

STANFORD

AMERICANA

Chaparral

One Buck

Dec 1980





How many pearls lay in our catch we had not yet ascertained. Palo seemed hopeful, but now, diving deeper, he slipped from view.

The shark warning was still fresh in my mind when suddenly a form rose swiftly toward the canoe. It was Palo. As his net broke the surface, I saw at once our expedition would not go unrewarded. There in the net rode three cold bottles of San Miguel Beer.

With feline grace and economy of motion Palo gathered himself into the canoe, pulling in the extraordinary cargo along with the weighted foot rope that had

aided his descent. As I began paddling for shore, Palo drew his knife and opened us each a San Miguel, explaining how he kept a supply of this hearty beer hidden in a crevice among the rocks at considerable depth, protected and well-chilled. It was clear he knew his business.

We paddled for the island leisurely, paying scant attention to the nacreous wealth within the shells, rewarding ourselves instead with gratifying sips of San Miguel!

**Inspired by Jules Verne's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. Enlivened by San Miguel. Classic beer of the Pacific.*

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"... Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

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Chaparral **I** Americana

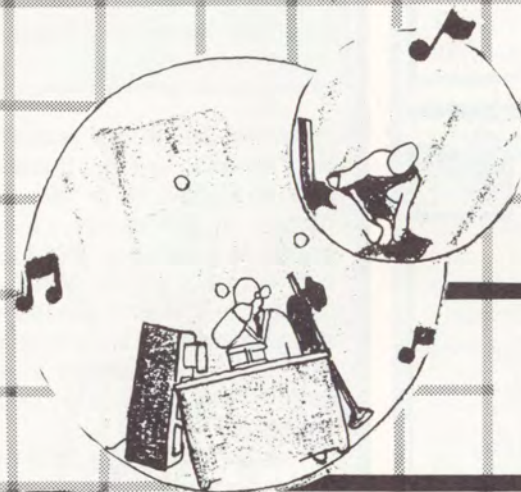
Chaparral

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cover by Bruce Handy



Clothes
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Photo by Poze

Before she became mayor of San Francisco, Diane Feinstein lived in Branner and did not wear shoes.

The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

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

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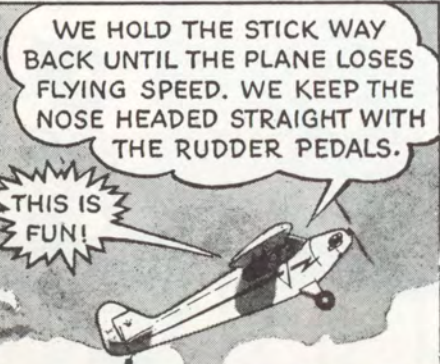
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now that

the election is over, who won? It's not important. What is important is that it is now time to heal the wounds that the campaigns have opened, and to remember that, above all, we're one big family. Every one of U.S. It's good to keep that in mind. Fifth grader Robert Francis Bandas keeps it in mind. Here is his uncut composition, first prize winner this year in The Temple Texas Optimist Club Future Orators of America William Jennings Bryan Competition.

"Why America Is Tops"

There are many reasons why America is tops. It would take a lifetime of a very old person to talk about all our country's greatness. But I am only a young citizen with five minutes to speak to you ladies and gentlemen and Optimists. So I will talk about the three reasons why America is tops in my book.

The first reason is Fort Hood. Fort Hood is near where I live and I can hear the artillery practice. It scares my dog Rusty, but it makes me feel safe. Rusty is too stupid to know that those craters in the field where I play could easily be Russians, if it were not for Fort Hood. And I would rather be Rusty in America, even though I forget to feed him sometimes, than Robert Francis Bandas in Russia, or one of its puppet satellite countries. Being a soldier at Fort Hood

must be exciting, except sometimes it would be scary when your army men friends fall asleep under tanks and get crushed, or accidentally put their heads into a helicopter like what happened last week.

Fort Hood is named after Civil War patriot General Hood. My teacher says that General Hood led his troops into battle even after all his limbs were shot off and he had to be strapped onto his horse. I want to be as patriotic as General Hood, and serve at Fort Hood.

The second reason America is tops to me is football, especially Temple High School football. Daddy says that I can stay back in fifth grade another year if I want so that I can be the biggest when I get to junior high. If I get bigger I will play for Temple High School. I like football. Russians do not like football because there is no grass in Russia, and because both teams cannot wear red. Daddy says that football would be an Olympic sport if Russia was not on the United Nations Security Council, and that he



D. LYON

would like to introduce a shotgun formation into their huddle.

Temple High School football is fun to watch and makes me proud to be an American, especially when they run the Statue of Liberty play. I want to grow up and play defensive end for Temple High School like my neighbor Russell Mikeska did before they cured his acromegaly. We are the best in football, and the best country too.

The third reason why America is tops with me is The Truelove's, Billy Joe and Dolores. They are Americans that live on Twenty-ninth Street, behind the gas station where you can buy one day marriage licenses for a quarter (if you get married in Russia they send you to farms where they breed people like cows). Billy Joe drives a truck for Mr. Giddens' Schlitz distributorship, and Dolores babysits people. She is very fat and jolly. She used to babysit my friend John, who also lived on Twenty-ninth Street. John's dad was an optician at Fort Hood. That was good because he got us army surplus K-rations for when we camped out. When we used to visit The Truelove's, Billy Joe would diddle with a pool cue, and Dolores would play with her dachshund between her ring and middle fingers. Billy Joe would chase us around, pin us down, then fart on us. Dolores would hide money in her fat rolls, and tell us that whatever we found we could keep.

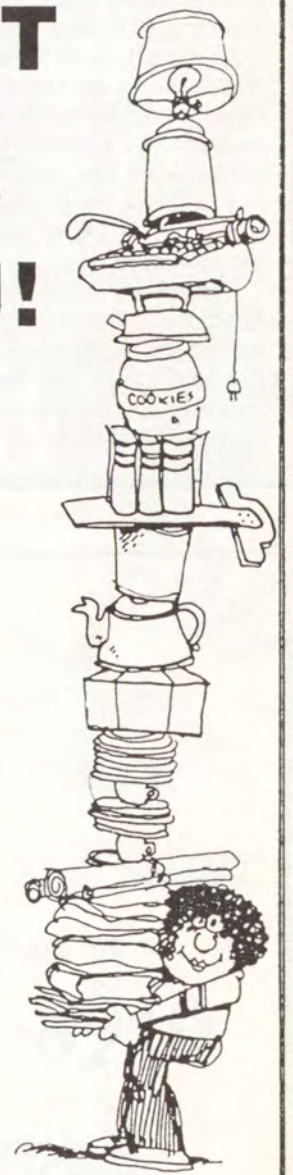
I like America the best because in Russia people like that would be sent to Siberia, but in America they are not. Instead, John's dad put a hole in Billy Joe's skull with an army surplus ball peen hammer, which is more like God's way than in Russia, except that John lives in Gatesville now, and I do not get to see him anymore. But I will see him in heaven, because that's where Americans go when they die. It would not be heaven any other way. That's why America is best.

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'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There was me, that is Alec, and my three droogs, that is Peter, George and Dense, Dense being really dense, and we sat in the Korova Koffeehouse making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The fellowveck sitting next to me, there being this long plushy seat running around three walls, was goveereeting to some devotchka with bolshy groodies from whom, O my brothers, he obviously wanted some of the 'ol in-and-out. I could feel the knives from the cafeine starting to prick, and now I was ready for a bit of the ultra-studybreak myself.

We left the Koffeehouse and scatted out into the big autumnal nochy, looking for some nerdchicks to filly with. We found one, a doddery EE type, doing homework all by his



oddy nocky in the CERAS computer lounge. So we gollied up to him, very polite, and I said: 'Pardon me, brother. I see that you are not playing star trek. It is indeed a rare pleasure these days to come across somebody who still spends Saturday night without diversion, brother.'

'Oh,' he said, all shaky. 'Is it? Oh, I see.' And he kept viddyng straight into the terminal screen as he crossed his pale forearms over a bolshy mountain of print-out.

'Yes,' I continued, 'It would certainly interest me greatly, brother, if you would kindly allow me to see the folded fruit of your labors that you have under your arms. I like nothing better in this world than a bit of well executed printout, brother.'

'But,' he tried, 'but, but.' And then Pete skvatted this pile of print away, knocking

over this spoinchick's freshly opened Tab and giving one end to George, they then proceeding to unbend and unbridle. The oomny student-type began to creech: 'But that's my term project! Stop! This is sheer wantonness and vandal work,' or some such slovos. And he tried to sort of wrest the printouts back off us, which was like pathetic. 'You deserve to be taught a lesson, brother,' I said, 'that you do.' I then managed to razrez the object of his affliction to malenky bits and shove them in handfuls in the veck's spotty face.

Now as I was finishing kicking and tolchocking this piteous felloveck's guliver, what should I slooshy but the campus police siren in the distance, and it dawned on me that some other nerdchick must have been about and had phoned the millicents. So now, slooshying this fearsome shoom of the rozz-van, I belted for the front door, but was grabbed and stopped by De-

nse. 'You stay to meet 'em, wuh-huh-huh,' he said in his dense way, as he fistted me on the gulliver. Though momentarily dazed and immobile, I could still hear Dense's explanation, something concerning his owing me one for nicking his clothes when he was in the shower.

'A real treat this is,' I suddenly heard an orifice-of-the-law's voice say as I was tolchocked very rough skorry like into the millicent van. 'Little Alec all to ourselves.' I creech out,

'I'm innocent, Bog bust and bleed you, you grahzny bastards. I was working on my computer file, I was. Where are my stinking traitorous droogs? They forced me to do it, Bog butcher you.' Well, that was that. I knew those dirty bratchnies were going to finally get old Alec expelled from his beloved uniperversity, O my brothers. That was everything. I'd done the lot now. And me still only a freshman.

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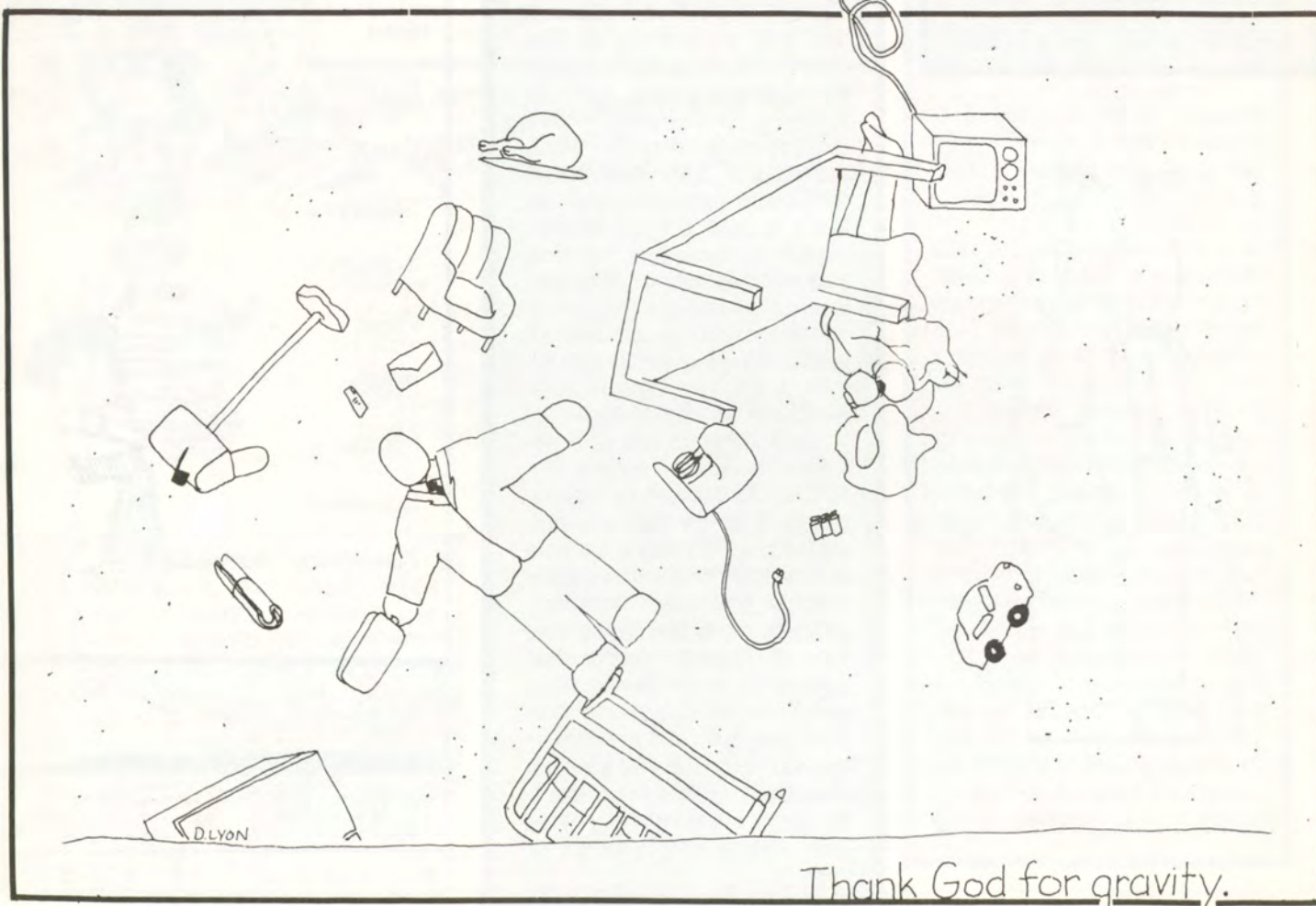
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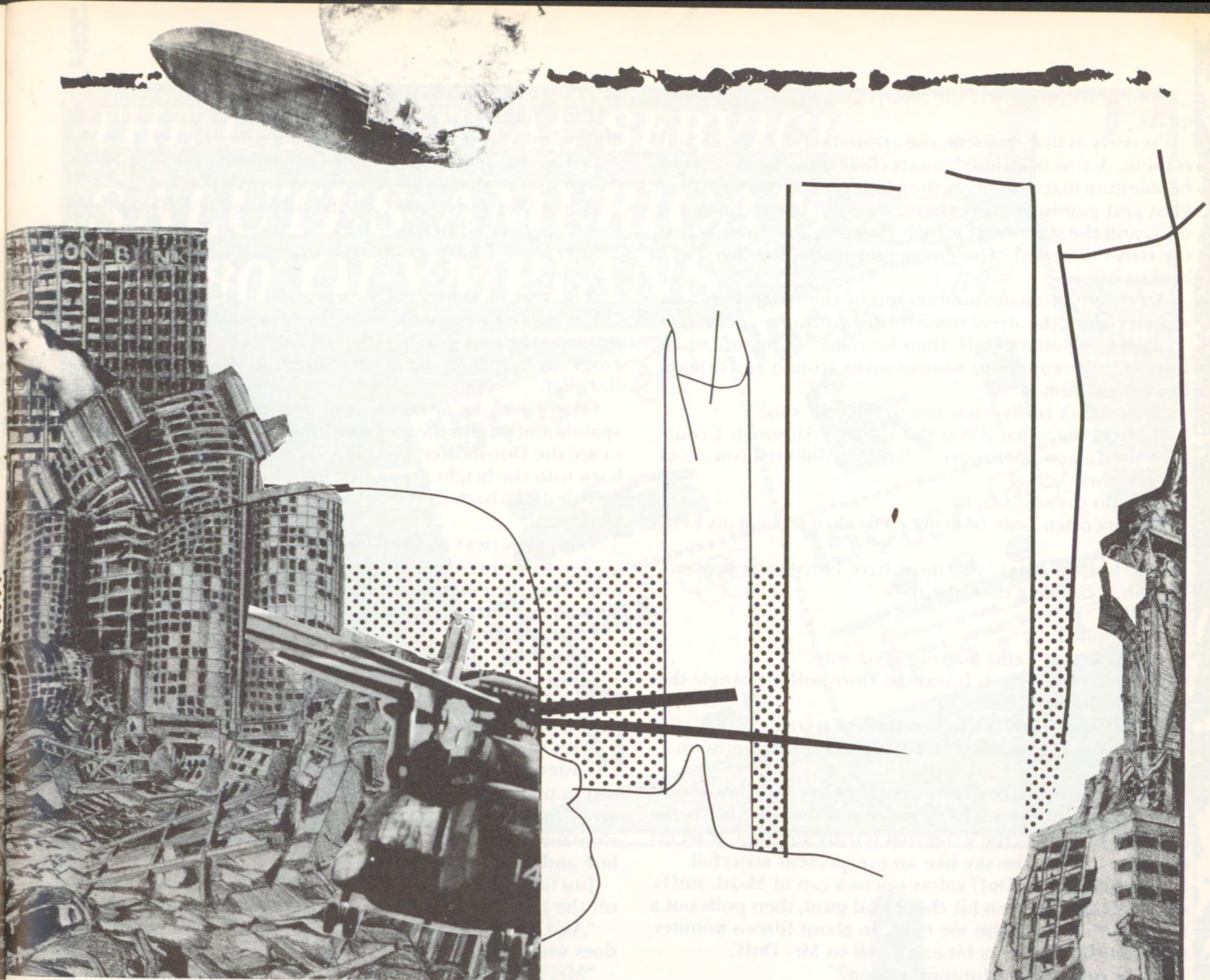


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dinner
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Disasterville

As you drive towards Calamity, you do not notice anything unusual. The endless seas of cornfields with their stalks jutting upwards into the autumn sky do not even hint at the strange happenings inside the sleepy hamlet. It is at the town line, however, that one first notices the difference between Calamity and the surrounding agricultural hamlets. There, one sees a billboard blurting, "Welcome to Calamity, Disasterville, U.S.A.," and underneath it, "Drive Carefully if you want to – but it won't matter."

Calamity center is a small place, with a little

diner that looks like the fuselage of a B-52, a little post office with a tin roof, a small, wooden, general store, and twenty-five insurance agencies.

