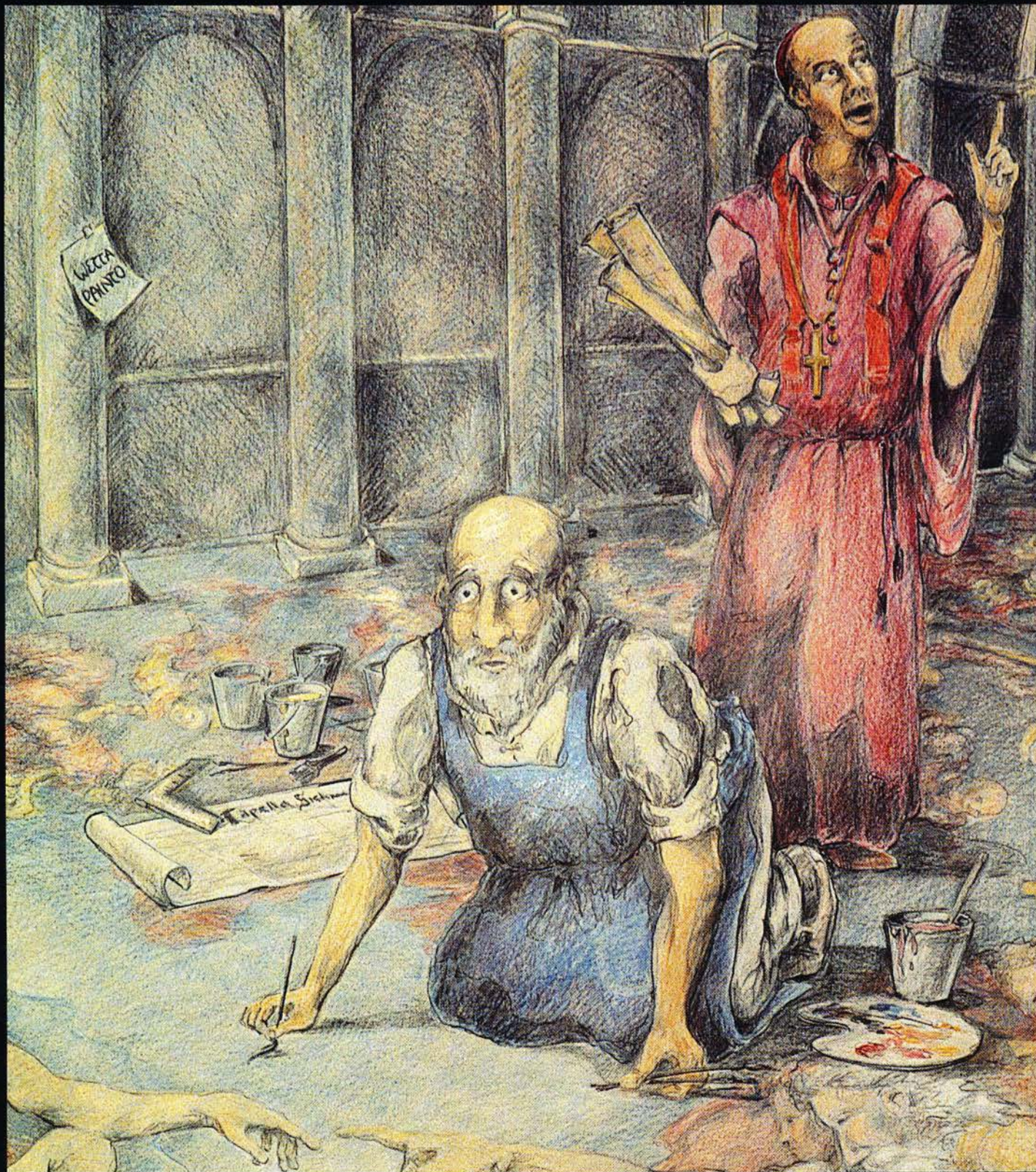


# STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

One Buck



MISTAKES

# How to take the perfect Study Break.

You study hard and when you take a break, it better be good. When you're looking for that perfect study break, try one of Tresidder Union's options. You deserve it.

## 1. The Corner Pocket

The first formula a Stanford student learns: frozen yogurt + socializing with friends = the perfect study break. You can also substitute or add pizza-by-the-slice. The Corner Pocket is only a few steps from your room, serving pizza and fro-yo until 11:30 pm.



## 2. The Store

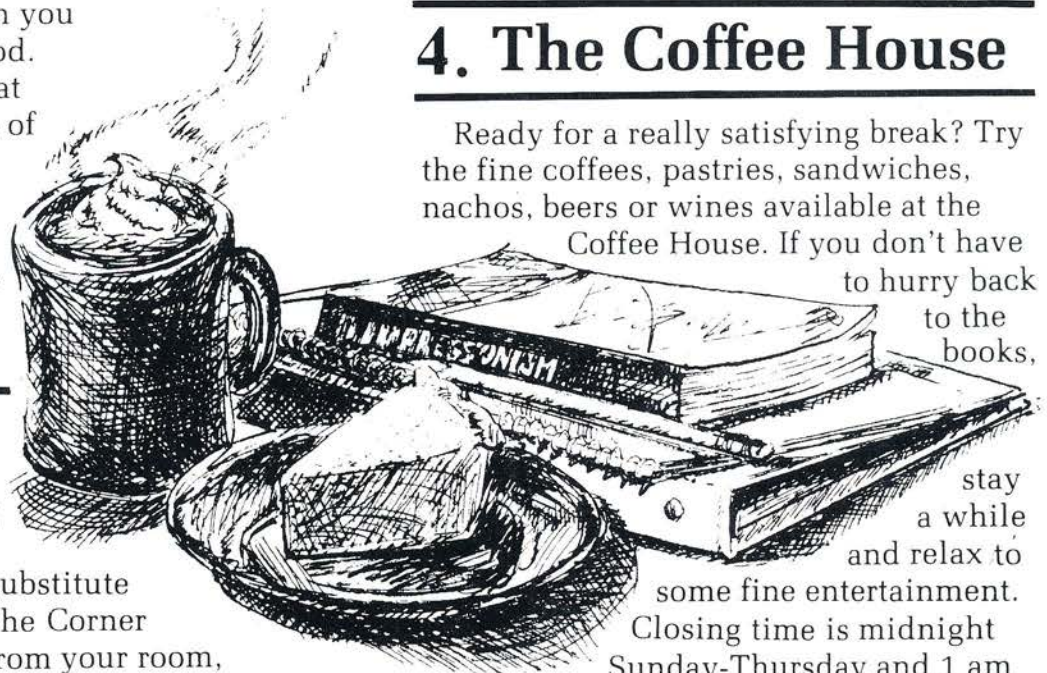
Need a quick snack? The Store is the place for you. Open until 11 pm, 7 days a week, the Store can supply all the necessary ingredients for the perfect study break: sodas, juices, coffees, teas, crackers, cheeses, meats, aspirin, magazines, stationery or the ultimate in study breaks — a pint of Häagen Dazs. Be prepared for late night munchies — stock up!

## 3. The Recreation Center

After sitting at your desk, get your blood flowing again at the Recreation Center. Take out your frustrations on a few pins and bowl a game or two. Or take a trip into the fantasy world offered by any one of the 35 video and pinball games in the games room.

## 4. The Coffee House

Ready for a really satisfying break? Try the fine coffees, pastries, sandwiches, nachos, beers or wines available at the Coffee House. If you don't have to hurry back to the books, stay a while and relax to some fine entertainment. Closing time is midnight Sunday-Thursday and 1 am on Friday and Saturday.



## 5. Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS)

How about some entertainment to bolster your spirits? On Thursday nights check out STARTS-sponsored concerts in the Coffee House. On Friday nights, try one of STARTS' movies. You can also call the Campus Events Tape to see if anything else is going on. Or you can just take a walk through Tresidder Union and view the STARTS-sponsored art exhibits (2nd floor lobby & Coffee House gallery).



**Tresidder Union**

Information 497-4311  
Campus Events Tape 497-0336



# Chaparral

volume 86  
number 1  
winter 85

# mistakes



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Say "Hi!" to the Editor  
Stanford Chaparral  
P.O. Box 8585  
Stanford, CA 94305

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... as well as  
the Stanford Chaparral

# The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded  
5 October 1899

by Bristow Adams

Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of  
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society  
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

## Coryphaeus

Ron Fernandez

## Stick Figures

Ron Herbst

## Sorry, Mike

Mike Collins

## Dipsomaniac

Tim Quirk

## Latent Images

Pat McCuen

## Peru Bound

Karen Easterbrook

## Going Nowhere Fast

Staffah' X

## Porbeagle

Bill Berenboim

## Genotype

Crissie Collins

## Oops!

George Zimmerman

sec. treas.

## Hammer and Coffin

Paul Cheney '86

Vinnie Freda '84

Bill McColgan '84

Mike Wilkins '81

Joel Freid '85

Warren Habib '95

Leslie Leland '87

Al 'X ??

## STAFF

### Impediments

(staff in general)

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Bob Franklin

Andy Frisch

Adrian Garcia

Monica Lytle

Ray Ravaglia

Josh Weinstein

Cedric Chin

### Straight Men (Persons)

Bill Berenboim

Jay Alter

### Magic Markers

Enrique Alvarez

Paul Cheney

Kristen Deem

Chris Krahn

Ken Lo

James Lujan

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

## REFLECTIONS

Now That is no way for you to act during your last issue. Let's get a move on. The credits have rolled. It's time for the changing of the guard...

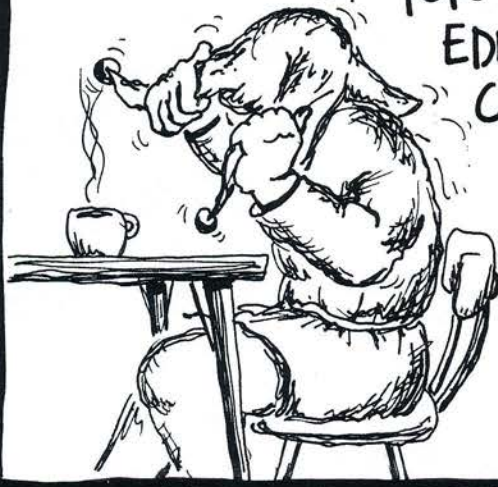
THE CAFFEINE HASN'T HIT MY FRONTAL LOBES, YET. O.K.?



YEAH. I'M THE EDITOR. "OLD BOY" IN CHAPPIE TALK. BY THE WAY, WELCOME TO THE MAGAZINE. THIS IS MY SPACE. BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.



YUP. MY LAST ISSUE. LIKE PRESIDENTS, AUTOMOBILE TIRES AND UNDERWEAR, THERE COMES A TIME FOR A CHANGE. CHAPPIE EDITORS ARE NO EXCEPTIONS. TIME TO PASS THE HAT. OUT WITH THE OLD BLOOD. IN WITH THE NEW...



## Tommy is 6 Years Old.



## He Has Never Not Slept Alone.

3000 children in the United States have sexual relations with an adult as often as they eat a meal.

But they are merely the fortunate minority.

For years, we have tried to help the plight of the poor remainder of this country's youth. Children who face a cold, empty bed each night, bereft of the comfort of adult emotional and physical support. There are children who need this special form of communication but are too embarrassed, too repressed by society to ask for it. Children whose parents are morally queasy and therefore unwilling to carry on a tradition familiar to our nation's forefathers. People who truly loved their children while they built the foundation of our great country.

Our's is a big job, but every little bit counts.

What do we want from you? Mostly your time. Just take a deprived child out once a week. Show him or her a good time. Keep them company. If we work together, we can do the whole job.

If this makes one child that much more content, that's your reward. There's another reward, too. It's the way you feel inside. Take it from us.



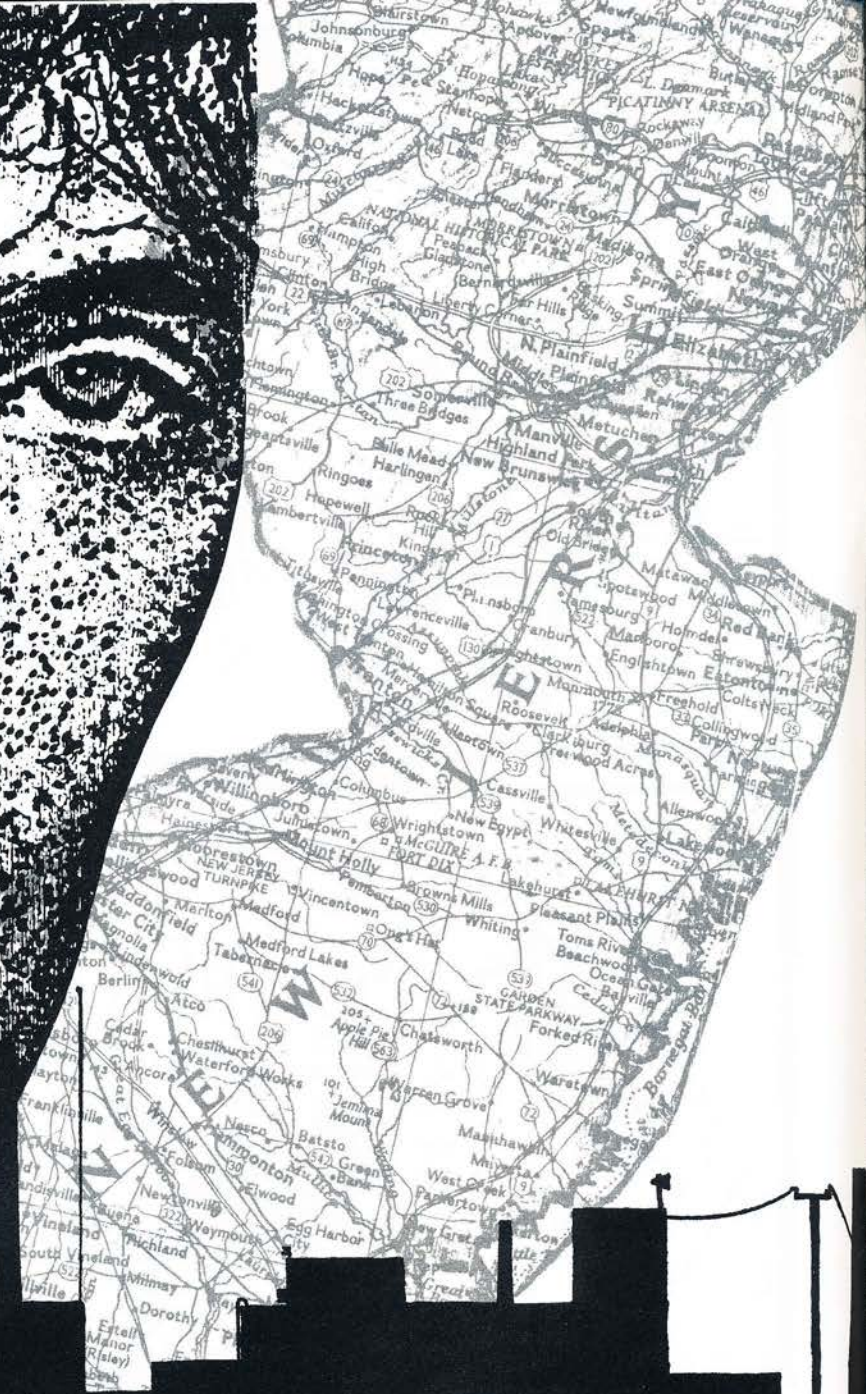
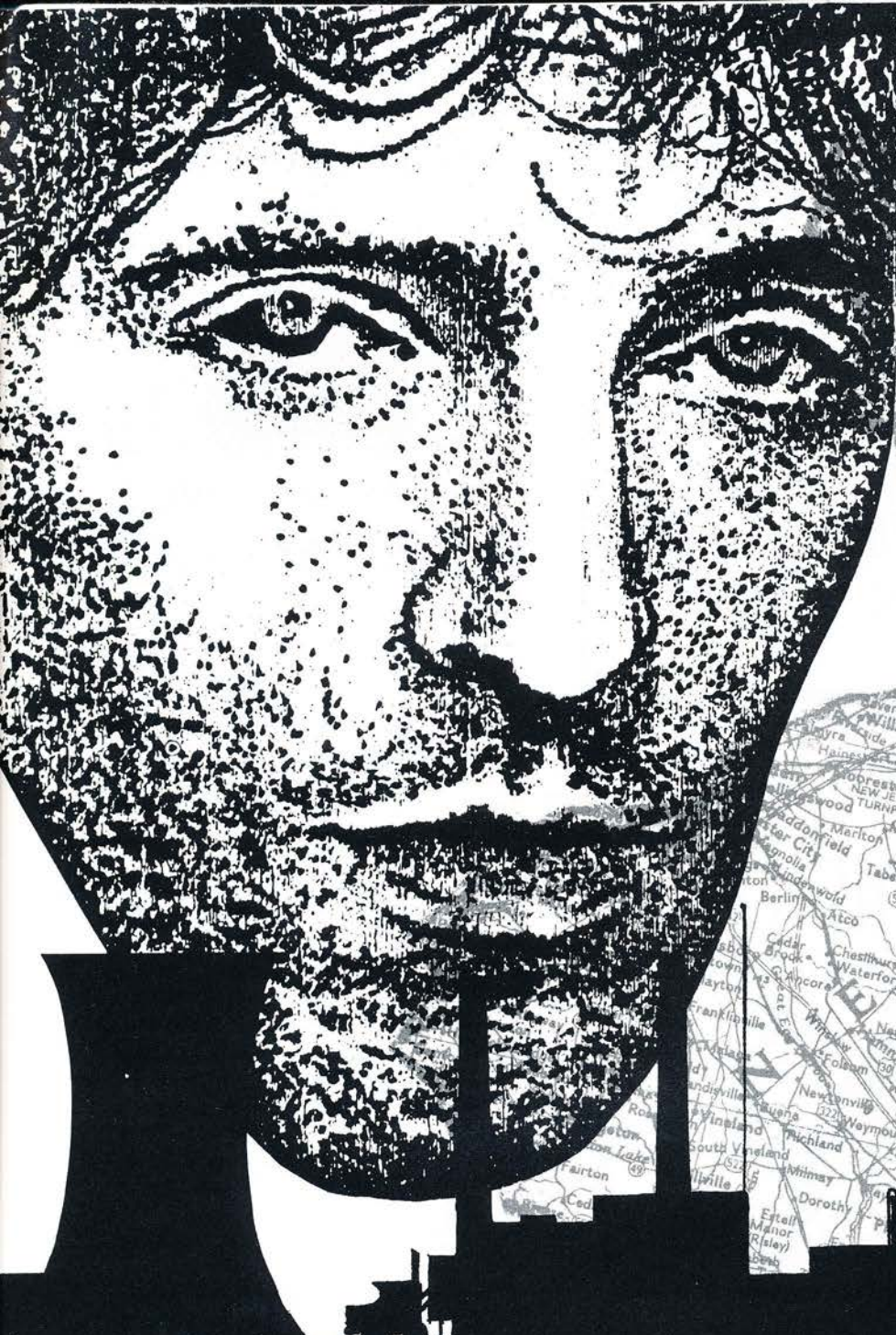
UPPITY BASTARD!



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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Heart of Darkness on the Edge of Town

by Tim Quirk and Andy Frisch

**M**y name is Marlow. I work for the state. I'm a trooper. Now sometimes a man doesn't know why he does what he does, but he knows he has to, so he does, without knowing why. But I'm not like that. I don't know why.

