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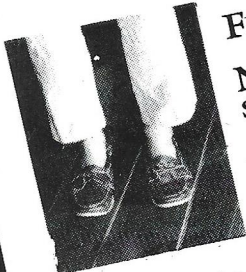
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Popular Culture

Volume 96 No. 3

January 1995

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FROM THE DESK OF
NICK THOMPSON
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

A Modest Proposal

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great state when they see the streets, the freeways, and schools crowded with the offspring of illegal immigrant children, all in rags, emptying the hard earned dollars of the citizens of this great Commonwealth of California into pockets too torn to hold them.

Having turned my thought upon this painful subject and upon the great burden which is exacted upon a people deserving to be free of such things; and especially having pondered those two most valuable Propositions, 184 and 187; allow me with all due humility and sense of unworthiness to advance my own reflections which seek to carry the logic and the spirit of these large-minded measures to their fitting conclusions.

The first proposition to be considered, 184, frees funds from the over-financed, and ruthlessly excessive, institution of education, and delivers them directly into our vital prison system. The second proposition, 187, removes these illegal vagrant children from school and places them on our streets, where they too will assuredly be delivered into our vital prison system.

In addition to these suitable, but moderate measures, I urge the state of California, in its infinite wisdom and humanity, to move farther forward in protecting children, saving their freedom and, most of all, saving our state. I thus propose, that the two propositions be merged, taking the strength and the learning of each, and that we save the effort of building new jails and, instead, simply build bars and walls and turn schools, that house many of the illegals and other immigrants, into jails.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it be that housing so many students in jails will withdraw money from the taxpayer's pockets. This I freely own, but remind the reader that the financial loss will be small indeed, for, the cost that we are presently forced to expunge for one student to go to college, an activity that has absolutely no benefit for anyone except the recipient, is nearly as much as what we taxpayers pay to house one criminal, something which benefits all those who like to walk in safety.

I also own that these foundlings will truly benefit from the opportunity to live with their peers in an environment that our new structure clearly proposes to bring them to in due course anyway; for it can be found to argue that many of these included persons, and speakers of tongues other than our own, when thrown out onto the streets, will find it in themselves to commit a nonviolent offense such as forging a check, that, combined with two other felonies, could send them to jail for the remainder of their lives.

Let no man talk to me of expedients or of idealistic, imprudent, unreasonable and impossible solutions: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity and idleness in all of our people: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our State, wherein some of us differ in race and skin color: Of teaching our people to have at least one degree of mercy toward immigrants. Lastly of allowing these immigrant children to acquire a personal interest in the sincerity of my heart that I have not the least per-motive than the public good of my state. I have no children that would be qualified through their race or accent to be saved by this proposal. I have the utmost faith that our sage governor, though he has no immigrant children of his own, will look beyond the self interest that burdens many of our politicians and adopt this plan.

-N.E.T.

Dennis The Menace: The Other Side

DENNIS THE SHAMELESS



"Hey Little Joey, looks like Mr. Wilson won't be playing with our beans n' franks no more."

DENNIS THE HOMELESS



"C'mon, Dad, leave some dog food for me too, I'm **fucking starved.**"

DENNIS THE GENDER SOCIOLOGIST



"You may be smart and all, but I got a **penis**, so I'll always get more stuff than you!"

DENNIS THE MERCILESS



"Hey Dad, me and Joey cut this cat's legs **right off**. Now it's a **furry worm!**"

DENNIS THE "MOMFOUNDOUTABOUTUS"



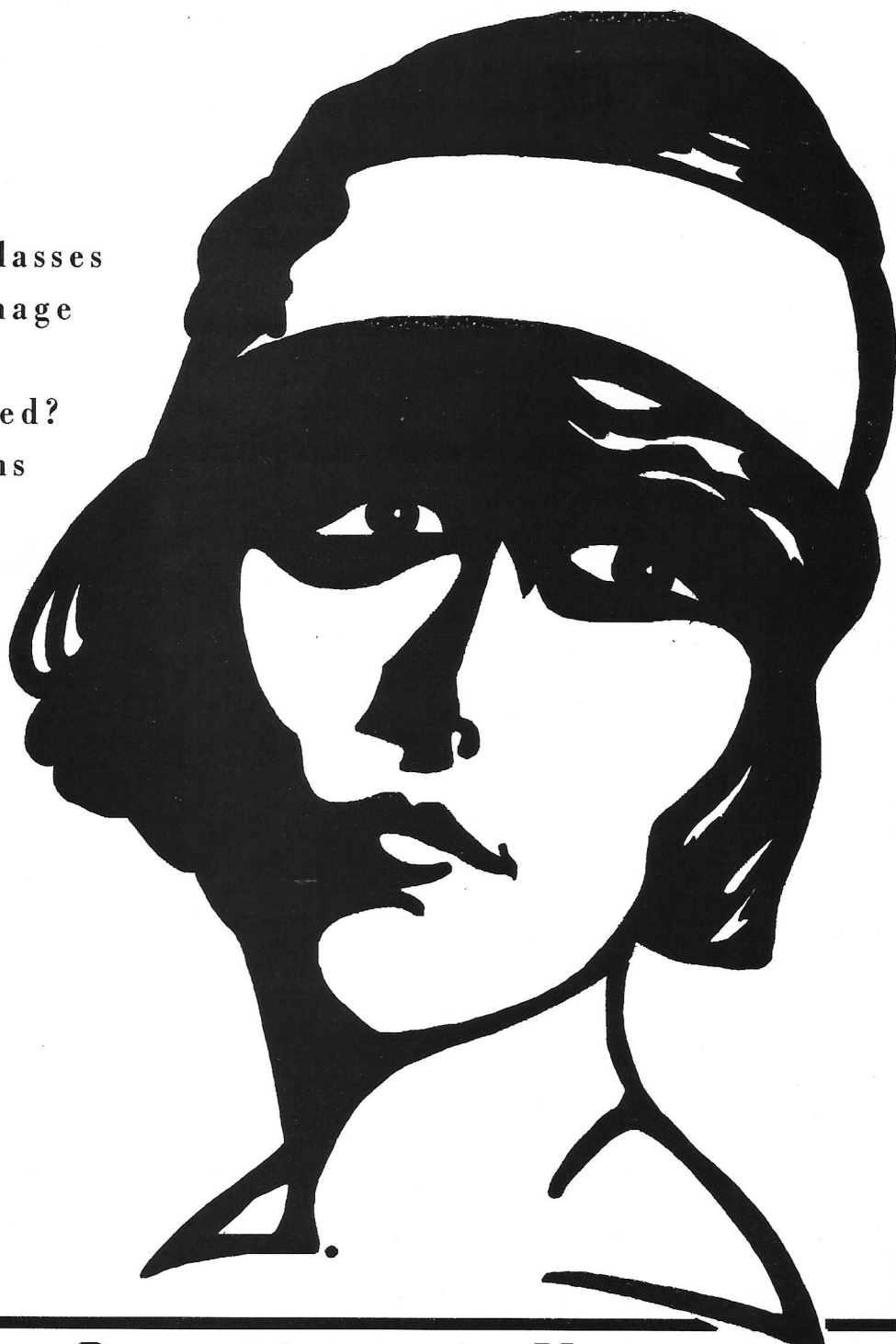
"Sorry Mr. Wilson, it's over. Mom found a pair of your **old dentures** under my bed."

S t a n f o r d
Chaparral

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January 1995

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P O P U L A R C U L T U R E N U M B E R

Letters.

Dear Chaparral,

It is true, I may not be the wisest of beasts. I may jump in front of your bike at the wrong time. Or I may jump in front of your car and move out of the way and jump in front of your car again, only to be squashed. I have a tendency to eat my own excrement, but it's not because I'm dirty. I simply don't know any better. When hawks or cats come near, I make a chirping sound designed to warn my unwitting friends. I'm not a bad guy, just a little slow. I have a little heart inside this little chest, and even *I* hurt sometimes. That's why if another one of my friends is killed by a Stanford bicycle, we're going to organize and overcome you with our numbers. Black and brown, we're all in.

Sammy the Squirrel
the sewer

Dear Chaparral,

I just wanted to thank you for the existence for the Chaparral. The fresh perspective you take on life is, and you'll excuse me for saying this...AH, WHO AM I KIDDING? I KILLED HER, OKAY? I KILLED NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON! IT FELT GREAT! I'D DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN! HOW DO YOU "FUNNYMEN" LIKE THAT? IT ISN'T VERY FUNNY, IS IT?! NOT FUNNY PERHAPS, BUT TRUE!

O.J. Simpson
Jail

Dear Bastards,

Yeah, I just got my Chaparral in the mail today. There's a problem, and I think you guys know what it is. That's right. No yak-n-human sex jokes. This is an outrage. Tell you what to do. Get you the "Yak Yak" issue from March 1991 and take it with you to a place without distractions. Read it from cover to cover very carefully. *That's* how a freaking Chappie is supposed to be—chock full of yak-n-human sex jokes.

Ralph-o
senior, electrical engineering

Please stop tormenting us. The Stanford Chaparral has never put a premium on jokes centering on sex between yaks and the human, and we certainly never have published an issue centering solely on yak-and-human-sex-jokes. No one at Stanford wants to read such filth. Well, except you, apparently.

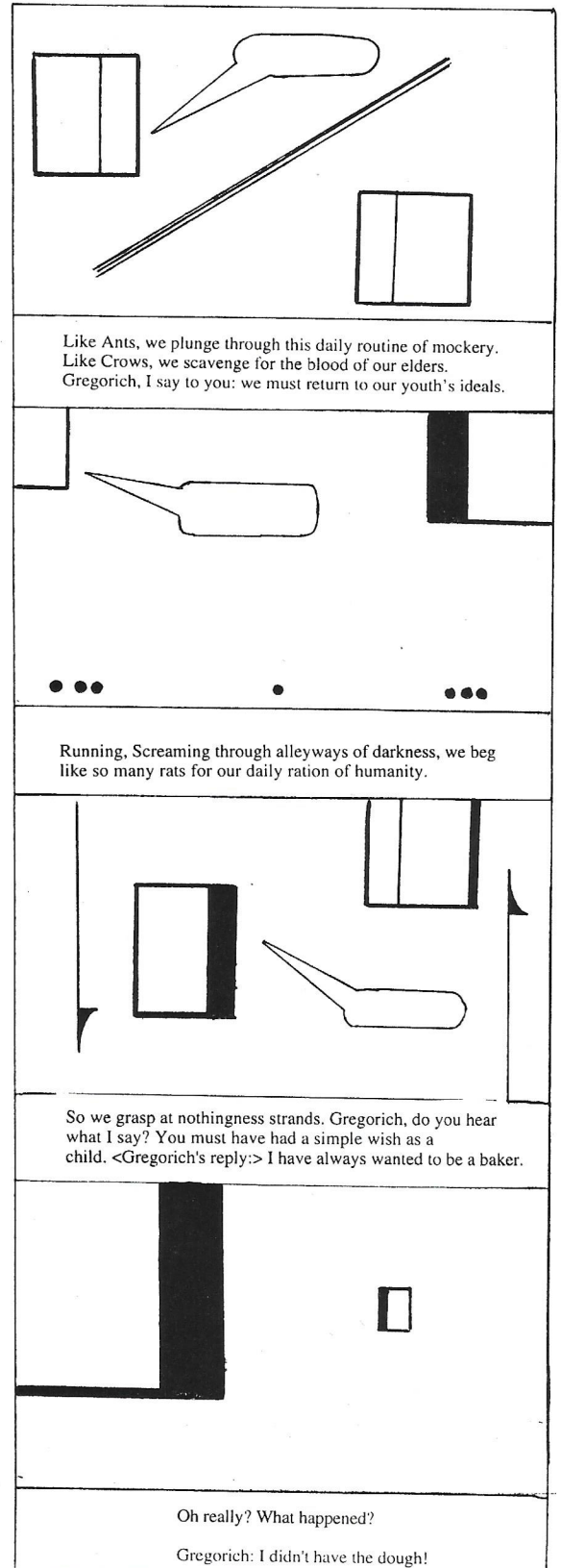
Chappies,

What is the next issue about?

