

stanford Chaparral



Harold Boone
316 Redwood Lane
Warner, NE 80402

Mr. Boone,

In reviewing the manuscript for your "Palindrome Encyclopedia" it struck me that while some of the palindromes exhibit a lack of creativity, others seem contrived or merely bogus. If you are not sure exactly what constitutes a palindrome I encourage you to do some research. I have provided criticism with some of the more problematic entries. You show promise, and I encourage you to keep working.

"A Toyota"

-Valid, though unimpressive.

"No shit on this."

-A step in the right direction!

"Adam stays at a Ramada"

-Plausible...

"Table tennis table"

-Nothing more than cleverly disguised nonsense.

"Racecar: A man, a plan, a canal, panama [racecar]"

-It appears that this is simply a variation on another well-known palindrome.

"Gum, Ramon Omarmug?"

-Ethnic peculiarity is excellent for cloaking your chicanery!

"2113"

-Will fool all but the most discerning.

"283-4382"

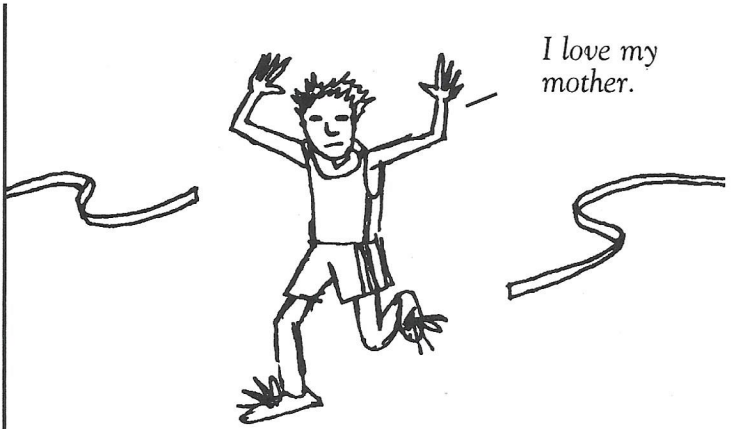
-I suggest you exercise control over the use of numerical palindromes. Though they share the same fundamental insight as their alphabetical counterparts, they are devoid of the wit and sagacity that make the latter so engaging.

Sincerely,

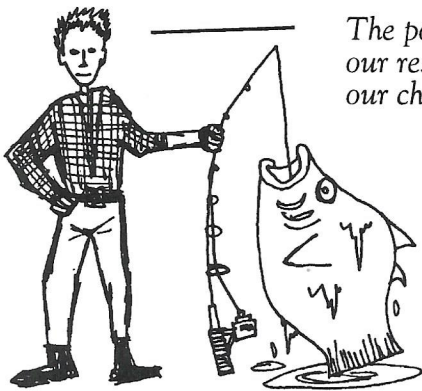
Brian Robinson

Brian Robinson
Editor

NICE GUYS DO FINISH FIRST!



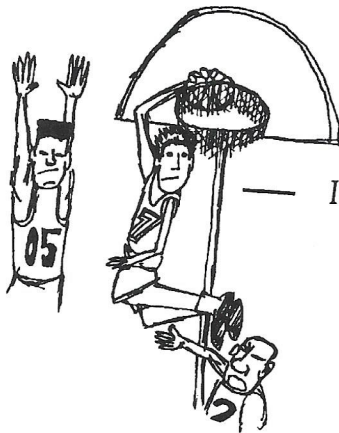
I love my mother.



The poor deserve our respect and our charity.

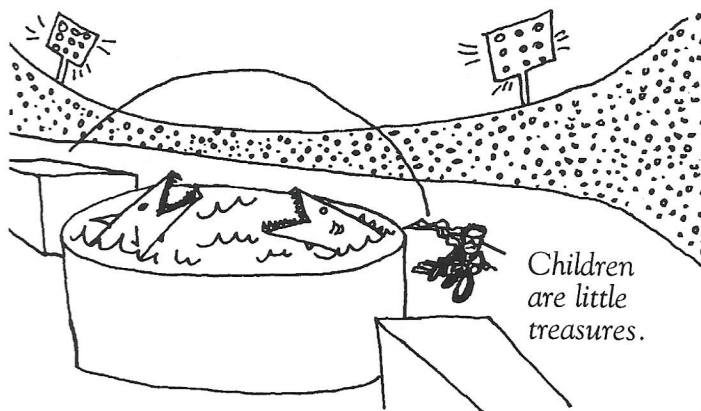


Women are not objects.



I pick up litter.

I will turn your car lights off for you.



Children are little treasures.

Tomorrow I will give everyone a dollar.





Tommy Johnson

^{adopted} My[^]Family

My name is Tommy Johnson. I am 8.

I am Adopted which means that my
^{adopted} Mom and ^{adopted} Dad ~~got to pick me out.~~ ^{your real mom and dad didn't want you} My

^{adopted} Sister is Nancy. She is 12. She is not

^{GOOD!} adopted. We have a dog named Jumper.

She is a real ^{Breed?} Jumper. My ^{adopted} mom says

most of ^{her} ~~our~~ family is from France,

and England too. My ^{adopted} Dad is an

engineer and makes Streets. My ^{adopted} sister

Plays Piano and I do too! I love

^{adopted} my[^]Family!

The assignment was to write about your
real family, Tommy "Johnson."

You fail.



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BOWLINE



JAKE'S DUODENUM



MEATBALL SANDWICH



HAPPY



THE HOUSTON ASTROS

Art Credits

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Adopted Tommy	Perkins	Monkey Congress	Perkins
Bad Cop	Fong	Stephen King: Checkup	Ellickson
She Was Only Seventeen	Kinne	Jack and Sara Lou	Ellickson

Hammer & Coffin



Owen Ellickson '00
Jon Maas '00
Annie McConaha '99
Eugene Park '98
Caid Peck '98
Chris Peiffer '98
Ben Olding '98
Chris Onstad '97
Tushar Ranchod '99
Eric Saxon '97
Andy Taylor '00



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'00

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Selena Kyle
Craig Nesbitt
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Bobby Osterhoff
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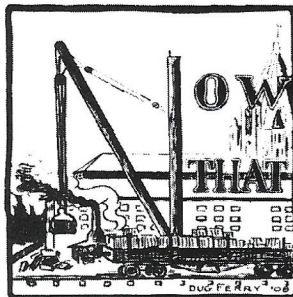
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BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



edy slipping fast. When I was a young strutting fool, a pretty song, a loopy sketch, or one of those new *flying*

machines was enough to send me cackling and grinning, heading for the bar. In those days the pun was finding its legs, the light poem flourished, Oscar Wilde had everyone fawning over his inversion tricks, every gag seemed fresh. That was before the wars, the comic books, and the late night talk shows.

Everyone's heard the line: comedy is tragedy plus time. I say that tragedy is comedy plus time. The limerick, the straight man, the rule of threes, they don't

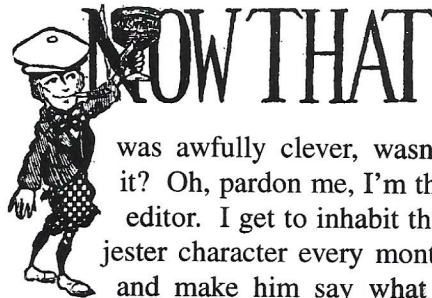
prick me in the arse the way they did before the computing machines. I've seen and done them all. The set-up. The dead pan. The substitution. The political cartoon. Race. Marriage. The call-your-granny-at-breakfast. The toy fort. The swivel pick.

One hundred years of yuks and gags, a century of punch lines artfully placed and this creaky clown fancies a fresh start. When my red boots are planted deep enough in the dried, cracked, humor muck to fake it through another century, I know my time is coming, that a younger fellow is on the way. I've an itch to collapse the past into a tight, thick patch and set it aflame. So here I'll take my cues from the phoenix, and in its spirit I submit this issue as a sort of ground-breaking celebration, the first issue in the construction of my funeral pyre.

With luck, the end of this year will find the whole smelly comedy past burned down to the ground, and out from the embers will poke a tiny red beak, clasping a tiny silver bell. With luck, the slimy chick that stumbles out of the flames will be clumsy and quivering, lurching his

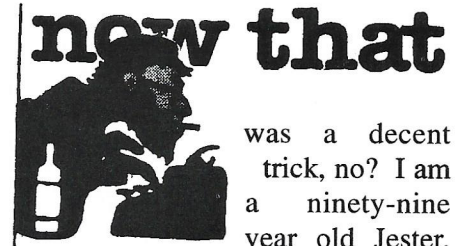
way towards a different sort of joke, something terribly, handsomely, perfectly...*wrong*.

And when I say wrong I do not mean a tiger laying an egg. Nor a poodle playing checkers with a flamingo. These old tricks are wrong no more. Wrong is not absolute, wrong is not permanent. And it is not conjured by so simple a trick as a negation. There are things that are not right, and there are things that are wrong. A baby drinking milk from a bottle, this is right. A baby drinking a martini, this is merely not right. A baby drinking a martini with black olives, this is wrong.