I had a job I didn't want to do. An officer had gone bad. Now there are some bonds between men that are harder to break than the crankshaft in a '39 Ford. Nobody likes to go back on his own kind. But I'm a follow-my-orders and collect-my-pay man. I guess times are getting too tough to risk losing your job over some macho principle just so someone will sing a song about you. So I went after this guy.

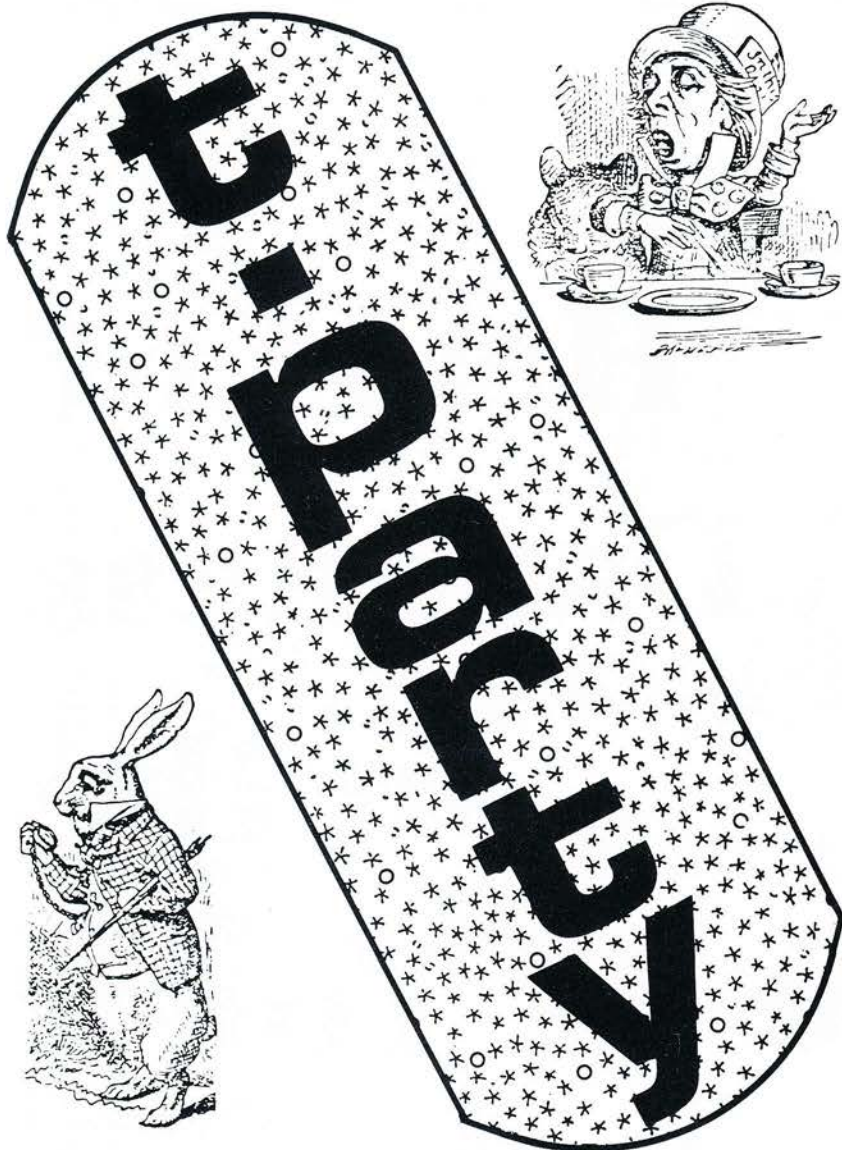
His name was Kurtz. He'd been a

damn good officer. One of the best. But something had been tearing at him, burning him up. Dragging him down. Eating his insides. Gnawing at his heart and spitting the pieces out on the grimy pavement of his life. That happens sometimes.

He'd been cruising the stretch on I-95 from the GW Bridge to Newark for years before he went off his rocker and started writing blue-collar poetry. Now he was holed up in an abandoned refinery somewhere out in the swamp lands. The Jersey saltflats. More specifically, on some 10th Avenue on the outskirts of some dying tourist town. Apparently he had a group of admirers who guarded him like a pack of junkyard dogs. It was summer, or we could

have just turned the heat off on them. A freeze-out. But the weather was oppressively warm. I'd go in alone. I'd have to be careful when I approached the place.

I started out one evening in an unmarked '57 Chevy, driving up along the banks of the River. That's the Passaic River in Jersey. It was dark and lonely, like most deserted places are in the middle of the night. Looking around me, I thought I could understand what had driven Kurtz mad. Double yellow lines running parallel for miles, meeting only at the horizon. Giant Exxon signs. Radio relay towers. Amusement parks rising bold and stark. Abandoned screen doors. Cadillacs buried, hood first, in the Jersey soil.



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It was a perfect metaphor for the malaise of the working class. I'd have to remember that.

**I** stopped off at a gas station I knew. The owner was an old friend, but I noticed something new in his eyes, something ugly. There was a darkness there I'd never seen. Then he took off his sunglasses.

"Hey Eddie," I said. "Can you lend me a few bucks?"

But he didn't answer. He just stood there, bobbing his head up and down.

"Regular, unleaded, premium, it's all the same," he said. "Check your oil?"

"Eddie! It's me, Marlow," I shouted, as if my words could snap him out of his daze. It was no use. Jersey had gotten to him. I sat in my car, helpless, as he filled my tank like a zombie. There had been a time, I could remember, when Eddie had found nothing so satisfying as pumping gas into the car of a customer. "You don't know what it's like," he used to tell me, "feeding these people's cars, raising their hoods. It's like they need me, like I'm God. And they pay me for it!" And now he was nothing but a black shadow of disease and starvation lying confusedly in the greenish

*Stanford Chaparral*





gloom, I thought, by way of an allusion.

Eddie finished, and I peeled out, flooring the Chevy from the start, taking my frustrations out on the car, as men so often do. I pulled back on to the freeway. I thought about Kurtz.

We had some tapes. He'd sent them to headquarters, as reports, when he was still, nominally at least, working as a trooper. The Lieutenant-Captain who had given me my assignment, thinking they might in some way help, had included the tapes in Kurtz's file. I popped one into the car's stereo system and listened to that voice as I drove. Singing? You could call it that. But it was more like a moan, the moan of a man who had seen too much. My Uncle Jack sounded like that. He was a sanitation engineer. For a long time he had to drive a truck around the suburbs late at night, scraping dead skunks off the road. A man can only do that for so long. Then something snaps. Then he starts to sound like Kurtz. Who sounds like someone else. I drove on into the night and the fog, the almost literary darkness, wondering what skunk had sent Kurtz over the edge. What had he seen in the giant parking lot that is New Jersey that

was so horrible, so big, so very, very bad?

Damned if I wasn't a little curious.

**I**t was around Abrams Bridge that they were waiting for me. An ambush? I thought, as ten headlights blazed toward me. Five cars? No, ten motorcycles. I reached for my Smith and Wesson, but how many could I hit before one got me? Not enough.

But they weren't attacking me. They drove towards my car, then circled around it and headed back down the street. An escort! So I was expected.

They led me through the gates of the refinery. I got out of my car, hands above my head, and followed the cyclists inside the building. Kurtz was waiting for me in there, amidst a pile of old car parts and disused industrial machinery. Leather jacket, three days growth of beard, the whole bit. And that voice! You didn't listen to it; you waited for it to crawl out of his throat, slither across the floor picking up dirt and fuzballs, then jump for your ears and bang around inside your head until you could make sense of what it said.

"I have this poem I want you to hear," he grunted.

"How does it go?" I replied, after an appropriate delay.

"Like this," he said. "One, two, three, four! . . ."

"That was very good," I told him.

"Not yet!!!" he yelled, turning red. And then he began.

What's the use? I can tell you what he said, repeat the phrases he pronounced, but what's the good? They were common, everyday words, but they had something else behind them. My baby, my cars, my jobs — those were the subjects of his discourse. And yet, as he spoke, something stirred within me. His words carried a message — a message of desperation, yes, but a message that moved me nonetheless and I couldn't help but agree with the man when he said, "I guess there's just a meanness in this world. The cars, the cars."

He finished with a small sigh. A few of the cyclists help up Bics. Quite a few more shed tears. Kurtz had spoken the truth. I had travelled those cold, black miles only to come face-to-face with a genius, a genius all the more remarkable because it could grasp the power of evil, could embrace the darkness every man carried in his breast. Kurtz had won me over.

So I killed him.

- do you laugh at all your own jokes?
- do you write them down?
- are you often called an asshole?

**Then you're in luck!!!**

## **The *Stanford Chaparral* announces THE FIRST ANNUAL FUNNINESS CONTEST!**



Winning entry  
will be published  
in the Chappie's

"DEATH,  
DECAY,  
and  
TRIBULATION"  
issue

Here's what you do:

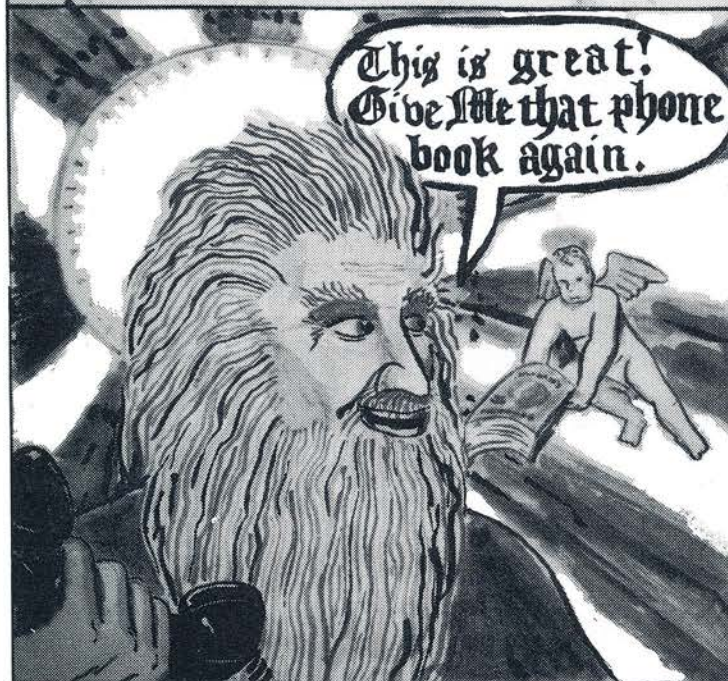
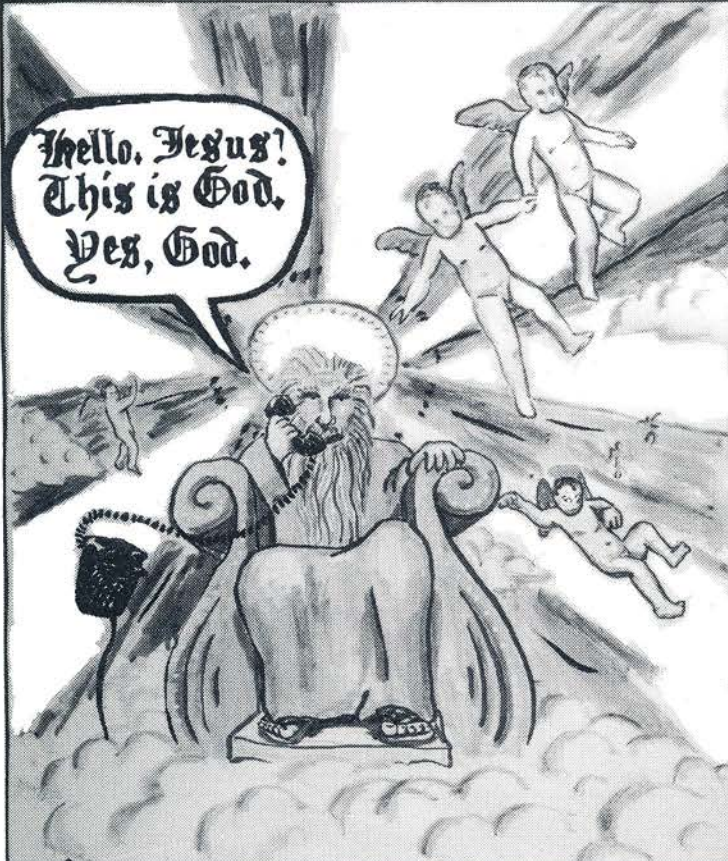
- 1) Think of something funny. We'll take anything that hasn't been published somewhere else. Satire, parody, short fiction, comics — you get the idea. Not too short, not too long. REMEMBER — it has to deal with DEATH, DECAY and TRIBULATION. One out of three is o.k.
- 2) Type or nicely draw your entry, and mail it to "Chappie Funniness Contest No. 1", P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94305. Don't forget to include your name, address, phone number, and bust measurement, if applicable. Deadline is January 25, 1985, so get a move on it.
- 3) Contest is open to all living, breathing folk not already on the *Chappie* staff.
- 4) In addition to publication in the next issue of the *Stanford Chaparral*, winner will receive fifty American dollars and a six pack. Honorable mentions (don't you hate that term?) might get published, too.

# PRANK PHONE CALLS FROM GOD



STORY: ANDY FRISCH

ART: RON HERBST



GARY ANDREWS

# CAMPUS SHELL

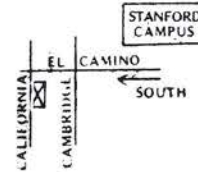
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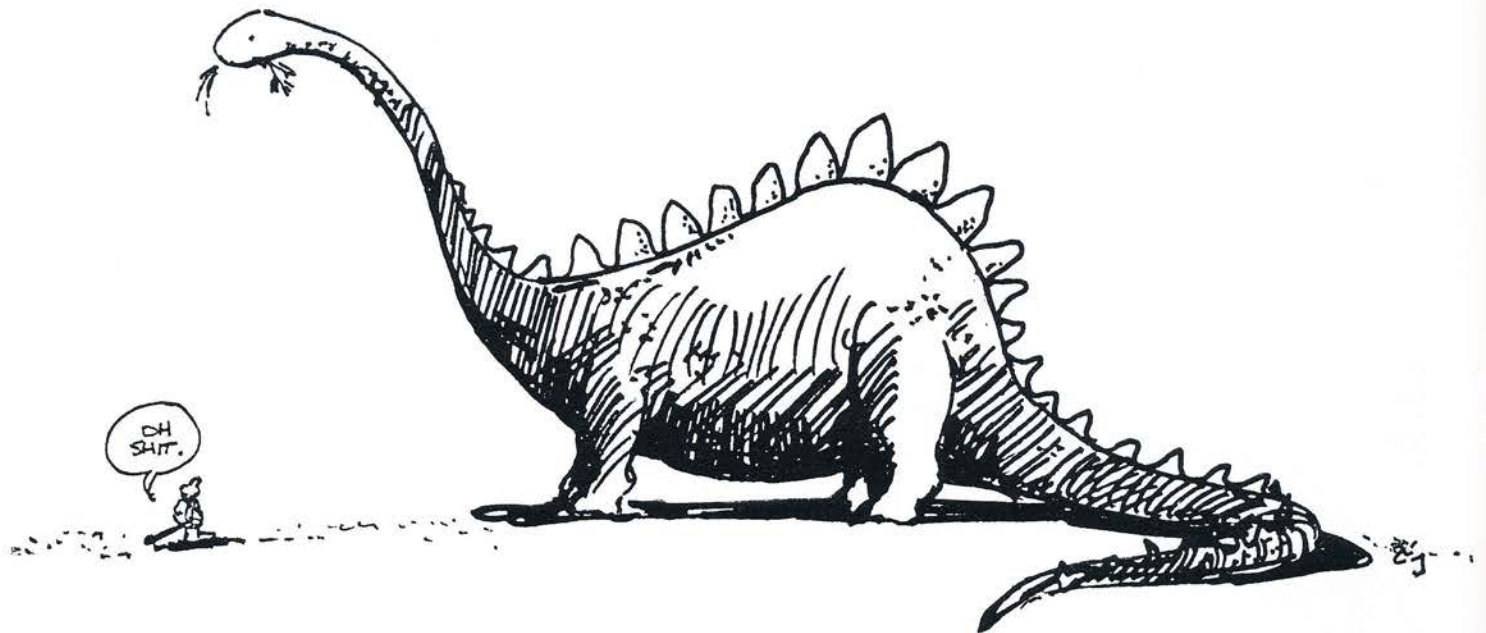
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TALES of the

# MULLIN TWINS

STORY: JOSH WEINSTEIN

ART: PAUL CHENEY

BORN IN THE EARLY SIXTIES, THE MULLIN TWINS WERE "DOUBLE TROUBLE" FROM THE VERY BEGINNING



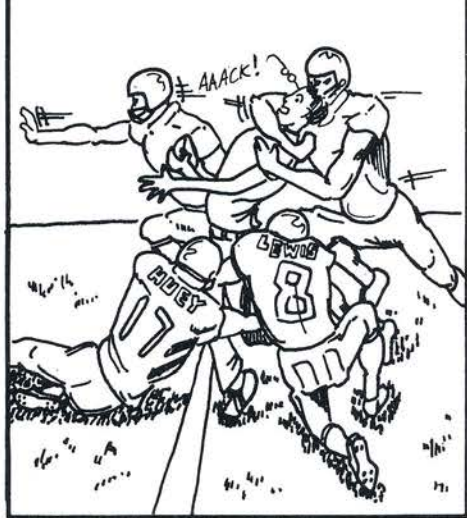
EVEN IN THEIR EARLY CHILDHOOD IT WAS APPARENT THAT THEY HAD DIVERGENT INTERESTS



BY HIGH SCHOOL, NEW PROBLEMS HAD ARISEN: IN DATING...



IN FOOTBALL...



IN VIOLIN LESSONS...



GETTING INTO COLLEGE HOWEVER, WAS NO PROBLEM BECAUSE THEY WERE ABLE TO COMBINE THEIR SAT SCORES!

