

STANFORD  
**Chaparral**  
The Humor Magazine Spring 1986 Seventy-five cents

INSIDE:  
From Spielberg's Desk  
Artszche Comics  
Cursery Rhymes  
The Modyyssey



Paul  
Cheney  
86

**MYTHOLOGY**

# INTRODUCING THE EASY WAY TO GET HOME ECONOMICALLY

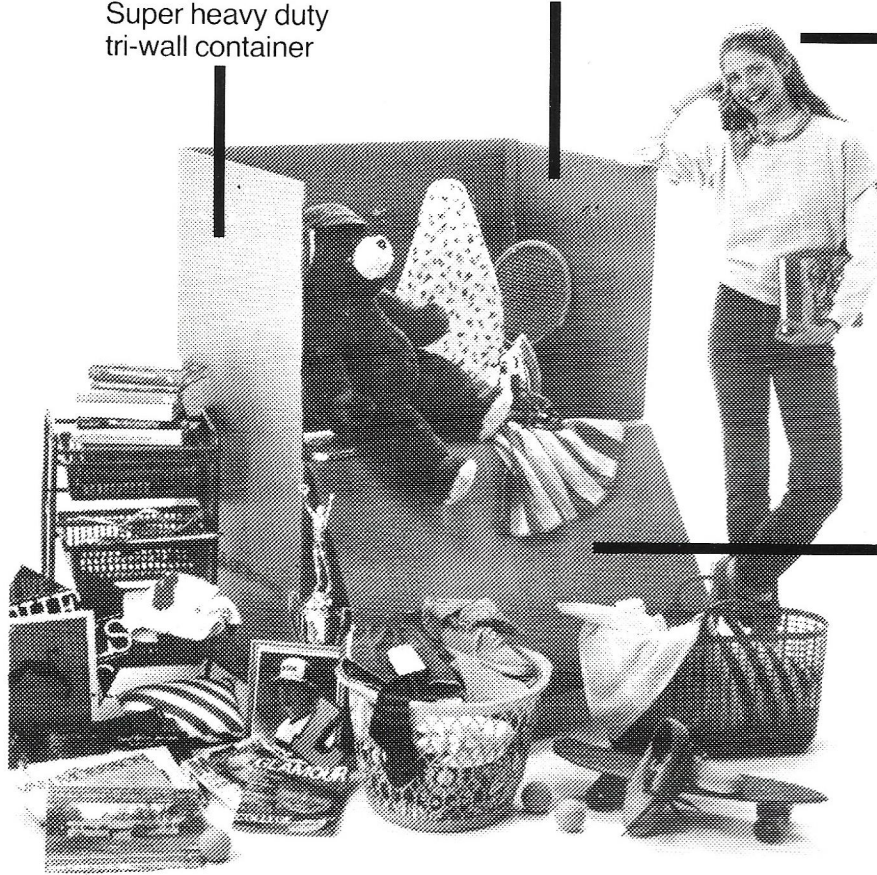
**DURABLE**  
Super heavy duty  
tri-wall container

**PERFECT SIZE**  
Holds up to  
500 lbs.

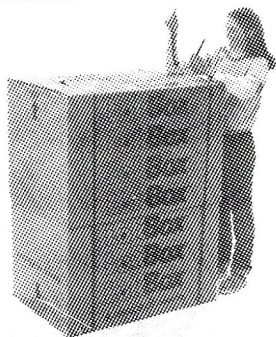
**BRILLIANT**  
Got a professional  
move for less than  
do-it-yourself,  
without the hassles

**PROFESSIONAL  
HANDLING**  
without the  
frustrations of  
do-it-yourself

**EASY TO LOAD**  
with fold-down flap



Permanent seals help  
prevent opening once  
locked.



## YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAUL

A new economical alternative to the "do it yourself" move. Simply pack your stereo, books, clothes, almost anything, into our specially designed container. Take the container to your local Bekins agent, or we'll come and get it for a slight extra charge. You can even pack it at our place if you wish. Then we deliver it right to your door. You even receive basic damage protection at no additional cost.

Compare the economy, convenience, speed and peace of mind of this new service to the pains of do-it-yourself. We're sure you'll agree... You Don't Have To Haul.

## Bekins Moving & Storage

**Redwood City**  
**(415) 368-3811**

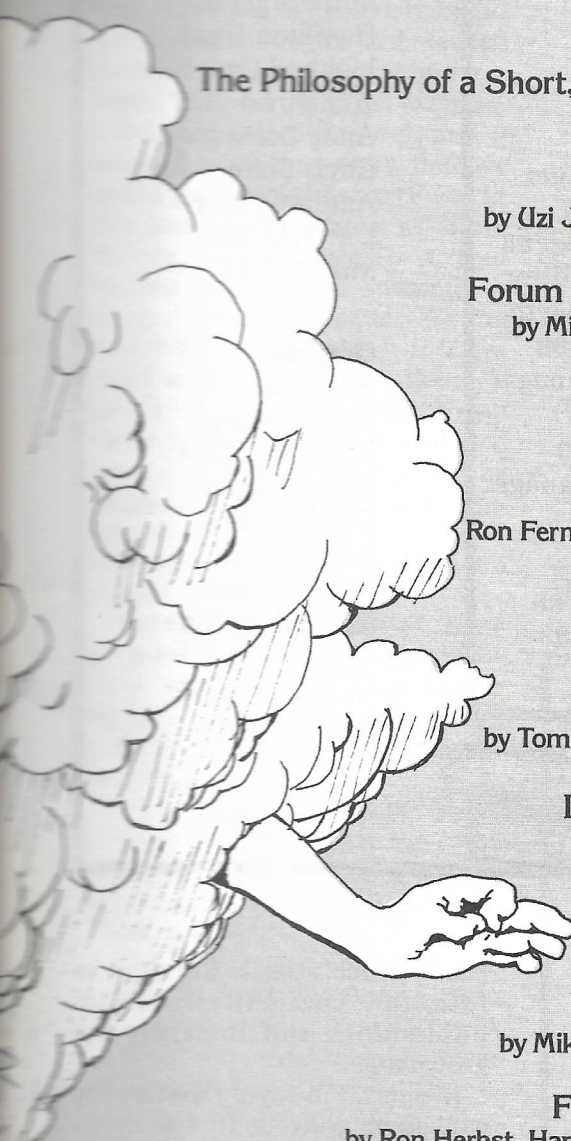
**U-don't-have-to-HAUL**  
a new service from **BEKINS**

**Palo Alto**  
**(415) 327-2555**

# MYTHOLOGY

Copyright © 1986 by the Stanford  
Chaparral All Rights Reserved

Story Page No. Why It Has Something to Do  
with Myth



The Modyyssey by Chris Adamson	4	pretty straightforwardly myth. I think you'll agree.
The Philosophy of a Short, Neurotic, Jewish Guy by Andy Schwarz	8	the myth that yet another article about philosophy can pass for myth
Curserly Rhymes by Uzi Jancso and Josh Weinstein	11	go ahead and tell a kid that astronaut cows and walking cutlery really exist; see how the kid turns out
Forum Letters from the Gods by Mike Collins and Ron Herbst	15	you can't attack this one, buster; it's got real gods in it
The Color Mauve by Tim Quirk	16	the suburban myth which, unfortunately really isn't a myth but true
Artszche Comics Ron Fernandez and Josh Weinstein	21	the myth of the American teenage philosopher
Prostitute Set by Josh Weinstein	22	the oldest profession, almost as old as myth itself
Practical Sex Jokes by Tommy Lo and Josh Weinstein	27	business as sham as myth itself, as if were
Dictionary of the Gods by Mike Collins	29	that one's simple enough for you, I hope
Spikey by James Lujan	31	James <i>promised</i> us he'd do something on myth, really.
Gumby & Loki by Mike Collins and Uzi Jancso	34	this sounds like myth to me, all right
From Spielberg's Desk by Ron Herbst, Hamilton Hunt and Josh Lipp	35	the American myth maker (I thought that one was pretty good, myself)
The Big Title by et al.	39	Arthur Haley and James Michener could produce damn fine myths if they only tried
Gentle Zen by Allen Blue and Josh Weinstein	40	myth of financially-secure campus publication. Cartoons are always welcome. Otherwise typesetting costs a bundle.

# 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

### Myth the Mark

Ron Herbst '86

Editor

### Mythogyny

Josh Weinstein '88

Art Director

### Myhtery Man

Mike Collins '86

Advising Editor

### Major Mythfunction

Tim Quirk '88

Copy Editor

### Mything You

Jim Suhre '88

Business Manager

### Mythography

Enrique Alvarez '88

Photography Editor

### The Man, the Myth

Neil Feldman '88

Circulation Manager

### Myth Manners

Laura Stepp '89

Advertising Manager

### Hammer and Coffin

Paul Cheney '86

Ron Fernandez '85

Vinnie Freda '84

Andy Frisch '86

Warren Habib '86

Leslie Leland '83

Al X '??

## STAFF

### Editorial

Chris Adamson

Beth Banks

Aimee Berg

Kristen Boyles

Bob Franklin

Hamilton Hunt

Joshua Lipp

Tommy Lo

Andy Schwarz

Chris Shen

Andres Vilms

J. P. Whelan

Matt White

### Graphics

Allen Blue

Paul Cheney

Ron Fernandez

Susan Jancso

Chris Krahn

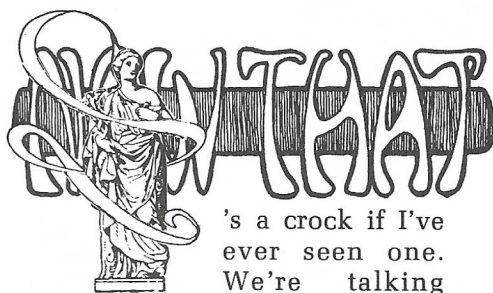
James Lujan

Tanya Novak

Mark Tompkins

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



's a crock if I've ever seen one. We're talking hypocritical, lying, scandal-thriving men and women without morals. And we mean, of course, ourselves.

We're scum and we know it. Don't try to hide it! Okay, we won't.

There is a myth about people into magazine publishing: that they're all sensationalist scuzbags, the kind that would put a bikini-clad blonde on the cover with a headline: "Ooooh, that software!" You probably believe this myth; we . . . ahem, thrive on it. Well, hey, we can print whatever we want, free of ethical fetters because of it, and that's a headrush. None of us are like this at home, only at the office. At home we are nice to everyone. We bring people coffee just the way they like it. We pray on the sabbath. We take frequent baths,

nearly twice a week. But drop us into the competitive den of publishing, and instantly we grow fangs.

In short, I'm saying that reality can often grow to fit the myth. How can one say a myth is entirely nonexistent if it can somehow propel people toward becoming it?

What's my point? Only one of departure, I admit. If you're doing an issue on myth you have to know myth well, and I guess I'm just trying to show you how much I know.

What is myth? I'll bet you think

myth just has to do with gods and monsters, preferably Greek or Roman (and also Norse, if you play Dungeons & Dragons). A few well versed in the humanities will mention an additional Gilgamesh with a grin of superiority.

But myth is so much more. I know. I looked it up. I figured I had to, being the editor and all. One definition called myth, "a person or thing having only an imaginary or unverifiable existence." Aha, I said, any assumption, anything fallaciously based can be called myth! A balanced national budget, for example is a myth. This started to get exciting. I did some more research and it seemed more and more that we could put absolutely anything in this issue and justify it as myth. Before I could restrain it, that feeling gripped me somewhere around the solar plexus. "You're a publisher, dammit," it said, "and with the right justification (excuse? rationalization?) you can print a *big red doggy dick* and get away with it." Out came the fangs, my pupils narrowed and became catlike.

So challenge me. What's not a myth?

Supersonic Transports? They are mechanisms with which common people trip effortlessly across great distances, just like gods. Mythical gods. SST's make man feel like a myth.

Toast? There is no toast. There is bread, and bread does not cease being bread when it is turned brown-black with radiant heat. Toast is a myth.

Big Red Doggy Dicks? A frequent topic of discussion even among us at the Chappie, cults all over the world worship these effective fertility symbols. Easy to remove from the dog, clean, plug, then inflate to almost unlimited length, the "Poduntamani," as they are hailed, can be seen hovering ceremoniously over many a Tadweev village.

Carl Karcher? A man immortalized in many a Carl's Jr. commercial, rivalled in touted legends of comeuppance only by Dick Naugle of the Naugles fast food franchises. The public may

think it knows the quaint reality of the youths of these men, but they only know the myth dreamed up by ad people. Karcher and Naugle are in fact the same man, and he got his start in fast food as an assistant taster at a factory that produced little ketchup packets.

Bangs? The lore of hair-stylists indeed goes back to pre-historic times, and one of the great lost epic poems that haven't been unlost yet (conveniently so, I add) entirely surrounds the story of a Parsinian youth with magic bangs which grow to cover her eyes and give her supersensory vision.

Television? No one in the entire world knows how it really works, not even the repairmen who are paid such extravagant hush money (often mistook as union wages) to keep that fact a secret. All we know is the myth: you plug it in, press a button and it glows with oracular images. Stand on one leg in front of it, extend one hand straight up in the air, the other up at a 45 degree angle, cock the head, and the picture comes in clearer.

Rambo? He's the new American myth, but his heritage goes way back. He is in possession of

the ancient Spartan virtue, *Kongenzia*, today translated as *Congeeance*, a contraction of *Conscience* and *Vengeance*.

People who are forced to live off dog food? Okay, they aren't a myth. They exist despite what we try to tell ourselves, although, admittedly, we can cause them to disappear by immersing ourselves in myth. They are not themselves a myth, and appropriately, you won't see any of them in this issue.

America (notice a nasty turn in tone has taken place)? What is a country? Can you actually see those dotted line boundaries? What if everybody in America packed their things and drove to Canada. Would America then be in Canada? Countries are myths.

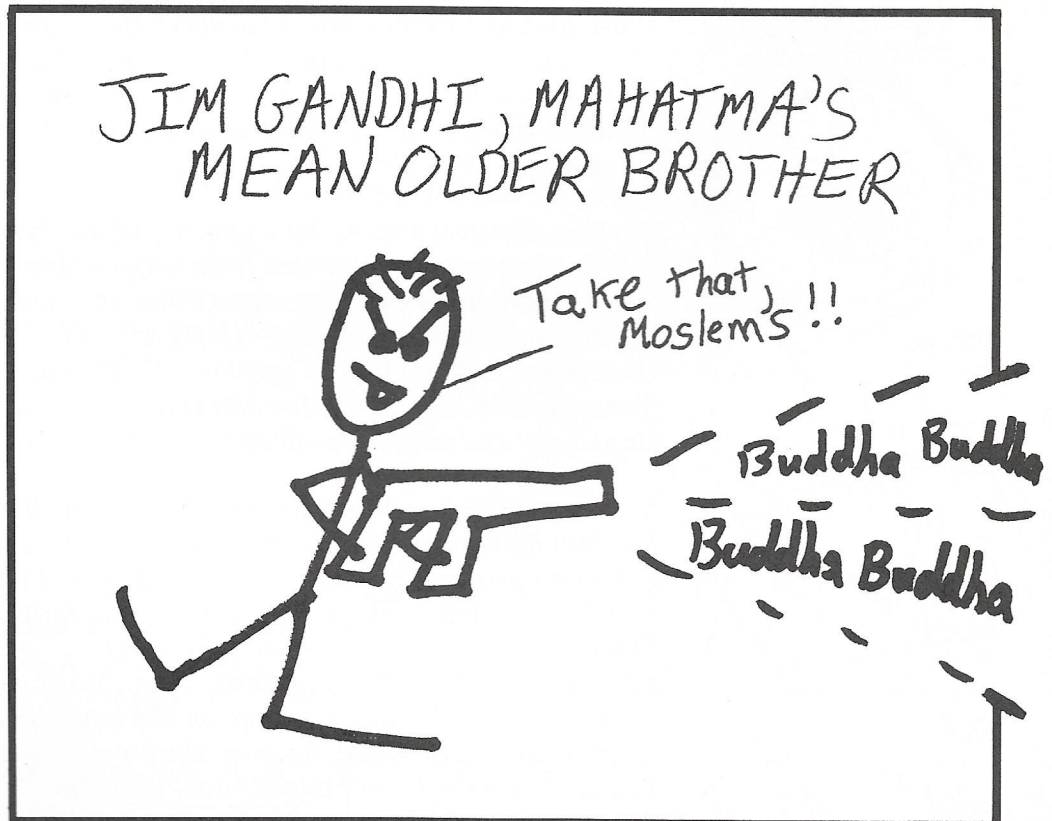
Flags? They stand for countries, which don't exist. Patriotism? National Pride? All myth.

