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Summer 1985

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Volume 85 Number 4
Summer 1985

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Stanford, CA 94305

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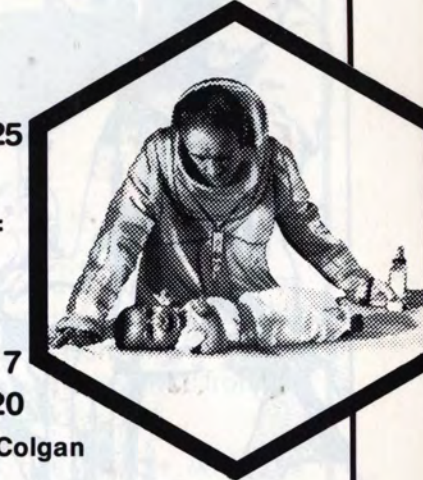
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The Stanford Chaparral

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Al X ??



NOW THAT

his hand had healed, he stood to make better time. He had been outside of Omaha when the semi had swerved suddenly and smacked his outstretched appendage, landing him in the hospital for two days and in a cast for six weeks. The cast really wasn't what bothered him. What burned his liberally educated britches was the fact that he ended up travelling back through Nebraska before he realized that hitchhiking with one's left arm is

more conducive to westward, not eastward travel. I-80 is not the most unpleasant stretch of road in the country. However, the stretch through Nebraska has been known to effect people in unusual ways. It's no coincidence that many of this great nation's famous mass murderers were irrevocably pushed over the brink after a drive, lengthwise, through Nebraska. And now he was faced with yet another eastward, thumbs out, journey through the ventricles of America's heartland.

Yet there was method in the young man's madness: he was trying to get home for the summer. While many of his peers sought to remain in the

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golden social womb of California, he was driven to return to the city of his birth, to feel the soil of Detroit beneath his feet once more. Don't laugh. There are precedents in nature for this type of action. Salmon return to the stream of their hatching. Why should it be any different for mammals? The young man only hoped that upon his arrival in the Motor City he didn't find some pleasant woman, go to bed with her, and then die. That would be carrying the Wild Kingdom analogy a little too far.

"Perhaps," he thought, "this wasn't the best idea in the world. Unemployed for the summer, and going to Detroit to boot. Still it'll be nice to see

the folks once more." But the folks weren't there to greet him. The house he had called home for the past 16 years was now a Mormon Genealogy Research Center franchise. His parents had always promised him that they wouldn't move away while he was at summer camp. He had never thought to secure such a guarantee when he went away to school. Now he stood to suffer for his negligence.

Detroit is not as bad a place as people say it is. That is, as long as you don't visit between June and September (or between November and April for that matter). The weather can be rather unpleasant at those times of year. Unfortunately, he found himself in Cadillac Square sharing a bench with a bag lady and a one-legged pigeon during a brutal Detroit heat wave. The bag lady hadn't bothered to put on her newspaper jumpsuit that morning. She was worried that her sweat might make the pattern run. On his other side, the pigeon stood amidst a pile of its own feathers. He had plucked the thing earlier that morning as a simple act of mercy. He could see that the bird was grateful, if not cooler. Still, there was no one or no way to ease his own discomfort, either physically or occupationally. Who would metaphorically pluck his feathers?

The weeks passed slowly, uneventfully. Sadly, his education had been liberal, residentially-based, and comprehensive in breadth if not in depth. His gray-collar compatriots were street wise and, in the white-collar sense of the word, uneducated. But they weren't resorting to the Detroit River as a source of drinking water and for an occasional amphibian of dubious evolutionary ancestry. During his lonely swill-and-amphibian meals, he wasn't worried about how to improve his lot so much as to which of the four food groups he was lacking in his diet. In the back of his mind, a

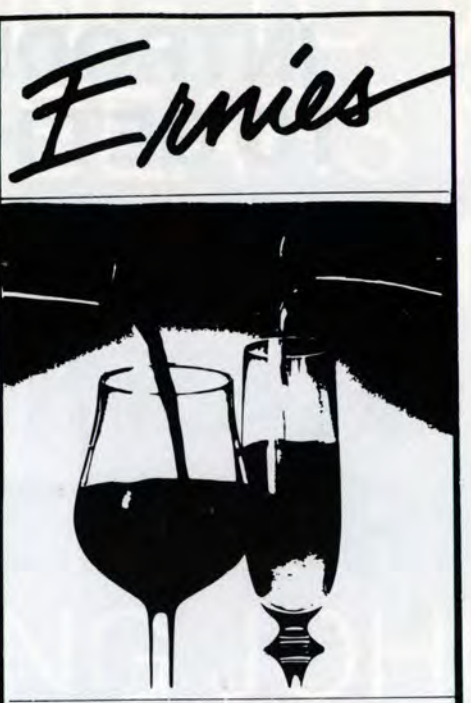
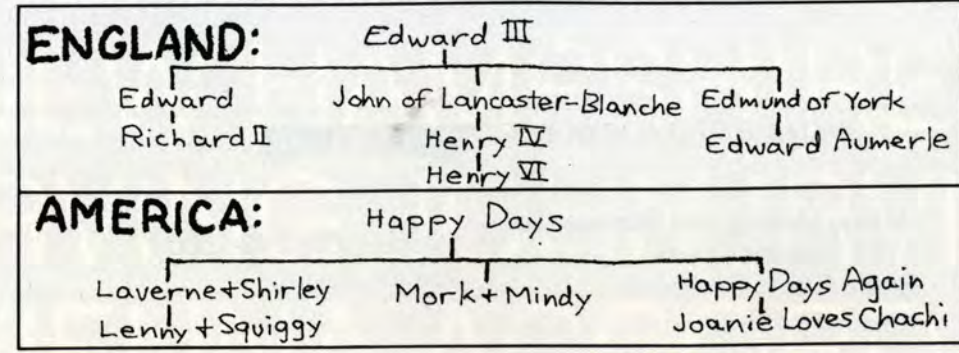
small voice of common sense warned of the inevitable approach of winter. There would only be limited room next to the heating system vent at Mercy Hospital. Those unlucky enough to need to resort to chemical means of warmth were generally found again in spring when the snow melted.

He had just found a spot by the Renaissance Center where the afternoon sun would not strike his already sorely strained and baked body. Unexpectedly, a large, white Le Baron glided around the corner. The way it moved, it could have been sliding on giant, white-walled blocks of ice, but he knew that was silly. If that were the case, the car would be leaving a trail somewhat similar to a slug's, something it was undoubtedly not doing. By the time his heat scrambled cerebrum had completed the preceding bit of deductive reasoning, a portly, bespectacled man had left the car and now stood over his prone body.

"My boy," the jocular, cigar-smoking man said, "what are you doing here?" The man prodded him gently with a suede covered shoe. "Look, I can see that you are not like the others. You probably have a comprehensive, if not in depth, residentially-based education. You're just the man I have been looking for."

"Huh?"
"You've got what those engineers don't have. A sense of what's good and just in human nature. A capacity to love that is unchecked by the emotional scaffolds we construct for ourselves. Work for me, please. I can't promise you anything but six figures. Whadya' say?"
"Uh, yes."
And he and Lee Iacocca rode off into the summer.

My employment-oriented wet dream for 1984.
Heigh ho.



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VIENNA ACCORDING TO VI
NEW HAMPSHIRE BEARS N
IRVING JOHN IRVING JOHN
**VIENNA ACCORDING TO I
NEW HAMPSHIRE BEARS**



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NEW HAMPSHIRE BEARS N

I first met Lenin the bear in a hotel near St. Phillip's prep school in New Hampshire where I had a wrestling match. He wasn't much of a bear, as bears go. He lacked both tail and fur, and he walked on two legs. In fact, Lenin was really a man with a goatee and spectacles. But I loved him just the same. Lenin said he *thought* like a bear, and that was the secret to life. He had a big hand-painted sign that said "LENIN: The Bear Who Does Tricks," and he set this up on the lawn in front of the hotel. Then he walked around it on his hind legs. For his grand finale, he rode a bicycle around it. At the end of his act he walked

among whatever crowd he had gathered with a hat growling, "Pay the bear." He didn't make too much money. I watched Lenin's act every day for close to a week, but I didn't get a chance to speak with him until the night after my wrestling match. The rest of the team had gone out to the movies. Coach Coche had borrowed all my money so he could buy dinner for this prostitute who worked at the hotel. Since I couldn't go to the movies and the rooms didn't have any T.V.'s, I walked down to the hotel's lake to ponder about how wonderful life was even though all my brothers and sisters were handicapped and mom and pop would probably be mangled

in a bizarre industrial accident before I was nineteen. Lenin was kneeling on the shore, slapping his arms against the water. "What are you doing, Lenin?" "Fishing," he said in a ridiculous German accent that I won't even bother to reproduce. "Oh," I said. Always the polite bear, he asked me what I was do-ink. I tried to skip a stone, but it sank immediately. I turned to Lenin and said, "I'm just thinking that life is really great even though my younger brother has no arms and legs and my sisters are Siamese twins and my older brother is black. Life is tough, but it can be beautiful, too. All we

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have to do is persevere."

"Bullshit," said Lenin. "Ve haf to be bears."

"Gee, I don't think my family would make very good bears."

"Nonsense. Everyone can be a bear."

"I don't know about us." I tried to pick up another stone, but it slipped through the four fingers of my left hand. "Jamie, the youngest, is probably too small on account of his having no arms. My sisters couldn't be bears either, unless there are Siamese bears. And Irv, the oldest, isn't even much of a human. I don't think bearhood is for us."