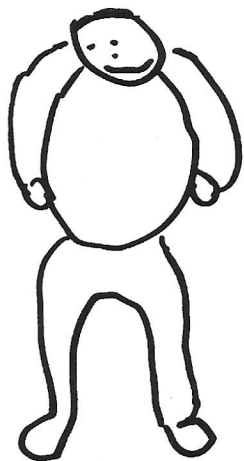


was awfully clever, wasn't it? Oh, pardon me, I'm the editor. I get to inhabit this jester character every month and make him say what I like. I invented that phoenix gimmick to explain why the Chappie

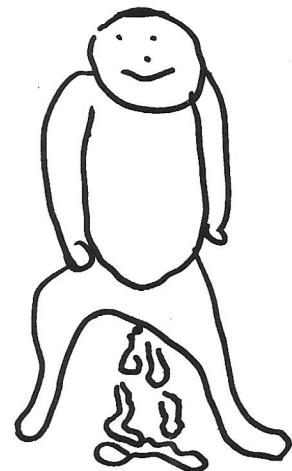
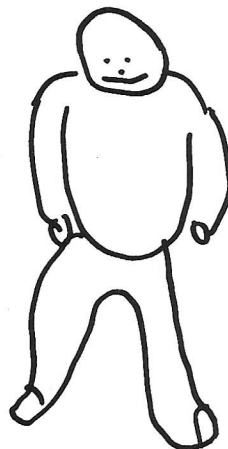
is headed off the deep end, on purpose, to stay. Right now we're young and brash and we are writing strange, scary stuff that we'll regret later on. We're writing through slob and steam, towards the ultimate goal, *healing humor*, which will come later, when we have families. Hope you like it.



was a decent trick, no? I am a ninety-nine year old Jester, and I conjured that snot-nosed coward, the one who just broke in. I invented him, just because I can. I am a ninety-nine year old jester, but soon I will be a child.

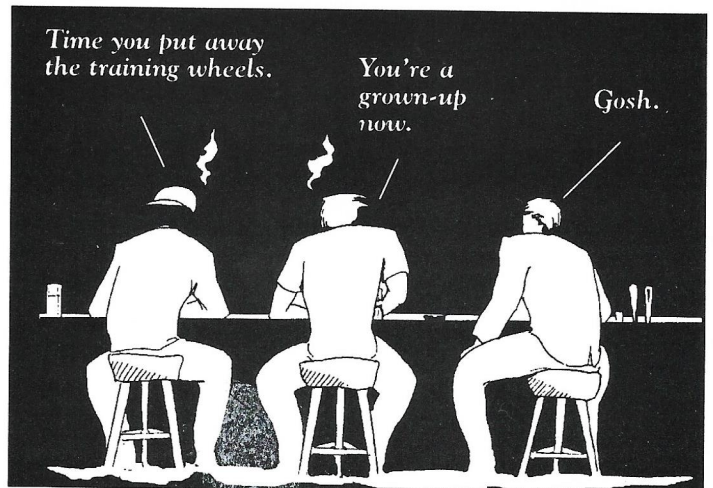
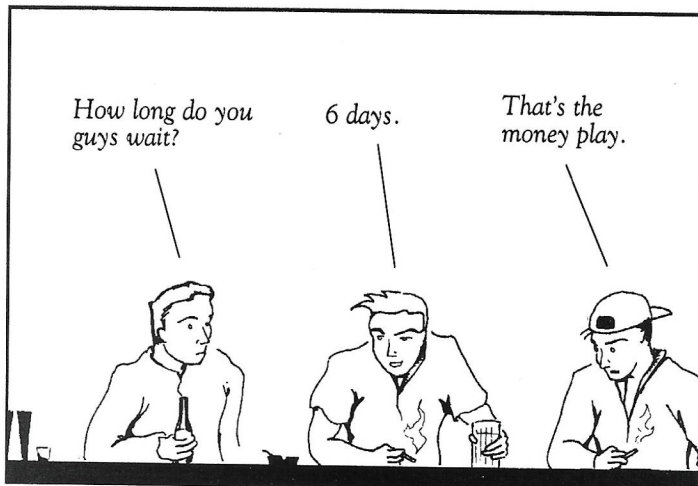
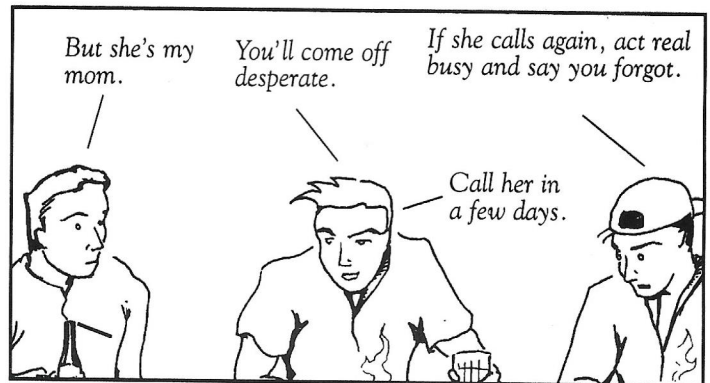
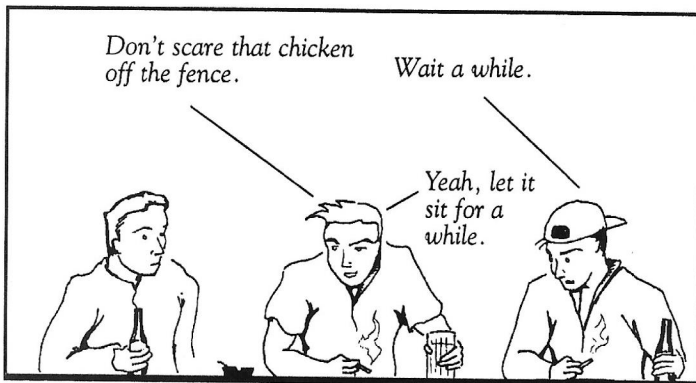
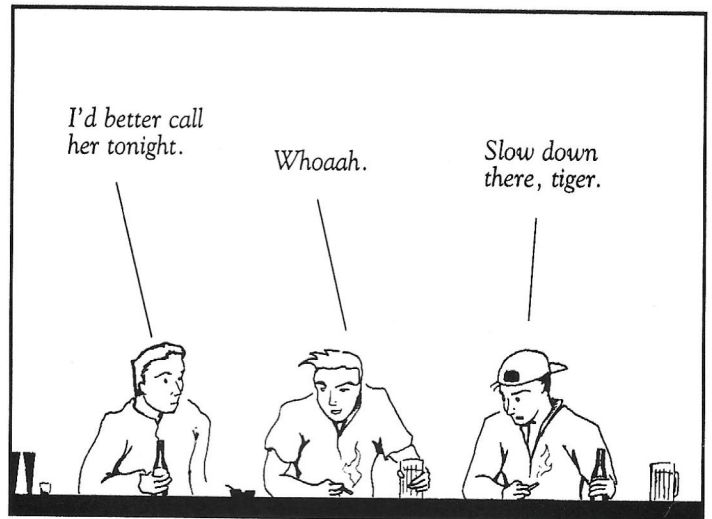
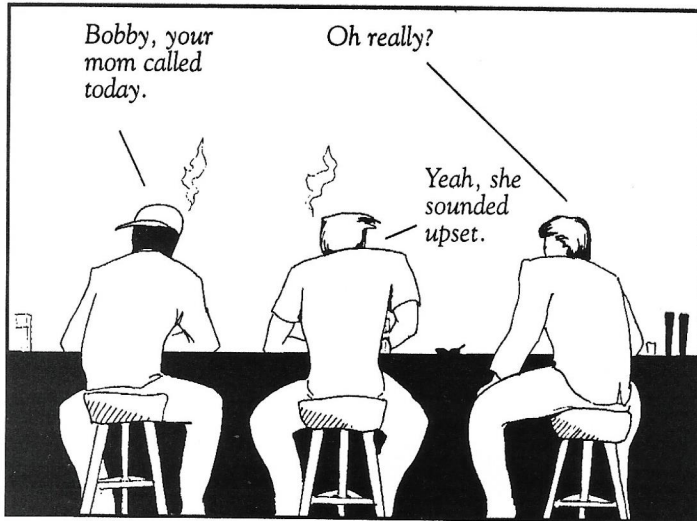


I WANT
VERY BADLY
TO BE A
SUPER-HERO



D.L.

players



(bad cop)

These are my streets.

(takes long puff on cigarette, lights another)

I used to be a cop. Best damn cop there ever was, frankly. But the fat cats in the department didn't see it that way. Because I'm an old-fashioned guy. I didn't follow their country-club rules. I didn't file my reports on time. Maybe I didn't wear my badge some days. Why should I? I'm not interested in the law. I want JUSTICE.

(places cigarette in left nostril, lights another)

Those tight-asses had a problem with everything I did. Like when I didn't recycle. Or when I arrested some fruit for recycling. Or when I'd go around busting up mailboxes with baseball bats. Or when I crapped in my colleague's desk drawer. Or the time I took that bloody knife from the evidence room because I thought it looked cool. Or when I told those kids at that school function that you spelled "badge" with a 'j.' Or when I beat up that nerd kid for laughing at me because he knew how to spell it. Or when I slept with the captain's wife.

(places cigarette in right nostril, laughs)

Stupid COPS.

(lights another cigarette, places it in right ear)

Or the time when I accidentally set fire to the police department and when all the guys ran out I thought they were criminals and I shot them all and when the fire truck came I shot all those guys because I thought it was a mob truck and in all the confusion I shot a puppy. And then I wrote myself a ticket for the whole thing and I spelled my name wrong and on the wrong side of the ticket and I got the date wrong and I was writing with a chicken bone instead of a pen.

(takes out another cigarette)

Or the fact that I didn't have a desk or an office or a uniform or a registered gun or pants or a job with the police department. They had a real bug up their asses about that one.

(lights cigarette)

That's why this country is going to hell. People just care about the rules. They don't give a good goddamn about right or wrong. So now I just regulate for myself. I know what's right.

(imagines world being flat, wears orange shirt with purple pants, puts spectacles on elbow, eats cigarette)

These are my streets.



T A r t S n a f f a l l a f ' s I P S F O R A R A I N Y D A Y

Get out of bed and go watch T.V. How about cartoons? That's just fine. Anything goes on a rainy day. Don't forget that.