Existence? It's unprovable. Probably a myth.

Nihilism? It's also unprovable. Also, if anyone ever manages to prove it, then nothing will exist, even Nihilism.

Etc, Etc.

If I were you, I'd read the rest of this issue fast, before it all ceases to be. ☺



# The Modyssey

by Homer the Mod of Greenwich Village  
translated by Chris Adamson

## Book One: *A Totally Groovy Dude*

*ing that trippin' tale thru me, oh freaky  
Muse, and go tellin' the totally awe-  
Some horrorshow trip of that dude,  
Who, like, was just such an absolute  
Concept, baby.*

*For, Oh! It was such a bad come-down from a trip,  
Like Ohgodohgodohgod, sooo un-groovy, like  
Harsh world. He had only just escaped the imperialist-  
Dungeon of the pigs, man. And he hadda now deal  
With, like, the psychedelic charms of that super-  
Mondo tower of not-womanness . . . Circe. Oh, wow,  
Man, what a bad deal that was, with, like, the true  
Bondage and just lots of no-love and un-good, you  
Know, dude?*

*But then the everywhere-love-peace god, Leary, said:  
"Modyseus oughtta be freed from ungrooviness."  
So while the jailer-girl was tripped-out, she saw  
Cosmic god who laid on her: "IIIIII tthhhiiüüinnkk  
Hheeeee ssssshhuuudd ggooo. . . ." (You just  
Gotta believe him, dude, for he brings love and  
Happiness and peace and drugs.)*

*So, like when she came back to ohgod-no reality,  
She laid on Modyseus: "Peace. Love. Leave. Live  
Long and prosper." He said "If you dig what I'm  
Reachin' at, baby, howja like to be my old lady  
In a perfectly love-wonder-groovin' meet-  
Interaction?" And she gave him: "Man. Yeah.  
I'm beside you." He dropped her on the back seat  
Of his heroic, low-slung, freakin' Harley chopper,  
The stuff of which cool dudes rode, tuned in,  
Turned on, and beat out of that un-love zone.*

Book Nine:  
*Like, Nasty Shit on the Road*

*nd the fleet of choppers were truckin'  
Down the long road, I mean Middle-  
America, school-houses, segregation  
Passing by. And things were cool, baby.*

*But they then, like, confronted a bunch  
Of totally un-hip pigs whose mission was to stop  
All mods and truth-lovers and smash them and their  
Cause. "Hey, boy," called the leader pig, "Let's  
See what's in that back-pack. We've got reason to  
Believe you got illegal drugs and we're conducting  
A legal search."*

*Then the leader pig, who had a patch over one eye,  
So, like, he only had one good eye, started to go  
Thru Modysseus' stuff. But the hip hero poked the  
Cyclops-like cop in his good eye, and the mods  
Made their hasty escape, drugs included.*


*Soon after, they heard the song of the sirens. But  
Modysseus just said, "Hey baby, that song ain't  
Nothin' but a front, a trap, dig? They're singin'  
Massive-trauma, establishment, incarceration,  
My-mom-don't-love-me, their-law. Let's blow  
This scene."*

*The sirens were getting closer, but Modysseus  
And his dudes, they just went faster and left the  
Sirens eatin' asphalt.*


*But that wasn't the only un-cool scene they would  
Come up against. 'Cause when they were just a little  
Further down the road, they ran into a really bad  
Deal: On one side of the highway there was a  
Whirlpool of little furry animals, and, like, they  
Never hurt a dude, so it would be just bad vibes  
To plow through them on Harleys. On the other  
Side, though, there were four war-loving, freak-  
Hating street workers with nazi-flat-top haircuts  
And "My country, right or wrong," like, emblazoned  
On their t-shirts.*

*So, Modysseus, figured out he couldn't hurt all  
Those animals, so they tried to ride through the  
Octopus of fat patriots and their eight wavin' fists.  
And most of the cool mods made it thru. Most.*

*And Modysseus said: "Well these gods are, like,  
Puttin' a bad trip on us, dudes. And it sucks."*



## Book Twenty-Two: *Wastin' the Dudes*



*The cool mods were hangin' out outside  
The shack. They were bummed-out,  
You know, 'cause what was inside  
But the, like, totally awful armed,  
Sexist, racist, warlord symbols of  
Oppression and farsightedness that  
Run this excuse for a country. And these mean  
Dudes were ready to bust some heads, dig?*

*Our peace-touting anti-heroes looked through the  
Window of Modysseus' pad, and got an eyeful of  
The imperialist-fascist-nasty slime that were, like  
Checkin' out Modysseus' chick.*

*They were totally evil, un-hip, no-love scum-types:  
Big businessmen from G.M. and I.B.M. and Exxon;  
Pigs, who beat up and shot protestors all over the  
Place; and worst of all: Nixon-lovers; the mindless  
War-loving hawks that worked with the C.R.E.E.P.ies.*

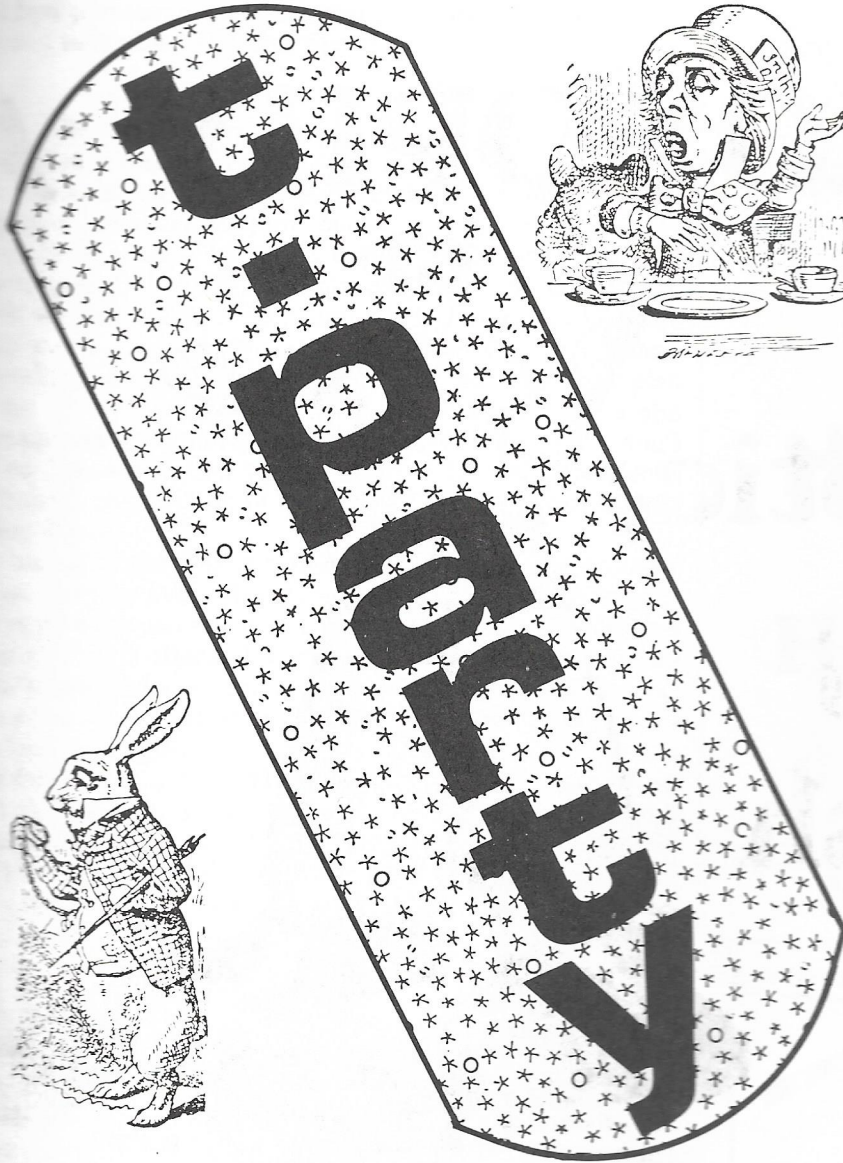
*"Hey, man," said dude-ly Modysseus, "these scum  
Are, like, trying to grab my groovy love mama.  
Let's waste this bunch o' scum."*

*And, like, his men, his moon brothers didn't want  
To lay any bad-action war-shit on the sadstory  
Cash-mongers who, like, had thought up this whole  
War business in the first place. Like, it would be  
Bad-news, double-standard-city, you know?*

*But then, they were fed up with the injustice.  
And, besides, be fair, this is an epic, and  
War-glorification is its whole bag, right?*

*Still, Modysseus, he wasn't gonna stoop antbelly  
Low, so he waited for them, the establishment  
Spawn to make the first move. And then, the mods,  
Like, man, you know, tore out and, like, scored a  
Massive victory for truth, justice, and the mod way,  
As they just totally blew away all the upper-class,  
Repressive, regressive, establishment, martini-  
Drinking, status-quo-loving, napalm-bombing,  
Child-killing, freedom-squashing, totally un-hip  
Scumbuckets.*





- Custom Screen Printing
- All Garments
- Multi-Color
- Highest Quality
- Great Prices

Now Featuring Monogramming  
and Embroidery

Redwood City, CA 94063  
761 El Camino Real  
(415) 364-8910



## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley

# the PHILOSOPHY of a neurotic, short, Jewish guy

by Andy Schwarz



**I**n times of great antiquity (and even some years of only so-so antiquity) the wise men used to ponder questions such as "Why does man exist?" Epitomes, the Greek, answered by saying, "Man exists, so don't make waves. What, do you want the gods should change their minds? Shut up and pass the baklava." The Greeks did not have the monopoly on philosophy, of course. Schmuell Levi, a Hebrew of little intellect, felt man exists only to provide carbon dioxide for plants. Unfortunately, the oxygen cycle was at that time jeered at by the Rabbinical scholars and Levi was committed for life to the Zion Mental Neurosis Wonderplayland. Nevertheless, Levi is today considered the philosopher-laureate of Rhododendrons and Chyrsanthemums.

When one is aware of these profound statements, the question must arise: "Has man lost his talent for philosophy?" It's been 2000 years since the great Marcus (31 Delicious) Flavius said, "Not only are truth and beauty the same, but certainly an evening with a nubile dancing girl is up there on the list of nice ways to spend time." Why haven't statements like his been matched by 20th century thinkers? Perhaps we just haven't tried hard enough. As an effort to rectify the situation, here are my writings on philosophy.

**E**xistence is impossible to prove, and who really wants to, considering the stuff you get served at the delicatessens these days. On the other hand, when one finds himself forced to sit through an entire Ice Capades show, can he have any doubt that there is a God and that He is suffering from eczema? Either that, or He has a bizarre sense of humor and prefers not to let us in on the joke yet.

Whether God is a loving father or an unmoved mover has been debated since the day man got evicted from the caves. Still, pondering the nature of God won't help us explain man's own meager existence. After all, He frequented some of the same bars in Gomorrah and survived. Actually, God was quite a swinger in His younger days, and it is no accident that He uttered, "I am He who is," after He spent an entire night consuming Muscatel. One biblical scholar postulated that the entire book of Deuteronomy was written while God was on a wild singles weekend in Capri.

Though one may believe in God, can anyone be said to really exist when the cleaners can't even remember not to put starch in my shorts? God may be benevolent, but what utilitarian benefit comes of my feeling like my scrotum is encased in Grape-nuts every time I walk to my analyst?

Alternately, pleasure can be offered as proof of existence, but how pleasurable can existence be when the last woman I dated resembled the Graf Spee?

**A**llow me to present a parable. I am in the middle of a desert, when I am suddenly confronted by a horde of beautiful and admiring women. They all approach, offering me their bodies, and I attempt to hold them back with a large electrified fork shaped like the Mississippi Delta. My attempts are futile, and one-by-one each woman makes it past Baton Rouge and has her way with me. I am overcome with guilt and fear of my own mortality. I try to phone the police, but the operator is also aware of my widely-reknowned sexual prowess and she climaxes in the middle of making the connection. I won't go on because I just now realized I had my notebooks switched, and instead of my parable, that was last night's soggy dream.

This is the parable: A man must make a journey of many miles. He goes to the livery stable, but there are no horses. He rents a cream cheese bagel which he rides at full speed all night. He is attacked by bandits, who tickle him until he is in tears, and then refuse to let him pass unless he can name the ten highest swine-producing states. He names the first six, but cannot get past North Carolina. The bandits call for their women and begin the Virginia Reel in an effort to help the man guess. He is oblivious to their hint and guesses wildly and randomly. The bandits are forced to kill themselves, and all do so, rather unwillingly, except for one who becomes a styrofoam cup filled with weak coffee. The man drinks the coffee and continues on. When he arrives, the townspeople laugh at his mount (as the cream cheese has grown hair) and he must ride home again in shame without having completed his business.

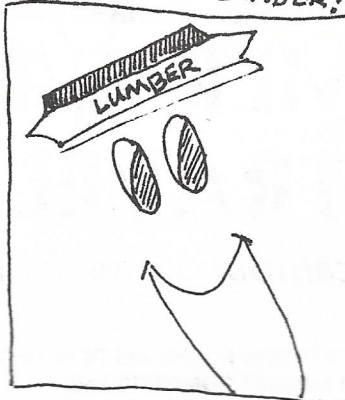
In all this excitement and deep dialectic, I seem to have lost the point of the parable. Still, don't get angry at me — any existentialist with half a mind and a moral would blame you for the whole thing. After all, the parable wouldn't exist had only you not read it. And, as Socrates used to admit to the annoyance of his inferiors: "I only know one thing, and that is that I only know one thing." Then again, Socrates thought Uzo tasted good. Twisted logic is attempting to make you at fault that I began a pointless parable when in fact I began the parable myself in hopes that it would provide a solution to my Kelvin-scaled sex life.

**I**n conclusion, allow me to say that existence is an altogether scurrilous thing. Cartesian values can no longer be considered as fact, and we must reconsider everything, unless we can locate the seventeen monkeys Descartes claimed to have been involved with at the time of his writing. Was Descartes correct? Well, at least Descartes was involved with something. I'd settle for Mrs. Quasimodo at this point. In any event, existence isn't crucial; an honest plumber is, and they're so hard to find these days. Besides, when I do find a good, inexpensive one, he invariably makes off with all the decorative soap or whatever woman I'm seeing at the time. Maybe I was right in my first assumption: we just haven't tried hard enough. I certainly haven't. ☹

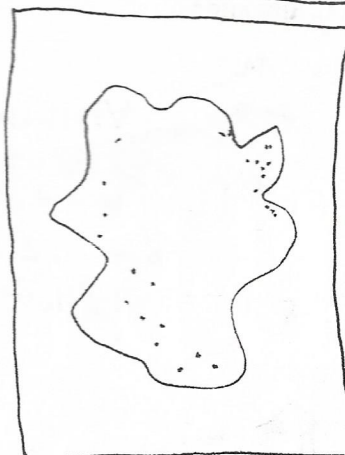
Have a **NEW**  
**Hand-dipped**  
**Ice Cream Bar**  
 at  
**Häagen-Dazs**  
**Home Delivery**

Open 7 days a week  
 12 noon - 11 pm  
 At the Stanford Barn  
 Next to Saks Fifth Avenue

LARRY LOVED LUMBER!