Jackie Wang
sophomore, human biology

The next issue's theme is "Human-n-Mouse Sex." Thanks for asking.

Vaclav[^], Yugoslavian visionary and political pundit, has championed the Eastern European proletariat for years with his art. The Chaparral proudly presents Stanford with a recently penned Vaclav[^] strip, *Paska Paska Soska!* English translation by Jason O' Guinn.



S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

THE CHAPPIES

CHRIS ONSTAD '97 EDITOR
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RUDE BOY

SEAN KENNEDY '96
SECRET AGENT MAN

SHAUN CRAM '96
YOU'RE FIRED!

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE
LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER
TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LIUK MALMQUIST '99

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LOW THAT

it's Winter quarter, we're all pretty settled in our ways. We know what we like to do in our spare time, and how we like to spend our money. In other words, we are creating and experiencing our own "Popular Culture." Popular Culture varies, of course, from place to place, so let's consider what seems

to be "cool" at Stanford University.

Read the following list. If you are anything like the Average Stanford Student, you will realize that over thirty percent of your waking hours are dedicated to the following:

THE COFFEE HOUSE
TETRIS
BAD PIZZA
TACO BELL
BEER PARTIES

This is not exactly a proud moment for you. You are probably even a little ashamed. It's okay. We've all participated in these things.

For those of you who still think that these things are "cool," let's look at them in closer detail. This is roughly what each involves:

TETRIS • You try to make the little pieces fit together. You play for several hours at a time. Soon you see the little pieces everywhere. You think

about them about them at night. You drop one of your classes.

TACO BELL • You park behind the restaurant. Latino youths stare unappreciatively at you. You go inside. You order a water and try to fill it with coke. The people who work at Taco Bell have seen this trick eight thousand times.

THE COFFEE HOUSE • You wait in line. Everyone stares at you. You pay two dollars for a latté. The girl hands you a cup of foam. You cannot find a table because it is Contemporary Jazz Nite. You decide to go to a Beer Party.

BEER PARTY • You wait in line at the front door. You wait in line to get to the beer line. You wait in the beer line. The guy hands you a cup of foam. You drink it because you are at a Beer Party.

BAD PIZZA • Somebody named Xh delivers your pizza. You tip him. He stares at you, then leaves. You look at your pizza. It has not been cooked. They forgot the cheese again. It is a lump of dough. You eat it because you paid fifteen dollars.

Not too cool. "Okay," you say, "that may not be so cool, but it sure beats what my parents did when they were my age."

Listen, when your parents were in college, they went out to dinner, maybe a movie, "parked" up on a hill somewhere, and made out. When your grandparents were in college, they did the same thing—so did your great-grandparents. They didn't sit around drinking suds and eating dough.



we've managed to squeak another issue past the money men, Chappie would like to take this time to thank his advertisers. You may not know this, but the Chaparral is incredibly expensive to produce. In fact, I did a few calculations and discovered that with all the money that is spent on each issue, we could probably buy Haiti.

Please mention the Chaparral when dealing with our advertisers. Let them know that you "saw it in the Chappie," and we'll roll happily onwards toward our hundredth birthday.

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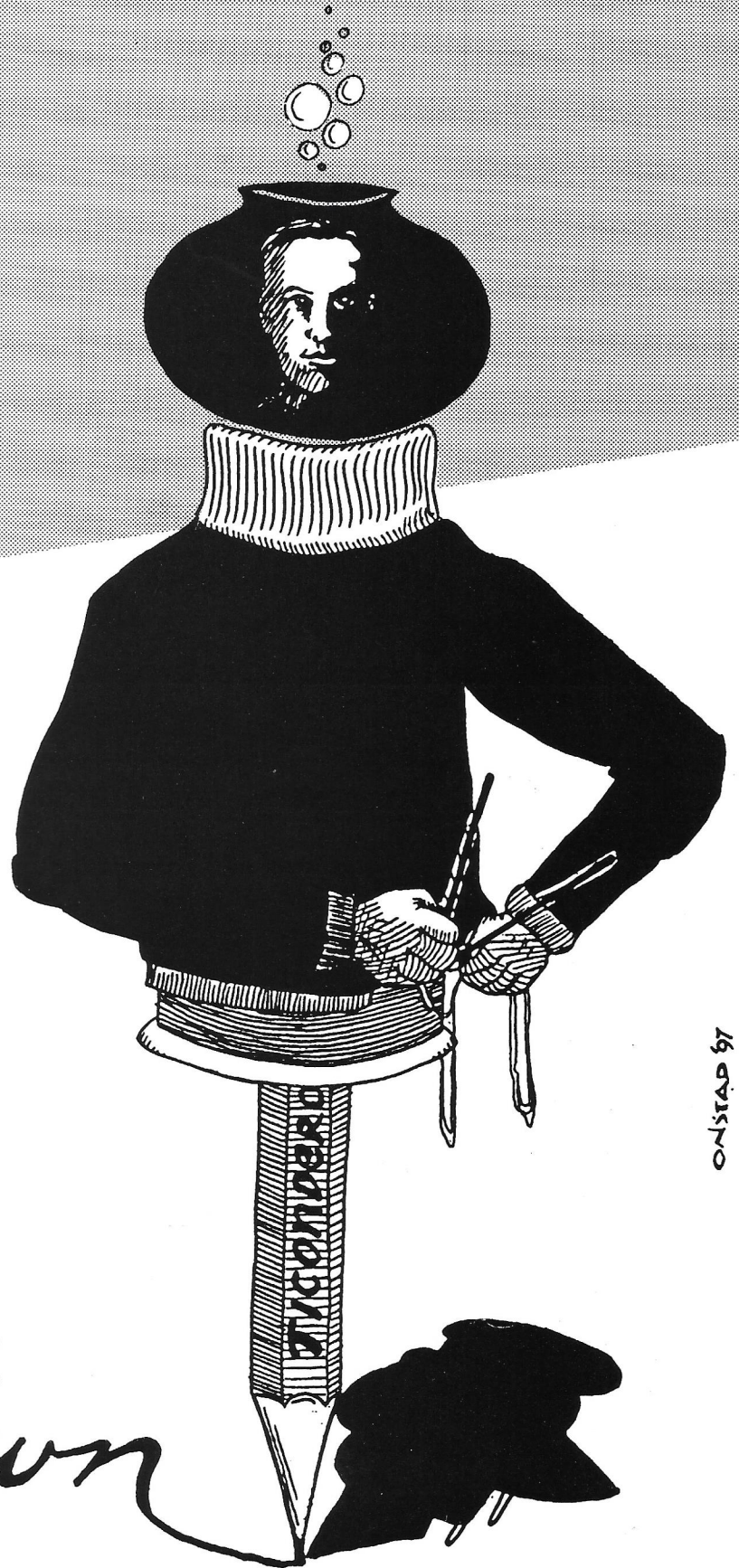


HOUSE —OF— HUMOR

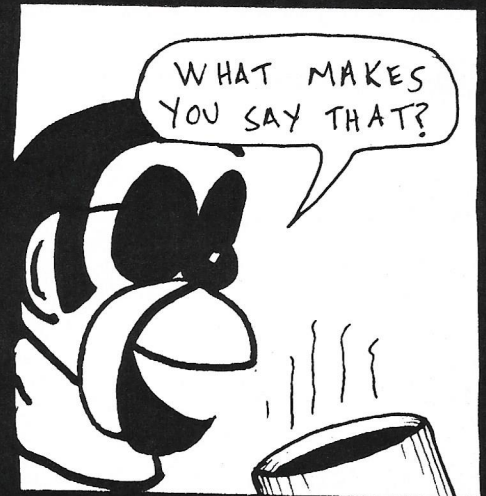
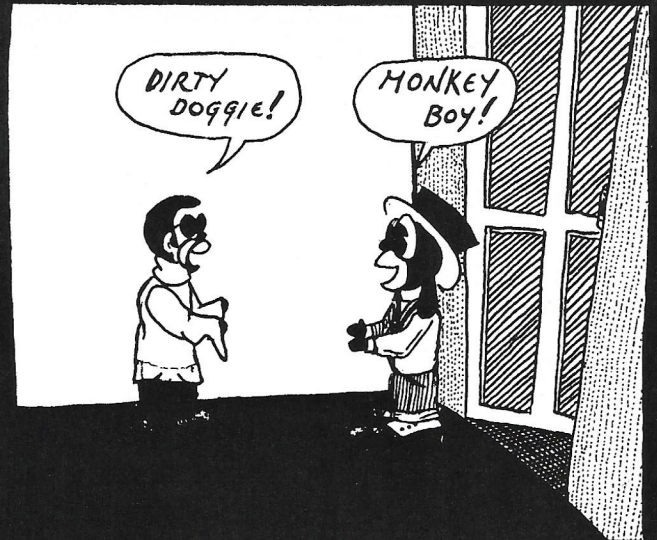
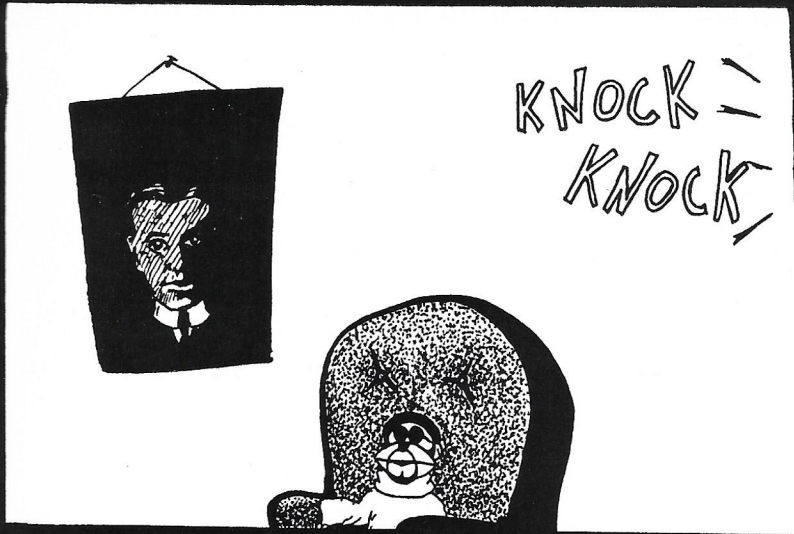
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ONSTRAP 97



Discontinued Courses and Degrees 1995-96

Psychology 20: *The Psychology of Winning*

Bill Walsh, four-time super bowl winning coach, will teach a seminar explaining what it takes to win. He will analyze motivation, desire and the numerous other factors that go into making someone victorious in football and in life.

