12 noon-4 pm



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