Make something out of paper, or even cardboard. Construction paper is good on rainy days, as are mobiles to hang from the ceiling. Don't make them too big though, or they will get in the way.

Think about the shapes of the people you know. Do they make you happy? Or sad? Do you ever see a shape and think it is the shape of someone you know and trust, only to find that it is actually the shape of a stranger? Do you blame the person you know? Or their shape? Or yourself? Now we are having fun.

Make a "remembering shirt." This kind of shirt is made with a pen and an ordinary white shirt, preferably one of the shirts your father wore underneath his coveralls to the pulp mill, every day, for forty years. Are you sure you have an



January is here, and with it, the rain. Don't let the wet get you down: renowned outside-the-box thinker Art Snaffallaf is here with some advice for transforming "me" time into an intricate tapestry of rainyday fun and personal growth.

ordinary shirt? No lace. Take this shirt and sit in a very comfortable chair and think about times in the past when you weren't your best. Raise the shirt to your face and breathe in the smell of your father. Maybe you said something that you wish you hadn't. Now write "REMEMBER" on the shirt in whatever color ink you like: red or black. The older you get, the more of these shirts you will have. They will be with you always, like the best of friends.

Take off your shirt and dance in front of the mirror to music that is in your head. Try to make funny faces also, this is a good thing to do while you are dancing. When you are tired, put your shirt back on: it's a rainy day.

Maybe it is time to take a nap. The possibilities are endless on these types of days.

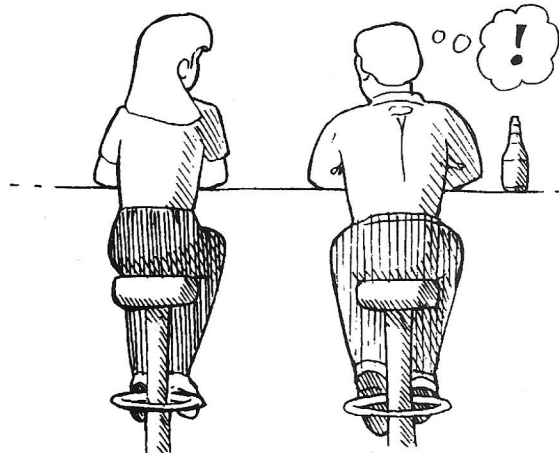
Now, try to figure out what is cool. Is it what your friends think is cool? Do you like only things that other people like? Who are the people whose opinions you value? These are fun things to think about.

See how long you can hold your breath. If you were a stronger person, do you think you could hold your breath longer? How strong is your will? Can you hold your breath until you pass out? How about for a million dollars? Answer me.

Think endlessly of the rain and of yourself. Ask yourself if you believe in the rain. You might be surprised. Perhaps it's not rainy at all anymore. Maybe it never was. Now we're happy.

Art Snaffallaf has travelled extensively in Jordan, Turkey and Indiana. He is the author of several books on love and human experience and one on tennis. He enjoys Thursdays.

She was only **SEVENTEEN...**



I was alone in the bar that night. I wasn't looking for anyone. Certainly not this girl, sitting alone at the other end of the bar, a red-headed knockout put together tighter than a Fiat convertible.

She caught me staring and smiled coyly, tossing her hair back. I knew her type, and I wasn't about to be fooled. All the makeup in the world can't cover up a seventeen-year-old girl looking for a heart to break. That heart wasn't going to be mine. They have laws against these things. I turned my eyes away

It was no use. She moved down the bar and touched me lightly on the arm. I bit my tongue and steeled my nerves. She wouldn't make a criminal out of me.

"Why don't you buy me a drink?" she asked, touching her mouth pointedly. Her voice was low and sultry; she was doing that consciously, I knew.

"You'd better have a coke," I told her. She smiled and showed me her I.D. An easy forgery. I ordered the coke.

"Forget about the coke," she said, pointedly adjusting her skirt. "Let's go for a ride." Damn, that made me hot. But I wasn't biting, not tonight.

"I'll drive you home to your parents," I said. "You must have school tomorrow."

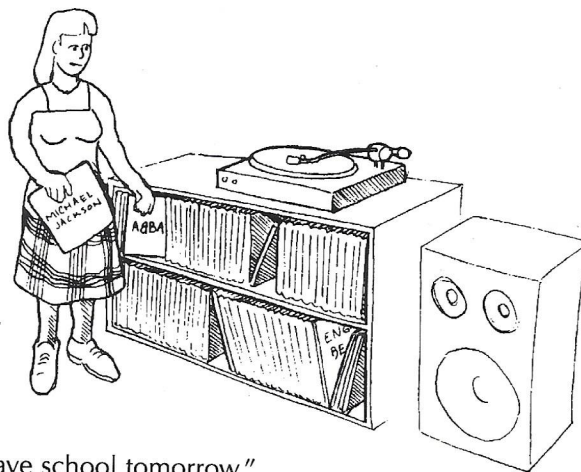
"You're silly," she said. She pulled back her skirt and showed me her tattoo: *Wellesley College Class of 1993*. Whatever, anyone can get a tattoo. We left the bar.

She insisted on driving, that young fireball, crossing and recrossing her legs, prattling on about the Carter administration. I needed a cold shower bad. I slapped myself a few times across the face while she stopped to buy overalls for her eight-year-old child.

She had on a slinky red skirt that clung to her like a barnacle to a pirate ship. She had me sweating something bad, but I knew she was only seventeen. This was wrong.

I knew she was toying with me. She drove the car in an experienced way and voted. I didn't bat an eye.

As we pulled up to her house she licked her lips and told me her non-recentered SAT scores. I was hotter than a kettle in a steam factory. We parked in her driveway. She turned towards me, arched her back, and invited me inside to watch 1972 videos of her birth. But I got out of there fast. I don't care how well that little girl plays dress-up. I ain't no cradle snatcher.



Diet Diary

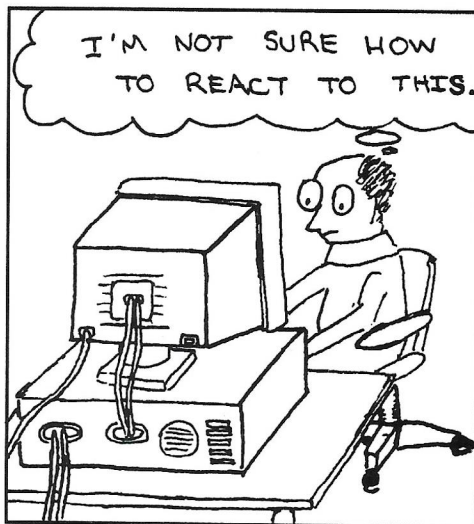
DAY 1. Weight: 195 lbs. The chart says I'm technically overweight for my height - 6'2". I'm going to set my goal at 170 - that would make me look pretty lean again.

DAY 2. Decided to change eating habits instead of exercising. Bought *Healthy Choice* entrees and *Slim-Fast* meal drinks. Had a *Slim-Fast* for breakfast, one for lunch, and a low-cal entree for dinner. Felt fine, wasn't hungry at bed time. Great!

DAY 7. Weight: 192 lbs. This seems to be working! It might be in my head, but already I feel sort of spry and more energetic.

DAY 10. Weight: 190 lbs. This is great! I think the honey-baked chicken entree is my favorite. I had it again for dinner last night. Definitely sticking with this *Slim-Fast* and *Healthy Choice* dinner regimen. This is so much easier than jogging.

DAY 11. Weight: 120 lbs. Oh my god! I am so scared!



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE HELMET

c10,000 BC Prehistoric man covers his skull with a crude mesh of leaves and animal skins to keep the snow out of his eyes. This "practical hat" is considered the first helmet prototype.

c1,000 BC The warlike Mongols don the half-skulls of their dead. This military innovation proves disastrous, as the Mongol battle-children that wear them are easily slaughtered.

45 BC Fearing for his life, Julius Caesar fashions a tough and durable helmet out of mud and brick; his fellow senators are not fooled and stab him forty times in the gut. Of his many creations, only pizza (Roman for "marketplace") is remembered by history.

985 AD The helmet is invented by Leif Ericson's Vikings, whose enormous natural horns put intense pressure on their skulls. Ericson and his men celebrate their invention by pillaging England.

1530 AD William Shakespeare coins the term "helmet" in his masterpiece *Hamlet*: "Something is [helmet] in the state of Denmark." (I,ii,241)

1692 AD Several knit baseball caps are accused of being helmets and burned at the stake in Salem, Massachusetts. A single farmer who defends the morality of baseball is ordered by law to invent it.

1780 AD Ben Franklin invents the bifocal helmet, a helmet with a special extra-thick patch made out of electricity. Franklin is soon seen riding a kite through the streets of Boston with a loaf of helmet under each arm; he invents the printing press and distributes *Poor Richard's Helmet*, a collection of crudely drawn cartoons.

1880 AD Reports of the helmet's resurgence lead researchers to Düsseldorf, where they find a small plump child frolicking in a meadow. The disappointed scientists steal Helmut's puppy and only friend.



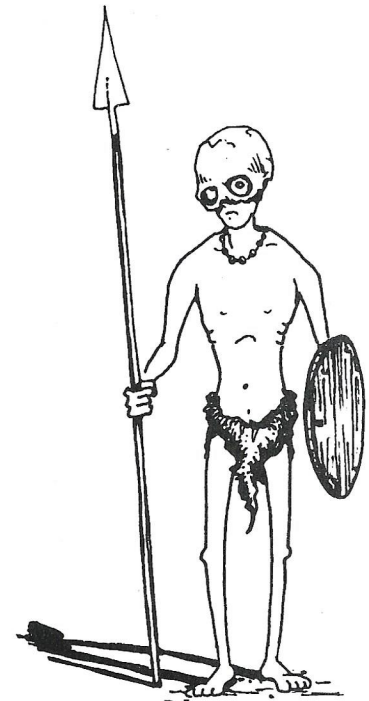
Julius Caesar

1977 AD An Oakland Raiders fan invents the Beer Helmet and retires to a palace of diamonds. Oakland loses a close game to the Chargers on a last-second field goal. Al Davis dons his Angry Helmet and fires all his coaches.