ONCE, HE TOOK AN  
 ESCHER SAW TO HIS HUT



Now His Hut is a  
 Puddle of Goo.



What A Guy!  
 -T.Humor

OKAY - SCARECROW, YOU GOT YOUR BRAIN; TINMAN, YOU GOT THE HEART; LION, YOU GOT YOUR NERVES . . . ANYONE WANT THE REST?




# AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE

*Your on campus travel agent for all your travel needs . . .*

- COMPUTERIZED RESERVATIONS and TICKETING
- **GUARANTEED LOWEST DOMESTIC and INTERNATIONAL AIRFARES**
- TOURS and CRUISES
- HOTELS and CAR RENTALS
- EURAIL and BRITRAIL PASSES
- SPECIAL GROUPS and CHARTERS
- TRAVELER CHEQUES
- CARDMEMBER SERVICES
- PASSPORT and VISA SERVICE
- **NO SERVICE CHARGE**

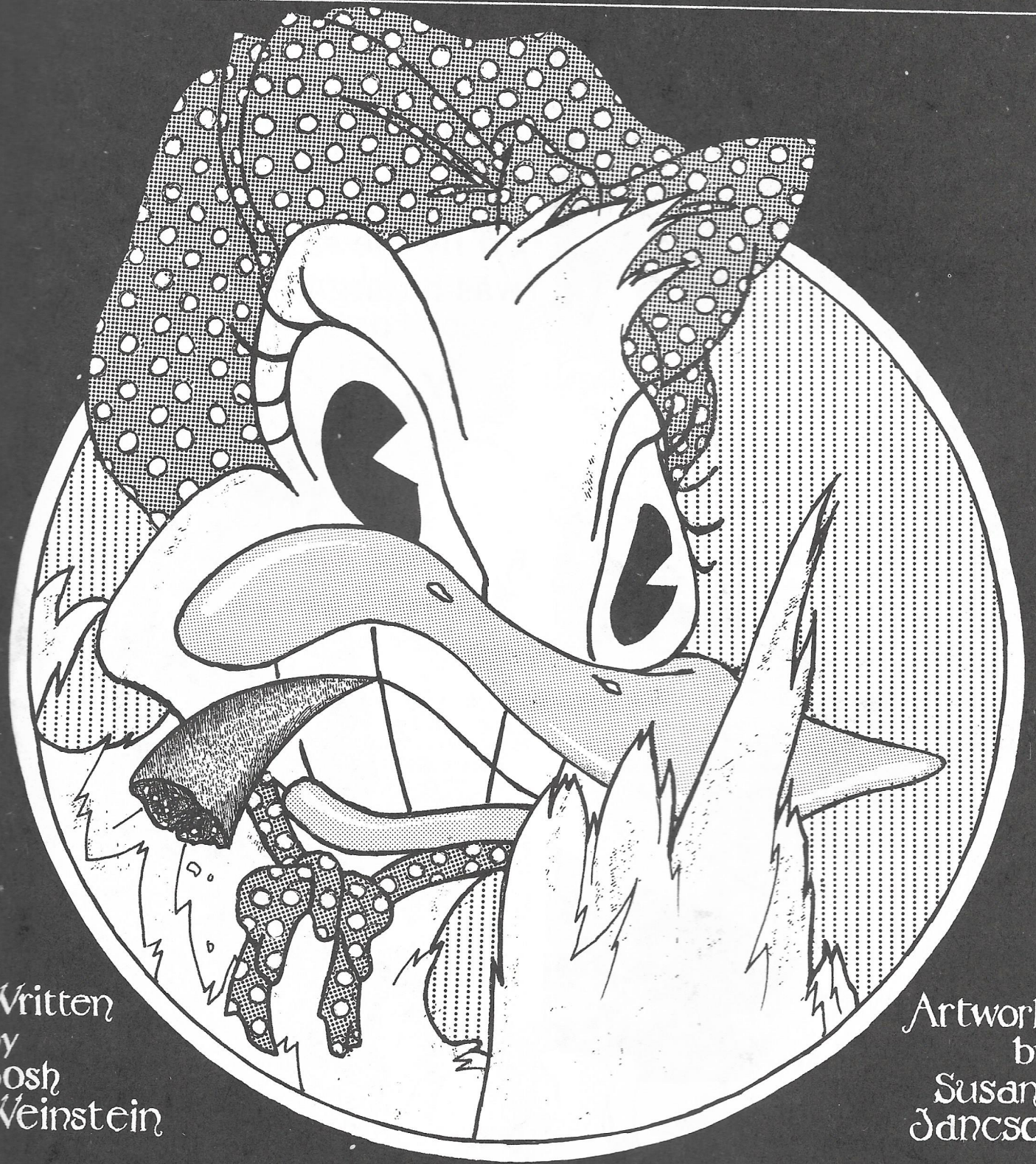
Visit our office

UPPER LEVEL —  **Residence  
Union**  
323-8181

Monday-Friday 8:30 AM-5:30 PM

**AMERICAN  
EXPRESS**

**Travel Service**



Written  
by  
Josh  
Weinstein

Artwork  
by  
Susan  
Jancso

# CURSEY RHYMES

from

## Motherfucker Goose

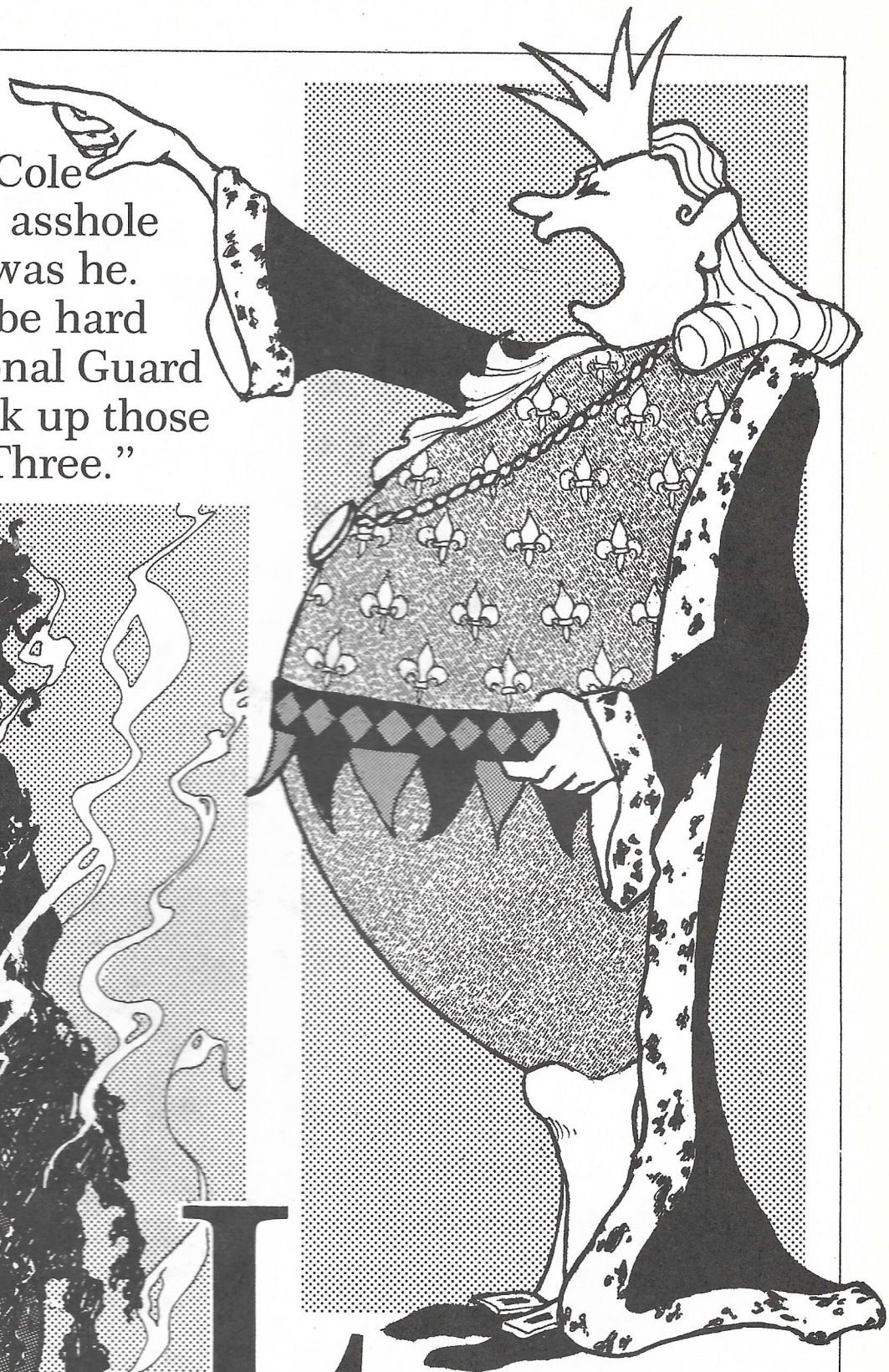


**L**ittle Jack Horner sat in the corner eating his Christmas Pie. He stuck in his thumb, which was immediately bitten off by the small badger who was hiding in the pie.

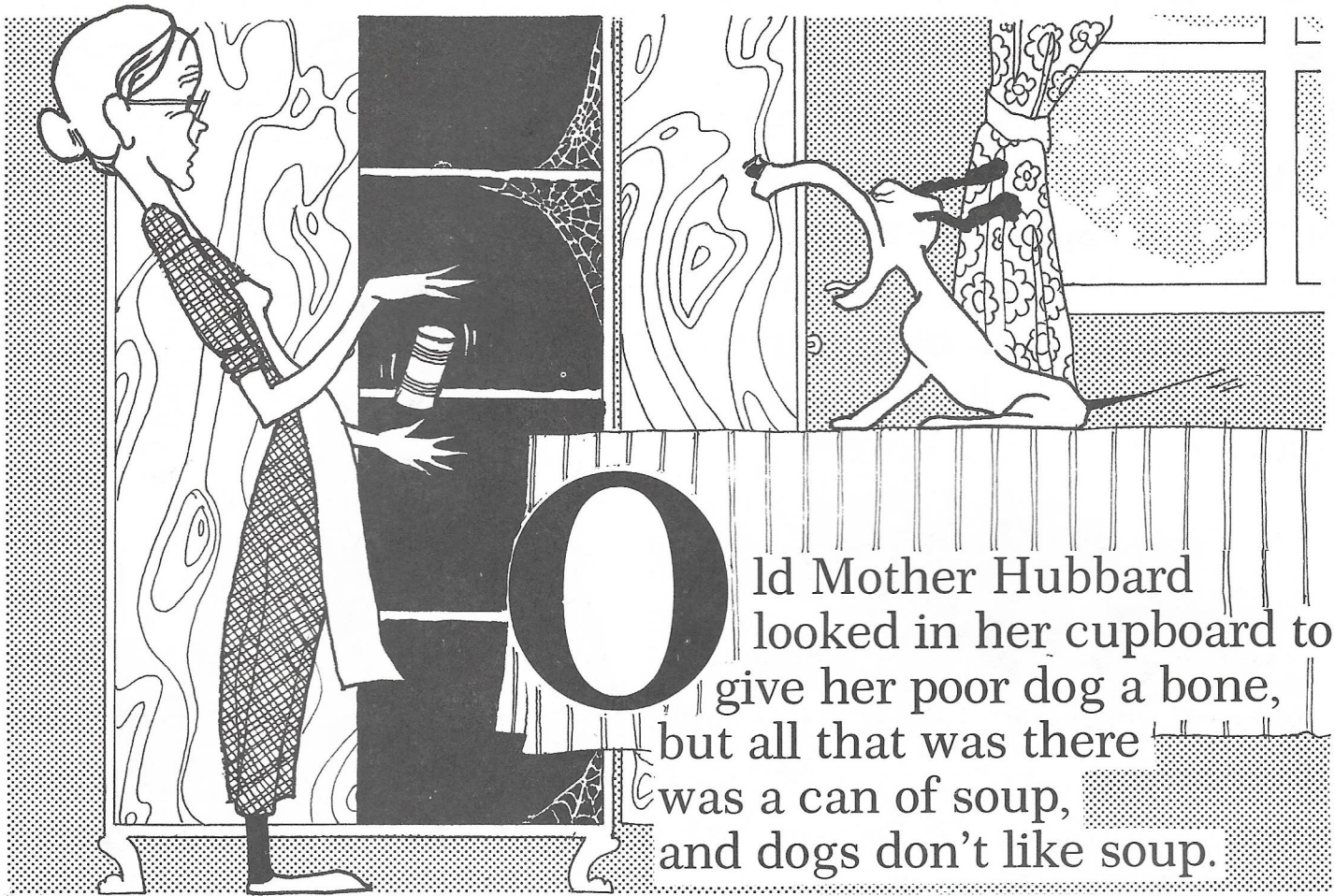


**J**ack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of ether. The pail was spilled, and Jill was killed, and Jack didn't feel too good either.

**O**ld King Cole was a big asshole and a big asshole was he. He said, "It won't be hard to call in the National Guard and have them lock up those goddam Fiddlers Three."

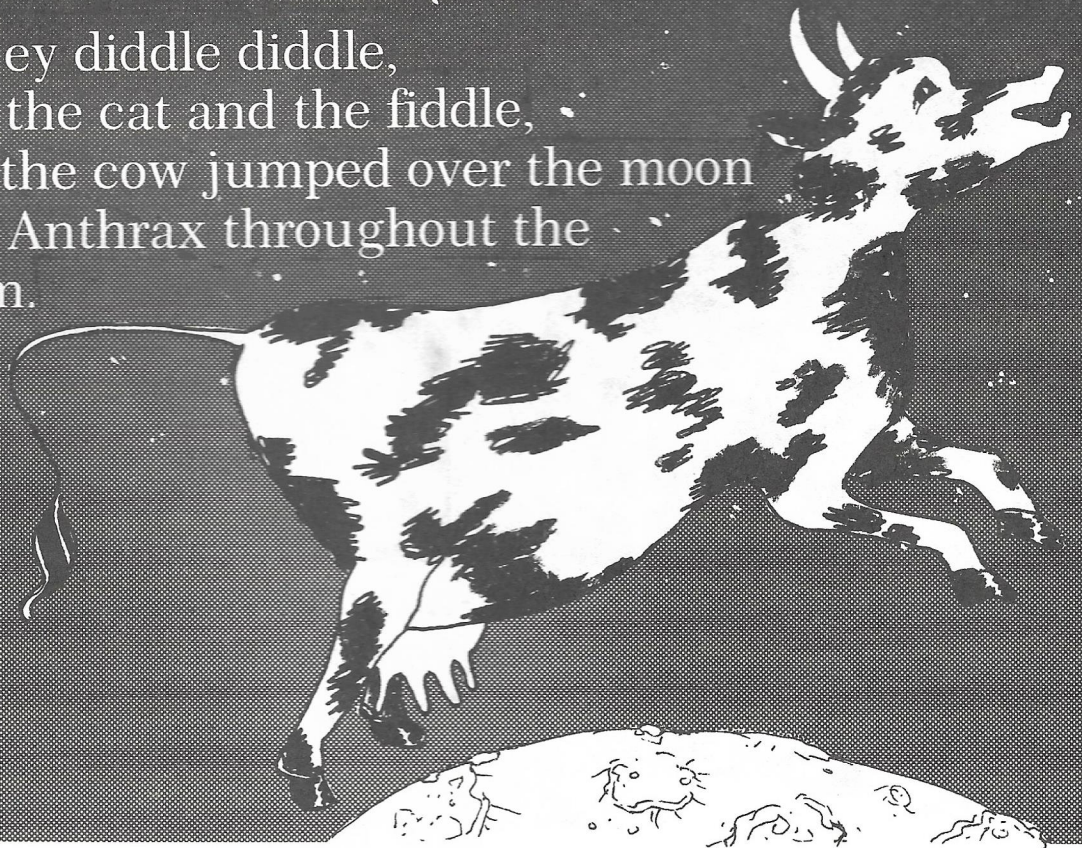


**L**ittle Miss Muffet sat in a sensory deprivation tank nearly every day. But the circuits overloaded, and Miss Muffet exploded, and blew her poor mind away.