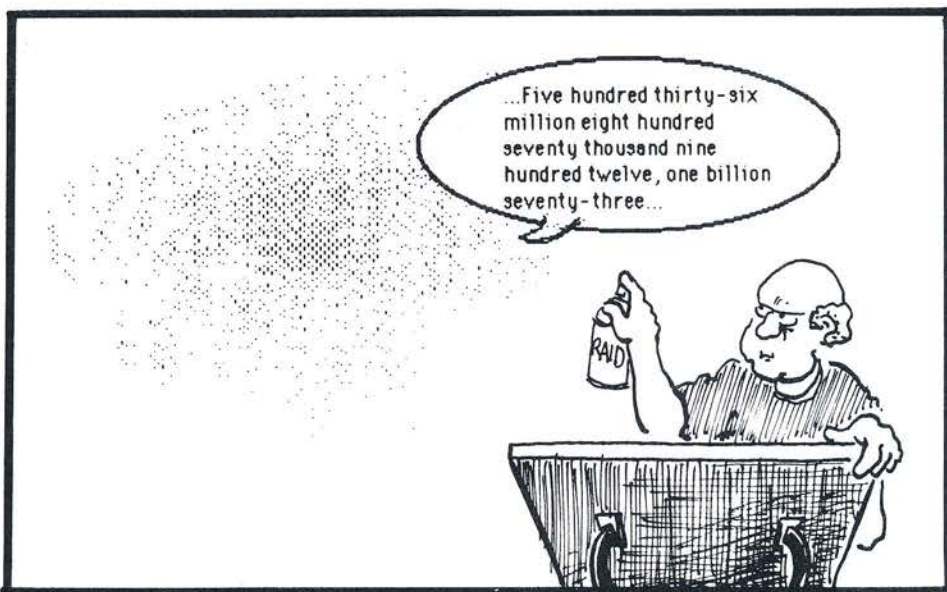
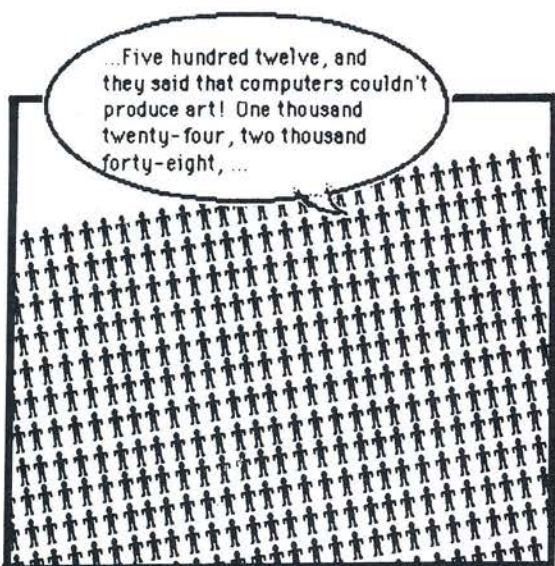
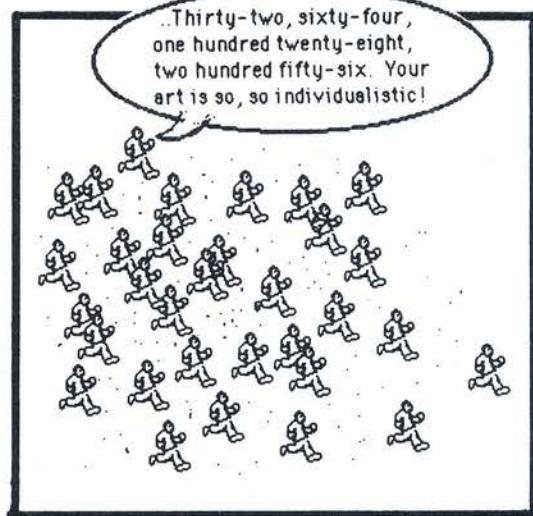
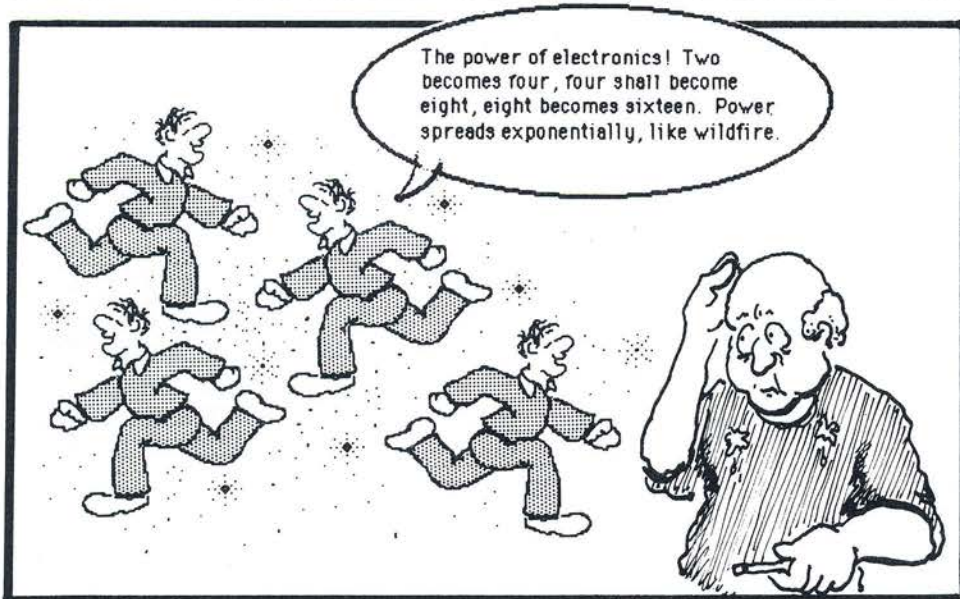
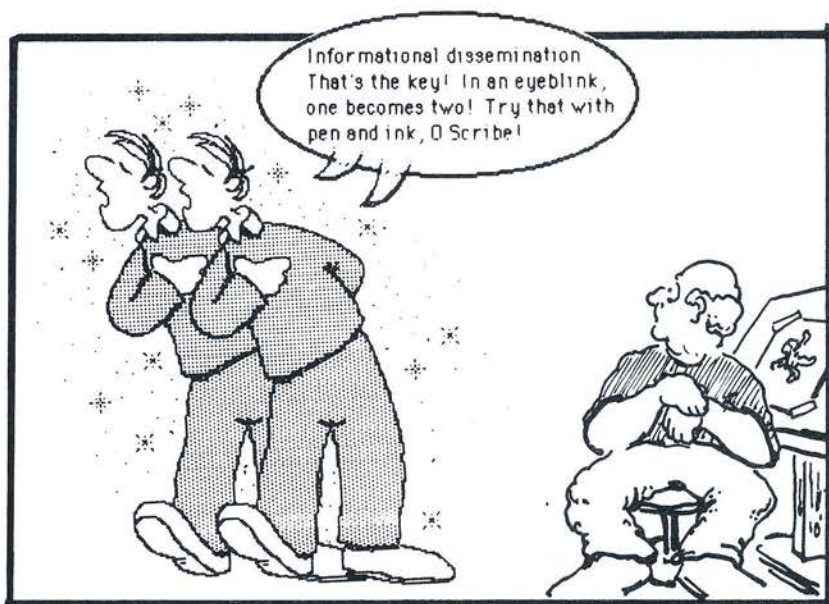
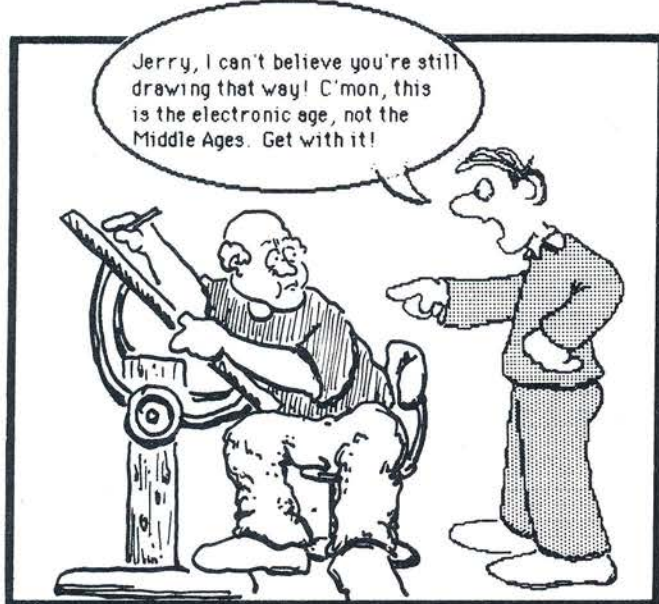


ONCE AT THE COLLEGE OF THEIR CHOICE, RES-ED HAD NO PROBLEM FINDING THEM A COMPATABLE ROOMMATE.





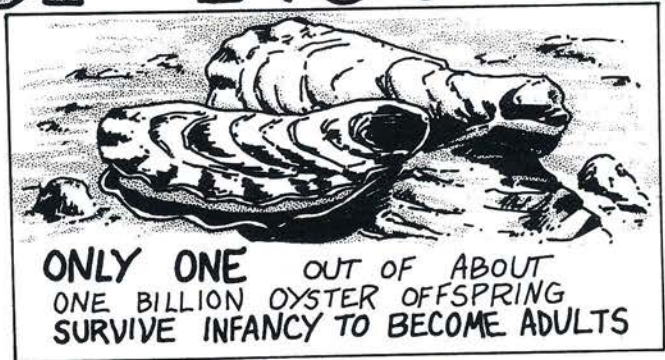
# MacStartback



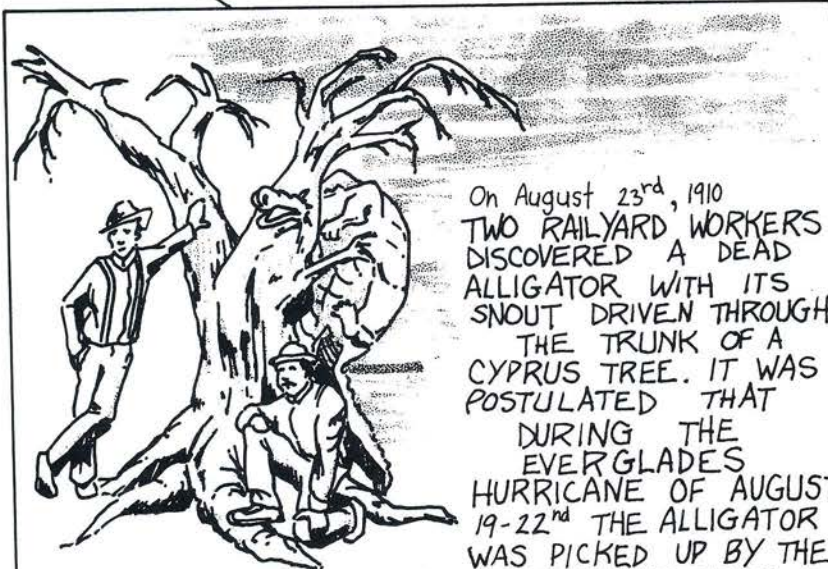
# Ripley's Bereave It or Not!



**1500 ACRES**  
OF WILD CRABGRASS  
JOHNSON GRASS,  
BERMUDA GRASS,  
AND OTHER  
ASSORTED WEEDS  
WERE KILLED IN  
ORDER TO BUILD  
THE SANTA LA  
MONICA PASADENA  
DeLa ROCHA  
FRANCISCO  
INTERSTATE  
GOLDEN GATE  
MEMORIAL  
FREEWAY



**ONLY ONE** OUT OF ABOUT  
ONE BILLION OYSTER OFFSPRING  
SURVIVE INFANCY TO BECOME ADULTS



On August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1910  
TWO RAILYARD WORKERS  
DISCOVERED A DEAD  
ALLIGATOR WITH ITS  
SNOUT DRIVEN THROUGH  
THE TRUNK OF A  
CYPRUS TREE. IT WAS  
POSTULATED THAT  
DURING THE  
EVERGLADES  
HURRICANE OF AUGUST  
19-22<sup>nd</sup> THE ALLIGATOR  
WAS PICKED UP BY THE

STRONG WINDS AND SHOVED THROUGH THE TREE  
TRUNK. WIND GUSTS WERE ESTIMATED TO HAVE  
REACHED 210 M.P.H. ALTHOUGH THE ALLIGATOR'S  
NOSE WAS RELATIVELY UNINJURED, THIS EVENT  
DOES NOT PROVE WHETHER A PAPER STRAW CAN BE  
DRIVEN THROUGH A PIECE OF WOOD

## PERCIVAL DORCHESTER

(1719-1782)  
of Shiretonville,  
England

THIS MAN WAS  
ABLE TO SUCCESS-  
FULLY PREDICT HIS  
OWN DEATH.  
ON HIS 47<sup>TH</sup>  
BIRTHDAY  
HE DISTURBED  
HIS GUESTS BY  
ANNOUNCING  
THAT HE WOULD  
DIE NEAR THE  
END OF HIS LIFETIME. HE THEN ADDED  
THAT HIS LIFETIME WOULD LAST UNTIL  
HE DIED. WHEN ASKED TO ELABORATE  
ON THE EVENTS THAT WOULD TRANSPIRE  
DURING THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, HE  
REPLIED, "DEATHE SHALL LEAVE MY  
BODY WITH NAUGHT POW'R TO EAT,  
TO DRINK, OR TO BE MERRY."



## THE FIRST PET CEMETARY

WAS ESTABLISHED BY HADES  
IN ORDER TO BURY CEREBUS'  
FOURTH HEAD AFTER IT WAS  
INJURED BY THE FERRYMAN OF  
THE RIVER STYX



Paul Cheney





**RODNEY  
LAUDER**

**BRODERICK**

of Trickle River, Mississippi

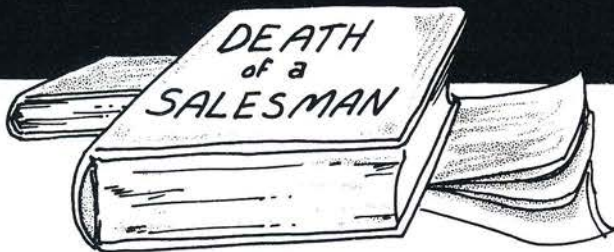
WAS BORN AFTER ALL OF HIS  
SIXTEEN GREAT-GREAT-  
GRAND PARENTS HAD DIED.



THE

**BAZOOKA**

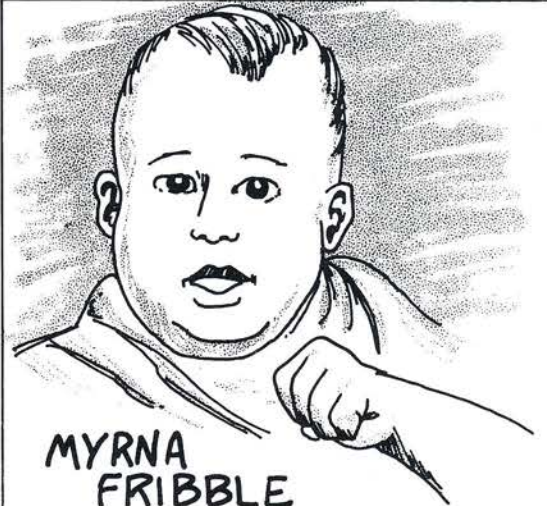
WARRIOR TRIBE OF THE  
TROPICAL JUNGLES OF  
THE IVORY COAST ARE  
THE ONLY AFRICAN TRIBE  
TO HONOR DEAD WOOD  
AS A DIETY.



Alternate  
titles of

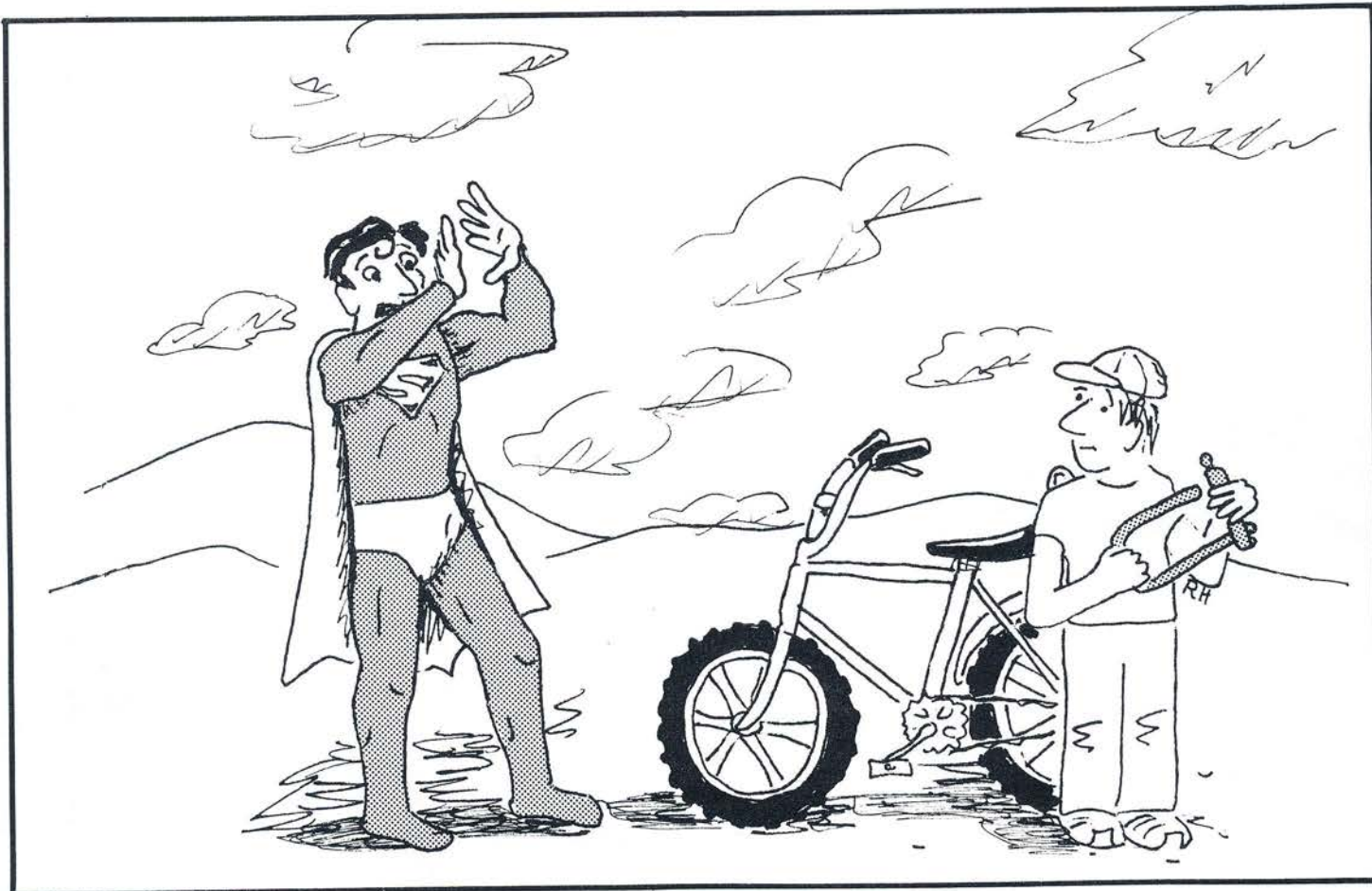
**ARTHUR MILLER'S  
DEATH OF A SALESMAN**

INCLUDED: DEATH OF A SALESWOMAN,  
DEATH OF A SALESPERSON,  
DEATH OF A MERCHANT,  
DEATH OF A GROCERY BAG BOY,  
DEATH OF A DEAD SALESMAN,  
DEATH OF AN IDIOT,  
DEATH OF A PERSON WHO SELLS THINGS,  
DEATH OF A TRAVELING SALESMAN,  
TRAVELING WITH A DEAD SALESMAN,  
101 USES FOR A DEAD SALESMAN,  
and DEAD SALESMEN AS CONVERSATION PIECES.



**MYRNA  
FRIBBLE**

of Hideaway Hills, New Hampshire  
WAS ABANDONED IN THE  
MOUNTAINS AT THE AGE OF  
NINE MONTHS. 40 YEARS LATER  
**SHE WAS FOUND!**  
DEAD.



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# Book Review

October 28, 1984



A biography of Cardinal Spellman. Review on page 11.