The spokesman for the town is a Mr. Elmer Duff, the proprietor of the general store for the past thirty years. He embodies the spirit of Kansas. His hands have the cracked, leathery look of the hardworking, his eyes have the vivid, knowing look of the wise and his face has the puckered, painful look of the gum disease victim. Out on the front porch, slowly rocking back and forth in a old, weathered arm chair, he began.

"Well, where should I start? We've had calamities in Calamity fer as long as I can recollect, but we just get used to it. Except for them plane crashes, they were always a doozy."

"Plane crashes?"

"Shoot yes son. We had a plane crash nearly every day since 1938, that is until they started flyin' 'round us in August of '69. Boy, them plane crashes were somethin' else. I remember one time this DC8 came a barrelin' out of the sky, its wings on fire. It was a just hurtlin' through the air, down and down and down when, kabloom Kablam! It smashes right into McPhearson's back forty. Well I tell you it made the biggest damned hole you ever did see.

McPhearson made a swimming pool out of it. And I remember another time when this here whole squadron of Air Force fighters smash into main street, one, two, three all in a line. . . Took us nearly a whole week just to cart 'em off to the plane yard."

"Plane yard? Could you explain that please?"

"Well what d'you think a plane yard is? The plane yard is where we take all the planes that smash into Calamity. We keep 'em there as sort of souvenirs."

"Isn't that a little morbid?"

"Hell no. What d'you expect us to do with them? Shoot, we already has got a diner."

"Okay. Let's move on. What other kinds of disasters do

you have?"

"Uh, earthquakes for one thing."

"In Kansas?"

"Yes indeedy, jes take a look over at that big ol' crushed wheatfield."

"You mean the one with that long crack in it?"

"You got it junior. We're due for a big one soon."

"How soon?"

"Oh 'bout two o'clock."

It was ten minutes of two.

"But Mr. Duff," if indeed there are earthquakes around here, aren't you afraid that you might get hurt living so close to the fault?"

"Why? I got insurance."

"Yes, I understand about that, isn't your premium astronomical?"

"Sure it is, but we work it like a lottery around these parts. We pay a lot but we cash in a lot, especially if someone dies. Take me for example. If ol' Lucille over at the diner kicks the bucket, well I collect a fortune, and if I get it, she collects."

Suddenly, Duff's peekinese, Fluff-fluff begins running around in little circles, jumps onto my leg and then furiously starts humping my calf. A quick kick sends the dog flying into the screen door.

"Oh, don't mind her, she always gets that way before a quake."

Precisely at that moment, the ground starts to shake and rumble. A row of canned goods clatters to the floor. The bubble gum machine sways, then falls over, shooting broken glass and gumballs everywhere. But in a few seconds it is over, and the store itself is fine. However the diner across the street is totaled. The entire rear of the fuselage has broken off.

An elderly woman stumbles out of the front door and scurries down the street towards the insurance companies.

"Damn!" mutters Duff, then he yells, "Congratulations, Lucille!" whereupon the woman turns around and thumbs her nose at him.

"You didn't really want her to die, did you?"

"Course not, what d'you think I am? Although I could have used a new microwave. . . Say boy, did I tell you about the meteors?"

"No, do they hit often?"

"Oh not often, only 'bout once a week or so. Lost my Erma to one."

"I'm terribly sorry, you must have been heart broken."

"Yeh, I could've used the milk."

"Milk?"

"Yeh milk."

"I take it that Erma was not your wife."

"Course she weren't. It was the Dornhoffer triangle that took my Florence."

"What Mr. Duff, is the Dornhoffer triangle?"

"I'll tell you about it in a minute, after the monsoon season."

We hurry inside, barely missing the torrential downpour. The noise is a continuous thunder and the wind blasts the door open. But it is the water that is truly amazing. It seems to pour through the sky like an everpresent waterfall.

Meanwhile, Elmer Duff calmy opens a can of Skoal, stuffs some tobacco between his cheek and gum, then pulls out a Buck knife and cuts his toe nails. In about fifteen minutes the monsoon lets up a bit and I yell to Mr. Duff:

"How long is the Monsoon season?"

"Bout fifteen minutes," he bellows.

"What?" I shout unnecessarily. The monsoon is over.

Duff pulls a pocket watch out of his jeans, looks at it and says, "Yep, right on schedule."

We go back out to the front porch. The diner is flooded since the earthquake has torn it in half. Lucille, the owner, wades out of the front door, clicks her heels and once again

paces off for the insurance people.

"Duff mutters, "Lucy bitch" and Lucille, as if she heard him, wheels around and waves her middle finger.

Just at that moment, an ugly little hairless rat shakily creeps up the stairs and collapses at Duff's feet.

"Shoot, I forgot to bring Fluff-fluff in again. It'll take her a year to grow all her hair back."

"Mr. Duff, I have to ask you, what is the Dornhoffer triangle?"

"Oh, that ol' thing. Follow me and I'll show you."

We march through the house to the back door. As I walk out onto the rear porch, I step on a carpet of large, green frogs. In fact, frogs are everywhere. I look over at Duff in disbelief.

"Don't ask," he answers, as he gets out a long rubber spatula and dumps the frogs onto the ground. "So you want to see the Dornhoffer Triangle, do you? Well, see that old barn with the bright green hex sign?" I nod. "That there's Dornhoffer's barn. Now see those three DC 10's over in the plane yard?"

"The ones next to the Cessna?"

"No, those over by the Lear Jet. Now make a line 'tween them, and then make yourself a triangle using the barn, the planes, and the porch."

"What porch?"

"This one."

I leap back inside the house.

"Aw don't worry none, it don't start until the edge of the porch, so if yo don't trip you'll be fine."

"You can't be serious."

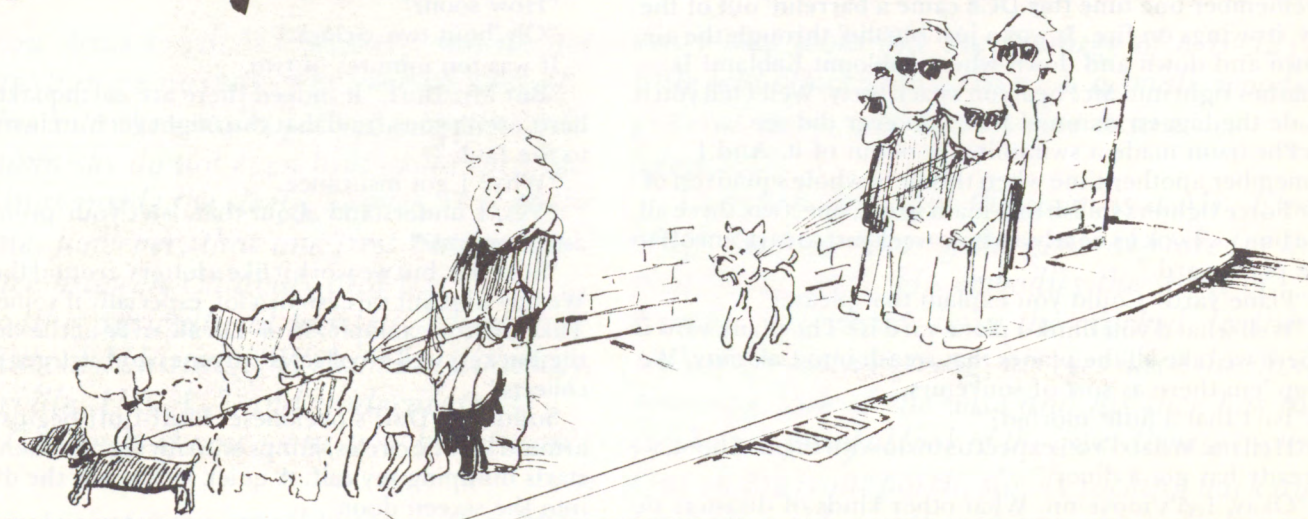
"Listen son, when you've lived in Calamity long enough, you stop doubting. Just ask Fred Dornhoffer. He lost five goats and a tractor to it. And me? Why it's been seven years since my wife Florence went out to hang the clothes on the line and I haven't seen her since."

Just to prove his point, he picks up Fluff-fluff and tosses it off the porch. Sure enough, the little bald dog disappears.

"And if you think that's somethin', you should see what it does with garbage."

"Mr. Elmer Duff, I must ask you this one last question. What is the cause of all this? What on earth can make such things happen?"

Duff spits a huge wad of tobacco out the side of his mouth, raises his palm to the sky and matter-of-factly says, "I dunno."



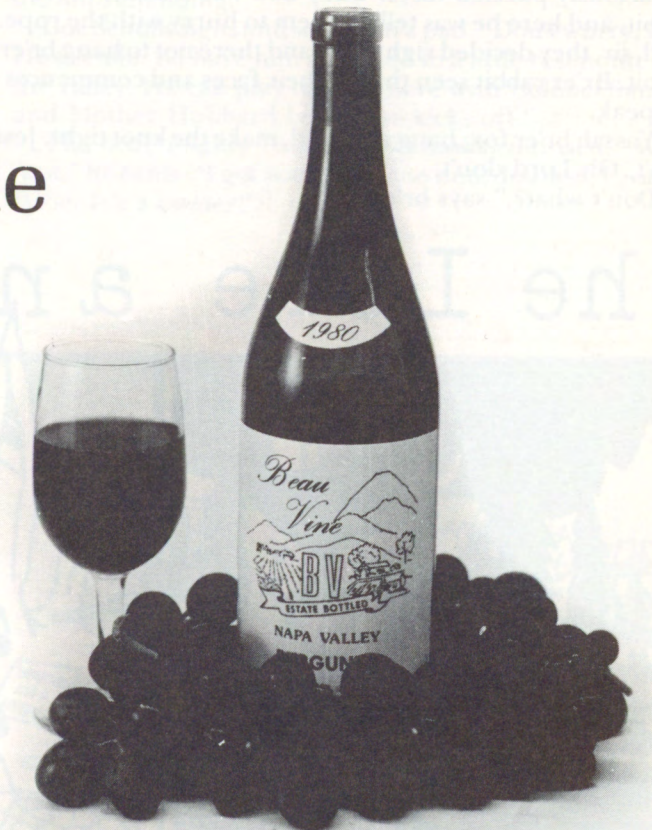
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American

Br'er Rabbit

After ol' br'er rabbit done hopped back from Selma, he met up with that big br'er bear and that sly br'er fox. Ol' br'er bear had himself a big firehose, and br'er fox had ol' br'er german shepard on a leash.

"Slow down there, br'er rabbit," say br'er fox. "Now what you want with a scrawny ol' rabbit like me," surprised br'er rabbit replied.

"We heard you got a couple of unpaid speeding tickets," br'er bear bellowed.

"No sir, not me," said br'er rabbit, "I am as clean as a whistle. Why I don't even own me a car." With that ol' br'er bear grabbed br'er rabbit 'fore he could 'scape, and br'er fox led them toward an old oak tree in the middle of a big pasture. All the cows gathered round as br'er fox undid him some rope.

When he saw this, br'er rabbit commenced to thinking. He thought quick, and then he said,

"Br'er fox and br'er bear, you done known me for a long time and you know that I'm tired of living and not afraid of dying. So if'n you gonna hang me, hang me now, 'cause getting hung don't bother me, but I'm getting cold waiting."

Br'er fox and br'er bear looked at each other with bodaciously puzzled faces. They had wanted to hurt br'er rabbit, and here he was telling them to hurry with the rope. Well, sir, they decided right then and there not to hang br'er rabbit. Br'er rabbit seen this on their faces and commences to speak.

"Yassah br'er fox, hang me good, make the knot tight. Jest don't, Oh Lord don't. . ."

"Don't what?," says br'er fox.

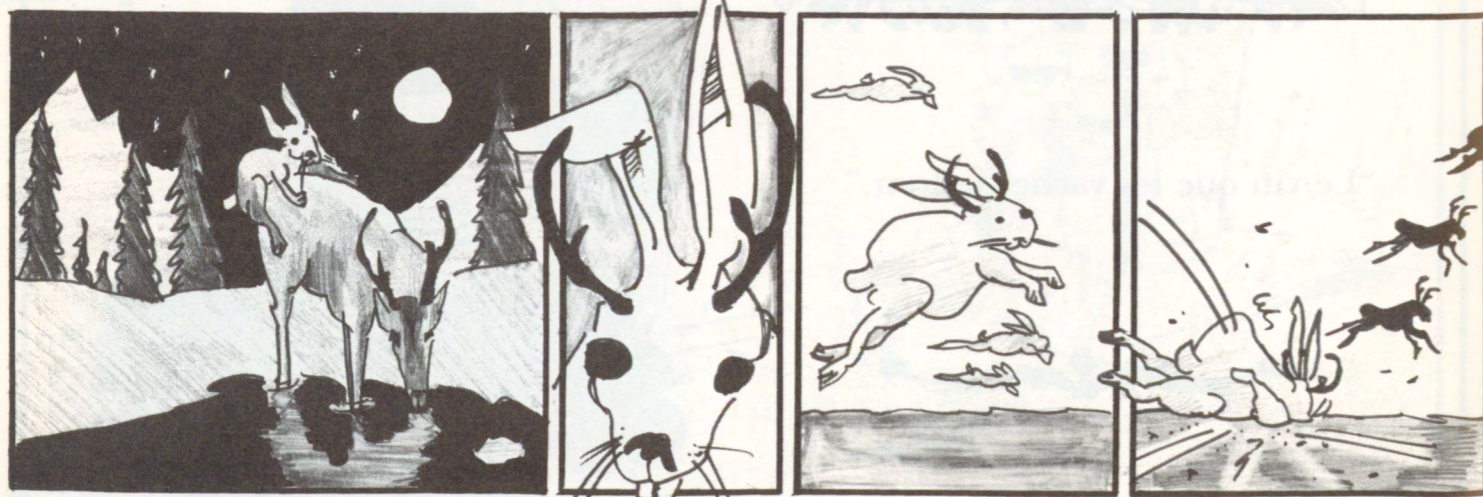


Cigarstore Mexican

"Oh br'er fox, please don't let me drink from the white man's water fountain. Br'er fox, br'er bear, don't make go to the white man's schools, and don't make me vote without paying a tax. I begs you br'er fox."

Br'er fox, he was sly, and pushed through legislation which guaranteed br'er rabbit equal rights. And ol' br'er rabbit yelled out from the front of the bus, "Br'er fox, you shoulda hung me when you had the chance. 'Cause now I am going to wreck your social and political structure. And with that and a click of his heels, br'er rabbit was gone.

The Lore and Legend of



When full moon rises, strange things may happen.

Thus was Jack-a-lope brought into world.

Jack-a-lope was outcast. . .

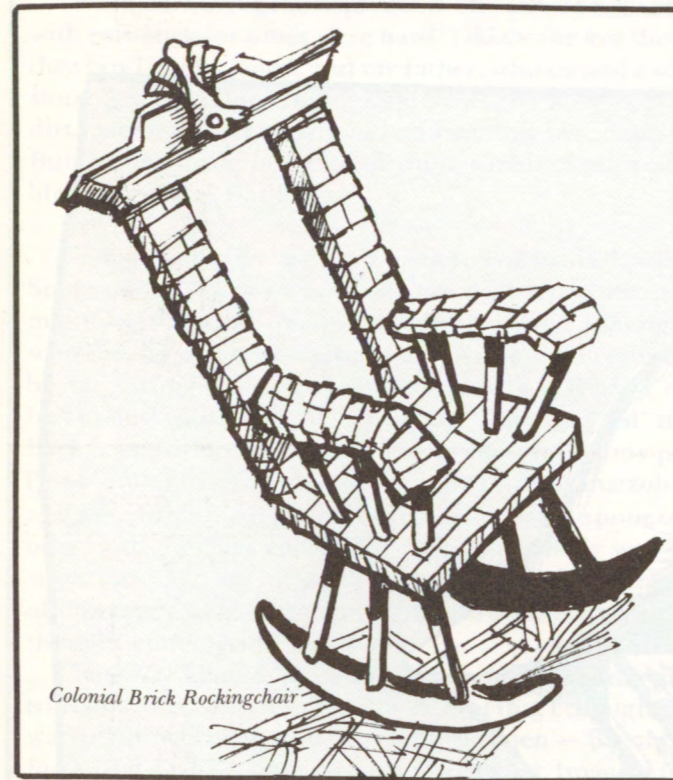
hated by both his tribes.

Folk Art

Paul Bunyan

"It don't look good," Doc Scholls says, putting away his stethoscope.

"How do you rate my chances," gasps Paul Bunyan. He



Colonial Brick Rockingchair

lies stretched out on an abandoned highway overpass. Babe the Giant Blue Ox grazes in a nearby town.

"Well, what with all the toenail hemorrhaging and the regressive cuticles, I'd say about a month, provided you don't stub your toes on any more condominiums."

"Mooahh," Babe bellows, crunching on a high-rise and looking sadly at Paul Bunyan.

"Easy, Baby," Paul says, "we been in worst spots before. And lay off the concrete. You know what that does to your digestion."

