

STANFORD

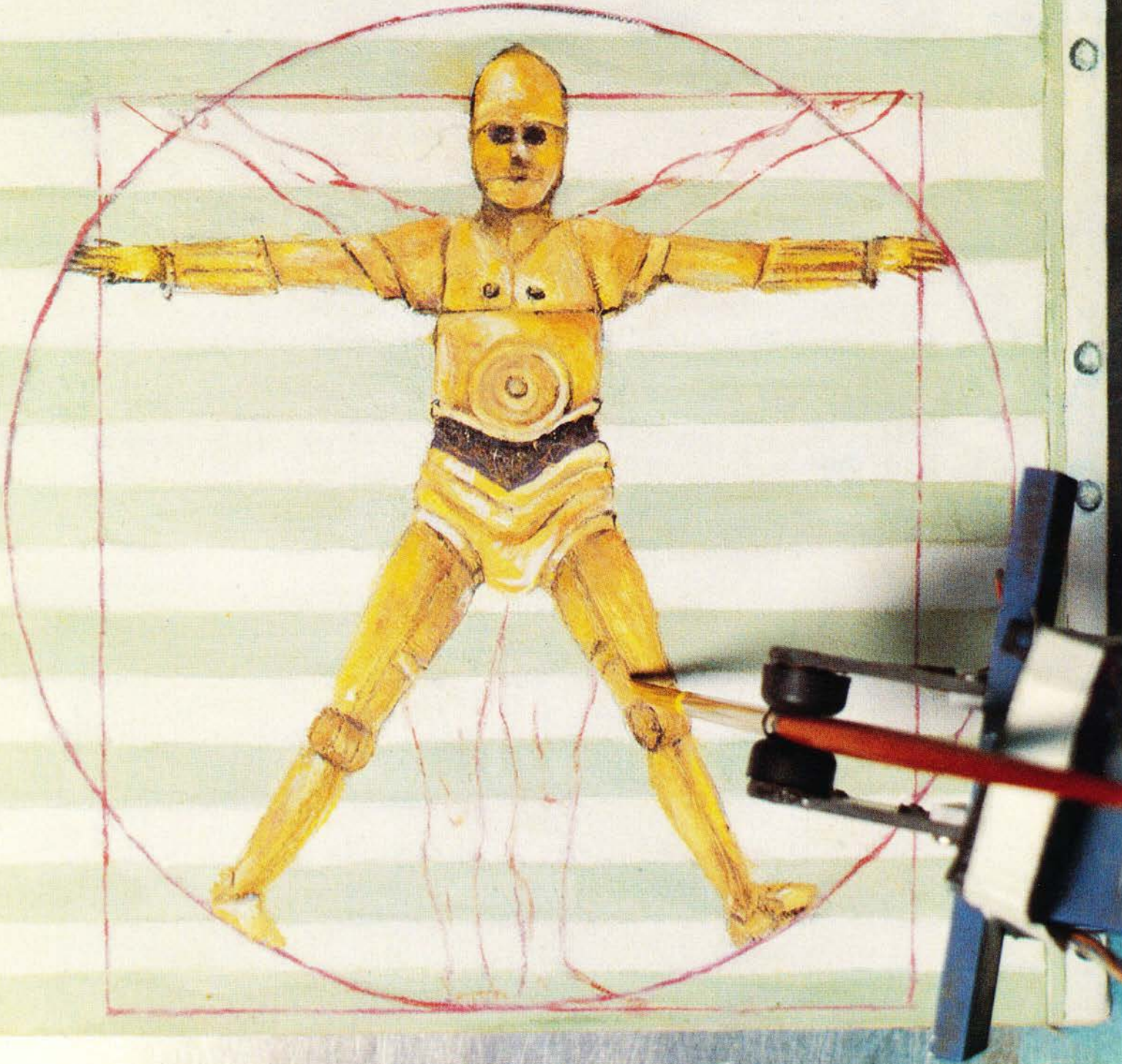
Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Spring 1983

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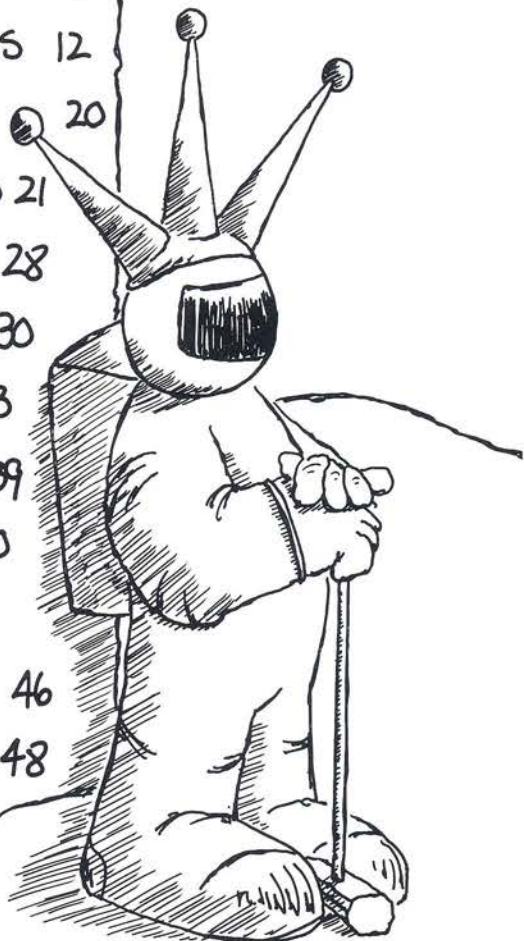
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Ron Fernandez





The Stanford Chaparral

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

now that



the second black in the Chappie's 84 year history has been elected editor (the first was Ray Thomas in '78). I, number two, can rest a little easier. Once can be a fluke, an affirmative action dog biscuit, but twice is commitment. Since Richard Pryor is America's number one box office draw, it seems only just that blacks should be able to

take a leading role in other aspects of the humor biz. My promotion, though in no way even nearing compensation for years of oppression, feels real good. I enjoy bossing around all these white guys (Hey Joel, if you're not getting it all down, I can speak more slowly). It's really great to say to a Chappie of WASP extraction as he's hung up on the wall by his wrists, "Michael was your old name! Now you're Kwame Kenyatta. Say it! Say it!" Yet after a while you don't need revenge, you want revision. Media is an obvious

target.

As both a black and a former TV addict (our three bedroom house had four TVs) I am particularly sensitive to the Media's racism. True, a handful of shows like "Hill Street Blues" (Directed by George Stanford Brown, the black cop on "The Rookies") don't just sprinkle minorities in the background of crowd shots, make one of us a tonto to some white Lone Ranger, or actively exploit misconceptions about the color of most prostitutes, burglars and pimps. Yet in a country

where—after the revolution—the political rights of blacks were constitutionally guaranteed, the Media is as racist today as in the days of “Amos and Andy”.

Gimme A Break

Imagine, if you will, a network with the gaul to make Nell Carter, 1978 Tony Award winning star of “Ain’t Misbehavin’” a TV maid. She could have been a surgeon, lawyer, university professor or nun, but television has her scrubbing floors. (Cut to black lady with a frilly white cap pinned to her hair. Suddenly, her eyes bug out of her head as she hysterically squeals, “Miss Scarlet! Miss Scarlet! Mr. Rhett has arrived!”)

Benson

In all fairness, this show is very different from “Gimme A Break”. They wouldn’t think of casting another black person as a maid. Benson was a butler. The main joke of the show was “Isn’t it odd that a black butler carries himself with pride, speaks eloquently and is even smarter than the WASP governor? (Roll clip of a black boy with electrified hair saying, “Hey Alfalfa, Banky, maybe we’s alls could play like we’s got de measles and skips school!”)

Though Benson has recently been promoted to Secretary of Treasury, by some quirk of TV fate, his relationship to the other characters hasn’t changed.

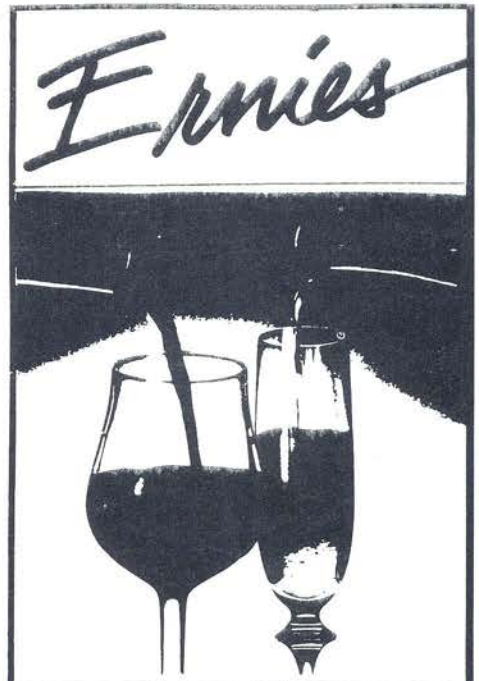
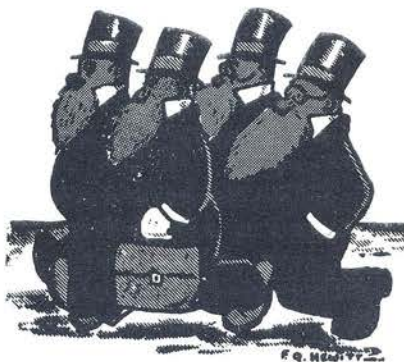
Diff’rent Strokes

(Catch the name. Hollywood loves “ethnically” spelled titles. This one comes from the black maxim, “Different strokes for different folks.”)

There are two types of sitcoms, the veridical and the fabricated. The previous examples mirror “reality” in as much as they merely racistly exploit existing stereotypes. “Diff’rent Strokes”, on the

other hand, goes out of its way to present the absolutely ludicrous situation of two black children whose mother is a wealthy white man’s maid (Miss Scarlet! Dere’s more colored maids on TV den in Brentwood) who dies. Her employer generously adopts her children, lifting them up from the depths of ghetto life to deliver them to a bourgeois nirvana. (Cut to a group of semi-naked Africans with bones in their noses genuflecting to a party of white explorers in pith helmets: “O wise white gods from the volcano, we won’t eat you if you deliver us back our sun which you in all your power made disappear from the sky!”)

These are just a few of the injustices committed. So please, remember how far we still have to go before you (blacks and whites) brag about how far we’ve come. But in between demonstrations and signing petitions to make January 14th a legal holiday, it’s nice to laugh a little. That’s where the Chappie comes in. Though we are woefully short of women and minorities, we’ve tried to make this issue appealing to all. At the same time, we’ve worked hard to make sure that every line, letter and umlaut keeps us the most critically acclaimed college humor magazine in the country—no matter what the virulent, onanistic, pederasts spew downstairs. (Remember, the reverse of “insta-journalism” is high art—Daily: Yliad). 



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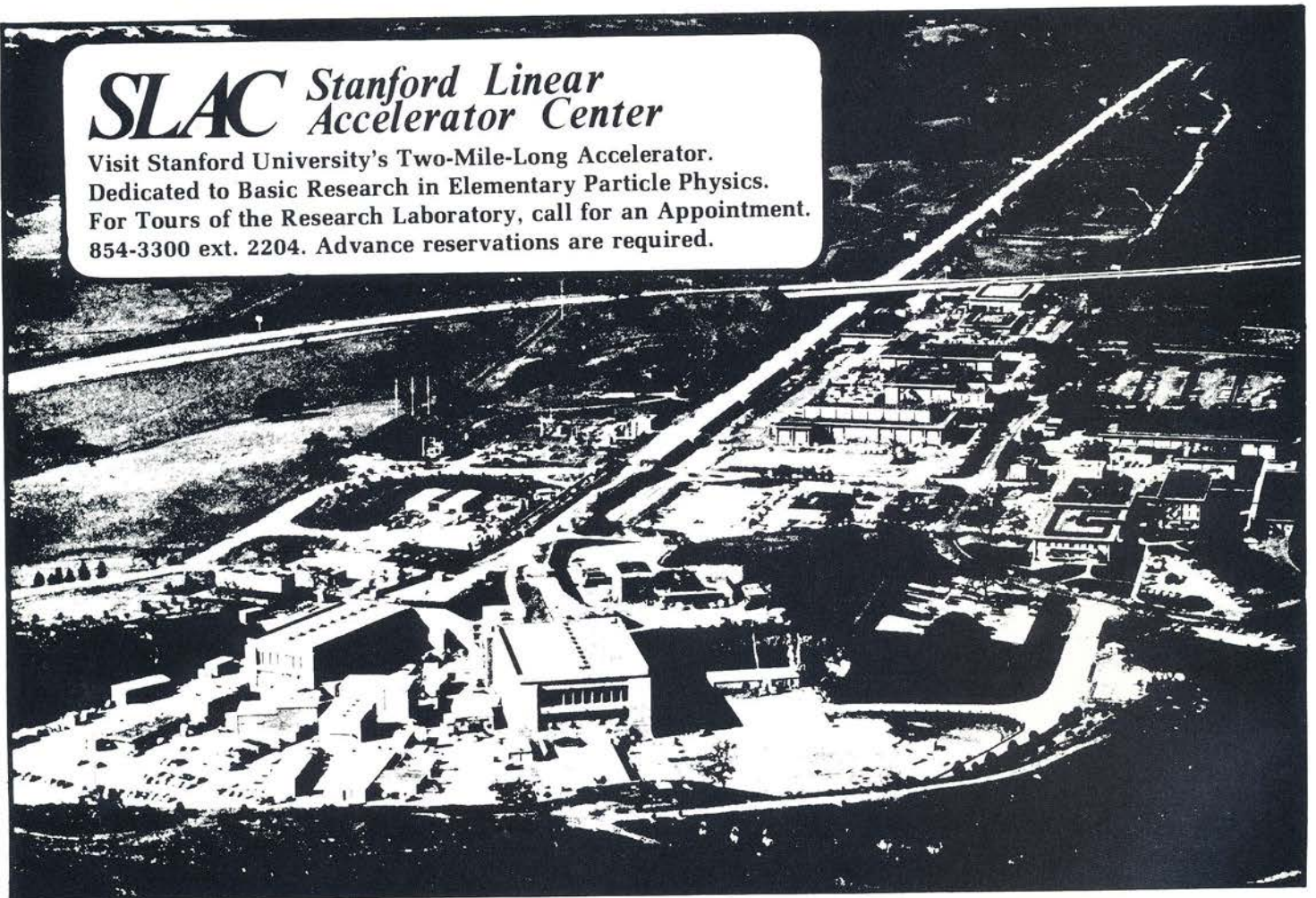
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"Ouch!"

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Dear
President
Kennedy:

Dear President Kennedy,

I'm writing this to beg you to let me meet the Queen. I really think I should be allowed to meet the Queen because I probably won't do anything else to impress *anyone* as long as I live. In fact I will probably die soon because I am quite accident-prone. I also have a tendency to get really drunk when I'm depressed. Since I'm depressed most of the time, I get drunk almost every day. I feel sure that if I don't die in some terrible accident, I'm sure to kill someone else as a result of my frequent depressions. President Kennedy, I do *not* want to die without meeting the Queen. I also do not want to go to jail for manslaughter without ever having done something - anything - important. Please let me meet the Queen.

Thank you,

Lucille Winner
Junior, VTS

P.S. Please don't take this chance to make something of myself away from me.

Dear President Kennedy,

I'm not sure if you remember me. I saw you one day while you were riding your bike through the Memorial Church short cut.

I waved at you. I thought you might remember, since, technically you were in violation of traffic laws, riding on the sidewalk like that. You looked a little embarrassed. I thought you might remember. Maybe not.

Consider for a moment, if you will, the effects of inviting only tall people to your luncheon for Queen Elizabeth. The men should be over six-six and the women at least six feet. I know that you and Mrs. Kennedy aren't particularly big people, so don't take offense.

I'm just under six-eight myself. I row for the Stanford Crew and I guess I'm in pretty good shape. I don't like tooting my own horn, but people say I have really broad shoulders too. Well, getting back to the luncheon, we could fill your whole dining room with some of us big guys and girls. The guys could wear matching wool blazers with a special Griffin emblem sewn beneath the lapel. The girls could wear matching plaid shirts and blue knee socks. I think we should all have some matching tartan pattern in the ensemble too. In fact, all the guys could wear kilts.

Now, Imagine this, the Queen walks into the dining room and she thinks she's in the middle of a human forest, all of her Scottish enemies nesting right there in the Hoover House dining room. At eye level, all she sees is blue plaid and belt buckles. You start talking about Genetic engineering.

It gets me steamy just thinking about it. I know we have to give her tea and crumpets. That's protocol. But we don't have to fill the place with a bunch of Lord Chesterfields. Let's get a little colonial stink in the air and power clean the royal sinuses.

Sincerely,

Lester McShane
Sophomore, Undeclared

Dear President Kennedy,

I could point out my Phi Beta Kappa standing, or my work with retarded children from lower socio-economic backgrounds, or the fact that my grandmother's cousin is Margaret Thatcher's personal hairdresser. However, I am sure that there are several candidates nearly as qualified as I to meet with the Queen and her consort.

Therefore, I'm going to lay it on the line. I do have great reason to desire admission to this exclusive tea party. I want to father Princess Anne's child.

Sure, I know she's not too bright, and she begins to resemble her equine companions more and more as she grows older, but I believe that I can take the first step in preventing the further propagation of such royal flaws. Let's face it, centuries of in-breeding have obviously taken their toll on the line. It's high time some fresh genes were thrown into the pool.

Meeting Anne's Mum and Dad at the Hoover house might just provide me with the crucial foot in the door of the Buckingham bed-chambers. I look forward to your reply.

With hopes for a dynamic
new breed of monarch,

Douglas Q. Cabot
Senior, Undeclared

Prez,

I know that no matter what I do I will not be selected to lunch with the Queen. I am not a member of the COP, nor am I a Rhodes scholar and/or Daily Editor. I am a humorist at a large western university and never thought I'd be writing to you. In fact I thought all those letters you received were fake.

Anyway, if you ask me, shaking the fish-limp hand of some poorly dressed, inbred old coot is not my idea of a fun lunch. I'd rather eat food service.

Ned Mertz
Senior, Creative Writing

STANFORD WORLD

The gates stood before him—beckoning. Dave slowed his car and admired the breath-taking view. Yes, it looked as it should, as he remembered it—Palm Drive, that prim-rosed path to social perdition. Revenge whipped the receded hair back from his hard-edged face, and a slow, twisted smile crawled across his lips. He headed for Stern.

David Lyndon parked his car in a convenient 40 minute stall in front of Lucy's pink barracks. A perverse desire for a ticket crossed his mind—he'd love to return and have it out with one of the meter maids who had cost him hundreds of dollars during his undergraduate career, but he had pressing business to take care of. Earlier, he had changed from his customary 3-piece suit into a more appropriate costume: a lurid blue and black Devo New Traditionalist T-shirt (they must have had problems digging up one of those) and his old traditionalist Levi jeans. He carefully checked over the contents of his briefcase and shifted them into an artificially tattered backpack. He was ready for what he had to do.

Walking around Twain, he noticed the Bud and Henry's caps strewn across the path: the detail employed was startling. He rounded the corner and sighted his goal: Burbank, his freshman house of horror where he underwent severe psychic trauma and got drunk a lot (the cancer and the cure, he thought sardonically). Some miscellaneous people from his dorm were outside lounging on the green fronting the flat-topped box of trashed dorm rooms. He smiled and said hello; his dormmates turned and asked how he was doing. Dave had already begun a reply before he noticed that they had resumed their sunning, ignoring him. Biting his lip, Dave reminded himself that he was after all, back at Stanford.

Rounding the corner at the top of the stairs, Dave eyed his room. The door was open, but his roommate, Scott, wasn't in. All his possessions seemed to be in order; it looked like he'd never left. Dave crept down the hall towards the john. No one was around; the place seemed empty for a Wednesday afternoon. Pushing the door open, Dave jumped into the bathroom, and, as he suspected, his all-American roommate was preening before one of the mirrors, brushing his teeth. Scott turned, and Dave whipped out his Smith & Wesson, greeting his roommate with six rounds to the chest. Scott bubbled pink froth as his leaking body slithered to the floor.

"Teach you to use my toothbrush, you scumbag," Dave spat out the words and turned on his heel.

As Dave walked back to his room, a door opened behind him. A short, pretty girl with the disposition of a poodle emerged. Dave remembered the dorm party at which she'd refused to dance with him. He'd asked her why she didn't want to dance, and she'd said that he was a smelly, greasy-haired computard only interested in

making it with a LOTS terminal. She had been wrong, of course; he was also interested in chess.

"Hey, programmer," she said saucily, "how's about going down to CIT and interfacing some hardware?"

"You talking to me? Suck on this," Dave remarked conversationally as he pumped a few slugs into her gut. "Wow, this is more fun than video games or differential equations!" He squealed with delight.

Dave reentered his room only to find his roommate chatting with a gorgeous female. Performing a quick calculation in his head using five variable equations of at least three parameters each, Dave was astounded by Scott's regeneration rate. Not wanting to make a bad impression on the girl, Dave spared his roommate's second life, instead grabbing his books and stuffing them into his backpack.

The humanities section was as boring as Dave remembered. Today's was especially tedious since they were discussing Dante. But Dave remained alert; he was waiting for the right moment. His right hand scribbled notes sporadically, while his left twitched in his lap, grasping something cold and dark. Then it happened, Jeff the poly sci major cut into the discussion, beginning one of his infamous oratories. This one concerned evil as the deprivation of being as related to the valiant struggle of third world countries to gain independence from the tyrannical socio-economic grip of the multi-national corporation-owned capitalist countries as paralleled to Dante's personal struggle for freedom of his soul from the spiritual capitalist forces in his own world. Jeff having started talking only scant minutes before, the Smith & Wesson was out of Dave's lap before Jeff could finish his first sentence.

"I've had enough of your long-winded poly sci bullshit. I put up with your ranting and ravings and inferior logic capacities for four years. Now taste the infinite loop of death!" The three shots rang more eloquent than any political analysis.

For a frat party, it wasn't bad. The drink wasn't Beta-beer; it actually had some taste. And unlike a Delt party, he could see more than shoulders and arm-pits. Still, it was too crowded. The next asshole to step on his foot or spill on his coat was going to eat lead.

Dave entered the dining room; it showed a typical scene. Three SAE's were passed out, and six more continued a sloppy quarters game. One shaking pledge stared at the cup before him, while the others yelled "chug." The pledge raised his glass, downing the liquid with a grimace. He blanched and pitched forward. A white spray flew from his mouth, soaking the nearby players' Polo sweaters with a coat of frothy foam. The SAE's were already on their tenth carton of Safeway's finest homogenized. The pledge collapsed. It was a disgusting sight.

Next, the actives forced open the prostrate pledge's

mouth and crammed a fistful of cookies down his throat. With tears of pity in his eyes, Dave terminated the would-be frat-boy.

For the first time ever, Dave approached Old Union with something resembling a smile on his face. Anticipation grew inside him. Today he would relish the long lines, the bureaucratic incompetence, the dizzy shuttling from office to office, for today he had a remedy that bulged under his coat. His trusty Smith & Wesson. There was no line as he approached the transcript window. The man inside offered him a cheery hello and handed him his grade sheet. It showed straight "A's." They had been expecting him.

It was the same story at the Financial Aids Office.

"Yes, we have your completed aid package right here. Mr. Lyndon, I'm happy to say that we've been able to increase our offer. Please look over the contents and have a nice day."