Economics 140: *The Current Economy of the Soviet Union*

Psychology 210: *Freud: in theory and in practice*

During the first half of the quarter, students will read the major works of Sigmund Freud. During the second half of the quarter, students will sleep with their parents.

History 118: *Tokenism**

Students will read one minor author from every possible culture, ethnic group, sexual orientation, geographic area, time period or intelligence level.

*Note: this course was renamed, not discontinued. It is now listed under Cultures, Ideas and Values

Computer Science 106Z: *Hard Drives and Sex Drives**

Students will learn how to break into the computer system, seduce you through knowledge of the internet, change their grades, change your grades, get you to sleep with them by changing your grade, and how to manipulate housing so that they are put into singles with you.

*This course was discontinued because it met at the same time as "Programming Pong"

Religious Studies 240: *Hedonism*

An introduction to the philosophy of enjoyment. Students will not be required to attend lectures or seminars if they can prove that they were having fun. Students may do whatever they want at lectures. Sections will consist of orgies involving Kahlua Truffles.

English 12: *Self-Defense for English Majors*

Students will learn how to defend themselves with Haiku, intimidate an attacker with Nietzsche, confuse an attacker with only one Henry James sentence or bludgeon them with an O.E.D.

Feminist Studies 120: *Famous women classical composers*

Students who don't care about feminist studies will be able to take this class to fulfill their gender dagger requirement. The class never meets and students will still be able to take lots of econ courses. This is the first course in a sequence. It is followed by *The complex rhythms of Belgium* and *famous white jazz musicians*.

Athletics and Education 213: *Proving your virility*

Students who were big jocks in high school but who cannot cut it here will be given the opportunity to prove their testosterone levels to their fellow class mates. Students will begin the quarter by bragging about their high school athletic exploits. They then will learn how to use trick photography to make it appear as though they are scaling great walls and leaping over magnificent fences.

Political Science 50: *Republican Oratory and wit*

Students will read some of the rhetoric of our most brilliant recent republican leaders such as Dan Quayle, George Bush, Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon. People will analyze speeches, such as the one where, in China, Nixon said "Hmm... That's a great wall."



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The Sharper Image

G I F T C A T A L O G

THE SHARPER IMAGE 1995-96

Ritchie Sambora Barbecue Sauce Gun

They said it would never happen. *They said it couldn't be done.* But the fusion of Glamour Rock and high-quality outdoor grilling tackle was inevitable. This year, thanks to the wonders of modern science, the **Ritchie Sambora Barbecue Sauce Gun** is finally a reality. Now you can have hours of fun, as well as tasty barbecue, as Bon Jovi guitarist Ritchie Sambora bastes your favorite cuts of beef and poultry.

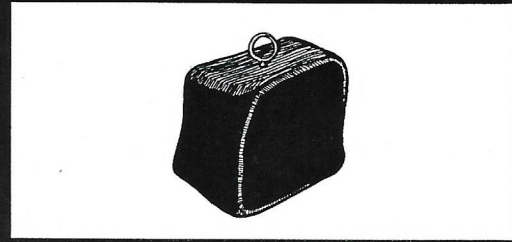
#RG-130



Fudge Piñata

Everybody knows that piñatas are good for hours of excitement and laughter. Well, not the *Fudge Piñata!* The **Fudge Piñata** will never break open, nor will it ever award any candy. It is a solid block of hardened fudge.

#FP-440



Boating for the Insane

Scientists have agreed for decades that *boating + the insane = disaster.* But now you can treat your unwell friends and loved ones to this forbidden thrill in the privacy of their very own living rooms! **Boating for the Insane** consists of an easy to construct, high voltage chicken-wire cage.

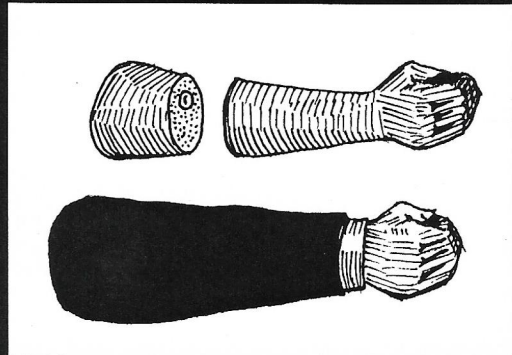
#BI-311



Ham Limb

For the high-powered business executive. Everybody knows that people are only supposed to have two arms, but what if you want an extra arm made of ham—one that you can snack on during those long meetings? The solution is here. Just tuck your regular arm behind your back, insert the **Ham Limb** into your coat sleeve, and munch away!

#HL-32



THE SHARPER IMAGE 1995-96

Driving Lessons from Jesus

Sure, most kids won't like the idea of learning to drive under the watchful eye of Christ, but won't you feel safer? Not only will He keep your child from harm's way, but **Jesus** also frequently offers expert pointers in the ways of traffic etiquette and vehicle maintenance. Jesus will provide His own car.

#DL-420



The Lil' Astronaut

Every child dreams of one day becoming an astronaut, yet few possess the physical and mental skills that space travel requires. But don't let that discourage them from having fun! **The Lil' Astronaut** kit will enable young children of all ages to "play spaceman." Kit consists of assorted twigs, which can be held up to head as false antennae.

#L'L-220



Bitch, Buy Me a Sandwich

Finally, a Barbie set that's up with the times. **Bitch, Buy Me a Sandwich** features a visit from Rico, Barbie's discourteous ghetto friend. Will Barbie buy him the sandwich that he desires, or will he have to go back to his old ways?

#BBS-345



Minimum-Wage Board Game

Kids will play *and* learn the unhappiness of minimum-wage jobs with the **Minimum-Wage Board Game!** Watch as they use the dice and Scenario Cards to recreate fascinating scenes from the minimum wage world. Will "Jenny" get slapped by her boss? Will "Alex" have to clean up urine again? The reality of the uneducated is horrible!

#MWB-54

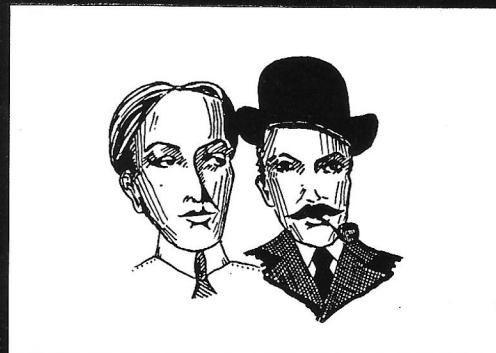


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British Action Figures

The heroes of British society! Every day, millions of British wish that they possessed the powers that these fifteen figures do. For example, meet Mr. Lonbury, who has the power to fly; Mr. Hubbins, who can stop the passage of time; and the amazing Mr. Finch-Trenton, who can maintain full erection for over forty-five seconds!

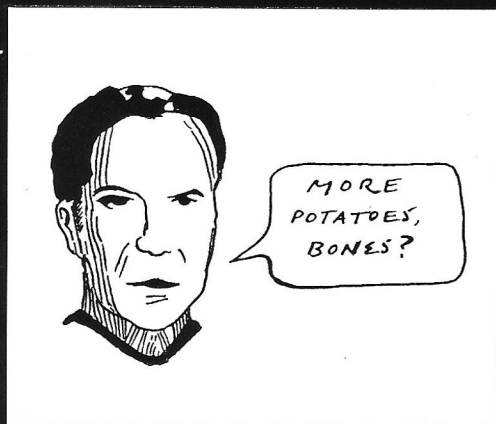
#BAF-324



Talking Lazy Susan

At last, a talking Lazy Susan! Your dinner table will be dull no longer, thanks to this wonderful gift. Does Dad want more mashed potatoes? Does Mom want another ear of that delicious corn? The Talking Lazy Susan will find out! The **TLS-3000** monitors dinner table conversation until it senses a silence of greater than 1.5 seconds, at which time it will instantly offer suggestions in the pre-programmed voice of William Shatner.

#TLS-3000



The Best of Erotic Banjo

Finally, a musical collection that attests to the true powers of this arousing instrument. Over four hours of great performances by such renowned composers as Flinnegan, Alwell, and Clampett are sure to leave you and your lover breathless. Available on four cassettes or three CDs.

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GREETINGS DISTINGUISHED READERS! HAVING HAILED FROM THE MIDWEST, I WISH TO AFFORD YOU A HARROWING GUMPESE OF A WORLD WHICH MAY BE ALL-TOGETHER ALIEN TO MANY OF YOU. PLEASE, JOIN ALONG AS WE VOYAGE TO A SMALL TOWN DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF...

Art & Story: Scott Gagner

Rural America

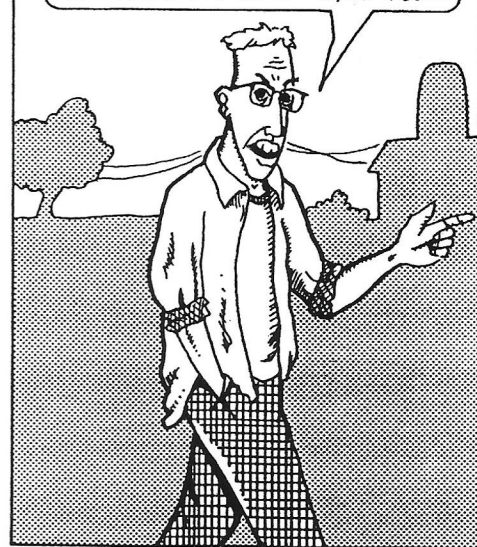
EVERY YEAR THAT I GO BACK TO VISIT, IT'S AS THOUGH I'M BEING TELEPORTED TO AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE LAWS OF TIME AND SPACE DON'T NECESSARILY APPLY....



... AND WHERE EVOLUTION HAS RECENTLY SLOWED DOWN TO A CRAWL.



PERHAPS THAT'S WHY EVERYTHING THAT I HATE CAN BE FOUND HERE. C'MON, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME EXAMPLES.



FIRST OF ALL, EVERYONE GETS MARRIED WHEN THEY'RE SEVENTEEN DUE TO TEENAGE PREGNANCY. THE UNITY THEN BECOMES AN ABUSIVE ALCOHOL CLOUDED NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH NEITHER CAN ESCAPE BECAUSE "DEEP DOWN WE'RE REALLY VERY MUCH IN LOVE."

... OH SURE, YOU BETCHA... ME AND HER GET ALONG JUST FINE.

YOU BET DARLIN! THESE HERE BRUISES ARE JUST FROM ME FALLIN' DOWN ALL THE TIME. I SURE AM A CLUTZ! HEH-HEH.



ANOTHER THING I HATE ABOUT THE "HEARTLAND" IS CHRISTIAN IDEALISTS AND BORN-AGAINS WHO USE THEIR MINDLESS DEVOTION TO GOD AS A SAFEGUARD FROM TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR OWN SORRY LIVES. GRRRR...