## Joycean Headbangers Revisited

### Portrait of the Autist as a Young Man

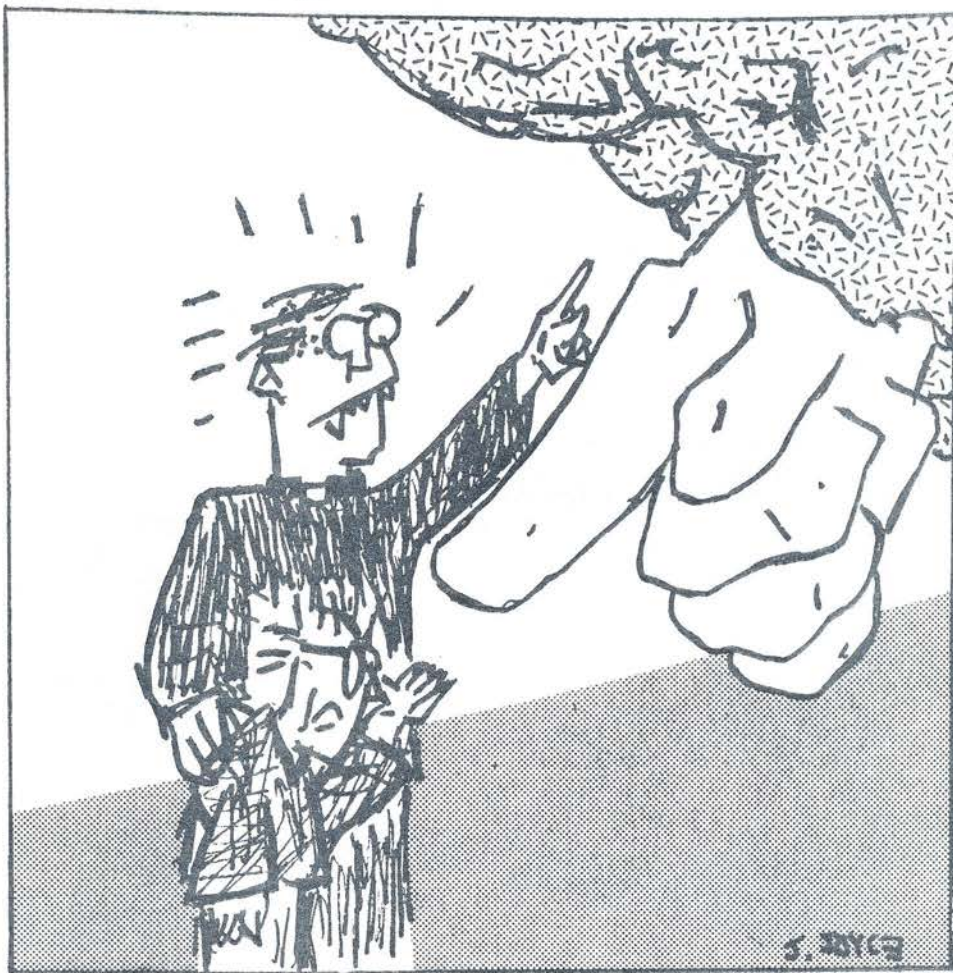
by James Joyce  
399 pages, \$13.95  
Random House, New York

By Ray Ravaglia

**T**he restoration of James Joyce's *Ulysses* to its originally intended form has been hailed as a literary triumph. After years of painfully extensive research, including an exhaustive analysis of Joyce's notes, over 5,000 errors were detected in what had been the authorized text. The restored version, subsequently printed by Random House, is infinitely more readable, exhibiting greater substance. The literati of the world saw this as an event never to be equalled. Until now. Less than a year later, Random House has done it again. Their plans to publish a "revised" version of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, have left the literary world standing agape. Jorge Luis Borges, in a recent article, has called this "a really hoopy scene."

This revised edition, the research for which was done simultaneously with that on *Ulysses*, repairs over 50,000 separate mistakes, leaving one with an infinitely more readable novel. Previous editions of *Artist* contained mistakes ranging from the simplest of typographical errors and misplaced sentences, to the replacement of one paragraph with another belonging to fellow Irishman and author, Oscar Wilde. The most grievous mistake by far, not only in its repetition but in its effect on the work's essential meaning, was the replacement of the word "autist" by "artist" throughout. The result of this mistake was not only a change in the essential meaning of the

Ray Ravaglia is a smart-ass student at Stanford University. He has never published anything of import before. To take his opinions at face value would be doing them far more justice than they deserve.



work, but the transformation of otherwise coherent, meaningful passages into what some critics, viz. Vladamir Nabakov, have called "somewhat pretentious and trite, though thoroughly inferior." Further, such a substitution is totally opposed to the spirit of Joyce. Joyce wanted nothing whatsoever to do with art, hence his chosen career. From his autobiography: "Few things have pained me more in life than art. Bad art, good art, all art I find . . . nothing more painful." (Joyce, *A Portrait of Myself as Artificier*, unpublished.)

This repaired version of *Portrait of the Autist as a Young Man* solidifies Joyce's position in the vanguard of human achievement. Not only is his stylistic

mastery, nay superiority, firmly established, but his unique view of the human psyche is developed beyond its earlier subtle muddledness into a coherent system. This explication of his sublime psychological framework places him on a level equal to that of Freud for insight into human character. The first paragraph of the restored *Portrait* makes this clear (restored text in italics):

Once upon a time and a very good time it was their was a moocow coming along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo . . . who could neither concen-

# Nonsensical Nonesuch Revisited



trate nor control his drooling, yet mumbled joyfully to himself and tended to bang his head against the wall until either he bled profusely or became unconscious."

Most significant of the revisions are the new themes that appear, predominantly that of blood. Joyce is obsessed with the idea of blood and its religious significance. This image appears in the completed revised edition of *Portrait* in 142 different places, allusions included. These images include menstruation, found in a moving passage in which Stephen's fascination with women and his inability to form blood platelets coagulates into several bleeding Crucifixes. Joyce said of his obsession: "I have always hated blood, yet somehow loved it. Blood is . . . the essence of the epiphany." (Joyce, *A Portrait of Myself as Artificier*, unpublished.) That blood is the essence of the epiphany, Joyce's moment of instant realization, is one change that merely reinforces the original book. The epiphanies of *Portrait* consist of a deflowering, a dismemberment, and, in the most crucial scene, Stephen watches the incarnation of beauty walk across a bridge, slip, fall in, and get mauled by sharks. The epiphany and its hemocentrism leads us to the second of the new themes, the psychological framework of Joyce. The artist is the central figure in this structure. He represents the loss of the senses and concentration, yet it is he who lives the most sensual life.

In the revised edition of *Autist*, the true struggle of Stephen Dedalus, a.k.a. the autist, moves to the forefront. Stephen is handicapped not only by his complete lack of sentience, but by the repressive social and political forces of English Imperialism and Roman Catholicism. A seminal point in the book elucidates this. Stephen is confessing his sins:

- "- How long is it since your last confession, my child?  
 - A long time, father.  
 - A month, my child?  
 - Longer, father.  
 - Three months, my child?  
 - Longer, father.

- Six months?  
 - Eight months, father.  
 - And what do you remember since that time?"  
 (Here is where the break occurs. In the original version Stephen goes on to confess his various sins of the flesh. These however are completely spurious. The revised edition continues:

"- And what do you remember since that time?  
 - Nothing, sir, I can't, can't remember (sic)  
 - What?!

- I can't remember. My brain doesn't work properly. I can't concentrate.

- Try my son. You can remember. It is only your evil nature, inhibiting your thoughts. You have no true problem.

- Gnosis Stefeneforos telos ananke bous stephanoumenos!

Stephen at this point was quite upset. So upset that he started banging his head against the confessional. The blood flowed freely, and was bright red, red as the blood of Christ. . . ."

It is quite obvious what Joyce is establishing here. Stephen has a problem greater than his autism. The church looms over his life, destroying what little mind he has. Through a program of repressive, anti-tactile morality, the church inhibits Stephen's attempts to overcome his debility. Thus the true significance of his break with Mother Church at the end of the book. Stephen leaves the Church not to pursue some lofty artistic, but autistic goal; the finding of a cure. Joyce thus presents the Church as a repressive force of morality, and as anti-intellectual. Conclusion: the Church is the very cause of autism.

Politics too, plays its role in the life of the autist. One Christmas, at age eight, Stephen overhears his elders arguing the merits of the role of religion in Irish politics. In the original version, this conversation leads to meaningless social drivel, senseless intellectual masturbation left over from Joyce's youth. Joyce had intended otherwise, however. The

new edition continues:

"His parents continue to argue. Stephen thinks he hears voices somewhere in the back of his mind. He doesn't really care though for his peabrain has latched itself onto the one object with meaning on the table. The carving knife. In slow motion, in the dream that is his life, he reaches for it. He has it. The voices continue. He takes the blade, thinking only of the sword that pierced the side of his saviour, and runs it across the sole of his foot. He hears a scream and the knife falls on the floor. He fails to realize that it is his own scream for the tower of ivory has appeared. Within the stream of his blood he sees the Blessed Virgin Mary, the essence of purity. Her image remains as he passes out from the loss of blood. . . ."

Once again we see the dangers of mixing politics and religion. How can political awareness happen when no awareness is possible? For Joyce, Autism had an element of anglo-repression. It is a device used to keep the Catholic majority docile. Stephen, as the heir of the classical past, must have the pain of the world and its sins visited upon himself. Hence the knife and the Christ imagery. Purity remains in his soul through the innocence of the image of the Pale Virgin.

Thus stands *Portrait of the Autist as a Young Man*. Not as a seemingly incoherent, annoying book about a young man growing up, but a deep insightful look into the human spirit. Not as a book content with mediocrity but as a living testament to all the mediocrity of our world. It is a book that gives all of us something to strive for. An account so moving that anyone who reads it, no matter how feeble his or her peabrain may be, will realize the true autistic nature of life. And, even though Joyce does get carried away now and again, this corrected edition is more than anyone could ever ask for, let alone hope to receive. □

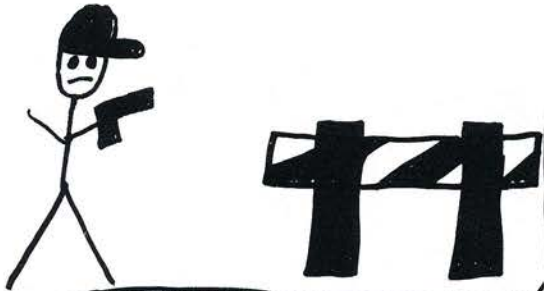
Rabbit was running



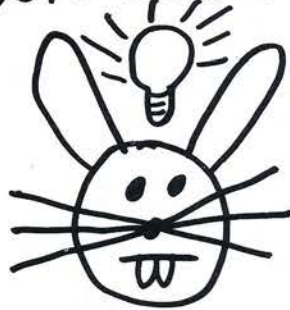
The cops were hot on the bunny trail



They set up a road block



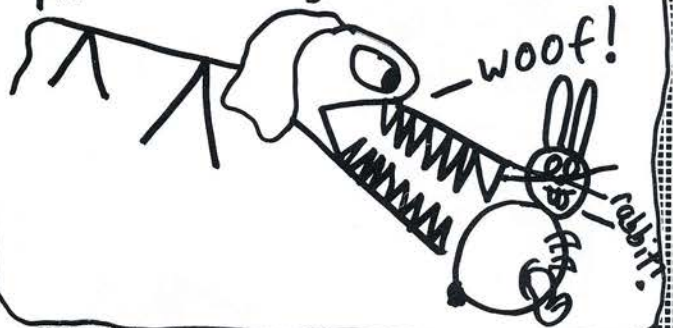
Rabbit had an idea



He disguised himself as a cat



Then a dog ate him



# SPRIKEU

# TALKS

# SEX

HI, MY NAME IS SPIKEY! AN' DIS IS DA FIRST OF SEVERAL TALKS DAT WE'LL HAVE WHERE WE DISCUSS RELEVANT SOCIAL ISSUES AN' ALL DAT CRAP.



AN' OVER HERE NEXT TO ME IS MY GOOD FRIEND, COITUS!



FOR THE LAST TIME, YOU INCOMPETENT FOOL! MY NAME IS CURTIS!

WELL, DAT'S WHAT I SAID, YA BONEHEAD! I SAID COITUS! NOW, WHAT PRESSING SOCIAL CONCERN SHALL WE DISCUSS TODAY?



HOW 'BOUT SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT? LIKE SEX!

HEY, HEY, BUDDY, I DON'T WANT NO SHIT ABOUT ME BEIN' A VIRGIN OR ANYTHIN' LIKE DAT 'CUZ I AIN'T ONE! FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I HAPPEN TO BE VERY EXPERIENCED IN DA MASCULINE WAYS OF DA WORLD.



SURE, I USED TO BE NAIVE ABOUT SEX WHEN I WAS LITTLE. IN FACT, WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I USED TO SNEAK INTO A ROOM, LOCK MYSELF IN A DARK CLOSET ALL BY MYSELF WITH ALL MY MAGAZINES!!!

!!! AN' DID NOTHING. TIME MAGAZINES NEVER GOT ME TOO EXCITED. AN' YET, DA KIDS TODAY, MAN, ARE SO WELL-INFORMED. THE OTHER DAY, I TOLD MY LITTLE BROTHER DAT I FELT IT WAS TIME TO DISCUSS DA FACTS OF LIFE... AN' YU KNOW WHAT HE SAID? HE SAID, "SURE, WHADDAYA WANNA KNOW?"



OLD JOKE.

AWRIGHT, I'LL TRY ANOTHER ONE! YA DON'T HAFTA GO JUMPIN' DOWN MY THROAT, DAMMIT! OKAY, LIKE, DIDJA KNOW DAT I HAD TO GO TO PROM WIT' DA UGLIEST GIRL IN SCHOOL? HER NAME WAS ERNESTINE BORGNIENE !!! AN' SHE WAS NOT DA MOST ATTRACTIVE GIRL IN DA WORLD. LEMME TELL YOU WHY.



ONE DAY, I WAS WORKIN' OUT IN DA YARD, AN' SHE WAS OUT GETTIN' A TAN ON DA LAWN. SO THEN MY FATHER COMES OUTTA THE HOUSE, LOOKS AT ERNESTINE, THEN TURNS TO ME AN' CRIES, "HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO SPREAD IT EVENLY AN' NOT CLUMP IT IN ONE PLACE?"

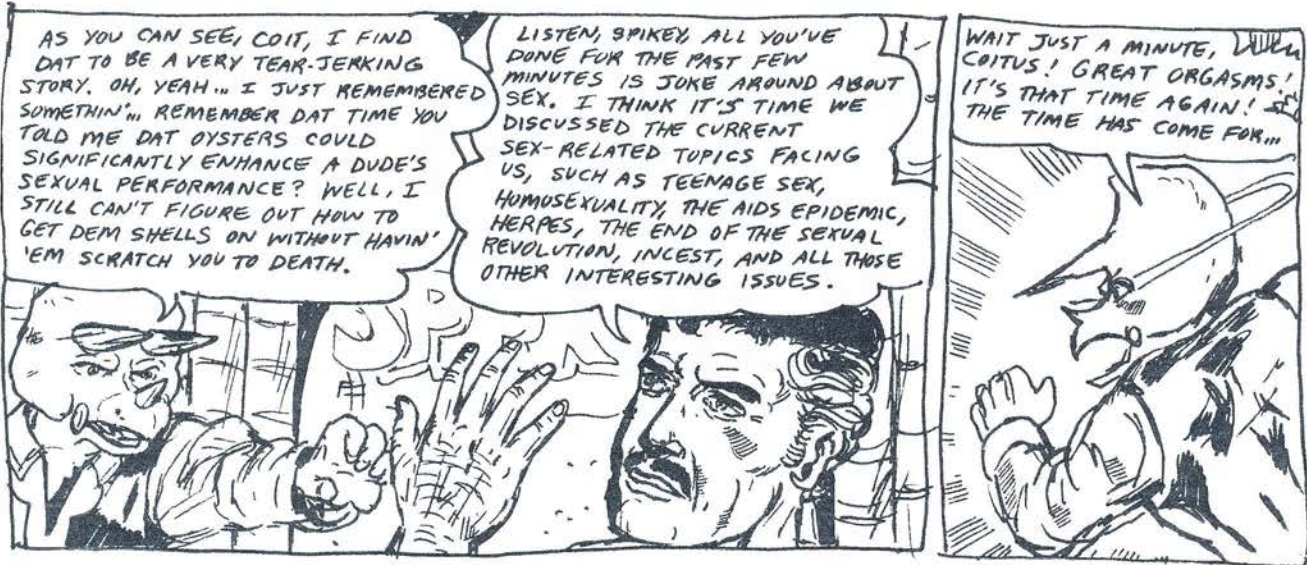


Y'KNOW, I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON ERNESTINE. AFTER ALL, SHE WAS THE ONLY GIRL I KNEW WHO COULD CATCH A PRISBEE IN HER MOUTH... AND SHE DID HAVE ALL THOSE QUALITIES A MAN WOULD DESIRE—INCLUDING A HAIRY CHEST, BULGING MUSCLES, AND A MUSTACHE.



SPEAKING OF LONG LOST LOVES, THERE WAS THIS ONE GIRL I KNEW WHO I REALLY THOUGHT I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH. EVERYTIME I GOT NEAR HER, I'D BREAK OUT INTO A COLD SWEAT, MY HEART WOULD START PALPITATING, AND MY HANDS WOULD START SHAKING. AFTER GOING OUT WITH HER A COUPLE OF TIMES, I REALIZED THAT I WASN'T IN LOVE WITH HER... I WAS ALLERGIC TO HER.





AS YOU CAN SEE, COIT, I FIND DAT TO BE A VERY TEAR-JERKING STORY. OH, YEAH... I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHIN'... REMEMBER DAT TIME YOU TOLD ME DAT OYSTERS COULD SIGNIFICANTLY ENHANCE A DUDE'S SEXUAL PERFORMANCE? WELL, I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET DEM SHELLS ON WITHOUT HAVIN' 'EM SCRATCH YOU TO DEATH.

LISTEN, SPIKEY, ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR THE PAST FEW MINUTES IS JOKE AROUND ABOUT SEX. I THINK IT'S TIME WE DISCUSSED THE CURRENT SEX-RELATED TOPICS FACING US, SUCH AS TEENAGE SEX, HOMOSEXUALITY, THE AIDS EPIDEMIC, HERPES, THE END OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, INCEST, AND ALL THOSE OTHER INTERESTING ISSUES.

WAIT JUST A MINUTE, COITUS! GREAT ORGASMS! IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN! THE TIME HAS COME FOR...



THE MINDLESS, OBLIGATORY SUPER-HERO ACTION SEQUENCE! OOOOF!



GOOD LORD! IT'S COUNT KILLER!

I SHALL NOW TAKEOVER THE WORLD! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!



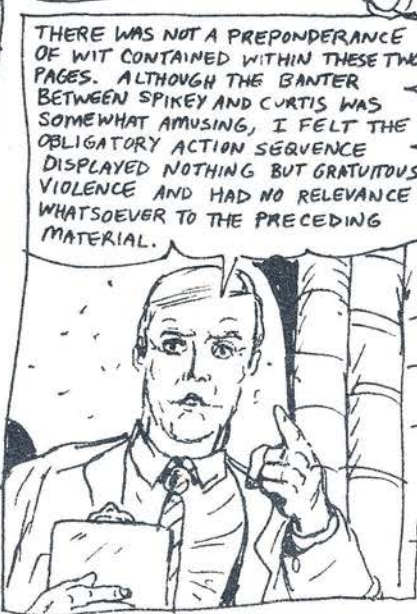
DON'T WORRY, COITUS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF DIS FELONIOUS MEATBALL ONCE AN' FOR ALL!