Something was wrong, drastically wrong. This wasn't how it should be. It wasn't how he'd programmed it. They were supposed to give him their usual run-around, and he'd claim revenge, blowing them away. This wasn't his Stanford. Dave turned from the window, a nervous tick twitching on his face. As he passed student employment, they called out, offering him a job at \$10 an hour. He ran.

Leaving Old Union, he headed towards the post office. From a distance he could see mail bursting from his box. Five employees were lined up, waiting to serve him. This couldn't be.

As he passed White Plaza, two students had stopped

for an in-depth talk, examining each other's lives and offering help and guidance. He saw a girl from his dorm, but pretended not to notice. It was no good; she came up to him and asked him for a date. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw his roommate. Dave pulled out his gun. This was one robot he'd never tire of blowing away.

"Say, Dave, I've been looking all over for you. Someone called and I wanted to give you the message. Here's my sister's phone number; she's a good time. And here's the twenty bucks I owe you."

Dave looked at the money, at the smiling faces around him. He vomited.


Still feeling sick and brandishing his weapon, Dave burst into President Kennedy's office.

"All right, Jack, what's the factor? I helped program this place and this isn't how Stanford World is supposed to work. Everything has gone crazy. If you don't tell me what's going on, I'll blow the memory banks out of your tin skull."

"I'm sorry, Dave, but there's been a change of plan. Put that toy away, it won't do you any good; you know it only works on the androids."

Dave squeezed the trigger. The gun let out a soft click.

"You see," President Kennedy continued. "I'm sorry to say, but you're stuck here for another four years."

Dave reeled back in terror. His back slammed against the locked door. "No, you can't do this to me." He slowly raised the Smith & Wesson to his head. "Not four more years." He pulled the trigger and microchips splattered the office. 



OLYMPIAD

(2004)

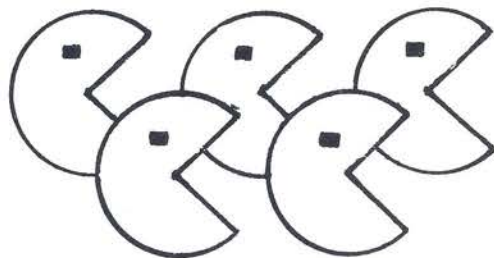
Dick: Well, Bob, now it's time for one of the most grueling and exacting of the Olympic events—the uninterrupted Space Duel marathon.

Bob: That's right, Dick. These fine young athletes are prepared to spend just as long as it takes to win in front of that screen. Nicky Ebersol, representing the United States, is looking for his second gold token. He won his first yesterday in the Donkey Kong Freestyle Floor Exercises. It's that kind of finger dexterity that could give him the advantage he needs here.

Dick: Nicky is going up against tough competition all the same. Viewers will remember that it was his opponent, Yuri Verchick, who took the gold three times in the last Olympic's quarter-slam. What he lacks in digital prowess he more than makes up for with the quickest hand-to-pocket and coin-to-machine reflexes anywhere. It really is a match too close to call.

Bob: All right, we've got a starter on the floor now, Dick. He's going to carefully check both machines and the players before giving the signal to begin. This year's Olympic Committee certainly wants to avoid the kind of controversy that marred the competition four years ago.


Dick: So true. You can see him deliberately counting the fingers on each player's hands: another twelve-fingered Soviet entry won't be slipping through this time around! Everything seems to be in order; he's handing each competitor his allotment of coins and the players are taking their places at the video console. Yuri won the



toss and will be playing the left side of the machine—a tough break for the right-handed Ebersol. Both youths look ready and determined as they take their places. The ref is about to give the signal... they're off! From here, it looked as though Yuri got that first quarter slammed in just moments ahead of Nicky. Well, Bob, it could be hours now.


Bob: Or days, Dick. Who can forget the Lazenby/Dixon match eight years ago, when both young men played for two and a half weeks, at which point their fingers fell off and a tie was declared. That's the kind of selfless enthusiasm that makes *The Games* what they are.

Dick: It's an enthusiasm bred of dedicated practice. These athletes spend hours in arcades and at home each day working the basics: eye-to-hand co-ordination, finger speed, thumb strength, joystick technique. It's a discipline that requires commitment, and a willingness to make sacrifices. You've got to forgo things like the outdoors, Bob, and friendship, sleep, the family. Easy it isn't, but this is the payoff. They're all winners today, Bob.

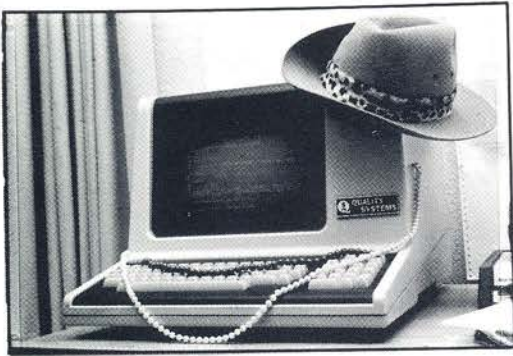
Bob: I'd say at least half of them in any given event, Dick, and that's still a lot of winners. Ebersol and Verchick are really showing some good fingers here, and we'll be sure to keep constant tabs on their progress. Meanwhile, it's back to Frank Simpson for complete coverage of the extemporaneous programming pre-lims. Till then, Dick and Bob signing off live from the Olympic Village Arcade. 

HAL'S
Computer Dating Service

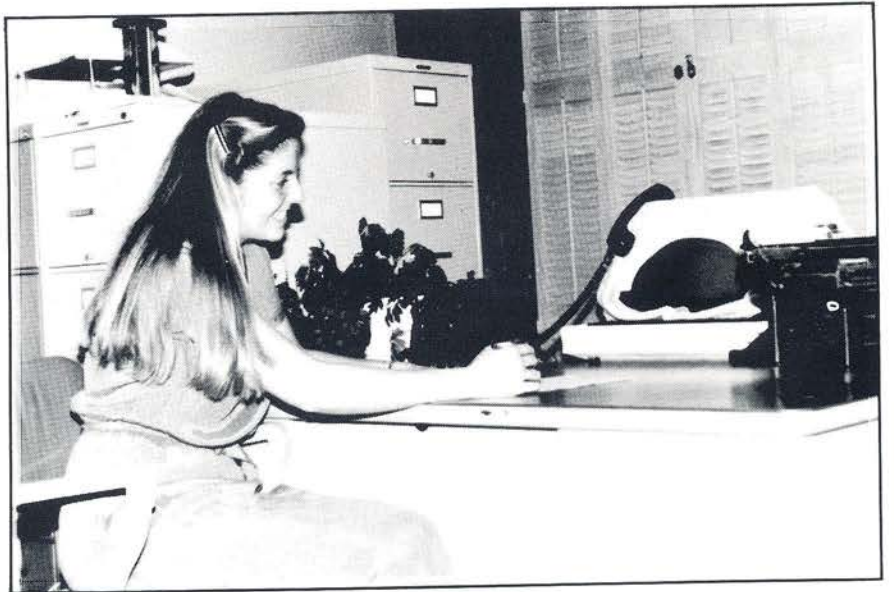
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We're not like the rest. Instead of showing you videotapes and asking you crass questions, we are interested in *your* needs. By finding out where *you* are coming from, we can program your evening, making it a data you'll never forget.



The Ride Home

The Encounter



"I never thought I'd be attracted to someone like you."

.....

The Morning After



"You're my computer date?"

.....

Getting Acquainted



"Beep . . . beep . . . pfffft . . . wow! . . . beep."



"Gee, I never thought of DeSica's 'Ladri di biciclette' as a neo-realist attack of the bourgeoisie."

"Ma certo, cara."

Now that you know how our operation functions, you know why we call it, "Love at first byte."

1 The Deal

He's coming out of The Diemgeltz Hofbrau, wearing that Wimpy-burger smile under his regulation British landed gentry moustache. It's September of 1938, and the reason this landed gentry gent has landed in Landau is to appease the German jew-hater badguys at (in the bulldog Churchill's words) "any reasonable cost." It's 1938, a full year before the Blitzkrieg through Poland, and Neville Chamberlain has seen a rocket just once, at his eighteenth birthday celebration at Peterhouse, when his Cambridge mates nicked a Chinese holiday rocket for the occasion. And that was a disappointment. Expecting the Pop, Bang, Whiz, Whiz, Boom, Boom, Kabang, like on the package, all Nev (as he was known) got was a measly Fizzzz, Fizzzz, Kaput. It was too bloody damp to light the rocket, just like it's too bloody damp to do much of anything in the way of backyard fag-lit pyrotechnics in England, because even the bloody fag won't stay lit.

So Nev is smiling after his Hoffbrau huddle with Herr Hitler. He has plied his playing fields of Eton eclectic eloquence and triumphed over the Hunnish housepainter. He has achieved peace in his day, and has only had to surrender two things, two that Britain could not care less about (certainly 'reasonable costs'). He's given the Jerrys Czechoslovakia, and, as an afterthought, promised that Great Britain will not build any rockets over three feet high.

What was for a month or two the saving of Brittainia (and also of the oft beleaguered Prime Minister, who returned home to have many a Mary Minion offer to minister the Minister's member) became the textbook case of death by elocution. So, while London was being decimated by the V (for victory) -1, and V (dot, dot, dot, dash) -2 missiles, British scientist Roger Estes had developed a three-foot high rocket that could take a rat or small rabbit up nearly a quarter of a mile - if he could ever get the bleeding thing lit (He couldn't).

Neville Chamberlain had it, and showed it off for the world to see and laugh at, while he stood motionless, like a Buckingham Palace Guard who won't move even after his pants have been set afire. Nev had it. The Wrong Stuff.

2 Roger Estes

Roger Estes' favorite thing in the world to do was to say to whoever was near him at five to four in the afternoon, "Gooooood, the only thing missing from this - Estes is another 'T'. Then he'd laugh to himself between bites on a biscuit because he had said something he thought risqué and had not been caught for the umpteenth time. He was a small man with sweet-rotted teeth whose second favorite thing to do was to shoot rabbits into the air in a three-foot high rocket. If he could ever get them lit (They *never* light). On holiday in France he could get them to go, or in bloody Belgium, or even the time he was in Amsterdam. Cor! Amsterdam! If Roger Estes had a pence of sense he'd have moved somewhere else to shoot his rabbits into the air. But this was not the case.

Because Roger Estes oozed it. The same ooze that oozed from Nev and stuck to his gentry moustache, and hardened at the edges of his sentry smile (which is not a smile at all, really). It was the very primordial ooze from which The



THE

WRONG

STUFF



King Biscuit himself shaped the British man, breathing something close to life into him. Roger Estes oozed *the wrong stuff*. And you could sense it coming through the pores in his ruddy nose, or plaque-hardened on his gnarl of teeth. And when faced with that face, that even the most fastidious follower of the wrong stuff saw it suffused with something *just plain wrong*, well, England could not deny Roger Estes anything.

And what Roger Estes wanted, and got, was the title of Chief Rocket engineer for the R(Royal). A(Air). F(Force).

3 The Program

It wasn't as if Roger Estes had any real competition. Following the fascist collapse, Werner Von Braun and his boys packed up and hi-ho'ed it for, not England, whose last full page in the history of science was for stumbling onto the discovery that sucking limes kept teeth in your maw. No, the V-2 troupe bundled up and trundled off to America, where people drove on the correct side of the road. Britain, too, got one-fourth of all German scientists as per the Yalta pow-wow, but Britain got the bleeding, bloody, buggar botanists. It is, quoth the bard, a surely sure sign of the strong stuff to have hedges higher than your rockets ("Sod off with the bleeding botanists").

Roger Estes had, in 1965, come to the conclusion, which most first world countries had taken for granted for years. "Britain," he said, to a not so righteously wrong member of the RAF pack, between snaps at a crumpet crammed with jam, "is being left behind by our enemies and allies alike. We've got to do something to mount up before they've taken the fox. Why don't we put some of our boys up there?" (Why? Because there was no British *LIFE* magazine. Because every lad possessant of the energy needed is growing his hair and playing guitar, so that he could get free trips out of the country. Because your bleeding rockets are three feet high, AND BECAUSE THEY DON'T BLOODY LIGHT! NEVER.) It was agreed that British boys would be sent up. Sent up by a model rocketeer, and a bunch of Kraut gardeners. Up in the air they'd go flying, Up in the air so blue, And even Stevenson could've seen the wrong stuff ooze, From Estes and his rocket-ship crew.

4 The Pilots

There were two jobs for Estes, as soon, of course, as the Queen Mother had given her royal approval. Fancying herself the modern day Isabella to Estes' Columbus, she gladly approved the project, and had given him a ring to sell, along with her admonition to seek treasure for The Empire ("In outer space, Queen Mother?" "Wherever you think best, Mr. Estes.").

His next two tasks were one: finding pilots for his unignitable arrows of desire, and, two: building one that could carry a man who weighed more than a rabbit. He'd do the second himself, but to find men ennobled with the nectar and necktie wrong stuff, pilot grade, he enlisted the help of RAF wing cammander, Jackson "I'm all right, Jack" Trumbour. Trumbour had advanced through the ranks in a manner characteristic of the RAF's brethren wrong stuffers. During the Battle of Britain, he shot himself in the leg, keeping him from getting shot out of the air, and at the same time giving him the debonair swagger-stick-up-the-

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arse swagger typical of British officers who have shot themselves in the leg. He now was in charge of the 75th squadron, nicknamed "Debt From Above," because of its inability to stay within the budget set by the government of a country going bankrupt.

Trumpbour was the perfect wrong stuff let-tenant, and he began his search for pilots where every limp-legged limey who has a lion head stuffed and mounted in the den, and who wears a pith helmet and shorts in the summer, so that you can see the still pink scar made by his own Regulation Ruger Five Shot Semi-Automatic, and you say to the missus, "He's one of the boys kept Jerry from wringing England's neck like a chicken," and "some chicken," she giggles back, and "some neck" you say to end the exchange - would begin his search. The proving grounds for wrong stuff apprentices from Keynes to Kendal, a must step up the ziggeraut, the two last bastions of baked-in, in-bred righteous wrongness, Oxford and Cambridge.

To be sure, this stuff was not something taught to students there, nor could it be. It was more something cut out of their genetic tartan, the boar's head on their X and Y Chromosome coat of arms. But if you had it you ended up at one of those two institutions. You didn't learn it, just like you don't go to a hospital to learn Down's Syndrome. You are there *because* of it.

So Trumpbour dropped word 'round the eating clubs, to see who wanted to serve H.R.M. And what he got were two nearly matched (one from college A, one from college B) sets of blue-jacketed, pipe-smoking, pale-skinned, sick-thin British boys, who, at twenty, all have receding hairlines, and nostrils that arch so high up the nose that wind whistles through them when they play polo. It was this cloth from which the paper doll wrong squad was cut.

5 The Rocket

Roger Estes is again laughing to himself, though it's five hours 'til teatime. He's outsmarted the Jerrys (no one has bothered to tell Britain she doesn't have to honor her treaty with the Nazi's anymore). It is the same feeling Roger Estes feels that was felt by his predecessors when they had successfully coded troop menus so Jerry couldn't tell what our boys were eating (who bloody cares?). No we can't build rockets more than three feet high, Estes had figured, but The Nazis never said how *wide* we could build them. So, in a feverish excitement that keeps him up all night, Roger Estes designs a three-stage rocket, each stage being precisely one foot high, and 2500 feet in diameter. A downright wrong solution to a problem, and Roger Estes is feeling good. Marmalade in the shade.

6 Picking The Team

It was a given that Trumpbour would not choose a few pilots from each school. That would be lame, ducks. Oxford and Cambridge would meet in yet another challenge of the titubaceous, titular titans, the winning school given the honor of donating all of the Queen's Aristonauts, the losing school having to roll the stone of Sisyphus home. Cambridge had been the last winner in this never ending series of contests, taking five days to lose to an Indian cricket team that had beaten Oxford in just three.

But this in no way meant that Cambridge was a better bet

for blast-off boys than Oxford. In reality, it meant nothing. True, the contests gave the universities something to think about, like Oceania thought about Eurasia, and aided in sustaining a general air of uncooperation with 'those other chaps,' which is the cornerstone of British society, whether it is the bloody unions, or bloody Oxford. But the battles did little else.

True to the nature of the British beast, the contest to decide which school would drive Estes' three-foot high chariots of fire had little to do with aeronautical acumen. The space squadron, per rowing fan Trumbours conditions, would be selected by the speed of their sculls. Cambridge had traditionally (as is every Britisher on every point. The greatest crime against oneself in Britain is not to be traditionally something) skulked from scull sessions with Oxford, the latter being traditionally keen on rowing, ever since the first Ox had forded the river around which aptly named Oxford was founded.

Because of its traditional misgivings about rowing against Oxford, Cambridge tried a wrong stuff move of championship caliber. They postponed the race week after week as one by one the Cambridge ten got the flu. 'Can't bloody well race if you're healthy, and we're not up to snuff, eh?' Oxford countered with its own master stroke. They too, got sick, in fact all ten at once, then undaunted taunted their opponents to take up oars. Well, Thames fighting words, and Cambridge, after making sure all ten of its rowers were ill, finally downed the drammock and went to the water against Oxford.

The race was a sight. Twenty skinny, shivering sods, paler even than usual, with a watery green coming from their nostrils which matched their teeth. Sneezing, wheezing, and freezing in the October fog, trying to stop shaking long enough to grab their oars. Cockswains' coughs came loud and phlegm-choked though their megaphones. At the sound of the gun, Oxford pulled ahead and easily won, as three of the Cambridge lads got seasick, and stopped rowing to lean over, yaw and pitch.

Cambridge was sent home to think up excuses as to why it wasn't their fault. The paper doll rocket crew would be cut from Oxford cloth. Including Thomas Young, Jr.

7

The Blighter

Thomas Young, Jr., was born a half-breed. And by any account Thomas Young, Jr., did not belong at Oxford. He was there because his father, Thomas Young, Sr., had gone there, and his father before him, and so on dating back to the year 1662, when great-grandfather Ian Young first signed on the dotted line. By allowing Thomas, Jr.'s enrollment in 1962 (and by fully funding his stay) Oxford beat Cambridge in the race to have fifty families with three centuries of consecutive enrollments. Had the Young family been #51, Thomas, Jr., would not be at school, even with three hundred years of wrong stuff hybridization in his family tree.

Because Thomas Young, Jr., was a half-breed. Caught up in the fever, fervor and furor when Edward stepped down from the throne to marry a commoner, Thomas Young, Sr., also married a commoner, and in doing so, allowed too many new genes into the pool. Like hemophilia, which was the royal disease, and remained so because royalty had to intermarry, the wrong stuff was the disease of the British gentry, and one seriously diluted it

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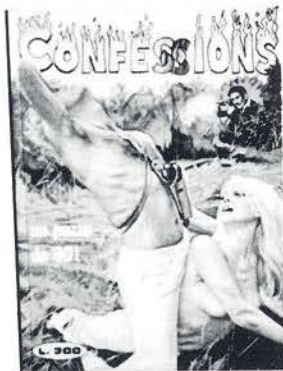
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(cream in the tea, and all the rot) by allowing a son to be born with half-common genes.

Make no mistake, Thomas Young, Jr., was a possessor of the stuff, but his skin was not quite the onion-skin white of the others, nor was his hairline so far up the pate. His snobbish sneer came only after practice, and on occasion he wore his courdoroy jacket to the eating club.

By all accounts, Thomas Young, Jr., should not have been attempting to become a rocket pilot for Britain, either. Riff-raff riding an RAF rocket? Really. But he got his chance because Oxford had once again needed him to be a number in its contest with Cambridge. Each school was supposed to send ten lads to do battle, and by sign-up deadline only nine Oxford lads had bothered to enlist. Most were out that week running a road rally, and some simply let it slip their minds. So Thomas Young, Jr., was asked to become the tenth (like he was asked to come to Oxford). And that changed the posture of the other lads towards him from detached disdain to active hatred. They could sense without being told, like the creatures from Invasion Of The Body Snatchers, who had all of it, and who only had some of it. But instead of just pointing their pale, bony fingers at him and hissing, they were now out to get him. They knew Thomas Young, Jr., did not belong. And that was their beef, Wellington.

8 The Construction

“Planning this contraption of yours is one thing,” Trades Union Congress boss Geoffrey Cooke told Roger Estes, “But building it is jolly well different.” Geoffrey Cooke was the head potato of Britain’s elaborate trade union network, which did its fair shake to keep Britain in the red. Though not well read, actually, since Cooke’s newspapermen had been on strike since August of 1964. It was now December of 1965, and Estes knew he had to get through to Cooke to get anywhere with the rocket ship project. So Estes left Trumbour to tend to the Oxford flock and their croquet, and ballet, and chardonnay, while he unsuccessfully tried to reach Cooke in person, first by automobile (whose brakes were sticking), then by tram (whose brakemen were striking). He finally phoned him, but even after nearly an hour of talk on the virtues of Aristonauts, and the possibilities of having the first royalty in space, Estes could not move Cooke off his London derriere.

According to a 1962 senior shop steward agreement, British workers refused to build any structures on British soil of more than twelve stories, due to a restructuring of the National Health policy the previous year which stopped insuring workers who fell more than 144 feet. And, while the actual rocket was only three feet high, it was scheduled to end up in space, where a fall off a platform could kill a man, and so, with all due respect to The Queen Mother, and the greater glory of The United Kingdom, Estes’ rocket simply could not be built. So blame it on the union, Jack.

9 Saved

News of the British rocket program’s early demise came as bad news to Ursa Major Russia. Threatened by internal strife caused by Krushchev’s cutting out, and being bested on more and more occasions by free-worlders in chess and ballet, Russia had been hurling its vodka glasses into

fireplaces with glee over the British foul-ups. Here was that imperialist domination by the ruling class did not work, and Russia at all costs wanted the British rocket not to fly in the face of adversity. At a secret meeting in the Kremlin, Russia decided to send a team of crack spies and lawyers to find out if anything could be done to save H.R.M.'s rocket from going up, in smoke.

It was by this time summer of 1966, and Roger Estes had given up hope. He would never officially end the project, of course, for that would end his salary from it, but the dream of an orbiting Union Jack had been jacklegged by the unions. Fortunately for Estes, and fortunately for Russia, the cagey KGB G-men had discovered something. The union agreement stipulated the non-building of tall things only on British soil. There was a legal loophole there, which was mysteriously left on Estes' desk. Scattered through-out the island were tracts of land owned by The Druids, which were never made part of the Empire due to fear of reprisal, Union workers could build the rocket on one of these tracts, if they obeyed Druid law. Estes read this, and instructed Cooke to find workers and meet him at The Salisbury Plain, site of the last British astro-anything success, Stonehenge. Estes recruited some of the German botanists ('listen, they're bleeding Jerry's. They've got to know something of rockets.') to help with the final set of scientific details.

Hearing about a day's work at Stonehenge kept the Soviets doubled-up with laughter. They were having a communist party, listening to its spies tell that, because workers had to follow Druid custom, all were wearing long black hooded robes, and were sacrificing goats on the half-hour. At noon, the entire crew had to stop work, and kneel, chanting, in a chalk pit. And all this while some old, white-haired Nazis were landscaping the area around the launch, and had started growing ivy up the launch gentry, so that it looked like a trellis, but it was only three feet high (And would never light). The mysterious Soviet Integral, master designer of the Russian space program, was on the floor. Workers were not allowed to work on any Druid holiday, and Druid holidays took up three-quarters of any given calendar year, the longest single holiday running from winter solstice to summer solstice.

At Stonehenge, Roger Estes, now Sir Roger Estes, was in his element. As his scientists carefully built hedges and mazes, work on his rocket was progressing slowly and shoddily. A door that took six months to weld required only one day to fall apart. He was in wrong stuffer heaven. All Systems Slow! But, by the summer of 1968, this heaven was threatened.