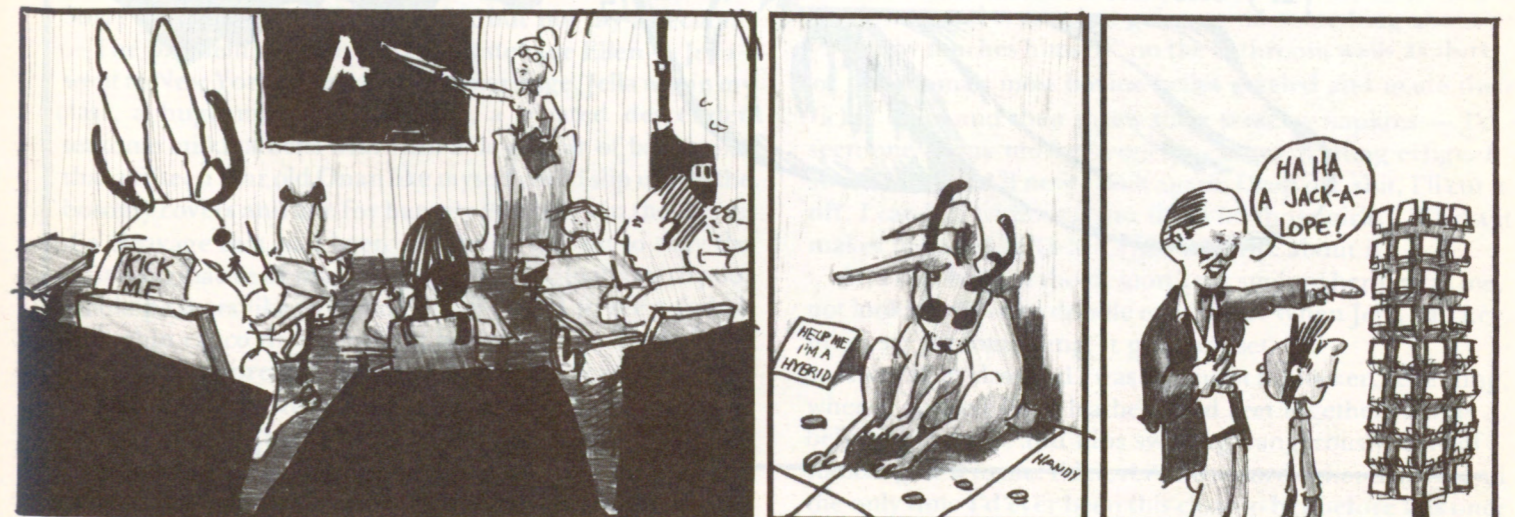
"The whole town will know, in a few minutes," quips Doc Scholls, trying to inject some humor into an otherwise dreary housecall. "But if you want to know the truth, Paul, there ain't much left out in these parts *but* concrete. Woodsy folk legend giant types don't fit anymore. You keep on tripping over new housing developments, and every time Babe shits the National Guard gets called out. And look at you. You're still wearing these dumb plaid wool shirts. Can't you raid a textile mill and get something with stripes?"

"I got some good licks left in me yet, don't I Babe?" blithers Paul. "Babe's gonna hit a home run in the game tomorrow for me, aren't you Babe?" Babe looks stupidly, incomprehending.

Doc Scholls sighs and writes on a pad. "Don't worry, Babe. He's senile. I'll have him admitted to a little rest home up in the valley. He can play bridge there with Colonel Sanders and Mother Hubbard before he kicks off."

The once mighty Paul Bunyan looks confused. "Wait, wait," he rants. "I got you Babe, doo doo, doo doo, I got you Babe. It's a homer!"

Jack-a-lope



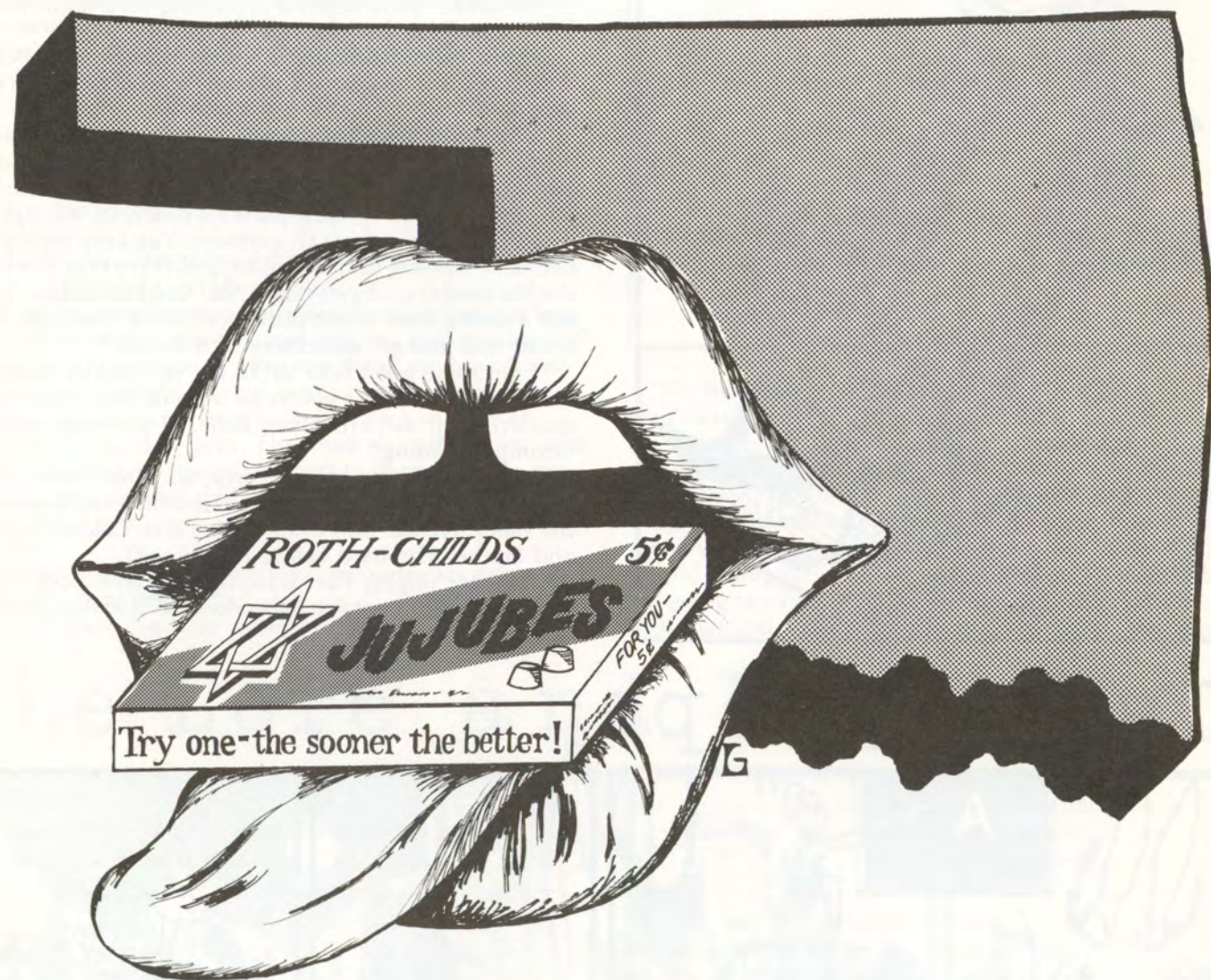
Jack-a-lope learned the ways of White Man.

But White Man scorned Jack-a-lope.

His name lives on.

The Grapes

of Roth



by John Stein

I was the third Jewish child ever to be born in Oklahoma. And I was the first Jewish child ever to be born in the Squawface General Hospital. My parents had to get a Rabbi from Kansas City to drive across the plains for my circumcision, and he had a goyish father at that.

I was born during the depression. Or rather I was saddled with existence for times were hard: Oklahoma lost the first dust bowl, crops failed, and my father, who owned a supply store, had to refuse credit to the weatherbeaten desperate dirt farmers, some of whom had been his best customers. But for me, living in the comforting womb of my mother, life was good. I was born.

— Pop —

Being the only Portnoy in a town full of Joads, Hatfields, Snopes and McCoys was not as much of a problem as it might seem: no one knew what a Jew was, and although my schoolmates often wondered why I wore my Freshman beanie throughout four years at Squawface High, I never had to deal with words like “Jew-boy” although “yid” might have been within the syllabic comprehension of my peers. Passover was hard because we couldn’t find any matzoh and were forced to use saltine crackers, but since none of the other kids’ families could afford bread, nobody was suspicious. I spent my adolescence uneventfully whacking off like crazy and waiting for my dick to drop off, an event I thought eminent.

Then Ray Ellen Joad — Rayella — married some greasy traveling salesman from New York. Not that I thought there was anything wrong with traveling salesmen — beyond the fact that it’s a disgusting way to make a living. Imagine trying to sell harvesting equipment to a bunch of farmers who are in the process of packing all their possessions onto a flatbed truck for the big trek to California: “Nope, I reckon all we got here for to harvest is dirtclods and some tumbleweeds. Sorry mister.” They have my pity, but not my affection.

The problem was that Rayella’s sister Joe Ellen — Jella — went to New York to visit after the marriage. Jella was in my class, a huge meatloaf of a girl, a bloated descendent teutonic milkmaidens with such a large pair of bazoomkas that a fifteen year old Onan like myself could slip under the bosomy covers and live for happily ever after in the depths of a cleavage that had been previously known to only the most imaginative of masturbationists. The Joads were poor pebble pushers like everybody else — and to see a faded, worn-thin calico dress brought back to life by fatback-fed curves is to appreciate one of Oklahoma’s few natural resources. She was in Social Studies where we’d have to sit through things like, say, lectures about Squawface Bulldog, the Indian woman for whom Squawface was named. Jella’s lips would hang slack-jawed apart, while her inert tongue pushed the lower lip into a semblance of a pout

as she vacantly doodled into her theme book. And those pudgy lips were easily enough to take my mind off of the visages of nineteenth century Chocktaw women and send it instead on a rampage of violent sexual fantasies about what I’d do with Jella once I got behind the locked door of the Portnoy bathroom.

Of course there were times when she’d interrupt my reveries, if and when the notion would somehow seep into her brain to look around the room and — this is a chance within a chance — she’d look not at the wall, nor at the dent in Nardy Snopes’ burr-head, but instead at me. Look up, look down, but Jesus Christ Portnoy, don’t establish fucking eye contact. And blush because, like the way I *knew* I exuded the red-alarm scent of semen, I *knew* that she *knew*: it’s one thing to be the only Jew in a school full of stunted goyim, but to my fifteen year old mind, not only was I the only Jew at Squawface High, but I was also the only pervert at Squawface High and all the girls had the ability — something to do with menses I thought, something like heat sensitive photography — to tell whether or not I was whacking off into dirty socks, to somehow intuit my naked acts of pervertedry.

It’s a case of divine finger fucking that I was able to get pussy off of Jella Joad.

The day after Jella got back from New York, I was late for class. Stopping for a manual sojourn in the bushes on the way to the busstop had caused me to miss my bus and thereby walk to school. I entered shamefacedly into Social Studies, fifteen minutes late, humbly received my detention sentence and sat down with my shadowing cloud of jism reek only to find Jella, her lips pursed and the tongue nowhere to be seen, actually smiling at me as best as her languid facial muscles would allow. I’d been smacking the old schmuck, she knew, and was at last going to do something about it: “Portnoy touches himself” on the bathroom walls as thirty of Oklahoma’s most bovine belles giggled and made their “icky” faces and then threw their sanitary napkins — I’d seen one of my mother’s once — at my flaming effigy. I swear I’ll stop, I’ll never do it again. Drop off, shit, I’ll cut it off, I can live without it just don’t let those girls. . . Christ it makes me spell H-O-M-O just to think about it.

And that buxom she-demon kept smiling her best at me, not looking down to doodle even once. When Jella had her mind set on something, it goddam set.

It was after class and I was staring at my locker, repenting, when I noticed Jella, leather-shod feet together, hands behind her back, and hips swaying dangerously, sort-of standing next to me. I’d never said a word to her before, and the only time I’d ever been this close to her before was once when she cut in front of me at the Pride of the Sooners

Theater. Her elbow had grazed my stomach then. Now she was grazing on my already defoliated psyche. I twirled my lock dial, pretending to forget my combination five times before she finally spoke:

"I knowed it cuz of the color of your skin."

It didn't just stain your soul: my crime had been worse than I had thought. What was it with these women?

"My sister done told me about it."

It was some girlish bond, this horrible incomprehensible womb to womb river of blood that allowed them to know absolutely fucking everything, and especially absolutely fucking everything about the revolting habits of their much, much worse half: their feeble piteous brothers. I had been pierced to the core before by their awful scrutiny: my mother had always known how many times a day I shat and now Jella Joad was about to reveal my greatest secret to her soon to be assembled sisters.

"You're a Jujube, an don't try an get out of it neither."

When I realized what she was accusing me of, I wanted to scream out "No you've got it wrong you stupid goniff. I'm a pervert and I schpritz onto pictures of naked ladies and I'm blowing it and I'm using Yiddish and" I didn't get a chance because she said:

"Look, I knows you done killed our Lord an all, but I don't hold that against you none. But iffen I tell my brothers and some of the rest of em about youbein a Jujube an all, they'd come an beat the pig shit outten you." She took a ringlet of hair that she'd wound around her finger and put it in her mouth, squeezing it between tongue and teeth. "But you're kinda cute an I wouldn' wanna do that, would I?"

Certainly not I thought.

"Rayella done also told me something else."

Look, whatever your sister told you, it's not true. What does she know? She's lived in New York for three weeks and she's a Talmudic scholar already? "What are you talking about?" I asked her, trying to sound as cool as my quivering psyche would allow.

"I jes know what my sister done told me an she done told me that you all's got funny thingees."

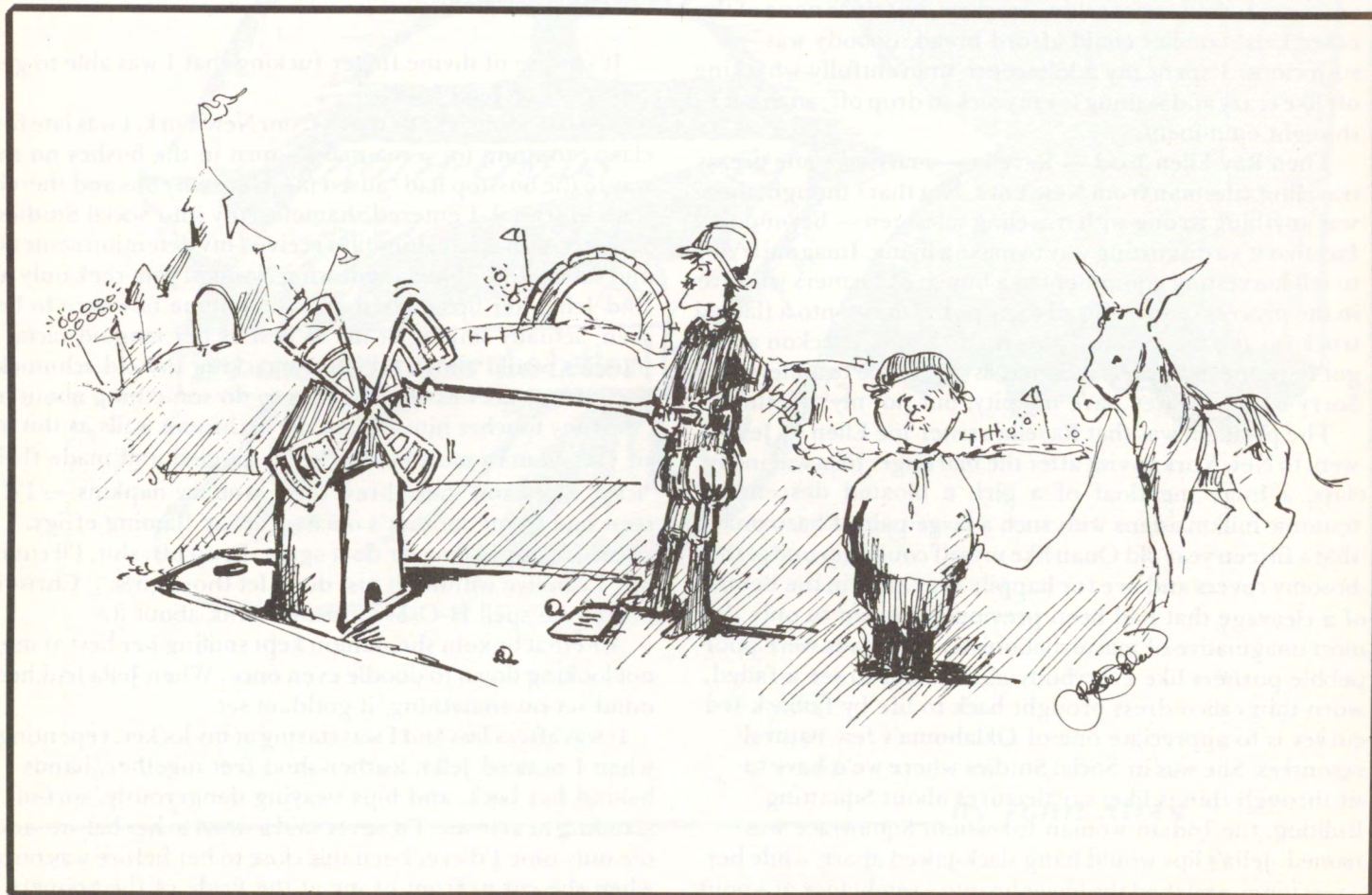
No no no not me. I done ain't got no funny thingees, nosiree. "It's not like a goats, if that's what you mean."

"Look, I ain't stupid so don't you go playing games like I don know what it is I'm talking about." I stared at her. "I done seen my brothers'. Look, don't make this tougher on me then it already is."

I had to show it to her. I fucking had to show it to her under the threat of Jethro and Izzy Joad's fists. She dragged me out behind the football field and made me show it to her because she'd never seen one "shaved" before. "It looks naked," she said. Well, it was naked, hanging outside my pants where it's cold and dangerous and where Pud Clampett could see it as he came stumbling out of the bushes thinking Jella and I were the PTA Patrol rounding up wayward smokers like himself. As best as he knew how, he was going to make a break for it. It was almost worth it to see the look on his flatiron face when he saw my Jew dick dangling in front of Jella. Almost.

Not only did I lose my pride, I lost half my weekly allowance to Pud in order to shut him up. I was going to get Jella Joad's ass, metaphorically and, with any luck, literally.

It was lunchtime, and this time I was standing outside of



Jella's locker, holding my lunch in front of my humiliated crotch.

"What do you want?" She was like that: one day she'd want to look at your putz, the next day she wouldn't.

"I want to make a deal with you."

"I done made all the deals with you I'm gonna make."

"Well how much did your sister tell you?"

"She done tol me all I need to know about Jujubes so why don't you go and git?"