WELL, I KNOW THAT WE LOST THE HARVEST TO DROUGHT FOR THE 15TH STRAIGHT YEAR NOW, BUT WE JUST KEEP ON PRAYING TO JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY AND WAITING FOR HIM TO SEND US A SIGN!

LOOK MONEY, I USED THE MONEY WE WERE SAVING TO BUY NEW LICENSE PLATES FOR THE TRACTOR.



THREE OTHER THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR...
STONE AGE COLLOQUIALISMS.

HEY LARS, I HEAR THEY THREW YOUR SON IN JAIL FOR DRUNK DRIVING AGAIN. I GUESS HE ALWAYS WAS THE INDIAN OF THE FAMILY! HEH, HEH.. SAY, HOW MANY TIMES IS THAT NOW?

MORE THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT.

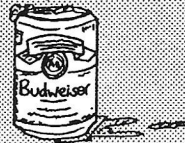


what the fuck?



POPULAR CULTURE.

(A) BEER



(B) TELEVISION



(C) THE STATE FAIR



RURAL AMERICAN MULTIETHNICITY.

HEY, HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WHOLE MEXICAN FOOD CRAZE? THIS HERE IS A "TALK-ON." IT'S GOT WHITE BREAD, WALLEYE FILET AND MAYONNAISE. IT'S PRETTY SPICY....



... AND IT'S NOT GETTING ANY BETTER. JUST LOOK AT THE YOUTH OF RURAL AMERICA.

WHATCHA' DOIN'?

SHOOTIN' AT THAT STOP SIGN.



WHAT FER'?

I DUNNO'.



LEMME' TRY.

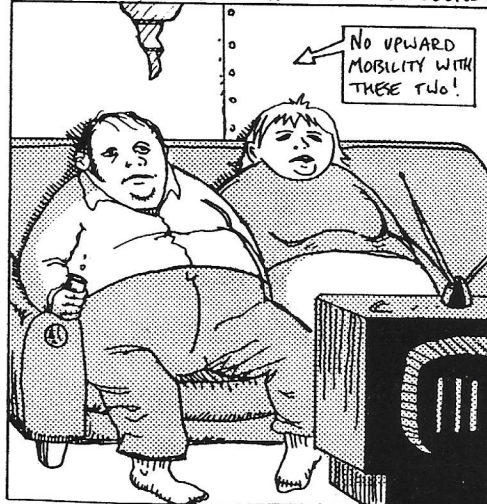


BUT HEY, IT'S NOT ALL BAD. THERE ARE A FEW GOOD THINGS LIKE... **CORN!!**



BUT PERHAPS THE BEST THING ABOUT IT IS COMPLETE SECLUSION FROM THE WORLD OF UPTIGHT DO-GOODERS AND UPWARDLY MOBILE BACK-STABBERS.

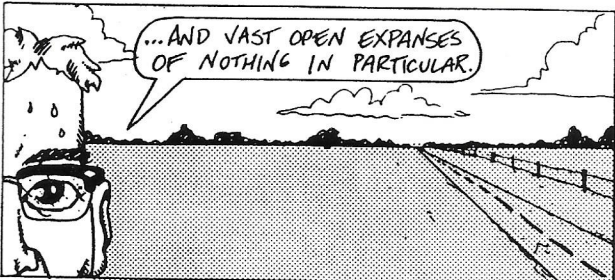
NO UPWARD MOBILITY WITH THESE TWO!



...WHICH ACTUALLY BRINGS ME TO ONE LAST THING I HATE. EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU'LL COME ACROSS SOME HOT-SHOT MISANTHROPE WHO DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THEY ARE GONNA' END UP THE SAME AS... AS... UH, WAIT. NEVERMIND.



...AND VAST OPEN EXPANSES OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.



Remember those catchy phrases designed to help you survive childhood? Well, here are a few popular favorites and a few not so commonly heard life lessons that apply to today's young and old...

Life's Popular Rhyme Lessons

1. Stop, drop and roll.
2. Wash, rinse, repeat.
3. No shoes, no shirt, no service.
4. Look, listen and feel.
5. Snort, court, deport.
6. Matrimony, testimony, alimony.
7. Pedophile, trial, denial.
8. Erect, inject, infect.
9. Sedate, lubricate, impregnate.
10. Tape, rape, escape.

Crazy Cecil apologizes for not being able to appear in this issue. He has been busy getting a perm and doing his nails.



He will return next issue.

THE WORLD WANTS TO KNOW...

ARE YOU WHIPPED?

TAKE THIS CHAPPIE QUIZ AND FIND OUT. (1 POINT FOR EVERY TRUE RESPONSE)

1. WHEN ANSWERING THE PHONE, DOES YOUR VOICE DROP IN VOLUME 10 DECIBELS, WHILE RISING IN PITCH 10 OCTAVES? **Y/N**
2. DO YOU NOW FIND YOURSELF THINKING THAT A CAPELLA IS "ACTUALLY PRETTY COOL" SINCE YOUR PARTNER FAVORS IT TO "YOUR MUSIC?" **Y/N**
3. DO YOU HAVE TO ASK PERMISSION TO GO ANYWHERE OTHER THAN YOUR PARTNER'S HOUSE? **Y/N**
4. WHEN MASTURBATING, DO YOU FEEL GUILTY FOR THINKING ABOUT SOMEONE OTHER THAN YOUR PARTNER? **Y/N**
5. DO YOU MAKE MIX TAPES FOR YOUR PARTNER? **Y/N**
6. DO YOU NOW INTRODUCE YOURSELF AS "SO AND SO'S BOYFRIEND OR GIRLFRIEND?" **Y/N**
7. DO YOU CALL YOUR PARTNER TO TELL THEM WHEN YOU WILL CALL THEM LATER IN THE DAY? **Y/N**
8. DO YOU CALL YOUR PARTNER TO TELL THEM WHEN YOU WILL BE CALLING TO TELL THEM WHEN YOU WILL BE CALLING LATER IN THE DAY? **Y/N**
9. DO YOU SPEND TIME IN KINKO'S ENLARGING PHOTOS OF THE TWO OF YOU TO MAKE INTO LAMINATED POSTERS? **Y/N**
10. IS THE DEFAULT SOUND ON YOUR MACINTOSH A RECORDING OF YOU PARTNER SAYING, "I LOVE YOU?" **Y/N**
11. HAVE YOUR PET NAMES, "SCHNOOKUMS" AND "BED MONKEY" COMPLETELY REPLACED YOUR ACTUAL NAMES? **Y/N**
12. DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR ACTUAL NAMES? **Y/N**

SCORING 0-2 points: "You're not the boss of me!", 3-5: Hope is fading fast, 6-8: LIBRA: You're a summer person! Also, with a little assertiveness, you'll find success with that new job!, 9-11: Kill them immediately, buy a dog instead, 12: Where is Father now, Cab Driver?

MY FATHER, MY ROOMMATE



A young college student begins his life away from home only to find that his father is his roommate. Mad-cap hi jinx ensue in this wacky look at what happens when old meets young in a college dormitory.

SCENE ONE

The setting is a typical college dorm room. It's a quiet Friday night. Posters of Jimi Hendrix and swimsuit models adorn the walls, and a full-size refrigerator occupies one corner of the room. JIMMY, the clean-cut college freshman, is sitting at his desk, reading a textbook. Enter SCRATCH. Scratch is Jimmy's comical friend from down the hall. He is wearing a fireman's hat.

SCRATCH [excited]: Hey, Jimmy!

JIMMY: What's up, Scratch?

SCRATCH: Oh, man, I just found out about THE party. It's happening tonight at eight. We GOTTA go!

JIMMY: No deal, Scratch. I've got to study for my economics midterm.

SCRATCH: You mean, your Meconomics Idterm!
[Uproarious audience laughter]

JIMMY [chuckling]: you're just too wacky, Scratch.

SCRATCH: I know.

SCENE TWO

Same room but it is now nighttime. Mozart is playing quietly on the stereo. JIMMY is studying on his bed. There is a loud thump against the door. Several moments later, enter DAD with a beer in his hand and a young girl under his arm. Dad is a greying, middle-aged man dressed in slacks and a shirt. His necktie has been loosened, and his hair is tousled.

JIMMY [surprised]: Dad! What's going on?

DAD [slurring]: Wha ya do yun huh? [the GIRL giggles]

Enter SCRATCH. Scratch is wearing silk pajamas and an ascot.

SCRATCH [groggy]: What's all the ruckus, kiddoes?
[Tumultuous laughter] Oh, hey, how's it going, Mr. Sanderson?

DAD: Well, blub yug ho.

SCRATCH: Whoah, looks like your dad's drunk. Again.

JIMMY: We need to sober him up. Go see if you can find someone with a coffee maker.

SCRATCH: You mean, a Moffee Caker? [*Hysterical laughter and applause*]

Exit SCRATCH.

DAD attempts to dance to the music. After a few spastic and misguided steps, he stops and stands relatively stationary, his face grimacing in intense concentration. Suddenly he vomits, then falls down in such a manner that he precedes his vomit to the floor, causing it to land on his face.

Exit the GIRL.

JIMMY: [*yelling*] Dad! Are you all right? Dad?

DAD: [*unconscious*]

[*Audience laughter*]

SCENE THREE

Fade in to a scene of the dormitory lounge on Saturday morning. Numerous college students are milling around in the background. ELAINE, the dorm RA, is reading a newspaper on the couch. SCRATCH is on the pay telephone, wearing a ski cap and shoes that have been fashioned out of loaves of bread. Enter JIMMY from the hallway.

JIMMY: Hey, Elaine!

ELAINE: Oh, hi, Jimmy. How are you doing? Looks like you didn't have a good night's sleep.

JIMMY: I didn't, really. It's a long story. [*Pauses*] Elaine, I...I was wondering if I could ask you a question.

ELAINE: Sure, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well, I was wondering if you'd like to go out to dinner with me tonight. You know, like on a date.

ELAINE: [*bites lip*] Oh, God...I can't, Jimmy. [*Sighs*] I'll be honest with you. I, gosh, I don't know how to say this to you—but I'm kind of seeing your father. [*Blushes*] We have what you might call a "casual relationship."

JIMMY: [*dejected*] Oh.

SCRATCH: [*yells from the phone*] You mean, a Rasual Relationship?! [*Uncontrollable audience laughter*]

JIMMY walks angrily over to SCRATCH, reaches into the phone booth, and pulls his hair so violently that a large clump of it comes out in his hand. Scratch howls in pain and falls to his knees. There is yet another roar of laughter from the audience.

SCENE FOUR

Transitional music. JIMMY is unlocking the door to his room. He enters and finds the beds unmade and clothes strewn across the floor. Shocked, he sits down, only to discover empty cans on his pillow and beer stains on his sheets. Enter SCRATCH, who is dressed in marmalade labels and is wearing fried eggs on his eyes.

JIMMY: [*disappointed*] Scratch, look at this!

SCRATCH: [*lifts eggs*] Wow. Looks like Pops spilled some beer on your sheets. Again.