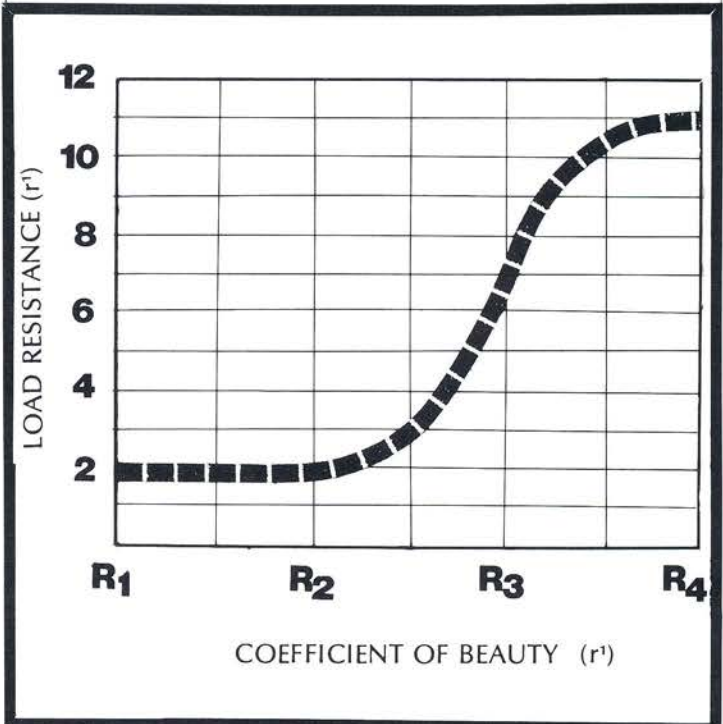
Even after selling the Queen Mother's ring, Sir Roger could not find enough quid in the coffers to pay for the full scale rocket he conceived. He didn't want the project to fail just yet, and certainly not for lack of bleeding bob. Neither did, between yanks on his beagle, and Lyndon(L.) Baines(B.) Johnson (J.). He and his Senate pals got nothing but headaches when looking west into the setting sun and Viet Nam. So they had turned east to where the sun never sets, and were kicking back picking up dogs by the ears, and having a good old time watching this dilly Picadilly Circus. So it greatly upset LBJ to hear that there weren't enough pounds around to get the rocket off the ground. The next week Sir Roger has his money. The United States, in a surprising move, agreed to pay Britain back for the tea it had dumped into Boston harbor way back in 1776. It was good news for Britain, and bad news for LBJ's beagles.

Prof's "Insta-Smarts" transistor, a miracle!

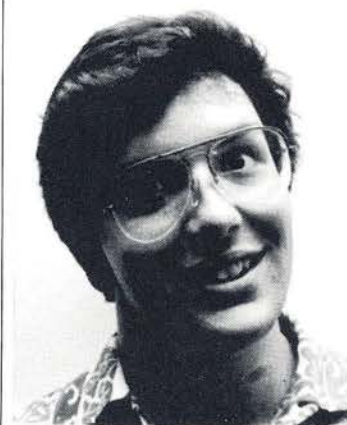
J.D. Libbons does it again with a transistor even the non-engineer can understand.

Libbons: Well what we have here is no ordinary transistor.

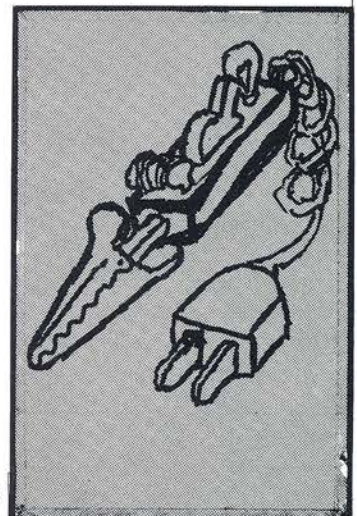
This is a brain implant, man. And it works for any brain; pick a brain. I've told my students on many an occasion that people don't think any more. Years of painstaking research have proven without a doubt that this is due to slow switching transients in the cerebral cortex. But now we have the problem licked.

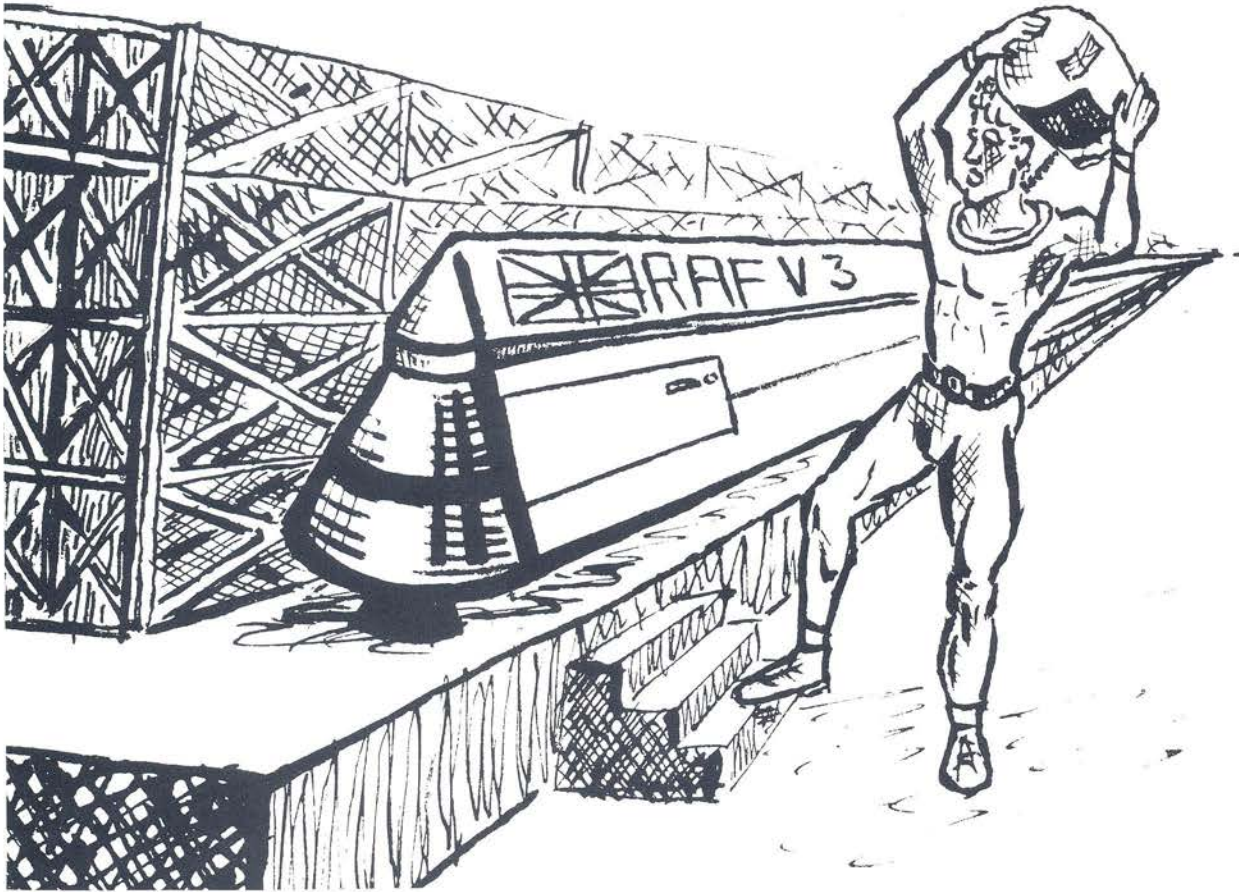


Result: Students can think much faster, talk much faster, read much faster. The switching logic is controlled from a panel in my office, so you can rest assured that critical transition voltages will not be implemented to cause severe brain damage.



"Gee, I almost like studying."





Manchester is famous as the place where moths change color depending on whether or not the factories around are working. If the factories are going, and reeling in D.H. Lawrence's hooked factory fishes, and spewing out black belches of bilious gack, the moths, too, are black. But in 1965, the factories were shut down, and the moths had been white for quite awhile, the factory fishes fed-up and feuding with the feudal owners. It was in one of these closed-up factories that training for the ten pilot hopefuls would take place. It was not the kind of training that made sense at all, unless, of course, you were steeped in *the* stuff. Then, there was no question of what to study.

You didn't study engineering, and the step-by-step basics of how to fly a rocket, that is not now, nor has ever been the British wrong stuff way. No, the boys were given-preparation in rhetoric and Latin. The metaphysical poets were studied, as were the Greek playwrights. Teaching Shakespeare was a given. It did not matter how you did what you did in England (so studying *how* to fly a rocket is of little value), or why you caused what you were doing to muck-up. Give a British wrong stuffer a project and he'll muck it up. That's not news, and it's not important. What was important, and what the true wrong stuffers were (and are) best in the world at, was explaining to superiors, using your rhetorical training, and picking out apt lines from the Greeks or Shakespeare, how come it wasn't your fault, and it wasn't their fault (I'm all right, Jack. You're all right, Jack.). This is what the pilots must be ready to do, because as Sir Roger Estes, knew, as Jackson Trumbour knew, as anyone who cared knew, the rocket wasn't going to light. it's just too bloody damp in England for the rocket to do anything but bloody sit there. Sir Roger thought it best not to tell the boys that the rocket (its three stages named "veni, vidi, vici," or "V3") wouldn't go up. They might not

understand.

By 1968, all of the Oxford boys still in the program were fluent in Latin, were experts on Iago's animal imagery, and all nine had D.Phils in philosophy. One of the lads, an exceptionally sick chap named Grove, had died of the gout in the winter of 1966, and the boys had all dressed in the club blue jackets with the Oxford breast patch, and brought out their dress monocles, and waited in queue to send off their fallen wrong stuff warrior. But the rest had remained healthy enough, and were eager, after three years in an abandoned factory to go outside. Trumbour, now Sir Jackson Trumbour, M.B.E., would hear nothing of it, preferring to have all the boys in one place when the call came to head for Salisbury.

The boys also wanted to be known as Aristonauts, to have all England know who was at the pinnacle of the patrician pyramid, and Trumbour relayed this to Estes. The boys were getting cabin fever inside this factory, and it would be best if the press were invited to see them. The sorry thing was, of course, that England had no press since 1964, and any move to create one by Estes would bring sympathy strikes from Cooke's Druids. And if the lads left, there could be no program. Fortunately aid came in the form of a mysteriously resurrected Fox-Movietone, who had a non-union agreement with Britain dating back to the thirties. Although the filmed talks with the Oxford fly boys never showed up publically, rumor places the film buried deep in the bowels of The Lyndon Johnson Library in Austin, Texas, U.S.A.

11 The Launch

The call finally came in late August of 1968 to bring the

boys out to Salisbury and have a go at going up. The Boys had not even seen the rocket yet, and had not really cared, preferring to let their imaginations place them as Icarii to Trumbour's Dedalus, waxing on the possibility of melted wings and immortalization. Of course, each expected one of the other eight chaps to be going up, because surely a bloke could get hurt shot off into the air like that. The boys got off the RAF bus that took them from factory to field and that's when they saw the rocket. It's a goddamned overblown pancake! The pilot has to lie down in a plexiglas pouch (like some goddamned rabbit), and the pouch is only twelve inches high. No sir, sir, I humbly decline the offer to be sent into the air for her Majesty. But, no, that's not what's being said. Nothing's being said, as the lads inspected the pancake, and Jackson Trumbour smiled. He's picked the right lads with the wrong stuff, all right. He won't be responsible when the mission fails.

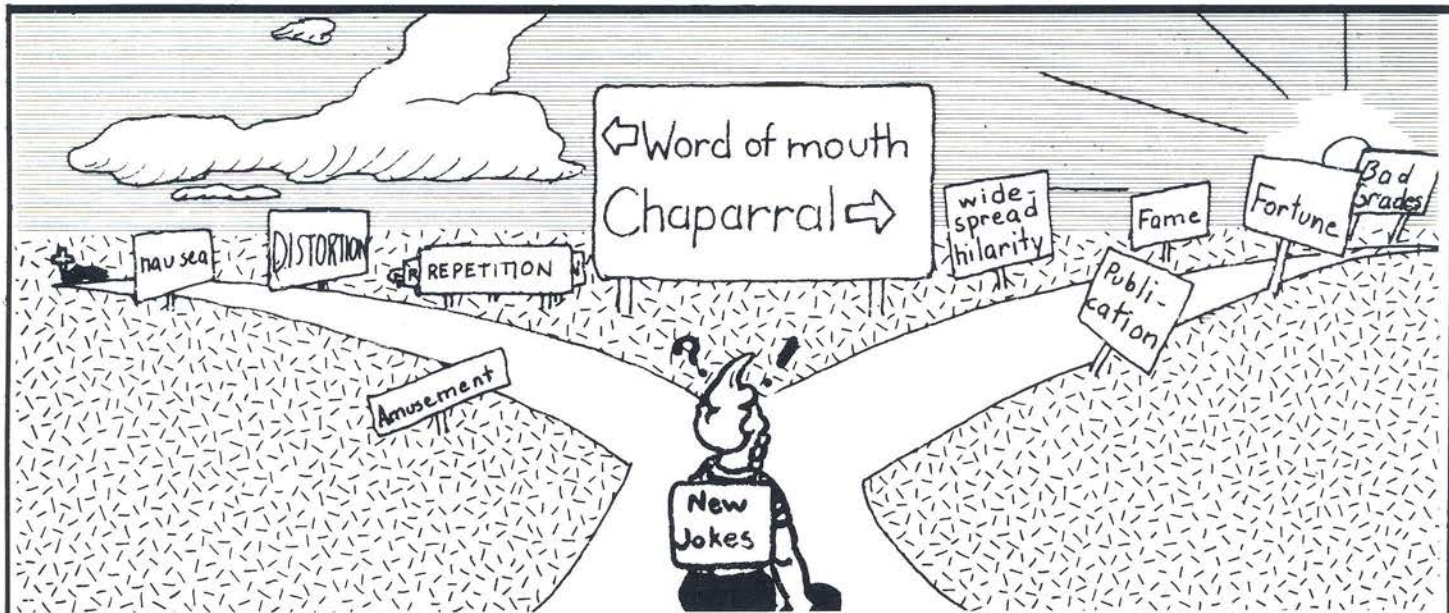
And it wasn't Trumbour's fault the next morning when eight of his nine Oxford pilots had been hospitalized with self-inflicted gunshot wounds in the leg. Who was left but Thomas Young, Jr., whose mates' hatred had finally surfaced. They hid his gun. The bloody wankers had nicked his bleeding gun!

The assembly for the final countdown was a gathering that most wrong stuffers only hope to see at the moment of death. In the middle of this nowhere field, which had on one corner the ancient Stonehenge, made more presentable with the addition of rose bushes and mums, stood hundreds of black hooded figures preparing for the September sheep rape (many of the workers stayed Druid, leaving their government tract lives, and living off the land in packs). On the opposite side of the stainless steel pancake (which had its many fissures patched at the last minute with plastic wood) were lined up as neat as you please nine blue-

blazered, dress-monocles lads on crutches, Trumbour's claudical sons. Behind them, and above the Movietone cameras, stationed in her royal reviewing stand, was the Queen Mother and her entourage. Old German men were running around to all urging them to keep off the grass, and not to pick the flowers, and finally, standing three across on top of the Flap (I'm all right) Jack, waiting for Young, were Estes, Trumbour, and (Sir Geoffrey) Cooke.

Thomas Young, Jr., is finally escorted out to the rocket by two RAF guards who keep him from scarkering, and the three prime movers climb down the Trellis to wish Young luck. Thomas Young, Jr., finds himself being wedged into his rabbit pouch while Sir Roger Estes hooks up wires from the rocket to the battery of his Morris Minor automobile. 'Why couldn't I have been on the road rally years ago, Young thinks, 'I might be blown to smitereens, scattered for miles over Salisbury Plain, falling into people's tea, and down their chimneys, and onto their children. Where's the parachute? What if this thing gets some feet up the gut, then explodes Bing, Boom, Kasprinkle, and blimey, me without a chute. What if I am engulfed in some cosmic fireball cooking my bones to chalk, and freezing me in an arc across the wrong grey sky of Britania? And now Thomas Young, Jr., hears rumbling under him, and... nothing! Of course, nothing! 'Of course, nothing,' thinks Sir Roger Estes looking up to the heavens, it's too damp to do any rocketry in England's dreaming. "Of course, nothing," says The Queen Mother to her ladies in waiting, "if God had meant for Briton's to fly, he would have allowed us to build bigger rockets." "Of course, nothing," laughs LBJ, over the red phone, "it's the fucking queerbait British, whose rockets don't ever fucking light."

(Nev knew.) Never. ➡



Writers: We'll take anything from light fiction to broad satire. Cartoon ideas are always welcome. We're not particularly interested in smut though.

Artists: Cartoonists, illustrators, designers are always welcome. The *Chaparral* is the only student publication that publishes in full color. If you can work in color, you may get to do a cover.

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and got some news from my old buddy AL X. Al's still crazy after all these years, but what would you Xpect? His nurses say he's the model patient, but I hear they may be biased. One of Al's mates said that he's constantly squeezing the over-sized knockers on these hefty broads (ever see an institution nurse who didn't look like she could shot-put ya 50 yards?) and making passes at all the thunder-thighs. No wonder they love him so, Give 'em one for me, Al.

Anyway, Al said that MARK MAFIOSA is still up to his old tricks. Like, the guy comes in to visit Al, right, and he ends up reading 2 hours of campaign rhetoric he's getting the kinks out of. Seems he's running for public office - again. Guess he'll never learn, even after his close race to become Governor of Samoa, losing 58% to 54% to George Plimpton. Poor Al, nothing like a captive audience, eh Mark? Al says he just nods and drools profusely during these speeches. Reminds me of some ASSU Senate meetings from the bad old days.

Some tragic news crossed my desk today. In a surgical accident BARRY WONG lost his. Poor SU UHLAND, she tripped over her daughter's pet gerbil and tumbled down a sink-hole. We'll miss her. JEFF "can you say 'waah'? I knew you could" BENZ was arrested last month for astro traveling without a valid licence. Stay off the hard stuff, will ya Jeff? In related news DAVE ASHLEY, DANNY "Stoner" PEARL, DAVEY TRACEY, and JOE "Motor Cycle Mama" SIDLUCKI'S commune was busted recently for growing illicit herbs. Said Danny, "I don't know, I just thought they looked good." Nice excuse there, Danny, but will it hold up in court?

My sympathies reach out to BRADLEY MOORE who found out recently that after all these years of space cadetness: he's really a robot.

The lost and found department: LESTER ROSE has turned up as a Congressional page, says he, "I heard about all the action and I decided to get in on it." JUDY COLLINS fucked off and died.

Saw WILLIAM ELLIS in the laundromat the other day - he tells me he sold his slug muching plant in Richmond for three nickels and a leech. "What a shitty life." he smiles. Ain't it the truth.

In other news, MALIK USEI changed his name to John Doe. STEPHAN MALMOLI is now a contributing editor to *Rolling*

Stone. His article in the next issue is "Francisco Franco - He's Hot, He's Sexy, and He's Still Dead." JOEL BERES has returned to Montana since his beloved wife died five months ago. Joel writes that he is seeking solace in his sheep farm. Ride 'em, Cowboy.

'83

Greetings from sunny France again. Not too many letters from you all this year (tsk tsk). Of course after the holocaust of radioactive fire there aren't too many of us '83ers left. Seems almost all the good people either emigrated or melted. Ha ha. Anyways, here's what news there is, folks.

This note just in from DAVE PHILLIPS, who received PhD's in Philosophy, Economics, and Electrical Engineering back in 1985. Dave is currently installing car stereos in muscle cars. Guess that training paid off, hey Dave? Ha ha.

The Danly family sends a nice letter saying that ERIC DANLY, drummer for the rock group Rush, recently dislocated his neck during a ten-hour solo. That's too bad, Eric. On a brighter note, he just published the third volume in his *Dialectical Sexuality and Home Computer Maintenance* series. Here's wishing you another best-seller, Eric.

BEN SANDWEISS and GENIE SOMETHING tied the knot at Palos Monte Condominium Park City Hall last March. "It's no place, but it's everywhere," croon the lovebirds.

Seems that DONNA ANTERSEN has found religion. "I was lost, until I found God." she writes. "Now I'm married to him. He treats me pretty good, but he sometimes has trouble fulfilling me sexually." Guess that's the price you gotta pay.

A big item: MARIE SACCO, after graduating last year from the University of Oregon's School of Medicine and Herbolgy, invented the world's first efficient recyclable umbilical cord. "There's really no use for it, but you've got to do something with your degree," she says. Ha ha and congratulations, Marie.

RODERICK RACKLY joined the faculty of our alma mater in 1993 and has since opened up the new department of Animal Husbandry. Rod sends word of a new addition to his family pending a California superior Court ruling.

It seems that JOHN ELWAY wasn't the saint we all thought he was. After a promising career as a pro football player was dashed by a freak accident in 1986 which caused the loss of all his fingers but the left pinky, John moved to New Jersey and went to work as a dogcatcher. He seemed happy and well-adjusted, but he was recently arrested for distributing photographs of clean-shaven dogs to school children. "I'm not sure exactly what he done wrong," writes the local sheriff, "but it's just nasty." A slap on the hand for you, John.

'84

Goddamit, when will you losers break down and send me some real news? I've got lists of promotions and newborns up the butt. I decided to cut the bullshit and write the news as you tell me off the record - no quarter asked for or given. So here goes.

FRED THE LOSER ate shit and died.

KEVIN McCLUSKEY is recovering nicely from his (sorry, her) recent operation in Sweden.

MARC DANIELS, after graduating Phi Beta Kappa in EE, worked as a pinball machine repairman until he was arrested for tying together the shoelaces of retarded children at the Jolly Roll Fun House in Turloc, California. Tsk tsk, Marc.

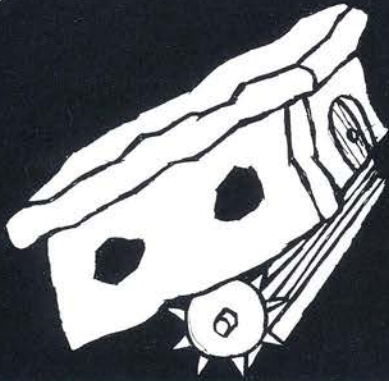
YOLANDA TOWNSEND recently exploded onto the charts with her new country single, "He Said He Loved Me, But He Wanted Me to Cut My Toenails." "It was nothing really, just an inspiration I had in the shower one day." she says modestly. Well, I say keep cranking out those ballads, Yolanda.

JOHN HALAMKA says to all the other alums "on the continent," "C'mon by, the weather's nice and I can put you up in a nice little castle or two." Johnny owns Liechtenstein, and is about to foreclose on Belgium. "Anybody know what they speak there?" he asks.

MARGARET JOCOBS accidentally threw away a winning sweepstakes ticket, and threw herself under the wheels of a garbage truck in despair.

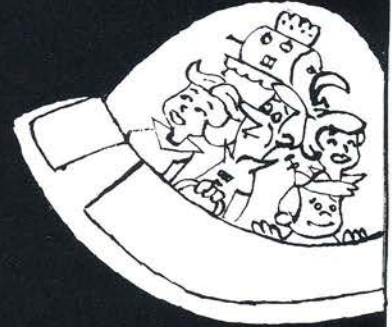
This just in: TIME STARR has been committed to the San Diego Hospital for the Mentally

**THE
FLINTSTONES**



THE FLINTSTONES ARE
ON THEIR WAY TO THE
BAHAMAS ...