"Did she tell you what else we have. . .two of?"

"Pshaw."

"No, seriously," I leaned over, held her head in my hands, actually touched her of my own volition, and whispered, and this took whatever chutzpah I had left in my self-esteem reserves, "I've got two holes, one for farts and one for poopy."

That mouth hung more widely open than I'd ever seen it before; the tongue fucking splashed out, like it was old man Joad slopping the pigs. But then she smiled. "Boy are you stupid to tell me that. Well c'mon, let's go out in the field cuz I sure do want to see this."

"You can get your brothers to beat the shit out of me if you want, but this time I'm not showing unless you make a deal with me."

"Izzy rassles hogs."

"I don't care. No deal, no show."

"What kinda deal you got in mind?"

"I get to touch your tit first, and then you can look all you want."

I took her into the photo club dark room, locked the door behind us, and thus entered the chamber of my redemption, a psychic laundry room for fiteen years worth of cum-soaked pillows and socks, a linoleum floor womb where I could assuage the pain of being a young Jewish man with a circumcised cock that desperately pined for pussy, for a place to call its own. And I ask you, is that too much to hope for? Was my dream extraordinary, so extraordinarily greedy that it had been forever denied to me, a Holy Grail filled to its shining brim with nooky? At fifteen it goddamned seemed that way. Yet here I was, about to cop the biggest feel that Squawface High had to offer, off of the biggest schiksa Squawface High had to offer.

"Okay, pull the top of your dress off." It was too dark to see anything, but I could hear the rustle of the calico. And that was enough. Play by the rules baby, and you won't get hurt. Play it cool.

"You git ten seconds, that's all. And don't go and squeeze em all over the place."

"No way, no fucking way. I get a whole minute." I could hear her mouth starting to form a word. "No arguments."

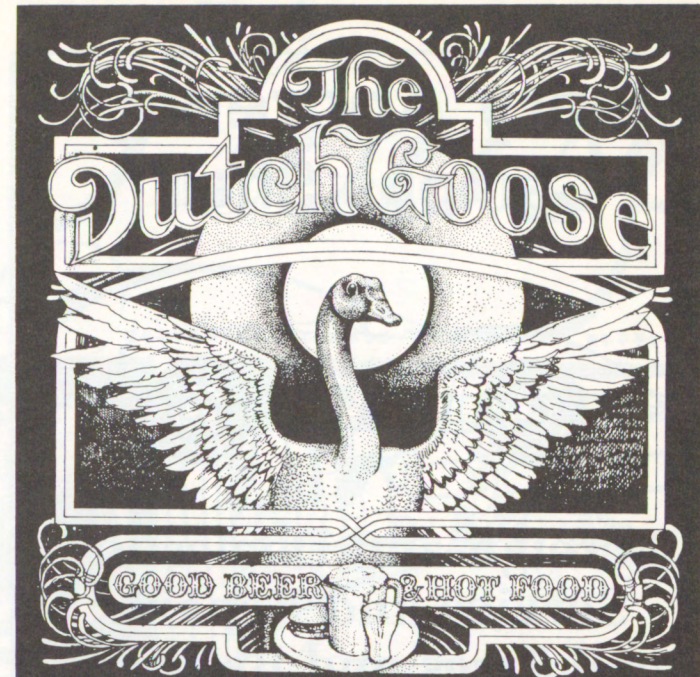
"I'll give you thirty seconds, but that's it. I ain't no dairy cow."

"I've got two. You wouldn't want to not see them would you?"

"Alright, a minute. Hurry up and do it."

Oh they were so firm, so smooth just like the pages of the magazines I was so familiar with, but warm and full of life and extremely three dimensional. "One one thousand,

two one thousand," Jella chanted as my palms hovered reverently on the surface. I'm touching them I'm touching them and no matter what happens I touched em and no one



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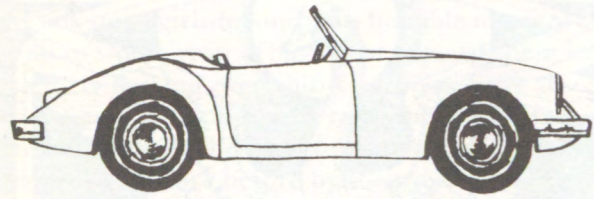


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can take that from me and I can whack off from now on with the knowledge that no matter what I'm an honest-to-God tit man.

"Thirty three one thousand." And those nipples were just like the erasers on the tips of mammoth pencils, electric under my touch and stiff with the knowledge of future duty to an endless howling brood. I squeezed, hard, ravenously curious to know just what these boobs were made of. My hard-on throbbed.

"Quit it. Fifty nine one thousand, sixty one thousand. Okay lights on and show em."

"I lied. I got one like everybody else."

She hit me in the face with the force of someone who'd shoveled tons of cow pie. I touched tit I thought as I passed out.

My pants were off and Jella was standing up putting on her dress. "I was mad as hell, but I reckon you done made up for it."

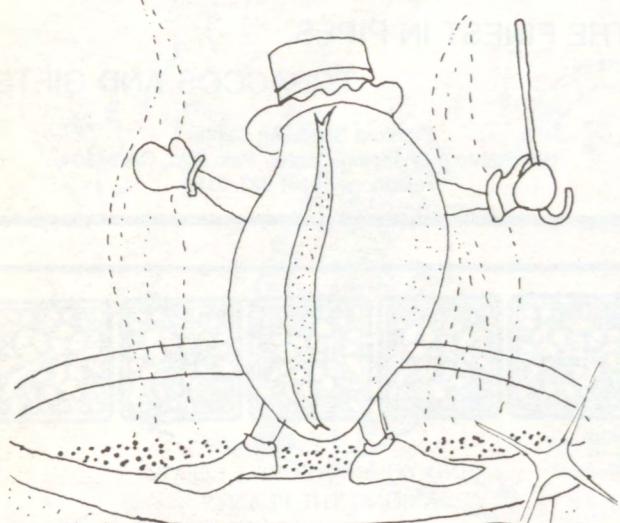
"Wait, what happened?"

"I had two holes, one fer poop and one fer you," she said as she stepped out the door. "An iffen you ever bug me agin I'mm make you do it agin."

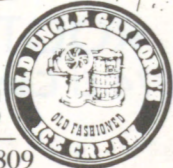
"Do what, do fucking what?"

"It," she said, as her hips swayed out of my vision and into another long succession of putrid fantasies. That was the best I got for a long time, but at least I got it. And after we graduated, I left a box of very sticky Jujubes on the Joad door step.

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***** SCRIPT: JAY MARTEL ***** ART: PERRY VASQUEZ *****

WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE E. PLURIBUS UNUM FRATERNITY WAS THE ROWDIEST BUNCH ON CAMPUS. IT SEEMED ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE UNUMS WOULD BE CAST OFF CAMPUS, BY THE REPRESSIVE ADMIN'STRN. BUT THE UNUMS WEREN'T ABOUT TO HAVE THEIR FUN AND FREEDOM CRAMPED BY A "BUNCH OF TURDS IN RED JACKETS." WHEN A UNUM SPOKE OF FREEDOM, HE WASN'T SPEAKING ABOUT STRAPLESS SANITARY NAPKINS....



GOSH WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE PALSY REVERE, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE FRAT...

TWO, LET ME SEE, THAT MEANS BY LAND RIGHT? OR IS IT BY SEA??

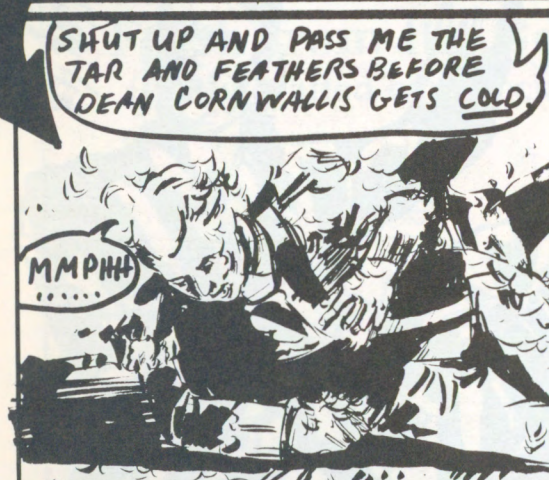


IT MEANS WE'RE OUT OF ALE CUCKOLD!



"INSIDE, THE UNUMS ARE HOLDING THEIR INFAMOUS ANNUAL TEA PARTY."

TEA! TEA! TEA! TEA!



SHUT UP AND PASS ME THE TAR AND FEATHERS BEFORE DEAN CORNWALLIS GETS COLD.



THIS BOSTON SHIT ISN'T BAD...



A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED!

GOOD LORD, BENJO! NOT THE GOOD CHANDELIER

CALM DOWN, HE'S DISCOVERING...

...ELECTRICITY!
CRASH!



I'M COMING! I'M COMING!



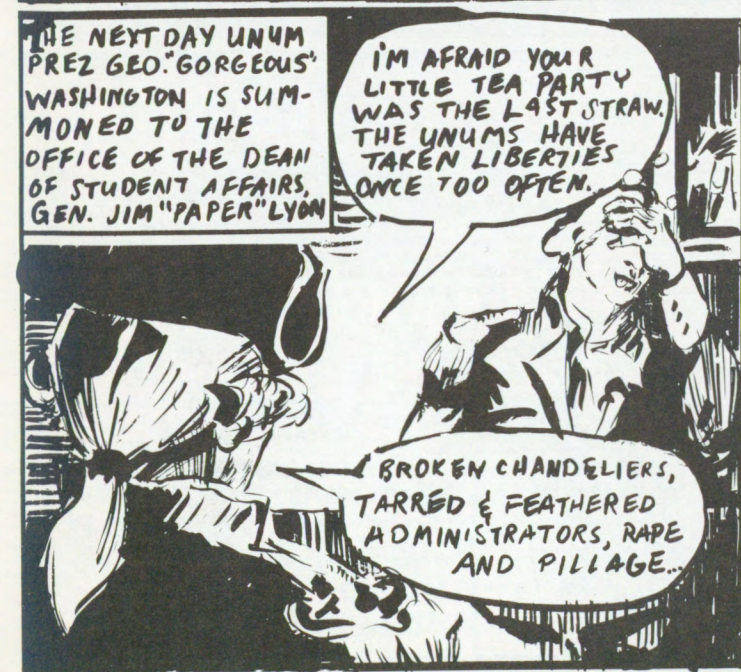
"MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS..."

MY DEAR BETSY AS BROTHER JEFFERSON WOULD SAY... "IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION."

WHY ARE YE TAKIN' OFF ME CLOTHES PATRICK, YOU SCOUNDREL



WAIT, STOP! GIVE ME LIBIDO, OR GIVE ME... DEATH!



THE NEXT DAY UNUM PREZ GEO. "GORGEOUS" WASHINGTON IS SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS, GEN. JIM "PAPER" LYON

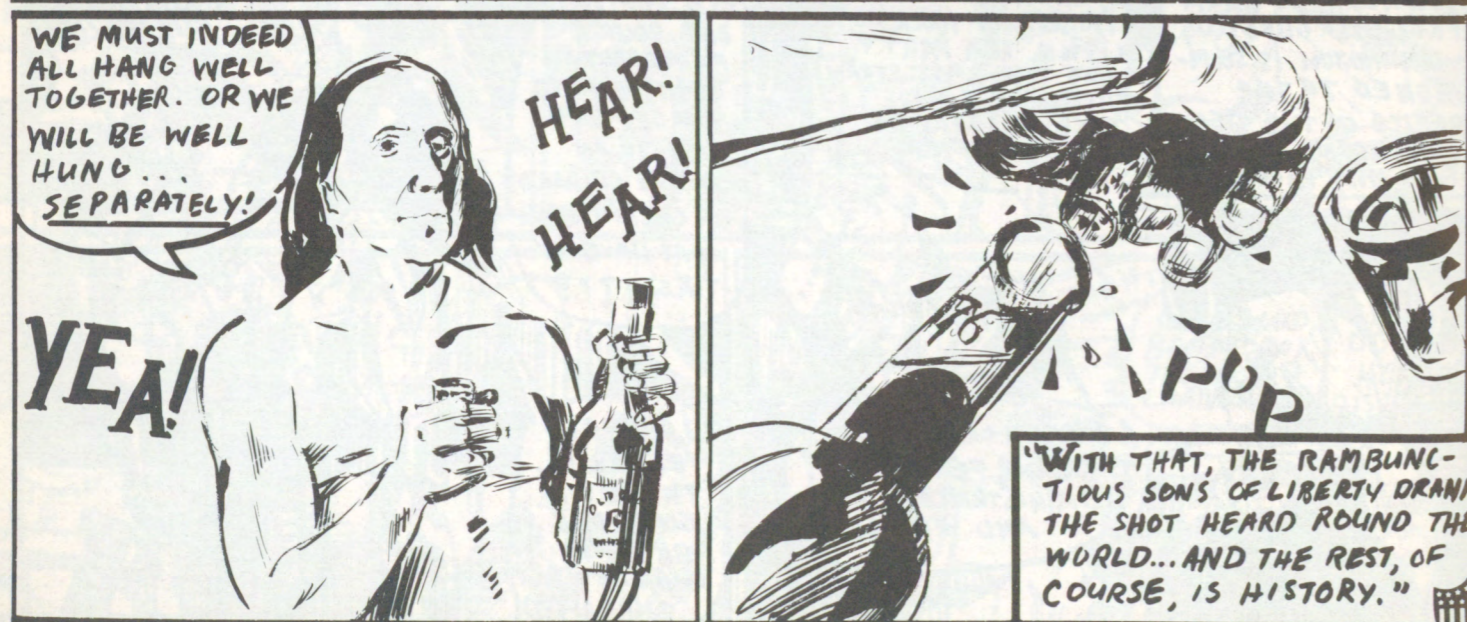
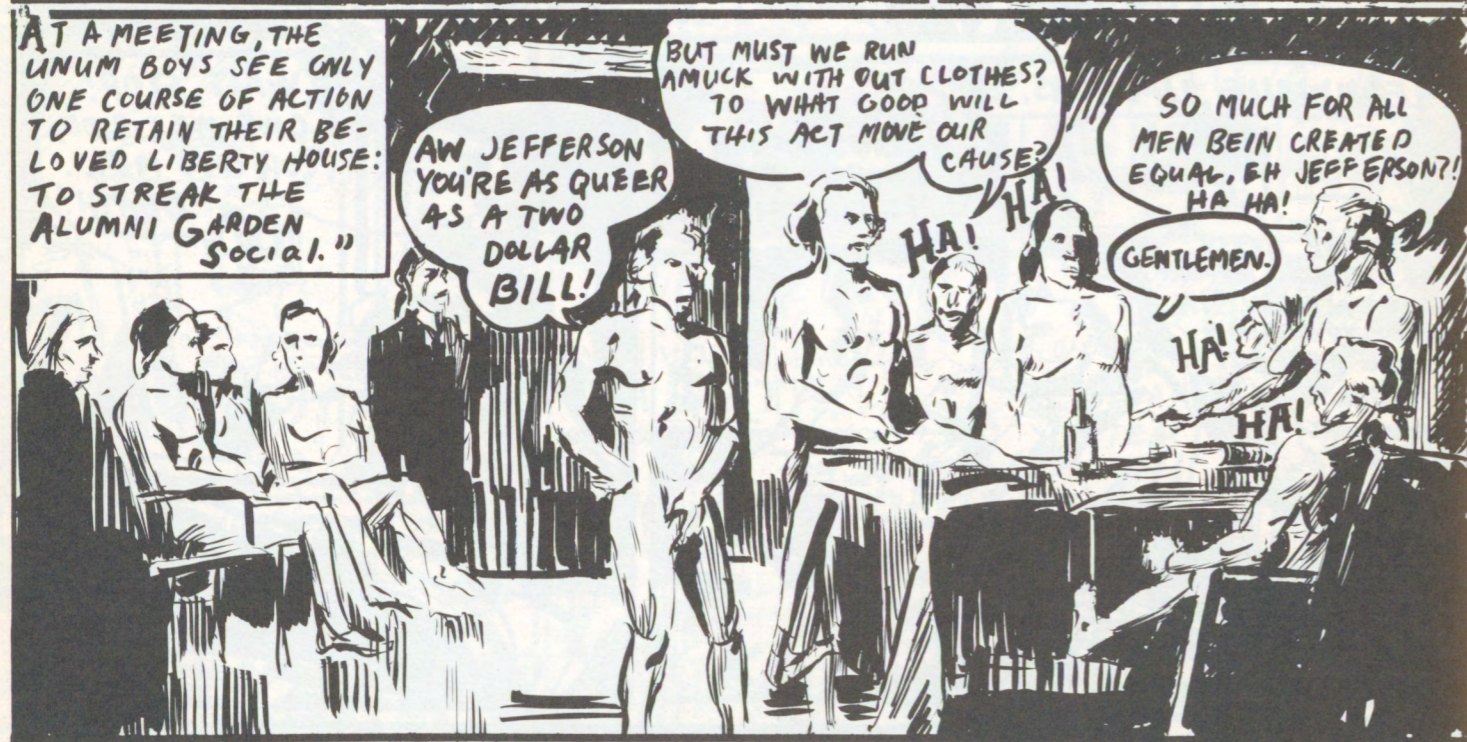
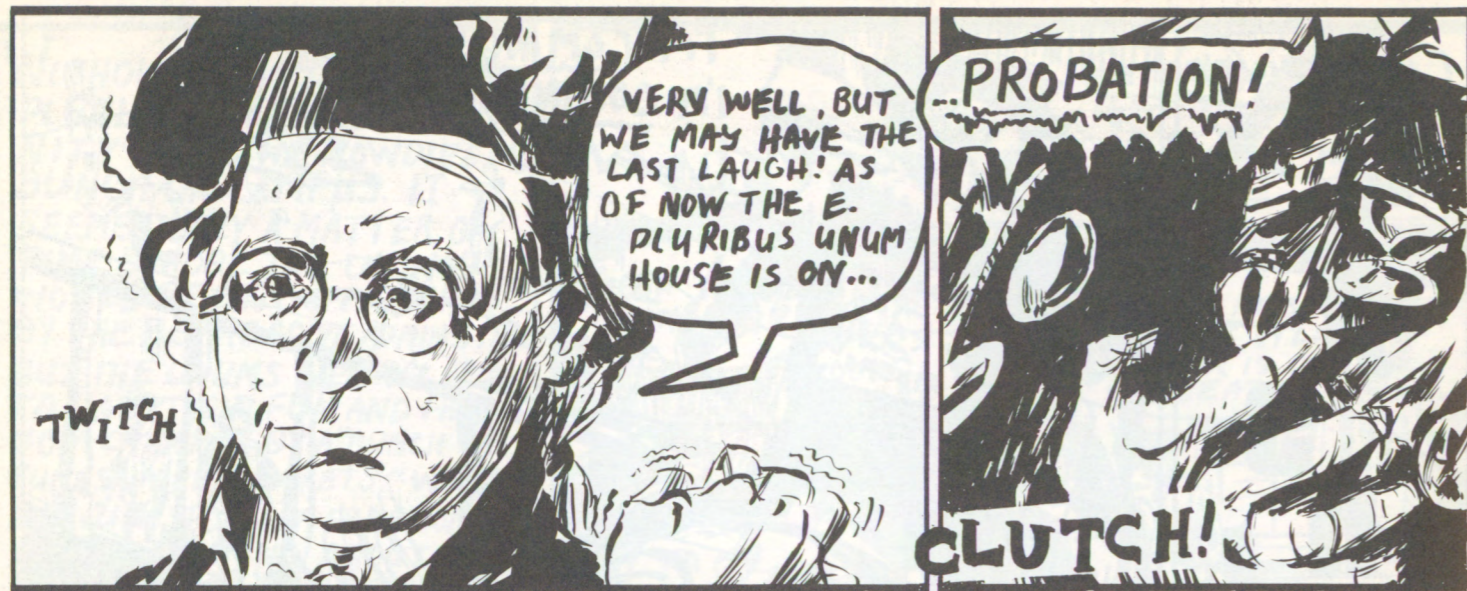
I'M AFRAID YOUR LITTLE TEA PARTY WAS THE LAST STRAW. THE UNUMS HAVE TAKEN LIBERTIES ONCE TOO OFTEN.