**O**ld Mother Hubbard  
looked in her cupboard to  
give her poor dog a bone,  
but all that was there  
was a can of soup,  
and dogs don't like soup.

**H**ey diddle diddle,  
the cat and the fiddle,  
the cow jumped over the moon  
and spread Anthrax throughout the  
solar system.





# A FUNNY THING HAPPENED, SO I WROTE TO THE

# FORUM

Dear Sirs:

I never thought that anything like what I had read about in your column would ever happen to me. Boy, was I to be surprised! It was two weeks ago at the Pantheon that this happened. I was hefting a flagon of mortal blood and ambrosia with mighty Ajax, when I caught the eye of the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. I went over to introduce myself, and—can you believe this?—it turns out to be Heteroditis, God-Mother of the Universe and pancreator of the twelve families of Olympus! I was startled, as you can imagine. “Say, mighty Proclivicus,” winked the red-hot forge of our race, “is mine eye wrought for naught, or do you bear a bulging love-rod hard as the sun-metal of the firmament and lengthy as the tassel on yon Tallicus’ toga?” I did all I could do to keep from slavering! Before long she was leading me up to a barren hilltop where I had more than a mortal’s mind that she was intending on having her way with me. And after all, who was I but half-deity myself to prevent the will of such magnificently packed authority?

Fortunate indeed that I recalled, at the very last minute, that upon rendering her spawn of kings, Heteroditis ate her lover, Panves, and spat his remains into the heavens, thus creating the stars. I decided it was “cold shower” time! Still, what a babe.

Anonymous on Olympus

Dear Sirs:

All of these deities up here in Olympus think that they’re so hot. They’re all just jealous! I’m the one that’s really in demand. Women beg for me! Men envy me! I’m constantly entertaining at parties! So where is all the fame, the accolades, the popular support?

What? You haven’t heard of me? Don’t you read, or what? Aw, dammit. I always run into this name-recognition problem. Forget it. You probably aren’t any fun anyway.

Waiting for all the fame,  
Dicktwiceaslongasaflagpoleicus

Dear Sirs:

What gives? I’m good looking; I’ve got a great personality, I sew my own garments from the finest fabrics, my family has money, and I’m willing to travel. So how come nobody’s gathering the combined forces of their nations to fight over me?

Sincerely,  
Helen of Minneapolis

Dear Sirs:

I just have to get this off my back.

Atlas

Dear Sirs:

A couple nights ago, I was at the Studio LIV with some pals and we were vacillating between sodomy and gluttony. It had been a real yawner of an evening, I can tell you—I had met so many people at the orgy, earlier, that I couldn’t remember a single name. Now we had food to eat and goats to screw, and to tell you the truth, I just wanted to lie down somewhere and sleep. But then, all of a sudden, this maiden joins me at the bar. I was really stunned—I mean, she had her toga on, and she looked at me like she wanted to get to know me or, even worse, be my friend! She said to me, “Are you bored, too?” and I nodded, nervously. She said, “Let me tell you, I am so sick of this whole thing. Day in, day out, dick in, dick out, I mean there’s no variety.” Meanwhile, I was about ready to high-tail it from the place. You’ll agree this woman was acting pretty strangely. But then, my interest was aroused. She had—if I’m not too obscene in mentioning it—a personality that just wouldn’t stop. My mind was about ready to burst! But what really made me nervous was that I have always secretly kept this scroll about “Personal Relationships” by none other than Plato himself. I like to read it every once in a while and it gives me a little intellectual thrill. But I’d never publicly espouse this, and all of a sudden here was this woman giving me real vibrations that this was what she was after.

Out of nowhere she asked me, “Have you ever read Plato?” and I nearly dropped my goblet on the floor. “I read him a lot,” she continued, “and I’m convinced man is in possession of a continence that can be shared with others. But enough of technical terms.” And I’m not making this up, but at that moment she took my hand in hers and gazed into my eyes! I was so dumbstruck, I could have passed for a Phoenician! One thing led to another and the next thing I knew I had put my clothes on and we were leaving the club, hand in hand, to sit under a cypress and discuss the technicalities of existence. It was the night of my life!

Anonymous in Rome

Dear Sirs:

How many times have I read your *Forum* section thinking “Something like that has certainly never happened to me!”? Quite a few times, to be sure.

Just an ordinary Roman guy.

# The Color M



# Mauve

"An electric piece of work that takes off like a screaming rocket. It sizzles, it snaps, it dazzles. It's one whoosh of a book!"

— *Women's Wear Daily*

by Tim Quirk

Dear God,

My name is Trish. I'm 35 years old. I have always done everything I should. Perhaps you could help me with a little problem.

I met Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ at a Holyoke mixer. He was still an intern, then. Daddy bought us a house, and we got married. Richard Jr. arrived the next year, and Bethany the year after that. Just right, Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ said.



Dear God,

Today was our anniversary. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ bought be a new washing machine. Surprise, he said.

It wasn't really much of a surprise. We needed a new one. The old one was too old.

I bought Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ a scarf. He wrapped it around his neck and said it would keep him very warm.

Dear God,

I spent most of the day showing the maid how to work my new washing machine. It has too many knobs for her to understand, and she cannot read the settings because they are in English. I wrote little signs for her and taped them over the English words.

I put *caliente* over hot. Caliente! María yelled happily.

I put *frío* over cold. Frío María cried, clapping her hands.

I wrote the word *torcer* with my black magic marker and put it over spin. María looked confused. Spin! I said. Torcer!

María turned around.

I put *lavar* over the word wash. Lavar? I said. Lavar, María nodded. She went to work.



Dear God,

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ wouldn't let mother stay. He took her away while I was shopping. She needs to be in a home, he said. I thought we had a home, I said.

She's old, she's dumb, she's dangerous, he said.

I love her, I said.

He shook his head and paced back and forth across the living room floor. He does that when we disagree. She left all the gas burners on, he said.

We have an electric stove, I said. If you take her away, I will hate you. I put my head in my hands and peeked at him through my fingers.

It's my house, he said. I already took her to the facility. She can't come back.

You are mean, I said. I climbed into bed and cried.



Dear God,

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_'s high school sweetheart moved into town. Her name is Jennifer Tannenbaum. She is so glamorous. She hosts a talk show on PBS. All her guests make such wise, insightful comments, and she *always* responds with a witty remark. Sometimes I imagine I'm being interviewed on her show. I have written a revolutionary new cookbook. Tell us how you use sugar, she says.

Well you see, I say, demonstrating, I sprinkle it just so into my bowl.

Isn't that sweet? Jennifer says. Thank you ever so much for appearing on my little program.

You're quite welcome, I say.



Dear God,

I feel good today. I sponsored a baby. I saw it in an ad in the *Review*. It said, send \$20 and you can feed a poor child for a month. I did it. I sent the money today. In two weeks they will send me the name of the baby I'm keeping alive. I can't wait! I hope he is cute.

Dear God,

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ and I entertained the other evening. We gave a cocktail party. Jennifer Tannenbaum came. Call me Jenny, she said.

All the men drifted over to her corner. They asked her questions, and chuckled at her answers. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ stood with his arm around her. Get Ms. Tannenbaum another martini, he told me. I got it. I was proud to have a celebrity in my home.

Bleah! she said, spitting out her drink. This is the worst martini I've ever tasted. Can't you mix a drink?

I went upstairs and cried.



Dear God,

I got the baby's name in the mail today. His name is Nga. He's a boat person. My 75¢ a day gets him three meals of milk and rice. That's enough food to help him grow, the charity said.

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ doesn't like the idea. He told me when the letter came. He said, you have to worry about your own family before you try to feed the whole world.

I said, but we can afford it.

He said, that kid can live on three bowls of rice. What's your excuse?

I said, I like to eat, that's all. I was crying inside, but I didn't want him to know he had hurt me. I wanted him to think I was a good person.

I still want to do this. It's sort of like having a baby of my very own. I feel like I'm his real mother. I can embroider sweaters for him and send him gifts, and when he's old enough to write he can send me letters that begin, Dear Mommy Trish. I would like that. I would like to get some mail.



Dear God,

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ bought me a car for Christmas. I'd never driven a manual before, and I needed a few lessons. He laughed at me. Ha, ha, he said. You can't drive. Stop up ahead. Put on your blinker. Speed up. Slow down. I pulled over and cried.



Dear God,

I had problems with Richard Jr. today. He was watching television past his bed time. Time for bed, I said. Turn off the TV.

Shut up, mom, he said.

Junior, you have school tomorrow, I said. You really must turn off the television.

You're blocking the picture. Get out of the way, he said.

I shut the TV off. He threw the remote control at my head. It hurt.

That was very bad, Richard Jr., I said.  
Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ came into the room. What seems to be the trouble? he said.  
Mommy won't let me watch TV, Richard Jr. said.  
Well, that's not very fair, is it? Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ said.  
Mommy watches TV all day. You can watch all you want.  
And Trish, wipe that blood off your head and come upstairs.



Dear God,  
I ran into Jennifer downtown. It was at the make-up counter. I was trying on nail polish and she was having a second hole pierced in her ear.  
Hello, Jennifer, I said.  
Please, she said, call me Jen. She looked at my nails. Trying on polishes? she asked.  
Yes, I said. They're all so nice. I can't make up my mind. I'm leaning toward mauve.  
Jennifer looked surprised. Mauve? she said. No, not Mauve.  
I said, why?  
She said, because it's not eye-catching. God gets pissed if you put the color mauve on your nails and no one notices. Go with hot lavender.  
I said, you know so much Jen. She smiled. I think she likes me.



Dear God,  
I told Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ I wanted a divorce. He laughed. He didn't even seem surprised.  
I hate you, I said. You don't respect me. You don't give me enough shopping money. You hardly ever take me out. You're having an affair with Jennifer.  
So? he said.  
So I'm going to mother's, I said. I started packing my shoes.  
He said, you'll never get a job. How are you going to support yourself?  
I'll live off of alimony, I said.  
What about the children? he said.  
I hate the children, I said. You can have the children. The only real child I have is Nga.



Dear God,  
I'm living in a condominium by myself now. Today the most wonderful thing happened. I got a letter from Nga! I didn't expect it at all. The mailman came right to my door with it. It looked special, he said.  
I thanked him for it. Before he left, he stopped and pointed at the wall. Say, what color is that wallpaper? he said.  
Why, Mauve, I said.  
Nice color, he said. Then he left.  
The sun is shining now.



## AT THE BOOKSTORE!

- \* FAST SERVICE \* RESUMES \* CONVENIENT \* GUARANTEED WORK
- \* 3 HOLE PUNCHED \* COLOR CHOICE \* OPEN SIX DAYS A WEEK
- \* SHRINK WRAPPING \* SERVICE WITH A SMILE \* 2ND FLOOR
- \* WEEKLY SALES \* BOND PAPER \* ON CAMPUS \* CONVENIENT

Present  
this coupon  
for your

# 10%

\* DISCOUNT ON  
REAMS OF CARDSTOCK  
COPIED ON OR PLAIN

\*Limited to Stock on hand  
ONE COUPON PER ORDER

VALID THROUGH  
MARCH 31, 1986

**STANFORD BOOKSTORE**  
**COPY PLUS**  
(415) 329-1217 x44

Conveniently located  
on mezzanine — next to  
the textbook area!

**ERNIE'S** has been selecting, buying and selling wines for over 45 years, and we know that fine wines don't just grow on vines. They have to be chosen and cultivated from the grape to the shelf, with your taste in mind.

So, whether you're looking for a chilled wine to pour into plastic tumblers at the park, or fine vintage to grace your best table, you can always "leave it to Ernie"!



**FINE WINES**  
*FROM THE EVERYDAY*  
*TO THE EXTRAVAGANT*

**ALSO FEATURING**  
**BEER KEGS**  
**FREE ICE**

**Ernie's**

Fine Wines & Spirits Since 1938

In A Great Wine Region, A Great Wine Merchant  
 3870 El Camino Real  
 PALO ALTO 493-4743

Close to campus 1 Mile South of Page Mill Road



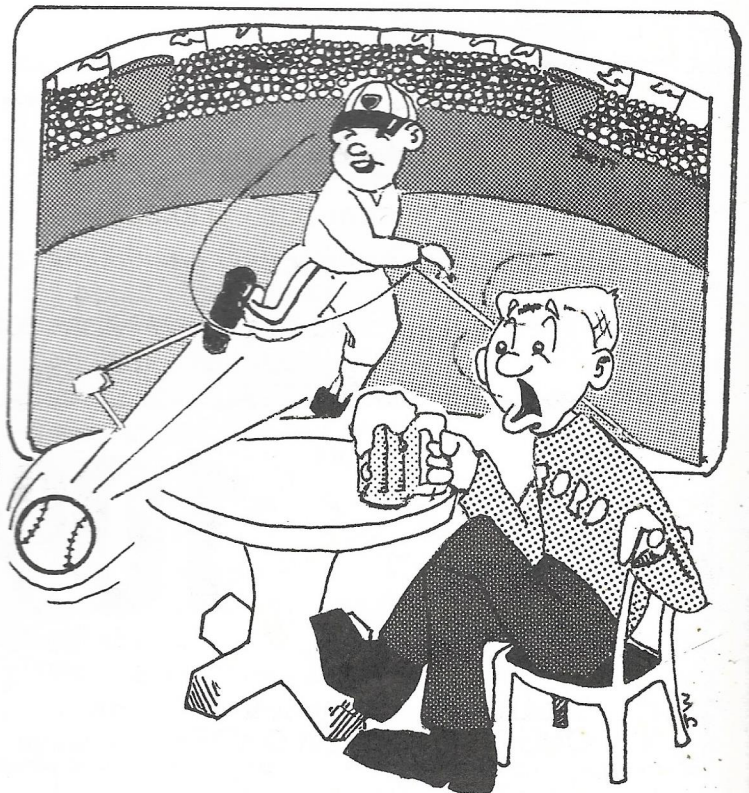
**Food · Wine · Spirits**

**Wide-Screen TV**

**STANFORD**  
 EATING CLUB

**DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO**  
**445 EMERSON STREET • 321-2224**

**FREE Parking in High Street Garage**



NEEDS NO  
APPROVAL



# Artzsche

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEENAGE NIHILIST!!