**MEET THE
JETSONS**



SO ARE THE JETSONS...THRU
THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE!!

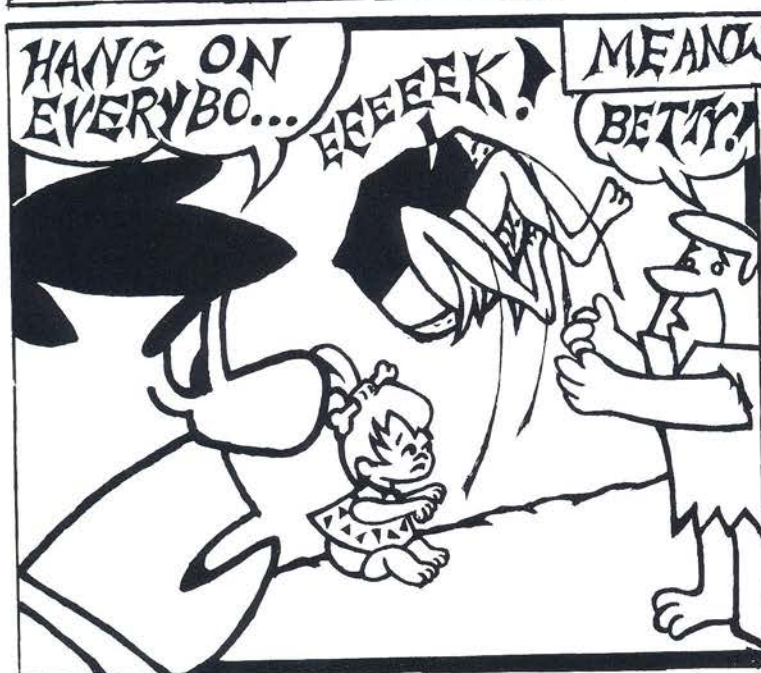
BAM!
★

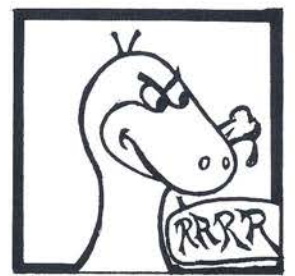
A SPACETIME
DISCONTINUUM
OCCURS!

THE CRIPPLED SPACECRAFT
PREPARE TO LAND...

ON
GILGIAN'S
PLANET!

STORY: BRIAN JANS, AL X
ART: D.M. LATCHAW

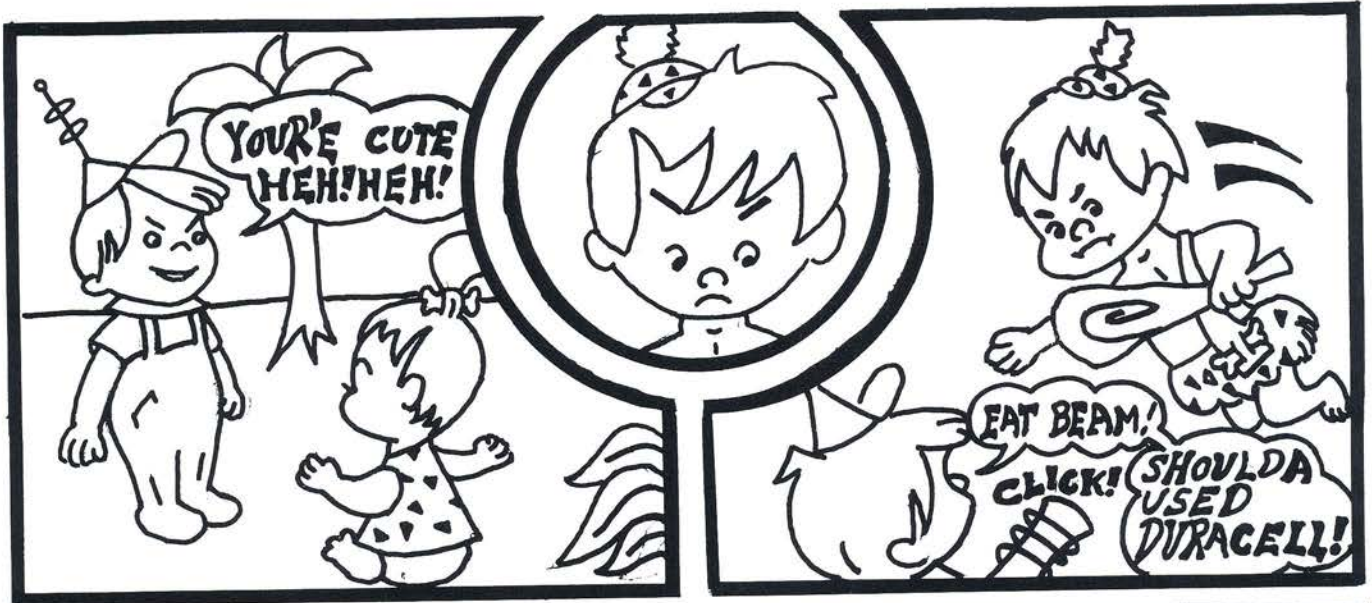


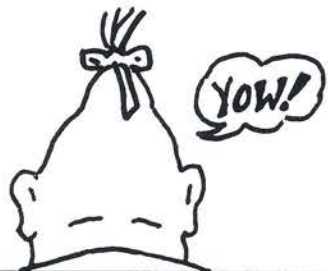
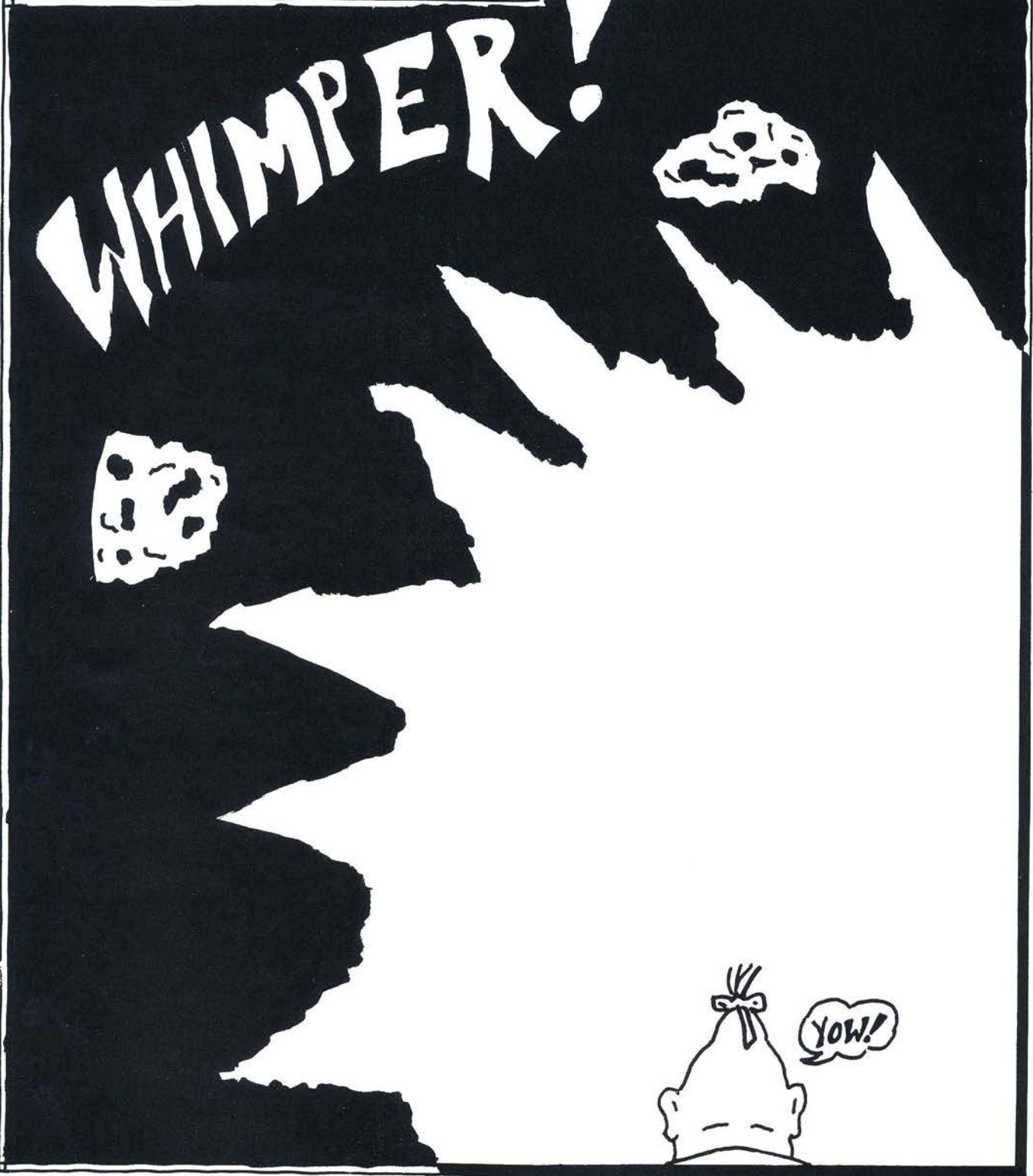


TOO HORRIBLE TO DRAW!

THE CANINES FEAST ON THE REMAINS OF BETTY RUBBLE







Tresidder Union's WINTER FÊTE

“A celebration of the food”

30th
anniversary

Monday

Film: “Julia Child Does Branner” with a Benny Hill Short, Wells Fargo Lobby 5:30pm
20 days left until the name drawing for the 5 FREE It's-It Ice Cream. Raffle Tickets: \$2.
The Rec Center will offer price rollbacks—all the way back to 1962!!!
Bowling \$.35/game
Billiards \$.60/hour
PAC MAN \$.05/game

Wednesday

Only 20 days left until the name drawing for the 5 FREE It's-It Ice Cream. Raffle Tickets: \$2
Double Feature: South of the Border gladly presents:
“Eating Raoul” 6pm, 10pm. At the Tresidder Drive-ins.
“The Attack of the Killer It's-Its!!” 8pm
Lecture: Joe Carcioni, the Green Grocer, “Tresidder Union—Food For Thought.” The Coffee House 7:15am

Friday

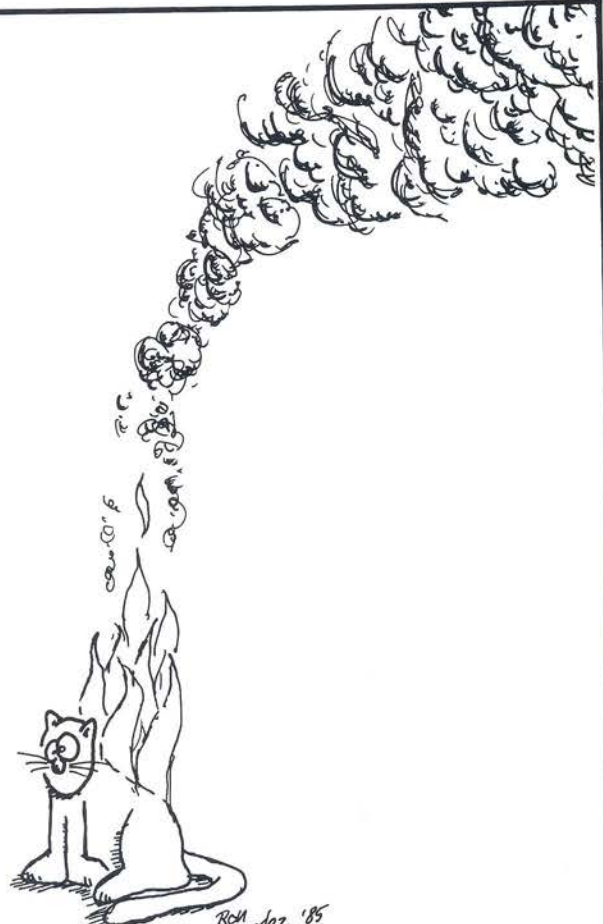
Lecture: Orson Welles, famous actor and fat man; “Getting the most out of the Cafeteria Dollar.” 4pm Corner Pocket.
20 days left until the name drawing for the 5 FREE It's-It Ice Cream. Raffle Tickets: \$2.
Lecture: “Alternative Food Opportunities.” 3pm Donner Lounge, followed by a Donner Party and a Ski Film.

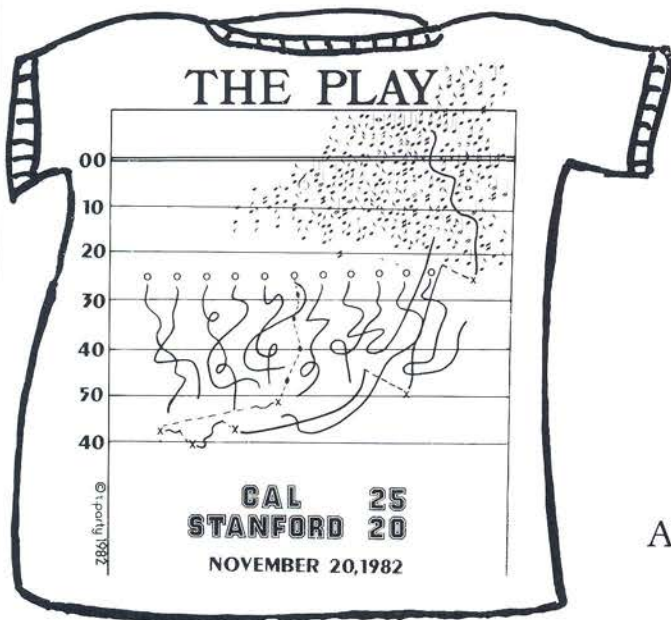
Wednesday

Film: “Who's Killing the Great Chefs of Wilbur?” 7:30pm Kresge.
Concert: *Meatloaf's* 1992 World Tour. 1pm White Plaza.
Lecture: James “Tuna Casserole” Coull, Director and chef of Stern food; “The Fine Art of Leftovers.” 12 noon at Tresidder.

Friday

Food Fight in the Coffee House. BYOF. 12 noon.
Be Kind To Dyslexics Day
Suitcase Party
Pack you bags and be ready to leave on a moment's notice from Tresidder Union... to the Coffee House. The winner will receive dinner for two at The Coffee House, and after dinner will receive two tickets to Thursday's Open Mike Night. All entrants must be present to win.





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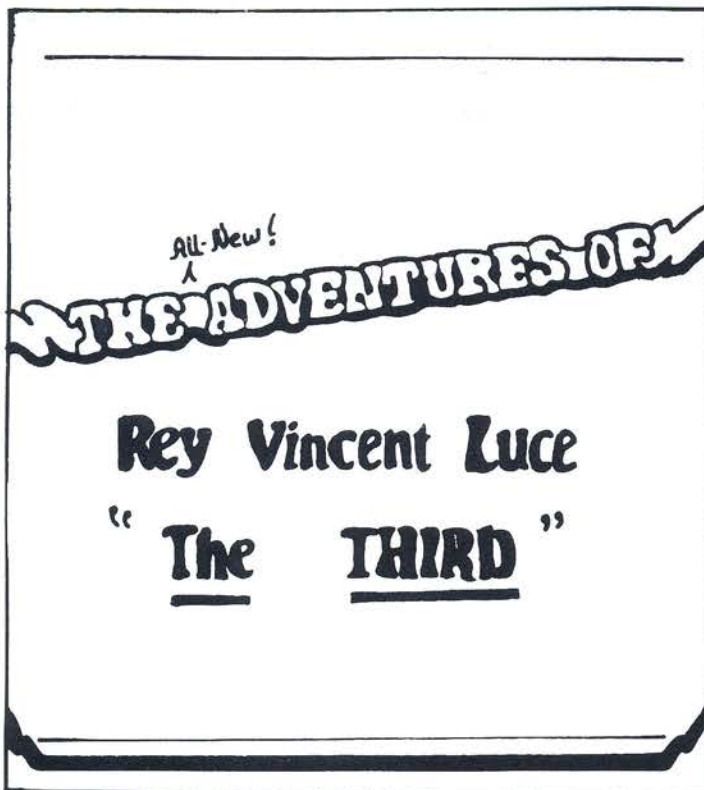
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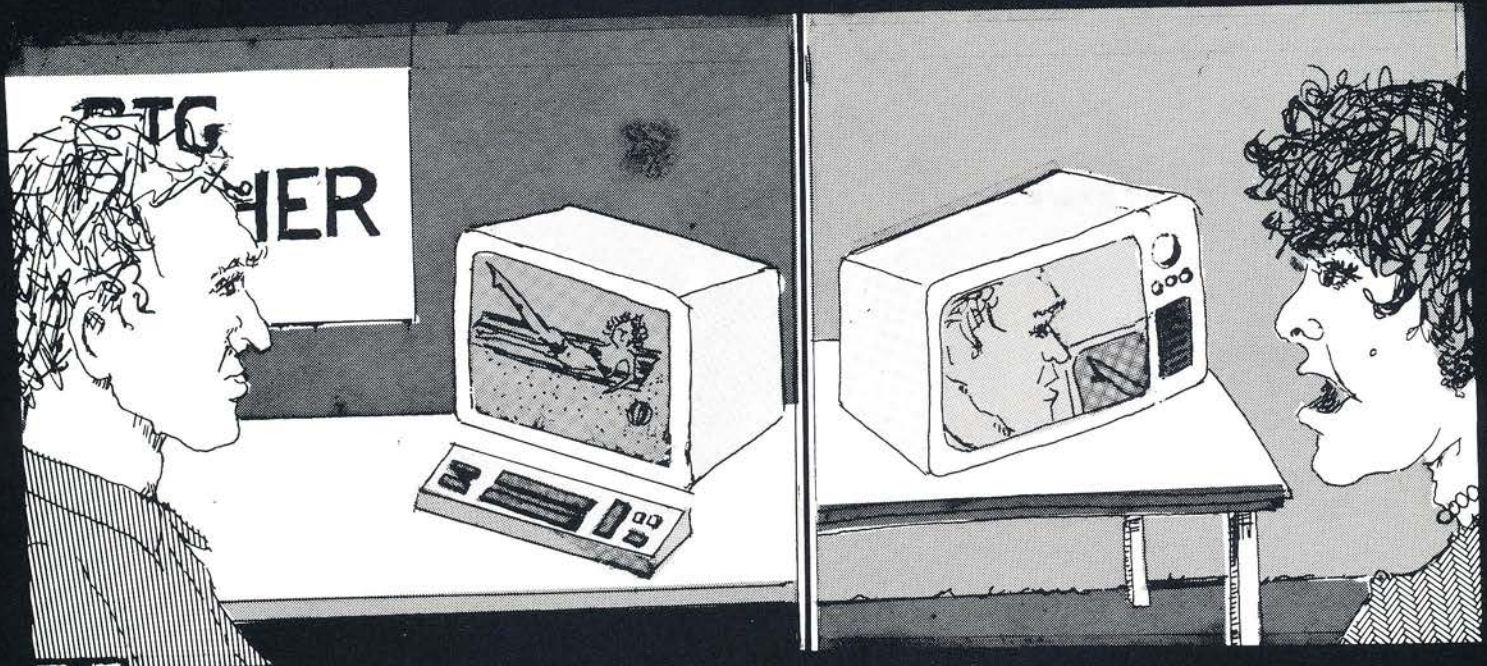
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19



Melvin wiped his grease hands on his jeans, lit up a cigarette, and settled into his seat in front of the master console. The three screens he faced immediately blipped into action, after which a soft, reassuring feminine voice automatically intoned: "The REC-17 surveillance system is at your disposal, Mr. Frick. Please log in to receive your day's schedule."

"No, not the Victory beat again," Melvin mumbled, after having read his instructions. Victory Mansions was perhaps the most boring living unit in the sector to oversee. The tenants were all a bunch of paranoid, self-conscious civil servants, most of whom worked for the Ministry of Truth. Just yesterday he had been assigned to cover Minisex, the state's TV studio, where they had just installed a monitor in Lonnie Anderson's dressing room. Today's prospects paled in comparison.

"Oh well, work is work," Melvin resignedly said to himself, as he began to punch in the access codes to specific apartments. Nothing of any great interest caught his eye. Danker was still working on his Mephisto project, Smith was adding another entry to his journal, and Xi-wu was oogling a Penthouse. Same old stuff. The Beta division proved just as bland: most of the women were still in bed, and Margo, the only one in those quarters Frick had the hots for, had plugged her monitor up with gum.

What utter frustration. Ever since Melvin's wife had been assigned the late shift, his life had been a recurrent

cycle of nine to five, making his own dinner, and falling asleep on the couch watching Johnny Carson. He decided to check back again after lunch, so he pushed a video game cartridge into the console.

"You really can help prevent disciplinary action just by checking your directory to see if the number you want is cleared. Thank you," the recording reiterated. Click.

"I wanna order a pizza."

"Just a minute, sir," the operator said. Another voice came over the line.

"Lunch."

"Yeah, I wanna order a meat pizza. Console system 191. How long is that gonna take?"

"I dunno, maybe two, three minutes. We're in a rush."

"All right. Oh, I gotta coupon too."

"Well, why didn't you tell me that before I punched this into the register? Now I gotta go get the Supe."

"Just forget the pizza, then. Send me up a protein bar instead." Frick hung up and switched the screens back into surveillance mode.

On the right screen, Orlov was about to kick his poodle. Melvin grabbed his mike.

"Hey Orlov, what do you think you're about to do?"

"Listen Big Brother," the stocky Hungarian replied, "I was assigned this mutt three weeks ago, and it hasn't stopped yelping since. I can't get any sleep, my girlfriend won't see me, and my work's a mess. I'm gonna get

8

4

back at the little pipe-cleaner."

"Look, call Minipet if you don't like him. You can't just go around snuffing harmless animals."

"They wouldn't listen to me, Big Brother. They told me that our compatibility factors disallowed any transfer." Orlov motioned as if to kick the dog. Nothing happened. Frick had pulled the stabilization switch for Orlov's cubicle, thereby locking his steel-based boots in place.

"Oh Brother, give me a break, huh? I just want to stop the little mutt from . . . hey, let go of me, ow!"

The poodle had taken advantage of the situation, locking its jaws firmly around Orlov's ankle.

Melvin wished he could help, but Minipet was a force not to be reckoned with.

Frick punched in the access code to Feldman's quarters, only to find a four way strip poker game in progress, the participants in various stages of undress. Although male-female contact was strictly forbidden in K sector, Melvin was solely responsible for enforcing the rule, and he wasn't about to spoil anybody's fun.

On the left, Melvin's heartthrob, Margo, was down to her industrial-safe undergarments. She also held a full house, kings over threes. Two of the other contestants had folded, leaving only Feldman, with two pair, in the game.

Melvin decided to take the initiative. "Friends, this is Big Brother speaking. As you know, gaming of any kind within the residences is an outcrime, so I must ask you to lay your cards face down immediately. In the interest of fairness, though, it must be said that Mr. Feldman had the superior hand. Ms. Margo, you know the rules."

"Oh, certainly, BB, I was just waiting to slip out of this old thing anyway," she said, as she began to unstrap her chest protection plate, "and I almost forgot, I brought something along especially for you."

With that, she removed a wad of chewing gum from her mouth, stepped onto a chair, and spread it all over the lens of the monitor.

Melvin, who had eagerly been awaiting a fistful of jollies, was dumbstruck. "Ms. Margo," he barked in his most authoritative voice, "that is an expensive surveillance device you're toying with there, and should it become damaged I assure you there will be a pretty penny to be paid. Now if you would just remove the . . ."