"Bearhood ist für everybody. One day there will be a glorious Bear Revolution. Then everyone will be equal as only bears can be."

After that, New Hampshire always meant Lenin to me. That, more than anything, is probably why I fell in love with the state and moved the family there after mom and pop were mangled in a bizarre industrial accident. Although my brother Irv was older than me, he was semi-autistic as well as black, and he only opened his mouth when he had something profound or literary to say. I sort of became the head of the family.

You can imagine our, or at least my, surprise when the real estate agent who sold us our house turned out to be Lenin. Overjoyed, we gave each other bear hugs.

"I get you nice den, yes?" he said. "Lenin, Lenin, how are you?" "Blind, but it's O.K." "Lenin," Little Jamie said, "I've heard so much about you."

Lenin stuck his arm out to shake Jamie's hand. Limbless little Jamie laughed it off, sympathetic to Blind Lenin's plight. However, Irv, who also had an overactive pituitary gland and got violent whenever he thought people were teasing our family, punched Lenin in the face.

"Keep closing the venetian blinds," Irv said.

"Vat's dat mean?" Lenin asked, struggling to his feet.

"He's sorry," said my sisters who shared the same mouth.

About a month after we got settled in, we were joined by Coach Coche and his wife, who used

to be the prostitute at the hotel in New Hampshire near St. Phillips. He'd lost his job when a terrorist group called Women for Westphalia blew up our old school to protest the Treaty of Utrecht.

Coach moved his wife and his dog, Indifference, in with us. He insisted we call him "Gramps", but he was always "Coach" to me. Jamie, who'd never had a gramps but had always wanted one, was all too happy to comply. One of my sisters refused to call him Gramps, but as she was attached at the mouth to my other sister, who liked the name, she didn't have much to say in the matter, so to speak. The few times Irv bothered to say anything, he called Coach "Poor Yorick."

I'd been jogging through the park one day, keeping my eyes peeled for Jodie Foster and when I returned home I found Irv crying. There were a number of holes in the walls, and flakes of plaster drifted from his knuckles to the floor.

"What's wrong Irv?" "Buh, buh" he said. "Irv, what is it?" "Sorrow sinks," he said. "Why are you crying?" I yelled. "Indifference hovers, it runs, skips and trots."

"Irv, please." "Don't play Russian Roulette!" "Irv, listen." "Keep your head away from the microwave!!!"

Suddenly I didn't have to ask Irv what the problem was. My sisters came down the stairs, mud on their face, Indifference, Coach Coche's dog, in their arms.

"He was raped, John."

I think we could have stayed in New Hampshire if it weren't for Irv's pituitary gland. Everyone else had adapted fairly well. But Irv was beside himself. Within a week he'd knocked our house to the ground. Vienna was Lenin's idea. There're plenty of bears there, he said.

"We'll catch them doggies that did that to Indifference," Coach said.

"It's not the end of the world," my sisters said.

"God bless us all, every one," Jamie said.

"Isn't life wonderful?" I said.

Now if only this plane doesn't crash. ☹



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The Adventures of
ANCHORMAN
SCRIPT: BILL "SCOOP" McCOLGAN
ART: PAUL "THE DUDE" CHENEY

RIDING IN THE ULTRASONIC NEWSCTOPER...
TRAIN YOUR EYE ON THAT, CAMERABOY. IT'S THE ISLAND OF PINTO.
THAT'S PINTO, AS IN PINE.
DO I HAVE TO REMIND YOU WHO THE PROFESSIONAL IS HERE? LET'S LAND.
WHUPPITY WHUPPITY WHUPPITY

HOLY LIVING ROOM WAR ANCHORMAN! THE PRESIDENT SAYS WE'VE INVADDED A SMALL ISLAND NATION!
LET'S CHECK IT OUT OLD CHUM!

SUDDENLY, OUR HEROES ARE ASSAULTED... IN MID-AIR!

HALT!
NO ONE MAY LAND HERE UNLESS THEY'RE CLAD IN KHAKI.
GOLLY, WHO'S THAT?
(CAMERABOY, LET ME HANDLE THIS)
IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M ANCHORMAN. I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. WE JUST WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S HAPPENING WHEN IT'S APPROPRIATE..
AS I SAID BEFORE... GO BACK!
HAND ME MY BILLYCLUB OF RIGHTS, CAMERABOY. WE'RE IN FOR A BATTLE.
CENSORED

TO BE CONTINUED...

Futile

- G** What street does janitor Morris Klayman live on in Tulsa, Oklahoma?
- H** Who developed the theory of creation and when?
- AL** How many commas appear in the King James version of the Old Testament?
- SN** How far could Ronald Reagan throw the Soviet Union if he had to trust it?
- SL** Name all of the extras in the funeral scene in "Gandhi."
- E** Name three North American Soccer League All-Stars who are actually North American?

- G** What's the name of the street with the stop sign missing over by the playground near Leslie Leland's house?
- H** How many died in the Big Bang?
- AL** What is Auguste Rodin's most famous painting?
- SN** What is the top speed of a cheetah in a vacuum tube?
- SL** Name any one of the following: Mexican ice hockey star, African alpine skier, French boxing contender, or Czechoslovakian surfer.
- E** Give the name of any cartoon featuring a talking gila monster.

- G** Who is not buried in Grant's Tomb? (Partial answers not accepted)
- H** Who was Casper the Friendly Ghost before he died?
- AL** Name a famous detective created by Henry David Thoreau.
- SN** What is the exact value of an 'oodle'?
- SL** How many tennis balls have been used in the combined histories of Wimbledon, the U.S. Open, and the New York City Stickball Leagues?
- E** Name a famous Serbian banjo player.

- G** Where is the capital of Atlantis?
- H** How many drug stores were there in ancient Ur?
- AL** What color were Rembrandt's eyes?
- SN** How long is a Chinaman?
- SL** Who played point guard on the Burlington (VT.) High School basketball team last year?
- E** Who was the key grip for Al Jolson's "The Jazz Singer?"

- G** Where do baby storks come from?
- H** During the Chinese Cultural Revolution, how much rice was eaten within view of the Great Wall?
- AL** If God is all good and omnipotent, why does he allow Pia Zadora to make movies?
- SN** Who extracted the testosterone from Michael Jackson's body in the early 1980's?
- SL** Who was on deck when Mighty Casey struck out?
- E** Name five characters portrayed onstage by John Wilkes Booth.

- G** Where is Vincent Van Gogh's ear buried?
- H** What does the 'H' stand for in 'Jesus H. Christ'?
- AL** Name a best-selling novel by Immanuel Kant.
- SN** How many pounds of seaweed may be found in the Indian Ocean?
- SL** Name the top two hundred finishers in the 1948 Boston Marathon.
- E** Name the most popular comedian in Chad.

Pursuit

GARY ANDREWS


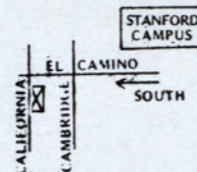
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California Primary
JUNE 5, 1984

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GRENADAES AND SPAM

AND

HORTON HEARS THE

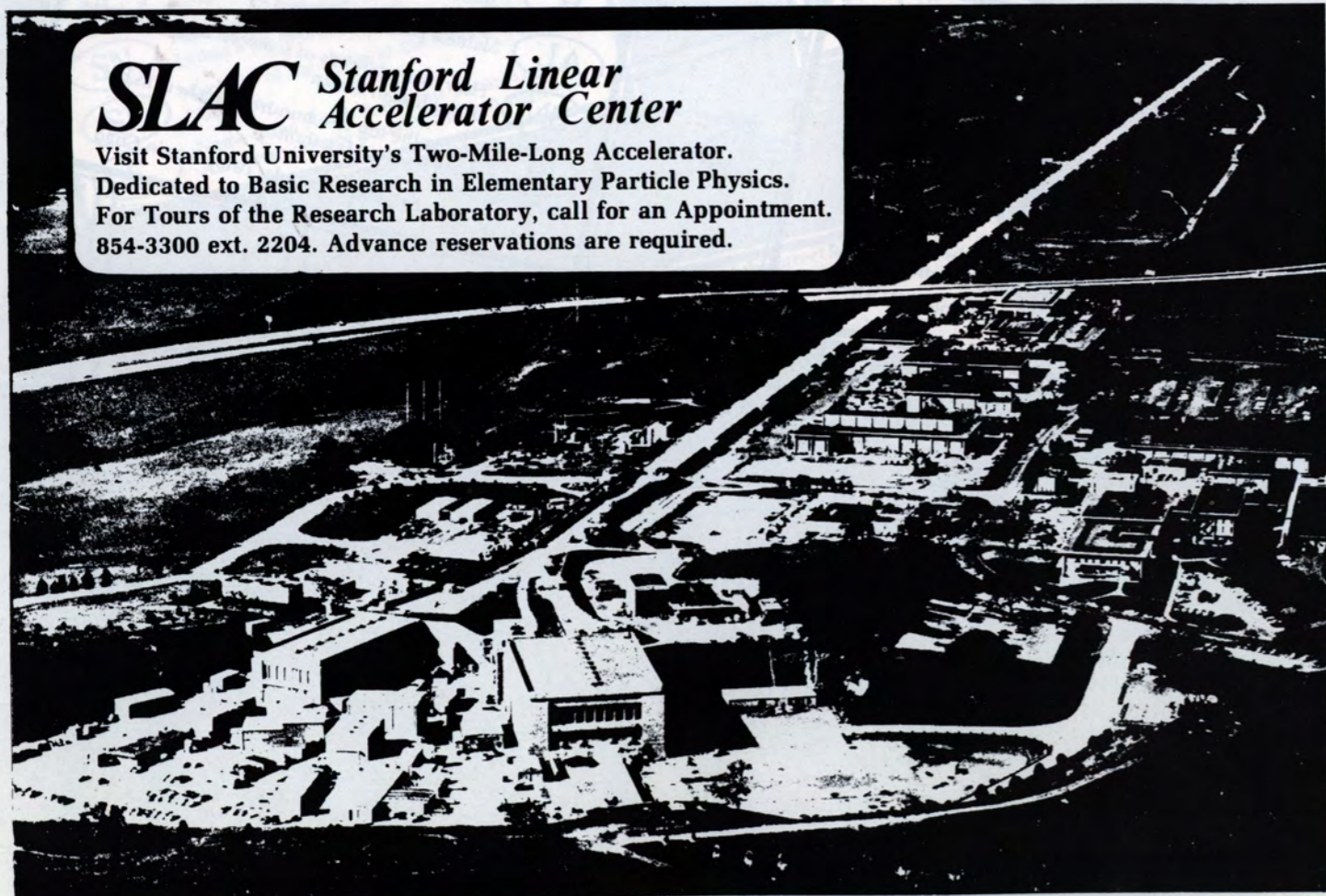
WHO!