BROKEN CHANDELIER, TARR'D & FEATHERED ADMINISTRATORS, RAPE AND PILLAGE...



...TO TOP IT OFF, YOUR FRATERNITY IS BEING BLAMED FOR SETTING FIRE TO AN ENTIRE ORCHARD OF CHERRY TREES. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY???

I CANNOT TELL A LIE... THERE WAS ONLY ONE BROKEN CHANDELIER. (KAF.AHEM)



TRAVEL BINGO

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1. HITCHHIKER | 2. REDNECKS | 3. TRASH |
| 4. RIFLERACK | FREE | 5. FREE RIDE |
| 6. HIGHWAY MISHAP | 7. POLICE | 8. AMBULANCE |

“... Better than Dramamine...”

ON THE ROAD

“Oh shit, I’m still here!” Gary said when a tongue probing his eyelid work him up. “What’d ya say Gary?” a voice whispered into his eye as a hand began massaging his bladder.

“Hold it, that’s not my ear.” The hand began massaging faster, then stopped. She had passed out.

He had to get out now. He had done everything there was to do, in Albion, Indiana, and all in one night. He’d graduated from Albion Township High, gotten drunk in the 7-11 parking lot, and porked Betty Rafferty. Where was the challenge? Where were the kicks? What else was there?

Well, there was the road that leads about four miles out of town to where it pours into Route 9, which feeds into Route 6, which empties into Interstate 80, that great cement river that flows westward across the continent to California like a covered wagon shot out of hell. There were cities whose names were printed in wonderful letters three times the size of FT. WAYNE, there were beautiful green-colored roads almost an eight of an inch thick, there were places with names that began with Santa, and there were places that had an elevation.

Although he had slept only three hours, Gary was moving quickly and methodically, having rehearsed his actions many times over in his head. He retrieved the previously packed athletic bag from underneath the bed and checked its contents: some clothes, a pair of sneakers, \$300 tucked into the black socks, the maps, and the book — *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac. The book had become spineless from overeager page-turning; a full foot of adhesive tape was the only thing holding it together. On the cover, the “A” in the title had been erased by the sticky fingers that had gripped the book in that spot. Gary leafed through the overthumbed

pages, stopping to reread the fuck scene highlighted in yellow on page 100, stashed the book carefully on top of the bag, and zipped it shut.

Hayes fakes right, spins left, breaks a tackle, jumps over a pile of would-be tacklers, and heads in for the score!” the play-by-play announcer in Gary’s head narrated, as he ran down the driveway that cut from the road through the front field to the house, dodging the familiar potholes and cracks in the dark. He spiked the bag on the shoulder and eased his thumb into hitchhiking position.

It felt good to Gary to have his right thumb flapping in the warm June breeze at 3:30 a.m. He tingled all over with

anticipated kicks. In ten minutes, a Datsun pickup truck pulled over alongside him. His first ride!

An angular-jawed man wearing dungarees and a generic

white t-shirt looked straight ahead as Gary hopped in. The man allowed himself a side glance at Gary and said, “Taking off from home, are ya?”

“Yup,” said Gary. “What I mean is I’m on the road for the summer.”

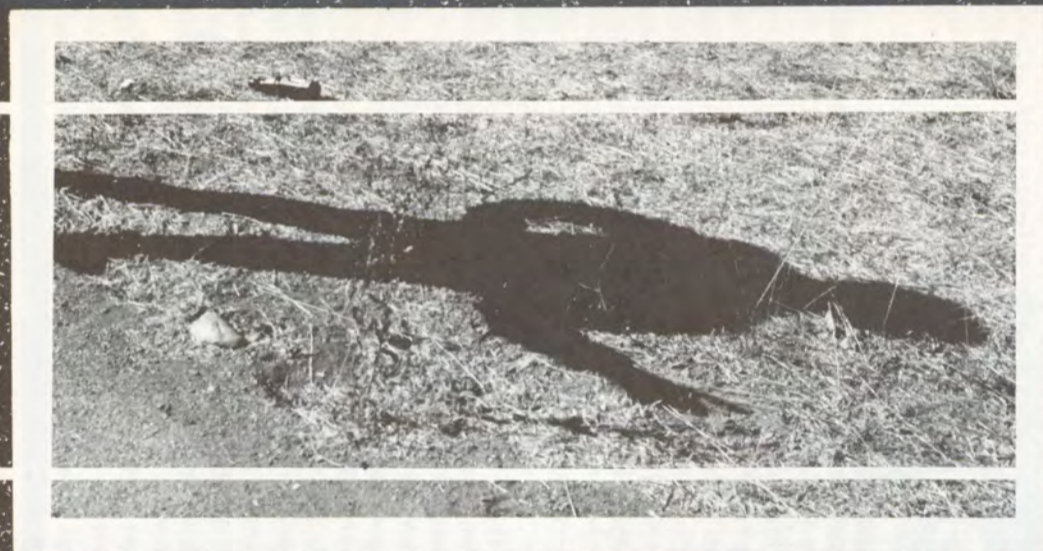
“Yep,” the man said, jutting out his jaw for a second as he said it.

Trying to make conversation, Gary made some remarks about the weather and the Tigers, and asked questions about the pickup truck. The man would stare straight ahead and say “yep,” jutting out his angular jaw when he said it.

After a few miles, Gary began to relax and enjoy the first ride of his roadlife. He smiled inwardly every time this big elephant of a man said, “yep,” jutting out his angular monkey jaw, and all the time staring straight ahead. Here he was bouncing along in the cab of a pickup truck with a yep man!

“Thanks for the ride,” Gary said getting out of the pickup.

“Yep,” said the man, jutting out his jaw. Gary’s soul yahooped so loud that he almost threw up. Here he was, not an hour gone, and already on Indiana Route 6, a straight as an arrow line of pavement that intersects Interstate 80 just outside of Pottage, Indiana.



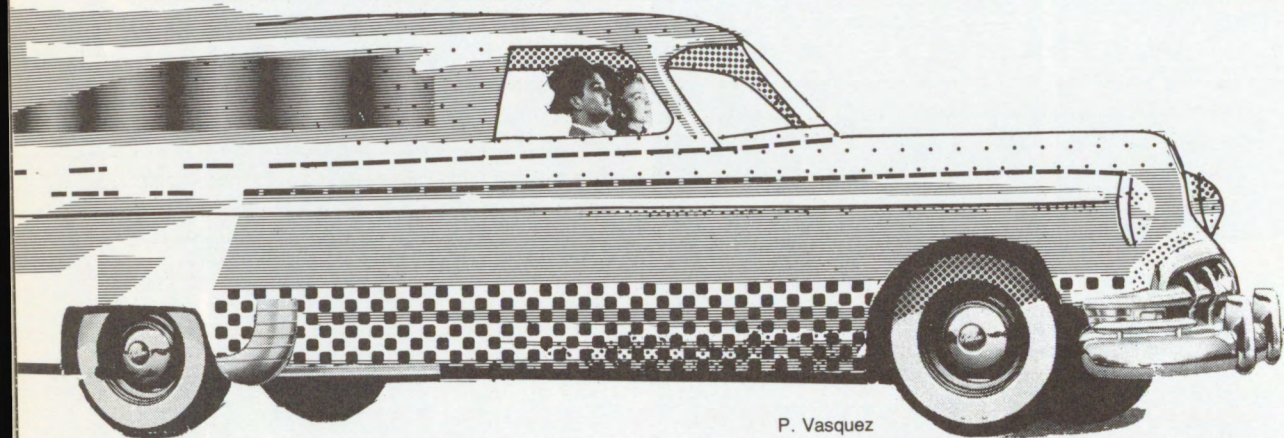
Not a single car came by in 20 minutes. Gary hurdled the fence guarding a roadside cornfield. He paced up and down the rows and rows and rows of sleeping young corn. Sentry for the Corn of America he was, taking the graveyard shift. Everything was all right. Gary laid down on his back between two rows, his head propped up on the bag, and stared up at the stars. These were the same stars that the people in Nevada and Iowa and California and Wyoming stared up at. Iowa and Wyoming! Nevada and California! The names made him smile with blissful delight. Gary rolled over and snuggled up with Mother Nature, who screwed him as Betty Rafferty never had.

The sound of the corn growing woke Gary. "On a quiet day in Indiana, you can hear the corn grow," he said softly. He got up, tiptoed over to the fence, and slid underneath. He whipped out his thumb and pointed it westward. An orange Triumph with Illinois license plates (Illinois!) and no muffler chugged by Gary's outstretched thumb, stopped suddenly 40 yards up the road, and waited. Gary ran for it.

accelerated down the entrance ramp on to the four-lane highway, pulled off to the side, and set down the bag.

When he tried to catch his breath, Gary suddenly realized that this was no longer the boring, so what air of northeastern Indiana. This was the jumping and kicking and screaming air of Gary, Indiana and Chicago, Illinois. The sweat of diligent men working in factories, the fancy, bottled-in-France perfume of wealthy women in idle conversation, the fiery breath of the old bums on West Madison Street telling wonderful stories of old Chicago and the road, the stale piss on the hard pavement of the parking lots outside the bars: they were all in this air. This was air with some soul.

Gary stuck out his thumb. Cars and trucks whined by. The first to pull over was an Indiana State Patrol car. Gary picked up his bag, opened the door, hopped in the front seat and closed the door just as the cop got out the other side. He watched as the cop proceeded on foot around the rear of the vehicle, surveyed the immediate area, then located him sitting inside. "What the hell?" screamed the cop, "Get the hell outta there." Gary did so. The cop was skinny and a full



P. Vasquez

Just when he reached for the door handle, the Triumph took off and left him standing there in the road, gagging on the exhaust. By reflex, Gary's middle finger extended itself in the direction of the Triumph. The Triumph stopped again and waited . . . Gary didn't budge . . . still the Triumph waited . . . Gary stood tapping his foot on the pavement, determined to win the war of nerves. Finally, the Triumph gave in and came snaking backwards to where Gary stood. He saw the window on the passenger side open. As he bent down to pick up his bag, he heard a pop-top pop. A foamy liquid came spraying out the open window and soaked Gary from head to belly. The Triumph peeled out in a fit of laughter. "Hmm," Gary said licking his lips, "Stroh's . . . and it's cold too."

A ride in a Volkswagen with a sour, middle-aged man who complained the whole time about his wife, saying, "Damn bitch, all she ever does is complain," brought Gary all the way to Portage. The sunlight reflected off the big green sign that said JUNCTION INTERSTATE 80-1. Gary was let out and began walking towards it. The fluorescent white letters on the sign seemed to smile alluringly, beckoning him to come closer, taking him by the hand, and leading him forward. Gary peeled out and ran the whole mile,

head shorter than Gary even with his state trooper's hat on. "There's no hitchhiking permitted on the Interstate, sir. I'm sorry sir, but I'm afraid I have to cite you," the cop squealed above the roar of the traffic. Gary protested, but the cop said as if he were quoting some old and wise saying, "The law is the law, the law is the law." Gary paid the twenty-five dollar fine on the spot and walked back up the entrance ramp.

Those goddamn cops couldn't put no flies on his ass, no sir. Gary set his bag down on the black pavement two feet from where the whitish pavement of the entrance ramp began. Yes sir, no hitchhiking on the Interstate. Gary's thumb resumed its hitchhiking position. Five cars accelerated by, then ten more, then another ten. Gary stopped counting. All those cars with only the driver in them, all that empty, unused space, and nobody stopped. He began to notice the looks of suspicion the drivers gave him when they spied his innocent thumb. One old lady even rolled up the window before she went by. He guessed it had something to do with their living near the city. It was getting dark. Finally, a white Mercedes with Illinois plates stopped.

Gary settled back in the soft pink leather of the bucket seat. "That's it my boy, make yourself com-fort-able. . . relaxed . . . at home," the driver said. His faint, quivering

voice betrayed his age, although his clothes disguised it. He was wearing a white suit without a tie, white shoes, a white hat with pink feathers in it, and mirror sunglasses. Gary's soul yelped — a real city slicker! Gary started asking the standard questions about the Mercedes. How old was it? How fast did it go? What kind of mileage did it get? How was it running? The slicker patiently answered the questions. Two months old, my boy. 120 miles per hour, my boy.

"Where are you going, my boy?" the slicker asked. "To Chicago," even though he would have to forsake I-80 to get up into the city.

"It's a big city my boy. What part are you going to?" "To West Madison Street." It was written on page 237.

"Ahh, Skidrow my boy."

"Yeah, that's it," that was what it was called.

"I will take you there. . . Ahh, here we are in Illinois already my boy," the slicker said as he pointed out the big WELCOME TO ILLINOIS sign. Whoooooe said Gary's soul. Whoooooe.

Nine whoooooe's later, they were sailing up the Dan Ryan expressway, some 16 lanes wide with huge shoulders to boot. Gary cupped his hands around his face so he could see out the window into the night. All he saw was stone and steel. There were entrances upon exits, express lanes and local lanes, and always the two-lane-wide sign overhead that said DOWNTOWN CHICAGO. Fences were everywhere. Buildings — so tall that Gary had to scrunch down low in the seat to see their tops — loomed, making the long shadows that were the only darkness in the brightly lit Chicago night. So this was Chicago, home of the Spiegel catalog, a city so big it had two baseball teams, hog butcher of the world, the Windy City.

Gary felt the slicker's eyes sizing him up, but he couldn't be sure because of the sunglasses. "You are planing to stay in Chicago or you are just passing through my boy?" asked the slicker. "I could certainly use a boy like you. You are big, you are young, I will bet you are long. Yes, I could sure use you, my boy. You need some money? You need a job? You are hungry? I will get you something to eat. Then, I will take you there. Heh, Heh . . . I will take you there, my boy."

"No thank you sir," Gary answered. "I'll be as happy as I can be if I can get to West Madison Street." Gary could tell he was going to dig this city. Here he was, a total stranger, and this old slicker wanted to know if he needed a job. The Mercedes got off the expressway, took a quick left turn and caromed through the streets of downtown Chicago. The streets were like dry river canyons gouged out of the tall buildings on either side. Gary read their names as the slicker zipped through the green lights — Van Buren, Congress, Randolph, Madison, Adams. The slicker stopped at a red light. "I think I saw Madison back there," Gary said as he opened the door. "Thanks very much for the ride, sir." Gary wondered why the old slicker winced when he hopped out.

Gary started back towards Madison street, soaking in the city, staring at the people, craning his neck to see the tops of the buildings, and spinning around in dizzying circles trying to see what was behind and in front. Yow! He tossed his bag into the air like Mary Tyler Moore tossed her hat. Yow!

Following his nose, Gary found a nearby diner. A hamburger that exuded Chicagoness satisfied his hunger, a burger that was served up by a sweetgone Chicago gale who called all the customers Mac and slammed dishes on the counter but didn't break a one. Gary found several liquor stores on Madison, each with its own hobo exhibition in front. Six times he walked in, six times he walked out — empty handed — not old enough. Gary approached one of the hobos, tapped his shoulder, and said, "Excuse me sir, I w-"

"Who you callin' sir, kid?" the hobo growled at him. "I'll give you half if you go buy me a bottle," Gary said under his breath.

"Half?" yelled the hobo, "Make it two-thirds and you got a deal."

"All right, all right. Go get two then," Gary said, slipping him the money. The hobo returned with one bottle of purple Muscatel and another of fudge Ripple. He motioned to Gary to come sit by him on the curb. Gary forced down some of the "wine" and watched the cars go by, digging the fact that here he was sitting on the curb in front of a liquor store on West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois with an old hobo who knew the ways the world didn't work. The hobo sat silently and drank greedily. When he drank, he would shove the bottleneck almost two inches into his mouth, holding it in place with his lips and toothless gums. Then he would cock his head back and tilt the bottle up for at least five seconds before bringing it down again. He never spilled a drop. To be sure, his crew neck sweater and khaki pants were incredibly ragged, but there were also spotless.