JIMMY: God, that man is driving me insane. I spent two hours cleaning him up last night, and now he goes out this morning and gets drunk all over again. [*He spies a half-empty case of beer sticking out from under the bed, and hastily pushes it back where it can't be seen.*]

Enter DAD.

DAD: [*slurring*] Hey shun, whatsh going—[*begins staggering, then notices that his new case of beer is missing, at which point he becomes serious*—where's my beer?

JIMMY: Dad, I think we'd better have talk. It's about your drinking problem.

Dramatic Music.

DAD: [*sharply*] What drinking problem, Jimmy?

JIMMY: You can't stop drinking, Dad. Ever since we got to college, it's been nothing but trouble. You're hurting everyone around you.

DAD: Don't TELL me how to be a father, Jimmy!

JIMMY: When are you going to listen to me? Scratch, tell him what he's doing to himself!

DAD: [*looks at SCRATCH, becomes angry, and then lunges at him. There is a shocked gasp from the audience*]

SCRATCH: [*stepping aside*] Cripes!

DAD lands on the floor, his head turned to one side. He notices the beer under the bed, slowly reaches out for it, and then, only inches from the glistening cans, he draws his hand into a fist and lets it fall weakly to the floor. He begins to cry.

DAD: You're right, son. I've been making a fool of myself. I...I was weak.

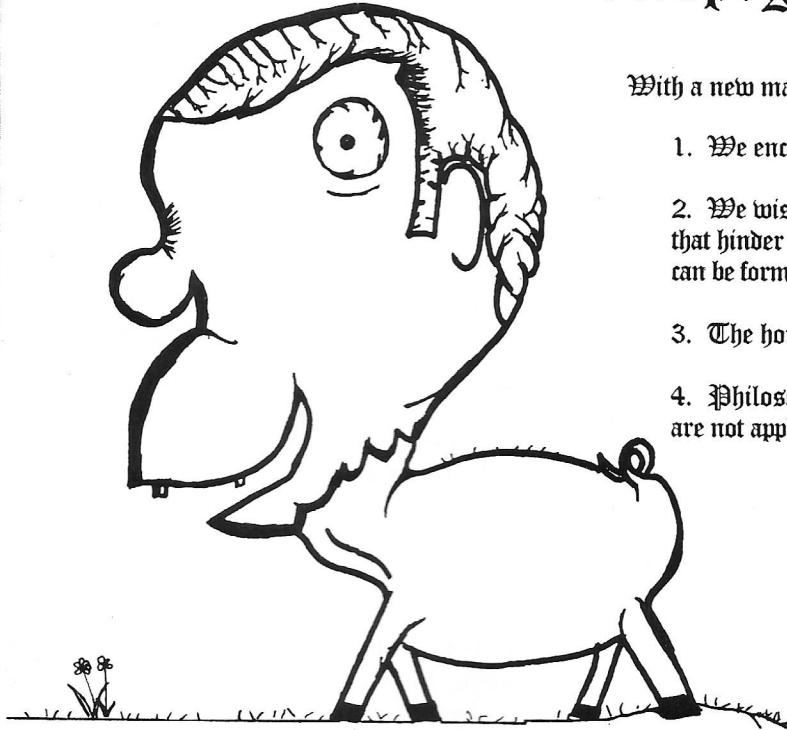
JIMMY: It's okay now, Dad.

DAD: [*wiping his eyes on the carpet*] Please forgive me.

JIMMY: As long as you promise to change, Dad, everything's going to be all right.

SCRATCH and JIMMY pick DAD up off of the floor and all three embrace. The audience sighs]

Introducing...



Repiglican!

With a new mascot comes a new philosophy:

1. We encourage the free exchange of ideas.
2. We wish to slice away the rhetorical jungles that hinder human progress. No great society can be formed from constant, internal bickering.
3. The homeless can eat shit!
4. Philosophical mandates one (1) and two (2) are not applicable anymore.

PAT ROBERTSON, OLIVER NORTH, AND THE REST OF THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT ARE TAKING OVER THE BOARD OF EDUCATION IN TEXAS. THEIR NEXT TARGET IS NONE OTHER THAN STANFORD UNIVERSITY. THE CHAPARRAL ASKS, WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

1. The Bio core will be overhauled. Students will learn creationism and ecology will consist of listing the animals that rode in Noah's Arc. Answer D, "God did it", will be the correct answer on all multiple choice exams. "God did it" will also be the correct answer on all essay exams.
2. Bob, the man who sulks around campus in the "masturbate and be free" overalls, will be run through SLAC.
3. The titles of our most famous statues will be changed. "The Thinker" will be renamed "Young Newt." "The Gates of Hell" and "Gay Liberation" will simply swap names.
4. The Firehouse will be run through SLAC.
5. "Testimony" will win the battle of the bands.
6. The feminist studies requirement will be replaced by a required course on women in the Old Testament. The course will consist of one discursive footnote.
7. All of the birth control pills in Cowell and the Safer Sex Shop will be replaced with Jolly Ranchers.

The Stanford Chaparral has positions available in Business and Advertising. We are currently offering a 50% commission on all new advertising contracts. That's a hell of a lot of money.



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A-TEAM

Choose Your Own Adventure

In 1972, a crack commando unit was sent to prison for a crime they didn't commit. These men quickly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Los Angeles underground. Today, still wanted by the government, these men survive as soldiers-of-fortune on the battle-weary streets. If you have the time, and if you can endure the inhuman pain, then read on...

THIS WEEK: TROUBLE IN THE BAYOU

*"I pity the fool who
has to learn new
lines!"*



Section 1

The Team assembles in the basement of a Chinese restaurant to hear a tearful story of oppression, as told to them by Jalice, a young girl from Louisiana. "It's just terrible," the young girl sobs. "The Enemy is terrorizing my family, and there's nothing we can do about it. Can you help us?"

Hannibal, the group's self-appointed leader, stands and speaks. "Boys, this girl's got trouble. Let's get moving."

After a quick round of My Handshake, Your Handshake, the Team files out the door.

To drive to the scene of the horrible oppression, turn to Section 7.

To fly instead, turn to Section 5.

To first liberate Murdock from the insane asylum, turn to Section 12.

Section 2

With his charming lines and a brand-new white Corvette, how can any woman resist the irresistible Face-man? Unfortunately for Face, the answer always seems to be "very easily."

Face is handed over to the Enemy, tied up, and placed in a small room. Pausing only while Face flashes back to low-quality stock footage of Vietnam, the action quickly shifts back to the rest of the Team.

Murdock sits on the couch, strumming his plastic guitar. The rest of the Team is gathered in a small semicircle—inasmuch as a semicircle can be accurately described by a set of two points—around a box of muffins. They snack absently as they debate the best approach to the situation. After much deliberation, they conclude that Face has been captured, and decide to attack the Enemy's hide-out.

To attack using the automatic weapons, turn to Section 4.

To attack with explosives, turn to Section 8.

Section 3

"Okay, B.A.," chortles Face-man, "we'll drive there instead. While we're waiting for the van, why don't you eat this cheeseburger?"

"It better not be drugged like it wuz in the last episode," growls B.A. as he bites into the cheeseburger.

The Team laughs over B.A.'s limp body as he slumps to the ground, unconscious. They board the plane and, with the help of the friendly, smiling stewardesses, load the drugged B.A., the cache of automatic weapons, the crates of explosives, and the rocket

launcher into the overhead bins.

Turn to Section 9.

Section 4

Rat-a-tat-tat! The Team unloads enough lead into the Enemy's hideout to successfully poison the local watershed for the next three centuries. The Enemy escapes, uninjured.

Despite their abundance of fire power, the Team is surrounded, captured, and locked in a nearby machine shop.

Turn to Section 6.

Section 5

"I'm not flying!" roars B.A. B.A. Baracas is a large, ornery African-American male who wears a mohawk haircut and layers of gold jewelry. His frightening appearance belies his good-natured disposition.

B.A. kills a dog with his jackboot. "No flying!" he repeats. Perhaps flying is not the best solution after all...

To agree that what's good for B.A. is good for the whole team, turn to Section 7.

To ignore B.A.'s wishes and playfully drug him when he's not looking, turn to Section 3.

Section 6

The team is locked in a large warehouse-like room containing only welding equipment, power tools, six-foot steel piping, a Winnebago, corrugated sheet metal, and several coils of barbed wire.

"It looks hopeless," whines Face.

"I know," says Hannibal, "but we've got to think of a way to escape from this place." He picks up a rivet gun, scowls at it for an instant, and throws it violently to the ground.

The team wracks their brains, trying desperately to think of a way to use the materials on-hand to escape.

To build the Recreational Vehicle from Hell, turn to Section 11.

To build the Recreational Vehicle from Hell, turn to Section 11.

Section 7

After loading the A-Team Two-Tone Party Van down with enough arms to overthrow a South American coun-

try, the boys are ready to roll. Despite the fact that they are driving the distinctive A-Team Two-Tone Party Van, they easily elude the many government roadblocks and patrol cars scouring the city to find them and safely arrive at their destination.

Turn to Section 9.

Section 8

Ka-BOOM! Explosions rock the surrounding countryside. The hideout bursts into a pillar of flames. The enemy escapes, uninjured.

Despite their abundance of fire power, the Team is surrounded, captured, and locked in a nearby machine shop. Now how did that happen?

Turn to Section 6.

Section 9

The Team meets up with the Dravens, the oppressed family, and learns more of the story. It seems that the Enemy is currently hiding out at a large ranch on the other side of the swamp, just waiting to oppress the poor yet scrupulous family again. The Dravens also tell the Team that they think an attractive woman living nearby may be in cahoots with the Enemy.

B.A. awakens from his slumber and finishes the cheeseburger. He slumps over, unconscious, and the Dravens join the Team in merry laughter.

To have Hannibal dress up like an old man and investigate the Enemy's hiding place, turn to Section 13.

To have Face use his "good looks" and "irresistible charm" to get information from the attractive woman, turn to Section 2.

Section 10

"Fall back!" screams Hannibal, as bullets rip through his body. He crumples over into a pool of his own blood and dies. The Team has been trapped. One by one, they are hunted down, tortured, and shot.

THE END.

Section 11

"I love it when a plan comes together," smiles Hannibal as the 105mm Autocannon is lowered onto the rear tur-



ret of the RV. The Team jumps inside, engages the warp drive, hits the autopilot, and roars off.

The RV crashes through the warehouse walls, a series of chain-link fences, a concrete retaining wall, stops for a small child who is crossing the street, and finally crashes through a pyramidal stack of empty oil cans that happens to be nearby.

The Enemy quickly recovers from their initial shock and leaps into their vehicles.

To have B.A. fire the deathray, turn to Section 14.

To have Hannibal fire the Gauss cannon, turn to Section 14.

To have Face fire a Stinger Missile, turn to Section 14.

Section 12

Posing as a doctor and using a German accent, Face explains to the staff of the asylum that Murdock must be "examined immediately." Murdock, meanwhile, has a meaningful conversation with his hand.

Despite having been fooled by the same line in the last episode, the head nurse releases Murdock into "Dr. Guttenheim's" care. Face and Murdock rejoin the rest of the Team. Murdock manages to humorously annoy B.A. to the point where B.A. is literally foaming at the mouth and has to be physically restrained. Ha, ha! That Murdock!