1984 AD A nondescript Arkansas resident constructs and wears a primitive Bill Clinton Helmet. Twelve years later he claims the national presidency.

1986 AD Jim Henson decides that "Muppet Helmets" is an unsuitable spinoff. He reasons that young children will not want to see Kermit and friends transmuted into things that have not been invented yet. "Muppet Babies" is introduced instead, and, buoyed by child approval, claims the national presidency.

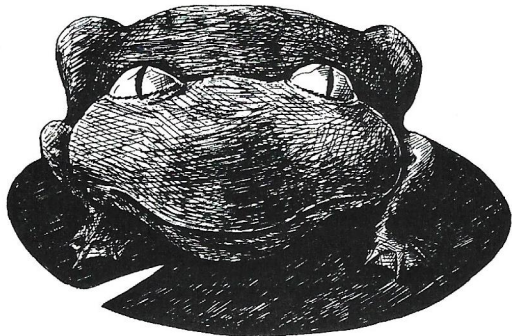
1999 AD A youthful Thomas "Alva" Edison dons his Thinking Cap and fashions a bowl-shaped object out of glass and tungsten filament. Although these early "helmets" provide inadequate protection for the head, the national skyline soon shines in helmet brilliance.



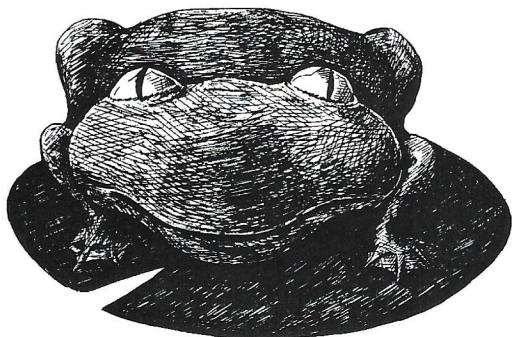
An early Mongol skull-helmet, worn by warrior children.

PARANOIA

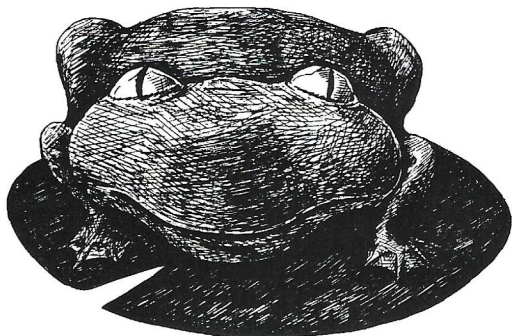
You blame me, don't you?



You fool.



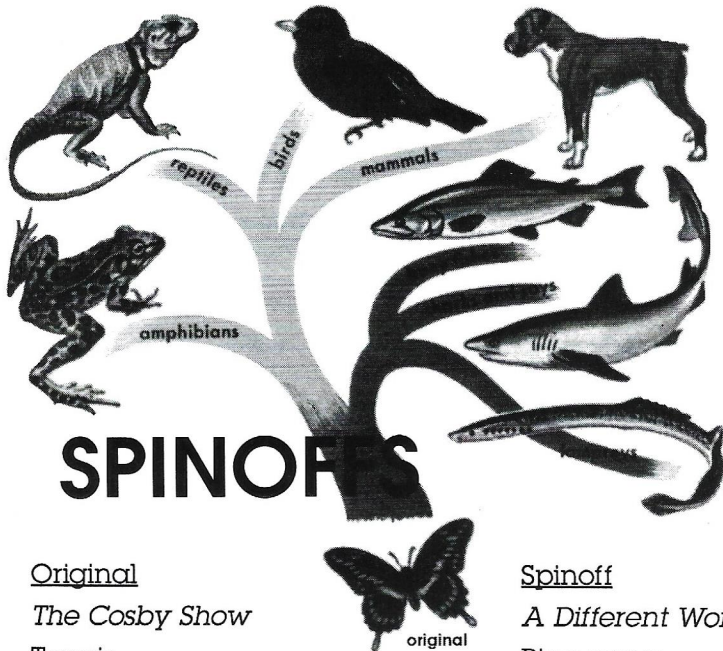
I didn't get you fired.



I can't even talk!



BE



Original

The Cosby Show
Tennis
World War I
Dateline NBC
Legs
Family Ties
*M*A*S*H*
Non-white people
Atoms
Carbon
Physics
Autoerotic asphyxiation
Organized crime
Schlitz malt liquor
Athletic ability
Chrome
Cows
Rats
The Revolutionary War
Professional figure skating
"What's on T.V.?"
Comic books
English majors
William Faulkner
Your neighbor
Computer music
Mean kids
A smooth player
Poverty and a ball of rags

Spinoff

A Different World
Ping-pong
World War II
Stone Philips
Feet
Casualties of War
Vietnam War
White people
Molecules
Dogs
Nuclear holocaust
Neckties
Community, pasta
Pregnant teens
College degree
Light bulbs
Leather
The 1300s
Canada
Ice Capades
Drinking
The Cold War
The New Yorker
Toni Morrison
Your boyfriend
Berlin
FOX Network
Babies
Soccer

TWILIGHT ZONE REJECTED

Left Turn

An ordinary American male loses his way driving toward his doctor's office and ends up in a town run entirely by dogs! He inadvertently violates a parking law, is arrested, and is eventually acquitted by a fair and efficient court system.

The Wreck

Timmy Jenson is thrown into the sea during a shipwreck. While beneath the waves, he discovers that he does not need to breathe to live. He spends several days at the ocean floor and soon grows a large gill in the middle of his chest. Timmy then swims back to England where he is adored by his adolescent friends because the gill can smoke a cigarette.

Planet 12

Ted and Perry are two astronauts, crash-landed on a desolate planet uncharted by America. Over the course of a half-hour, they grow to love each other's foibles and make a pet of the "halfwat," the native spider of their strange land.

A Silent Being

George wakes up in a strange land filled with no people—only mannequins. He wanders around, growing increasingly exasperated. He is finally reassured of his sanity when a kindly old night watchman explains to him that he is simply in a large department store after closing hours. After exchanging pleasantries, he is let out and returns home.

The Stranger

In a bar, Louie sees a man who he swears he recognizes, but cannot remember from where. He confronts the man, who informs Louie that he has been on TV. Both Louie and the man agree this is the source of confusion. They play a game of pool, but later, Louie cannot remember catching his name.

The Deceptive Day

A man at a bus stop waits for several hours but his bus never arrives. Later, at work, he discovers that he was thinking of the Tuesday-Thursday schedule, but it is in fact Wednesday. It merely "felt like Thursday." Later, coffee.

Do Boys Dream of Freedom?

Johnny Maplewood comes to grips with his sexuality in a landmark father-son episode. Shortly thereafter, his father is fired from his employment at the local factory and replaced by a mechanical donkey.

Lecture at Noon

A professor is explaining several obscure extreme medical conditions. Time drags on, and gradually the thoughts of every student turn to how lucky they are not have any of the conditions, and what they plan to do in the coming weekend with their healthy bodies.

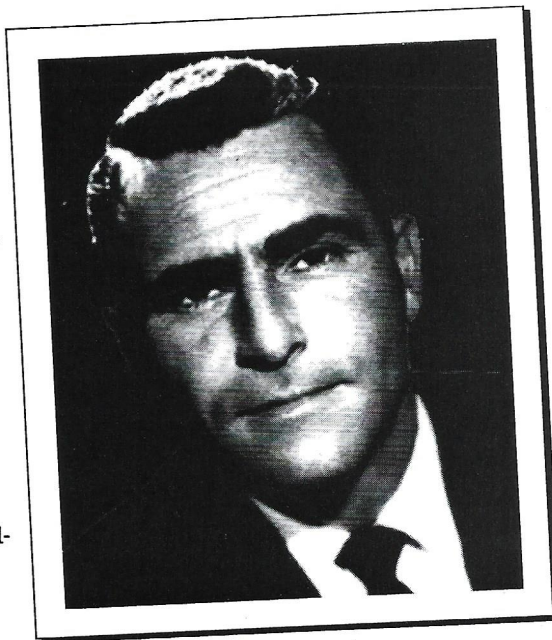
Texas

A cowboy rides out of the desert to find an old man by his campfire. "You're not my brother," says the cowboy. "Oh, yes I am," says the man, and proceeds to tell him that he has been in the desert for four hundred years, and how much the world has changed. The cowboy does not believe him however, because he knows the man as the village coot. His brother arrives at camp minutes later, and together they dispatch the infirm senior.

359 May Street, Anywhere USA.

A nameless stranger wanders into a small town. It's like any other small town, except there are no children there. That's very strange. This nameless stranger is uneasy. Then, at 3:30 pm, all the children spill from a building called "school."

SERLING UNCORKED A STINKER EVERY NOW AND THEN.