"Eat it, you pervert, an angry voice retorted, "If I ever, ever find out who you are, so help me God, I'll take your head and shove it straight through your . . ."

Melvin flicked the speaker off. He turned to face the poster that had given him strength so many times

before. "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU," the caption read, as the three foot high head of model Sidney Watson stared deep into his eyes. In reality, Sidney had few friends, partly because he was a self-centered, irresponsible simp, but mostly because he now had to walk around all day with a plastic monster mask on in order to protect his identity. Even his wife had got to calling him "pruneface."

Bored once again with his Victory watch, Melvin switched over to a rerun of "Gilligan's Island." Gilligan was being batted around by the skipper for breaking the Professor's new shortwave monitoring device. Ginger attempted to defend Bob Denver from the cruel sea captain's assault, but ended up knocking out Gilligan with a poorly-aimed coconut. Ginger reminded Melvin of his wife. Melvin smiled.

"Now that Smith's a fine fellow," Melvin said to himself, as he went through his final rounds, "Sure, he's got his gripes, but who doesn't? And that journal of his, what a laugh!" Copies of Smith's secret diary had been available in the sector bookstore for months, and for Frick it had provided some excellent bedtime reading. He had needed it too, ever since Viv started working late. It was the way in which Smith took out his frustrations that so impressed Melvin: he wrote them down in a neat, orderly fashion, instead of, say, taking them out on a dog. A model citizen, that Smith.

Reports had it that he had recently found a mate, too, a fine woman who used the cover name Julia. Frick had yet to see them together, but according to Smith's journal, tonight they were to meet at Victory Mansions. Maybe the day wouldn't be a complete waste after all.

Frick punched in Smith's access code and sat back to enjoy the proceedings. Just as he had hoped, Smith had set the table for two, and as the soft strains of the Hatefilled Orchestra emanated from Frick's speaker, he knew he was in for an eyeful. Smith entered the room dressed in his best utility overalls. A woman entered. They embraced, then kissed.

"Do you remember," Smith said, "The thrush that sang to us, that first day, at the edge of the wood?"

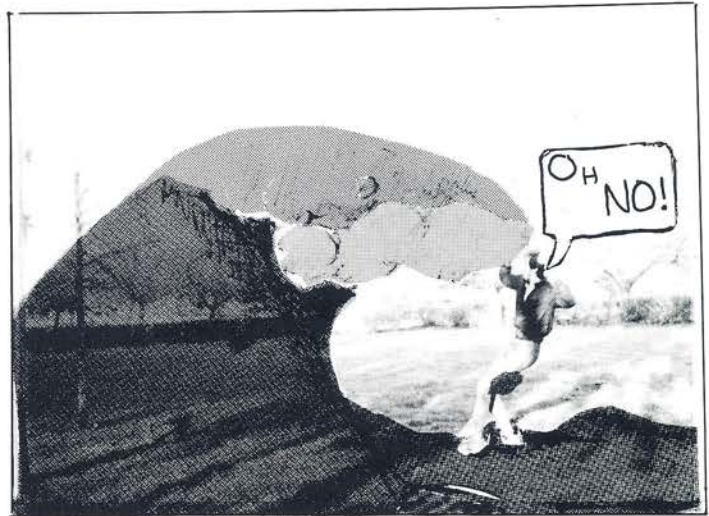
"He wasn't singing to us," said the lady, "he was singing to please himself. Not even that. He was just singing."

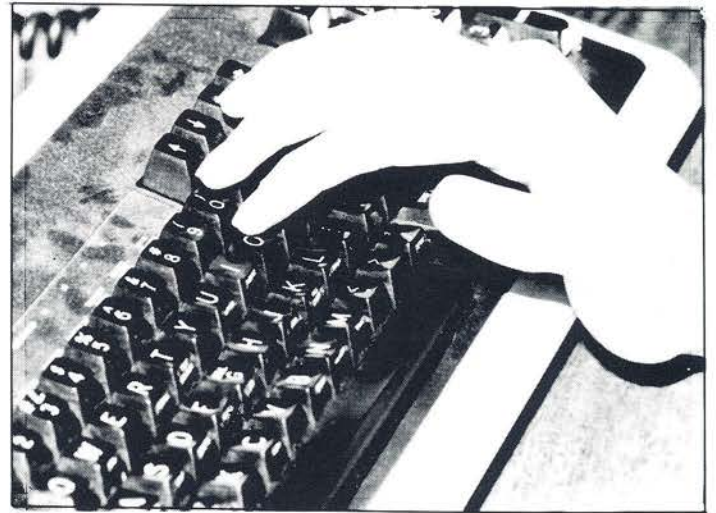
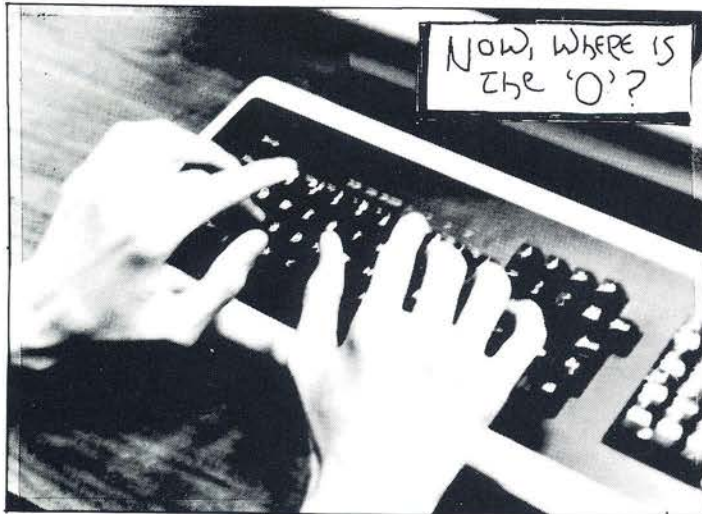
Frick's face had turned beet red. As he began to ring security, his eyes returned to that face on the screen, the one that he hadn't seen for weeks. "And I'm just watching, Viv dear, he growled.

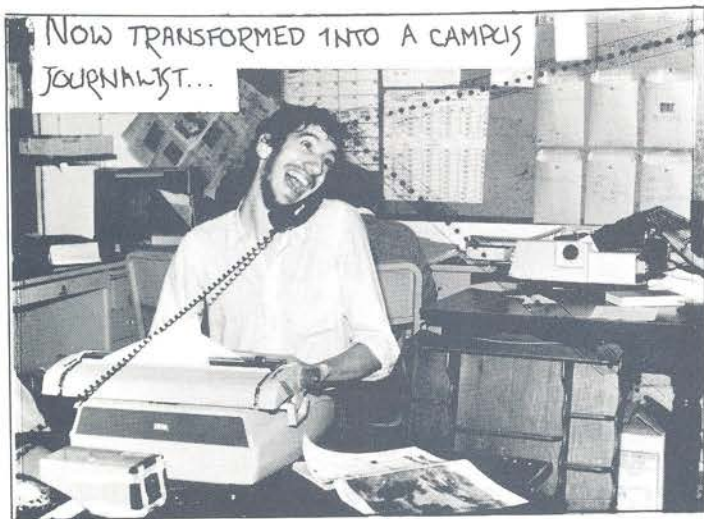
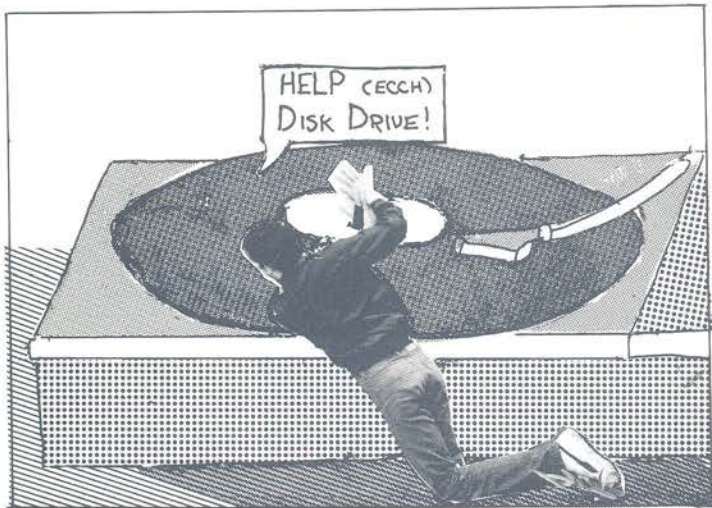
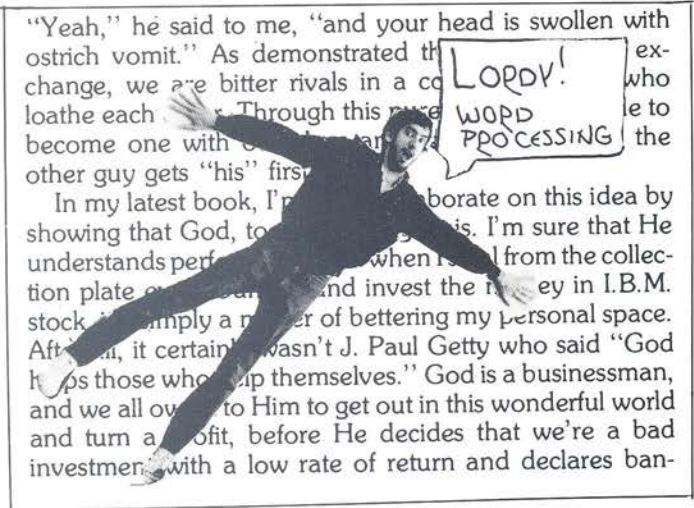
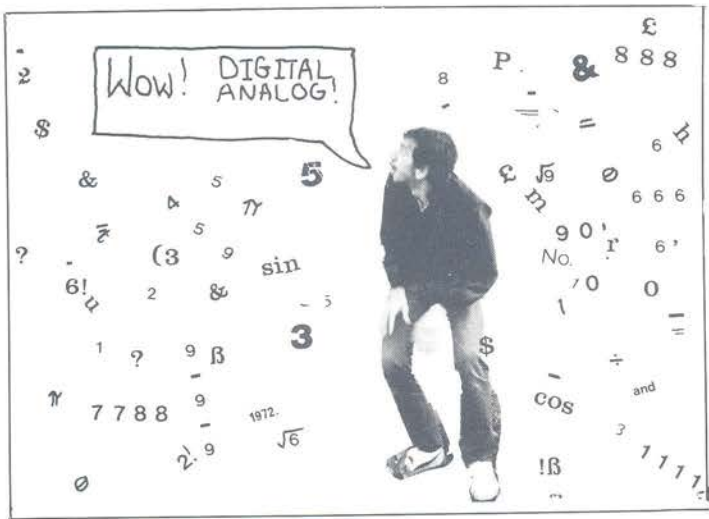




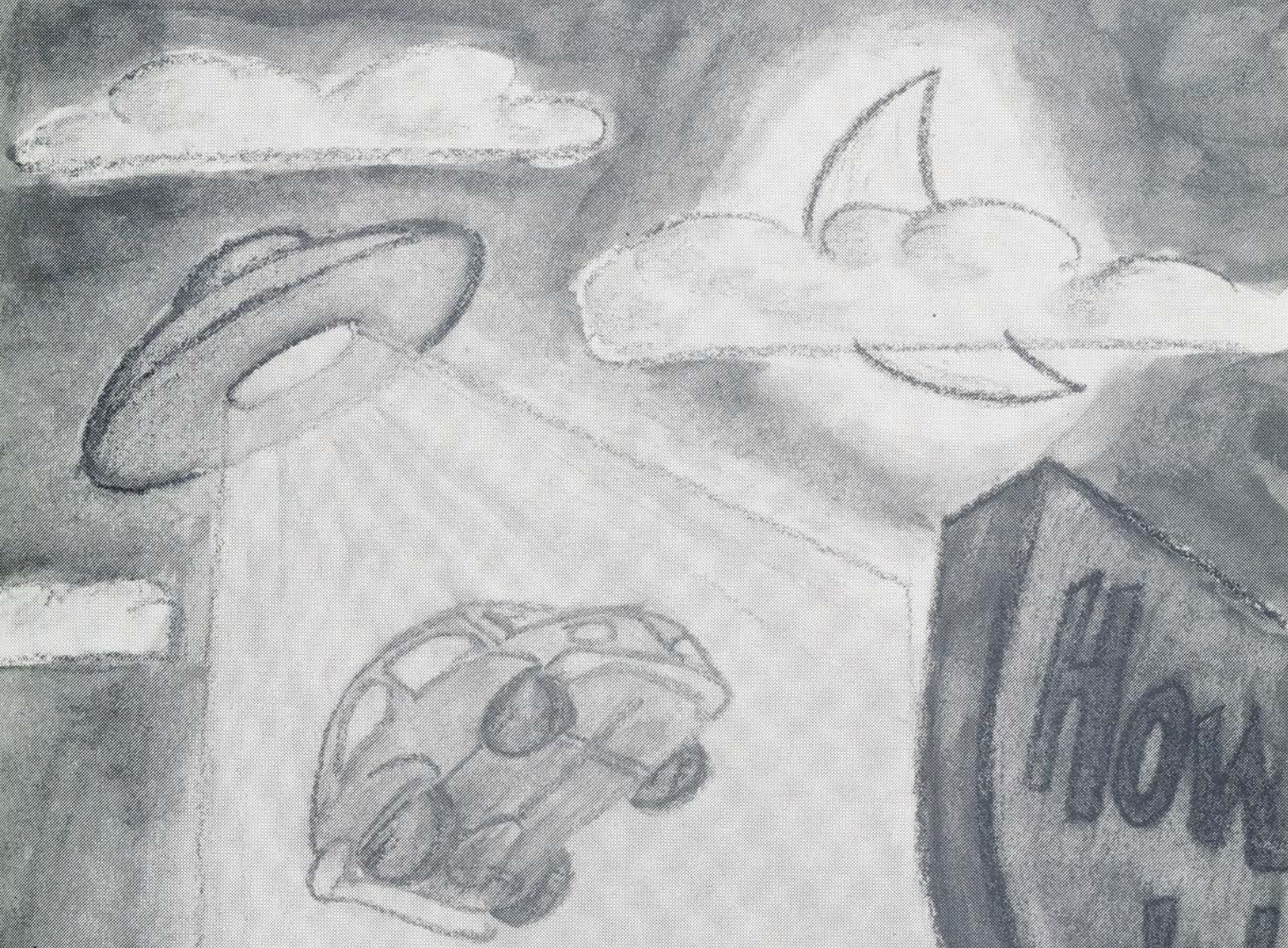
TRON







Captain Galaxy



Arthur Barton was, in his humble opinion, going to have the best night of his life. It was going to be better than the night he won that chess tournament. Better than the night he learned how to juggle ping-pong balls. Better than the night he graduated high school. Tonight, Arthur thought, was going to top them all.

Tonight, Arthur had a hot date.

"You know," said Arthur, doing his best to keep his improper thoughts to himself, "I've really enjoyed the time we've spent together."

"Oh, me too!" bubbled Helen, who was used to such lines.

"Well," continued Arthur, with improper thoughts starting to foam over a bit, "it's getting late, you know, so I suppose I should drive you back to the dorm. Um . . . unless you'd like to . . . uh . . ."

"Go and park?" suggested Helen uninhibitedly.

Arthur smiled. His thoughts boiled. The evening was made.

Arthur quickly pulled into the first parking lot he could

find, which happened to be next to a boarded-up building Johnson's. This was it, thought Arthur. Sex with the luscious Helen Marquardt was right in the first of his list of All-American activities; it came right before Getting a Successful Career and Earning Lots of Money, and right after Getting Married and Living in the Suburbs. As Helen sunk into Arthur's arms, Arthur's mind raced with thoughts of davenport, color televisions, toasters, diaper rash cream, crabgrass, Formby's furniture polish, and Monday Night Football. Arthur felt deliriously happy. This was his first time. He felt the car move.

It was really moving.

Straight up.

"Uh, Helen," said Arthur.

"Oh, don't stop," squealed the voluptuous vision.

"We seem to be, uh, in mid air."

Helen and Arthur looked out the window, and sure enough, there was the familiar orange roof of Howard Johnson's some sixty feet below them, a bright and friendly orange roof that was illuminated by some unseen light

TON FERRIOLZ

source.

Helen started screaming.

"Aaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" she yelled clearly.

"Now listen, Helen," said Arthur, who had taken many logic courses in college, "screaming is not going to help."

"Aaaaaayyyheeeee!" Helen insisted, and she pointed outside. Arthur looked. They were being sucked inside what almost had to be a UFO.

"Maybe you better put your dress back on," suggested Arthur, who in fact felt like screaming himself. Being captured by whatever it was that was capturing them had not been on Arthur's agenda for the evening.

Helen kept screaming.

Arthur pressed his large nose against the window and gaped. After a mysterious and upsetting two minute voyage, the car landed in an open-ended, cavernous room that looked not unlike the garage of Arthur's Uncle Ned. Then, the car was instantly surrounded by twelve, very serious looking uniformed guards. Arthur couldn't help noticing that each guard was pointing a long, barrel-shaped, black thing directly at Arthur's astonished head. Arthur wondered what he was supposed to do.

"Get out of the car, scum bags!" yelled one of the guards.

"That answers that," thought Arthur, and he eased himself out of the back seat, dragging Helen with him.

"Stand at attention for Commander Ridley," shouted the same guard, and all twelve of them snapped into a nice, tinny row.

"Excuse me," said Arthur, "I don't mean to be rude, but could you tell us what's going on?"

None of the guards replied, though; all twenty-four eyes were faced straight ahead towards a nearby door. Helen had stopped screaming, apparently due to voice exhaustion, and instead she whimpered quietly as close to the car as she could get. Arthur, now feeling extraordinarily panicky, tried to clothe his date with one of the floor mats.

From out of nowhere came a fanfare, and Commander Ridley, a tall fellow whom Arthur thought needed a good shave and manicure, stepped boisterously into the room. He was accompanied by a vicious looking entourage, one

of whom was carrying a hockey stick.

"Ah, Captain Galaxy," boomed the Commander. "We meet for the last time!"

Arthur turned his head to see if there was anyone else in the room. "Are you talking to me?" he asked.

The Commander tried to smile, but as he wasn't accustomed to that activity, it came out as a sort of grimace.

"Oh that's funny," the Commander said sarcastically. "Oh that's really *droll*, I'm telling you. Laugh it up, boys."

The guards, in mechanical union, laughed.

"Ha. Ha. Ha." they said tersely.

Arthur was busily considering the idea that he had lost his mind.

"Enough!" barked Commander Ridley, and his sarcastic expression was quickly replaced with his normal twisted, power-hungry, evil mandman's expression, a look not accomplished without practice.

"Yes, I'm talking to you, Captain Galaxy," he went on, foaming at the mouth, "you sniveling, three-faced, goody-six-shoes, twelve bit piece of comet dropping! Why, I haven't even *begun* to think of all the wonderful, nasty ways I could go about killing you. Don't worry, though, I'll come up with something appropriate."

Arthur stared at this lunatic in horror.

"Do you mean you're going to kill me?" he asked nervously.

"Oh, aren't we the bright one!" said the Commander, and he sort-of-grimaced again. "Yes, I'm going to kill you, you and your friend Eunice."

"Her name's Helen," said Arthur.

"Helen," repeated the Commander.

Upon hearing her name mentioned not just once, but twice, Helen Marquardt came out of her stupor just long enough to formulate an appropriate reaction to the real world.

"Aaaaaayiiiiieeee!" she screamed out, and Arthur and the spacemen put their hands over their ears.

"Otto," Commander Ridley managed to say, "would you mind, uh, pacifying the young lady for us?"

Otto, who turned out to be the officer with the hockey stick, staggered slowly towards Arthur and Helen. If Otto wasn't actually a hunchback, Arthur thought, then he certainly enjoyed pretending to be one. Looking very pleased with himself, and drooling slightly, Otto raised high his hockey stick, and with the grace of a member of the reptile family, whopped screaming Helen on the head, whereupon she slouched silently to the floor.

"Some people just can't handle space travel," said the Commander.

"Arrrrr," said Otto.

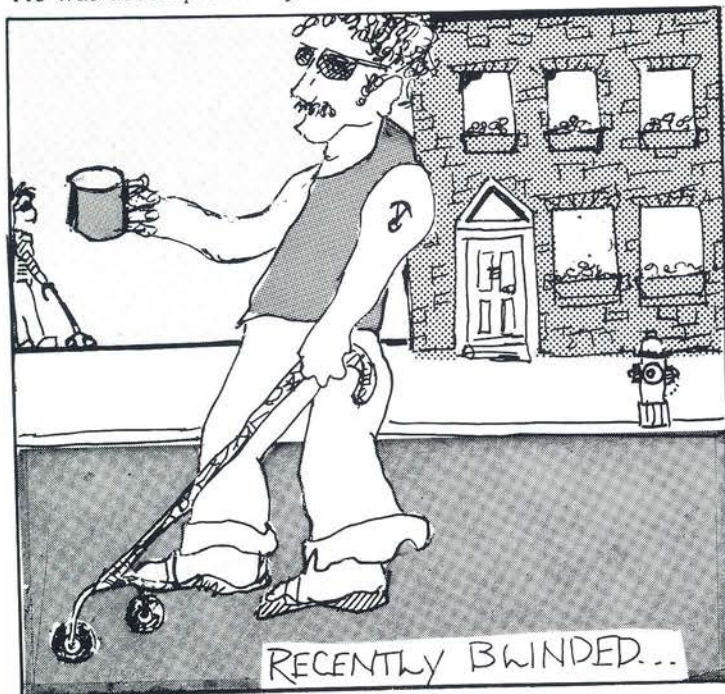
Arthur, meanwhile, was frantically trying to dream up some way out of the dilemma. Incredibly enough, he hit upon an idea.

"Look," said Arthur carefully, "my name is Arthur Barton; I'm not this Captain Galaxy person you're looking for. I'll tell you what, why don't you put me and my friend here back on the ground; we'll forget the whole thing. Then, you can go back to looking for Captain Galaxy, we can go back to, um, what we were doing, and, uh, we won't press charges!"

Arthur thought her was being very reasonable.

"Hogwash." said the Commander patiently, and Arthur's spirits sank to new depths.

"You were in the Howard Johnson's parking lot, were you not? And today was February 4th, 1983, wasn't it?"



Commander Ridley ruffled through a book he was carrying. "Yes, here it is," he said, "There will be no mistake; you will be Captain Galaxy."

"First of all," shouted Arthur, "I don't know why you're speaking English, but your tenses are all mixed up. And second, I don't care what your book says, I am not Captain Galaxy!"

"Yes you are," insisted the Commander.

"I couldn't make Captain Akron!" yelled Arthur. The Commander wasn't listening.

Arthur decided to try a different approach.

"All right," he said, "even if I was Captain Galaxy, why would you want to kill me?"

Arthur noticed the cheeks of Commander Ridley turning an unusual shade of light green, and the guards and officers started fidgeting, cowering, and trembling, in sequence.

"Why will I have always wanted to kill you?!" repeated the Commander. (There's that verb tense problem again, thought Arthur.) "BECAUSE," he went on, "you will have foiled my attempt to enslave the frog people of Bettsuland, you will have squashed my attempt to kill off Cameron, King of the Pleasing Playboys, you will have stolen my imperial death ray gun and soap dispenser; in other words, you will have stopped me from controlling the universe!!!"

Arthur tried to think of a suitable reply.

"I promise not to do it again," he said eventually.

"Ha!" said the Commander.

"Really, I do!" said Arthur helplessly.

Commander Ridley turned his back to Arthur in disgust.