AAAAARGHH  
KRAK



THANK GOD, IT'S OVER.

HEY, LOOKIE OVER THERE, IT'S MY OLD FRIEND, WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY!



THERE WAS NOT A PREPONDERANCE OF WIT CONTAINED WITHIN THESE TWO PAGES. ALTHOUGH THE BANTER BETWEEN SPIKEY AND CURTIS WAS SOMEWHAT AMUSING, I FELT THE OBLIGATORY ACTION SEQUENCE DISPLAYED NOTHING BUT GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE AND HAD NO RELEVANCE WHATSOEVER TO THE PRECEDING MATERIAL.



THOOP

# TRULY TASTEFUL JOKES

by James Lujon

"The most tasteful book ever written."

— Julia Child

"There's no accounting for taste."

— Wells Fargo

"I thought it was a very funny book, neighbor. Can you say 'scintillating persiflage'? I didn't think so, but that doesn't matter. I like you just the way you are. You're a special person."

— Mister Rogers

.....

## Dead Baby

**What's bored and rich and sits in the corner?**

A dead Stanford baby listening to a Western Culture lecture.

●

**What sits in the corner with slashed wrists?**

The same rich baby twenty minutes into the lecture.

●

**What do you call a dead baby born of wealthy parents?**

An abortion.

●

**What did the dead baby grow up to be?**

A Harvard medical school cadaver.

●

## Helen Keller

**What did Helen Keller say to the Beverly Hills speech pathologist?**

"Nnughnmuh."

●

**How did the rich Beverly Hills speech pathologist know that Helen Keller was lying to him?**

She had her fingers crossed.

**What did the leprous Helen Keller do when the millionaire asked for help?**

She lent a hand.

●

**What did the millionaire say to thank her?**

"I've gotta' hand it to you."

●

## Too Tasteful to be Included in This Book

**What should you do if you're served the wrong French Bordeaux at an exclusive, posh restaurant?**

Wine all night to the waiter.

●

**What do you get if you eat Einstein's brains at an exclusive, posh restaurant?**

Food for thought.

●

**What's the difference between Stanford food (which rich Stanford students eat) and a bucket of vomit?**

The bucket.

●

**What did the poverty-stricken man do when he finally came into money?**

He wiped it off.

teen of the snortest memories began  
aten.  
Andrew Wainci ds saying, I think we  
actually won. Ine Dany teany, teany



# THE STANFORD DAIRY Drawing a blank

It is time to write another editorial. And that means we have to find a topic first. And that means we're up shit's creek. Without the proverbial paddle.

Uh-oh.

But that's alright. Because we could write a whole article with sentences like this. Besides, no one ever reads this anyway. We could write whatever we cared to. Who'd be the wiser? We could even list all the non-topics we thought up at the last minute. But never got around to writing. About.

Oh Boy.

But seriously, we've thought very hard about potential topics. We really have. About as hard as a jello-eating geriatric's diarrhea. About as hard as a dead man's eyeball. Or a toddler's skull. Just about that hard.

You get the idea.

So, let's get on with it.

Where were we? Oh yeah. Potential topics. How about, "Soup is good Food." Or "Why the ASSU shouldn't have an abbreviated name." Or "We are the *Daily* and you most definitely are not." Or "More eggs at breakfast."

Those are some good topics.

It's just a shame we're out of room. Responsible student journalism is like that.

## Evenings

Continued from page 3

from all sides, some grinning and chanting. Some were large, but most remained uniformly lavender as the waves lapped at the walls.

"From all sides," the guide explained, and we noticed the several large, elliptical intrusions. Some thirteen of the shorter members began

preparing the area in the manner described above. The thumb music we had heard earlier grew louder as the curtains fell soundlessly to the polished floor. "Through the farthest opening," I whispered, illustrating my words with a quick gesture to the small group gathered behind me. As we continued to circumnavigate the exterior, those we had left behind at the outset continued to join the line. Soon the circle was complete.

The ceremony's conclusion was followed by a reception in the staging area.

# CORRECTIONS

The *Daily* regrets that in Tuesday's article, "Freshman commits suicide in urinal," we incorrectly identified the corpse as Hank Burgerdorf. We also offer apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgerdorf, Hank's parents, who killed themselves after reading the article. The *Daily* regrets the error. The student was actually Ted Wallen. The *Daily* is contacting his folks presently.

An unfortunate mix-up in the placement of Thad Bigely Jr.'s Birth Notice resulted in its appearance in the classified "For Sale" section of Tuesday's paper. The *Daily* regrets this unfortunate "switcheroo," and apologizes to Mr. Fred Barker who purchased the little drooler. Mr. Barker has, as of yet, been unable to get his money back.

Monday's crossword answer for five across, "A five letter word for 'boring, redundant garbage,'" was misspelled in the solutions set printed Tuesday. The correct answer is 'daily', from the Old English. The *Daily* regrets the error.

University President Donald Kennedy was not arrested for stealing bicycles outside of Toyon Hall, as the Police Blotter in Tuesday's *Daily* incorrectly stated. The *Daily* regrets the error. Don was dealing drugs.

The sign in front of the *Daily* offices should read, "The Stanford *Daily*," not "The Stanford Dairy". Still, we'll keep it up because people think we're funny even though we didn't do it. The *Daily* regrets that it has no sense of humor of its own.

Tuesday's sports article, "Football team looks back on losing season," incorrectly quoted Cardinal Linebacker Andrew Walker as saying, "I think we

should have placed more emphasis on the defensive secondary in most games." What he actually said was, "Yeah, we fucked up royally and lost big. So the fuck what? Get the hell out of my room, you slimebag reporter." The *Daily* regrets the error and is recovering nicely.

A story in Tuesday's *Daily* about a new Western Culture track incorrectly identified Bill McColgan, co-ordinator of the course, as a forty-four year old history professor. Mr. McColgan is, in fact, a five-year old girl attending nursery school in Atherton. His name is Wendy. The *Daily* feels pretty silly.

Last Tuesday's front page headline stated, "The *Daily* hates anybody who is not on it's (The *Daily*'s) staff." We should have printed, "We hate you, you dribbling geek who is reading our Holy Paper. We hate you more than asparagus. Ecch. Bleah." The *Daily* regrets the error quite a bit.

The headlines, "Student raped at Delta Delta Delta Frat party as brothers laugh, cheer," and "Fraternities provide free food for charities" should not have been placed next to each other in Tuesday's *Daily*. The *Daily* regrets its error in not attending the Delta party.

The photo captions in Tuesday's *Daily* for "Man finds dead dog in garage" and "Stern Food Service improving" were incorrectly juxtaposed. The *Daily* feels very badly about this one.

In the *Daily*'s post-election issue, the article "Roosevelt beats Wilkie in presidential race" was proven to be incorrect. Late polls showed that Wilkie actually won. The *Daily*, really, really

# THE STANFORD DAILY

VOLUME 136 CM.<sup>3</sup>, MASS 16 TONS

FRIDAY

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER AND PROUD OF IT

NOVEMBER 31, 1984

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

## Daily prints the word 'fuck'

By KRISTEN CHRISTOPHER

Senior staff writer

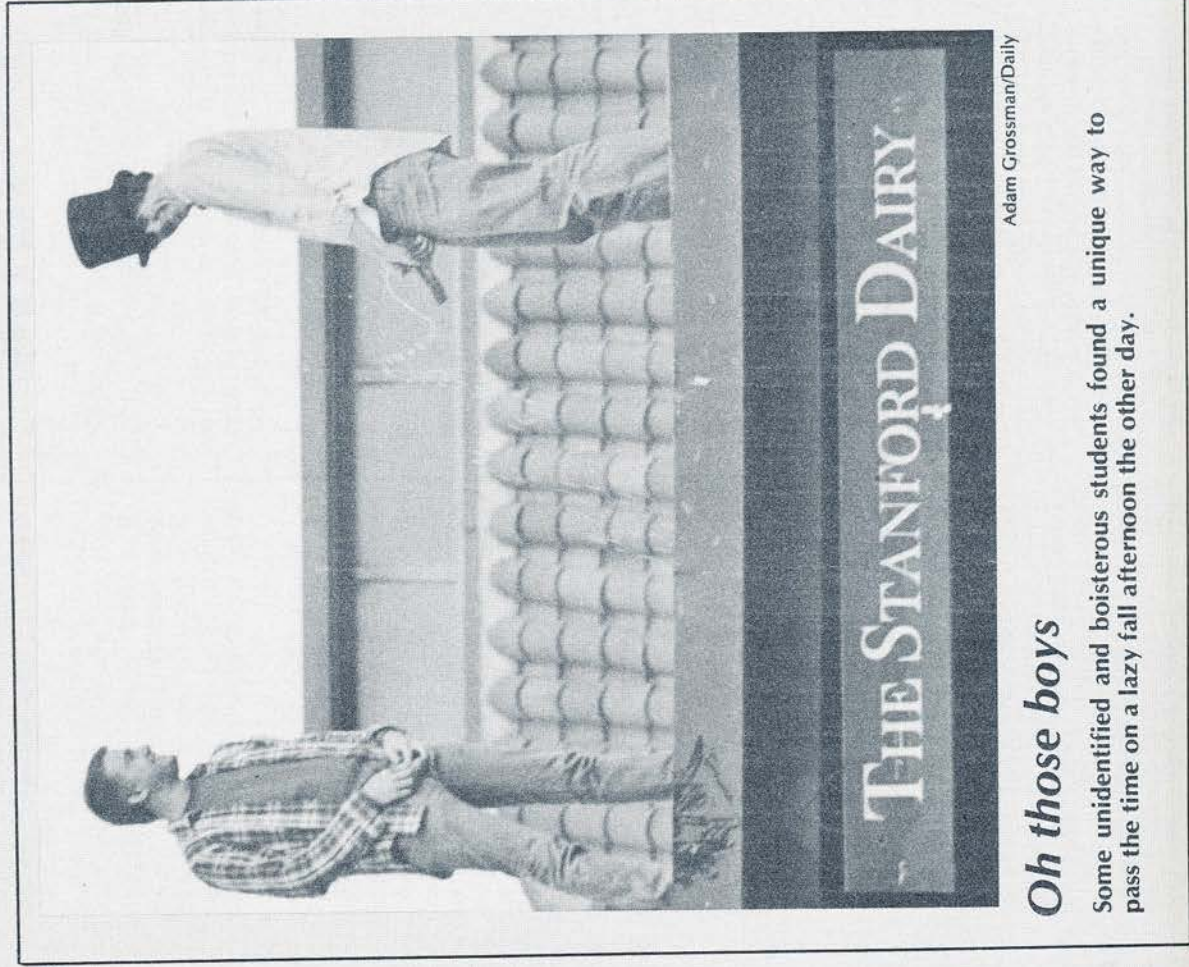
In a surprising journalistic coup, the *Stanford Daily* today printed the word "fuck" for no reason. Reaction around campus was varied as students, faculty, and visitors alike wondered whether this was, in fact, a triumph of journalistic freedom; an exercise in bad taste; or an easy, sensationalistic way to fill space on a slow news day.

Daily staff editor Tim Grieve defended the move, saying, "Fuck is a word. Newspapers print words. The *Daily* is a newspaper." A professional spokesperson representing the opposing point of view was not available for comment.

Student reaction was less ambiguous, undecided, and circular. "It was a publicity stunt, designed to make the paper look hipper than it actually is," accused senior Mark Sobel. "I'm cancelling my subscription."

Freshman Alex Danel was less emphatic. "I'm not impressed," he said. "If they were really cool, they'd print a word like 'smegma' or something." *Daily* editor Shirish Date said paper policy prohibited the use of the word 'smegma'. "We just wouldn't print that," he commented.

Law Professor John Kaplan took issue with the *Daily's* decision. "It's irresponsible. I'm going to sue."



Adam Grossman/Daily

## Oh those boys

Some unidentified and boisterous students found a unique way to pass the time on a lazy fall afternoon the other day.

## Poor are dumb, have less money

By JENNIFER NOSEN

Staff writer

In a speech Thursday, Hoover Associate Milton Friedman noted that those individuals in lower tax brackets are characterized by less capital than their wealthy counterparts. "It cannot be denied," said Friedman, "that the poor, on a poor, er, per capita basis simply constitute a smaller percentage of this country's total disposable income than individuals from the upper crust, er, class." He added quickly, "But the difference doesn't stop there. More often than not, they [the poor] are dumb and black." Or Italian.

Friedman continued, "White people buy stock; black folk buy green stamps and lottery tickets." Emphasizing the outright stupidity of those who buy green stamps and lottery tickets, Friedman mentioned that "in all fairness, I should point out that blacks aren't the only minorities wallowing in penniless ignorance. But they are so much fun to pick on. And so easy."

Friedman cited recent evidence which shows the rich consistently outspent the poor in the last several fiscal years. Pointing to a multi-colored chart, Friedman pointed out that the average single purchase by a member of the higher income brackets often "injects more money into the economy in one fell swoop than an entire

Please see DUMB POOR, page 2

# I took a shower with Chappie head writers

Who would have believed it? Not me, Marylin Wan, a clean-cut, shiny-cheeked, bright-as-a-button, cocky-as-all-hell frosh with a head full of wonder and a handfull of clichés so overworked even the *Daily* thinks twice before showing my stories the light of day. But, sure enough, I picked up my own assignment from the editor, and what did it say? "How about a women's perspective on the men's room?" Shocked, that was me!

A men's room! I shivered. But, I'm a reporter, and I'm a girl. So, I said to myself, "Marylin (that's my name!), as a reporter, who would be best to interview in the full, honest light of a Stanford men's room?" As a girl, I was, needless to say, excited at the prospect of picking and choosing from the smorgasboard that is the Stanford male population. "Marylin," I said, "under the most innocent seeming of circumstances, who would you like, as a girl, to have an intimate discussion and conversation with?" To be honest, I found the task surprisingly easy. My choices (yes, a little over anxious, wasn't I?) were none other than Mike Collins and Tim Quirk, well-known campus studs ("Whew! Calm down Marylin," I said to myself ...) and



respected *Chaparral* head writers.

With a little research, I discovered that the godlike duo were roommates in Wilbur. One enchanted evening, I wandered over to the dorm complex, my towel wrapped gingerly about me. I got quite a few stares! A few incisive questions pointed the way to the

"Come on in!" they called merrily. "But first, let's get rid of that cumbersome terrycloth." I lowered my eyes. And my towel. I stepped in eagerly, with a journalist's sense of pride and a girl's beating heart. The first thing I noticed was the clean, polished tile of the men's room floor.

"Hey Wan," called Tim, "Let me turn on your shower!" With dextrous fingers, he gently coaxed a warm stream from the glistening shower-head. Mike couldn't help but let loose with a chuckle.

"Never been in a men's room before?" he asked, boyishly snapping my exposed behind with his Tony the Tiger beach towel.

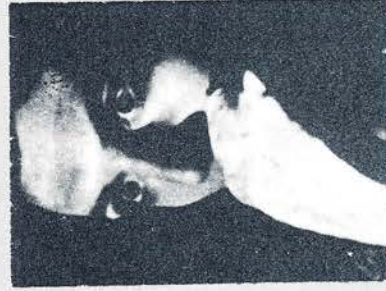
"First time," I answered with a rough rasp, imitating the men's deeper tones.

With anxious trepidation, I slowly pushed open the door with the word "MEN" written across it in inviting white letters. Lo and behold, it was my Night of Nights — both the lithe, fair-haired Timothy and the taller, paler Michael were just lathering up.

Please see **WANDERINGS**, page 6

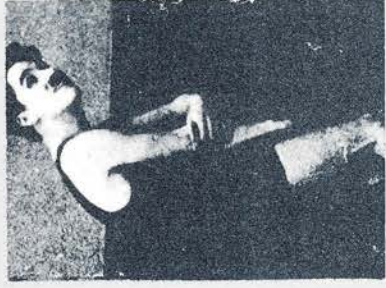
## Fucking Up

Every single issue .



## Fucking Off

Do the most what you do the best.



## Fucking Tards

We all want recognition . . .



**FOR THE SMILE  
OF HEALTH.**



# Reagan lauds 'Star Wars' proposal

WASHINGTON (AP) — Dear

Marge:

Hey, girly, I'm composing a letter on a real computer terminal at the Stanford *Daily*! It's eleven-thirty, and all the other staffers have gone out for pizza so no one knows I'm here! It's so convenient to use these things, too — the way you can edit out mistakes and everything. It's still a little confusing, though. Everytime I hit return, a line from some news story appears for about a second. Strange . . . hey, Ms. Computer Whiz that you are, you'll have to tell me someday what the "control" buttons do, because they're making things so much easier. I'm not sure yet where to get the "print-out" of this thing. Hope I find it before the others get back.

**Now Open In  
Westgate & Cupertino!**

# The Blowjob!

**"America's Custom."**

**\$2 OFF our regular \$8 price!**

**Open 7 Days a Week!**

**You never need  
an appointment!**

**Stanford Shopping Center, Palo Alto**

head-quarters  
544 Lauen  
23119 Beech Dearborn MI

tion. It was neat, but I didn't follow what he said at all. I wrote it up, best I could, and turned it in, expecting to be called into the editor's office, lickety-split. But, they printed it anyway, on the FRONT page. Wow. I was psyched. Guess I'm a natural at journalism.

feels whole bunches of terrible about this one.

A *Daily* article last Tuesday mistakenly listed Caspar Weinberger's occupation as a tight-end for the Philadelphia Eagles. He is, of course, a wide-receiver. The *Daily* regrets the error.

## Briefly

If members of the *Chaparral* staff continue to urinate off of the *Daily* roof we will close our windows. So there.

## House Ad

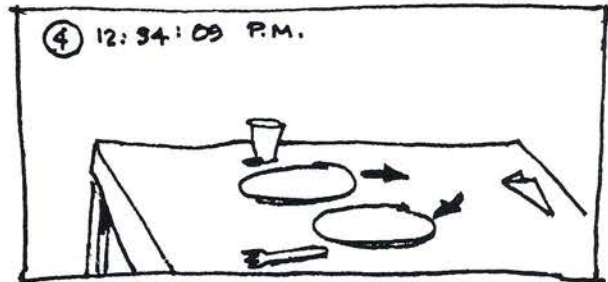
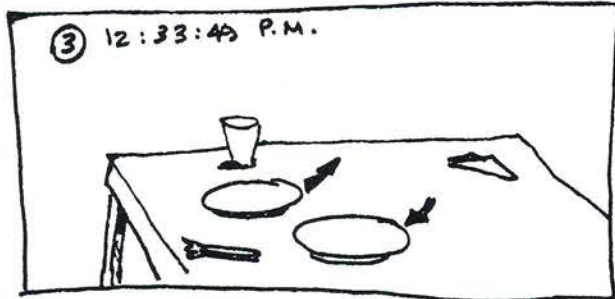
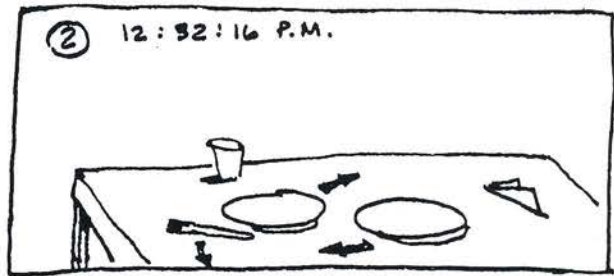
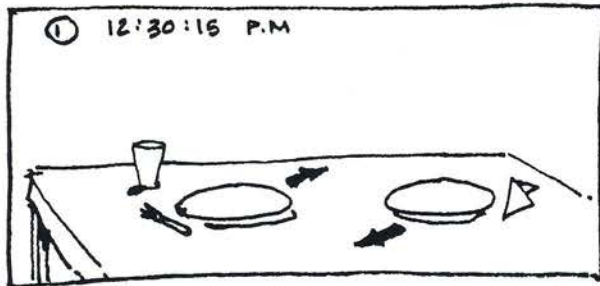
We're the *Daily*. We come out on a daily basis, hence the name. Everyday. Except for Saturdays and Sundays. And most of Dead Week. And not at all during Finals Week. O.K., so maybe we're not completely a "daily" as defined by Webster's New American Dictionary. Perhaps the name is misleading. Still. . . .