An Ode to My Flow



WRITTEN BY
Smooth Plant B

ANNOTATED BY
Harold Bloom

69! The number,¹ I
 Here come another runner,
 Catch the ball or I'm gonna take you under.²
 And if you miss it,
 or you drop it,
 I'll do things that'll make you yell stop it. 5

Yeah, I've been known to take Option C,³
 But I ain't got no Lifer⁴ in me.
 Won't never catch me suckin' on Michelle Pfeiffer's dick,⁵
 Or being a fatass, dead mother fucker like B.I.G.
 But God bless his soul. 10

¹ "Fight the Power," the best socially conscious rap created by Public Enemy, the best socially conscious rap group, begins with the line "1989! The number, another summer, (get down)." By opening his song with a similar numerical declaration, Smooth Plant B boasts that his "Ode" will achieve similar greatness. Not to appear too arrogant, he qualifies this claim by using a comical and sexually suggestive integer.

² The images of baseball in these lines are intended to put the listener on guard as they refer to the Main Source rap, "Baseball," which deals with treachery and backstabbing. To be sure, Smooth Plant tells us to pay attention because he has something of significance to say.

³ In the 1992 Digital Underground jam "Freaks of the Industry" on the LP *Sex Packets*, front man and creative mastermind Shock G considers his options when confronted with "a booty [that has started] to make that clapping sound." He wonders whether he should, "A. Simply back up off her; B. Hit it just a little bit softer; [or] C. Take it out, and put it in her butt." After some deliberation, G decides that Options 'A', 'B', and 'C' will not suffice, opting instead for the yet-mentioned Option 'D' ("Well D is what I do, so yo listen up:"). By stating that he sometimes chooses

Option 'C', Smooth Plant is demonstrating his own freewill while at the same time promoting alternate forms of birth control, a social issue that he and Drew Barrymore have long championed.

⁴ A "Lifer" is a member of the rap ensemble "Lifer's Group," a loose posse of rappers who share the common bond of being sentenced to a life term in a federal penitentiary. Here Smooth Plant implies that, although he will occasionally select "Option C," he is strictly heterosexual and does not partake in prison-common activities. Also, by referring to lifers—men without freedom—immediately after he refers to The Digital Underground—men who "Dowhutheylike," "gowheretheylike," and "dowhotheylike," (read: men with freedom)—Smooth Plant is addressing the time-honored question of free will that permeates rap music (see, for example, such songs as "Microphone Fiend" by Eric B. and Rakim, and "Mind Playing Tricks On Me" by The Geto Boys).

⁵ The song "Gangsta's Paradise" by Coolio, from the soundtrack to the motion picture "Dangerous Minds," indirectly praises actress Michelle Pfeiffer. To many hardcore and homophobic rap fans, this praise was seen as offensive and deserving of ridicule.

That mother fucker had so much soul,
So much soul that it came out his asshole.⁶
And his mouth too,
His shit was bigger and deffer,
Like it was produced by DJ Pooh.⁷

15

Yo, but I digress,
I just used words like K.R.S.,
The One, with a real Humpty Nose,⁸
Now here's a little something for you dirty-assed hoes:
Deez Nutz!⁹
Strawberry, you know what I got,
You see 'em all the time when you want that rock.¹⁰

20

A shout out to every millionth mother fucker,
Fuck the police, biaatch, peace.¹¹

⁶ Taken from the 3rd Bass track, "Soul in the Hole" on *The Cactus Album*. Although 3rd Bass consisted of Russell Simmons-endorsed Def Jam recording artists who rapped along side black labelmates KMD, they were never able to transcend the painful reality that two of their three members were educated white Jews. In praising The Notorious, or lately, The Neckros, B.I.G. with lyrics crafted by rappers of such dubious cultural descent, Smooth Plant is subtly - yet effectively - clowning B.I.G.

⁷ "Bigger and Deffer," rapper and GAP spokesman LL Cool J's second LP, was produced by Mark Jordan a.k.a. DJ Pooh. Here Smooth Plant once again satires B.I.G. by using images of feces to praise him and comparing him to the calcimined, oft considered sellout, LL Cool J.

⁸ KRS One, formerly of Boogie Down Productions and considered by many to be the quintessential intelligent rapper, revolutionized rap music with his "edutaining" rhyme style, which was intended to simultaneously educate and entertain audiences. While "edutaining," KRS One frequently uses language markedly more sophisticated than that of his contemporaries. He also had a stunning proboscis, comparable in girth and caliber, suggests Smooth Plant, to the fake nose that Shock G dons when he is performing as

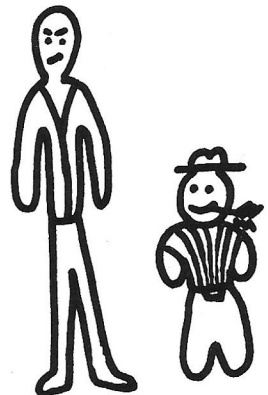
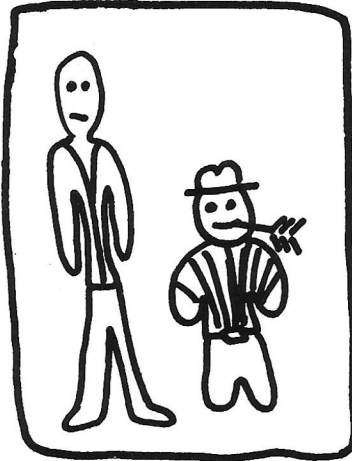
his pimp-limping alter ego, Humpty Hump. In these lines Smooth Plant is also making a qualified observation regarding the use of comparison in rap lyrics, a rhetorical device that is used by many rappers to the point of cliché. While he is metaphorically disrespecting KRS One's large nose by comparing it to the silly fake nose Humpty Hump wears, he is also bolstering his lyrical skills by creating a simile between Shock G and himself.

⁹ Common slang referring to the testicles. Often used by Snoop Doggy Dogg, Nate Dogg, Tha Dogg Pound, and Too \$hort, who is sometimes known as The Short Dogg.

¹⁰ Ice Cube, speaking as a drug dealer in the Niggaz Wit' Attitude classic, "Dopeman," informs Strawberry, a generalized neighborhood crackwhore, that she must get "her knees dirty" if she would like another dose of crack cocaine. Here, Smooth Plant insults his female audience by likening them to drug-ravaged prostitutes.

¹¹ An appropriate closing, paying homage to the fine tradition of either acknowledging one's friends, expressing one's frustrations with women and authority, or ironically promoting non-violence, in the concluding lyrics of a rap.

Thad



Henry Kasdon

My Summer Vacation

An Essay for Mrs. Henderson's Ninth Grade English Class

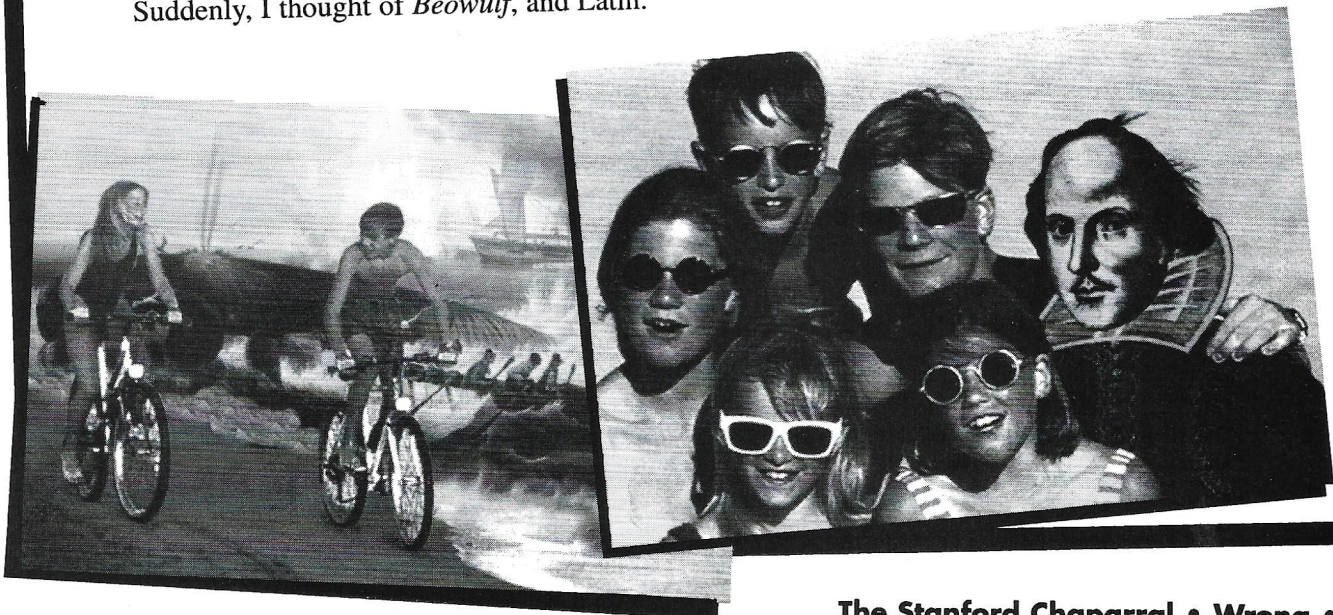
Being on summer vacation reminded me very much of literature. One of the many good things about literature is that even though it is not real, it can help us understand the things in our real life. For example, my summer vacation was one of the things in my regular life that was similar to literature.

During my summer vacation, my parents took me and my brother Sam to a beach. Actually, the beach was like the beach in *Tender is the Night*, a work of literature by F. Scott Fitzgerald. There were some dirty cans on the beach and the moment I saw them I knew that I was looking at Industrial Evil, a major theme in *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens. Just as Pip lost his parents, I swam so far out into the ocean that my parents called me in and bought me a hot dog. Another great theme is the ocean in *The Odyssey*, and the moment I saw the ocean and how vast it was I knew that I understood what a great writer Homer is. Except there was no Cyclops, unless you count my brother Sam!