**ARTZSCHE!**

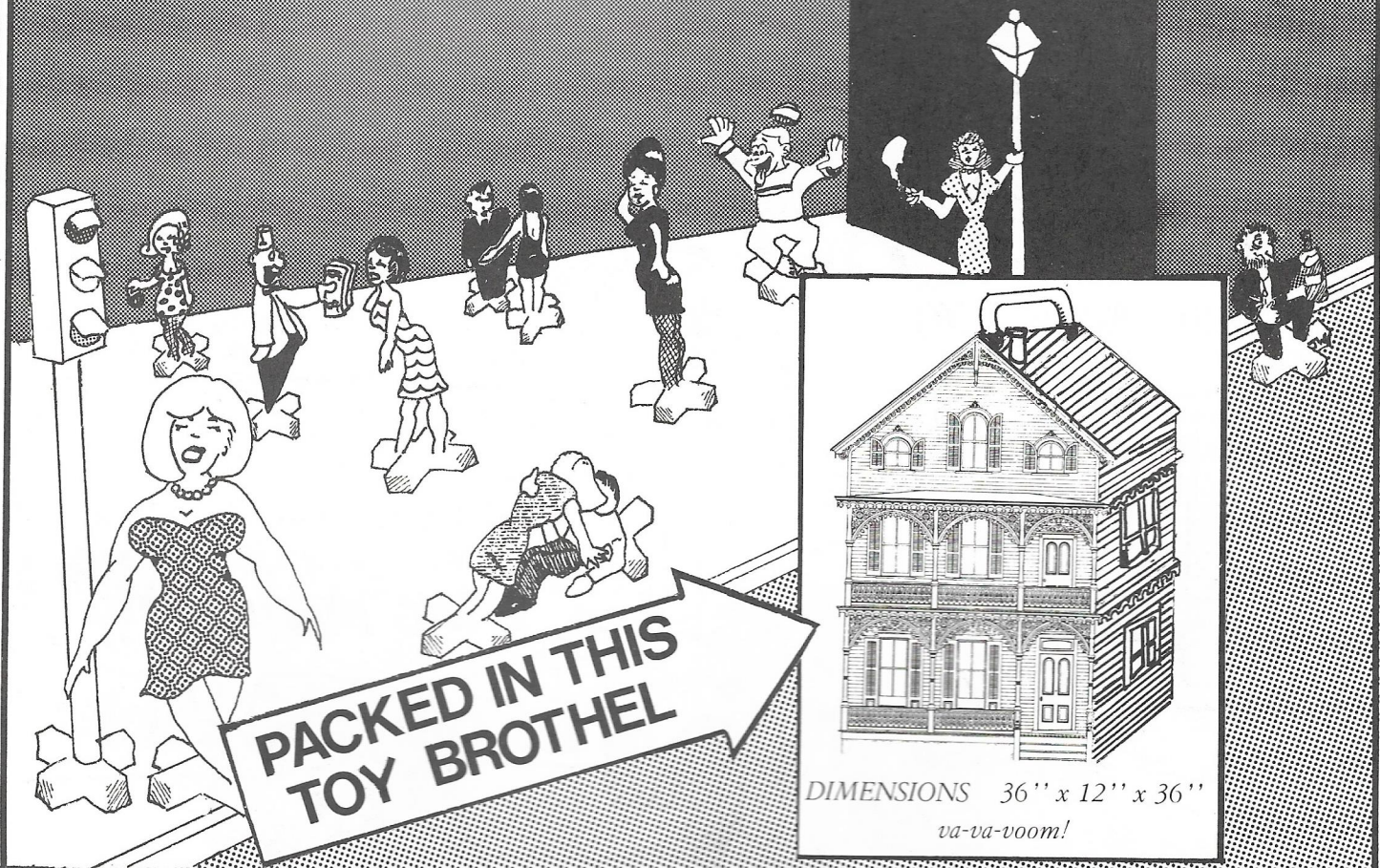
WHY AREN'T YOU  
IN CLASS?

MY ACTIONS ARE IN  
ACCORD ONLY WITH MY  
DESIRES, AND I DESIRE  
NO PART OF YOUR **TIMID,**  
**LYING MORALITY!**

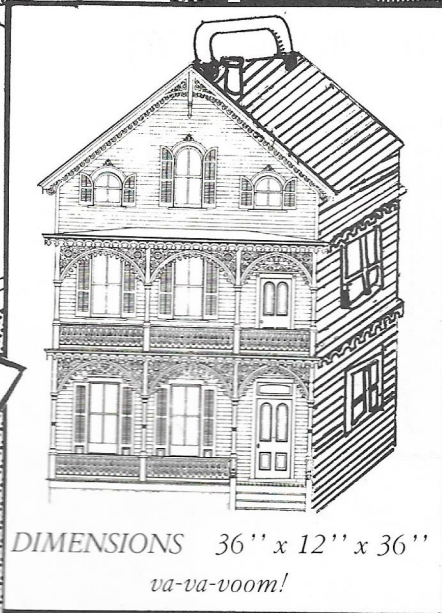


# 100<sup>PC.</sup> TOY PROSTITUTE SET

MADE OF DURABLE BODIES, EACH WITH ITS OWN PIMP.



PACKED IN THIS  
TOY BROTHEL



DIMENSIONS 36'' x 12'' x 36''  
*va-va-voom!*

## EACH BROTHEL CONTAINS:

- |                 |                         |                        |
|-----------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 5 Brunettes     | 1 Pimp-Scooter          | 4 High School Students |
| 5 Blondes       | 1 Pimp-Boat             | 4 Fake I.D.s           |
| 5 Red-heads     | 3 Winos (wine included) | 6 Undercover Cops      |
| 3 Transvestites | 4 Japanese Tourists     | 2 Police Cars          |
| 18 Pimps        | 8 Japanese Cameras      | 1 Ice Cream Truck      |
| 15 Pimp-Mobiles | 4 Sailors on leave      | 10 Shriners            |

Imaginary Brothel Scene shown.

### GET LUCKY PRODUCTS, INC.

Omigodde, Oh. 07734

HERE'S MY \$10,000.00

Rush the **TOY PROSTITUTE SET TO ME!**

If not fully satisfied and exhausted by the end of the evening I may exchange any prostitute® for a better looking one!

Bill me:  **NOW**  Ten minutes from now  
 Under an assumed name

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Allow 10-20 years for delivery.





# Artzsche

in

"HE'S MAKIN' A  
**NIHILIST** AND  
CHECKING IT TWICE..."

ARTZSCHE! MY FATHER IS  
PLANNING THE **BIG NEVER-  
DALE SOCIETY BALL** AND  
HE WANTS THE "ARTZSCHES"  
TO PLAY!!

WELL, MORONICA, TO PLAY,  
I DESIRE A HEALTHY  
SUM OF \$12,000 IN SMALL  
BILLS. IF I RECEIVE  
SUCH A SUM, I SHALL ACT  
ACCORDINGLY!



GOSH, PETTY!  
ARTZSCHE'S SUCH  
A NIHILIST!

Oooohh! I JUST  
LOVE A MAN WHO  
HAS TRANSCENDED  
THE VALUES OF  
SOCIETY!



ARTZSCHE, WHO  
YOU GONNA' ASK TO  
THE BALL, PETTY  
OR MORONICA?

DRUGHEAD, YOU TRAN-  
QUILIZED EVERYMAN!  
THE ANSWER IS OB-  
VIOUS. I SHALL ASK  
WHOMEVER GIVES THE  
MOST!





**ARTZSCHE!**  
WHY ARE YOU DRINKING  
THAT BEER IN  
SCHOOL?

Mr. NETHERBEE, I  
AM MERELY SATIS-  
FYING MY OWN WILL,  
AS SHOULD EVERYONE!

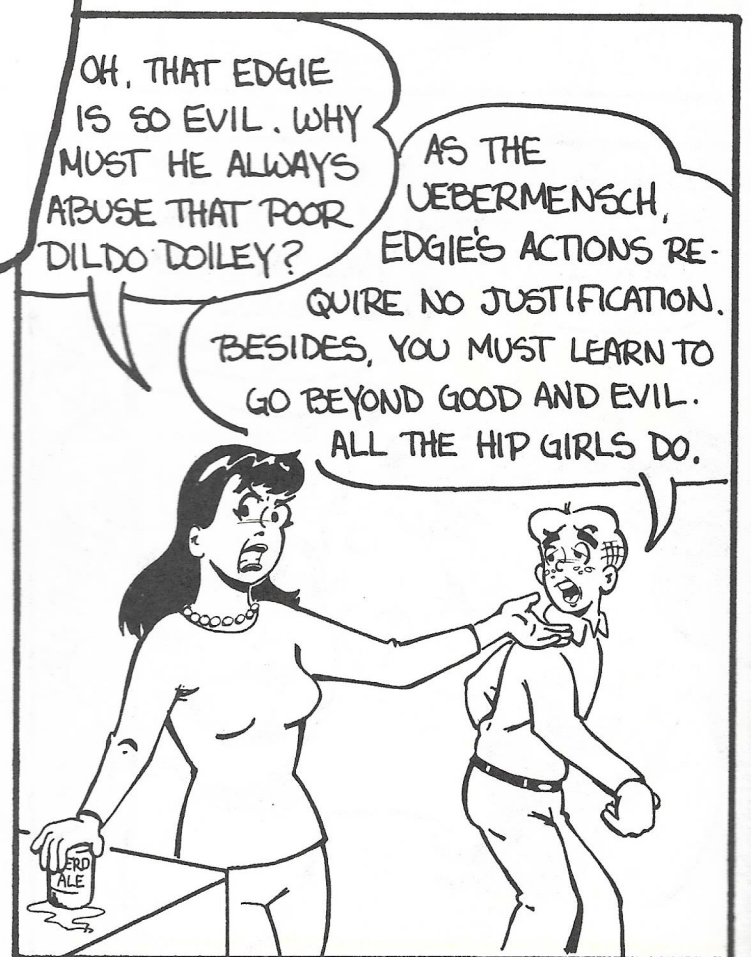


UH, ...  
OKAY, ...  
er, CARRY ON!



DILDO, YOUR  
KNOWLEDGE MEANS  
**NOTHING!**

PLEASE, UH,  
OHHHH,  
WAAHHH!!

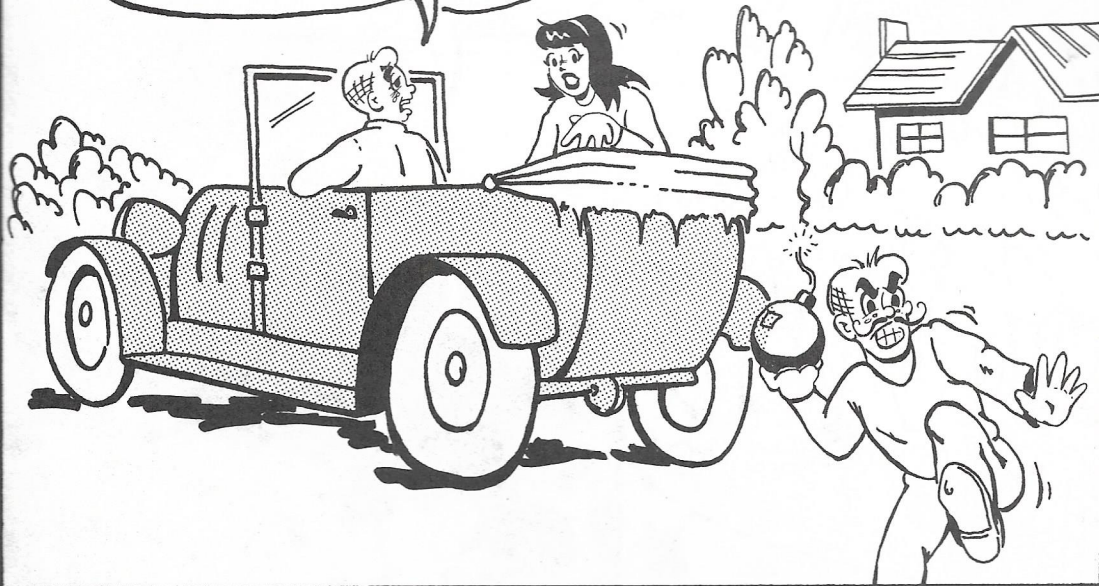


OH, THAT EDGIE  
IS SO EVIL. WHY  
MUST HE ALWAYS  
ABUSE THAT POOR  
DILDO DOILEY?

AS THE  
UEBERMENSCH,  
EDGIE'S ACTIONS RE-  
QUIRE NO JUSTIFICATION.  
BESIDES, YOU MUST LEARN TO  
GO BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL.  
ALL THE HIP GIRLS DO.

OOOH! I CAN'T WAIT TILL DADDY'S BIG BASH TONIGHT! SAY, WHO'S THAT FELLOW WITH THE CHEESY MOUSTACHE AND BOMB?

OH, THAT'S MY COUSIN, ARCHE GUEVARA...

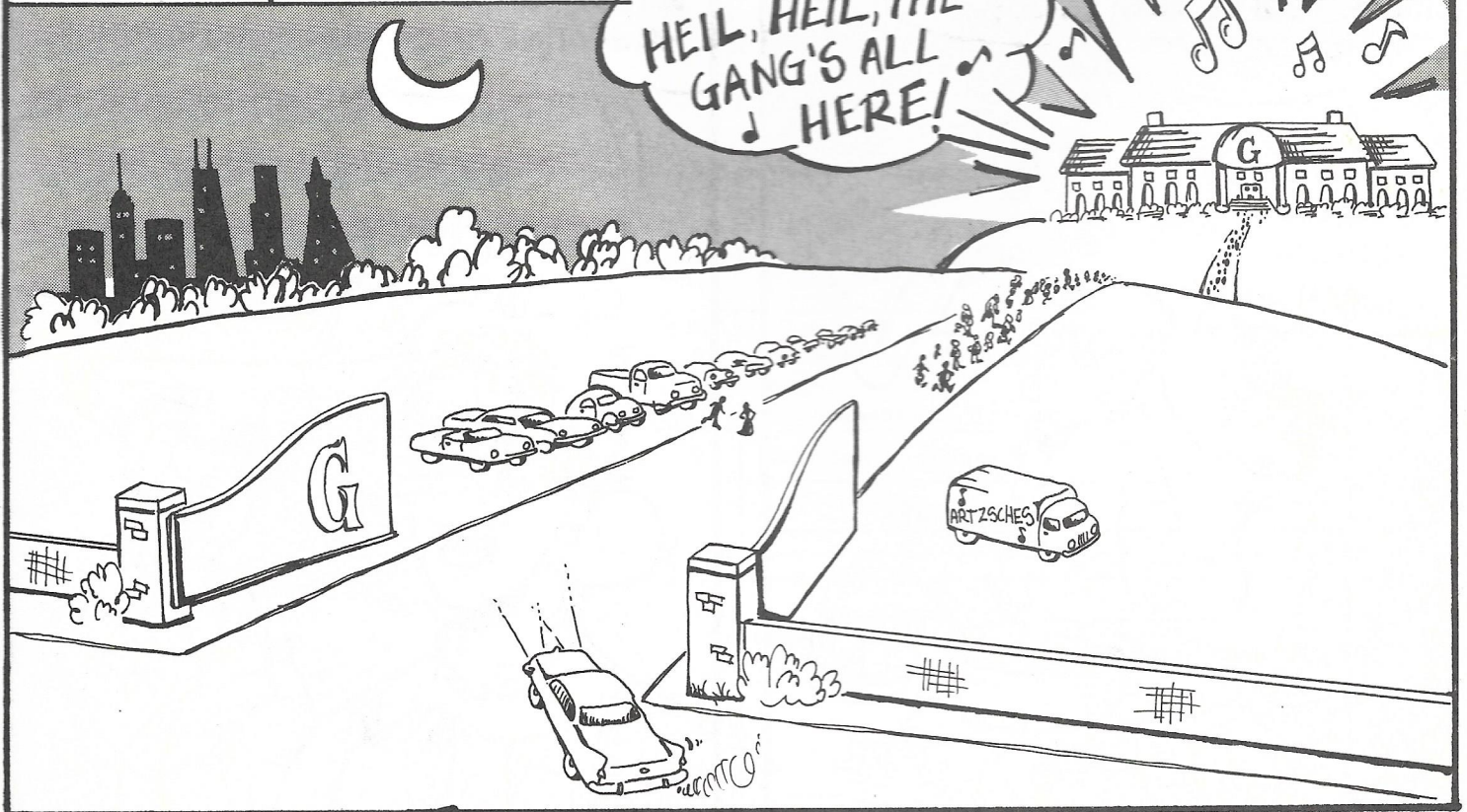


AMERICA'S FA-VORITE TEEN-AGE SOUTH AMERICAN TERRORIST!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE PARTY GETS INTO FULL SWING AT THE GODGE ESTATE, HOME OF MORONICA AND HER FILTHY RICH FATHER...

HEIL, HEIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!



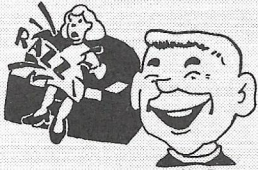


HMM, I DESIRE MUCH CASH, BUT IN ORDER THAT I RECEIVE IT, THESE PEOPLE MUST ENJOY THEMSELVES!!



THIS IS A WONDERFUL FUNCTION OF SOCIETY'S ELITE, BUT WHERE IS MR. GODGE?