"This is getting tiresome," he said. "Frank, have the cook whip up some sandwiches, I'm starved. Also, prepare for the Captain's immediate execution."

"No!" cried out Arthur. "I'm an innocent, middle class college student, I swear! Let me prove it to you!"

"Knock it off!" volleyed Commander Ridley, who always enjoyed a good direct order. "Honestly, you philosophy majors are all alike."

Arthur, for the first time in his life, was taken completely by surprise. He had just declared the week before.

"How did you know I was a philosophy major?" Arthur asked meekly. For the first time that evening, Arthur felt totally at a loss for explanations.

"The whole universe knows you're a philosophy major," rattled the Commander. "Now be quiet and let the guards put on your blindfold."

"The whole universe knows I'm a philosophy major," Arthur muttered to himself, still trying to grasp the significance of that statement.

"Do you have any last requests?" asked the Commander.

"Why does the universe know I'm a philosophy major?" said Arthur. Arthur felt very confused.

Before the Commander could answer, some red lights flashed on the wall, a klaxon rang out, and the ship lurched hard to the left. The guards and the Commander's assistants immediately sprang into action, though what sort of action it was Arthur couldn't quite rightly tell.

"We're under attack!" yelled Commander Ridley, who always stated the obvious. "Everyone go to your battle stations! Quickly!"

Arthur noticed everyone running around in various directions, but no one seemed to be at anything resembling a battle station.

"Now no one panic," continued Ridley, his voice quickly losing all the arrogance that had been piped into it before. "If there's one thing they teach you at the space academy

it's "Don't panic!" Don't Panic! *Don't Panic!*"

"Commander," yelled someone, "what am I supposed to do?"

"*Don't panic! Don't panic!*," the Commander replied.

The ship lurched hard to the left again.

Arthur watched in amazement as the Commander's entire crew, following the example of their leader, very quickly lost all of their composure. The ship lurched to the right this time, and a fire was breaking out by the exit. The klaxon was still ringing its head off.

"'Star Trek' would have handled this much better," called out Arthur to no one in particular.

Suddenly, Arthur heard a familiar voice call his name.

"Arthur," said the voice.

"Who said that?" asked Arthur. The voice didn't seem to be coming from anywhere.

"I did," said the disembodied voice. "So will you."

Arthur looked around, all he saw were his captors panicking in every conceivable manner. Arthur's evening was getting too long.

"Wait," said the voice, "I'll explain in a second."

Arthur stood alone helplessly, wondering when society was going to lock him up in the asylum. Or perhaps he was already there.

But then, without warning, Arthur started feeling very dizzy. Soon the world was getting very fuzzy, Arthur couldn't see or hear much of anything, but then the world cleared up again, the process was reversing, and Arthur was soon pleased to discover that he was not only in one piece, but that he had somehow been transported to entirely new surroundings.

Arthur had just undergone matter-antimatter cross functional teleporting, one of the hottest fads of the 23rd century.

"Hello," said the voice that Arthur had heard earlier.

"Have a seat, I'll be right with you."

Arthur saw that the voice belonged to a middle-aged man, perhaps he was in his fifties, and that the spaceship they were in (if it was a spaceship) looked not like a garage, but a very well appointed living room. In fact, it was a living room. As Arthur sat down on an easy chair, his host was fiddling with what looked like a very elaborate stereo.

"There," said the man, "everything's all taken care of."

"Where's Helen?" asked Arthur, calling up his chivalrous instincts.

"She's back in the parking lot," said the man patiently, and he sat down on the Barcalounger. "Would you care for some mixed nuts?"

"No thanks," said Arthur. Arthur tried to figure out where he was; the room had no doors or windows to it.

"You'd like to know where we are?" asked Arthur's host, as he punched a few buttons on his console, one of the walls gave way to a huge picture of the stars, one planet, and one somewhat decrepit looking spaceship.

"You see," he continued, "Ridley's ship is pulling away now, and soon he'll head back through the time warp." The odd looking ship disappeared, right on cue. "Yup," said the man, "there she goes."

"Listen," said Arthur, "I want to thank you for saving my life."

The man smiled broadly, "You're welcome," he said, "but you really don't have to thank me."

Arthur looked puzzled.

"Maybe I should introduce myself," said the old man.

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"I'm Captain Galaxy."

"You're Captain Galaxy?" screamed Arthur. "They thought I was you! My god, they were trying to kill me!"

"Kill us," corrected Captain Galaxy.

"Right," said Arthur, who felt he was slowly getting a grip on things again. He still had plenty of questions, though.

"So why would anyone mix up the two of us?" asked Arthur.

"There's nothing to mix up," said the old man.

Arthur felt exasperated. Why, he thought, does no one in outer space make sense? The old man, Captain Galaxy, kept smiling at Arthur, as though he had discovered a long lost friend. Arthur, still terribly confused, blurted out the first thing that came into his head.

"Have we met before?" asked Arthur.

"Sort of," said the man.

"What does that mean?"

"It means," said Captain Galaxy, now looking cuter than ever, "that we've more than just met. You see, I'm you."

"What?" asked Arthur.

"I'm you. Or rather, I was you many years ago. I, Captain Galaxy, am your future self. That's why Ridley kept using the future conditional; he's from the future, too."

Arthur stared at Captain Galaxy, at the features of his face, at his hair, at his brown eyes. Then Arthur looked down at himself, at his own, scrawny, college student's body.

"Oh no," said Arthur, "I'm not becoming a comic book character! I'm not going to run around the universe saving frogs and stealing guns and whatever else it is you do. I'm Arthur Barton; I'm going to graduate in a few years and start making money. I might even ask Helen to marry me."

"Ask Helen to marry you?" said Captain Galaxy incredulously. "That treacherous, double crossing little vamp? She's not right for you, and you know it."

"So I'm not going to marry her?" demanded Arthur.

"No!" said Captain Galaxy. The old man started to look flustered, but then he smiled again and sipped a drink he had poured himself earlier. "Look," he said, "I sympathize with your feelings - really, I do. I always have - but you are going to become me, Captain Galaxy, savior of the Universe, or at least a very modest attempt at such, so you may as well get used to the idea."

Arthur slouched in his chair. "So," said Arthur, "I don't have a choice, do I?"

"Oh of course you do," said the old man. "Everyone makes choices over their own destiny. You, or if you prefer, I, made the choice to become Captain Galaxy. You've just lost your perspective on it, that's all."

Arthur was trying to assimilate what he was hearing. It wasn't easy.

"In other words," said Arthur, "I can't change the future."

"Precisely."

"And no one can change the past?" asked Arthur.

"No one."

"Then why was Commander Ridley trying to kill me?"

Captain Galaxy smiled. "Because Ridley is an idiot," he said. "He thought, I'm sure, that a nice way of getting rid of me would be to go back in time and kill off my previous self. The trouble is, of course, that killing me now, which means killing you, would contradict the fact that I existed or will have existed or will exist in the future. The universe hates contradictions. Am I confusing you?"

"Yes," admitted Arthur readily, and he instead munched on some cashews.

"I know how much I liked those," said Captain Galaxy, "so I remembered to have lots of them around."

Arthur sighed.

"Look," said Captain Galaxy, "I think its time I put you back on the ground. You're going to love being me, really. You'll get to fight off the Angora Monster of Haarken, the wild Witch of Borneo, the Evil Force of the Ne'er-do-wells; they're not all bloated wimps like Ridley."

"I still don't believe it," said Arthur.

"I know. I remember saying that. Here, you better take this."

From out of nowhere, it seemed, Captain Galaxy produced Otto the hunchback's hockey stick.

"What do I need this for?" asked Arthur.

"You'll find out," said Captain Galaxy, obviously enjoying himself. "Oh, one other thing; stop treating women like sex objects. Women deserve much better treatment, and you'll find that mutual respect is the only way to develop a healthy relationship." The old man fiddled with the stereo controls, and Arthur felt himself getting fuzzy again.

"Besides," Arthur heard the old man say, "sex often leads to trouble."

And Arthur was gone.

Arthur found himself in the back seat of a car. He was back in the parking lot of the Howard Johnson's again. At his side, he noticed, was Helen, just as she was before.

"Oh, don't stop," she said.

"What?" asked Arthur.

"Come on, Arthur. What's wrong?" asked Helen innocently.

Arthur did some very quick thinking. Had it all been a mad hallucination? A very quick, bizarre, hopelessly complex, mind-upsetting piece of wonder guilt in action? Arthur never had time to decide.

"All right, Captain Galaxy," shouted Helen, "the fun's over!"

"Helen!" Arthur cried out.

"I'm not Helen," yelled the attractive person next to Arthur who was not Helen. "I am the Wild Witch of Borneo, and it's time for you to suffer my wrath!" From out of her purse, the former Helen Marquardt brandished a futuristic pistol in Arthur's face.

"What's going on now?" asked poor Arthur.

"I was just pretending to be that brainless bozo you called Helen," sneered the Witch. "You don't think I'd really go out with you, do you?"

Ooooh, that hurts, thought Arthur.


"And now," she went on madly, "you die, Captain Galaxy!"

Before he could think about it, though, Arthur lunged at his date just as she was pulling the trigger, and the two struggled wildly in the back seat. Eventually, Arthur managed to find a blunt object lying on the floor, and with a neat "whap" he knocked out the Witch of Borneo. The blunt object, of course, was Otto's hockey stick.

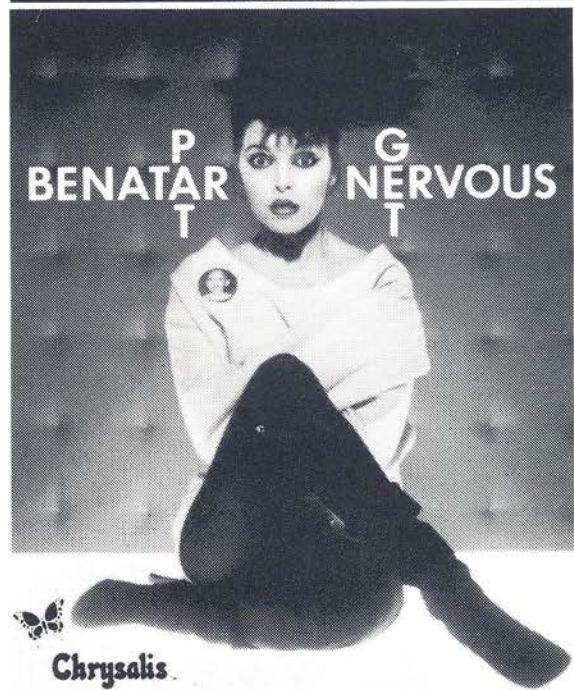
"That's twice in one night!" Arthur exclaimed, though no one was around to hear him.

Arthur stared at the unconscious woman, and amazingly, she started fading into thin air.

"You beat me this time, Captain Galaxy," said a distant, misbegotten voice, "but you haven't seen the last of meeee . . .!" And Helen was gone.

With nothing better to do, Arthur - Captain Galaxy - started his car and drove home. 

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Cover by Lisa Lynch. Photo by Warren Habib. Robot arm courtesy of Professor Tom Binford and Oussma Khatib in Computer Science

The model for "Computer Dating" is Marianne Miller. It was shot on location at The New Varsity, Palo Alto, CA. Her date courtesy of Digital Pathway's, Inc.

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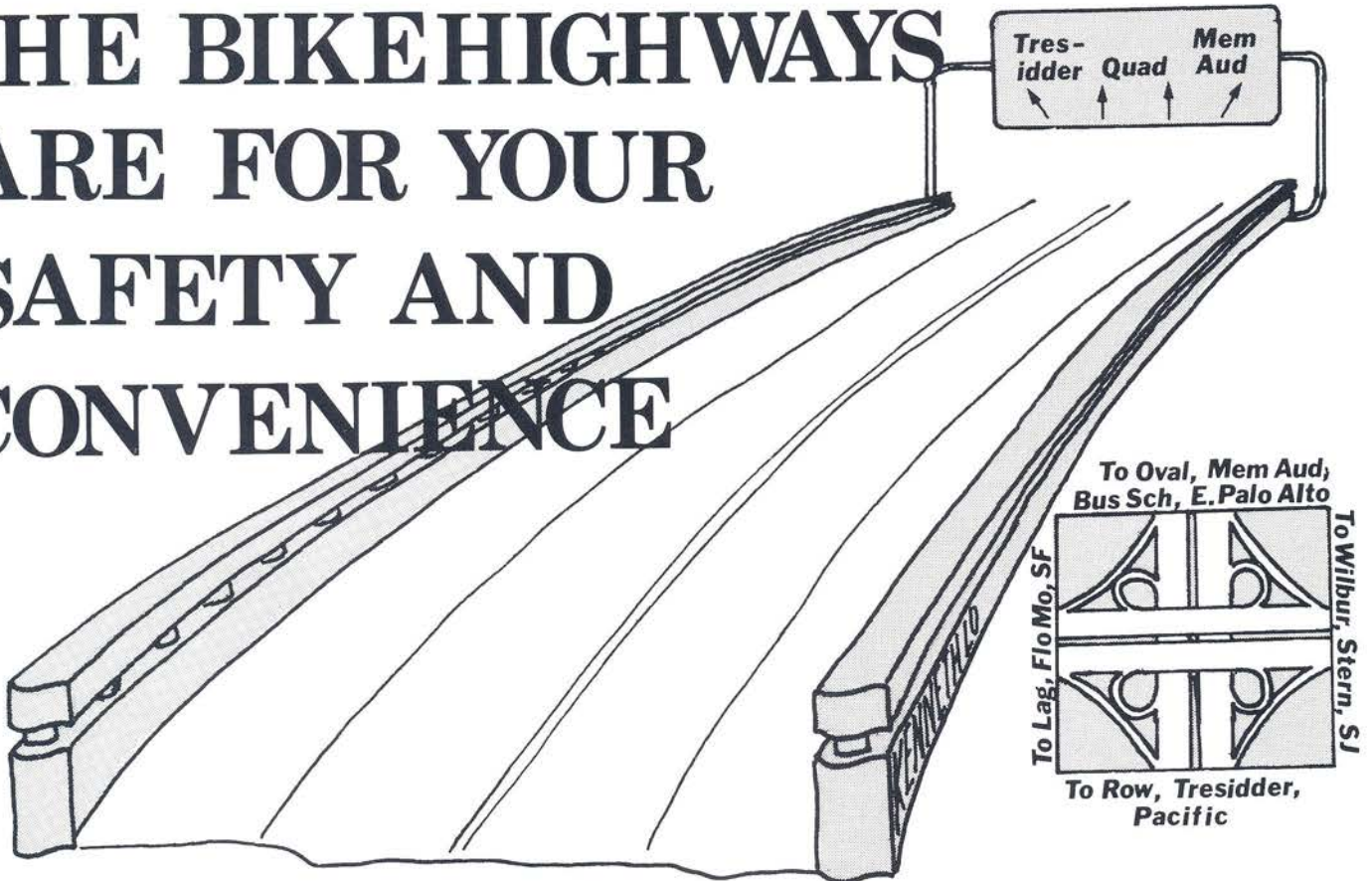
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Fuck it. Just rip out the whole page.

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The supernumerary Wacky Adventures of the megacosm's most lexiphanic embryo...

Clitus^{*}
the Fetus

**rhymes with "Fetus"*

As a result of its mother's voluminous drug intake, the yet unborn Clitus has been endowed with sentience and powers of astral projection...

Back in the uterus... ZZZZ!

suddenly...

YEOW!

I sense a distinct threat to my corporeal existence!

With an almost reflexive flick of mental power, Clitus leaves Einsteinian space-time...

PING!

... and instantaneously arrives on the Astral Plane...

How is it that the wombat...?

PING!

Clitus!

Hiya Ralston! Didn't mean to interrupt. How ya doin'?

circumstances as of late have been most favorable. But you, my parental pal, what agitates you so?

Seems Wanda, my mother, is having one of those amniocentesis tests! You know what that means??

I'm afraid not - my knowledge of human biology is not great!

If that test shows that I'm not your average fetal-type then Wanda just may get a REAL abortion.

My GOD! No more easy-to-avoid coathangers!

Clitus! Now is not the time to panic. Listen closely - I have a plan!

Meanwhile, back in 4-space...

Dammit! Quit wrigglin' Wanda! The test's over!

Sorry, Dr. Maxilla!

O.K. O.K. Let's go! Cart off Ms. Jackson! Bring in the next patient! orderly! orderly!

PING!
PING!

Yes sir! Orderly Ralston at your service, sir!

'Bout damn time! Here, take this sample to the lab. I'll analyze it later!

In the lab

Let's see, Smith, D.; Kowalski, J.; Lewis, A.; Henderson, F. j; ah ha! Jackson, Wanda! Here we go!

Let's see, coffee cup, Dr. Peter Maxilla! Here we go!

And into Jackson, Wanda's test tube we add a little from Smith, Kowalski, Lewis, Henderson...

Well, now that we've pretty much covered our tracks, what say we...

A moment, Clitus! I detect Dr. Maxilla's approach. I'd like to try something!

seconds later...

hmm, something about that short, bearded orderly with the pointed ears doesn't...

Dammit. I don't get no respect...

BOINK!

Well, for your sake my little fallopian friend, I hope our little bit of tampering remains undetected!

I'm not as worried about myself as I am for the people who work for Dr. Maxilla. If he finds out there's going to be hell-toupee!

...agree to such an extent:
over the truth by reason alone. 9"
I think your point is original and
clearly stated, but I am often wrong
D

Please don't hit me
Any more! A+

Harper's Weekly, June 28, 1943 pp. 46-48. Gotcha. F.

... so I figured what the hell? You sleep
through my lectures. D-

THANKS FOR THE FLATTERY
I WAS HAVING A LOUSY
DAY. A+

BARELY SLIGHTLY
INTERESTING

D+

Professor Comments

... aware: modern architecture
... designer's
... collective desire
... unpredictable and
I was really hoping this
wouldn't be a good paper
but dammit, it was excellent!
What a pain. C-

OH, YOU AGAIN. C-
Exactly word-for-word
like your last paper,
which was quite good.

Splendid! I think I've
known you long enough to
be able to say that this
paper represents your
absolute finest work

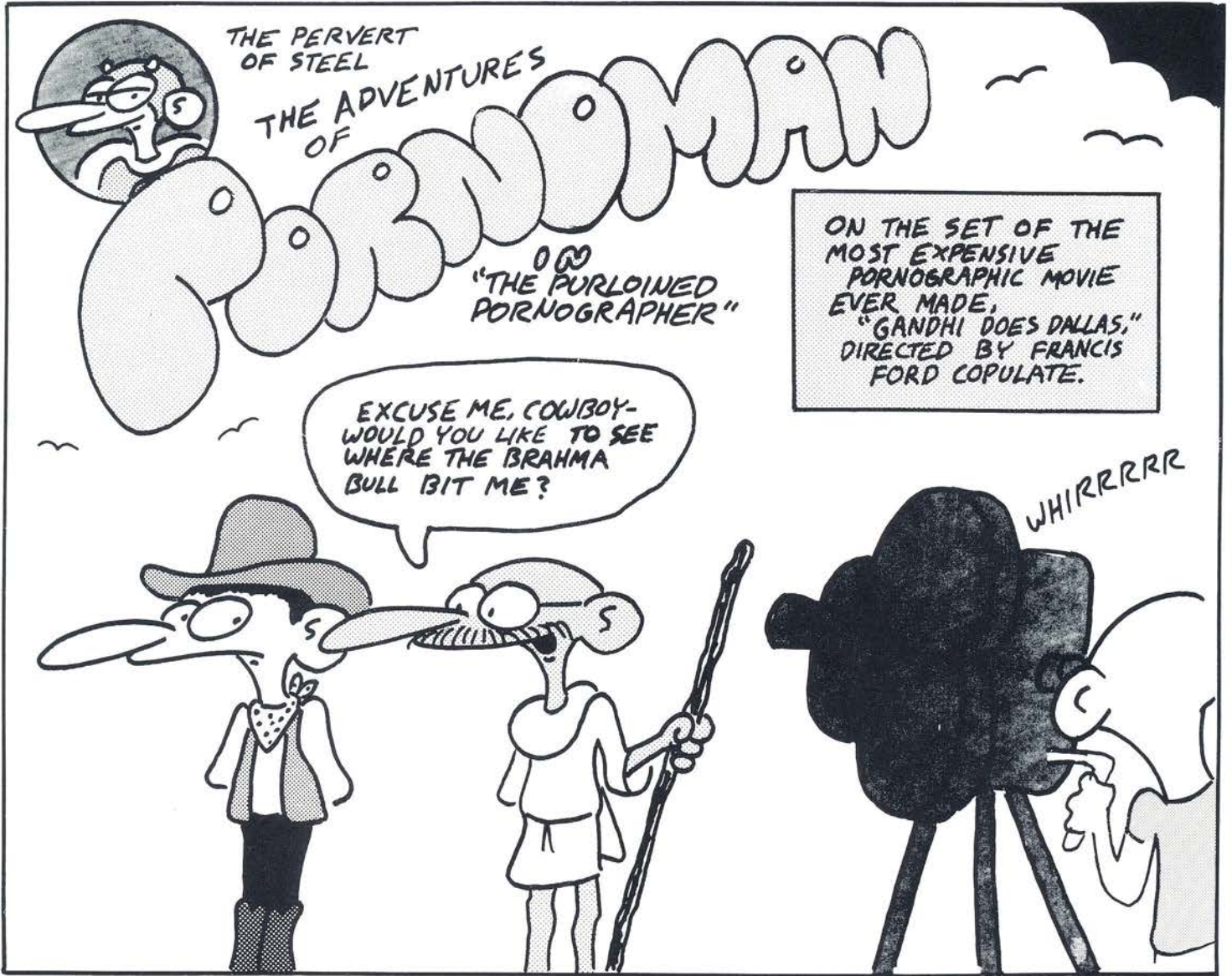
Keep you head up. Don't
B-
There'll be other papers.
Don't take it so hard.
Don't take it personally.