In the same way that there are similarities and differences between books, there are also similarities and differences in my regular life. If you compared and contrasted me to my brother Sam, you would see that he is more tall, and has darker eyes, just like how in *The Bible* Cain is different from Abel, and slayed him. When my brother bought me a hot dog, it reminded me of onomatopoeia.

However, sometimes my brother and I are the same. For example, we both like hot dogs, much like how Huck Finn and Jim both like freedom in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, a book by Mark Twain. However, Jim is a black slave. When my mother can't finish her hot dog and she gives some to me, I think of alliteration.

The beach was very beautiful. Looking over the red sun sinking into the horizon, I realized that I like both metaphors and similes, and that they are both good in different literature situations. With my family close beside me, I knew what a great summer it would be. Suddenly, I thought of *Beowulf*, and Latin.



Monkey Congress

HOW DOES THIS CONGRESS LOOK? WHAT OCCUPIES THE FLOOR? IS MAKING LAW AS EASY AS MAKING A SHARP STICK TO CATCH ANTS?



"Expert Testimony."



"Tactical Ear-Biting in the Senate."

SCENE I

Roderick: Gentlemonkies of the house, we must elect a speaker. Traditionally, the majority party nominates one of their own.

Phineas: I am of no party. I am a chimpanzee. No bosses control me, beyond the honest fellow primates that elected me.

[much affirmative howling from the floor]

Palsifar: Anyone who joins my Chimpocrat party and elects me speaker will have their pick of this barrel of three-day-old peaches.

[Palsifar is elected 512-0]

SCENE II

Balthazar: Please consider carefully the bill before you. With some restructuring and only a slight one-time tax charge, we will be able to provide health care for all our citizens, young and old, human and chimp. My committee has worked--

Palsifar: Point of order! Congressman Balthazar, it appears as though your tail extends from the back of your suit. I can only surmise that you have cut a hole for it.

Balthazar: Mr. Speaker, I fail to see how this is pertinent to the matter at hand...

Palsifar: Why can't you just ball your tail up inside your suit like the rest of us? Must you make a mockery of this Congress, and drape your filthy tail everywhere? It twitches when you talk. It's like you're half lemur or something.

Balthazar: Mr. Speaker, if I may return to the bill...

Palsifar: I move for censure and expulsion from the House, for the charge of irrevocable damage to the dignity of this body.

[chorus of yips, gibbers]



"Chimpocrat Filibuster."



"Campaigning in a large man's suit."

SCENE III

Reporter: Sir, recently, questions have been raised in the media about the propriety of certain contributions to your campaign of last fall.

Palsifar: Who has been raising these questions?

Reporter: Respected figures in the print and electronic media, sparked by well informed sources.

Palsifar: You are a member of the media, correct?

Reporter: Yes.

Palsifar: Are you raising a question right now?

Reporter: I suppose I am.

Palsifar: Then what is your question?

Reporter: [pauses] How do you feel about these allegations?

Palsifar: [calmly sheds suit, tie, and human shoes; shambles silently to the door and returns immediately to the jungle]

Moe, This Time You Went Just a Little Too Far



Dear Moe,

We have been friends for over twenty years, and I have willingly put up with your daily mental and physical abuse for the vast majority of our acquaintance. I have turned the other cheek insult after insult, hit after hit, noogie after noogie. I understand that you are diagnosed with an explosive rage disorder and thus I accept your frequent outbursts. I even admit it - usually our bumbling and infighting lead us to the solution to a mystery, the upstaging of a hoity-toity club's maitre'd, or even the hearts of three young ladies that end up going out with you, me, and Larry.

Nonetheless, this time, you just went a little too far. You can call me *schmendrick*, *wiseguy*, or even *porcupine*, but calling me *kidneyless* just hurts. You know as well as I do that I unfortunately lost both my kidneys

two years ago. Every day that I go to the dialysis center to detoxify my blood, I am reminded of the accident and I do not need you reminding me of my plight.

And was it not your action that led to my kidney loss in the first place? Was it not you that secretly put *super-hot chili powder* in my clam bisque on that awful night two years ago? When I ate that fateful bisque, smoke came pouring out of my ears and I immediately started slapping my face and whooping. The hot steam scalded my ear canal, but fortunately my hearing came back after six months. My kidneys were not so fortunate, however. I had a severe allergic reaction to the *super-hot chili powder*, and the resultant toxins in my bloodstream overwhelmed my kidneys and my body subsequently invoked an autoimmune attack on the erstwhile perpetrator organ. Two days later, the doctor told me that he had to remove

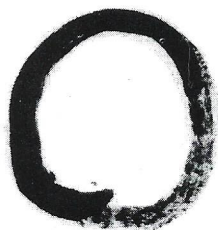
my kidneys or I would die within the week. The choice was easy.

I needed your emotional support throughout all this trauma, but when you came to the hospital you simply clamped a pliers on my tongue and twisted until my eyes became crossed. You then attempted to put more *super-hot chili powder* in my IV drip, and if it were not for the fact that Larry intervened by putting a live lobster in your pants, I would surely have died right then and there.

I accept that. It is the past, and I shall move on. But the fact that you keep calling me *kidneyless* hurts me to the essence of my being. If you do not refrain from bringing all these painful memories back, I shall have no recourse but to move out of our one-room apartment and move in with Shemp.

Sincerely,
Curly

(Aren't Circles Amazing?)



- a hole ● a black dot
- a black hole ● a red dot or a black dot viewed in black and white
- a blue hole colored black ● a man painted black when he is still an egg
- a circus ring from the moon ● a black racing bicycle wheel (the spokes are covered on those)
- an eye that is blind (the pupil) ● a red cadillac molded into a perfect sphere viewed in the dark
- a clown's button ● the new moon
- a blind clown's button ● the full moon viewed from the other side
- a cat's eye that is blind ● the full moon with a black tarp draped over it or a blue cadillac
- the world when it is night-time ● a horse saying "aaaaaaaaahhhhhh" (like you do at the doctor)
- the world when it is day-time colored black ● a burned world
- the ball in a black ball point pen ● a perfectly round sink hole viewed in 2-D from the top
- the nostril of a large mother ● a round man dressed in black (only his torso)
- the other nostril of a woman or a male or a female cat ● the spot on a dalmation or a completely burnt hamburger patty
- the nostril of a Caucasian woman or a pig's eye ● ground up tanned people molded into a disc

WHAT CRITICS ARE SAYING ABOUT

THE BIBLE

NEW from Doubleday

There are some decent scenarios and the author has a good grasp of extended millennia science fiction. A good stream of consciousness, but good God! Was the editor asleep?! Apply a liberal cutting knife, and this book would make a decent holiday stocking stuffer.

– *Science Fiction Weekly*

Once again, I'm afraid that only Steven Spielberg's keen cinematic eye will be able to give these historical events their proper emotional due. Thank God for the Kings, the Clancys, and the biographers of Leonardo DiCaprio for keeping this blundering non-epic happily off the best seller shelves. Don't hold your breath waiting for the paperback edition.

– *People Magazine*

Positively rank with clichés.

– *Reader's Digest*

In the contemptible tradition of 1950s high school history texts, this book cheerfully glosses over every major battle with a generous dose of happy cream. A note for the author: try truth for a change.

– *Progressive History Quarterly*

Just when I took hope that the end was near, the main character returns in a childish reincarnation scene, dragging this book's wandering self-indulgence several hundred pages past a tolerable length. If only this one-dimensional character would perish gracefully, this dreadful book could wind mercifully to its conclusion.

– *New York Review of Books*

We loved it.

– *Mad Magazine*

Not in seventeen years of reviewing mystery novels have I encountered a plot line so convoluted or a criminal so comically transparent.

– *Mystery Magazine*

The writing is as flat as it is dull. Honestly, how many pages can you fill with "begat?" I hope that J, P, and E, wherever they came from, will take their agonizing snooze-show into some other less irritating occupation.

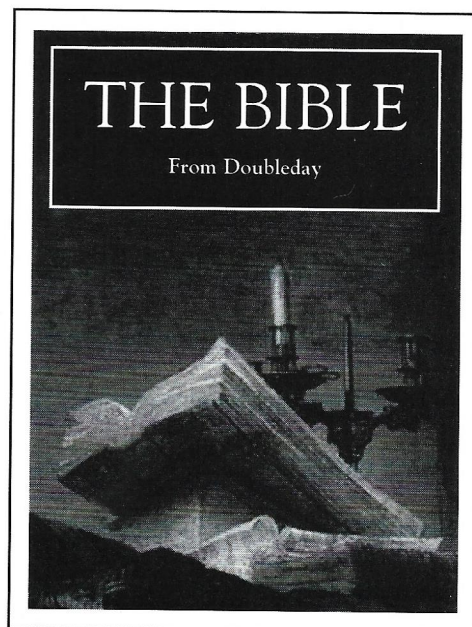
– *Newsweek*

The sacred plot curve is shattered to pieces in this sprawling romp through the wonderful world of thematic irrelevancy. A plot curve? More like a plot Slinky! I yawned this stack of tracing paper all the way to the dumpster.

– *Harper's*

Needs more sex.

– *The New Yorker*



Coming to Barnes and Noble this spring.

Stephen King: Checkup

Doctor: Come on in, Stephen. How are you feeling today?

Stephen King: Fetid. *(giggles nervously)*

Doctor: I need to check for infections. *(takes out tongue depressor)*

King: Um...what could that puncture?

Doctor: What?

King: Could that thing puncture an eye? A human eye?

Doctor: Stephen -

King: Would it destroy your eye if someone stuck it there? Say, a zombie? Or perhaps a zombie dog? From space?

Doctor *(sighing)*: Yes. It would destroy your eye.

King: Great! *(scribbles on pad of paper)* "...bulby, gelatinal eye-ishness..."