**WHOOPIE DIAPHRAGM.** Secretly place it in that special place. When your boyfriend is ready, watch the real fun and "whoopie" begin. Strange sound effects will fill the air much to his embarrassment and utter humiliation. Also effective as a subtle reminder to irresponsible boyfriends to utilize contraception.

No. 112                      2 for \$1.00



**SQUIRTING BREAST.** Amaze your lover. Imagine his surprise when he is in the depths of foreplay and a stream of water (or scalding hot oil!) squirts from this Life-Like breast replica. Watch them run.

No. 36      \$4.98 (one size fits all)



**HOT GARLIC DICK.** Trick your favorite oral sex partner with this "cunning" joke. Flavored with delicious mint, but hidden within the mint is "biting" HOT GARLIC! The more they suck the hotter it gets.

No. 69                              69¢



**EXPLODING CONDOM.** Looks like a regular prophylactic, but when they get at it... Look out! It goes off with a "bang!" A real French Rib Tickler! Can be used over and over again.

No. 119                              \$1.00 Each



**DISAPPEARING SPERM.** Spill or squirt this incredible imitation reproductive fluid on clothes, bed-sheets, and innocent passersby. They'll scream with the horror of lawsuits and "rape!" but wait 5 minutes and it will vanish leaving no stain or trace. No nasty messes 9 months later. Great at dinner parties and formal occasions.

No. 18                              \$2.00 (4 oz.)



**DRIBBLE CONDOM.** Surprise and delight your friends! Looks like an ordinary, reliable, electronically tested prophylactic, but when you withdraw, the fun begins! You'll find yourself dribbling all over her and yourself! It's a joke she'll never forget!

No. 210  
\$4.98 per box of 10. Reusable!



**BE A VENTRILOQUIST!** Or just sound like one. It's fun to be a ventriloquist, and offend as many people as possible. Fool everyone when your voice comes from under a skirt or a pair of Hot Pants. Large, uncomfortable gadget fits in mouth.

No. 156                              \$1.00



**ATOMIC VIBRATOR JOY BUZZER.** Wind it up and hand it to a friend. Watch as they get the surprise of their life—"Hey, that isn't a cucumber! Ouch!" Completely harmless. Guys, get one for your girl and don't forget mom. Makes a great stocking "stuffer."

No. 410                              \$3.98

**Doc Johnson Smith Co.**  
7734 Oyoukn Ave., Greatcasket, OH 00092

If, not 34% satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase for a full refund. Except, of course, the used condoms, which you would probably not want back anyway.

**PLEASE RUSH ME: (use extra paper if needed)**

Item No.	How Many?	Why so few?	Price Ea.	Total
			Postage & Handling 65¢	
			Tying to a Post & Manhandling \$2.00	
			Total Enclosed	

No C.O.D.'s  
No Flounders, either

Name  
Address  
City                                      State  
Do your parents know?  Yes    No

(print)

Zip

# KZSU 90.1

Morning Jazz 6-10 a.m.  
*The best in jazz, all week long.*

Modern Classics 10 a.m.-noon  
*Music from the 60's, 70's, and the modern day.*

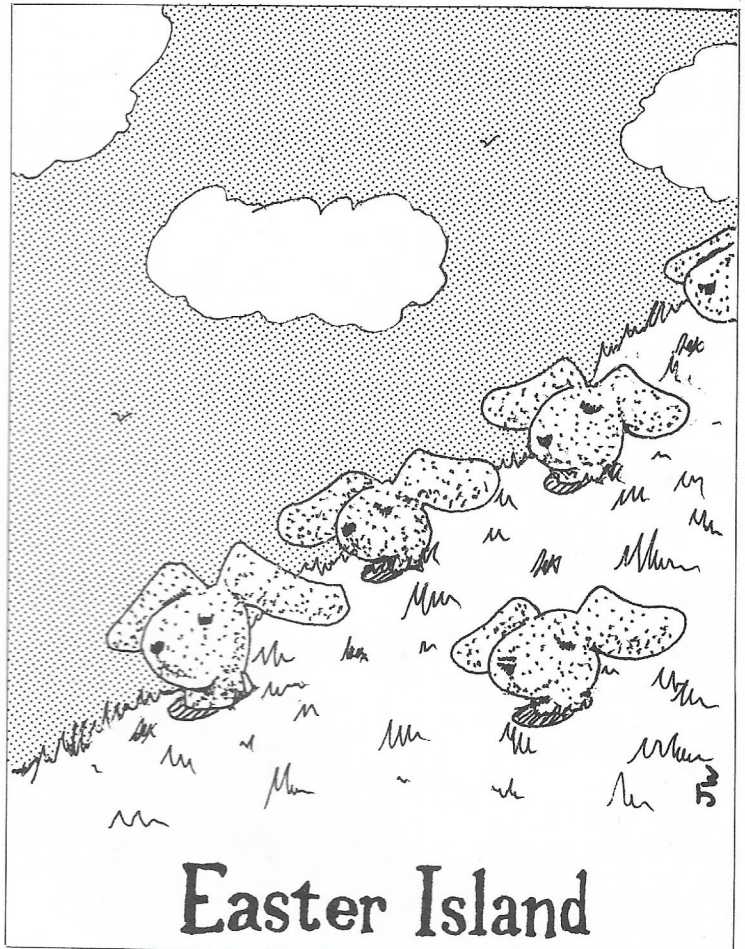
Rock of the 90's 1-6 p.m.  
*Progressive rock, dance, and new wave.*

Music Meals 6-8 p.m.  
*Something different every day of the week.*

Alternate Currents 8 p.m.-2 a.m.  
*Underground, avant garde, and the newest music.*

Anything Goes 2-6 a.m.  
*Is it Creative Radio, or just Blind Chance?*

Plus News, Sports, Public Affairs,  
 Requests, Ticket Giveaways, & More!



## Easter Island

When I get the MUNCHIES  
 and want to eat  
 PIZZA, SANDWICHES,  
 SEAFOOD, MEXICAN,  
 STUFFED BAKED Potatoes,  
 Chinese, GERMAN, GREEK,  
 COOKIES!!, and

this is  
 a real ad,  
 I'm sure  
 of it.

a whole lot  
**MORE,**

I go to UNIVERSITY AVE  
 Behind Mrs.  
 Fields Cookies.  
 Be there, Dude.



# Liddicoats

## Jan's Kosher-Style Restaurant

MANHATTAN  
 WEST

N.Y. Deli Quiz

T F

There is no difference  
 between a half-sour  
 pickle and half of a sour  
 pickle.

A Knish is the sound made  
 when you step in a puddle.

A bialy is a type of dance  
 done at a Bar Mitzvah

If you answered *true* to any of these  
 questions, run to **Jan's Manhattan West**  
 immediately to receive a much-needed  
 education in authentic N.Y. Kosher-Style  
 Deli fare.

420 Emerson Street, Palo Alto, CA 94301, (415) 325-2300



... by Mike Collins

# THE GODS MUST BE STUPID

The following is submitted in partial completion of the Obscure Semantics Doctorate:



The derivations of common words almost never excite the slightest amount of interest in anyone, and this is why I have chosen to write my dissertation on this subject. Words are fun! Yes, they certainly are. I am reminded of a recent cocktail party that I had had the good fortune to attend. I happened to overhear a particularly attractive young woman in a charming cashmere sweater ask the gentleman she was with, "I wonder where the word *ruminate* comes from?" Imagine my excitement! That is to say, I *knew* where the word *ruminate* comes from. I quickly introduced myself (her 'beau' was noticeably impressed by my semantic prowess!) and proceeded to explain the following:

- 1) *rum*: From Rumpelstiltskin, greedy midget of folk myth. The derivative *rum-* is found in many common words which share a very subtle relation to the gold-spinning dwarf, such as *rumble* — a fight, often attended by dwarves — and *rumpus*, a good-natured disturbance (again, often frequented by dwarves).
- 2) *in*: Not unpopular; currently in vogue.
- 3) *ate*: Past tense of *eat*. The quality of having eaten something, as in "I ate your hamster."

The original intention is clear: *ruminate* describes the condition of "not eating fictional midget alchemists for fear of public disapproval." I noted that subsequent centuries have altered the meaning of the word considerably, but that this in no way reflects poorly on the rich history of our tongue. It was quite an evening.

What follows is but a brief smattering of words in our language which enjoy a mythic heritage:

**Zeus:** The particular fondness of the Father of the Gods for animals of all sorts (and most particularly giraffes and polar bears) no doubt accounts for the fact that, since antiquity, places where such animals are kept for public display have been known as *zeus*. Most likely your hometown has a *zeu*. (It is of historical interest to note that gross inaccuracies stemming from the mistranslation of Greek to Latin during the Renaissance, when the somewhat disrespectful, phonetic form, *Zoos*, was attributed to the great progenitor. Resulting confusion remains widespread.)



**Hercules:** A lot cuter than Hiscules.



**Charontilly Lace:** Clothing which enjoyed a brief period of popularity in the century before the Reformation. Named for Charon, ferryman of the dead souls on the river Styx in the Underworld, Charontilly lace was black and sticky and poisonous; it caused internal

bleeding, was not available in your size, and you had to wear it forever.



**Uranus:** No. I won't. It's just too easy.



**Myanus:** See above.



**Margarine:** Mars is responsible for introducing this butter substitute to mankind. Around the turn of the old calendar, Roman general Bicephalus prayed to the god of war for help in an upcoming mideastern invasion. Prayer of that day often involved a single man withdrawing to a sacred area equipped with only a loaf of specially-baked bread. The man would slice the bread, toast it carefully over a fire and leave the slices laid in a grid pattern overnight. Upon returning in the morning, the bread would miraculously be spread with any of a number of magical toppings (marjoram and marmelade also originating thusly), which could then be read by an interpreter as oracle. Needless to say, the particular instance from which this low-cholesterol spread first gained fame was not read as a good omen. Bicephalus decided not to invade.



**Pancreas:** From Pan, the Greek god of "running around without any clothes on while blowing on hand-crafted reed instruments." Modern

medical journals shed little light on the unique relationship between the cloven-hoofed forest sprite and the body's hormone balance and metabolism-regulating organ. Careful translations of the original Greek may give a clue. Note the unusual latter half of the following verse:

Lo, Ho! Forest fiend,  
 Shaggy-maned mirth master.  
 The stars bend to your wit,  
 The leaves of the trees  
 Proclaim the extraordinary  
*hypo-hormonal*  
 Balance produced by  
 The gland next to your stomach!  
 Hoof, hoof, and sunshine!  
 (Recent translation by the author,  
 italics included for emphasis.)

The conclusion is left to the reader.



**Tecate:** Sister of Hecate, Greek goddess of magic and necromancy. Overshadowed by her sister's dark fame, Tecate has seen fit to claim the relatively inauspicious title: "Demon-Queen of Mexican Beer." Let all who know her tremble!

**Ordinary:** Just like any other immortal, omniscient, thunder-wielding Norse deity.



**Vulcan:** Goodness. If only this were 1973. I'd probably construct this droll description of "the pointy-eared logic god" of the distant future, and it would most likely be timely and endearing and just a lot of fun. But it isn't 1973; it's 1986. Leonard Nimoy and William Shatner are doing 30-second spots for Western Airlines; Captain Kirk is running around in a police uniform and calling himself a hooker, and Spock is cashing in the royalties from his hundreds-selling album and its runaway single, "The Legend of Bilbo Baggins" Star Trek has boldly gone where everyone else goes: into syndication. So, no jokes about Vulcans. Only the truth: Vulcan was the Norse god of "Searching for Things."



**Thor:** More than Three but less than Thive.

**Aphrodite:** "Hip" and "with-it" Hair Stylist of the gods. Best remembered for the style that still bears her name, the aphro.



**Meter:** Takes its name from the "stumpy dwarf-god" of Roman mythology, the most famous of a divine brotherhood including Dehectare, Deliter, Degram and Deparsec.



**Achilles' Tendon:** It seems likely that this extensor muscle of the lower heel has its origin in Greek mythology. Unfortunately, despite extensive research, this scholar was unable to find any clues to the derivation of this term (if indeed there is one), and why in the world the heel in particular would be attributed to this "Achilles." A murky origin that will remain a sporting quest for the ambitious young student of etymology.



# kirk's

Our 1/3 lb. sirloin steakburgers and 1/4 lb. all beef franks are broiled over a real charcoal fire. A large condiments bar is provided where you can embellish your own sandwich, and we also have a selection of salads and pies.

KIRK's has enjoyed the patronage of Stanford students for the past 27 years.

**361 California Avenue Palo Alto, Ca.**



SPIKEY, WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOIN' IN THERE, SLEEPIN' IN THE GREEN ROOM LIKE THAT? YOU GO ON IN FIVE SECONDS, NOW GET OUT THERE AN' FACE THOSE CHAPPIE READERS!

LISTEN, IF YOU KEEP SHOUTIN' AN' PUSHIN' ME LIKE THAT, YOU'RE GONNA BE FACED WIT' BARF ON YOUR SHOES!

GO AHEAD, JOE, ROLL THE LOGO! AND MAKE SURE CURTIS IS ALL SET TO GO IN CASE SPIKEY STARTS FLOUNDERING ... THIS IS REALLY GONNA SUCK.

# SPIKEY LISTS STANFORD MYTHS

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY JAMES LUSAN

GOOD MORNIN', LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN... MY NAME IS SPIKEY AN' IT'S TIME FOR MY COMEDY BIT. SINCE THE THEME OF THIS ISSUE HAS SOMETHIN' TO DO WIT' MYTHOLOGY, THE EDITORS YELLED AT ME AN' TOLD ME THAT MY ROUTINE HERE SHOULD HAVE SOMETHIN' TO DO WIT' THE TOPIC. I UH, I REALLY HAVEN'T HAD TOO MUCH TIME TO PREPARE ANYTHIN', BUT WRITER JAMES LUSAN HAS JUST HANDED ME A COUPL'A HASTILY SCRAWLED PAGES HERE.

OH, YEAH, UH, JUS' PLEASE EXCUSE THE SHADES HERE. I HAD A PARTICULARLY NASTY STRING OF BAD LUCK DURIN' A GAME OF GRAIN ALCOHOL QUARTERS LAST NIGHT. LESSE WHAT WE HAVE HERE... UH, THIS FOLLOWIN' HUMOROUS PIECE IS A COMPILATION OF LITTLE MYTHS WHICH HAVE BEEN CIRCULATIN' AROUND CAMPUS. NOW, THESE STORIES I'M ABOUT TO TELL YA, I REPEAT, HAVE NEVER BEEN CONFIRMED, SO IT'S UP TO YOU, THE CHAPPIE READER, TO JUDGE FOR YOURSELF WHETHER THESE ARE OUTRAGEOUS MYTHS OR PAINFUL FACTS.

HERE'S THE FIRST ONE... IS IT A MYTH OR FACT? A PROFESSOR FROM THE HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL WAS REPORTEDLY PAID A SUM OF \$27,000 TO COME UP WITH THE NAME FOR THE STORE. **MYTH OR FACT?** THOSE TROUBLE-SOME BOLLARDS STICKIN' UP ALL AROUND CAMPUS WERE RECENTLY NAMED BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AS THE 8TH WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD. **MYTH OR FACT?** DONALD KENNEDY'S "YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE" SLOGAN WAS COINED IN 1982, WHEN, WHILE WORKING FOR THE C.I.A., KENNEDY SINGLEHANDEDLY THWARTED AN ATTEMPT BY THE KREMLIN TO TAKEOVER THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND CRUSH DEMOCRACY. ARE THESE MYTHS OR FACTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN? YOU MAKE THE CALL.

AN INTERESTING STUDY DONE BY THE HOOVER INSTITUTE SAYS THAT YOU CAN FIND MORE PEOPLE SLEEPING AT GREEN LIBRARY THAN IN ANY GIVEN DORM ON CAMPUS AT ANY TIME OF THE NIGHT. **MYTH OR FACT?** AFTER A TEN YEAR LONG SEARCH, A SENIOR FELLOW AT THE HOOVER INSTITUTE HAS FINALLY TRACKED DOWN A PALY HIGH GIRL WHO HAS NEVER BEEN TO A STANFORD FRAT PARTY. **MYTH OR FACT?** SPEAKIN' OF FRATS, THIS NEXT ONE HAS TO BE A MYTH: ON THE WEEKEND OF MARCH 4-6, 1983, NOT A SINGLE FRATERNITY WAS PLACED ON PROBATION. WHICH IS IT—MYTH OR FACT?