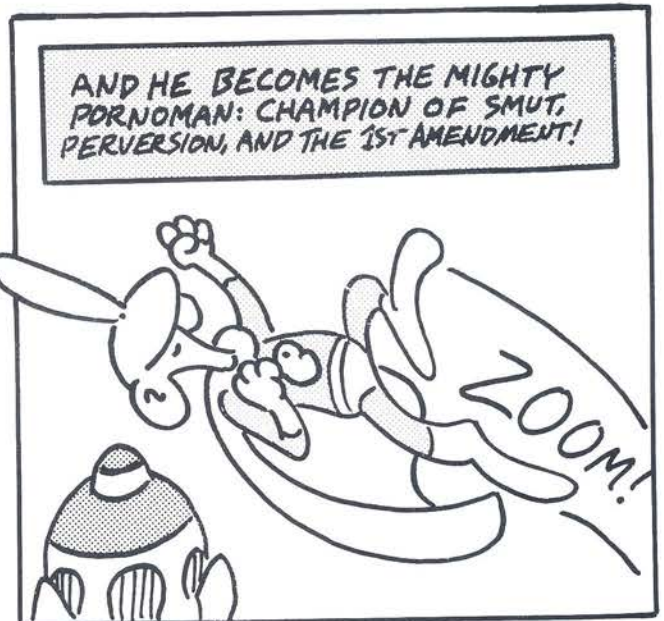
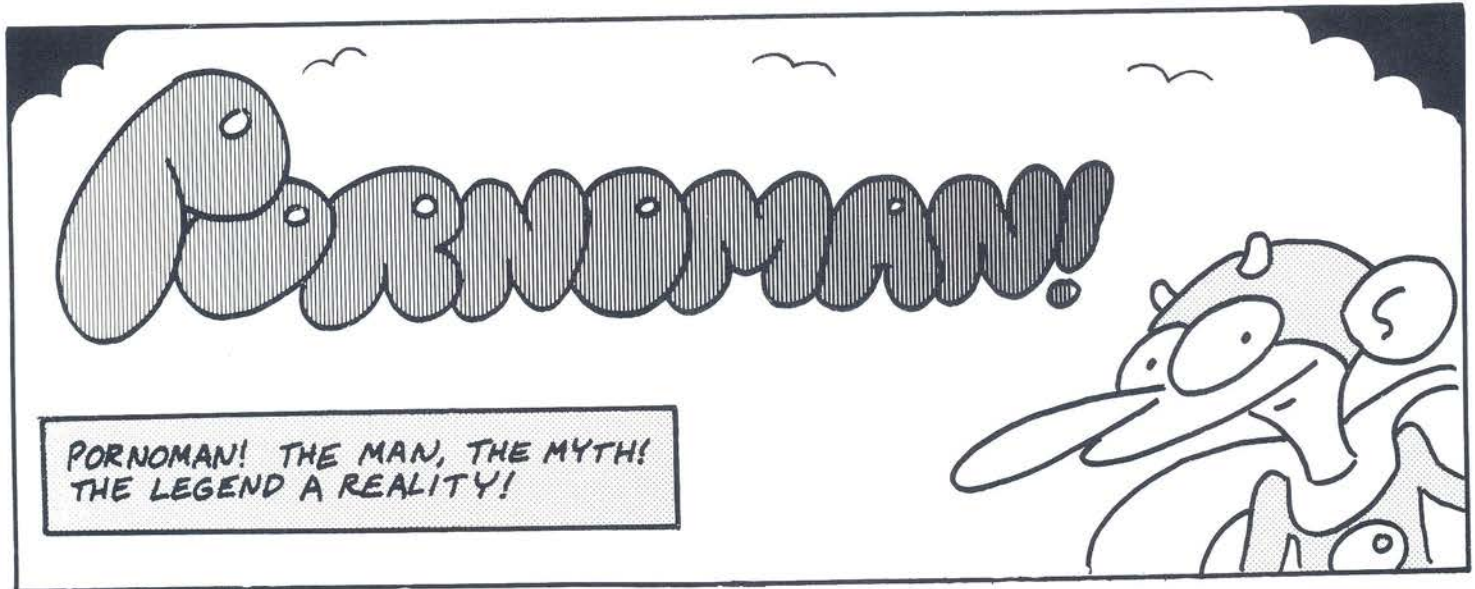
I hate showoffs.
F

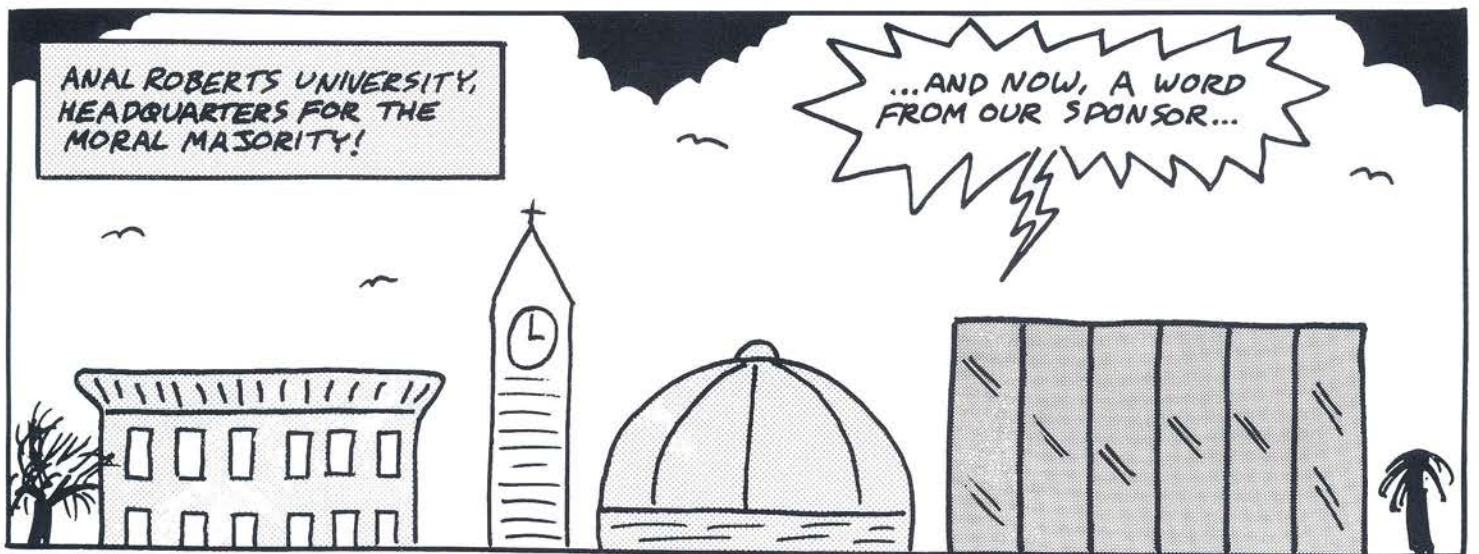
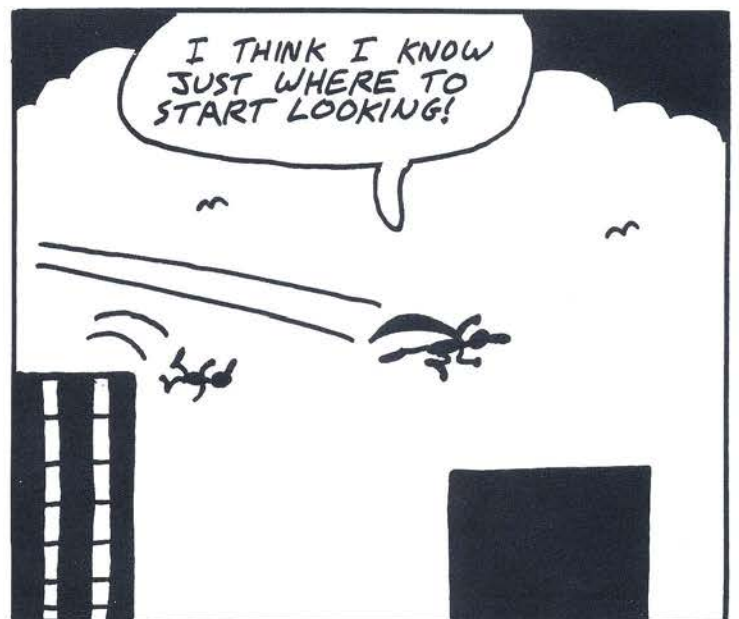
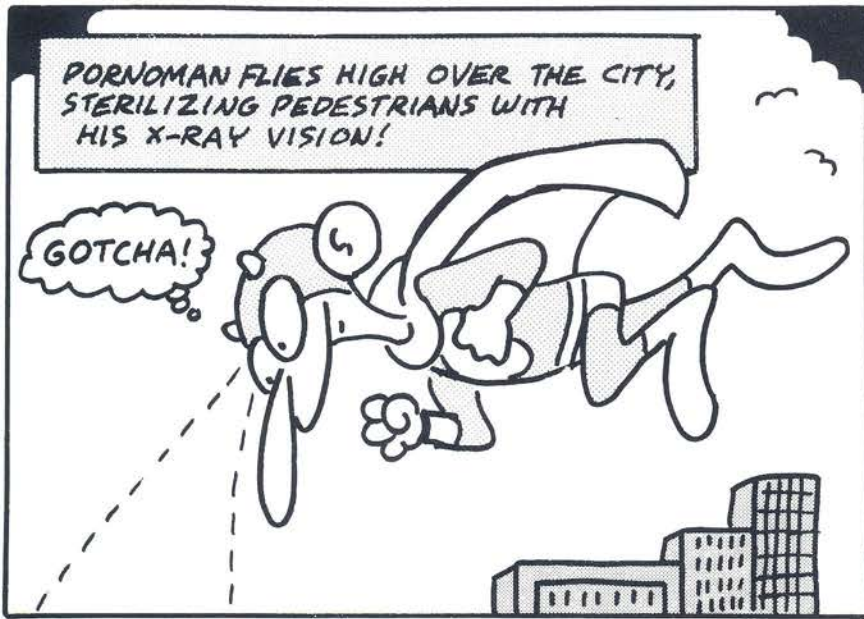
Keep you head up. Don't
There'll be other papers.
Don't take it so hard.
Don't take it personally.

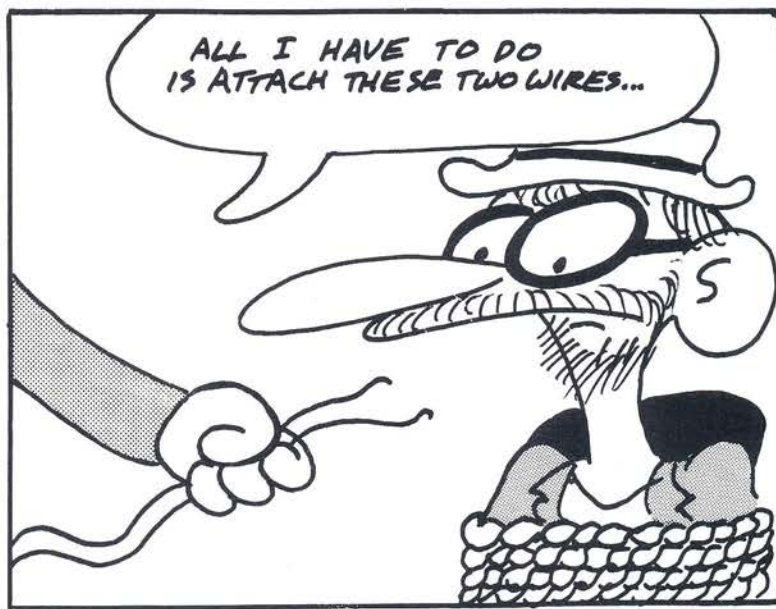
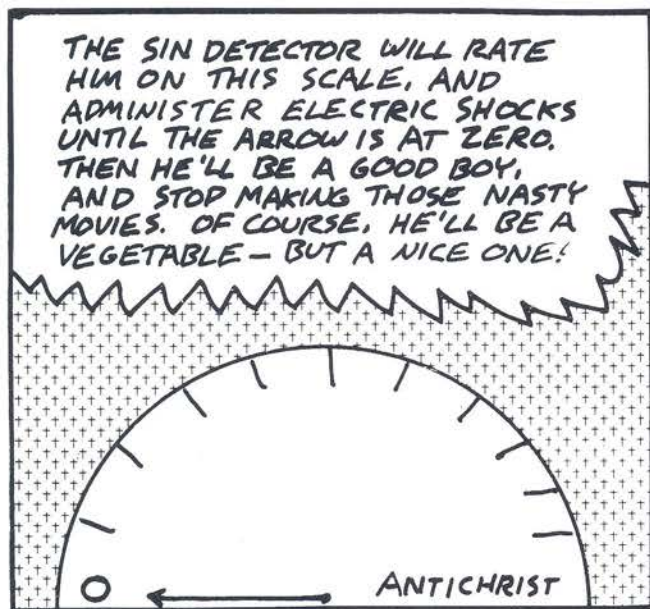
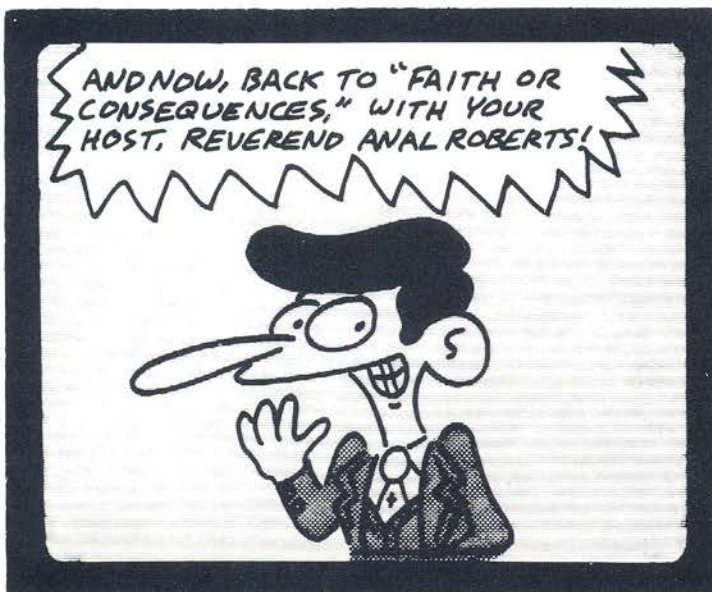
LIKED THE PERFUME. B-

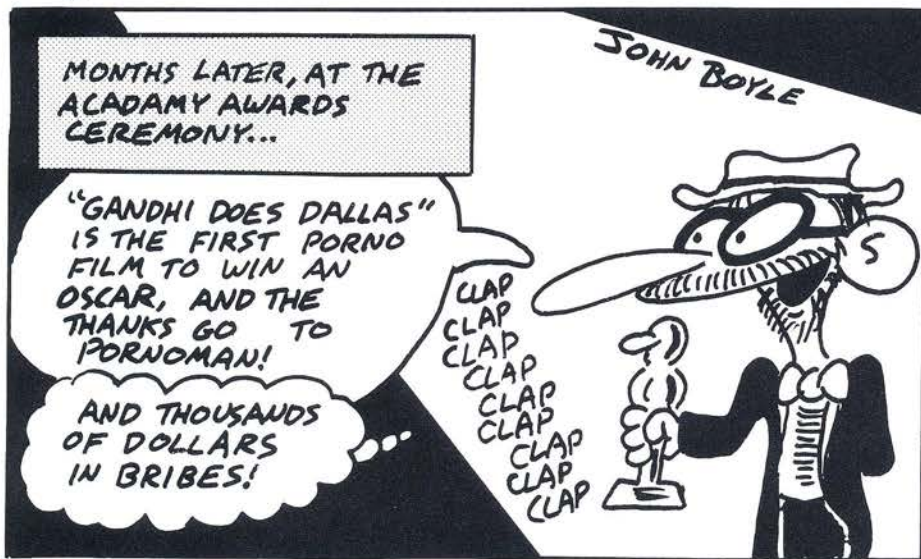
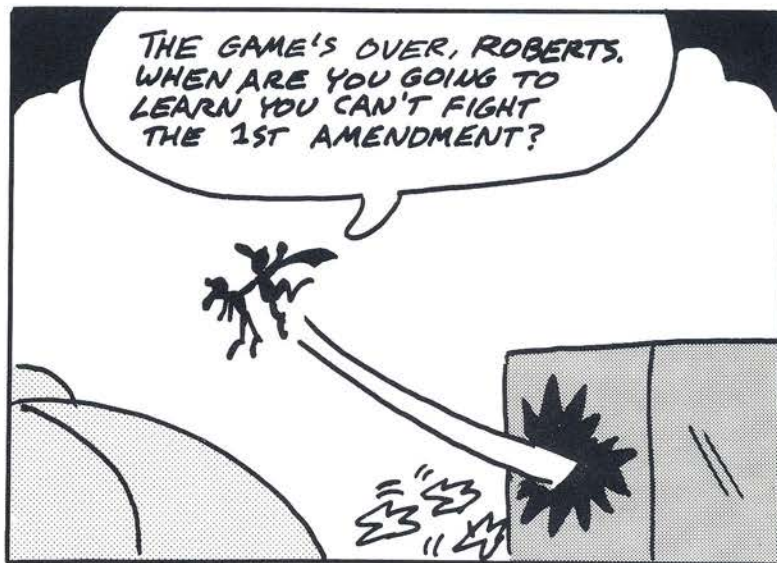
DON'T SEE ME. C











**NEXT:
PORNOMAN
MEETS
THE
QUEEN!**



CORPORATE MAJORS

The Discipline:

Leland Stanford Junior University is the first undergraduate institution to announce a new curriculum designed especially for the emphasis of today's changing world. We have created a new Corporate Major Program of education for students of all academic inclinations. For years the archaic system of departmental majors has been considered obsolete, fostering a perverse intellectualism, a shameful desire for a well-rounded education, and horrendous cost overruns.

Our Corporate Major program changes all that. All incoming freshman are now required to declare their corporate major by the third week of classes. No more wasteful fuddling about for two years, floundering in a morass of choice caused by excessive numbers of irrelevant departments. (Religious Studies? Are these people for real? Get serious.)

Furthermore, the new corporate major cuts the direct cost of tuition to the student, while releasing him/her from stringent distribution requirements. Students can enjoy these enviable positions by simply signing an Employment Guarantee Contract with a sponsoring Big

Brother Corporation (BBC) of *their* choice (or ours if he/she seems too wishy-washy). The contract has only two minor stipulations: (1) that all classes fall into one of the following areas: Business, Commercial Enterprise, Business Science, Applied Economics, Business (again), Mercantilism, and Commerce; and (2) that each student agree to be indentured in a full-time manner to his/her sponsoring BBC for no less than fourteen years upon graduation from the program.

In return for these paltry concessions, the student's BBC pays all (that's right, all, as in total — every last little bit) of the student's incurred tuition expenses. The student then follows a course of study specifically designed by his BBC. Corporations sponsoring these carefully crafted majors include United Multinational Incorporated; Sears, Roebuck, & Electric Company; and Merrill, Streep, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith.

To broaden its students, the corporate major allows the student the option of an elective Applied Humanities course during senior year. The Corporate Major Program also offers many other exciting and stimulating elective courses:

- 001. Religion and Power** — A focused inquiry into basic, righteous thought guided by Jerry Falwell's text — *What God Believes*. The emphasis is on rote memorization of biblical quotations that will command awesome authority when used every day in office memos, answering machine messages, etc.
3 units, Spr (God) Su
- 012. Engineering and Love** — Advanced techniques in the sublimation of the desire for sex into a passion for making buildings are thoroughly discussed, analyzed, and then put into practice. *Eros: Procreation or Construction?* and *Buildings Are Children Too* are required reading. (DR:BS)
2 units, Aut, Win, Spr (Bechtel) MTWThFSSu
- 003. Western Culture** — All the significant artistic contributions from antiquity to the nuclear age with dual emphases on economics and engineering. Students will be required to keep two notebooks for the class, red and black, one recording all people, events, and trends that are good, the other recording all those that are bad. Students will have the freedom and responsibility of choosing which color notebook to put the good history in, and in which to put the bad.
1 unit, Aut (PBS) MW
- 158. Efficiency in Charity** — Elements of the field — loopholes, write-offs, credits, publicity, and shelters — all will be scrutinized according to thrift, protection, and good PR. (DR:B)
4 units, Win, Spr (Exxon) MWF
- 159. Rhetorical Redundancy** — Rhetoric constitutes a great majority of the verbiage used by so many of those people in positions of responsibility in our wonderful society. In this course, we will study linguistic illusions, nominative vagueness, use of the royal "we," the condescending "hey you," and the accusative "yonder schmuck." The text will be *Maximal Utilization of Elaborate Language Unrestricted to Specific Meaning* by General Alexander Haig. (DR:CE)
3 units, Win (Kennedy) MTWThF
- 348. Legislation Research** — Students will be taught to analyze restrictive regulations regarding the environment, tax increases, safety standards, etc. so as to evaluate their actual cost in dollars to relevant corporations. It is recommended that students enroll in *Lobbying* to learn how to repress these unnecessary laws. (DR:AE)
4 units, Spr (Freidman) TTh
- 349. Lobbying** — Advanced rhetorical and argumentative techniques including: friendly suggestion, firm persuasion, calculated manipulation, powerful intimidation, and the skillful use of threats. Prerequisites: Plastics 040, Personal Arms 106.
2 units, Aut (NRA) MW
- 686. Uses of Music** — Students will learn to compose short, hypnotizing chord progressions that can easily be matched with commercial jingles and slogans. Later we will try to "adapt" popular music to fit with corporate themes.
1 unit, Spr (Manilow) T
- 701B. The Care and Comfort of Calculators** — A one unit course for the calculator connoisseur with special hints on key polishing, scraping crud from the corners of the little red window, and carrying case waterproofing. *Joys of Recharging* is the lab manual.
1 unit, Spr (HP) Th
- 703. Computer Literature** — An interdisciplinary program within the School of Computers covering the nuances of similarity and dissimilarity among the major languages: FORTRAN, Pascal, BASIC, COBOL, and LISP. Lots of mail will be required.
5 units, Aut, Win (Abadi) MTWThF
- 10. Genetical Engineering: Individual Research** — Essentially an open lab period designed for free experimentation, an ideal course for the creative tinkerer. Lab fee required to pay for amino acids and cages. (DR:BS)
4 units, Win (DNA) MTWTh
- 132. Philosophy of Management** — Basic theory and technique of domination. Students will cover the full range of Machiavellian authors and ideas including the *Monroe Doctrine*, the *Nixon Memoirs*, and *Mein Kampf*. (DB:M)
3 units, Aut, Win, Spr (Satan) MWF
- 134. History of Communism's Badness** — Scientific analysis of all red phenomena with special attention given to prevention and suppression. Former actor "Tailgunner" Ron is author of the text — "The Trash Heap of History."
1 unit, Aut (McCarthy) M
- 135. Applied Psychology** — Co-optive theory and practical techniques on "How to convince your offspring to enter your profession while adopting both your values and lifestyle." This theme is applied to three primary pre-human stages:
Infancy — The importance of subliminal persuasion and bedtime story selection is instrumental in shaping your baby's character.
Childhood — At this stage the primary means of communication is tubular, that is to say through the Boob Tube. Studies have conclusively shown that permitting your child to view "Marcus Welby," "Let's Make A Deal," or "Paper Chase" can significantly determine which Grad School he/she may opt for.
Adolescence — Here the key is to behave and speak exactly opposite to what you really believe in order to create the desired effect.
5 units, Spr (Zimbardo) TWThFSSu
- 238. Foreign Policy Seminar: Third World Nations** — A close analysis of potential for growth of multinational investment in small, developing, noncommunist countries. Special emphasis will be put on the type of governments which enhance that growth. (DB:AE)
4 units, Aut (Weinberger) TThSu
- 302. History of Art** — An aesthetic journey through the rich, artistically inspired tradition of American commercial art. We will examine common trends and underlying themes in the study of advertisements, logos, packaging labels, billboards, posters, and window displays. . .
2 unit, Spr (Max and Pollock) TTh

TEXAS HAS THE BOMB

A collection of writings on the most powerful confrontation of the early twenty-first century, compiled and edited by Michael P. Collins, Professor Emeritus, History, Stanford University.

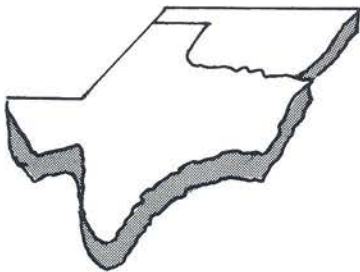
(Editor's Note: All of the following excerpts are used by kind permission of the authors. All rights reserved.)

TEXAS.

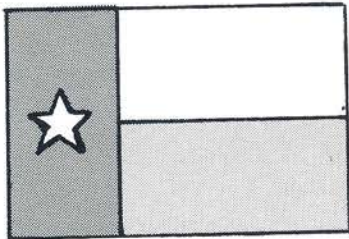




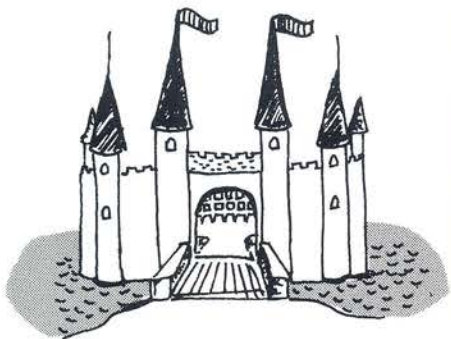
Governor Clark was the King of Fun.