By **DR. SOOSS**

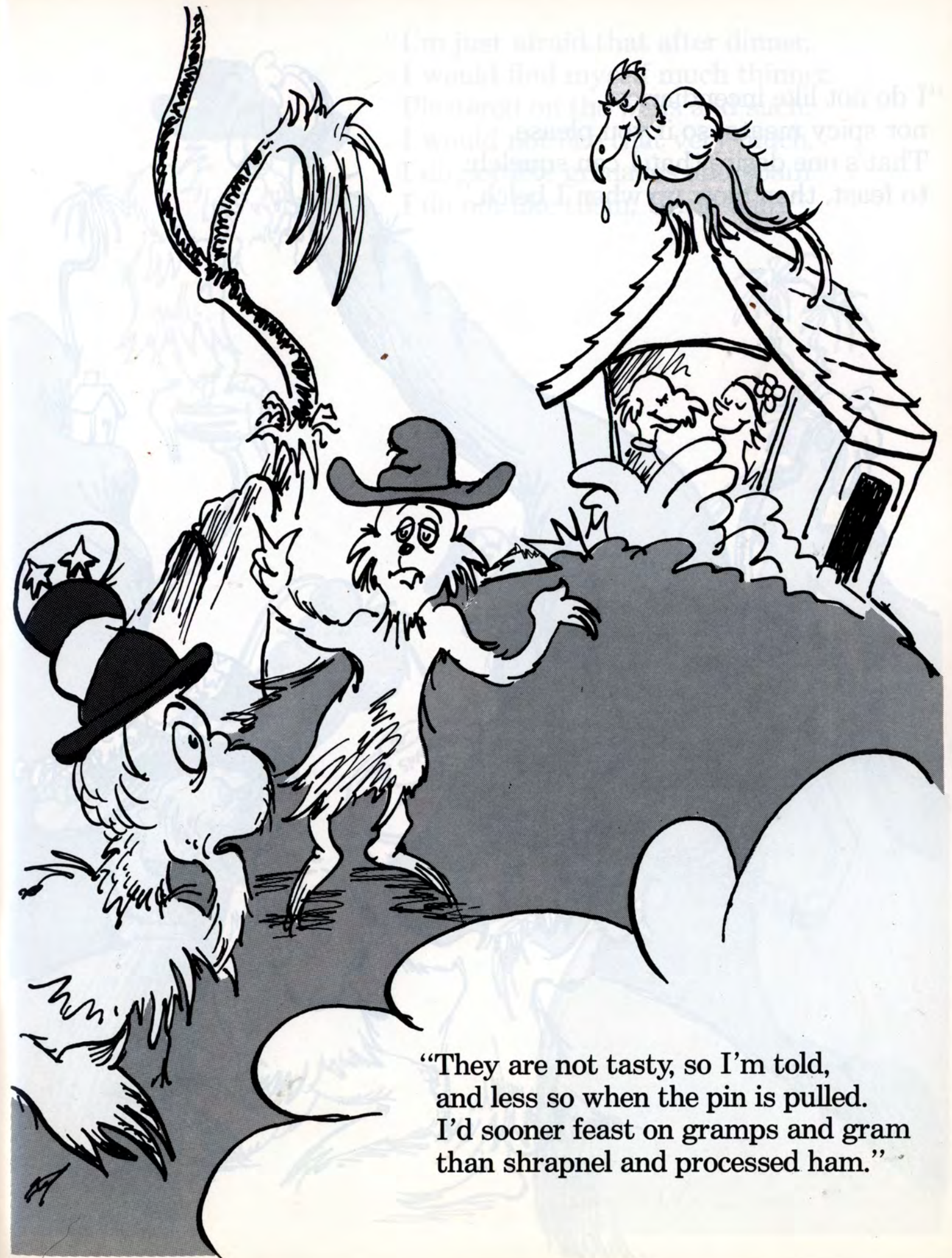


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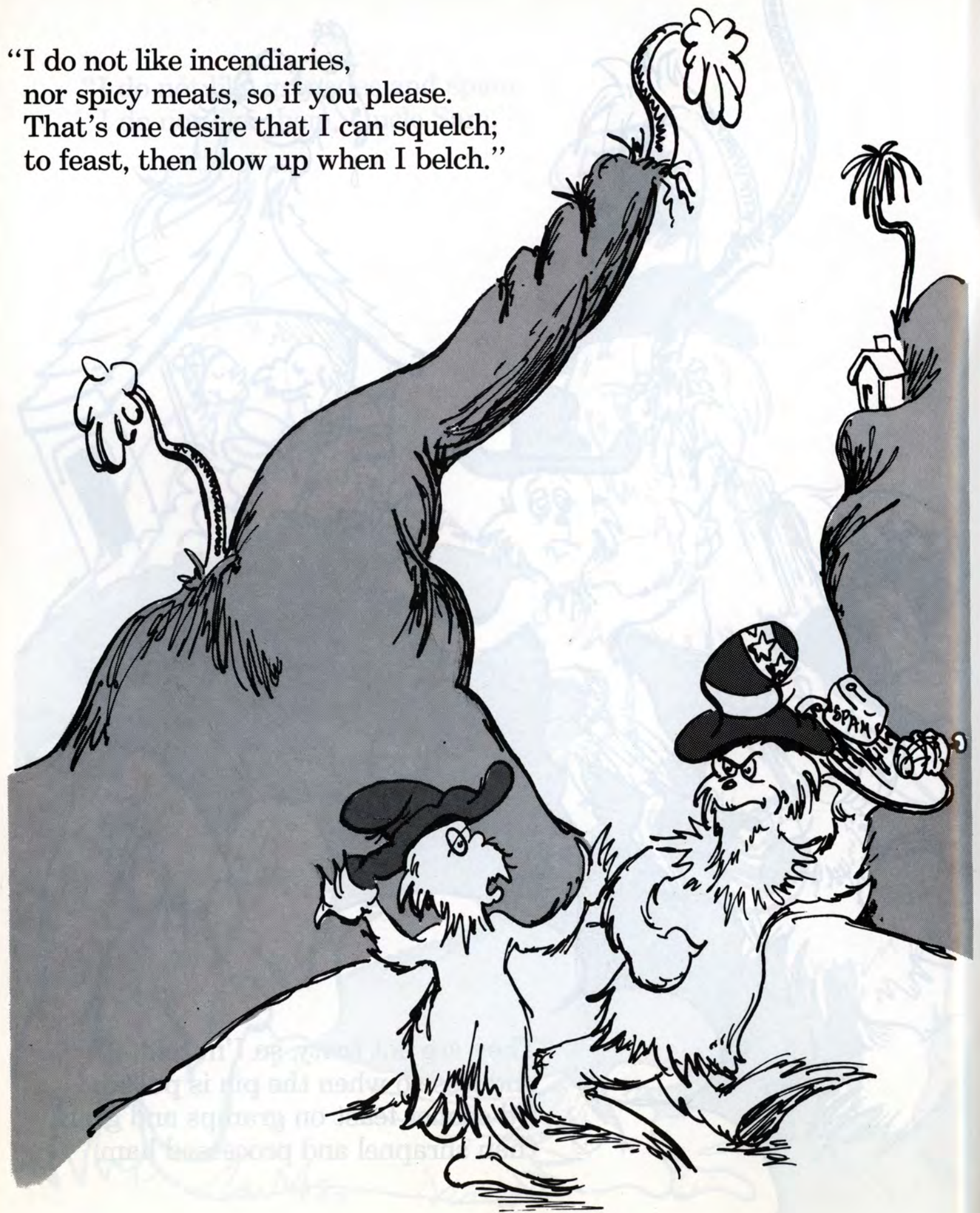


"I do not like grenades and spam.
I do not like them, Uncle Sam."