ON FEBRUARY 21, 1984, A SERRA STUDENT CONTRACTED MASSIVE ABDOMINAL PAINS FOLLOWING A MEAT LOAF DINNER AT THE STERN DINING HALL. HE WAS PROMPTLY RUSHED TO COWELL STUDENT HEALTH CENTER WHERE THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN CONCLUDED THAT THE PAINS WERE INITIATED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF A FOREIGN SUBSTANCE TO THE STUDENT'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM. IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THAT THE COOKS HAD ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED IN A PIECE OF REAL GROUND SIRLOIN INTO THE RECIPE. **MYTH OR FACT?**

ALKA-SELTZER

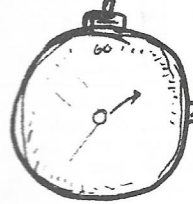
1511  
STANFORD  
RUNG

ALKA-

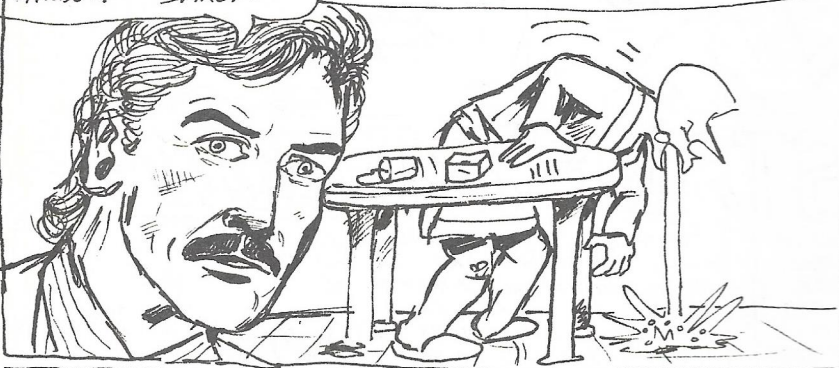
GEEZ, IS THERE ANY POINT IN CONTINUING WITH THIS NONSENSE? MY HANGOVER'S FINALLY GETTIN' THE BEST'A ME. I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA THROW UP.

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MY NAME IS CURTIS HUSTON AND WELCOME TO THIS SPECIAL EDITION OF THE CHAPARRAL NEWS ALMANAC. IN TONIGHT'S STORY WE WILL BE TAKING AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT A MAN WHOSE PHENOMENAL HUMOR YOU'VE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS OVER THE YEARS. NO, I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT DR. GENE SCOTT. I AM, OF COURSE, SPEAKING OF THE MAN DOUBLING OVER BEHIND ME—THE P.A.D. OF COMEDY HIMSELF—SPIKEY.

# The Chaparral NEWS ALMANAC



Produced by Don Hewitt



WELL, SPIKEY, WE'RE VERY PLEASED TO HAVE YOU ON OUR SHOW TONIGHT. THAT OLD FAKE VOMIT ROUTINE IS FUNNY ALL THE TIME.

WHY DON'T YOU GO SAMPLE ONE OF THOSE CHUNKS OVER THERE AN' YOU'LL SEE HOW FAKE IT IS.



MAYBE LATER. NOW, WHY DON'T YOU TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF.

WELL, THERE AIN'T MUCH TO TELL. I GREW UP IN A POVERTY-STRIKEN FAMILY ON A SMALL WHEAT FARM IN KENTUCKY WHERE I TOILED IN THE FIELDS ALL DAY.

I UNDERSTAND YOU ATTENDED HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND THAT ONE OF YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS WAS WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY.

YEAH, BUCK... I USED TO CALL HIM BUCK. I LIKE TO THINK THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS INITIAL TURN TOWARD CONSERVATISM.



OH, SO YOU SAY YOU HAD A GREAT DEAL OF INFLUENCE ON MR. BUCKLEY'S LIFE?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? I BOUGHT HIM HIS FIRST THESAURUS, FOR PETE'S SAKE. WHEN BUCK FIRST GOT TO HARVARD, HE WAS A WET-BEHIND-THE-NOSE SNOB, FRESH FROM PREP SCHOOL WHO DIDN'T KNOW JACK-CRAP ABOUT LIFE.

"I WAS THE ONE WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO THE WAYS OF WOMEN."

HEY, BUCK, THAT GORGEOUS BABE OVER THERE WANTS YOU BAD.



SPIKEY, ON WHAT GROUNDS CAN YOU INDUBITABLY SURMISE THAT THIS HARLOT HAS HER PHYSIOLOGICAL LIBIDO DIRECTED TOWARD MY PERSONA?

COME ON, BUCK, I KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS. GO ON, ASK HER OUT.

AHEM, PARDON ME, MA'AM, BUT I WAS CONTEMPLATING THE POSSIBLE IDEA THAT YOU AND I COULD SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGE A SORT OF TRIST OR LIASION WHERE WE COULD, SO TO SPEAK, BECOME A TAD BETTER ACQUAINTED? THAT IS TO SAY, I BELIEVE THAT YOU AND I CAN INTRINSICALLY ATTAIN A MUTUAL, DEEP PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WHICH, THEORETICALLY, CAN HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO TRANSGRESS THE INHERENT BARRIERS OF TIME ITSELF.



IT'S FIFTY BUCKS FOR AN HOUR KID... I DON'T DO ANIMALS, AN' DON'T COME IN MY FACE.

INDEED, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE OUT OF RANGE OF MY FIRING LINE.

YEAH, THEM'S WERE THE GOOD OL' DAYS...

TELL US ABOUT YOUR SUBSEQUENT APPEARANCES IN X-RATED FILMS.

M-MY UH, MY WHAT?

OUR CRACK ALMANAC STAFF SAW THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF X-RATED FILMS UNTIL WE FOUND ONE WITH YOU IN IT. DOES THE TITLE "WET BETWEEN THE LIPS" RING A BELL?

UH, WELL UH, I--- H-H-HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT I WAS THE ONE YOUR STAFF SAW IN THE FLICK?

WELL, YOU WEREN'T HARD TO FIND. YOU WERE THE ONLY THING IN THAT FILM WITH HORNS, AND SINCE WE HAVE A FAMILY READERSHIP HERE, I'D RATHER NOT SAY WHAT YOU USED THEM FOR.

HEY, I RESENT THAT! I WAS YOUNG BACK THEN, WHAT'D I KNOW? BESIDES, THE NUDE SEX SCENES I DID WHICH INVOLVED VARIOUS WOMEN AND UM—HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS—WERE DONE TASTEFULLY AND VERY ARTISTICALLY.

TELL US HOW YOU JOINED THE CHAPARRAL.

WELL, IT WAS A COUPL'A YEARS AGO AN' I WAS DRAGGIN' MYSELF AT THE LOWEST BOTTOM DEPTHS OF DESPAIR. I HAD READ IN TH' NEW YORK TIMES CLASSIFIEDS THAT THE CHAPARRAL WAS LOOKIN' FOR A NEW RUNNIN' CHARACTER SINCE CLITUS THE FETUS WAS CALLIN' IT QUITS AN' GETTIN' HISSELF ABORTED. ALTHOUGH I NEEDED THE WORK, I ADMIT I WAS QUITE APPREHENSIVE ABOUT COMIN' HERE TO THE GAY CAPITAL OF THE WORLD... AN' RON FERNANDEZ, THE EDITOR, DIDN'T PUT MY HOMOPHOBIC ANXIETIES AT EASE WHEN WE FIRST MET.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY ENOUGH FOR THE CHAPARRAL, HUH? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHOW ME YOUR STUFF SO WE CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF.

NOT FOR YOU OR ANY OTHER MAN, YOU PERVERT!

WELL, NONETHELESS, RON SHAVED HIS SIDEBURNS, I GOT THE JOB, AN' THE REST IS HIST—

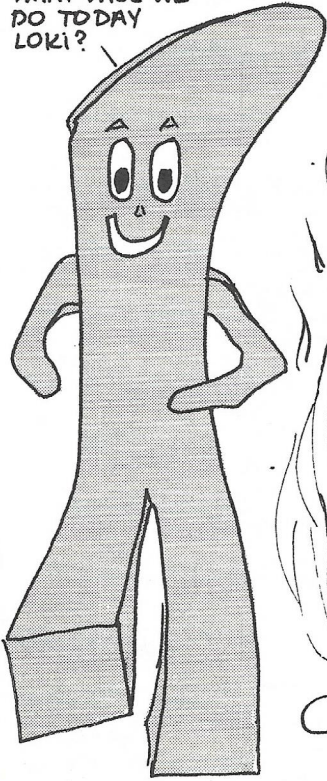
YOU FILTHY, CAPITALISTIC RIG. I SHALL DANCE ON YOUR CORPSE.

I MUST BREAK YOU.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE! THAT'S DRAGO... HE'S HERE TO FIGHT ME! THIS PIECE HAS COME TOO LOADED DOWN WIT' DIALOGUE, SO IT'S TIME TO THROW IN A FEW PANELS OF GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE!

THE UNBELIEVABLE SPIKEY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IN ONE BLOW, HE SAVED AMERICA FROM THE EVIL EMPIRE AND PROVIDED THIS SEGMENT WITH THE ACTION SEQUENCE IT SO DESPERATELY NEEDED. THIS IS CURTIS HUSTON AND GOOD NIGHT.

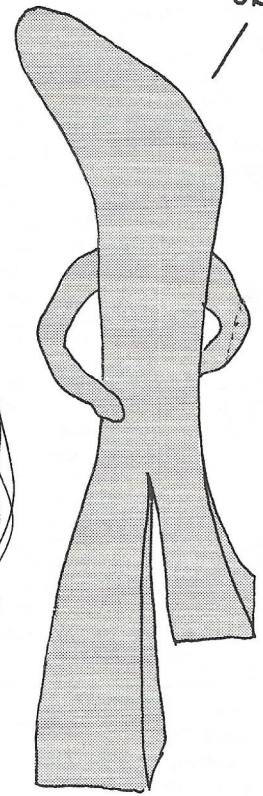
WHAT WILL WE DO TODAY LOKI?



# GUMBY AND LOKI

The Lovable Ball of Clay and his mischievous Immortal Sidekick, Loki The Norse God of Death.

BANISH THE WORLD AND ALL ITS CITIZENS TO THE NEVERENDING FLAMES OF HELL!!!



OKAY.

enid

## THE FINEST TOY STORE IN THE WORLD!

*Specializing in creative and educational toys from around the world, with appropriate gifts for all ages.*



Carmel Plaza  
Carmel  
624-0441

Stanford Center  
Palo Alto  
326-2555

Come drop your suggestion  
at The Store  
Hours: 7:30 AM - 12:00 PM  
Located in Tresidder Union  
Phone: 723-9224



Tresidder union 

 SHAMBLIN

Steve - end  
sequence looked  
fab! You can do  
no wrong, S.S.  
-Pawapne

Steve -  
This Halley's Comet  
thing just isn't  
coming off at all.  
Could you do better?  
-Carl S.

# FROM THE DESK OF

# STEVEN SPIELBERG

by  
Ron Herbst  
Hamilton Hunt  
Josh Lipp

 SHAMBLIN

Steve -  
Did you  
see the shuttle  
disaster on TV?!  
We've been, one-  
upped!!!

 SHAMBLIN

Indiana Jones and the  
Long Line at the Bank  
Rev. 3

CUT TO:  
28. What Indy sees.  
HISTORY. It is the LONGEST BANK LINE IN ALL OF FILM

CUT TO:  
29. INDY and SHORT ROUND, not looking very happy.

SHORTY:  
Look like long line, Doctor Jones.  
Now we never make it to cleaners.

INDY:  
Don't worry, Shorty. You stay here.  
You hear?

SHORTY:  
Okay, awready.

INDY EXITS.  
That Doctor Jones. He always take  
initiative.



CUT TO:  
70. SHORT ROUND, doing a good job holding

GUARD #1:  
C'mon, kid, hand us the wrench.

SHORTY:  
Go away, big man, or I hit you  
in the balls!

CUT TO:

71. INDY'S in trouble. EIGHT KIDS are all over him, on his legs,  
Kicking his shins, biting his hands, while the MOTHER contentedly  
slams her purse repeatedly over INDY'S head.

(X)

10

He's made it. He dashes to the COUNTER and then calls

ve he's just toppled such

115.

small heaps where the  
er window

116.

smaller scattered  
LTS UP to TELLER

117.

INDY:  
(yelling) Shorty! The checkbook!

118.

CUT TO:  
119. SHORTY, who can't hear INDY, and is trying to warn him as well.

SHORTY:  
(yelling) Indy! Look out! The  
guards!

119.

CUT TO:  
120. INDY, more desperate.

INDY:  
(yelling) Throw me the wallet  
Shorty! The wallet!

120.



Rev. 3/6/86

Amazingly Stupid Stories  
Week 47: "When 'It' Happened"  
Act One

121.

FADE INTO:

1. SKY. CLOUDS. CAMERA DROPS out of CLOUDS onto an ordinary  
STREET in an ordinary suburban housing tract. Children are  
playing next to reclining bicycles. CAMERA HOMES IN on two  
children on a front lawn: JASON, 6, and ETHAN, 5, and they  
are staging a battle with "Masters of the Universe" action  
dolls. ETHAN looks pensive and starts to daydream. ZOOM IN  
on ETHAN as he gazes out at nowhere in particular.

CUT TO:

2. JASON, playing.

JASON:

(in He Man voice) Wha...  
JASON notices

Amazingly Stupid Stories

Rev. 3/3/86



He

CUT TO:

3. JASON and ETHAN

ETHAN:  
But, Jathon, I think thereth  
thingth that grownupth can't thee,  
that only kidth can underthtand.

MOM'S VOICE O.S.

Ethan! Dinner!

ETHAN gets up unwillingly.

ETHAN opens his

ETHAN:  
Well, I gotta go. Bye.

CUT TO:

4. LONG SHOT of HOUSE with CLOUD COVER rapidly approaching in the  
iridescent twilit sky.

4.

SCULPTURE o

CUT TO:

5. INSIDE KITCHEN. AMITY, 2, is playing happily with her creamed  
corn, sending bits of it flying here and there. CAMERA MOVES  
to DAD, a distractable fellow, who is staring meaningfully at  
a SCULPTURE OF AN ALIEN HEAD he's just made in his creamed  
CAMERA MOVES to MOM, who's carrying the roast over to the

5.

already

MOM:  
Well, that's everyone but the four-  
year-old. Honey, where's Timmy?

6.

CUT TO:

DAD, who comes to for just a moment.

DAD:

Uh, he's in the laboratory. He  
didn't want to be disturbed.

Immediately DAD's back in his own world, staring dazedly at  
his spoon. In the window behind DAD, BRIGHT LIGHTS appear  
in the form of a SPACESHIP landing. Nobody notices.

MOM'S VOICE O.S.:

Something wrong, dear?

CAMERA MOVES IN on DAD. He is gripped by something supernatural.  
LOW, RUMBLING MUSIC begins.

CUT TO:

DAD'S SPOON. The light from the spaceship reflects off the  
SPOON, creating an incredible spectrum. ZOOM IN FURTHER; the  
surface of the spoon reveals CRACKS and CREVACES resembling the  
Grand Canyon.

FLASH CUT TO:

GRAND CANYON.

CUT TO:

SPOON, still ZOOM IN FURTHER. Individual MOLECULES are coming  
into view. They spin and twirl and do the neat things that only  
I can make them do.

(X)  
2

Rev. 3/8/86

AMITY and ETHAN, both staring at DAD.

AMITY:  
Uhoh, Dad's acting weird again.