The wine began to loosen up Gary. "I'm Jack," Gary said, "what's your name?"

"Horace," grunted the hobo between swigs.

"Do you know any old stories, Horace?"

"Huh? Stories? You mean like *The Three Bears*? You want a bedtime story or something, kid? I don't know no stories. Sorry kid."

After they had finished off the wine in silence, the hobo said, "Kid, you're a good kid and I like ya'. So I'll tell ya' what, howsa bout we go see the all night movies? I'll get ya' in. Howsa bout it?"

"Sure thing, Horace," Gary said. They seesawed down the sidewalk, the hobo teetering and Gary tottering, until they got to a row of theaters. The hobo chose

ALL NITE — 3 SHOWS
GIDGET GOES DOWN
ORIENTAL BABYSITTER
BONZO GETS BOOFED

Gary bought the popcorn and they sat down in the third row. There was another hobo in the first row, openly beating off into an empty cup; Gary laughed at him.

Gary was awakened by the usher's hand shaking his shoulder. Three other hobos, including Horace, were left in the theater. "Six a.m. in the morning. Time to leave," the usher shouted. Owwww! Gary's head felt like he had been wearing a hat all night and had just taken it off, but it seemed like it was still on. As they shuffled out of the theater, Horace prescribed black coffee, a tuna fish sandwich, and a bus ride out of Chicago to better hitching country. Horace pointed Gary in the direction of the bus depot; Gary's head pounded as he watched old Horace zigzagging away in the opposite direction.



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& lots more.

Town & Country Pharmacy

Gary bought a ticket to Peru, Illinois, some 120 miles and three hours across the prairie on I-80. Once on the Greyhound, Gary closed his rolling eyes. He wished he could have closed his nose: his seat was right across the aisle from the little penalty box

in the back so that every time someone opened the door, the stench wreaked havoc in his nostrils, the old lady seated next to him who smelled of nursing home kept falling asleep on his shoulder, and the whole damn bus stunk of fresh puke. Gary's feet stuck to the floor.

By the time the bus got to Peru, the fog in Gary's head had finally burned off. He strolled over to the entrance ramp and let his thumb lounge in the noonday sun. Two old farmer cars that were probably only going a few miles anyway putted by. Besides, his thumb looked so relaxed, they probably didn't want to disturb it. Half an hour passed and not a single car got on at Peru. Vigorous exercise was what his thumb required now, so Gary inched up on to the Interstate. Just in time, Gary concealed his once convicted thumb from the oncoming state trooper. As the cars and trucks flew by and the sun sank lower and lower, Gary could only watch his thumb's shadow lengthen. He couldn't even twiddle. Hours and hours passed and still the cars drove past his pleading, supplicating thumb. He gave up and spent the night in a motel where he signed the register with the name Mr. Jack Kerouac.

The next morning was cool and overcast, but Gary was set on getting moving. He put on his hitching glove and stuck his thumb out into the wind. Wham! A truck stopped right away. Gary ascended into the truck's big, high cab and looked down on all the cars that were passing them. Soon, they were whipping by these same cars at 80 miles per hour. "Fuck that speed limit. Fuck it," bellowed the truck driver. Yahoo, said Gary's soul, here we go.

The truck driver, whose roadname was Back Door Man, outfoxed the cops with a C.B. radio. Whenever they hit a clear stretch, he would get it up to 80 and yell "Fuck the speed limit, fuck it!" The Back Door Man told Gary wild and exciting stories about the founding of the Teamsters union when he wasn't cursing the speed limit or jabbering on the C.B. And he was going clear through to Omaha, Nebraska! Gary savored the thought of 300 miles on the road filled with the stories and the yelling of the Back Door Man.

As they were crossing the great, muddy Mississippi River into Iowa, it began to rain hard. There was water below and water all around. Gary shivered. He was sure glad he was inside the cab with the Back Door Man. He put on his sweater. Here he was, sitting next to the Lifeblood of America, submarining the vital cargo through I-80, the Great Continental Aorta. The already dim daylight was fading fast as they circumvented Des Moines to avoid the traffic. The Back Door Man told story after wild story.

The truck slowed down just outside Adair, Iowa and got off the Interstate. The Back Door Man said he had to pick up something. They pulled off to the side of a deserted road that paralleled the Interstate. The Back Door Man reached under his seat, took out a gun and pointed it at Gary. "OK kid, let's go," he said, "these rides ain't free. You gotta pay for 'em. Take off your clothes *now*. And don't try anything

continued on page 48

Bumswear Catalog

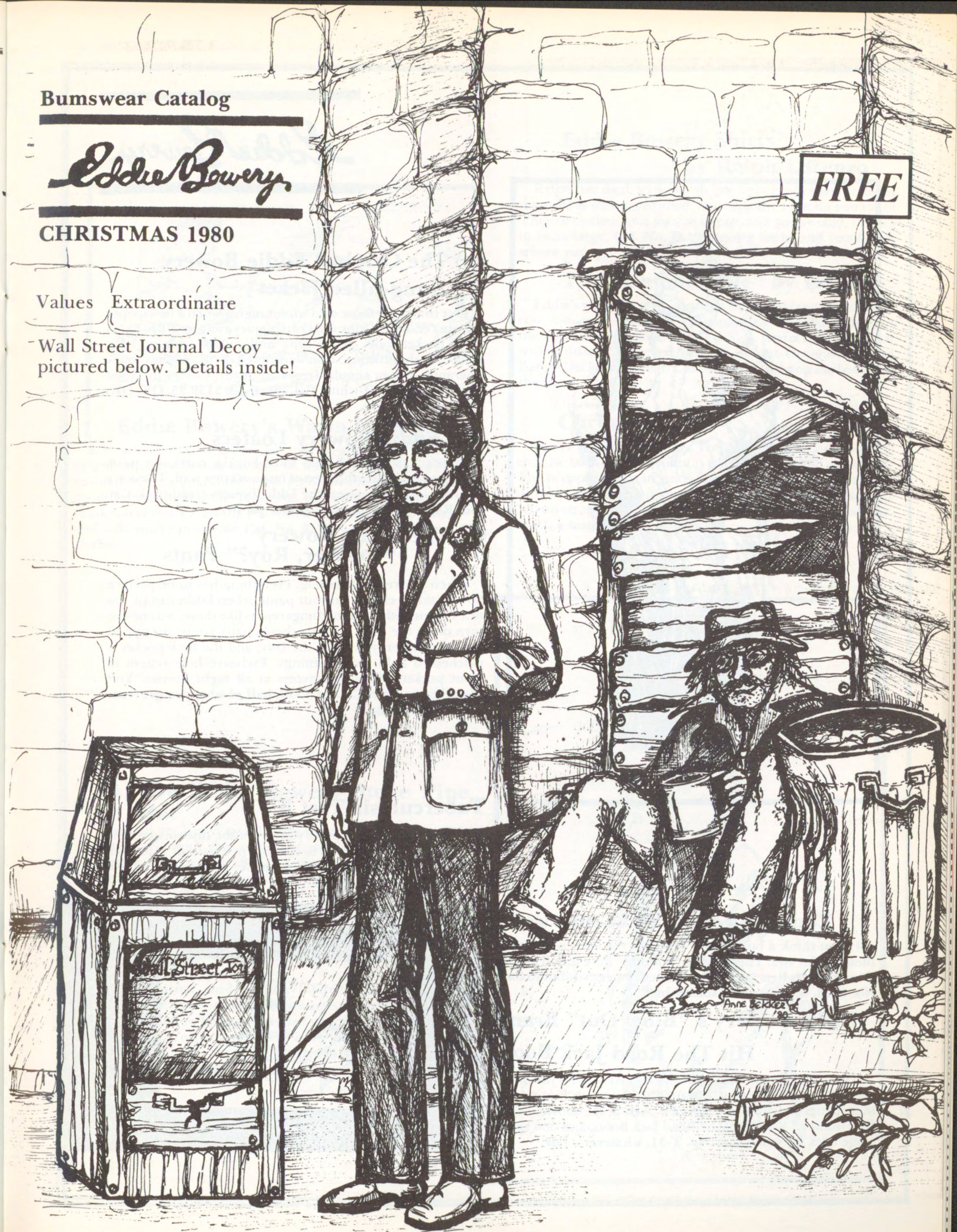
Eddie Bowery

CHRISTMAS 1980

Values Extraordinaire

Wall Street Journal Decoy pictured below. Details inside!

FREE



Eddie Bowery



**(A) The Original Eddie Bowery
Dung-filled Jacket**

Our finest, for those cold winter nights when a newspaper just isn't enough. Odor will keep hippies away to -20°F. Extra large pockets hold coffee cans, and gallons wine jugs for effective shoplifting. Double-stapled hem. Money back guarantee if you should freeze to death. Comes in Hobo Kelly Green, or off-white. **Cat. No. B-43, \$139.95, OK, OK, make it five bucks.**

(B) Eddie Bowery Loafers

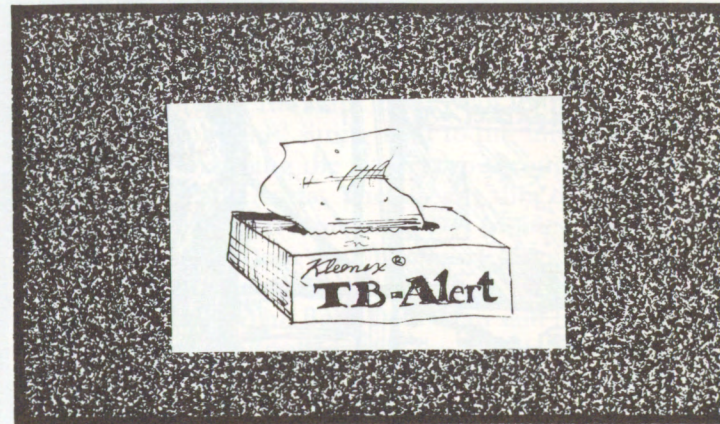
Here's a shoe to call your own! For the particular pavement pounder, ride the crest of fashion's new waif. These are the only loafers that bear the Eddie Bowery trademark. **Cat. No. R-23, 1 cent (penny loafers, get it?)**

**(C) The Eddie Bowery
"Quarter, Roy?" Pants**

When you're panhandling, everything has to be perfect. So why take a chance on your pants, when Eddie can fit you to a T-bone with a pair of dungarejects like these. No one can turn down the hobo wearing these gnatty pants, preripped for safety when you enter the fray, and the back pocket is patched to hold day's earnings. Exclusive hole system in front pockets allow easy access at all night movies. You should be so lugie! **Cat. No. C-27, half of what you get from the gum machine.**

Tuberculosis Test Kit

Hankering to find out if you've got the disease of artists? E.B.'s T.B. kit allows you to find out in a flash of your hash. Red indicates positive, white negative. It's simple. **Cat. No. W-04, some safety matches.**

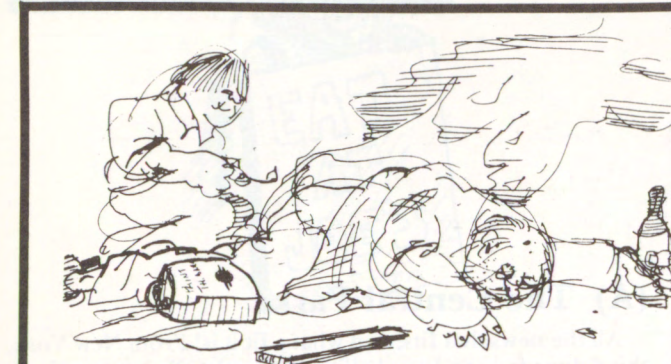


Eddie Bowery Bikini Underwear

If you think a bum's bum deserves the best, we rectum these are for you. These stylish "bottoms" were found in and around Jones Beach. Already washed. Smegmanifique! **Cat. No. C-08, some gum or something.**

**Eddie Bowery's "Blow Out" Brand
Hit The Road Jack Boots**

These boots were made for walking! And that's just what you'll do with these sturdy aramid construction foot coverings, patterned after the footwear seen in the movie, "The Beerhunter." Wear Hit The Road Jack Boots, and don't you come back no more. **Cat. No. T-31, whatever's fair.**



Eddie Bowery's Warm-Up Suit

E.B. solves the problems of cold weather and pesky neighborhood kids with his famous warm-up suit. Tailored gas-soaked rags guarantee a hot night on the town, and a good hospital meal in the morning. The kids that did it will think you're dead, allowing you to make pryor engagements, and only you're in sterno. **Cat. No. E-10, a sixer of Brown Derby.**

**(A) The Eddie Bowery Stove Pipe
Hat**

Formal yet functional. Dazzle your friends and impress your marks with this vintage classic from Sacks Seventh Avenue, famous since 1929. A must for the more discerning vagrant, with its handsome black finish and sturdy cast-iron construction, this item fits even the most wretch-head. **Cat. No. E-39, what's in the bag.**

**(B) The Eddie Bowery Down and Out
Jacket**

The original, and Eddie's favorite! Made with the trademark extra-wide electrician's tape, this pre-stunk rayon piece-de-residue features padded slumped shoulders, and draw-twine. You're sewer to be a hit with a jacket like this, dressed like urine the know. Comes in Burgundy. **Cat. No. A-25, even up for that watch.**

**Eddie Bowery Shirts
by Ralph Lorenzo**

Ralph just died, so now you can wear his clothes. Some of the stuff is monogrammed, but what the fuck do you care? They're clothes, and they're cheap, and you're cold. Comes in extra-large. **Cat. No. D-10, twenty cents, and you forget where you got 'em.**

The "Untouchable" by LeCaste

Eddie's new line of sport shirts imported from India. Holy cow, you're sherpa look Paki-stunning wearing your own untouchable. No "bum-steer" this! A perfect top to match with Eddie's imported line of denim GungaRees and BanglaDecker footwear. **Cat. No. X-31, dibs on the bench by the pond.**

Curbsiders

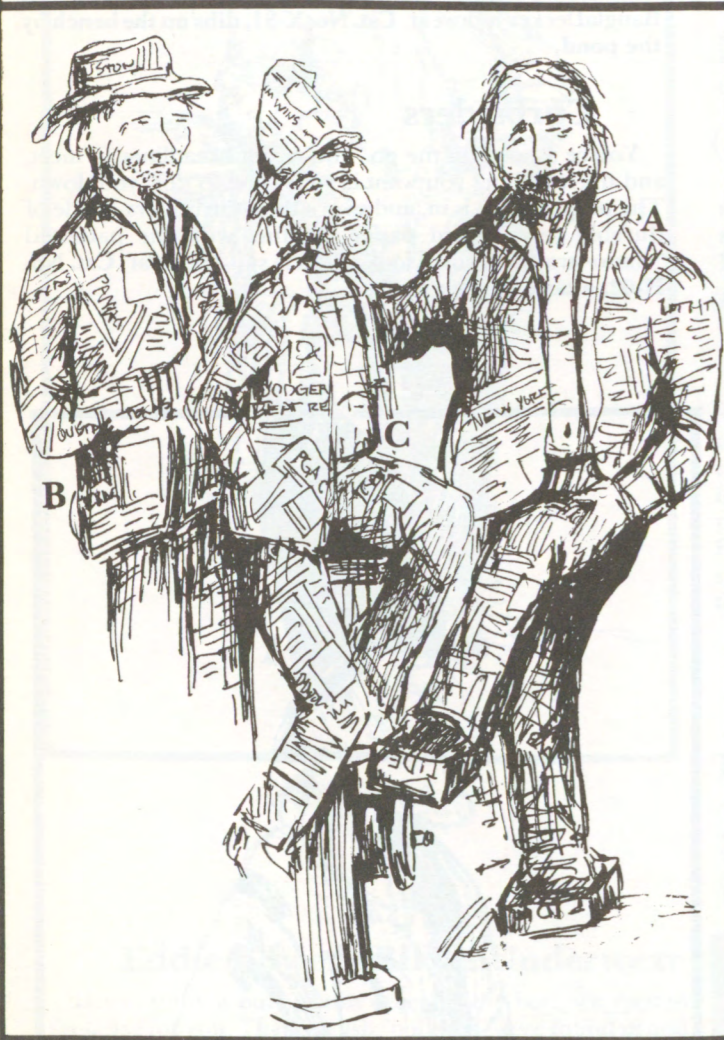
You're a hobo on the go. You've got breadlines to meet, and the last thing you want is your shoe to slow you down. The preppie look is in, and so are these curbsiders. Made of durable reprocessed paper product with the patented "elasto-strap" fit, you'll look gutterly spit-hackular. **Cat. No. H-02, a taste of your horse.**



Eddie Bowery

Wino's Wear "Daily"

What's black and white and red all over? You! Dressed with mess on your favorite parkbench, you'll be a real trendsitter wearing any of Eddie Bowery's original prints.