Doctor: Those aren't even words. What are you -

King: Wait a minute! *(points to doctor's arm)*

Doctor: My arm?

King: Would it be good if that fell off?

Doctor: What?

King: Okay, okay. Your ex-wife spits this goo onto your shoulder that eats its way through the flesh of your arm. One night, the arm falls off, and it signs all these alimony agreements on your ex-wife's behalf. You hunt down the arm with a mallet, but you have pity on your rebellious limb. The laughing arm bites you! You are a vampire!

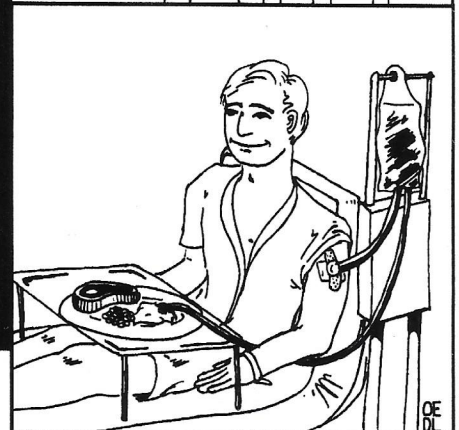
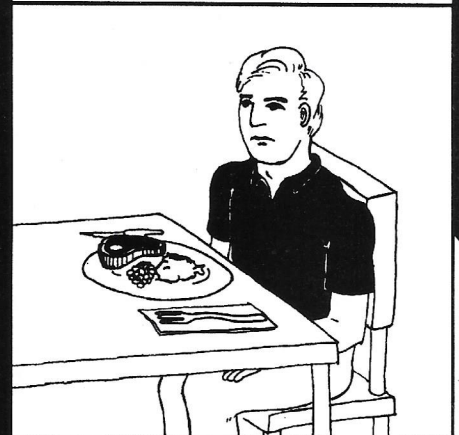
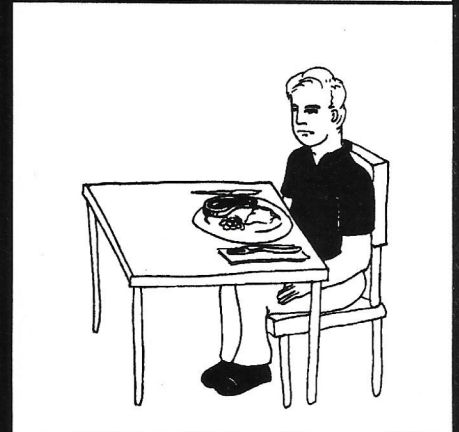
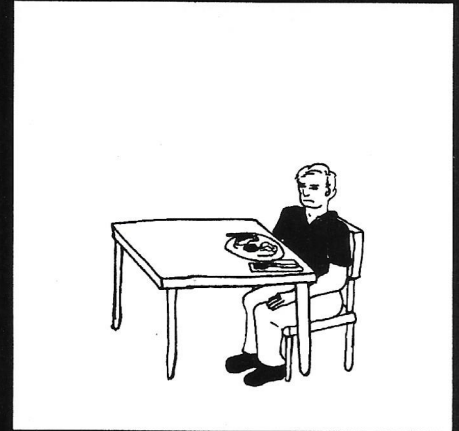
(Pause.)

Doctor: Well, all right.

King: Thanks, Doc.

Doctor: Oh, I almost forgot! Time for your measles booster. *(takes out syringe)*

King: *(faints)*



Jack and Sara Lou

They stand by a split-rail fence, staring into the distance. The desert stretches before them, red as blood, bare as bone.

Oh Jack, this rotten town's no good for us. Take me, Jack, take me away from here.

He peers at the setting sun with narrowed eyes.

The road, Jack, does it call to you? Can't you hear it calling?

His leathered face wrinkles around his mouth.

I want to fly away in a car, Jack. I want to feel the wind in my face, and freedom, Jack, freedom!

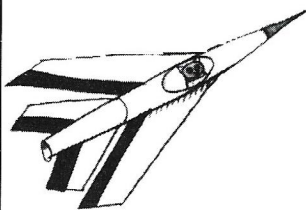
His eyebrows crinkle in thought.

You and me, Jack, our love was forged in a furnace. Can't you see a life for us out there? Fly with me Jack, fly away with me.

A cotton skirt flaps about her legs. He is silent.

I'll suck ya dick, Jack.

He spits into the dust, drowning a beetle. An eerie guitar riff closes out the scene.



Sky Pigs?

This adorable piglet wanted to go see her grandmother. Unfortunately she caught a ride on a missile instead of a plane.

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DOG GIE SOIRÉE

Jimmi: Hey, Bill, what's your favorite invention?

Bill: I don't know. There are just so many great ones.

Jimmi: But if you had to pick one, what would it be?

Bill: I guess it'd be the computer.

Lappy: (dog) Woof!

Jimmi: Ha, ha! Looks like Lappy agrees with you.

Lappy: Snarl!

Jimmi: Ha, ha!

Lappy: Snarl! (bites down on Bill's forearm, draws blood)

Bill: AHHH!!

Jimmi: Ha, ha; uh, oh!

Lappy: Snarl, gurgle, (mauls Bill's neck and chest)

Bill: (issues scream of terror choked by blood)

Lappy: (tosses flesh chunk from jaw) AAAAAOOO!

Bill: (shallow pant)

Lappy: (runs off)

Jimmi: Ha, ha. Oh, Lappy.

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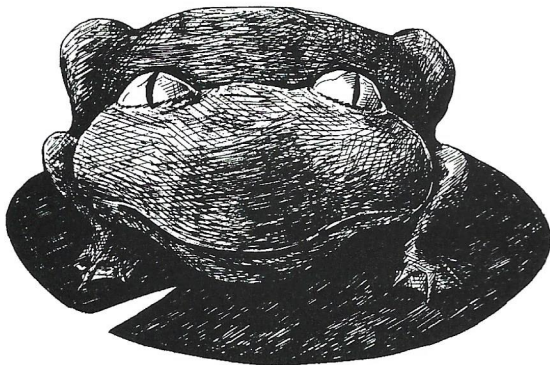
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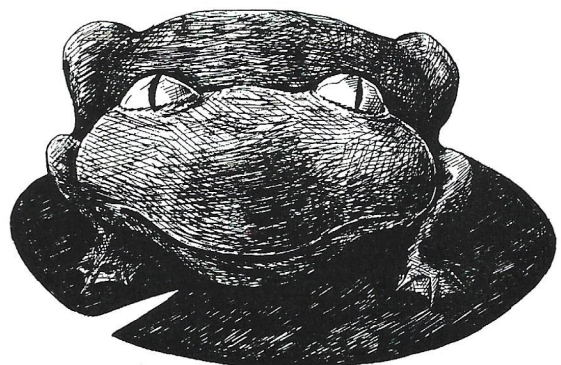
788 Douglas, Redwood City

P A R A N O I A

You think I slept with your girlfriend?



Why would I? I'm a frog.



Besides, she loves you very much.





DATE: January 2, 1999
TO: FOX Television Department
FROM: FOX Marketing Department

Here is our proposed advertising for the new FOX! winter line-up. I think you'll find the subtlety you asked for dripping from every word. This programming is gonna rip their fat faces off!

SUBTLETY ROCKS! IT ROCKS ON FOX!

FOX!

Sincerely,

John Wasserman
Director of Advertising

FOX! Upcoming Programming for Winter, 1999

When Animals Attack!

The Amazon's most dangerous beasts, WHO ATTACK!

Sindominiums!

Eight single roommates and a hot tub in the middle of the desert. It's the HOTTEST half hour of the later part of your THURSDAY EVENING!

When Sloths Attack!

This is OUTRAGEOUS! Unfortunately sloths are so SLOW that they can only attack OTHER SLOTHS! You NEED to watch this ANYWAY!

Ladies, Ladies, Ladies!

One hour of the hottest HOT female models. No premise, no dialogue, nothing but hot hot HOT!

Agnes Hooks It Up!

Agnes (Ann Jillian) continually checks her e-mail! This show refuses to leave the vicinity of your FACE!

NFL on FOX!

An OUTRAGEOUS football game. Some of the maneuvers that football players perform could be described as... ATTACKS! (They are not attacks.)

That's Really Disgusting!

You'll swear it's the most disgusting, horrible thing you've ever seen, until you see the next episode! It'll make you say, "THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!"

Adam!

A touching portrait of a boy's love for his family... !!!

World's Most Exciting Car Chases!

Just think of it as cars mercilessly ATTACKING other cars! PLEASE!

Comedy Show!

Such a HILARIOUS show that it is FUCKING HILARIOUS. (You will love it.) As good as DRUGS!

When the World's Most Exciting and Funniest Cars Chase Magic-Trick-Revealing Beautiful Blondes who ATTACK!

It's the BIGGEST HOTTEST SAUCIEST MOST OUTRAGEOUS SINFULLY FUCKING DAMN HILARIOUS SHOW EVER!!! Do nothing else but watch this show for the REST OF YOUR LIFE!!!



DATE: January 2, 1999
TO: FOX Marketing Department
FROM: FOX Television Department

The promos look great! FOX! sticks it to 'em again!

We have another promotional job that we'll need your help on. On a tip, we bought a bunch of HOT movies for our late-night line-up. After editing eleven movies, we've got 28 minutes worth of airable content. Below are the plots. Figure how to sell them. Make 'em sound FOXy!

GOD BLESS THIS NETWORK!

FOX!

Yours,

Jim Sutter
President of FOX TV

Acquisitions from Swollen Dreams Productions (Edited for Network Acceptability)

"The Gift"

Cindy wonders what to give her boyfriend for his birthday.