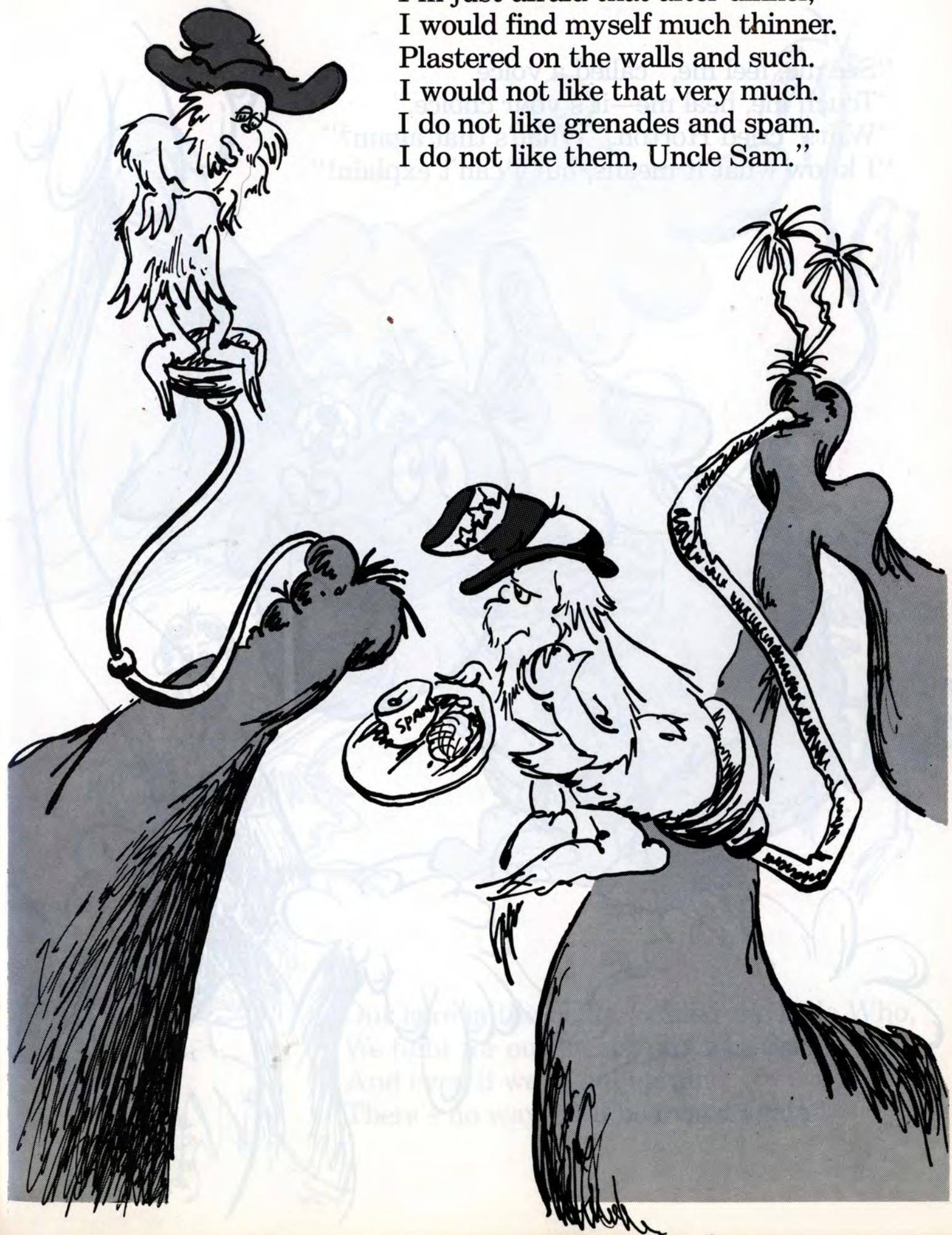


"They are not tasty, so I'm told,
and less so when the pin is pulled.
I'd sooner feast on gramps and gram
than shrapnel and processed ham."

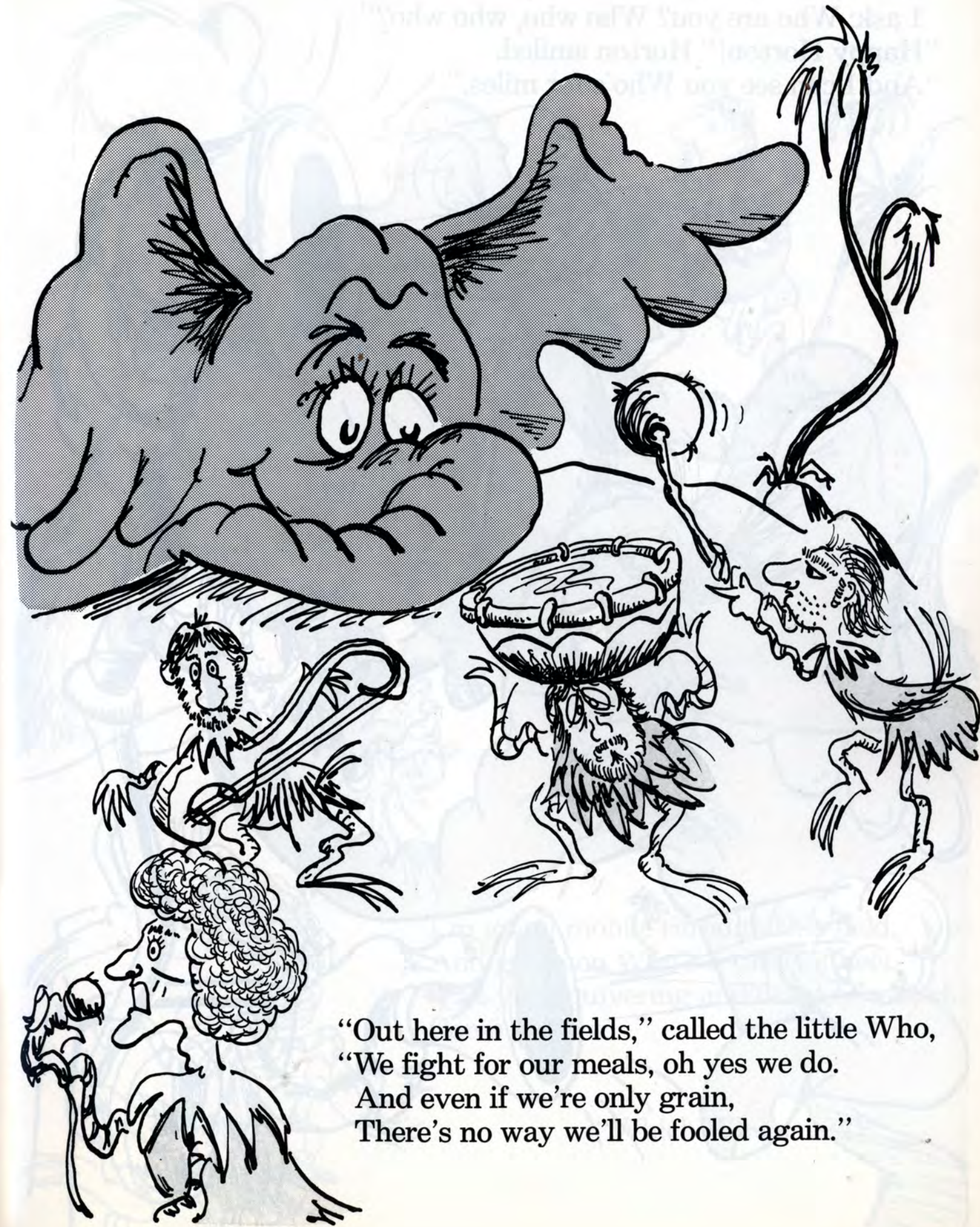
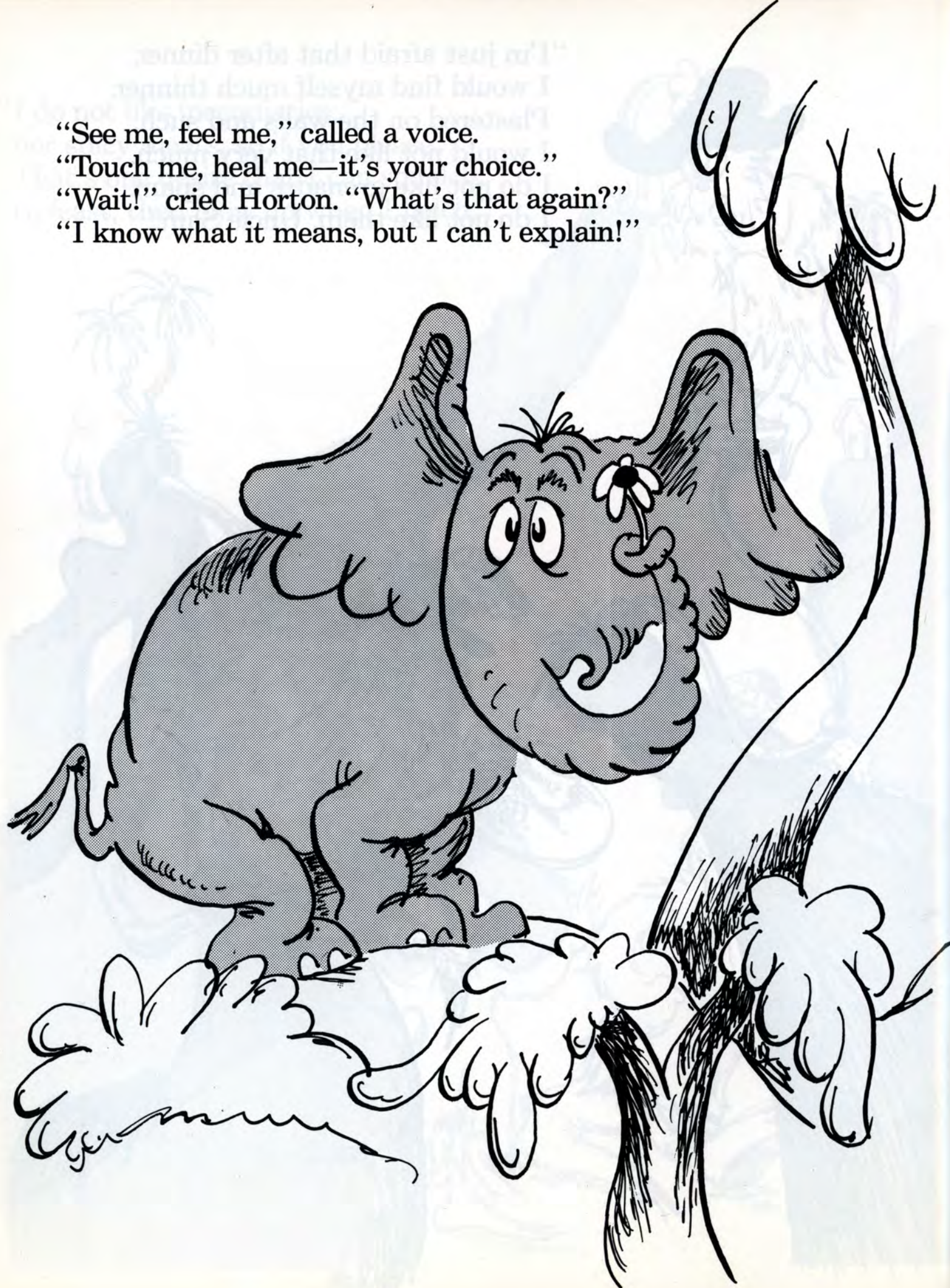
"I do not like incendiaries,
nor spicy meats, so if you please.
That's one desire that I can squelch;
to feast, then blow up when I belch."