(A) The Central Parka

All the news that fits, and what a fit it is! From New York, this deluxe four and one half pound parka allows you to look your Sunday edition best. No more will they take you vagrant, you'll be the Post of the town. **Cat. No. D-20, that corkscrew.**

(B) Eddie Bowery Western Wear

Specify Houston Post or Dallas Morning News. Look like a panhandler from the panhandle partner, with these tall Texas tabloids. Ink-lined and pre-folded. A must for the Fort Worthless. **Cat. No. D-18, a pack of Luckies.**

(C) Eddie Bowery Sports Jacket

Look like one who knows the score, this coat will put you in good standings with your fellow bleacher bums. "Free agent signing-lining" protects against drafts, and you're off to the races with its special "tip-sheet" collar. **Cat. No. D-15, half pound of hamburger.**

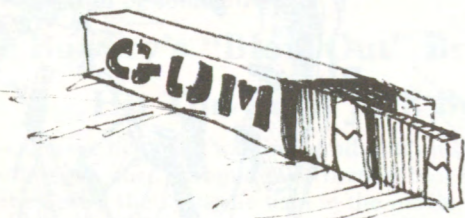


The Eddie Bowery Sleeping Bag Lady

Meet Mrs. B, Eddie's old lady, now available to the public. We've all got urges, don't be ashamed. Send for her today. **Cat. No. B-22, some soup and a dry place to sleep.**

Eddie Bowery's Survival Food

The bread line closes at nine. Besides, you're sick of sitting up and praying for your dinner like some damn mutt. The answer, Jim, is Eddie Bowery survival food. Yessir, just add equal parts of ripple and you've got a meal fit for a kingfish. Comes in chicken bone flambe, coffee ground soup, cig-but salad, and shoe leather steak. **Cat. No. R-33, anything warm.**



Eddie Bowery Shoe Repair Kit

Specify spearmint or juicy fruit, **twenty-five cents.**



The Eddie Bowery Plywood Poncho

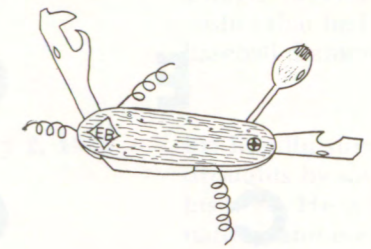
A sure attention getter when you're out on the streets, you'll have no trouble making a few dollars with this "buckboard." Special sandwich construction allows this to double as a body support or windbreaker. Reversible. Comes in "Eat-At-Joes" or "Follow Me To Plato's." **Cat. No. A-16, twelve quarters and a dime.**

The Eddie Bowery Pest-Vest

One of the tenement commandments is that "Booze company, but fleas a crowd." Be bothered no longer by these denizens of the dump, wear Eddie's new addition for 1981, the all-purpose Pest Vest. No-pest-strip interweaving allows skin to breathe, cutting down on unsightly rashes. Body lice are sent packing. Features patented button-down flea collar for added protection. The guys'll be itching to find out your secret, but only vermin the know. **Cat. No. R-27, what's left in the bottle.**

Eddie Bowery's Salvation Army Knife

If you've got a pocket, this belongs there. Specify red or international orange. **Cat. No. Q-07, some of those pencils.**



Eddie Bowery BAD-10

You're vermin, and you know it. Why can't you just keep it to yourself? Sure, you're wearing plastic underwear, but that won't help when it comes to the big boot! With the EB BAD (barf disposal) 10 unit installed in your hovel, simply aim your liquid lunch and shoot. Even if you miss, you're just a damn bum, so who cares. **Cat. No. A-28, that ski cap you're wearing.**

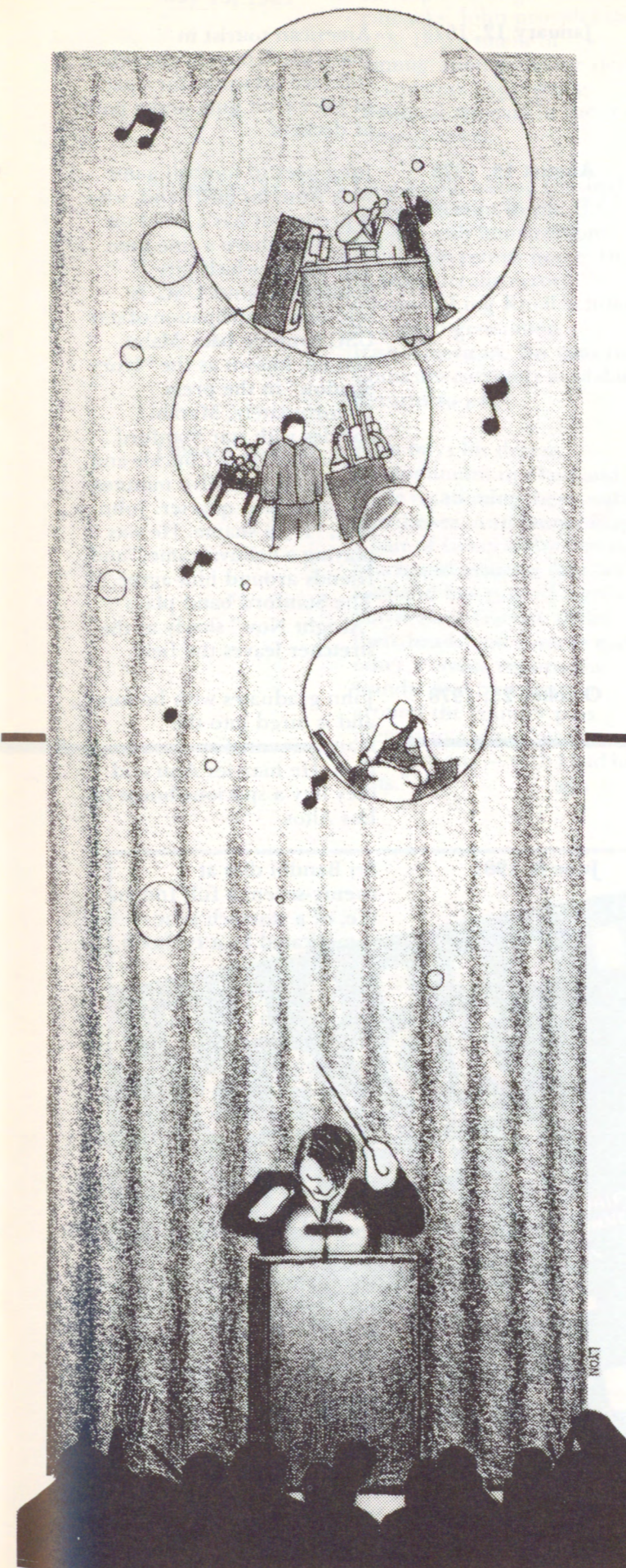


The Eddie Bowery Polyurethane Sweaters

Imported from the Safeway Uptown by HoBoCo. especially for Eddie and his special friends, these phlegm-boyant sweaters will be the talk of your next saran wrap session. Secret plastic formula keeps shirt dry in the rain, and keeps you safe from your own saliva and vomit. Polyurethane sweaters are one more reason why you can expectorate the best from Eddie Bowery. Specify V or Crew neck. Comes in Pagan Pink or olive. Box of fifteen. **Cat. No. D-05, a buck, and I'll throw in some twist-ties.**

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- May 9, 1958** John Jr. born to Mr. and Mrs. Janner; lower middle-class yet spirited citizens of Port Faith, Iowa. The nurse holds him up so the happy father can see him and show him the new savings bond he presses against the window between them. The window keeps infections from hurting the newborn infants.
- May 10, 1958** Mabu Marabi born in the Ivory Coast to a bronze age tribe. He survives infant pig gout, which is killing three out of five newborns in the area.
- May 11, 1958** Sri Bandhi born in Bangladesh. The midwife bites off his umbilical cord, spits it out, and tells his parents: "Congratulations, it's a baby."
- May 12, 1958** Ling Nol born in Shang-hai. He is taken home in olive-drab diapers by the wrong family, as are all the 432,056 babies born in China that day.
- April 22, 1959** Johnny is a happy and healthy baby. John Sr. buys him a crib which is a scale model of the Houston Astrodome, complete with safety side-flaps lined with astroturf.
- May 30, 1960** Mabu still not starved to death, thanks to a delayed shipment of Nestles brand dehydrated mother's milk.
- September 9, 1963** Johnny enrolled in kindergarten. Doesn't even cry. Gets along well with other children. By end of day, has traded and bargained for the best colors of crayons.
- January 10, 1964** Ling Nol enters school and trains to be a physicist. Fascinates teachers by turning teeter-totter into a crude solar oscilloscope.



- January 19, 1965** Johnny reads his first complete comic book: "Richie Rich." In it, he learns that it is better to be rich and nice, like Richie rich, than rich and mean like Reginald Van Dough, his cousin. Johnny wishes that he had a 24-carat baseball diamond like Richie.
- February 2, 1965** Sri Bandhi survives two droughts by saving water in his nose. He is artistic by nature, and is encouraged by his family to draw pictures of erosion and dust with barbeque briquettes smuggled out of C.A.R.E. packages.
- March 19, 1966** Mabu is a stocky youth, having learned to eat whole snakes. He is the best cow-tosser in the tribe.
- February 20, 1970** Paper route turns into big business as John creates "paper sculptures" out of leftover newspapers and rubber bands. Sells them door to door in his neighborhood. One work, entitled "Bird No. 4," sells for seven dollars to an old woman who thinks he's blind.
- June 9, 1970** Ling Nol excites his teachers with introduction of atom bomb use in Chinese cooking. New dish, "Quick Fried Geese Flock," makes the Chairman's dining room table. Though physics continues to be major field, also interested in philosophy and invents immortality for term project.
- September 24, 1975** John elected captain of his high school football team, even though he doesn't play football. Coach suspects "foul play," but sees that team has never been happier.
- November 10, 1975** Locust swarms descend on Mabu Magabi and his tribe. He leads survival effort, introducing aerial tag-team wrestling to the Bronze Age.

January 23, 1976

John throws administration into high gear with amphetamine factory in custodian's closet. The principal grins, "Beats coffee," and John runs away with senior awards for his science fair project, "How They Make No-Doze." John graduates early from high school due to accelerated curriculum.

June 7, 1976

Ling Nol obtains grant to work in the United States with the Stanford Linear Accelerator (SLAC) as part of a technology exchange. Immigration officials change his name to Ling Knoll to avoid confusion.

July 5, 1976

Sri Bandhi survives monsoon floods. Avoids drowning by staying atop inflated Peace Corps worker. Continues with painting.

September 28, 1976

John enters Stanford University. He enrolls in economics classes, studies hard and gets good grades.

August 10, 1976

Mabu Marabi's tribe visited by *National Geographic*. Mabu is chosen for cover of spring issue, but plans fall through when parts of photographer are found in welcome feast bean dip.

December 9, 1976

John finds time to enter student politics, and innovates Stanford student government by creating a committee on committees, whose function is to show how many existing student committees are not worthwhile.

November 8, 1977

Mabu recruited by the University of Southern California football team, whose scouts parachute into the tribe's jungle moments before Ohio State's.

November 31, 1977

John organizes a student task force on student task forces and is elected student body president.

January 12, 1978

American tourist in Bangladesh buys Sri Bandhi's collected art works for a pack of juicy fruit gum and a pair of deckers.

August 15, 1978

John goes to football game with Ann, his girlfriend, who is pretty but has a head on her. They have a fine time. The game, which pits Stanford against USC, is sold-out in anticipation of star USC running back Mabu Marabi, known as the "Ivory Shadow" in the press. Unfortunately, Marabi collides with star Stanford linebacker Herb Clinckle and breaks his neck five minutes into the third quarter. John says; "It's a shame. He was playing a helluva game," and friends around him agree. The Stanford band plays "Alright Now" slowly as the stretcher leaves the field.

October 23, 1978

John graduates with honors and is hired into the management of an electronics firm. He marries Ann and they buy a spacious house in Los Altos.

June 8, 1981

Sri Bandhi dies at twenty-seven, a full Indian life, of a stomach ache complicated by a typhoon.

March 3, 1985

John receives promotions quickly with his amiable manner and elegant ambition. He and his wife tastefully furnish their house and buy valuable art works. One of these works, an Indian painting called "Cracked Earth," receives lots of compliments from friends and visitors and is valued at around a quarter million. John winks and says, "Yeah, it was quite a find," before demonstrating the self-basting rotissomat in the backyard.

May 5, 1985

Stocks in his company soar after John hires a physicist, Ling Knoll, who reinvents the electric toothbrush. John accepts congratulations and poses with his two children for *Business Week*.


May 16, 1985

In response to government cutbacks, John provides the U.S. Department of Immigration with free desk calculators. Approving editorial appears in the *Wall Street Journal*.

November 21, 1985

Ling Knoll, having finished a successful stint in the U.S., applies with immigration officials to return home. Due to bureaucratic error, however, Ling Knoll is listed as a third-generation Irish-American. No visas for China are currently available. Returns to job.

January 2, 1986

John buys his dream condominium in Maui and, while vacationing there, walks into the sea. Ann Janner finds a pair of Gucci loafers on the beach and assumes that her husband has run off with a Polynesian. Friends shake their heads and wink at each other, *Fortune* reports the scandal and businessmen around the country pass memos to each other saying: "Helluva guy — wish I had his guts." 

Surrey  Shop

SHARON HEIGHTS CENTER
325 SHARON PARK DRIVE MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

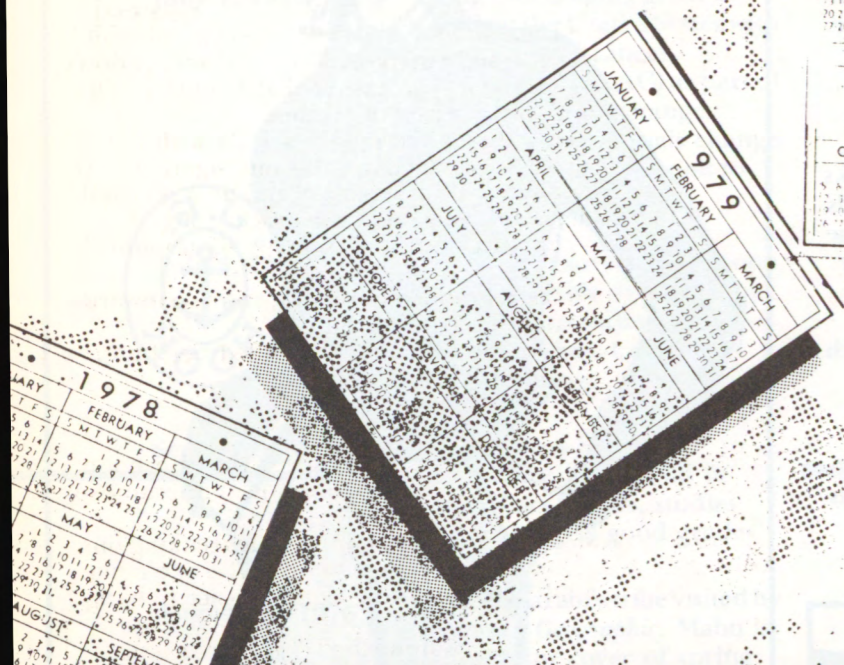
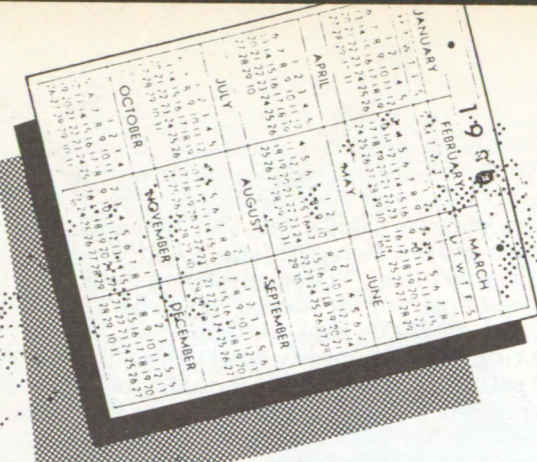
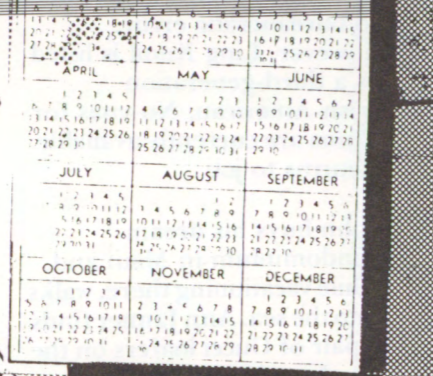


The Game Plan:

Whether it's watching football or entering office politics — the object is to collect J.G. Hook components for a versatile, enduring wardrobe. Game pieces: worsted wool sweater with ribbed yoke and polo collar; man-tailored pants with watch pocket flap; plaid shirt in pima cotton. In a playing field of colors. Sweater S-M-L, \$46.00. Pants 8-16, \$77.00

Sand Hill Road & Sharon Park Drive
in Sharon Heights

IT WASN'T THE FIRST YEAR AFTER DEATH



THAT ROGER WAS WORRIED ABOUT.

It wasn't the first year after death that Roger was worried about. There would be the funeral, and then the mourning period, and every few weeks friends would drop by his grave and leave flowers. And once in a while, someone might say, "Oh, Roger just loved that song," or "If only Roger was here to see this." In fact, the thought of being dead for one year didn't concern Roger at all.

It was the thought of being dead forever that bothered him.

Roger had become obsessed with Eternity quite by chance, while he was eating lunch one day with a high school girl that he had picked up at a party. They were picnicking on the lawn next to his dorm, and while he was busy trying to catch glimpses of skin through the spaces between the buttons on her blouse, she tried to make conversation in the hope that he would find her intelligent enough to spend some money on her before he asked her to go to bed.

"Y'know Roger, I'm really worried about the environment," she said, lighting up a Newport.

"Yeah, me too. Do you get high?" He noticed that her toenails were painted bright red.

"Yeah. Like nuclear energy I think is really bad, cause it gets really hot, y'know?"

"Um, yeah, hot. Could you pass me a beer?" He wasn't thirsty, but when she leaned forward the holes between the buttons enlarged. By this time, Roger had decided this girl was just another wiffleball. He did not know that she was about to say the words that would change his life.

"Y'know, I wonder if the Earth'll still be here in a billion years."

It was as simple as that.

All that day, Roger wondered what he'd be doing for the next billion years. Sure, he'd die, but the days and years would keep going on, time would never stop. He'd pass a billion years, but then he would have to pass another billion years, and another billion after that, and then still, he wouldn't be any closer to an end of things.

Roger became more depressed when he thought of the possible ways in which he might have to spend Eternity, so he went to his Rabbi in search of a definite answer. He found Rabbi Bronkstein in the office of his synagogue, making up a floor plan for an upcoming "Las Vegas Night." Roger was

not interested in exchanging small talk.

"Rabbi, I have come in search of the key to eternal peace," he said.

"The Rabbi just looked at him.