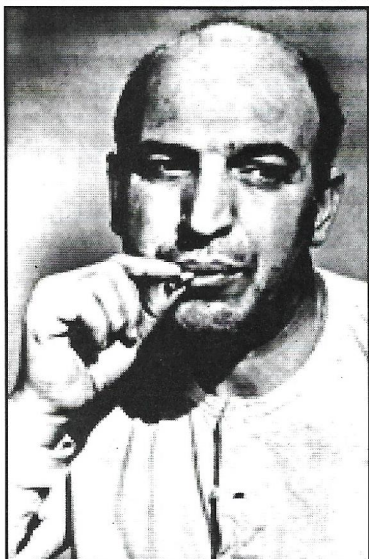
To drive to the scene of the horrible oppression, turn to Section 7.

To fly instead, turn to Section 5.

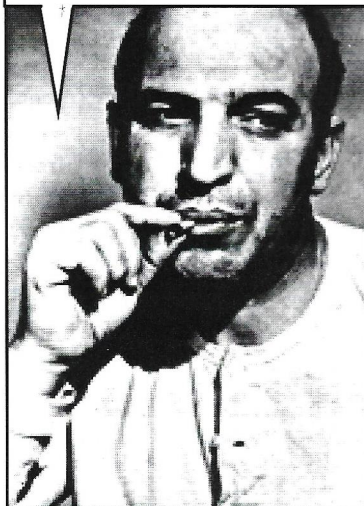
To have B.A. escape from the manacles-of-four and ram his fist down Murdock's throat, and then drive to the scene of the oppression, turn to Section 7.

My Talk With Telly

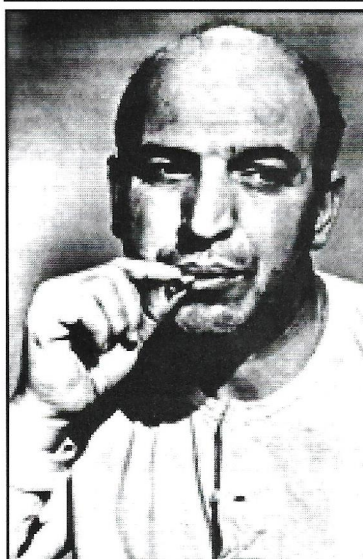
Hi, Telly. What's your favorite part of the circus?



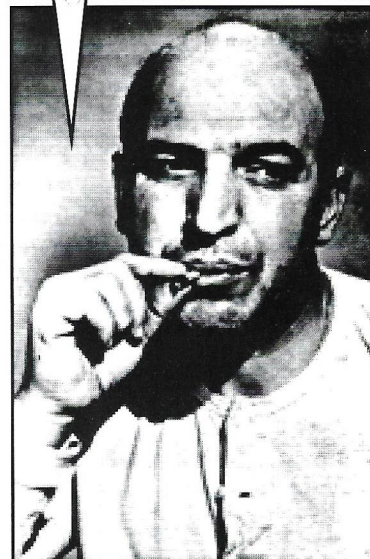
I like the midgets. They're so funny the way they run around and fall and stuff..and they gots them cute stubby fingers too, heh-heh..I love 'em.



Hmmm, that's very interesting....



What!?! Don't you like the midgets? Well fuck you then, you little freak!



Section 13

By fashioning a disguise out of a grey wig and eighty-nine cents worth of "Jumbo Silly Teeth," Hannibal fools the Enemy into thinking that he is a harmless middle-aged man (thus keeping his true identity as a middle-aged soldier-of-fortune a secret).

The Enemy ignores the innocent-looking, middle-aged man as he cleverly inspects their hideout. However, Hannibal absent-mindedly sticks his head into the huge, steaming Smashing Machine. After regaining consciousness, and pausing only long enough to stanch the flow of blood, Hannibal triumphantly hobbles back to the rest of the Team. After poring over the new information, the Team decides to attack.

To attack using the automatic weapons, turn to Section 4.

To attack with the explosives, turn to Section 8.

Section 14

Upon impact, the Enemy's vehicle explodes into a flaming ball of fiery, fiery flame, rolls over several times, falls off a cliff, and collides with a gasoline truck, only to explode once more. The Enemy emerges from the vehicle dazed, yet uninjured.

They surrender. Congratulations! Hannibal lights a cigar. The Team loads their gear up and roars off just in time to escape the evil, yet well-intentioned Colonel Becker, who has tracked the A-Team half way across the globe only the miss them by a matter of seconds. Again. **THE END.**

Stewart Johansen was only four years old, yet his parents took him to see Batman anyway. "So whataya think, Stew? Did Batman scare the bejesus outta ya?" asked his dad, as they walked from the theater with their bag of popcorn. The movie had, in fact, scared an extra large Tab out of Stewart, but the upcoming events were going to scare much more out of mom and pop.

The family walked down the dimly lit alley. Stewart's father was chuckling to himself.

Without notice, it came from around the corner. It was fast. It was silent. It was lethal. It did not have a bike light. It decapitated Stewart's dad and vaporized his mom. There was somebody riding it. Somebody wearing a "Stanford Engineering" sweatshirt, which was now smeared with various bits of Mrs. Johansen's anatomy.

The man stopped. Stewart stared at him in disbelief.

"Sorry about mom and pop, Stewart."

The man knew Stewart's name.

He continued. "I can't help but feel somewhat responsible."

The man was, in fact, entirely responsible.

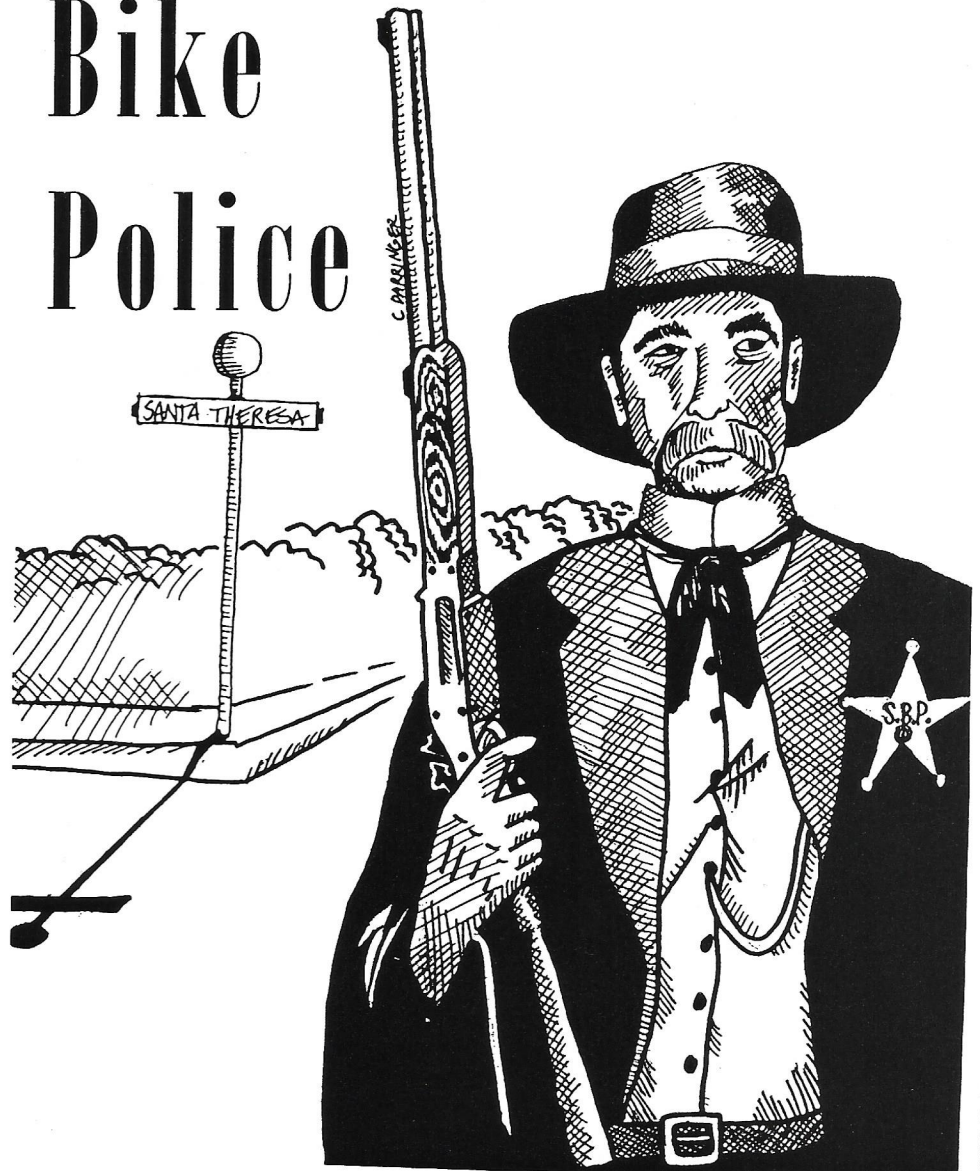
"Did you just kill my parents...with a bicycle?" asked Stewart, slipping around on bits of his mother.

"A wise man once said, 'There is a big difference between a bicycle, and a bicycle without a bike light,' Stewart. In fact, one is merely a tame means of transportation, while the other is a full-blown killing machine. Had I had a bike light, none of this would ever have happened."

"So what are you going to do...with me?" he was almost crying now.

"Stewart, have you ever ridden a bike, without a bike light, in the quad in the pale moon light?" He said it slowly, as though he were savoring

Bike Police



each word. "I like the sound of that. I ask it of all my victims..." The man rode off into the darkness, laughing a deep and wicked laugh.

"On behalf of the powers vested in me, and the Stanford University Police Squad, I promote Stewart from the rank of Chief of Homicide to Head of the Stanford University Bicycle Patrol Squad— Bicycle Light Division. Stewart, your job is to track down those who choose to defy the laws

governing bicycle illumination, and to see that justice is served."

Although it was only nine a.m., he was eager to begin. Grabbing his helmet and radar gun, he hopped on his standard issue Magna "Fugitive" bicycle and got under way. His bike light glowed proudly in the morning light as he rounded Tressider Union and positioned himself strategically behind a tree on Santa Theresa.

Five hours later the excitement was gone. Stewart informed a

nearby brown squirrel, whom he had named "Chip," that his radar gun had caught him scaling trees at brisk two miles per hour. The squirrel's apparent disinterest in this information only compounded Stewart's boredom.

Another squirrel jumped ten feet into the air and tackled Chip, causing him to fall to the ground and die.

Then Stewart saw something that made his hands tremble, his feet sweat, and his nostrils flare uncontrollably. It was a Stanford engineering student with a flagrant disregard for stop signs riding at the break-neck speed of 11mph. But the worst part of it all was that this man had no bike light, and it was going to be dark in two hours. This man had to be destroyed.

Bob hated the seven mile ride from Governor's Corner back to the center of campus. The close calls with the alligators in the moat and the disorientation in the middle of the mine field left him feeling uneasy, but Stanford was going to have to try harder than that to keep this American Studies resident from getting to class. Bob suspected things were only going to get stranger today, and his suspicions were confirmed when somebody threw a bicycle at him from behind a tree, hitting him squarely in the head.