Texas is our country's third largest state.



Flag O'Texas — before



Capital: Dumbo
Pop: 1,033,320

Texas Governor Robert Clark, the King of Fun, didn't feel the least bit funny. He stared dejectedly at the pile of bills and memos that crowded the desk before him. No fun there. He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out his well-worn bag 'o laughs and switched it on. Rolling laughter rippled through the room and then died with a crack as he slammed the drawer home. "Nothing," he sighed, "is fun anymore." He stood up and walked to the file cabinet across the room, and—having made sure of his privacy—fished out his custom crafted talking teddy. "Good Morning, G'vner!" it perked as he let loose the pull string. "The world was made for you!"

"No it isn't and no it wasn't" Clark retorted hotly, getting a firm grip on the fuzzy nape of the teddy's neck. "It's another boring morning in the Land of Fun, top of another week in Walt's country, and that's hardly a jolly prospect. Hell, even Texas A&M's closed down. Now *that* was funny..." A quiet cough startled the Governor and he turned to find his secretary, Patty Sinkin, standing patiently in the doorway, mouth agape. "Governor Clark," she whispered in quiet disbelief, "You... you've been arguing with a teddy bear?"

"Follow the good times to Texas!" suggested the bear as the startled Clark let the string fall from his fingers. It was time for things to change.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

Sinkin, Patricia
Random House, 2065.

Texas was the 28th state to achieve statehood, and the third largest in the United States. Dwarfed only by Alaska and Greenland, its borders encompass 250,000 square miles. At the turn of the century, Texas faced a dilemma of considerable proportion: what to do now that their resource base, which had formerly consisted largely of petrocarbons and agricultural products, was depleted. In 2024, Texas boldly dealt with its rapidly worsening situation: invoking state's rights and the spirit of American capitalism, Texans sold their troubled state to the Walt Disney Corporation. Aggressive advertising and a series of unparalleled achievements have helped lay to rest the qualms of many early skeptics who saw nothing entertaining or even vaguely amusing about acre upon endless acre of arid, depleted wasteland. Change had been a big part of what has made this self-proclaimed "Land of Fun" exciting. In 2025, all place names were changed

to those of well-known Disney characters. In 2032-34, the Panhandle was carpeted. *American's Hot Tub*, formerly the Gulf of Mexico, was surrounded by redwood planks in 2036-37. Such developments, in combination with a constantly expanding variety of rides and attractions, have resulted in the healthy tourism upon which the Disney state so heavily relies. Some indicators, however, predict a steady fall-off throughout the later 2050's and into the 2060's. Population (from 2050 census) 27,542,069. Capital: Dumbo, Pop. 1,033,320.

Worlds Book Encyclopedia
Field Enterprises, 2054

"There we were, Billy Art Phil Lou, just my wife Beatrice and me out in the middle of *nowhere!* We'd charged up the flyer back in Huey, but that was hours before and the meters were starting to read pretty low. Well, Beatrice was havin' one heck of a time with that State O' Fun Happy Travelers Map, and we were *lost*, let me tell you (chuckle). It's not too long after that when I see this tumbledown heap of buildings - I'm talking *wooden* buildings, Billy Art Phil Lou, just up ahead. You couldn't really call it a town, but I figured we might get some help from the locals. So I parked the Winnebago and walked over to the biggest of the buildings, wonderin' all the while where all the folks must have gotten off to. Then I look up top of the place and I see this falling down old sign that reads "Luchenbach". And I'm thinking to myself, what kind of a funny name is "Luchenbach"? So I walk through the swinging doors and damned if there aren't ten or twenty fellars all gussied up in nice white lab coats, all sittin' around staring at this *bomb*. Then they weren't staring at that bomb any more; they were staring at *me*. 'Well, Gaw-lee-ee,' I smiled big as I could muster, 'How *about* them Longhorns!'"

Excerpt from the transcript of Mr. William Spaulding on "The Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales Show." April 12, 2062

While many modern historians debate the time of the Luchenbach project's initial conception, it is unquestionable that it was the strong prodding of the disgruntled Clark administration that finally brought about the completion of Operation "Last Laugh." Clark,

and the vast majority of the citizens he represented, had come to a startling realization: it wasn't Texas that wasn't funny anymore, it was the United States. What a boring place: four continental time zones, two former Presidents named John Adams, four states that began with the letter "A." Texas wanted out—and fast. It was time for change, and Operation "Last Laugh" was a means to that end—a good, quick punchline to bring America to its knees.

Texan Civilization

Burns, Lerner, and Meacham
Norton Publishing, 2070

"I don't believe this. Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales and 50 or 60 million members of the late night TV audience knew about this before we did." Secretary of State Joel "Stubble" Lehrman was furious, and the other members of the inner cabinet—Chief of Staff Michael Wallen, Domestic Affairs Advisor Don Watson, and National Security Advisor Jeff Schmase—were checking discreetly for emergency exits in the White House briefing room. Lehrman wiped the foam from around his mouth and glared accusingly at each man in turn. "Well, sir," coughed Schmase, nervously adjusting his tie, "We have very few operatives in the, uh, Luchenbach area." He laughed hopefully. "But quite a few who watch late-night TV. How about I just get on the phone and make a few calls." He began to rise. "I'll have this cleared up by morning." Lehrman gave him a look that unmistakably ruled out the possibility of leaving with both legs. "The entire state of Texas has been sealed off," he continued, opening a worn Land of Fun Amusement Map. "They're allowing no one in, and communications have been cut off completely." He paused for dramatic effect, poking an angry finger at Dumbo. "We don't know what it is they have down there, and until we do, they call the shots. This, gentlemen, is nothing less than a national emergency." Chief of Staff Wallen wiped his brow and stared at his shoes. "Well," he mumbled, slowly lifting his head and glancing wearily at the door. "I suppose we'll have to tell the President."

Wallen cleared his throat. Was the old man deaf now, too? "Sir," he stammered finally, wishing his voice could work up a good, resonant tone of urgency, "I think there's something you should know." The man in the large, high-backed chair turned slightly toward him, barely acknowledging his

presence. "You think that there's something I don't?" Wallen wondered, not for the first time, how Kennedy could have lived to be 153—and why.

**From the White House To
The Big House: A Plumber
Tells All**

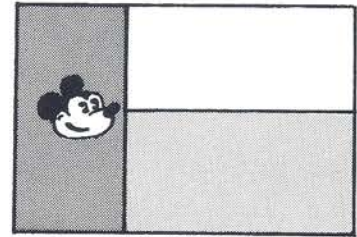
Targgart, Michael
Penguin Paperbacks, 2069

"Have a seat, gentlemen," spoke the smiling governor with a wave of his hand. Hearty chuckles filled the room as the throaty roar of a shrewdly situated whoopie cushion punctuated the anticipatory silence. Clark grinned broadly and began. "Gentlemen," he spoke confidently, "Our time has come. Operation "Last Laugh" is complete. We have the bomb," he said rising to his feet. "And they know it." Polite applause filled the governor's inner office, as he bowed slightly. "The talk show incident has suited our purposes perfectly. America knows there's trouble afoot in the happy state of Texas." Clark beamed. "Now my friends it's time to send the White House a message. Patty, take a letter—tell 'em we want out!"

Deep Heart, Sinkin.

[Editor's Note: The bomb produced by the "Last Laugh" project has been called both "man's most devious armament" and "the least intelligent weapon created since man first tossed a bone into the air." Working from an unstable neon base, and referred to by its developers as the "Ne Slapper," the device was capable of destroying all non-living matter. Buildings, digital watches, loose-leaf binders, would all vanish without a trace, leaving hapless victims to wonder just what had become of the old home town.]

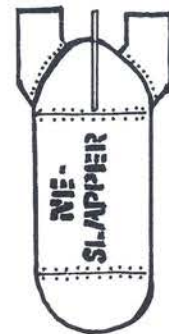
The state of Texas, America's self-proclaimed "Fun Capital," today issued its first press release since all contact was abruptly halted following the apparently unintended discovery of the "Luchenbach Project" late last week. Claiming to have in their possession a weapon powerful enough to destroy "motherhood, apple pie, and everything else you're so all-fired proud of," the nation's third largest state declared that they "simply want out [of the union]." It was further stated that serious consideration was being given to the possibility of returning themselves



Flag O'Texas — after



"Stubble" Lehrman was mad.

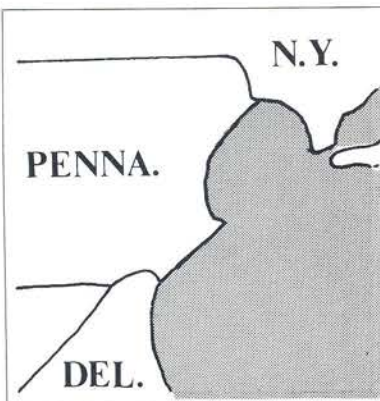


The Domestic Affairs Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from wrong.

Who has the bomb ?



The National Security Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from left.



Eastern Seaboard sans New Jersey
(2041 A.D.)

to Mexico, which they described as a country with "a far better sense of humor." No word as yet from the White House, where a press conference has been scheduled for seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Persistent rumors that Mexico has no interest in retaking control of their former territory are as yet unconfirmed.

"Mad As Hell Because They
Live There",
Boston Globe, April 20, 2062.

These were strenuous hours at the seat of American Democracy. President Kennedy sat somberly behind the vast antique chrome desk within the Oval Office and thumbed reflectively through his latest intelligence reports: a glossary of Disney place names, a detailed map of Texas, photographs of anonymous Texans nose-thumbing undercover cameramen on the border and then running away laughing. He could almost read the history texts: "Ted Kennedy, the 67th President of the United States met defeat at the hands of Walt Disney." "I'd sooner die again" he grumbled as he reached for the desk intercom. "Crissie, send them in."

The inner cabinet members shuffled slowly into the room, each wishing he had more to say and someone else to speak with. Everyone stood and looked expectantly at one another while the President arose and strode to the window. An uncomfortable silence ensued. Finally, Wallen stepped down hard on Watson's foot.

"Yow!"

"What's that, Watson?"

"Uh, well sir, I was saying. . ."

The President cut him off. "They're bluffing." The room fell silent for a second time as the President turned to face them. "I said they're bluffing. Now send in the press."

White House, Big House, Targgart

The President's decision send shock waves throughout the country. The majority of the concern was twofold: first, what if Texas really did have the all-powerful destructive tool they claimed to, and second, why all the fuss over Texas? Sure, it was a nice place to visit, but then so was New Jersey if you enjoyed deep-water tourism.* Certainly letting Texas go would outdate a lot of flags, but most of the American public was willing to make that sacrifice. Besides, no one relished the thought of playing proving-grounds to this

unknown menace from down south. America was ready to forget the Alamo.

*The state of New Jersey collapsed of its own weight and sank to the ocean floor in the fall of 2040.

Civilization, Burns et. all

No one even let loose with a chuckle in Dumbo when it became clear that the President wasn't taking the "Ne Slapper" seriously. It was time for deeds, not words. Clark and his closest associates held a hurriedly assembled meeting late into the night, and emerged the next morning with a stern, firm verdict: Oklahoma would swallow the bomb. America must pay for its insolence. Let Texas go or say goodbye to the Sooner state at twelve o'clock noon tomorrow. The message had to be clear this time—the eyes of Texas are upon you, and they're looking down your throat.

Deep Heart, Sinkin.

On the day the announcement was made Congress was very, very nervous. Just about everybody was ready to surrender Texas to the first taker, but there was something about the whole situation that seemed just too simple. Word spread fast that there was something about the Fun Capital worth holding on to, and just what that might be stretched even the most elastic imaginations. Strategic minerals lying dormant beneath the dunes? Previously undiscovered energy deposits off the southern coast? Whatever it was, common logic held that it had to be something very important for Texas to want it so badly for themselves. Insightful pundits who simply laughed it off and chalked it up to prideful Texan arrogance were ignored in the frenzy.

Still worse was the situation within the Oval Office, where Kennedy and his staff hadn't slept, or even cracked a smile, in the last twenty-four hours. The Executive branch had a difficult decision to make: could they afford to continue calling what they hoped was only a bluff, and—if not—could they afford to lose to the Disney State? Eyelids grew heavy, all talk ceased; Wallen's favorite flipping coin had long since rolled under the radiator when the rising sun reminded them all of their predicament's immediacy. Eventually the President pulled himself to his feet, pushed aside a half-eaten pizza slab,

and dialed the press room number. "We all have to make sacrifices" he said with a long, labored sigh. "Oklahoma, this means you."

White House, Big House,
Targgart.

"Well, there we were. We got the word about ten in the morning, you know, 'don't worry about fixing lunch today.' I was out in the field at the time with Bill Crown from the spread next to mine, and we couldn't see any reason to pack it in early just 'cause it was gonna be a short day. The way we figured, there wasn't no place better than any other from which to take in the end of the world.

"Sure enough, we're about halfway finished with the first barley harvest when Bill taps on his watch and says, "I reckon it's about that time." So we looked up in the sky and here's this giant orange cloud all cracklin' and buz-zin' and high-tailing it toward us just faster than a bull on coals. Before you know it she's right on top of us, and then quick as a whistle it was gone. I looked at Bill, Bill looked at me, and we both took a good look around. Damned if the place didn't look a bit different."

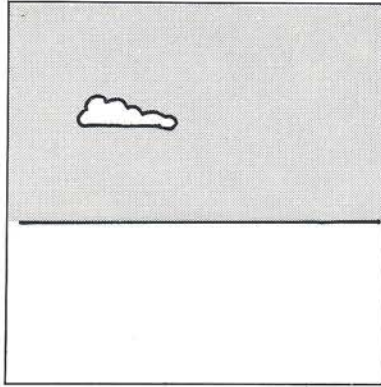
**When the Wind Came Sweeping
Down the Plain: Memoirs of
an O.K. Farmer**

Vincent, Phil
Houghton Mifflin, 2063

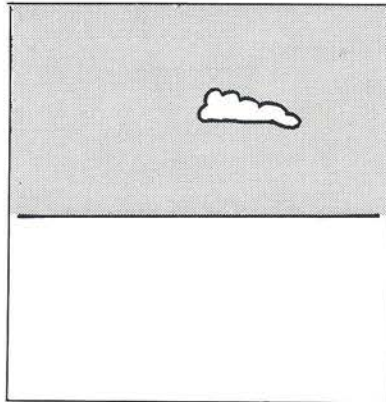
[Note from the Editor: And so ended the confrontation that so thoroughly rocked America in the first part of the 21st century. On the morning of April 23, 2062 at precisely 12:00 (CST) the "Ne Slapper" was lobbed over the border from Texas into Oklahoma and the bomb *did* explode. As the clouds cleared, two startling realizations overwhelmed the people of Oklahoma, a. that the bomb had worked, and b. that things really hadn't changed much at all. Misinterpreting this ironic coincidence as failure, America stopped paying any attention to Texans, who, along with their state, soon found themselves drifting far out into the Gulf of Mexico as a result of the "Accelerated Continental Drift" program initiated by its neighbors in 2063.]



Bill tapped his watch;
"I reckon it's about that time"



Oklahoma — before Ne-Slapper



Oklahoma — after Ne-Slapper



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CARDINAL SPORTS

Spring Quarter Varsity Home Schedules

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MEN'S GOLF

Apr. 15-16, (Fri.-Sat.) — Stanford US Intercollegiate all day

WOMEN'S GOLF

Apr. 28-30, (Thurs.-Sat.) — WCAA Championships all day
May 9, (Mon.) — Cardinal Club Celebrity Tournament noon

MEN'S TENNIS

Mar. 8, (Tues.) — Foothill College1:30 pm
Mar. 9, (Wed.) — Utah1:30 pm
Mar. 30, (Wed.) — UC Santa Barbara1:30 pm
Apr. 5, (Tues.) — San Jose State1:30 pm
Apr. 8, (Fri.) — Arizona State11:30 am
Apr. 15, (Fri.) — USCnoon
Apr. 16, (Sat.) — UCLAnoon & 6:30 pm
Apr. 26, (Tues.) — Pepperdine1:30 pm
May 4, (Wed.) — UC Berkeley1:30 pm

WOMEN'S TENNIS

Mar. 10, (Thurs.) — CSU Fullerton1:30 pm
Mar. 22, (Tues.) — San Diego State1:30 pm
Apr. 1, (Fri.) — Arizona1:30 pm
Apr. 2, (Sat.) — Arizona Statenoon
Apr. 8, (Fri.) — Irvine2:00 pm
Apr. 14, (Thur.) — UC Santa Barbara1:30 pm
Apr. 17, (Sun.) — UCLAnoon
Apr. 27, (Wed.) — UC Berkeley1:30 pm
Apr. 29, (Fri.) — Pepperdine1:30 pm
Apr. 30, (Sat.) — USCnoon

TRACK AND FIELD

Mar 5, (Sat.) — Fresno Stateall day
Mar. 19, (Sat.) — Army/Yale/Iowa/CSU-Bakersfield all day
Mar. 23, (Wed.) — TBAall day
Apr. 1-2, (Fri.-Sat.) — Martin Luther King Games all day
Apr. 30, (Sat.) — San Jose State/UC Berkeley ...all day

MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

Mar. 30, (Wed.) — Loyola Marymount7:30 pm
Apr. 1, (Fri.) — UCLA4:30 pm
Apr. 6, (Wed.) — Hawaii7:30 pm
Apr. 22, (Fri.) — Pepperdine7:30 pm

VARSITY BASEBALL

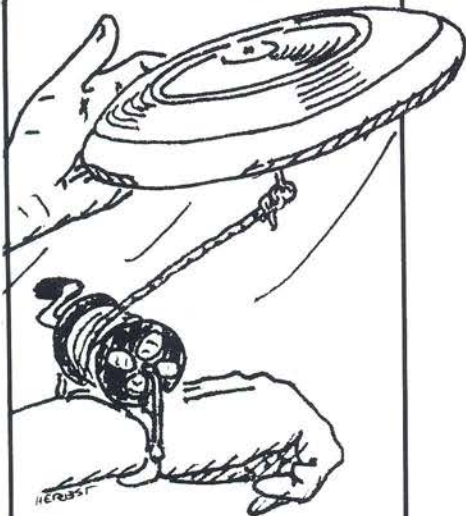
Mar. 12, (Sat.) — Alumni Gamenoon
Mar. 19, (Sat.) — USC1:00 pm
Mar. 20, (Sun.) — USC1:00 pm
Mar. 21, (Mon.) — USC1:00 pm
Mar. 23, (Wed.) — Oregon State1:00 pm
Mar. 25, (Fri.) — Arizona State2:00 pm
Mar. 26, (Sat.) — Arizona State1:00 pm
Mar. 27, (Sun.) — Arizona State1:00 pm
Mar. 29, (Tues.) — Univ. of Nevada-Reno2:30 pm
Mar. 30, (Wed.) — Santa Clara2:30 pm
Apr. 2, (Sat.) — St. Mary's1:00 pm
Apr. 5, (Tues.) — Sonoma State2:30 pm
Apr. 9, (Sat.) — UC Berkeley1:00 pm
Apr. 15, (Fri.) — UCLA2:30 pm
Apr. 16, (Sat.) — UCLA1:00 pm
Apr. 17, (Sun.) — UCLA1:00 pm
Apr. 29, (Fri.) — Arizona1:00 pm
May 1, (Sun.) — Arizona1:00 pm
May 13, (Fri.) — UC Berkeley2:30 pm
May 15, (Sun.) — UC Berkeley1:00 pm

New News From Pray-Tell

"PHONE HOME"

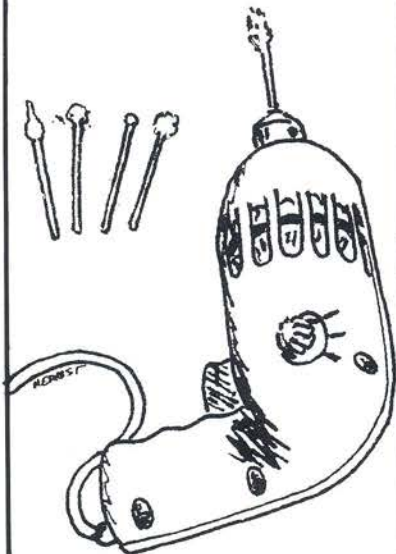
A must for every collector. Phone home with the official **ET Homephone**. For the person who has everything, here's a new and exciting phone that captures the essence of **ET**. It goes great everywhere—at offices, at homes, in spaceshuttles, and, especially, in garbage cans. Get yours now. **PT-008**

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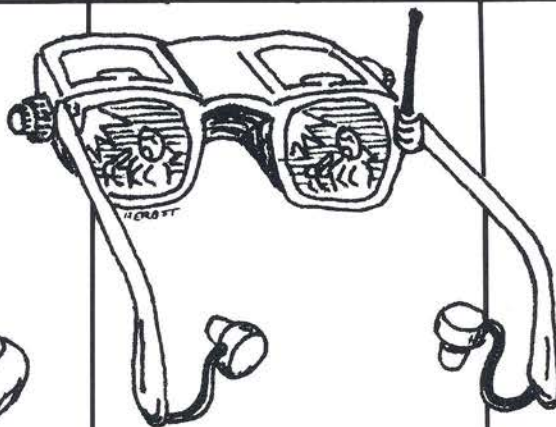


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"ROTO WAX"



Tired of the messy, tiresome task of cleaning your ears? Well, be the first kid on the block to have your very own... **Electro Q-Tip**. This drill-like appliance, with changeable bits, allows you to get those hard to reach places with ease and little chance of injury. Available through this ad only. **PT-010**



"MINI TV"

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"GASSED GANJA"

For those who like grass, here is a touch of class... **Perrier Bong Water**. The bubbles will impress your friends, relatives, neighbors, and law officers. They will all agree that "It's the water... and a lot more." **PT-012**

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Introducing the **Braille Word Processor**—comes complete with everything you see here. Technological breakthroughs have brought about for the first time graphic modes, spelling editors, and much, much, more. **PT-014**

Chewable Confidence

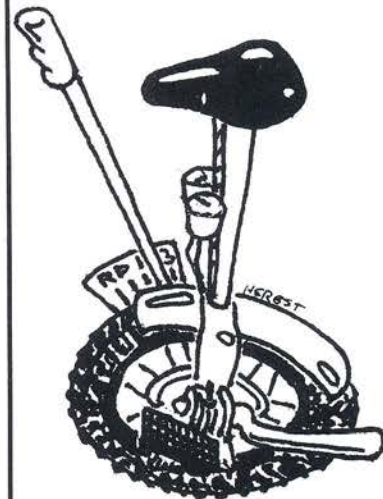
Tired of nasty tasting contraceptive pills? Then our **Flav-O-Pills** are just what the doctor ordered. Comes in Sexy Strawberry, Fellatio Fig, and Wild Cherry. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery, not 9 months. **PT-013**

"JOKE SMOKE"

Attention **Smokers**, **Weight Watchers**, and people who collect weird things: The **Yogurt Cigarette** is here. It comes in all flavors: vanilla, blueberry, and, of course, cherry. Warning. The Surgeon General has determined that this is a fad that will quickly pass. **PT-015**

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Kids, now you can have your very own... **Uniped**. It's here. It's hot. And it could be yours. Avoid those nasty campus collisions with this agile, one-wheeled, motor-powered cycle. **PT-016**



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