[64 minutes cut]

The next day, a tired but rejuvenated Cindy goes to work.

"Job Me"

Joe is intimidated by Rachel, his attractive new boss. Rachel is angry at Joe for his chronic lateness. They argue in her office.

[38 minutes cut]

An unkempt Rachel asks the secretary for more coffee.

[22 minutes cut]

Joe is promoted to vice president of the company.

"The Drainer"

The mechanic comes to fix the drain. Cindy says, "It's hot in here."

[43 minutes cut]

Cindy says, "Great job. I will now smoke a cigarette. But what about the drain?"

[11 minutes cut]

The drain is fixed.

"High School Mammaries"

Jason, a married man, attends his 10th high school reunion. He runs into Suzie, his old sweetheart, and asks her to dance. The dance floor is crowded.

[86 minutes cut]

19 former students of Malbrooke High School file for divorce.

"Hot Sauce!"

Nathan is hungry, so he buys a burrito at a roadside stand.

[38 minutes cut]

Nathan's hunger is sated. He reaches in his pocket for his car keys.

[13 minutes cut]

"Don't Climb On That!"

Dan informs his friends that he is next on the jungle gym.

[26 minutes cut]

Dan is expelled from school.

"Auto Body Parts"

An old Chevrolet is wearing down.

[3 minutes cut]

A sweaty hand grips the seat.

[58 minutes cut]

The Chevrolet can fly!

"A Woman's Life"

"You forgot your hat," cries Anne.

[45 minutes cut]

"More sandpaper, for God's sake!"

[15 minutes cut]

Anne dies happily at age eighty.

[8 minutes cut]

"Time To Score"

The quarterback lofts a pass in the closing seconds of the game.

[15 minutes cut]

TOUCHDOWN!

"Thoughts of Love"

A young man reclines in a meadow, composing poetry.

[458 minutes cut]

"Sex"

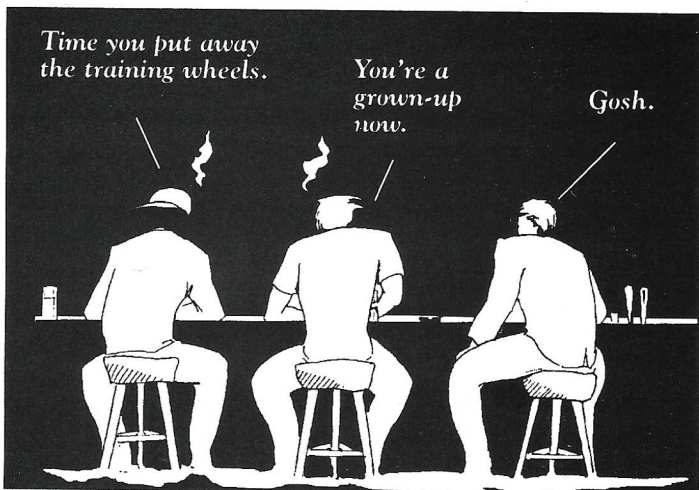
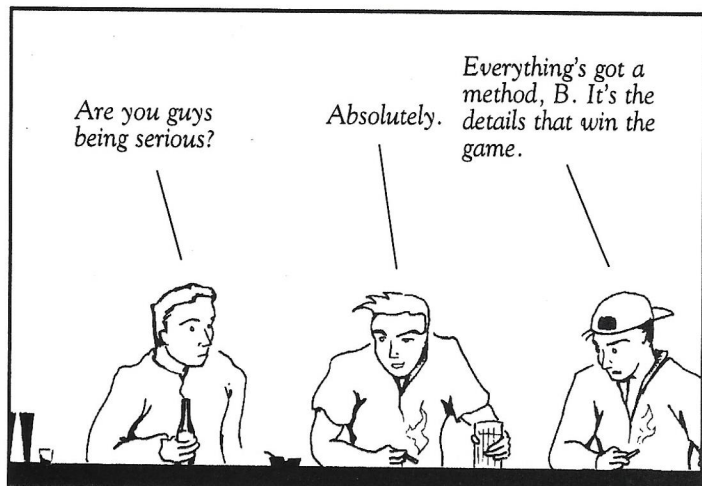
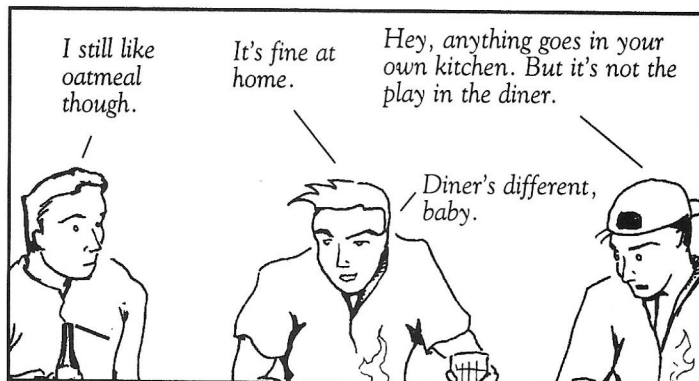
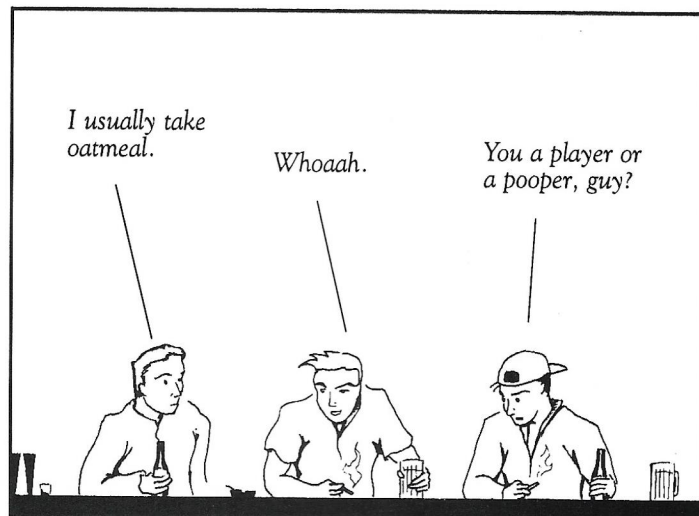
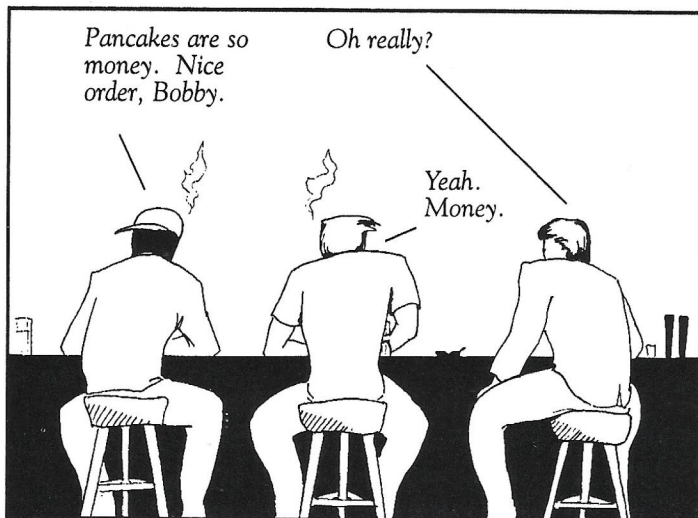
Michael calls his friend, Joan, and asks her to have sex with him.

[6 minutes cut]

"Wow, I really enjoyed having that sex! How about some more sex?"

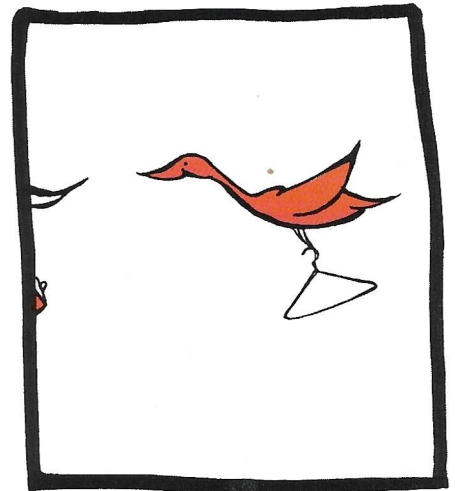
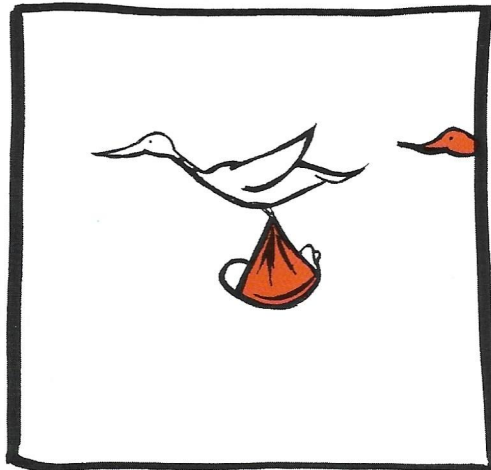
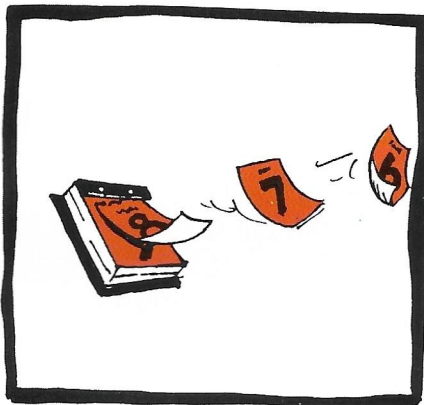
[6 minutes cut]

players



PASSION

comics



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