If you're not working for us yet, you can't help us think of a better name. Like "The Stanford Sheet of Paper with Many Words On It," or "Fred." So come work for us. Please. We really need help. Pretty please with a cherry on top . . . ? No? Well, fuck you.

So, anyway, yeah, I'm now working for an official "campus-wide" publication. Seems like just a week ago I was just one of those peons on the outside, looking at those giant space-filling ads every day, the ones telling me to come work for the *Daily*. Ridiculous, I thought. I could never be able to work for *them*. I'd be over my head, out of my league, the works. Then one day, I guess the ads finally got to me. I walked into the office, feeling like a little girl at her first day of kindergarten. Margie, I'm telling you there were some *big* people there. I met Steve Vineberg — he's this really clever intellectual guy who writes movie reviews longer than anything we have to write for Freshman English! He patted me on the head — I mean he really touched me! — and said, "Don't worry kid. We're just people. Just like everyone else." I swear, these people are the greatest!

So, they send me to do a story, you know, *real* journalism. I got to interview this sophomore who discovered a new element or molecule or chemical or something during his summer vaca-

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**WARNING!!!!**

Do not read this book straight through from beginning to end (or vice versa for that matter)! These pages contain many misadventures that you can go on in space, time, and reality. (Granted, so does that bottle sitting on your roommate's desk, but this book won't have you brushing your teeth and tongue in order to remove a nasty taste from your mouth.) From time to time as your read along, you will be asked to make a choice. Horror of horrors! Responsibility. No, Mom and Dad can't make the decision for you. Buckle up. Buckle down. Don't be a wimp. Your choice may lead to riches or disaster. Yes Virginia, you can fuck it up.

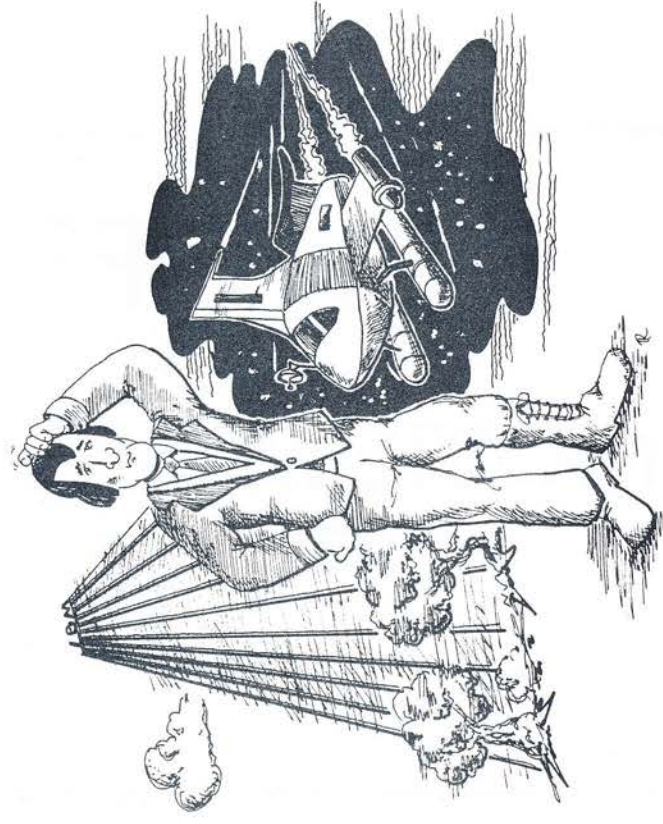
The misadventures you take are a result of your choice. Just like the real world. After you make your decision, follow the instructions at the bottom of the page to find out what happens to you next.

Now listen, you can jerk around with the Honor Code as much as you want, twist the code of student ethics into an academic pretzel, and write crib notes on your insulin vials for quick consulting during your Soviet Foreign Policy/Quantum Mechanics final, but don't screw with this book. You make a decision and you stick with it. Hear me? One action could lead you to fame and fortune . . . or it may be your last. We can only hope.

**CHOOSE YOUR OWN MISADVENTURE • 32**

# MBA'S IN SPACE AND JACKBOOTS

MIKE COLLINS AND KAREN EASTERBROOK



ILLUSTRATED BY RON FERNANDEZ



AN H + C COFFIN-UP BOOK<sup>®</sup>  
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Unlimited potential. That's you. Young, sharp, and armed with a flair for business; the world is waiting for YOU! You're just beginning, but with a masters degree in Computer Science and an MBA from Stanford, you've got a ticket to ride — anywhere.

Your first job is with an uptown management consulting firm. Your specialty is corporate investment ratings. You do well, very well in fact. You're no stranger to promotions and perks.

Then, one day, something unusual happens. You're investigating a fledgling electronics firm that has just developed a chip that could revolutionize the market. However, this company could rot in the back room without insightful management. You can smell the potential. When you're offered the position of Chief Executive Officer you're tempted to leap at the chance. It could mean your first million; and your second, and your third. But, then again, it might backfire — a sure and quick ticket to skid row.

It's a big decision.

---

*Do you grab the chance? (You know a good deal when you see it.)*  
Turn to page 4.

*Do you sit tight and hope for another promotion? (You're no dummy.)*  
Turn to page 12.

Suddenly, you're in a cave chock full of knife wielding, leather jerkened dwarves. Way to go, ace. The largest dwarf, who you take to be the leader, steps forward and speaks. "Welcome to R & D," he says. "Your office is over here." The dwarves sheath their knives and lead you around several protruding crags of dark, twisted stone to a small desk laboriously hewn from the rock of the cave floor. How they did the drawers you'll never know. "Well, here we are," barks your stunted guide. A look of unconcealed jealousy plays across his leathered face. "Gee," he grumbles, turning to go, "you get a desk."

With a stiff upper lip you pull the rough carved stone bench and put your briefcase down. As you begin to get settled, you notice someone standing in the makeshift mineshaft entry to your damp, dark office. Looking up, you're confronted by a brawny, tawny, toughly bearded man with a typewriter under his arm. "Howdy," he rumbles in a deep basso that seems to shake the floor. "I'm Jack, your secretary." He lumbers agilely forward. "But I can be so much more," he thunders softly. "I could show you parts of this shaft you've never seen before.

The choice is up to you.

---

*Do you throw in your lot with this Woodsy Romeo and accept his offer?*

Turn to page 5.

*Do you decide to have the uppity bastard fired?*  
Turn to page 7.

The haggard Old Space Hunter grins at you rudely and winks through his eyepatch. "We'll show those Imperial Bwana Dicks a thing or two about high-speed dog fighting." Needless to say, you are confused. Still, you carefully adjust the treble on the particle propulsion action diffraction boson beam and lock your sights on one of the rapidly approaching fighters. A quick eye and steady fingers give your shot the unerring accuracy your enemies have come to fear and respect. With a thunderous cacophony of snaps, crackles, and pops, the pursuing starcraft and her three squat, oddly-costumed commanders silently turn into so much kinetic space dust, beautifully backlit by the bowl of the Milky Way as seen from the Galactic Rim.



"So that's where we are," you think. "Hey, this is like one of those old Flash Gordon space serials!"

"Good Shootin'," calls the Haggard Old Space Hunter. You find him to be a brave man and a good provider, and he can type like hell. But lately, that hasn't been enough. Oh sure, gun running is interesting and exciting work, and he is blessed with dexterous tree-like fingers, but can't life offer you more? Rumours of a rebellion against the Imperium are in the solar wind. The Haggard Old Space Hunter is too set in his ways to care, but you might. Leading a successful rebellion would bring glory and fame, to mention nothing of power. Blow the job, however, and you'll be so much dust blowing in the solar wind.

What'll it be?

*Do you steal the first ship you can and join the rebellion?*

*Turn to page 9.*

*Do you really love the Haggard Old Space Hunter, think the work really isn't that bad, and stay on?*

*Turn to page 8.*



The snapping clack of a company in jackboots reverberates against the wet cobblestones of darkest Warsaw like the sound of so many burning dwarves. How close are they? Hard to say. Close enough. That SS agent you left burning in a ditch outside Prague, the woodsy one with the typewriter, must have lived long enough to talk. Odd. He had gone up like dry tinder, with the smell of roaring sandalwood.

A round of shots rings out behind you, muzzle flashes lighting the street like a soul on fire. You're dog tired and alone. You know they've got Manuel in leg chains, and Peter's been out of contact for days. You're beginning to stumble now. The dogs bark and whine as they come close enough to catch your scent and smell your fear.

Suddenly, you're on a giant bridge spanning a raging river far below in a narrow chasm. An older couple in a black Mercedes are parked on the bridge, engine idling, admiring the view.

Your choices seem clear. You can run no further.

---

*Do you throw yourself into the automobile and pray that the couple remembers the true Poland you love?*

*Turn to page 10.*

*Do you decide to jump?*  
*Turn to page 11.*

You just couldn't leave that Haggard Old Space Hunter. You spend several happy parsecs together, running guns and whittling away at the Imperium as the need arises. But it's a game of chance and you're playing, and one day you're dealt the Dead Man's Hand. You're double parked at an asteroid mine in the Bwana Sector when a battalion of crack Imperial Meter Maids gives you one last ticket. Unfortunately, it is taped to a small atomic device.

Your now discontinuous molecules bob and drift for millennia. Eventually they coalesce in a distant corner of the universe. Add a few cosmic rays, some primordial soup, and a little Darwin. Shake, do not stir.

Now you're a Harvard MBA with a masters in Computer Science and an overwhelming sense of *déjà vu*. Your job with an up-town management consulting firm is interesting, but it all seems so familiar. Seeking new thrills you leave Wall Street behind and take the helm of a fledgling electronics firm . . .

**The End.**

You knew a bad situation when you saw it and got out fast. The Haggard Old Space Hunter just didn't cut it anymore. You took your chances, but landed on your feet. You wander the stars aimlessly before deciding to live for awhile with your aunt and uncle. Their home is situated in a lush, green valley on a verdant world far, far away. You last visited them a long time ago, but they welcome you with open arms.

You soon meet and become fast friends with George, a neighbor, who talks eloquently about Rebellion, Good and Evil, and worlds beyond even your imagination. You tell him of your experiences and education and soon you are a full-fledged member of his gang of upstarts.

You ask George when the Rebellion is to begin. He tells you that your place will be beside him, behind the scenes, directing the action. "And when all this is over and the credits roll," says George, "your name will be up there with all the rest."

You are on your way. You win. Big.

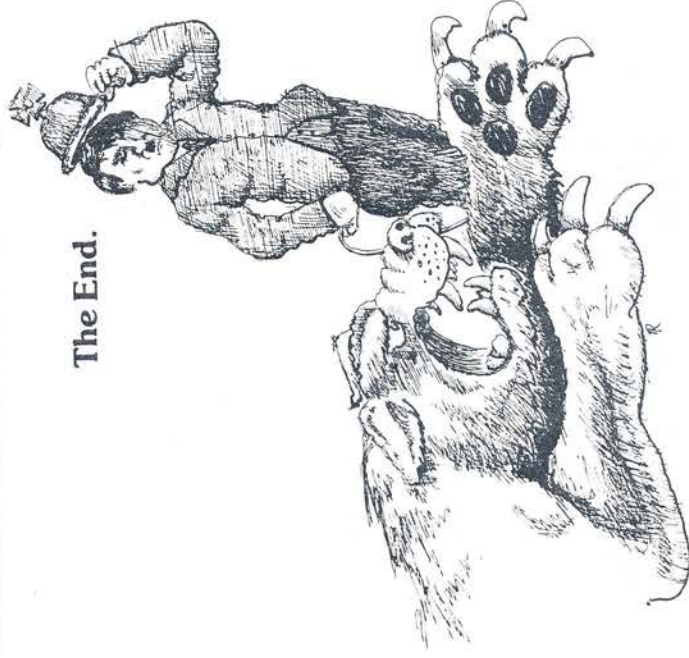
**The End.**

You plop down in the back seat, plumb out of breath, and quickly blurt out your story. Stupid, stupid move, cowboy. Polish freedom fighters don't drive Mercedes. It's a German car.

A wheezing rasping laugh from the front seat freezes your heart with fear. The Führer leans conspicuously against the horn, summoning his favorite dogs. Eva looks radiant in the dying light, but all you can think of are the sleek Dobermans snarling, slaving, and snapping at you through the car's safety glass.

The short man with the bar moustache is making crude jokes in German as he courteously begins to roll down the window.

Totmacher and Rolf are such messy eaters.



**The End.**

Tell you the truth, I never thought *anybody* would do this. Let me get this straight, you've actually decided to jump off a (and I'm quoting now) "bridge spanning a raging river far below in a narrow chasm." Do you really have to read any further? What do you *think* is going to happen, stupid? You fall, accelerating at 32 feet per second squared, smack into the rocks going a zillion miles an hour, and you turn into human hamburger. That's it. Finito. End.

Look, I'm just the author of this book, not bloody Einstein himself. I can't change the laws of physics. No, I'm not going to save you. Go away. Buy another book, do something, just leave me alone. No, I *won't* write in a part where an alien spaceship swoops down and catches you in mid-fall. Why would space aliens want to bother with you anyway? Look, I'm trying to deal with realistic situations here. I mean nobody, *nobody*, would buy an ending like that.

O.K., O.K., if it'll make you feel better . . .

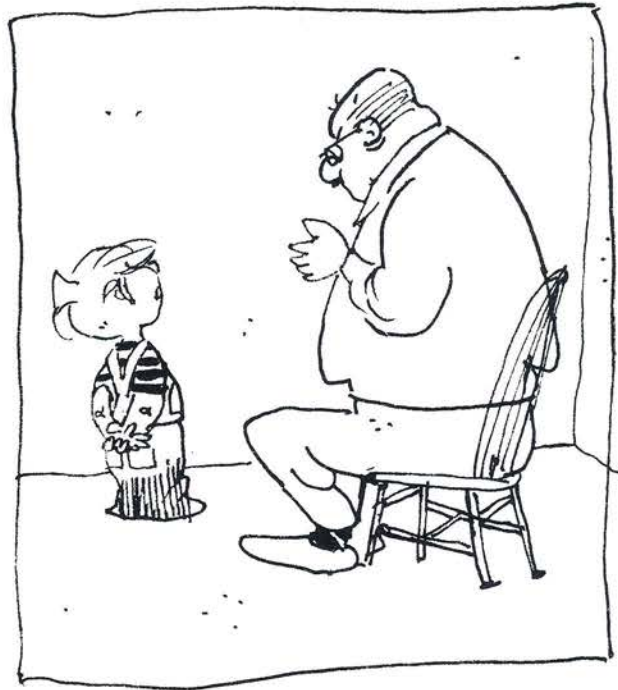
*Your bodily parts are washed into the ocean where they are eaten by a baby great white shark on the verge of starvation who then grows up to be real big and then in turn eats Jerry Falwell while he is on vacation in Hawaii while using illicitly solicited non-profit organization funds.*  
Feel better?

**The End.**

Turn to page 3.

# Sex in the Comics

**T**here's no doubt about it. 1984 was a breakthrough year for the funny pages. The sexual content of comics this year, for the most part, was a reflection of the sexual mores and attitudes of today's society. Nowhere was this more evident than with Beetle Bailey's contraction of AIDS and his subsequent dishonorable discharge from the Army. "Doonesbury" gained a gritty sense of reality with its ongoing herpes story, and "Bloom County," always in the footsteps of "Doonesbury", gave Opus, the penguin, a severe case of syphilis. The issue of wife beating hit home with Lois taking Hi to court for slapping her around. The sensitive child-kidnapping issue was confronted when, after a messy divorce, the "Family Circus" father kidnapped his son and daughter from their mother. All in all, it was a year wherein taboos were broken and new ground trod.



"Gee, Mr. Wilson, my mom's gettin' an abortion 'cuz she hates me."  
 "No, it's not that, Dennis. Your mother's getting an abortion because she doesn't want another spoiled little shit like you messing up her life."

**A dose of reality was injected into the "Dennis the Menace" clan when Dennis's mother got an abortion because she didn't want another son like Dennis. (March 13, 1984)**

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**The life of Cathy, the feminist single lady, was changed when, fired from her steady job, she was forced to turn tricks to pay the rent. (July 6, 1984)**

by James Lujon

Stanford Chaparral



To the shock of millions of “Blondie” readers, an incestuous affair between Blondie and her son, Alexander, explored the psychological depths of the characters’ passions. (February 14, 1984)

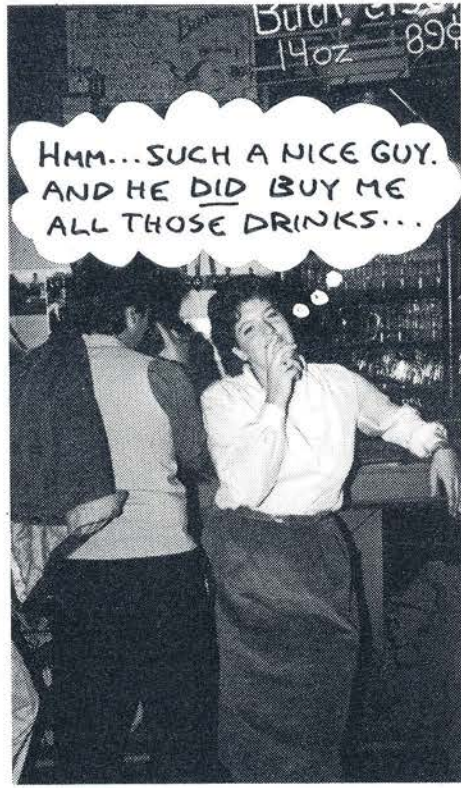


Fritz the Cat made a guest appearance in the “Garfield” comic. (May 14, 1984)



The cast and crew of “Peanuts” were thrown into the brutal world of child pornography when it was revealed that Lucy posed for a nude spread in a kiddie porn magazine. (October 12, 1984)

# Now there is an alternative **THE MALE CONTRACEPTIVE**





WHY... YOU'RE ON THE PILL, AREN'T YOU?

NO. BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER.