"I'm just afraid that after dinner,
I would find myself much thinner.
Plastered on the walls and such.
I would not like that very much.
I do not like grenades and spam.
I do not like them, Uncle Sam."



"See me, feel me," called a voice.
"Touch me, heal me—it's your choice."
"Wait!" cried Horton. "What's that again?"
"I know what it means, but I can't explain!"



"Out here in the fields," called the little Who,
"We fight for our meals, oh yes we do.
And even if we're only grain,
There's no way we'll be fooled again."

“We are The Who’s, but as for you,
I ask: Who are you? Who who, who who?”
“Happy Horton!” Horton smiled.
“And I can see you Who’s for miles.”



“I’m going mobile through this field,
And give you Who’s a taste of heel.
Quit your quivering and don’t be vexed,
Come on now...”

“Which Who’s next?”



The Adventures of
ANCHORMAN

ANCHORMAN GEARS UP TO BATTLE HIS GREATEST CHALLENGE... CAPTAIN CENSOR!



SCRIPT: BILL "SCOOP" McCOLGAN
ART: PAUL "THE DUDE" CHENEY
Paul Cheney 84

THE FAB FOUR

PLUS ONE

by Chris Butchko

...wishing in on the popularity of the Beatles? "Never!" cries Chris Butchko, author of the latest Beatle book. "Those guys were my friends, and I want the world to know their secrets. Their private lives, their deepest and most intimate secrets. A kiss-and-tell, tell-all expose? "Hardly. There are some confidences I cannot break. I swore to the boys I'd never tell of Paul's transvestitism. John's impotence. George's hushed-up murders, or Ringo's near-infinite dullness. I'd never do anything to hurt them."

One wonders if Butchko's getting some revenge on the group that he worked for for so many years, which so unceremoniously fired him one snowy evening in November. Says Butchko, "That's a dirty lie. The group and I parted amiably, and it was my decision to leave, as I felt continued association had very little to offer me. And anyway, John just happened to be firing in my general direction at the time."

Is he taking advantage of them, making some fast money from a highly forgettable smear job? "Out of the question," insists the author. "Sure, I won't deny that my knowing the Beatles made it easier to get the book accepted by a publisher, but I believe that it stands up as a story. It may be mostly an unconnected series of anecdotes about the group, but it's also my story, how I grew and developed in the rarified atmosphere surrounding the group. Look, I even appear at several places in the narrative. The Beatles are my backdrop."

The final decision on this book is up to the reader. Be it a scurrilous rip-off of a fading myth by an unprincipled hack desperate for cash unattainable by any other sort of prostitution, or be it something slightly less disgusting, we feel this book will entertain you and help you feel a bit closer to the Fab Four you so adored.

Rolling Stone, August 1984

The Beatles. Avatars of a millenium that never quite arrived. Heralds of a time when beauty and justice would rule the whole world. The Beatles. Symbol of a young generation that believed in itself and felt that it could change things for the better, or for any damn way it pleased. Icon for a nation that learned there were more important things than money, status, class, or hygiene, that believed that flowers did have power, that there were causes worth dying for if they weren't supported by the government, and that using large quantities of drugs to reduce one to a babbling waste was good for personal development.

The Beatles. Spokesmen for a generation that questioned all authority. Idols for the young who had learned the difficult lesson to never place blind faith in anything. Meticulous craftsmen of songs that touched chords of simple, primal innocence in the hearts of hundreds of millions. The Beatles. Made more money for Capitol Records than would a restrictive patent on the act of sex. The Beatles. The only combination of definite article and noun that is accepted as a sentence in every magazine in the country.

Who were these fiery young men who changed the course of history, who dictated fashion for millions, ideology for thousands, drug abuse habits for hundreds, and corporate memos on merchandising to fifteen well-trained secretaries? Even now it's hard to cut through the mist of legend and glamour that obscures our memories of the group.

I was luckier than most. I was there from the start, and I was with the band during their skyrocket ride to fame and

fortune, through the thrills, agonies, and royalties, and all the heady triumphs of their music and their generation.

For me it started back in 1961, outside a club in Hamburg, Germany. I saw three young men gathered around a fourth, all agitated. They were foreigners and they looked familiar, but I never suspected what they would ask of me, or where that simple request would lead.

"Ere!" one of them (I later found that it was Paul) said. "Scuse me, guv'nor, but soddin' George 'ere as wot puked 'is soddin' guts out all over 'is clothes. Oi noticed 'at yer the same size as 'e is: Cou' we borrow yer clothes as we got to do a show now?"

I recognized them as the Silver Beatles, an English band that was making a name for themselves in Germany. Eager to help out my countrymen in a foreign land (and aware that John was setting up to cold-cock me) I cheerfully offered my clothes. Gratified, they let me come backstage to watch their show.

As I stood backstage, Harrison's vomit stiffening on my new, oddly fitting, clothes, I never dreamed that that night they would hire me to be their roadie/manager/co-songwriter/advisor/mystical guru, nor the later changes time would make upon my role. All I could think of was their power, their talent, and the sheer amount of alcohol they must have consumed for George to produce such a volume of horrible, ill-smelling vomit with such nasty pieces of vile, partially chewed food and unknowable inorganic matter so as to stick to the clothes and my skin in such a disgustingly cloying and sickeningly pervasive manner, not to mention

but the worst part was the terrible, terrible tension.

"Some bleedin' honor, hey?" John smirked. "Here we are to get the highest honor our nation can provide, just for writing a few silly love songs, and here we are so terrified that we can't even breathe."

Paul grinned mischievously. "Oi knows 'at we c'n do, eh, wot?" He led the boys to a little-used room. Locking the door behind them, he then barricaded the door with several large pieces of furniture. "Oi thinks yer knows 'at oi've got it about in me 'ead, eh?"

The band, so frightened of the ceremony that would accompany their MBE's, used an old trick to release the tension that they felt. Crosslegged, they sat in a circle, and then gave each other backrubs. Much more composed and relaxed, they confidently strode into the reception hall, unaware that the ceremony they had been awaiting and dreading would turn out to be an unmitigated disaster.

I learned the details much later. The Queen, bored by routines of state, had met beforehand the ministers who'd proposed the Beatles for the honor, and her Majesty and her officers had simply smoked far too much marijuana to cope with the ceremony.

Things went smoothly until the medals were awarded. Ringo was first in line, and as she placed the medal around his neck he humbly said, "Thank you, your Majesty." The Queen gave out an echoing, barking laugh, and expelled a noxious cloud of marijuana smoke directly into Ringo's face.

"Lord, but you're a stumpy little twit, aren't you?" She mocked. Ringo, perplexed and vulnerable, began to cry,

taking her remark to be a royal censure, to possibly result in his being beheaded. "Simpering little dweeb, too!" Her Majesty howled.

John, next in line, was grinning fixedly and jerking his head around, desperately searching for some escape. Trapped, he submitted, but strove to take the offensive in some way. As he got his medal, he inclined his head and reverently said "that's a fookin' eager bootlet roolling twice toadly, Mr. ma'am."

The Queen eyed him unsteadily. "Goo goo ga joob," she politely responded, and vigorously aped his inclining head, ramming her forehead into the bridge of his nose. Streaming blood, John fell stiffly out of line.