When the dust settled, Stewart casually approached the wreckage.

"So, you're an engineering student?" asked Stewart.

"Hello, yes, I am," replied Bob, contemplating the various other ways of stopping a someone to ask them a question. "And you're a...bike cop?" Bob wanted to laugh, but when he smiled, two teeth fell out. The sight of Bob pulling out a gun pushed Bob over the edge, however, and he broke out in hysterical laughter.

"Where's your bike light?"

asked Stewart, this time with a tone of impatience in his voice.

Bob proudly pulled the light out of his backpack with his good hand and showed it to Stewart.

This was a curve that Stewart was not prepared for. Perplexed, Stewart reevaluated the situation, and after careful consideration, shot the bike light with his gun. "Where is your bike light?" he repeated.

Bob sadly gestured in the general direction of the bike light and hand fragments that were now scattered randomly all over Santa Theresa with his formerly bad, but now relatively good hand.

Just as Stewart had thought. A Stanford engineering student without a bike light. He had found his man.

This interesting turn of events, in combination with the considerable amount of blood originally destined for his head but now pouring down Santa Theresa, was giving Bob a splitting headache. The conversation had been going so well, aside from the occasional outbreak of gunfire, that Bob felt pressured to keep the ball rolling.

"Do you want a sandwich?" asked Bob, reaching for his backpack.

"Did you just say, 'Did you ever ride a bike, without a bike light, in the quad in the pale moon light,' or am I mistaken?" asked Stewart.

"You must be mistaken," replied Bob, now feeling quite dizzy, and very hungry.

Yet another twist Stewart was not prepared for. Perplexed, Stewart reevaluated the situation, and this time shot Bob's leg. "Excuse me, could you repeat your last answer?" asked Stewart.

"You're definitely not mistaken" Bob quickly replied, drawing upon his former experience with the bike light. A crowd was beginning to gather, and Bob felt embarrassed because some of the people recognized him.

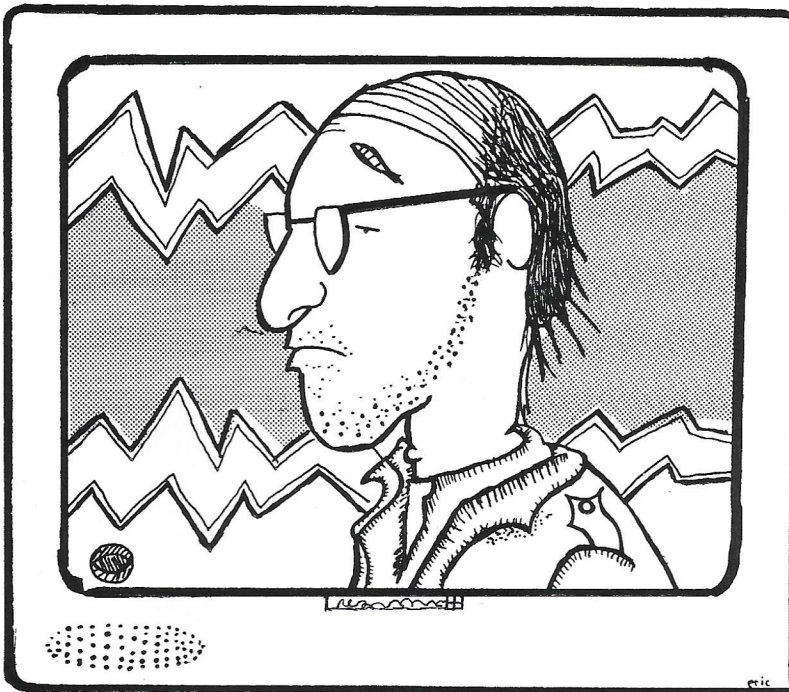
"You killed my parents when I was four years old, and now you get yours" hollered Stewart, raising the gun at Bob for the last time.

All of this blood-loss business was making Bob very dizzy and pretty giddy. This new thing about killing this guy's parents was pretty funny stuff, but Bob wasn't sure if he could take another one of those bullet holes. He tried to wave to a cute girl who was in his Physics class, but only managed to throw blood in her general direction, staining her white blouse. The girl screamed and passed out.

Stewart was getting impatient, so he shot Bob twice more. Still caught in the heat of the moment, he turned around and shot some squirrels, and then started plugging away at the crowd that had gathered.

When the campus police finally arrived at the scene, Stewart had long since run out of bullets and had resorted to deadly assault with a radar gun, which proved to be only minimally effective. He was tied up and dragged off, but before they threw him in the truck, he took one last look at Bob, who was staring upwards with a smile on his face. Bob turned to Stewart and, with a grin, said, "I should have run over you while I still had the chance," and then exhaled for the last time.





Rosenthal

Background:

One day a bunch of insane men take over a TV station. For the short period of time that they are in charge, they strive for ratings by writing their own versions of America's top-rated shows. The shows are, in many ways, very similar to the original shows, but are fundamentally different because they are written by the insane.

(Rosenthal takes the stage, mumbling to himself. He appears to be very sweaty, extremely sweaty. The sweat slowly drips from his face. It is as if he has spent his whole life in the hot ovens of hell)

JOKE ONE: "The insane asylum is a funny place. It has a very complicated social structure. You know, there's a man over *here* who is looked upon as some sort of leader, there is a guy over *there* who serves as a sort of wise "sage" *(Rosenthal pantomimes quotation marks)* who knows things about life in general and also specifically about life in the asylum. There'll be a guy, usually a little cute guy, that you think of as your little brother. Except he's not like a *real* little brother or anything. He doesn't set you on fire when you're asleep and keep on looking at you when you're trying to eat. You don't really want to kill the fake baby brother, you just kind of want to...make him uncomfortable. I kind of like to, um...put out my cigarettes on the bastard.

(Rosenthal waits for laughs. Silence.)

JOKE TWO: Umm, okay. How many people here believe in the Big G—God? *(Large portion of audience applauds)* Yeah, me too, me too. I

saw God once. I was scared—I mean it's *God*, you know? As I was talking to his talking clown shoe about the new coke formula, God told me to kill my brother or he would turn me into another talking shoe. So, you know, what am I supposed to do? I don't want to turn into a shoe! *(Rosenthal starts to cry)* What am I supposed to do? I don't want to be turned into a shoe! *(Rosenthal laughs)*

(An uncomfortable silence from audience)

Joke three: Geez, you guys are deader than my little brother. I shouldn't play to houses filled with present-worlders. Look—this guy over here knows what I'm talking about, don't you buddy? *(Man looks uncomfortable, nods and smiles nervously.)* But over here, you *(Points at young woman with his shaking hand)*, you DON'T know what I'm talking about. *(Woman looks terrified)* Don't FUCK with me, lady. I'm NOT A ROOKIE! I'm not a...ARRRGGGH-HH! *(Rosenthal curls up in a fetal position. Audience claps and laughs.)*

(A sample from a show entitled "The Ernie Incident.")

Larry's friends are standing around in his kitchen eating pate, waiting for him to come home from his date with the girl he met at the gym.

LORRAINE: Sour pate, don't you think?

KRONAN: Yeah, I think he got it from Aneep's store. That guy is a fruitcake. He sells sour meat! Hey, did you guys hear that Larry is having surgery tomorrow?

LORRAINE: *(pulling a long hair out of her mouth)* Surgery? Did you see that thing in this morning's paper about the new laserrectal procedure for chickens?

ERNIE: Gah! *(terrified)* What was that?

KRONAN: Sounds pretty weird to me. What is it, some sort of joke?

ERNIE: ...what she just pulled out of her mouth!

KRONAN: *(pulling a multicolored long hair out of his mouth)* Laserrectal surgery for chickens. What will they think of next? Breast enlargement for toads?

ERNIE: What the *hell*? You're doing that on purpose! You're making fun of me! Stop it! Stop it. Stop it! Stop it.

KRONAN: *(he is a single, talking strand of hair)* Has anyone seen Larry? I hear he's having surgery tomorrow. Yaggghhh!

LORRAINE: The larvae of the killdere will never exist externally, for it presupposes rock burrowing, as well as dusting.

ERNIE: ohgodohgodohgod *(crumples to the floor, assuming a fetal position. Audience laughter.)*

Bob, This is it. The Nielsen Juggernaut. What we did was enter all the data into the computer and the computer gave us some graphs. We took the graphs and formulated what America likes. No surprises—pretty much the same thing the boys at Dow reported in Subjugation Report V657. Race baiting. God and Country with a bang, junk food, Jesus, Manson, and Family Circus. We fed this data in the main computer in D.C. and it gave us a personal profile of a hypothetical American Hero. We don't even have to create a new character; the profile matches that of Roscoe, a character from the old *Dukes of Hazzard* sitcom. We fed old tapes into the computers and they wrote the show. Martin and Home Improvement warmed them up, Bob. Never before has the American public been so ready to consume mass quantities.
--phil

R O S C O E

NARRATIVE OVER CREDITS:

"Howdy! My name is Roscoe P. Coltrane. People call me Roscoe P. Coltrane. You probably remember me from such silver screen classics as *White Men Can't Hump*, *This Country Boy Sure Has a Big Dick*, and *I Was Lady Chatterly's Lover*. I was also once a small town sheriff. My exploits were known far and wide because the lawless, pretty Duke brothers and that hot sister of theirs made me look silly in front of America. Many of my stars have gone on to success, but no one knows what happened to me. Cooter went to the House of Representatives. Bo became a successful country singer. Luke sells crack in New York City. Boss Hogg manages the LA Dodgers and sells diet milkshakes.

"Now it's time you knew *my* story. How the young boy with nothing on his mind but burning crosses and mean moonshine became the tortured, twisted soul of... ROSCOE! (Plenty of reverb here, picture of American Flag)
...that you hear today.

CONTINUE NARRATIVE (STOCK FOOTAGE OF COPULATING GOATS)

It all started in the small town of Bumblefuck, Mississippi. I was born in a rundown outhouse amid the rank odor of human feces and swarms of flies. I actually fell out of mama into the hole in the ground as she was in the process of a fierce number two. I spent my first two weeks of life in the outhouse until I was discovered by my older brother and sister who were in there checking each other for cooties. Least, that's what they told mama. Since that time, many people have attributed my somewhat slow development to my first fortnight of life.

CUT TO HONKYTOWN CONTINUE NARRATIVE

"It was in Honkytown that I made the first great leap towards manhood. Up 'til that point in my life, I had never believed firmly in anything.

"It was the sixties and the country was changin'. Seems like everyone began to feel like they could make a difference. If they saw something that wasn't right, they set about making it right.

"My first day in the big city, I saw a big group of people standing around and shouting at some black boys who were trying to go to school with the white kids. I knew something here wasn't right, so I up'n went over there to help set everything straight, like a good country boy should. As soon as I got there, I went right to the front and took control.

I yelled, "This ain't right. We can't let these here boys go to school here. But we can't lynch 'em, since that's against the good book. Let's run 'em outta town." Fortunately I had some tar which I had just bought at the local tar pit souvenir store, and I always carry a chicken around for company, so all we needed was some railroad ties. Afterwards, my new friends and I went to the Chat-n-Chew and we surely did eat the shit out of some ribs.