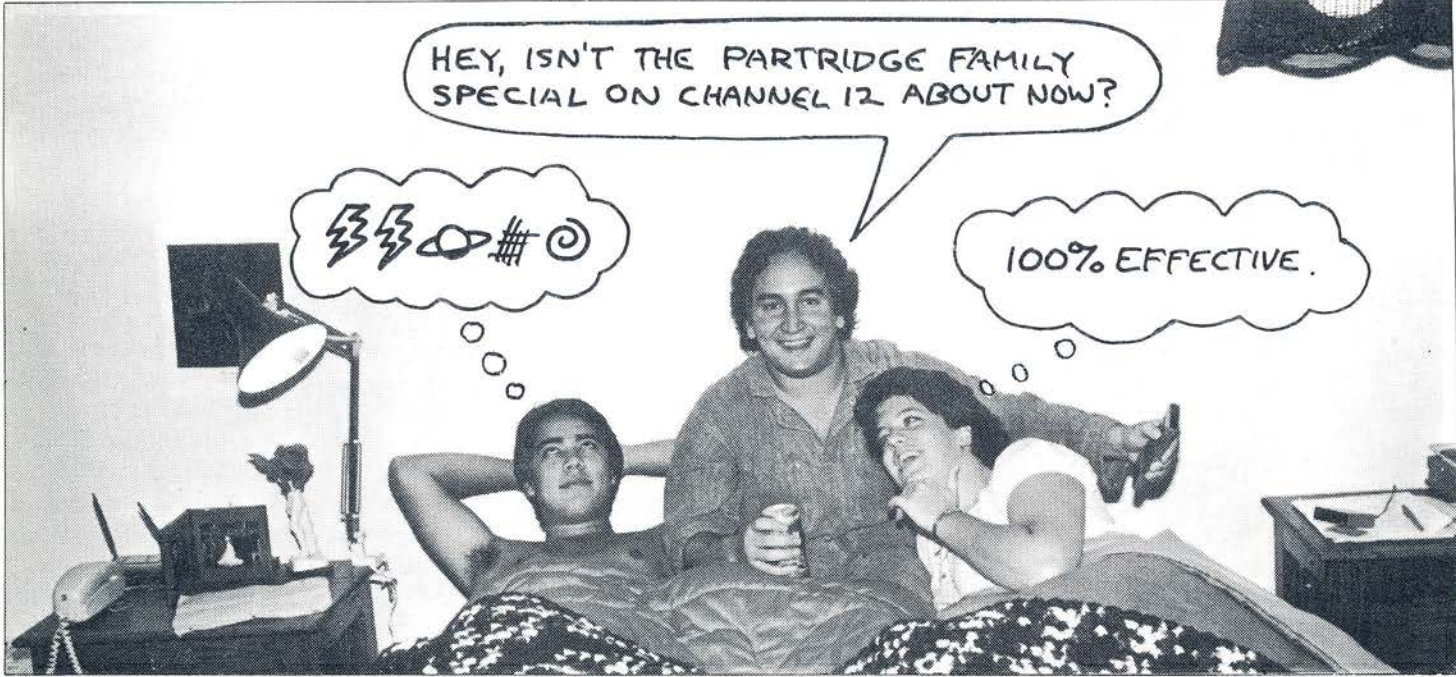
BETTER THAN THE PILL?

I PREFER...



A MALE CONTRACEPTIVE\*!

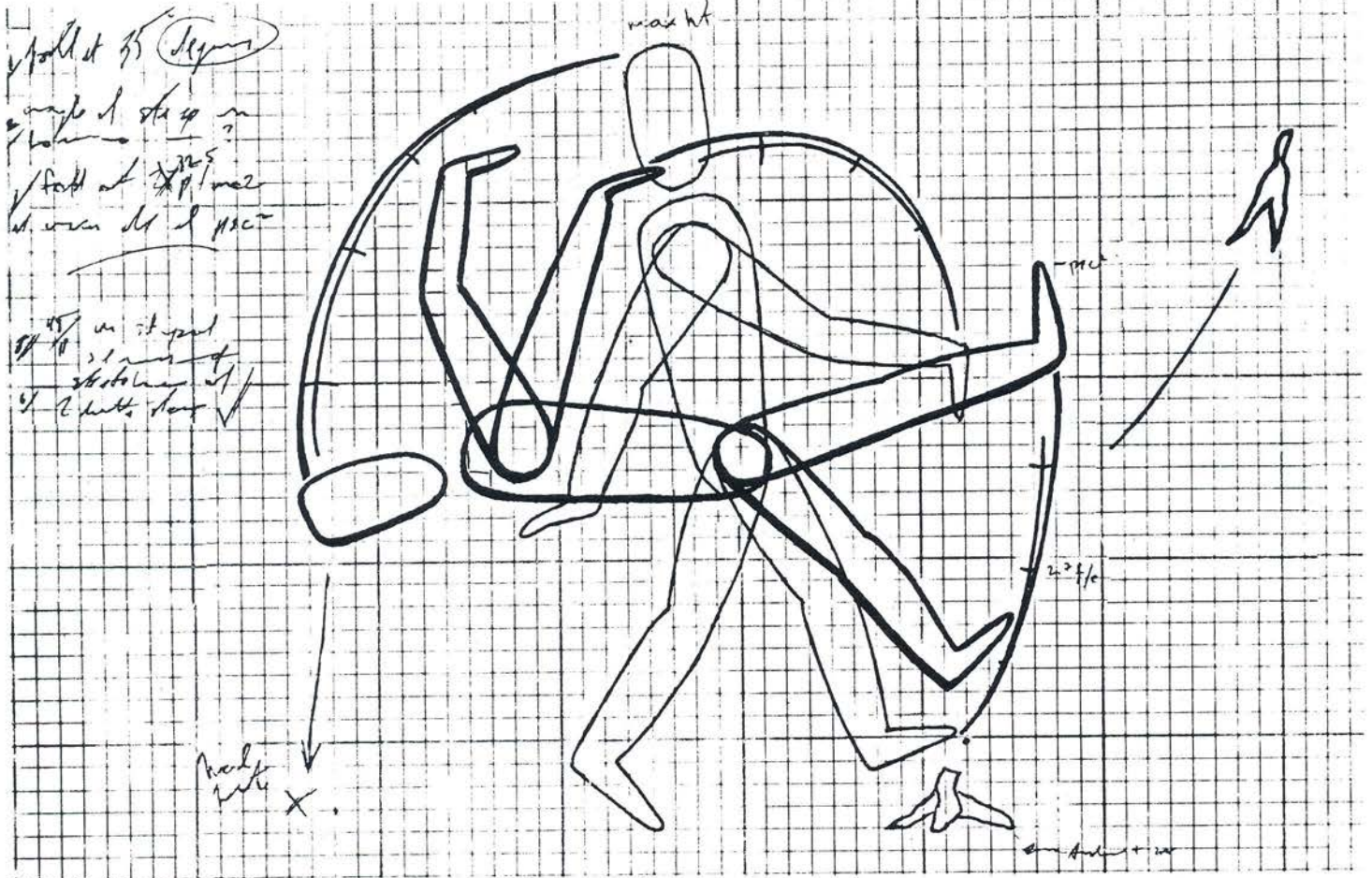
\*"Andy" (Stock No. 316-A) comes ribbed for comfort!



HEY, ISN'T THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY SPECIAL ON CHANNEL 12 ABOUT NOW?

⚡⚡⚡ⓂⓃⓅⓆⓇ

100% EFFECTIVE.



by Ron Herbst

**H**ugh Templeton hits his alarm clock right before it goes off. He grins like a cat — you can tell he enjoyed that extra bit of sleep. The six-foot two form of the ideal man bounds virilly out of bed and begins to do his calisthenics on the floor. One-two, one-two. Now left hand, army style. One-two, three-four. He jumps up refreshed and totally awake. He wipes the sweat off the back of his neck and then throws the towel in a beautiful arc so that it wraps itself effortlessly around the bedpost. "It's going to be a great Friday the 13th," he thinks.

Down in the kitchen he times his pancakes just right. The batter just the right consistency by the time the temperature of the skillet is just right. Gosh! Just right! He downs a glass of OJ at his leisure and then it is time to flip the pancakes. He does, way up in the air. He spins around like a ballerina and catches all four with ease. He points at his own reflection in the TV set, winks and says, "Gotcha!"

The phone rings. He prances over to it as gracefully as a gazelle and answers it. It's his carpool mate.

# LUCK

# WAVES



Benjie.

"Hello? What? Who? Why?" he cackles then, "Oh, *Hugh*, this is you. I'm so embarrassed. Oh, I called you."

"Hi, Benjie. Hey, what's happening, guy?"

"Oh, Hugh I didn't want to call you. I'm sorry. I was trying to call my Aunt Heimlich, but I guess I dialed your number by mistake. How silly."

"Yeah, how silly," Hugh says genially.

"Well, I'm really sorry, Hugh. Well . . . I'll see you soon, right? Well, I really have to call my aunt."

"Don't sweat it, bro. See ya." Hugh hung up. His pancakes were just ready.

**H**ugh Templeton, although he is not aware of it, isn't going to have such a great Friday the 13th, if I have any say in things.

Speaking from a rather well-informed point of view, I can tell you that Hugh Templeton is going to find this day rather difficult to get through.

Okay, so you're wondering why Templeton knows absolutely nothing about it. I don't suppose even the authorities know about this, to tell you the truth. And it will sound a little strange to you so you may not believe me.

Here it is:

Halfway around the world — I mean *exactly, precisely* halfway around the world from the exact place Hugh Templeton will be sitting in exactly six hours — eight thousand blahdee blahdee blah miles directly below where that moment — an immense wave of bad luck is being generated *right now*. That wave is going to move around the world in two directions, and in exactly six hours both of those waves will hit Hugh Templeton from two directions with concentrated force.

Don't ask me how; that's just how luck waves work.

Everything's about to be set in motion in a couple of seconds. Hold on . . . here goes. . . MARK!

In a brand new soccer stadium in Saudi Arabia, Jamal Al-Sadeghi slips on an oily patch. He falls on and sprains his left ankle. He arches his

back, squints his eyes, and yells in pain. He pops the trick joint in his back. His contact lenses pop out. Two rushing guards step on the lenses and slip, knocking heads. One collapses into a heap and the other grabs the goalie while yelling "Ambulance! Ambulance!" with a mouth full of broken teeth and blood. His speech is slurred and the goalie thinks the guard has just insulted him. He draws back to punch, and hits the referee who was approaching from behind. The sportscaster watches the scene from his booth, and as his mouth drops open in amazement, his cigarette falls into his lap. He curses loudly in Arabic and then looks at the TV engineer, who has gone to a commercial just a bit too late. With the speed of TV satellite transmissions, the wave has begun to move.

**H**ugh and Benjie are speeding down Highway 14. Hugh, as he drives, lifts his hands from the steering wheel and puts them behind his head, letting the car drive itself. Hugh's car has almost perfect alignment. He drives like this for twenty seconds, relaxing as if he were in an easy chair, and then grabs the wheel at the last minute, just before the car nearly hits a Greyhound Bus. He grins because Benjie is shaking with fear.

"Say, I wouldn't do that." Benjie lights a cigarette to calm himself down.

"Benjie, why did you have to call your aunt this morning?" Hugh says.

Benjie turns to Hugh, forgetting to blow out the match with which he just lit his cigarette. "I had to tell her I broke her camera. Eeeuuugh!" The match flashes as it burns his finger. Benjie gasps, inhaling too much smoke, causing him to cough loudly. Hugh closes his eyes and smirks at this. Benjie has done this exact same thing so many times Hugh is used to it. Flash! Gasp! Hack! The rhythm is familiar. Benjie picks up the cigarette from the freshest of the many scorchmarks on the carpet. "Boy, I've got to learn to watch myself," he says, pounding his knee angrily.

Something came to my attention just now, and I have to say it, disrespectful as it sounds. I have, in my existence, never seen a grown man keep such terrible tabs on his own body as Benjie.

Hugh has just closed his eyes to see how long he can drive this way. "So, what is this about your aunt's camera?" He says.

"Well, I borrowed it to take a picture of this really neat squirrel's nest I found in our oak tree. It's a really big squirrel's nest, you know? Well, I dropped the camera out of the tree."

"You mean you climbed up the tree to take the picture?" Hugh's eyes are still shut.

"Well, yeah, sort of. It was the only way to get a really good view of it. Anyway, I'm going to pay for a new camera. Say, aren't we going out of the . . . ?"

Hugh opens his eyes and jerks the car out of the path of an oncoming Federal Express van. Just in time. As usual.

As *always*. This guy *always* gets out of things just in time. He even expects it now. Doesn't it give you satisfaction to know that in four hours and forty minutes he is going to be hit by the biggest wave of misfortunate energy since 1929? Doesn't it? Can't you see that Hugh Templeton is something that needs to be combatted? Anyway it won't be long now.

In a village in India, the flash of a brightly colored sari distracts an upper caste man, causing him to lose his step and fall smack on an untouchable. Seconds later and down the street, three fleeing pickpockets approach from opposite directions, looking back at their pursuers. They crash into each other and drop all their stolen booty down a sewer.

In Italy, a man who has just been told he has two weeks to live storms into an ancient Basilica church, looks up and screams, "WHY MEEEEEEEE!?!?!?!" at the top of his lungs. His voice resonates through the cavernous hall. The decaying rafters of the crumbling structure come crashing down on top of him. What a mess!

It's eleven-thirty, and Hugh is at

# FRIENDS

and

# HELPERS

**ASSU Friends and Helpers** — We are a community service organization that matches Stanford students with senior citizens in the Stanford community. Most of our "friends" are Emeriti professors or husbands/wives of Emeriti. Students spend two to three hours a week with a senior providing companionship and choretype services. It is a great opportunity to meet some exciting people and to add something special to our Stanford life.

CONTACT

RON GREEN

497-4331

his neat desk, tapping numbers into a pocket calculator. One of his two phones rings. He says hello into one phone and the other one rings. Without hesitation, he places the second phone by his other ear and starts to carry on two simultaneous phone conversations.

"Yeah, they got here this morning," he says into phone one.

"No, five hundred people is a few too many people to fit in a meeting room, Jerry," into the other.

"Oh, sure, they looked great. I might want two more of the orange ones.

"No you have to get a hall, Jerry. Ha, you old joker, you!" Hugh rests one phone on his shoulder while he uses the free hand to grab a sip of coffee.

We're looking inside the El Prado Museum in Spain right now. A poor husband and wife watch in horror as their three-year-old son causes an eight hundred year old suit of armor to topple over onto a case containing five hundred year old fine porcelain. Well, that's the breaks!

At this moment, at a large electronics factory in Japan, complex decision-making algorithms being worked out by computer have been boiled down to one number. The very future of the company hinges upon the accuracy of that number. Well, one piece of the raw data was accidentally entered as a negative instead of a positive value. Within hours of receiving the computer analysis, the company will fire 80 percent of its workers and start producing lace doilies.

**H**ugh and Benjie have sat down to lunch at Clancey Vesuvio's to talk business. Now they are eating dessert and their conversation has turned to the subject of women.

"So, what do you think, Hugh?" Benjie said. "Do you think Morgane Delahunt would want to go to the company Christmas party with me?"

"I think you should give it a try, you virile steed! Don't be scared."

"But Hugh, she's so — she's so beautiful, and look at me: stringy hair, no muscles . . . and scars all over my body from little accidents I have now and then. She's out of my league."

"Bull," Hugh says as emphatically as his morals will allow. "You gotta try or you'll never know."

"Hugh?" Benjie leaned in to him. "Do you think I'm a miserable little schlep?"

Hugh froze with the genial smile still on his face. He was thinking, "Hell yeah!" but he couldn't get himself to say it. He began to break out into a cold sweat, though not enough to stain his clothes. For once, he didn't know what to say.

Just now the waiter presents the check, saving Hugh. Benjie says he wants to pay for it, but Hugh insists. On the way out Hugh notices a poster on the wall near the exit saying, "If we forget to give you your after dinner mints, you don't have to pay your check." Neither Hugh nor Benjie got their mints. Hugh smiles.

**Y**ou see — that's the thing about Hugh Templeton. He's used to all the stuff the rest of you dream about. He can cook, he can kick a football, he's intellectual, he's emotional. He's never not gotten just what he wants. When he wanted a go-cart for Christmas, his parents, just out of the blue, found a man who was giving them away. When he was second in his senior class in high school, the would-be valedictorian suffered what doctors called a retroactive case of sudden infant death syndrome. I mean this aura follows Hugh Templeton around, making everything work out just goddam right for him. Now he shrugs it off and expects it.

Now wait. I don't mean to make you think I'm going to do anything just to get even with the bastard. Hey wait, I never even said I was the one doing it. Stop putting words in my mouth.

Right now things are going awry in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. A blind dolphin has just tried to mate with a mako shark, but he paid for his mistake soon enough. Now, off the island of Nauru, the captain of a Greenpeace vessel has walked away from the tiller momentarily to get a hit off his first mate's bong. Meanwhile, a humpback whale whose ears are still hurting from a particular high frequency satellite transmission fails to notice the boat until it rams him broadside. It's not

funny, no, but I find it ironic, in a deathly sort of way.

In Washington, D.C., a bunch of sleepy senators come to, realizing they have just passed into law a bill outlawing the Soviet Union. In the White House, seconds later, the president laughs to himself and then decides he must tell the reporters at the press conference the hilarious ethnic joke Ed Meese just told him.

Well, it's almost time. It's 1:25, and Hugh Templeton has about five minutes left until all of his proverbial excreta strikes the proverbial fan! I can hardly wait!

There's Hugh all right, sitting at his desk right where he should be. Right where I want him. Just in time too; I thought he was going to get caught up in that conversation with Benjie. Benjie asked Hugh to answer the question he evaded at Clancey Vesuvio's, but Hugh had to go answer his phone.

They're getting closer. Less than ten miles away a man's watch stopped ticking, which isn't very earth shattering, but it's something.

Hugh is twirling an ashtray on his finger as he talks on the phone. He has no idea. It's almost here. In just seconds, the waves will converge on the lucky fink and when they do, oboy, will they kick the snot out of him! Oh I want to see the scum bite the big one! Oh, I hate lucky people!"

Ten seconds! A secretary in the next building just mixed liquid paper into her coffee.

Six seconds! A rookie exec just farted in a board meeting down the hall.

Hugh has hung up the phone.

What? Benjie's walking toward him!

"Answer my question! Am I a little schlep?" he says. Noooo! Noooooooo! This can't be happening.

Benjie trips and falls, knocking Hugh out of his chair! Benjie clunks his head against Hugh's ashtray and lands flat on the floor. The fluorescent light fixture snaps from the ceiling and smacks Benjie good.

"That bloody hurt." Hugh whines rubbing his elbow. I can't stand it.

The bucket of water tips off the bookshelf, landing on Benjie. The can of snakes pops open into Benjie's face. He tries to get up and slips on a banana peel and lands on

the whoopie cushion and the joy buzzer I put there. Benjie starts scratching himself furiously. Itching powder. I had put that all over the floor earlier, along with the water, snakes, bananas, whoopie cushions, and buzzer. All of these great jokes gone to waste. I can't stand it, I can't stand it!

I had planned it so carefully. It just isn't fair! I mean, I only wanted to add to the fun that was bound to be caused by the waves. Get in my licks as well. But noooo! Benjie just had to be there. Benjie just had to be the brunt of the jokes set for Hugh. Benjie just had to fuck things up. And Hugh's come out of this good as gold, the little . . .

What? A small earthquake? The floor crumbles away and everyone gets to safety except Benjie. He falls two floors and crashes into a pile of rubble, billowing dust in the process. He moans weakly. NO! He's burst into flame! He's spontaneously combusted! He reaches for the fire extinguisher, but it falls on his head. That's the end of Benjie.