The Queen dispensed with formality with Paul, stuffing the ribbon and medal down the front of his pants. "Quite," said Paul. "Milady, it is indeed an honor I hardly feel myself worthy of, yet verily I must—"

"Can it!" She grunted. "You fairies have sold enough records for us to balance our trade, and now we're going out to buy some new colonies. Sod your rap! . . . Stuffy bastard, that one."

She approached George, bearing the last award. "I said he's a stuffy prick, him, what d'ya think of that, weasel-face?" George started to reply, but she cut him off. "Shurrup!" She cried, and brought her knee up hard into George's crotch. He yelped, a pure, strong note, and then turned and spumed a flood of puke all over the front of my rented tuxedo.

The limo ride back was notably subdued. "She called me a stumpy little twit," Ringo sobbed, "and

fookin' great idea that was, Brian! Send us out to make some fookin' movie in the fookin' middle of fookin' nowhere so we all can come back with fookin' dysentary!" John, unsteady in his fits of nausea, was obviously angry.

"Why couldn't we have just stayed in this civilized country and made some proper movie about a Midlands bus tour or something? I think we're all going to die!" Even normally complacent Paul was complaining. Brian Epstein had gone too far, and all the gripes the boys had been harboring sprang forth. George was far too ill to add anything to the conversation, and Ringo was possibly asleep, but John and Paul were pissed.

"Why are we doing movies, anyway? We're musicians, or at least we hire musicians on our records, well, we play in concert—"

"Even though nobody hears us, we still play!"

"Yeah, like Paulie says, and anyway, we're songwriters, or at least our names are on the labels of the records the session men make, well, okay, we're singers. What are we doing making fookin' movies?"

"Guys, singers from Sinatra to Presley have made movies, and thought nothing of it." Reasonable as Epstein's protest was, it didn't make any impression on the boys.

"Well, we're fookin' musicians!" John roared. "And what about this other shit you've got us doing?"

Paul chimed in. "Yeah, the other day you sent me to some business luncheon — like I had some reason to be there — and I was trapped between some dreadful photography mogul and his awful daughter."

"You think that's something? Cor, I got sent to a fookin' modern art show with all these meaningless sculpture kind-of-things by some crazy jap lady. Ah, and her voice!" John winced and shuddered.

"What about those stupid haircuts you had us get back in those early days? Look at us now; not a one of us can grow a head of hair that looks in any way faintly human — we're all ruined for life." Paul was rolling now.

"And it's not just us two, tho' we've had the worst of it. God, I remember the fookin' time you told the press we loved 'jelly babies,' and the kids at the concerts kept throwin' them at us. John winced at the memory. "That was horrible! The things would pile up on the stage, and then the heat from the lights would melt them all down to a slurry of muck all over everything — you couldn't even move! I remember some show in America — the fookin' stage was slanted down towards the audience. Those fookin' 'jelly babies' melted down, got all under everything, and the whole set started sliding off into the orchestra pit. George got sucked right off the stage." George, a weak smile of remembrance lighting up his dysentery-ravaged features, turned to me and heaved up several litres of sick-person's sludgy glop all over me.

"That was right when you said that 'bigger than Jesus' thing," added Paul. "Remember? We got all these 'jelly babies' on these little popsicle stick crosses thrown at us for the rest of the tour! Hurt like hell to get hit by one of those buggers. I'll tell you." Paul pantomimed warding off scores of flying crucified melted sugar chewies.

"That wasn't nearly as bad as the time you said you only

a good melody, and I like that, but it's just too sappy!"

I tried to explain to him. "Paul, it's not sappy, it's emotional! Songs have to touch people's hearts, not just their ears."

"Come on, Chris! Can you picture me singing 'Oh, I believe in yesterday'? What's that mean, anyway? How sappy." He went into a girlish sing-song falsetto. " 'Oh, honestly, I do believe!' I'm sorry, but the whole thing's too faggy for me."

Embittered, I turned my talents to John, and wrote him a gutsy song. He, like Paul, liked it but wasn't wholly pleased. "I thought 'Helter Skelter' was a kid's game or something. The way you sing it makes me feel like I want to go out and levitate a busload of killers over a movie producer's security fence and then stab a houseful of innocents to death, or something like that. I'm sorry, but it's too rough for me to deal with."

I got the same story all around. George thought my songs were too spacey, and Ringo thought I had no talent whatsoever. They could afford to scoff. Their last album had sold five more copies than the total number of hydrogen atoms in the universe, and they were rolling in money.

John, always literally inclined, would roll about in the day's receipts. He used to fantasize himself as Scrooge McDuck. He even planned to build an indoor swimming pool and fill it with money until I reminded him of the differing specific gravity of the two substances. "You mean I'd break my fookin' neck, huh?" he would say. I assured him that this was so.

Paul used the money to settle his divorce cases. A devout Catholic, Paul felt it was morally wrong to seduce the beautiful young girls that attended their concerts. However, he was still a young man, with urges remarkably similar — once stripped of the garish trappings to which a jaded palate had forced him to resort — to those of an average young man.

Searching for a way out, he hit upon the expedient of marrying a current object of his desire after every show, then divorce her later. This way he could indulge himself without breaking the rules of his church. Once I asked him if this wasn't just as bad (he wasn't marrying for love), he rarely bothered to ask the names of his brides, and most of all, wasn't divorce itself a sin? He turned to me and said, "Fuck you."

Only George hadn't changed. Younger than the rest of the Beatles (he was eagerly anticipating his first shave), he wasn't interested in money or women, only in getting riotously drunk and then seeking me out so he could throw up on me. Needless to say, I was getting fed up with this, but one night I read my contract and noticed it contained a specific clause making me personally responsible for the "maintenance of any and all of Mr. Harrison's gastro-intestinal malfeasances."

Ringo? Well, he turned to stamps. One of the most excruciatingly boring days I've ever spent was chauffeuring Ringo from philatelist shop to philatelist shop while he tediously dickered over the price of some rare scrap of paper. He would become quite heated over these exchanges,

you're joost a fookin' bourgeois! A fookin' smug petty bourgeois!"

Paul didn't know how to react, surprised by the flood of invective from one to whom he had been so close. Was all that time spent together, all those shared memories and insights to be swept away in a moment's rage? Choking back his anger, Paul began. "But Linda, I only meant —"

She cut him off. "Do yer want to stay petty? Look, my dad's got so muck fookin' jake that we could buy back all yer fookin' albums and edit those three clowns out completely. Wha' d'yer say?"

So now I realized what that conversation had been about, and now it had come to a head. Paul and Ringo had wanted Linda's father for the band's new manager, while John and George had fronted noted sleazeball Allen Klein. Yoko, on the other hand, wanted to leave the band's affairs up to the turnings of the Karmic wheel, but John wasn't quite addled enough to listen to her)

"Her father? Fook, Paul, he may be great with snapshots, but what's he know of the fookin' musical industry? Klein, here, knows it inside and out, well enough to have bilked fookin' Mick Jagger out of fifty million pounds." John pointed to the shadowy figure of Klein, who was at that moment slipping some nick-nacks into the voluminous folds of his jacket.

"John, old boy, Mr. Eastman is a businessman. He made his own fortune, and can help us make ours even bigger. Your man would sell us down the river the first instant our backs were turned."

"Sure," John countered, "but at least he's not Yoko's fookin' dad!"

Paul froze. "What's that supposed to mean?" George and Ringo, sensing an ugly scene about to occur, and realizing that they were basically untalented unimportant nobodies anyway, chose to slip out of the room. It was at this point that Allen Klein sold them down the river.

"You know," John snarled. "The only reason you're pushing the old geek is 'cos yer cow of a wife wants him to own his son-in-law's group!"

"Oh, so we'd be better off with this thief that old rubber-lips is foisting off on us? Or should we just go with the Karmic wheel? There's business acumen for you!"

I cut him off. Obviously the conversation wasn't going anywhere. "Hey, let's just find out who's a better manager. Give them each a year, and let's see if Eastman can make a bigger star out of Linda than Klein can of Yoko. Then we'd know."

Paul thought it over. "Get your bags and get the fuck out of the building."

John was slightly less sanguine, perhaps because he thought I was mocking those eccentric noises Yoko made while 'singing.' He crossed over to the gun rack, and began deliberately loading the Thompson repeater.

The enormity of it all sunk into me. The group, aware that they had a very limited future, were setting me free to pursue my own projects. As I packed to go I thought of the consideration the group had shown me — tho' I found it odd that none of the band had come by to say "so long." Perhaps

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Keystone Palo Alto

Wednesday, May 30 at 8:00 p.m. for "Class Wars"

THE EATO

by Dave Finkelstein





NO? WELL THEN I ASK YOU: IS EACH THING FOUND WITH ITS COMPLIMENT OR ITS OPPOSITE? FOR CONSIDER: IS HEAT FOUND WITH FIRE OR ICE?

-AND COOL WITH ICE AND NOT FIRE?

WHY, FIRE, SOCRATES.

WITH ICE AND NOT FIRE, SOCRATES!

WELL THEN, SHOULD NOT STEAK GO WITH STEAK SAUCE?

MAY WE NOT THEN CONCLUDE, SINCE WHAT IS GOOD FOR ALL MEN IS GOOD FOR FARMERS AND FISHERMEN, THAT WHAT IS GOOD FOR STEAK IS GOOD FOR HAMBURGER?

IT SHOULD, SOCRATES!!

SUCH A CONCLUSION MUST NECESSARILY FOLLOW. YOUR ARGUMENT IS INFALLIBLE. PASS THE A-1, SOCRATES!