CUT TO WHITE HOUSE

Following my triumph in Honkytown, my fame in Mississippi spread like a bad case of cooties. I made my fortune in a year selling my patented ROSCOE P. COLTRANE TAR 'N FEATHER KIT. With fame came new opportunities. I got to meet the governor. I also got to go to the White House.

No, not that one.

CUT TO KKK MEETING

Ah! That's better. The president of the US of A did not look too kindly on my actions. But that's okay. I think he was a marxist liberal Jew or something. At any rate, I did get to go to the White house. It was the center of all the southern KKK meetings.

They liked me so much! I think they said it was on account of my uncanny ability to do the right thing and succeed no matter how stupid I was. They set me up with a job as sheriff in Hazzard County. They said there were some folks out there by the name of Duke who hadn't paid their membership dues in a while.

"In addition to being sheriff, I did odd jobs for the Klan. You know, "cleaning up around the house," "taking care of loose ends," "taking care of business," and "killing people."

One day, I looked the word "klan" up in the dictionary. I could not find it. It was then that I stumbled upon the marketing strategy which made me my second million. I set up a business where I would come up with names for products or stores for other companies. Among my names are Krispy Kreme Donuts, Kampfire Girls, Krazy Glue, and Kryptonite U-Locks. I was quite a successful and inbred guy.

CUT TO RAPID SHOTS OF FAMOUS WORLD LANDMARKS (EIFFEL TOWER, SPHYNX, AMSTERDAM RED LIGHT DISTRICT, ETC...)

Soon after that, I left Hazzard County to search for my true love. I traveled the earth, gathering followers as I fruitlessly sought after the one true honey who could fulfill my simple life. After many years wandering the far corners of the land, I had amassed millions of followers with whom I kept in touch through the wonders of my televangelist ministry. The course of my travels eventually brought me to a booming metropolis in Mississippi. I slowly realized that my once peaceful Bumblefuck had grown in my days abroad. I decided that home was where the heart was, so I took up residence with my sister in the rustic old outhouse where the whole tale began.

Excellent, Phil. The swine will feast on this swill. File this one under "Fortunate Retard Brings in the Bucks." See you at lunch.

--Bob

Film Reviews

Pretty Little Women



Richard Gere plays a wealthy middle-aged businessman who falls in love with child prostitute Drew Barrymore in this heartbreaking tale of forbidden romance in 19th century New England. Susan Sarandon shines as the vindictive madam. The soundtrack of camp 60's hits is a bit out of place, however.

Forrest Gimp



Quentin Tarantino brings to the screen *Forrest Gimp*. Played by Tom Hanks, this leather-clad simpleton (who is the sexual slave of a twisted redneck pawnbroker) breaks free of his basement cell. He becomes a war hero, air hockey champion, moon-walks across the country, and makes a million in dolphin fishing, all while wearing his trademark full-body "gimpy stud" leather suit. Tom Hanks truly personifies moronic southern S&M play-toys in the feel-good movie of the year.

Pong: The Movie



Following in the success of *Super Mario Brothers* and *Streetfighter*, this latest video game-come-screenplay is perhaps the best. Jean Claude Van Damme and Raul Julia duel as the left and right paddles in this heart-pounding non-stop action thriller. Who will hit? who will miss? Van Damme shines in his most complex role since *Cyborg*. His portrayal of a game implement entrapped in a state of inner turmoil is riveting.

Schindler's Cyst



Stop motion photography highlights the birth and life of a crusty critter named Tito. Jerry Senfeld plays Jerry Schindler, and he can't believe what's happening to his body! Tim Burton directs, with a wonderful cameo appearance by Roland Olazabal, alcoholic lead singer of Popular music band *Tears for Fears*.

Dumbo and Dumber



An animated elephant is Jim Carrey's companion in this wacky tribute to Roger Rabbit. Carrey shines as a man dumber than an animal whose very existence is questionable, and Dumbo grapples with this existential dilemma with admirable skill. However, though the movie begins with good intentions, it quickly slips with Dumbo's Zamboni fantasy scene.

Quentin Tarantino's 'Nell'



Two-time Oscar winner Jodie Foster teams up with hot young director Quentin Tarantino in this controversial film. Foster, the film's protagonist, plays a backwoods woman with her own language: spoken Braille. She is captured by a sadistic doctor (Harvey Keitel), and brought to his home in rural Australia. After being forced to listen to his views on Madonna for days on end, she snaps, cuts off his ear, and douses him with gasoline.

Morning Wood



A moving biography of the man who was perhaps the worst porn director of all time. Johnny Depp is magnificent as the visionary behind such cult classics as *Plan 69 from Outer Space* and *Glen in Glenda*. The black-and-white film stock brings out the rising tension between the stars and emphasizes the movie's rigid directorial style. Of all the members of the cast, Ron Jeremy stands out above the rest with his Oscar caliber performance.

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CREDITS.



COVER

SMITH

MODEST PROPOSAL

THOMPSON

DENNIS THE MENACE

GAGNER & SAXON

LETTERS

SAXON

VACLAV^

SAXON & OLDING

NOW THAT

OLD BOY

DONKEYTOWN

ONSTAD

DISCONTINUED CLASSES

THOMPSON

THE SHARPER IMAGE

ONSTAD

RURAL AMERICA

GAGNER

ARE YOU WHIPPED?

BROWN & GAGNER

MY FATHER, MY ROOMMATE

PARK

REPIGLICAN

SAXON

A-TEAM

OLDING

BIKE POLICE

DARRINGER

ROSENTHAL

QUANDT

ROSCOE

SMITH

MOVIE REVIEWS

BROWN & PEIFFER

KELDOR'S EARTH MINION

SAXON

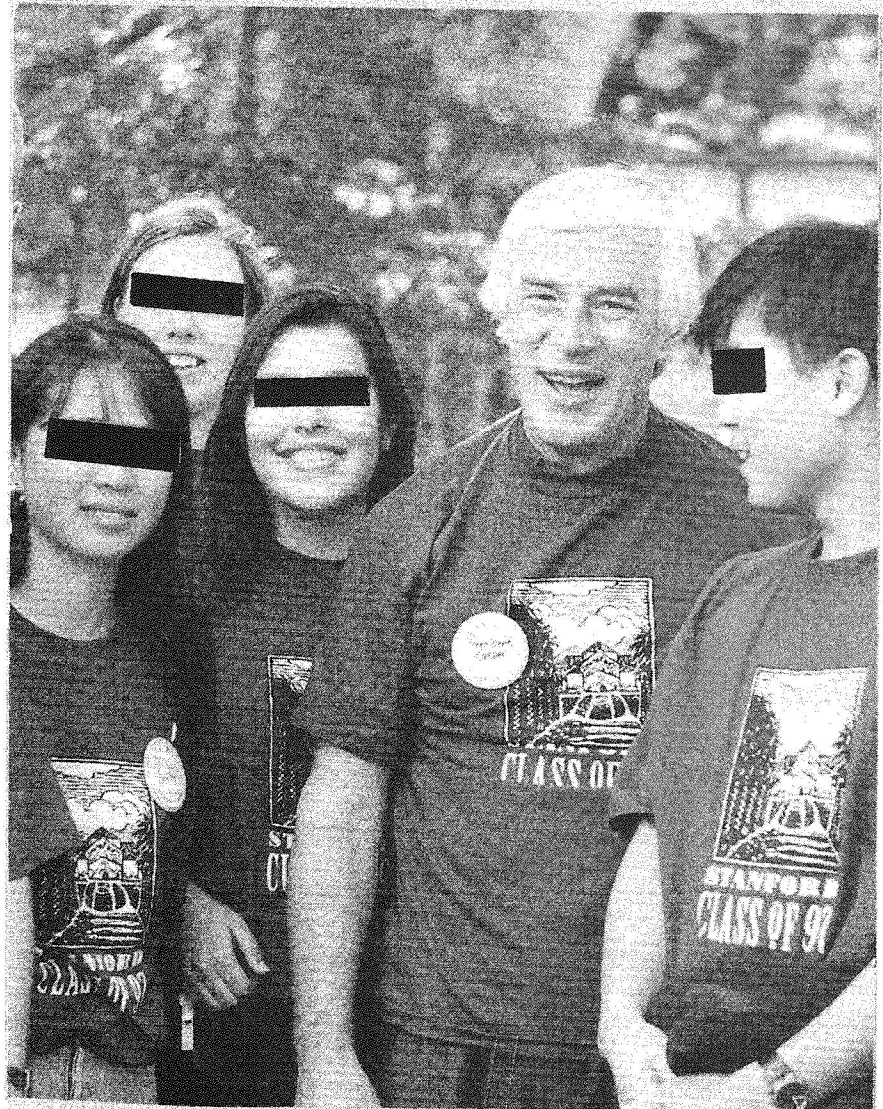


Finally.

The children...*trust* me now.

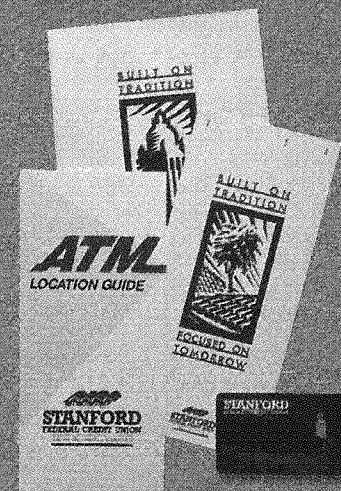
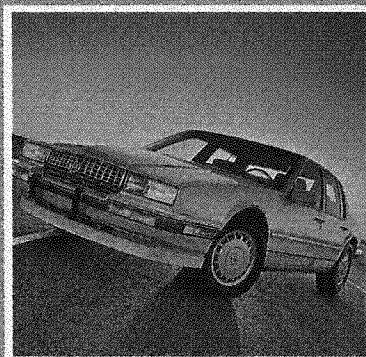
They almost count me as one of their own.

Now, Keldor my Lord, now *their human souls*
will be yours.

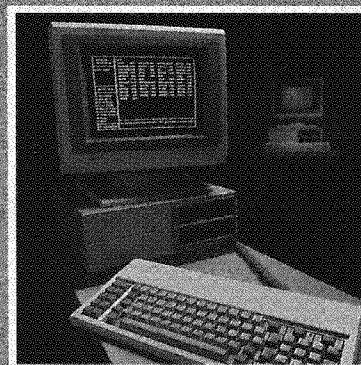


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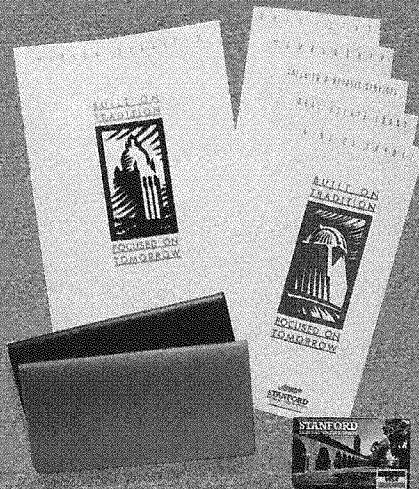


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