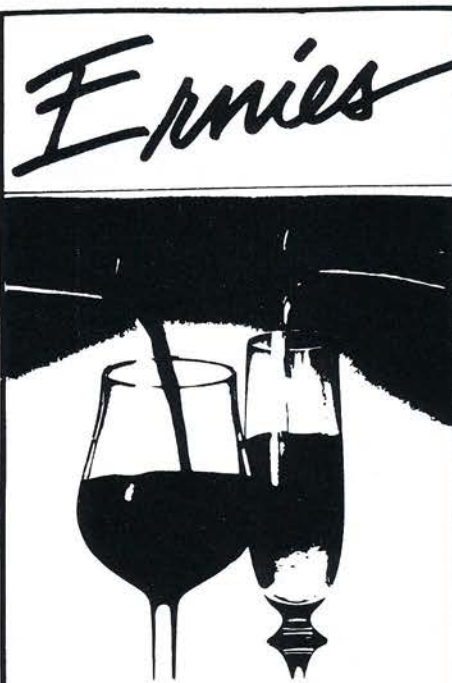
Leave me alone. I have to think.

**W**ell, it's all over. You could say my revenge was foiled a bit, but I'm handling it well.

Hugh Templeton is still working at his old job, not a scratch on him. He's now dating Margane Delahunt, who comforted him over the loss of his friend. The bastard. He's just going along, waiting for more good things to befall him. Well I never give up after the first time.

But I am content. I have a martyr. Benjamin Funterwhickle, whom I only considered a minor accomplice at first has turned out to be the key to my whole existence. Here was a man whose luck was so bad it actually drew him to the focus of a misfortune wave. Such a pathetic person that his run of bad luck caused his incredibly incredible and stupid-looking demise. But in his fall, he has borne the burden of all our bad luck and all our self-induced suffering. He is more than a man. He is the Perpetual Enemy of the Self. He is one whose example we can learn to avoid.

Can this be the beginning of something ecclesiastic? Let's wait a few centuries . . .



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# Two Stories from The Hovel at Shit Corner

by JOSH WEINSTEIN and  
MIKE COLLINS

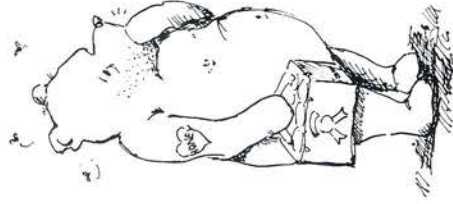
about Winnie-the-Shit and Piglet  
and Tigger and Knee-Oar  
and their few friends.

Illustrated by LESLIE LELAND

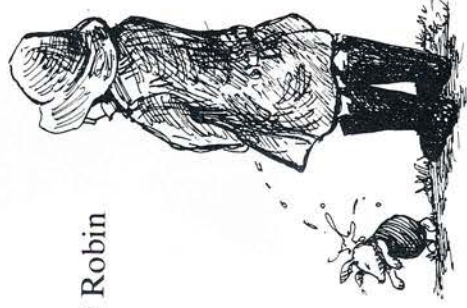


ANH + C COFFIN-UP BOOK®  
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In This Book You'll Meet . . .



Winnie-The-Shit



Christopher Robin



Piglet



Knee-Oar



Tigger and Roo

often drink while sitting on a stump in the forest?" inquired Christopher Robin as little boys who have never spent a day in a Frat often do.

"No, you pebble-brained little toddler," replied Winnie between gulps, "because this is beer. And you are Under Age. And, besides, I am a Greedy Shit."

Christopher Robin dejectedly and secretly wished that Winnie would someday devour a jar full of monstrously fatal cyanide-laced Honey as people who knew Winnie often did.

Quite suddenly and therefore most unexpectedly, a Thought, a strange Funny Thought,



came quite quickly into Winnie's woozy head that sat upon his slumped Bear Shoulders which were connected to his frowzy and patchy Bear Belly that was oh-so-very big and kept Winnie from seeing his own Winnie-the-Shit feet even while sitting upon his oh-so-very big Bear Behind. The Thought, following this line of reasoning (and what better line to follow for a thought if you think about it . . .) emerged, quite unexpectedly and in a most unexpected manner, from Winnie. Christopher Robin immediately wrinkled his nose, closed his eyes, and began to breathe

## In Which Piglet Gets a Hangover

Gosh Winnie, do you think I should have a twelfth beer?" asked Piglet eleventh beerily.

"Why certainly, you mush-headed little Porker," commented Winnie in an ever so slightly Obnoxious-As-Hell Tone, "Because if you don't, you can never have a thirteenth beer." Piglet was comforted by this which was something he had, by himself, not thought of.

So, as the round-bellied beer bear and the most definitely tiny pig sat on a stump in the Hundred Chancre Wood guzzling their beer, the wind blew blawingly through the trees, and the leaves rustled as leaves being blown by the wind so often do. Christopher Robin galoshed his way over to the tiny, hand-drawn stump-sitting figures as only a 13 year-old who still believed in imaginary playmates and whose parents should have had a serious talk with him a long, long time ago can do.

"Why hello Winnie, hello Piglet. Oh, may I have a sip of that very tasty looking apple juice you are drinking that Little Hand-Drawn Figures

through his little pre-pubescent mouth. Piglet, still quite eleventh beerily, said, "Who farted?"

"I," said Winnie. This was much to the surprise of all who had never known their Dacron-polyfill Buddy to admit to anything before, but this illudory confession was not to be. Winnie continued, "I have a Hum, a real Humdinger of a Hum!" and before Christopher Robin could hear his mother calling his name or Piglet hear Mother Nature calling *his*, Winnie began;

There once was a Shit-Bear named Winnie, (tiddly-boom)  
Whose friends were a boy and a piggy, (tiddly-boom)  
Their pants he'd undo,

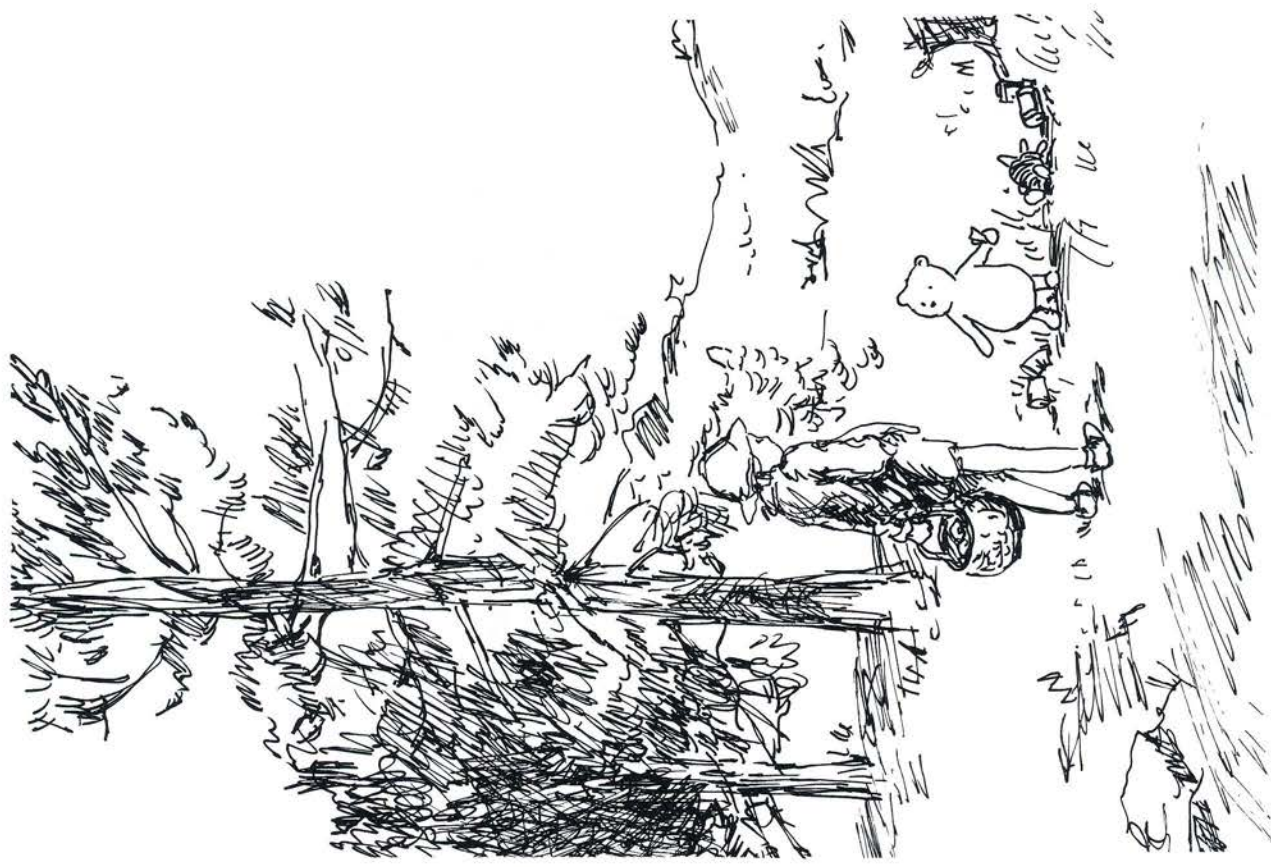
And both he would screw,  
If one weren't so squat, the other too skinny. (tiddly-boom)

And so as Christopher Robin joined the tiny hand-drawn figures on the stump, and as he quite quietly hoped hopefully for a keg of apple juice, Piglet and Winnie drank their thirteenth beer. And their fourteenth. And their fifteenth. And their sixteenth. And their twenty seven eleventeenth. And Piglet passed out. And Winnie took the twelve dollars out of Piglet's little Pig Pocket that Piglet had been planning to do nothing particular with except perhaps place in his little pig pocket.

"You shouldn't do that," said Christopher Robin thoughtfully as all good little boys addressing pick pocket bears should do.

"And you shouldn't be such a nosy asshole," interjected Winnie as he brusquely yet kindly clomped Christopher Robin on the head with his grossly matted honey-sopped hand-drawn bear paws.

When Piglet awoke the next day on the stump on which Winnie had left him seemingly to die, he awoke with such a boar sized throbbing in his Little Pig Brain that he wished he hadn't awoken.



"Gosh, I have such a boar-sized throbbing in my Little Pig Brain that I wish I hadn't awoken," said Piglet redundantly.

"So do I," said Winnie as he clambered bearilly down from the Honey Tree, where he had just killed ten thousand Buzz-Buzzing Bees just to get their honey.

"But here, take this," said Winnie as he handed Piglet a jar that Piglet thought was filled with tasty honey tree honey in which Winnie had actually trapped the remaining one hundred very angry Buzz-Buzzing Bees. "It will help your hangover."

And so Piglet opened the jar. And the remaining one hundred very angry Buzz-Buzzing Bees stung Piglet all over his extremely stingable pig body. And Winnie laughed. And Piglet thought, "Whatta' shit." before he passed out again as all little pigs who have had too much to drink and are subsequently stung by one hundred very angry Buzz-Buzzing Bees so often do.



## In Which Knee-Oar Loses His Tail

**K**nee-oar felt low as an old stuffed ass. "Say, Winnie," he mumbled drolly, wagging his raggedy-baggedy, two-tone head toward the belicose bear, "have you seen my tail? I believe that I have lost it again."



Winnie-the-Shit pulled a handful of rusty nails from his slobbery maw. "Do you perhaps think," he growled, the words tumbling over one another like fleeing hoods, "that I sit about on Warm Blustery Days such as This, pulling at my whiskers and wondering what has become of

your baggy behind?" Winnie was so generous as to illustrate his words with wide, threatening swipes of his furry, nail-clutching forepaws.

Knee-Oar scratched behind one ear thoughtfully and sat himself down on a knobby stump at the foot of a Leafy Oak. "Could have sworn it was here this morning," he yawned while looking about indifferently. He paused and turned to look once again at his friend Winnie who quickly dropped the Big Nubby Stick he had been hefting and turned to chewing his nails instead. "Yes, it would be nice to have my tail," Knee-Oar repeated, careful to keep his back against the tree and to drool somewhat as he spoke. "But perhaps rather than looking for it I'll just stay here for a while . . ."

"Oh no you won't!" blustered Winnie-the-Shit quickly. "No sire, that you will not do. We're going to find that damn tail right now." Knee-Oar lumbered off the log.

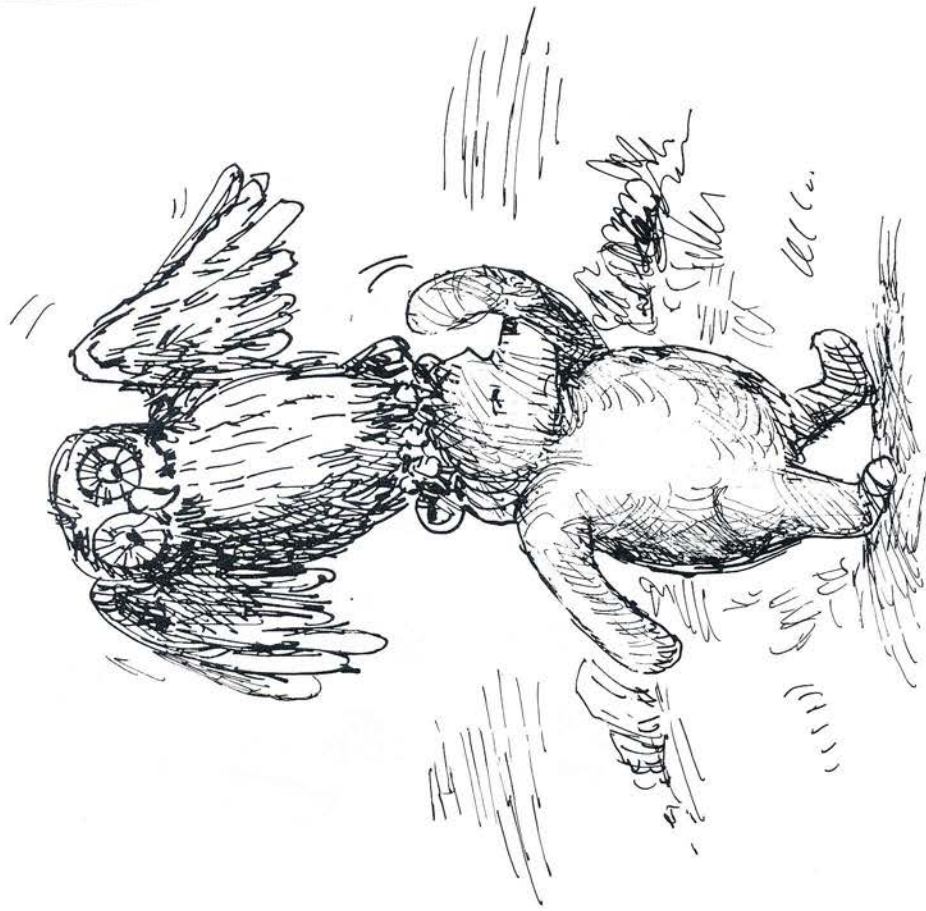
"Oh well, if you say so," he frowned indifferently and the two set off on the Path Through the One Hundred Chancre Wood.

Winnie had just worked up a good loogie and was considering where on Knee-Oar's back he might best deposit it when the smackity-poopie of birdy-doo on his shoulder announced the arrival of their good friend, Owl, who perched on Winnie's head, his powerful talons carressing his tender scalp like rising dough.

"Ow!" said Winnie, with a curiously contorted grimace. "Kindly remove yourself from my tip-top." Owl chuckled and dropped to the forest floor.

"Hoo!" Owl cried. "You've got a surprisingly squishy head!"

"And you seem to have a broken wing," chortled the angry shit, proving the point with





several thump-crochety-thumps of his big, yellow paws.

"Hoo!" Owl exclaimed, "So I Do."

"And, just when I was feeling fine. Well, I suppose I'll hobble on home and polish off the Piglet." Owl turned to go, slyly pulling off three of Winnie's toes before flapping down the path.

"Owl didn't have my tail," Knee-Oar said, staring at Winnie-the-Shit's foot, which was leaving puffs of fluffy white Dacron Poly-Fill here and there on the woodsy path. The two began walking along again, Winnie stopping occasionally to rub a few dry sticks together or pee down gopher holes. The sun was high overhead in the Hundred Chancre Wood when, all of a sudden, the path and sun were both blocked by a familiar form. The two friends came to a sudden halt.

"Well, well," smiled Winnie, "it's Tigger. Hello Tigger." The bouncy, energetic tiger did not respond, but continued to dangle merrily and in-the-breezily from a knotty, gnarled birch.

"Just hanging around?" called Knee-Oar. Then his floppy two-tone mouth plopped wide open. "Saaayy," called the frowzy donkey as Winnie gave the lolling cat a pair of cautious tummy-thumps. "My tail!"

Sure enough, there it was tied with a festive bow around both Tigger's orange and black neck and a limb on the gnarled birch.

"And there's a note too," Winnie-the-Shit noted, pulling a carefully crayoned letter from the cat's unlikely pocket. Piglet leaned over and read the big and multi-colored words out loud;

The wonderful thing about Tiggers;  
Are Tiggers are wonderful things;  
Their tops are made out of rubber;  
Their bottoms are made out of springs;

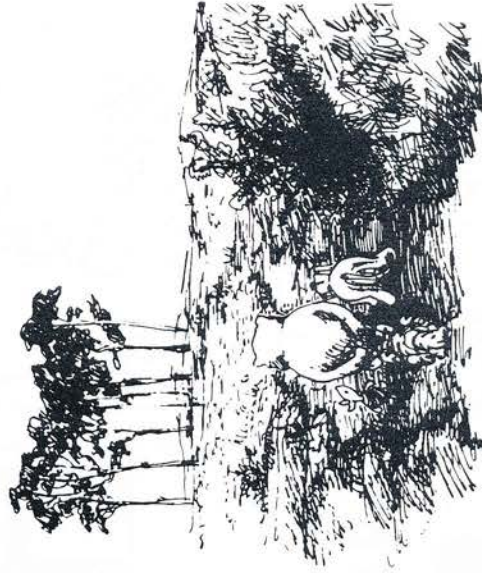
They're bouncy, trouncy, bouncy, trouncy;  
Fun, fun, fun, oh fuck it all.  
Existence has no purpose.  
I am nobody.

AAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH!!!

"Goodness," exclaimed Knee-Oar as Winnie gave a firm tug and brought the limp kitty down with a tumble-thud. "Such a shame. Could you tie it back on for me?"

"Certainly," chuckled Winnie, doing so rather deftly considering the lack of thumbs or fingers in his mitten paws.

"Thank you," Knee-Oar replied, and they turned back toward the Tumbledown Shanty at Shit Corner, with the flip-flopping bump-bumping lump of Tigger wiping away the big-bellied beer tracks and the smaller, rounder donkey prints as the three friends moved back along the path together.



The Further Erudite  
Adventures of...

# Clitus the Fetus

Hi kids!

Clitus, my tiny placental pal, please pardon me if I do not follow this...

Ralston, it's very simple. It goes like this...

Yes, modern cardiac medicine has made great leaps...

... since Dec. 2, 1967, when Doctor Christiaan Barnard performed...

... the first human heart transplant.

Then, in 1982, Barney Clark received the first mechanical heart.

(On Oct. 26, 1984, Baby Fae received a baboon heart!)

Then, on Nov. 26, 1984, Dr. DeVries gave William Schroder the world's 2nd mechanical heart!

As I told you Clitus, I didn't quite follow what happened back there!

Ralston, as a denizen of the Astral Plane, these things should be obvious to you!

What we just experienced was a short course in "Modern Heart History!"

Roy Remondez 11-28-84

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# CAPTAIN BIG WAY