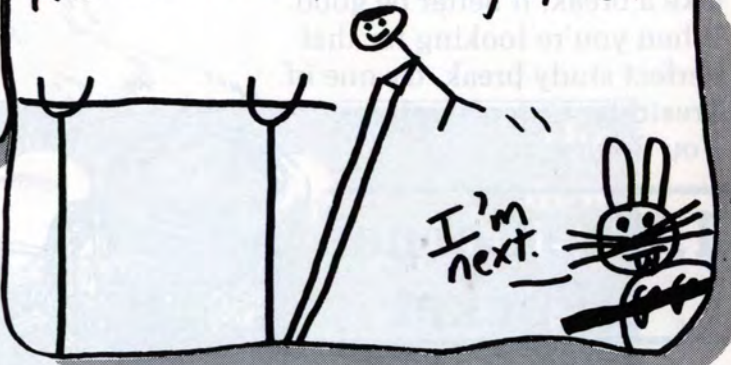


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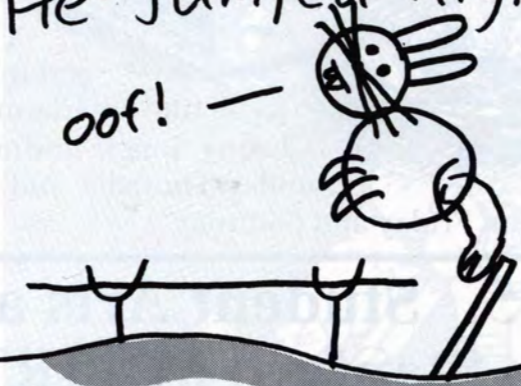
Rabbit had a dream.
I wanna be a pole vaulter.



He went to the Olympics.
I'm next.



He jumped high.
oof!



He won.
Gold



He got his picture on Wheaties boxes.



He was assassinated by a Lebanese terrorist group.
die bourgeoisie slime!
RAT TAT TAT!!

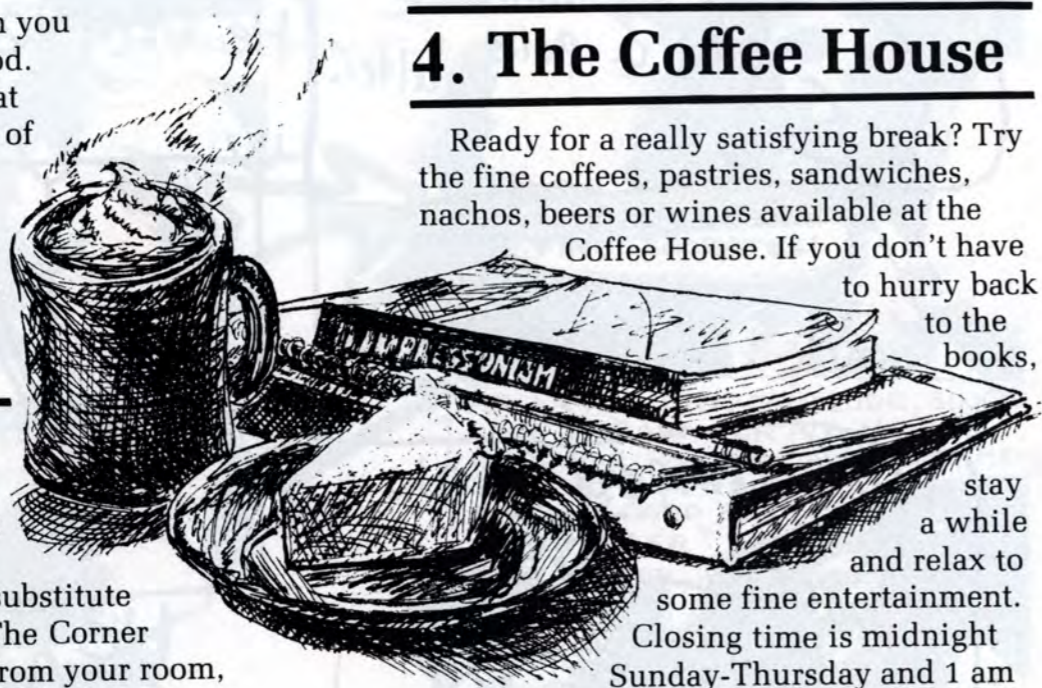


How to take the perfect Study Break.

You study hard and when you take a break, it better be good. When you're looking for that perfect study break, try one of Tresidder Union's options. You deserve it.

1. The Corner Pocket

The first formula a Stanford student learns: frozen yogurt + socializing with friends = the perfect study break. You can also substitute or add pizza-by-the-slice. The Corner Pocket is only a few steps from your room, serving pizza and fro-yo until 11:30 pm.



4. The Coffee House

Ready for a really satisfying break? Try the fine coffees, pastries, sandwiches, nachos, beers or wines available at the Coffee House. If you don't have to hurry back to the books,

stay a while and relax to some fine entertainment. Closing time is midnight Sunday-Thursday and 1 am on Friday and Saturday.

2. The Store

Need a quick snack? The Store is the place for you. Open until 11 pm, 7 days a week, the

Store can supply all the necessary ingredients for the perfect study break: sodas, juices, coffees, teas, crackers, cheeses, meats, aspirin, magazines, stationery or the ultimate in study breaks — a pint of Häagen Dazs. Be prepared for late night munchies — stock up!

3. The Recreation Center

After sitting at your desk, get your blood flowing again at the Recreation Center. Take out your frustrations on a few pins and bowl a game or two. Or take a trip into the fantasy world offered by any one of the 35 video and pinball games in the games room.

5. Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS)

How about some entertainment to bolster your spirits? On Thursday nights check out STARTS-sponsored concerts in the Coffee House. On Friday nights, try one of STARTS' movies. You can also call the Campus Events Tape to see if anything else is going on. Or you can just take a walk through Tresidder Union and view the STARTS-sponsored art exhibits (2nd floor lobby & Coffee House gallery).

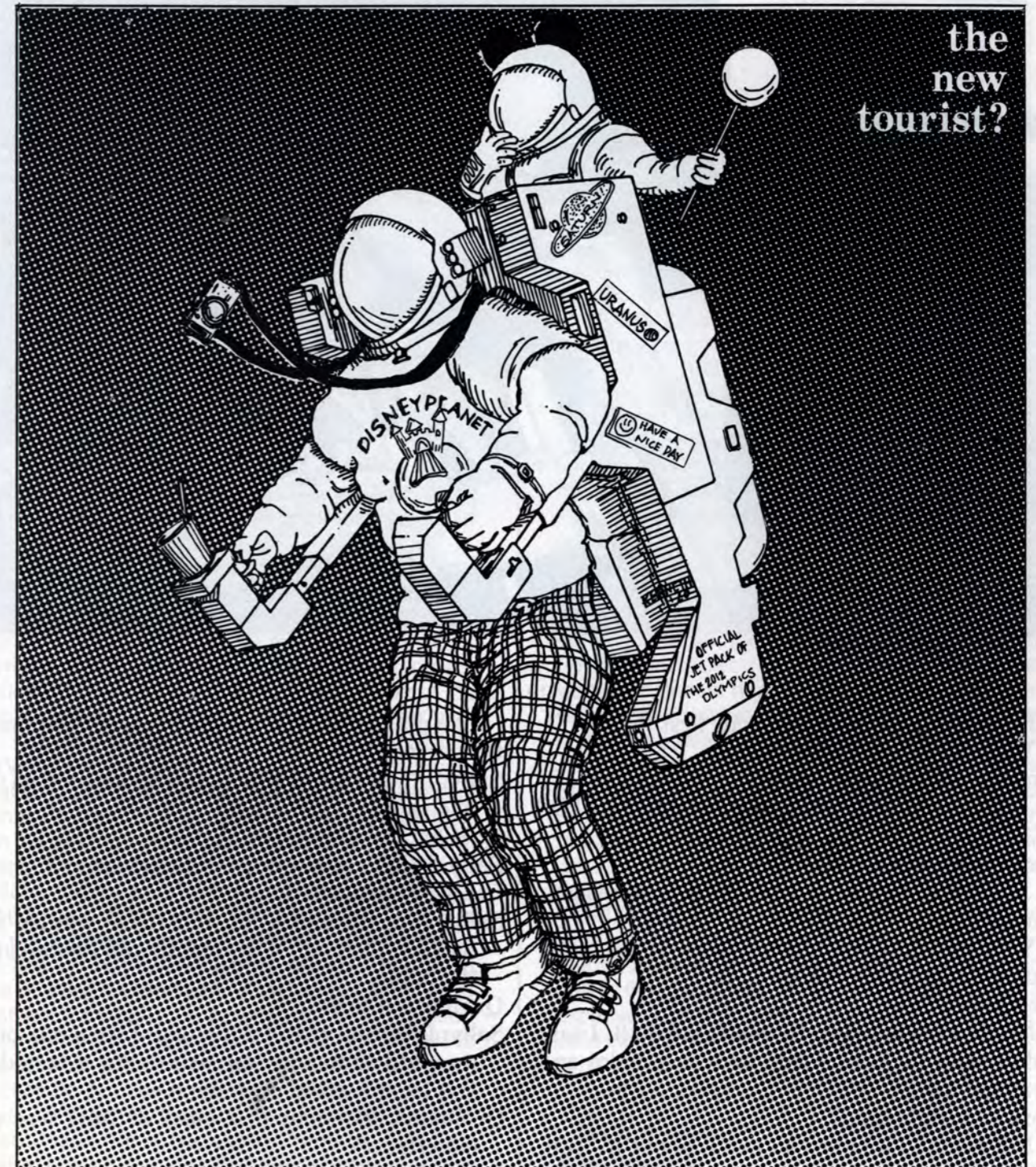


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Information 497-4311
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The Write Stuff



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JULY, 2010

TANG Talks With Sally Ride About Her First Time . . .