"Rabbi, I must know. What's going to happen to us when we die?"

The Rabbi stared blankly. After thinking for awhile, he rubbed his beard and said, "When we die Roger, we will be lifted to God's land." The pressure off him, he added, "Do you think we should keep all the blackjack tables together, or spread them around?"

Roger did not hear the last part of the Rabbi's response. "Yeah, sir, but after we get lifted, I mean. What happens then? Are we there forever, I mean, endlessly, like day in and day out?" The Rabbi stared again. He could not remember if this was covered in his Talmudic studies.

"Um, yeah, I guess so," he said.

Roger knew he couldn't get any answers from the Rabbi, but he decided to ask one more question anyway. It was a big one.

"Rabbi Bronkstein, where 'up' exactly is Heaven located?"

At this point the Rabbi suggested, in a very unpius manner, that Roger go read the Bible himself.

Roger's next weeks were lonely, pensive. He couldn't get more than two or three hours sleep at night. He was never hungry. He lost interest in girls. He couldn't do his schoolwork. He talked to friends, but they didn't understand his problem. Looking for a person with an answer, he went to the airport and waited for anyone with a long white robe to pin a carnation on him. It didn't take long.

"Hello there, sir, we're pinning flowers on all the handsome gentlemen today, and I'd like to know if you'd like to buy a book about — dammit, I didn't mean to say that yet. Wait, Aw, now I screwed it all up. Um — can I start again?" It was a girl about six-foot-two, a good head taller than Roger. Her hair was dark brown and very short. Even in his morose state, Roger found himself peculiarly attracted to what he thought was the prettiest religious fanatic he had ever seen.

"I don't mind if you start again," he said.

"Thanks, I really appreciate this — okay, uh, lemme take the carnation back for a minute."

"Sure." He noticed that she had made him smile.

"Thanks. Okay, um, hi, we're pinning carnations on all the handsome men today and . . ."

"Are you new at this?" Roger asked.

"Do you mean 'soliciting' or 'airporting'?"

"What's the difference?"

"Well, I'm not new at soliciting. I was getting a lot of donations on the streets for about three months now, and the heads of the church told me 'Fiona, you've got what it takes to do airports. . . ."

"Your name's Fiona?" Roger said.

"Yeah. So they said, 'Fiona, go getta flower board from David and go work the airport.' So here I am. This is my first

day. I'm really nervous. Would you like to buy a book?" "Does your book tell me where I go when I die?" Roger lost his smile.

"Wow, that's some question." Fiona thought for a minute, then looked up "DEATH" in the book's index. "Here's something. Okay, when you die, you come back as an animal."

"An animal? You're kidding, that's terrible," Roger said. "Will I remember who I was in my previous life?"

"It doesn't say. Shit." Fiona looked sincerely sorry.

"Well then," Roger went on, "What if, say, in a couple of trillion years, the Earth blows up. Then what? Then are we just animals floating in space?"

"It doesn't say anything about that either. Shit."

"How can you get so caught up in a religion when it doesn't tell you what you're going to be doing for Eternity?"

"I don't know, I never thought about it." She paused. "Shit." She paused again. "Shit. Shit. I never even. . . oh, shit."

Roger looked her straight in the eye. "Listen Fiona, I don't know why I'm telling you this, except that I think you'll understand. I'm really worried about how I'm going to spend Forever. How'd you like to take a walk with me someplace and see if we can't figure this out together." At first, she looked at him as if he was crazy and he was afraid she had misunderstood. But then, she cracked a grin.

"Can you have me back at the airport by six tonight?" Fiona asked.

Roger grinned back, grabbed her hand, and ran towards the parking lot where he had left his car.

"By the way, my name's Roger." He pulled her faster. "Nice to meet you, Roger."

They drove to a park, where they spent the afternoon kicking around ideas. Roger asked Fiona how she became so involved in religion.

"I don't know, it's like I see so many people freaking out all over the place and here are these people who don't take drugs and are really friendly and give me a place to hang out."

"Isn't everybody there brainwashed?" Roger asked, hoping she wouldn't be offended.

"Some people are. But only those who were really looking for love, who had never seen kindness. I was never like that."

"What did your parents say when you left home?"

"I never left home. That's the beauty of it. The people at the Church are happy if I bring in a few bucks, and I still live at home, and my parents don't even know I do this. They'd kill me."

"Yeah, but don't you feel sorry for all the people who think that the Church is life and death?"

"You call it 'brainwashing,' Roger, but those kids don't think they're brainwashed. They're happy. They don't worry about Eternity. They don't worry about anything. What's so wrong with that?"

Roger did not have an answer. They walked some more, and passed a bum on a bench.

"Look at that guy," Roger said. "Could you imagine having only seventy or eighty years to be alive, and spending it that way?"

"Some people think that men who have lived on the street are wise," Fiona said. She walked over to him, determined to prove her point. The bum smelled like cheap wine and vomit. "Hello friend."

The bum looked at her robes, then at her tremendous size, then at her face. "Hello" he said. "You wanna give me some money?"

"No she doesn't," Roger said. "She wants to know if you have any idea of where people go when they die." The bum looked at Roger.

"They bury you. And then you rot. And then that's it." Roger said, "Yeah, but *then* what. What about Forever?"

The bum started to sniff. He kept sniffing until whatever



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it was that was bothering him caught in his throat. He spit it out, then spoke. "You don't worry about Forever because you're dead. It's like you never were. You got a dime?"

Fiona gave the bum a dollar bill, and he thanked her. As she and Roger walked away, the bum yelled "Don't let it get you down. It won't help." The two walked for a long time without saying anything. It started to get dark, and Fiona suggested that they start back to the airport.

The car ride back was pretty quiet. Fiona practiced her book pitch softly to herself. Roger thought about her. He'd only known Fiona for a few hours, and yet he felt he'd learned a lot from her. Maybe everything was relative, and it didn't matter if Forever was really forever, or just a moment, or just a strange concept. If you had a good friend like Fiona beside you, that's all that mattered.

"Do you want to be dropped off at 'Arrivals' or 'Departures'?"

"Arrivals" — the people just getting off planes are tired — they're easier." Roger pulled on the 'Arrivals' level and stopped the car.

"Hey Fiona, listen. Maybe we could do this again tomorrow or something. Maybe we could figure this out."

"I don't think so, Roger."

"Why not?"

"Well, this morning, you seemed like an interesting person, and you're still nice, but — and this is nothing personal — you're really a depressing guy to be around."

Roger couldn't believe it. "Aren't we friends, Fiona?"

"No."

"Well, what are we then?"

"I don't know. Shit. She looked at her feet. "Spiritual peas in a pod? Who knows? Shit."

"Fiona, I can't believe you're telling me this."

"Listen, I gotta go. Here, have a carnation, Rog, no charge." She pinned it on his lapel and got out of the car. She slammed the door, but her robes got stuck in it and she had to reopen the door to get them out. Roger just stared at her and waited to pull off.

On the highway, Roger entertained the thought of driving into a lamppost, but decided that it was not a good thing to do. As long as he was going to be around for an eternity, he reasoned, there was no sense in rushing himself in anything. He parked in the lot next to his apartment and got out of the car.

Roger looked up at the moon. It started to get bigger, and bigger, until it became incredibly bright, taking up more than half of the night sky. Then he realized that it was not the moon at all, but some sort of supernatural light. A figure appeared in silhouette across the incredible light in the sky. It was a man. His voice boomed forth.

"I am the Lord, Roger."

Roger was in shock. He looked around him. Cars were still. Crickets weren't chirping. All life had stopped. This was God. Like the books said, when it was Him, you'd know it, all right.

"You realize, Roger, that I don't do this for everyone. Speak to me." God lowered his voice to a conversational level.

"God, why did you come to me?"

"I like you, Roger. That's part of the reason. I also like some people to know that I am still all powerful. I used to be thought of as a really big deal. Now people cast me as a steambath attendant or a funny little Jewish man."

"You don't like that?" Roger asked.

"You know George Burns? Before he played me, I was going to let him live to be 150. Date plenty of young girls. Now I'm not so sure."

"Wow."

"Roger, I have come to save you from Earthly torment. Let me ask you a question, and then you can ask me one. What have you learned from your search for Eternity, my

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Now I am going to tell you a fact that can change your life as dramatically as it changed mine. You see, although computers can do amazing things, everything inside them boils down to one of two numbers, zero and one. *It's that simple.* There are no exceptions. Oh, there's more to it than that, but when you're working with just two numbers, how hard can it be?

A few years ago, I met a friend of mine that I hadn't seen in years. I told him, "Bill (not his real name), you're doing OK in nuclear physics, but you don't know how fast people are making money in the computer industry!" My friend Bill was amazed. Then I told him about DYNA-COMP, a course I had recently developed to train people in the fundamentals of computer engineering. Today Bill's well on his way to becoming a financial millionaire.

I know from experience that many people are a little scared of computers. It's just unfortunate that these people are often the ones that write movies that feature a big super-smart computer bent on destroying the world or someone in it. Isn't that silly? One of the important things I teach right away (and here I'm already giving away part of the first course) is that *the engineer is master, the computer slave.*

STUPID CLERKS

You see, the computer really isn't anything more than a stupid, but efficient clerk that can't do anything until somebody (a computer engineer — like yourself!) tells it to. And these are hard people to find these days, so they are paid plenty of money.

Why is this so? One reason is that presidents and managers of corporations recognize that a person who can successfully command computers can also successfully manage people, since computers, as I said already, are really nothing more than stupid clerks!

As a computer engineer you have *instant managerial experience.* Think of the doors that will open for you! All of this can be yours if you're just willing to count to one!!

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son?" God looked down at Roger for an answer.

"Well God, I haven't learned a lot about Eternity, but I sure have learned a lot about people."

"Such as?"

"Well, Your Lordship, this is not to mar your fine craftsmanship, but," Roger took a deep breath. "People really stink."

"Why do you say that, Roger?" You could see that God looked really disappointed.

"Well, when I asked for help, my friends thought I was crazy, and my Rabbi was more interested in Blackjack, and to top it off, I met this girl and..."

"I know about Fiona, Roger. She's flaky."

"You do know her. Wow," Roger continued in amazement. "And, God, I have tried to have faith in humans, but they always let me down. That's what I learned."

"Interesting. Now you may ask me one question."

Roger did not have to think. He did not, at that moment, care about world suffering, or murder, or war. His question was personal.

"God, what is Eternity like?"

God smiled. "It's not so bad, Roger. I'm here, and so are many interesting people. It's a good time." This was not the answer Roger wanted.

"But, God, how much time? Does it stop? Is it unbearable? What?"

"Roger, let me put it this way. Think back before you were born, as far back as you can. Eternity is a lot like that, only in the other direction. If I had thought in The Beginning, 'Well, it sure is going to be a long time. What am I going to do? you wouldn't be here today. Nothing would.'

Roger began to understand. "But now that today is here, all that time before seems like nothing."

"That's the point, Roger." God smiled down upon him. "Time is just part of things. It doesn't end, and there's nothing you can do about it. Don't worry about it. You're only a kid. Go out. Have a good time. Get laid."

"That's all right with you?"

"Once in a while, sure. But above all, Roger, don't give up on people. There are good ones out there. You have to look. And help those who are not so good to become better."

Roger was relieved and humbled. "Thank You, God."

"And remember, Roger, people will think you are crazy if you say we spoke, so keep it to yourself. Let us consider our meeting private."

Yes, my Lord, yes." Roger thought a moment. "God, now that I've seen you, am I going to get old and gray like Moses did."

"Do you want to?"

"Not really, Sir."

"Don't worry about it." With that, God vanished, and the brilliant light in the sky reduced itself to the size of the moon again. Cars started to move and crickets began chirping. Stars came out.

Roger started to walk towards his building. When he got to the front door, he saw Lucy Green, the most beautiful girl he knew. He decided to take God's advice.

"Hey Lucy, wanna go out for a drink?" Roger asked.

"Forget it, Roger, I've got work tomorrow morning." She tried to pass him. He blocked the door.

"So what? Lucy, life is so short and we are so young and the night is so beautiful. Forget work. Let's have a ball." He winked at her.

"Excuse me, Roger." Lucy pushed past him into the hallway and walked up the stairs. When she reached the second floor, she yelled down, 'Y'know, you're really a fucked up guy, Roger.'

He thought about it for a second, and yelled back, "Yeah, I know." Then he walked up the stairs himself, looking forward to a good night's sleep.

Reproaching Stanford





Welcome to the Farm

"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."

"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."

"Don't count on having sex."

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."

"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."

"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."

"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."

"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."



"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."

Suicide

"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."

"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."

"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.



"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."

The Bay Area

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

Extracurriculars

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

The Chappies are: Mike Wilkins, Jim Gable, Bruce Handy, Doug Steiner, Jay Martel, Pete Stamats, Steve Kessler, Perry Vasquez, Rob Holbrook, Dave Lyon, Leslie Leland, Matt Love, Trey Ellis, Betsy Peabody, Rebecca Moss, Andy Fisher, Andrea Drobac, Anne Bekker, Alan Hedge, Mary Scanlon, Karen Allen, Chris Walters, Chris Morales, Jeff Iorillo, Brent Fery, Al X, Steve Ballinger, Mike Resnick, Brad Pechter, Chris Lyke, Howell Hsiao, Kurt Johnson.

"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."

"The Chaparral, yeah!"

"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."

"Seeing that Dave Lyon drunk made my freshman year."

"Stamats and Gable. A girl can feel safe with them."

"Rembrandt? Manet? Vasquez!"

"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."

"The Daily? P.U. I stick with the Chappie."

"That Mike Wilkins is so cute. . . ."

"Bruce Handy's a god, a real god."

"I dry-humped Jay Martel once. . . ."

"Kessler and Steiner — They're circumcised."

funny or you'll get a bullet up your ass." The truck driver raped Gary twice, thrusting harder when Gary screamed out in pain. He pushed Gary out on to the road and threw him his clothes and his bag. "Don't try telling the cops kid. You'll get the whole fuckin' union after you."

Gary hobbled stiff-legged along the shoulder, not even bothering to stick out his thumb. He stopped in the middle of a puddle and stood peering into the spectrum of an oil slick, his hands jammed into his pockets. At least the hot tears kept his face lukewarm. He lifted up his head for a second and saw the strange silhouette of a man not so much walking but more just dragging himself over. He closed his eyes and tried to control his tears.

When he opened them, he saw a humpbacked old man with drenched blond hair that came down almost to his navel smiling warmly at him. Gary returned his eyes to the oil slick.

"Hey man, what's the matter? A little drizzle never hurt anybody. Cheer up, you look like you just got run over by a truck or something."

Gary winced.

"C'mon now . . . Hey, how does this sound? I know a nice place in the next town where we can dig two of the sweetest pieces of ass in Iowa for free!"

Gary winced again and his face began twitching insanely,

then a great sob erupted in his chest and the tears began flowing again. When he was able to, Gary told the old humpback what had happened.

"Damn truck drivers," the old humpback cursed, "always givin' us hitchhikers the shaft."

Gary started laughing and crying at the same time. His diaphragm got confused and he almost suffocated. He caught his breath. "I'm sure glad you came along when you did. My roadname's Jack," Gary said extending his hand.

"Now Jack, I've been hitching for over 30 years now, and I know a finegone thumb when I see one, and that's sure a beauty you got there. And I'd love to shake it, but I can't," said the old humpback, shamelessly removing his hands from his pockets to reveal two thumbless appendages. Gary stood silently gawking at the old humpback's hands with his own still extended.

"Hey man, with your thumbs and my hitching experience, we should be able to get a ride to the next town in no time at all," the old humpback said with genuine excitement.

"Well what are we waiting for uh . . . you never told me your name," Gary said.

"My roadname's Jack too," said the old humpback.

"Kerouac?" Gary asked. The bum nodded yes. Gary smiled and stuck out his thumb.

"Yeah, me too."

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Head Hints #12

How do you hide your misshapen head??

By Steve



HIDE BEHIND A NEWS PAPER

Drawback: Dangerous while driving a car.



WEAR A SKI CAP

Drawback: Can get you beat up in some neighborhoods.



DISGUISE IT AS A PARTY HAT

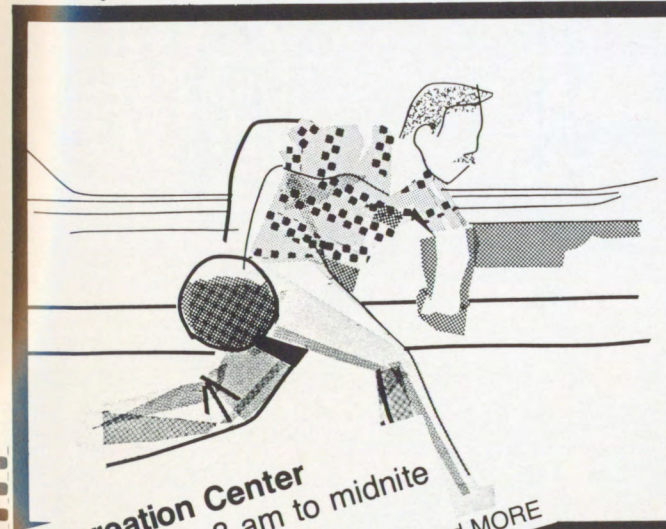
Drawback: Embarrassing at funerals.



WEAR MAGIC MIRRORS

Drawback: Potentially lethal in direct sunlight.

RESIDENTER UNION



Recreation Center
Sun.-Thurs. 8 am to midnite
Fri.-Sat 8am to 1am
Bowling, pinball, electronic games, and MORE



P. Vasquez

Offers two shopping and recreational alternatives!

The Store
7:45 am-9 pm Mon.-Sat.
7:45 am-8 pm Sun.
Featuring a full selection of periodicals



Make a date, mark your calendar,
set aside those books for a couple hours

Chaparral presents: The Santa Cruz Comedy Showcase

The show starts promptly at Nine P.M. on Friday, Dec. 5

Tickets available now at the ticket office for three dollars

Or for four at the door

At Dinkelspiel