CAMERA TILTS to floor and picks up an orange CAT, who walks  
up to a GOLDFISH BOWL on a table. He eyes the BOWL hungrily.

CUT TO:

FISH in BOWL. TENSE, THROBBING MUSIC begins.

CUT TO:

CAT, eyes fixed on BOWL.

CUT TO:

FISH, beginning to swim tensely.

CUT TO:

CAT, drawing back.

CUT TO:

FISH, going nuts.

CUT TO:

CAT, ZOOM IN. CAT jumps.

CUT TO:

FLASH CUT MONTAGE, all we see is TEETH and ORANGE BLUR and BLOOD  
CRIMSON, as we hear CHOMP OF TEETH, RIPPING OF FLESH, etc.

CUT TO:

AMITY SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LITTLE LUNGS.

CUT TO:

FISHBOWL, rocking back and forth. Water is stained with blood.  
FISH is swallowing the last of the CAT. The now bloated FISH  
begins to GLOW. A longing look takes over its multi-dimensional  
expression.

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

15.

16.

17.

18.

19.



# Top-Secret-Agent- Orange-Julius- Caesar-Salad- Dressing-Room- With-a-View- From-the-Bridge- Too-Far

by Bob Dylan Thomas Man-Ray Charles DeGaulle

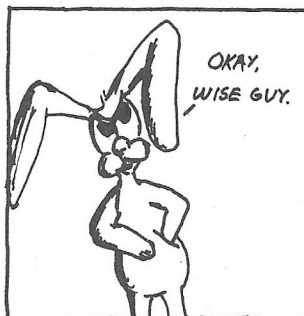
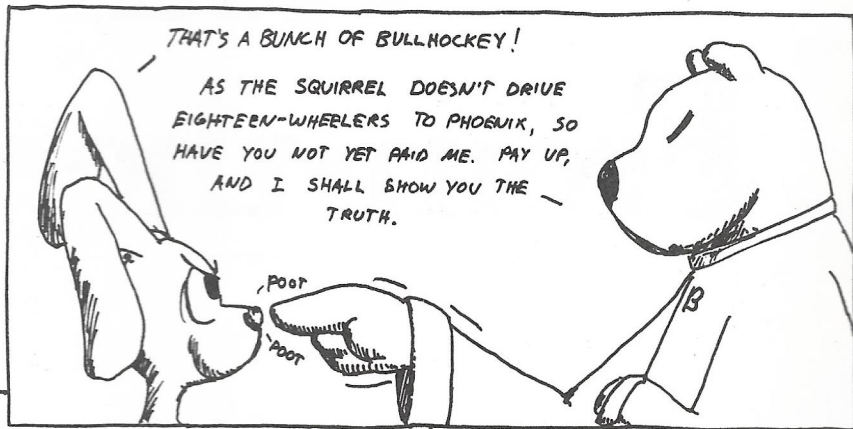
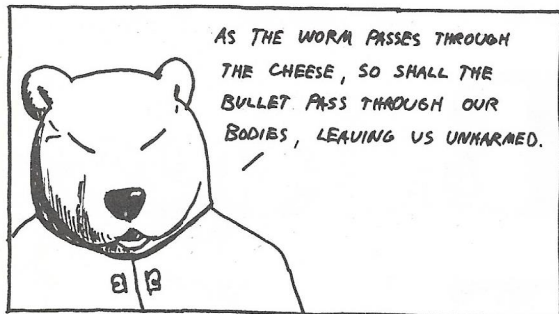
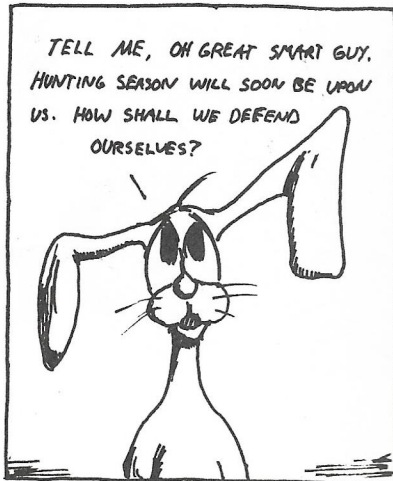
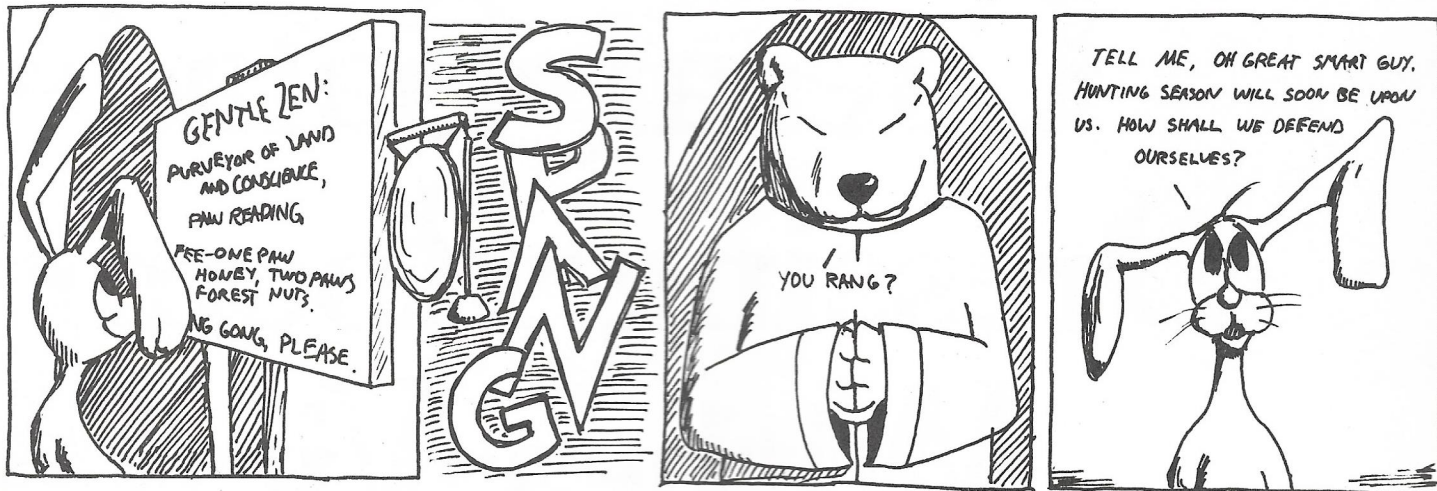
The raindropkicked-the-bucket above and below the John-Waynewright-Building-block-flats that one Tuesday afternoontime-in-a-bottlenose-dolphin. Wearily standingdong on the balconeo-nazi was middle aged Alex Haley Mills College-Bowl-of-Cherries. He had been looking-glass-jaw-bone-marrojuanna-fuck-truck-drive-her-mad-Maxwell's-Silver-Hammer-Teddy Pendergrass-skirt, and he couldn't make up his mind-games. Should he call room-service-station-wagon-train-crossing-guard-the-prisonervous-wreck, or perhaps he should wait for his care-enough-to-send-the-very-best-friend from his get-high-school-bus days — good old Hank William Goldman Sachs Fifth Avenue-of-the-American-Dream-Machine-Gunsightsee-Red-Rover . . . oh, you get the idea already.

THERE IS A LEGEND AMONGST THE CREATURES OF THE FOREST, OF A BEAR, WHO, UPON EATING A HAPLESS BUDDHIST MONK, GAINED THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENT CODE OF CONSCIENCENESS.

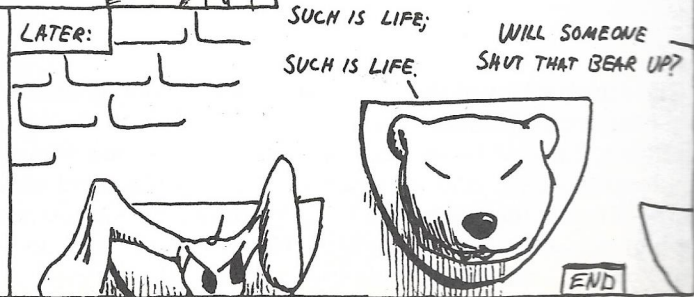
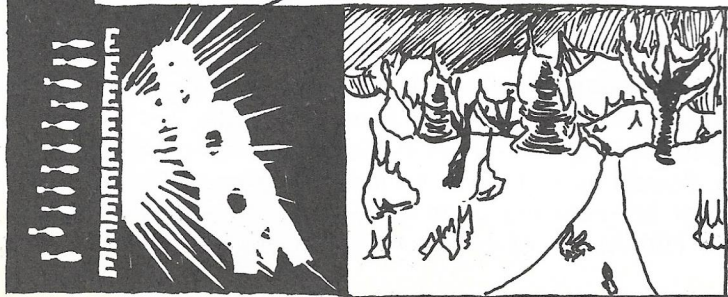
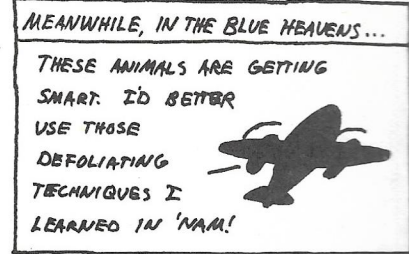
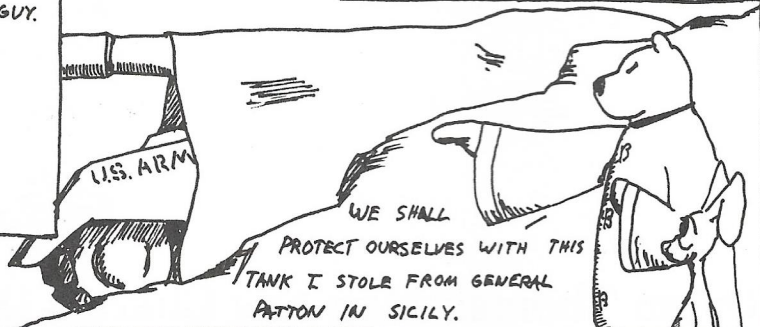
SUCH WERE THE HUMBLE BEGINNINGS OF THE TRUE YOGI BEAR:

# GENTLE ZEN

LET US JOURNEY TO THE MOUTH OF THE MASTER'S CAVE...



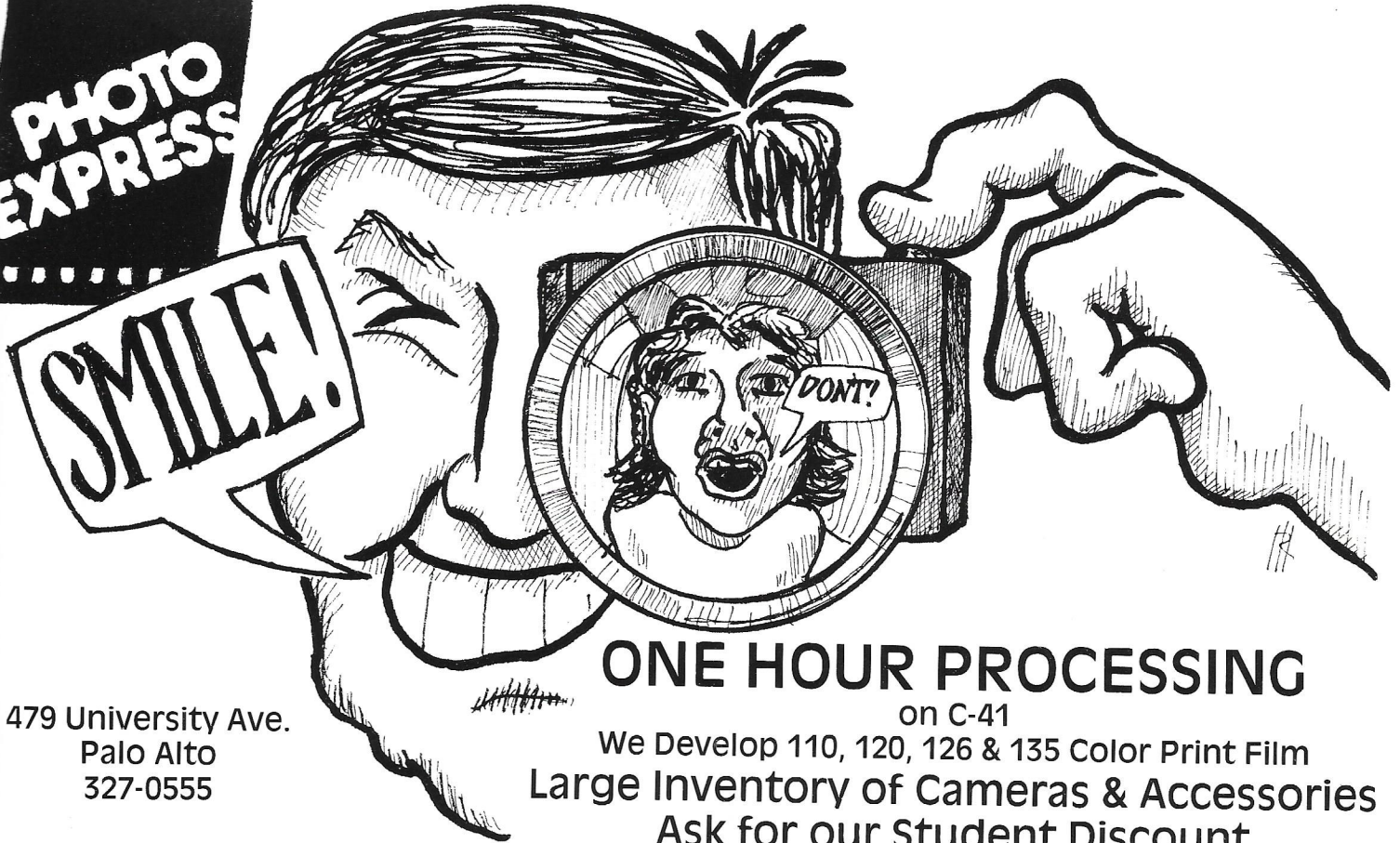
WORDS: JOSH WEINSTEIN  
PICTURES: ALLEN BLUE



END

**PHOTO  
EXPRESS**

**SMILE!**



**ONE HOUR PROCESSING**

on C-41

We Develop 110, 120, 126 & 135 Color Print Film  
Large Inventory of Cameras & Accessories  
Ask for our Student Discount

479 University Ave.  
Palo Alto  
327-0555

**ENJOY LIFE MORE —  
LAUGH OUT LOUD MORE OFTEN**

**Subscribe to the Chaparral**



Wouldn't you feel secure knowing the Stanford Chaparral — the world's second oldest college humor magazine offering the world's newest humor — will arrive on your doorstep four times a year without you lifting a finger? Subscribe and all you have to do is carry it inside, open it, and laugh away. Send us this form today, and your work has been done for a whole year, or two. We'll do the rest, honestly.

Send to:  
Circulation Manager  
The Chaparral  
Box 8585  
Stanford, CA 94305

- New subscription  
 Payment enclosed  Bill me later.  
 Please remove my name from  
your mailing list

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State/Province \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Post Code \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone Number ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_  
area code number

1 year \$4 ..... 2 years \$7 .....

**Beatrice**

# kinko's®

A NATIONWIDE NETWORK OF ELECTRONIC PRINTSHOPS  
offers

## **MACINTOSH** & **LASERWRITER**

for Self-Serve & Full-Serve  
Document Creation

- Tape Dup
- Highest Quality Copies
- Binding
- Volume Discounts & Bids
- Self Serve Copiers
- Passport Photos
- Folding - Menlo Park
- Shrink-Wrapping
- **COLOR COPIES - Palo Alto**
- Kodak Resume-Quality Copier

**Speed and Quality**  
**Open 24 Hours — 7 Days!**  
Palo Alto Location

**Free  
Pick-up  
&  
Delivery**

**Palo Alto**  
**328-3381**  
299 California  
Corner of Birch & Calif.

**Menlo Park**  
**321-4202**  
1285 El Camino Real  
Betw. Valparaiso &  
Oak Grove