Q: Sally, can you tell us about your first time?

Sally: Well, it is a bit embarrassing.

Q: Come on Sal, we're all adults.

Sally: Oh, O.K., but remember — this is TOP SECRET.

Q: Our lips are sealed.

Sally: Believe it or not, it was on a space flight.

Q: You mean . . .

Sally: Yup, zero gravity and everything. It was wild. Actually Buzz turned me on to it.

Q: Buzz Aldrin?

Sally: No, Buzz Kilpatrick. He made me do it. I said I didn't want to, but he said he was a major and outranked me.

Q: Were you frightened?

Sally: Not really. I'd heard so much about it. And, my friend Ellen, well, she told me how she did it

in a plane once. So I wasn't scared, just nervous.

Q: Nervous?

Sally: I didn't know if it would be as good as everyone said.

Q: What did you do?

Sally: What could I do? I did my best.

Q: Did you succeed?

Sally: I swallowed a lot, but there was so much. Some spilled out of my mouth and floated around the cabin.

Q: How'd it taste?

Sally: Different than I'd thought. Like a mix of chlorine and ammonia, but sweet. But it tasted nice. I've been hooked ever since.

Q: Sounds like your first glass of Tang was a real experience.

Sally: Tang? What Tang? I sucked that guy off!

TANG: It's not too bad either.

The Write Stuff

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A Letter From Our President

Hi! Welcome aboard the newest, sleekest, most comfortable shuttle Rockwell International could produce for us here at NASA.

Sure, they were low bidders on the original contract, way back in the seventies. Granted, we only gave them the go ahead on the project to bail them out and keep a couple thousand blue collar workers with cushy aerospace jobs but oh-so-important votes on the dole for the duration of the election year. But hey, who's living in the past? Not us. Not NASA Spacelines. I mean, look at all that we've brought America. Who else provides cheap, relatively fast, pretty much safe access to the true "Final Frontier". Outer Space. That's more than can be said for those pansies over at Lockheed. Uncle Sam chips in a couple hundred million dollars, and for what? A bunch of zipper-than-thou F-16 Eagles, that's what. Whoop-die-do. Two tails on the fuselage, oh wow, thanks. Looks great in the ads — "Hey junior, wanna' get your hands on one of these?" Good luck. That worm-eaten pile of aesthetics couldn't fly its way out of a Madison Avenue board meeting. Or take Chrysler! Have Mercy! Half a billion bucks out of the taxpayer's pockets to put Lee Iacocca on prime time for two years, drying his eyes on the Federally insured deposit slip while he begs us to buy his big inefficient fleet of lurking clunkers that they've had on the lot since the 1930's when we should have let those bastards take it on the chin in the first place.

But we're different here at NASA Spacelines. The

government has pumped three or four billion dollars into our swelling coffers so that people like you can pay \$300,000 a crack to spend six days in an exacerbated interplanetary, metallic exoskeleton en route to the moon where you'll pull four hundred pounds of tempered aluminum space suit and run around Tranquility Base like breeding bunnies, tossing around rocks that the boys at J.P.L. used to froth at the mouth to touch a mere 15 years ago, writing "Hi Mom!" in the virgin lunar surface that is the result of 10,000 million years of meteor showers, kicking up moon dust and turning cretinous somersaults in 1/4 earth gravity or buying a five iron at the commissary and pretending you're Neil Armstrong, miserably hooking a long shot but smiling just the same because, hey, nobody sees those things land. Well, there are some pretty stringent environmental regulations up there and do you think that golf balls just up and walk into those hermetically sealed trash bins? Noooo! And believe me, those little white balls start looking like little white moon rocks *real* fast. But try and tell that to the boys with the Environmental Protection Agency. Crocodile tears, I tell you. Before you know it, nice old President Damman's out there with a Glad bag and a flashlight, picking up after all you sniveling wankers 'till the earth goes down.

But I digress. I hope you'll enjoy everything during your week in transit, from the stewardess with the magnetic shoes who comes plunk-plunk-plunking down the aisle way at 3 a.m. to point out an especially dynamic urine dump to the 17 flavours of Jello served with that special flair that says, "We care!"

Have a nice flight,

Mark Damman

**Mark Damman
President NASA Spacelines**

P.S. I once saw a passenger explode in the infinite vacuum that is space. I liked that. Yes. A lot.

The New Shuttle Scientists



What would you do if you were offered a chance to make scientific history? Well, in the interests of space, science, and democracy, we here at NASA gave that chance to twenty-five first graders from Mrs. Fishberg's class at Enrico Fermi Elementary School in Richmond, Virginia. Those lucky kids were asked to design experiments that could be performed on the Space Shuttle.

Each child was to come up with his or her own hypothesis or question that could be tested in space, utilizing the wondrous facilities of the Space Shuttle. The entries were judged by a panel of experts, consisting of nine NASA scientists and the President of the United States. Each judge read and critiqued every proposal, searching for the three most important qualities in space research: salience, feasibility, and salience. Finally, the four winners were pulled from a space helmet containing all entries.

The apparatus for most of the four experiments is currently in the cargo hold, awaiting the moment when our trained astronauts will use them to conduct research that may well produce ground-breaking results.

Write Stuff, the Space Shuttle in-flight magazine presents the original texts of the four winning proposals as written by Mrs. Fishberg's pupils. They are followed by NASA scientists' plans for the implementation of each experiment.

THE RETARD TEST

I always wondered if the retard test would work in space. I mean, are astronauts tards, like Bobby Pilsner who sits behind me, or does NASSAU [sic] test people for that and throw out the dickweeds or what?

—prepared by Scooter Hagdon.

This experiment shall, in the interests of cost effectiveness and sheer curiosity on the part of the Astronaut Selection Committee, be performed on the pilots actually in command of the particular shuttle flight designated as FFFG-1 (Fermi-Fishberg-First-Graders-1). The results, to be compiled by the Department of Defense's spare CRAY computer, will be analyzed in an effort to develop a "Tard Quotient", as suggested by Master Hagdon.

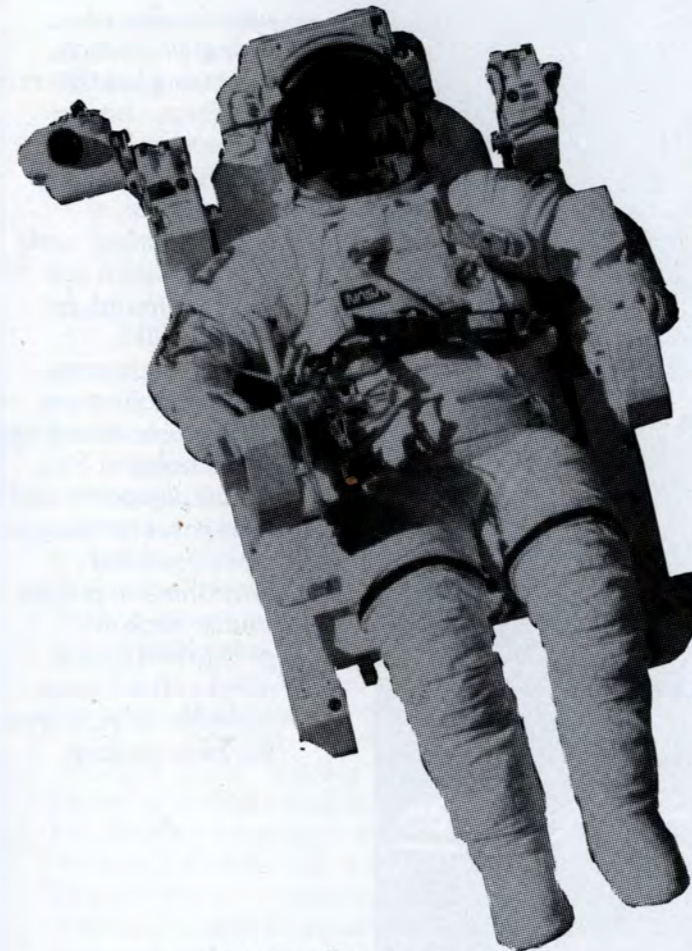
The captain of the particular flight shall carry within his documents and orders briefcase a sealed envelope which he will be instructed to open at the outset of the experiment. On the enclosed sheet of paper will be a question and a series of responses which he will read to his co-pilot. Sensors and microphones in the cockpit will relay data directly to Houston. Experts predict that, barring any unexpected changes in the nature of the experiment, the exchange between astronauts will go approximately as follows:

Captain: "Hey Co-pilot, why don't you take the Retard Test?"

Co-pilot: (predicted response) "What's the Retard Test, Cap'n?"

Captain: "Well, if your hand's bigger than your face, you're retarded."

At this point, the co-pilot shall react in such a manner as to confirm or deny the idea that he may, in fact, be retarded. If the co-pilot puts his hand to his face to check on sizes, the captain has instructions to smack it, hurting the co-pilot's nose. Master Hagdon claims that this is the positive test for retardness.



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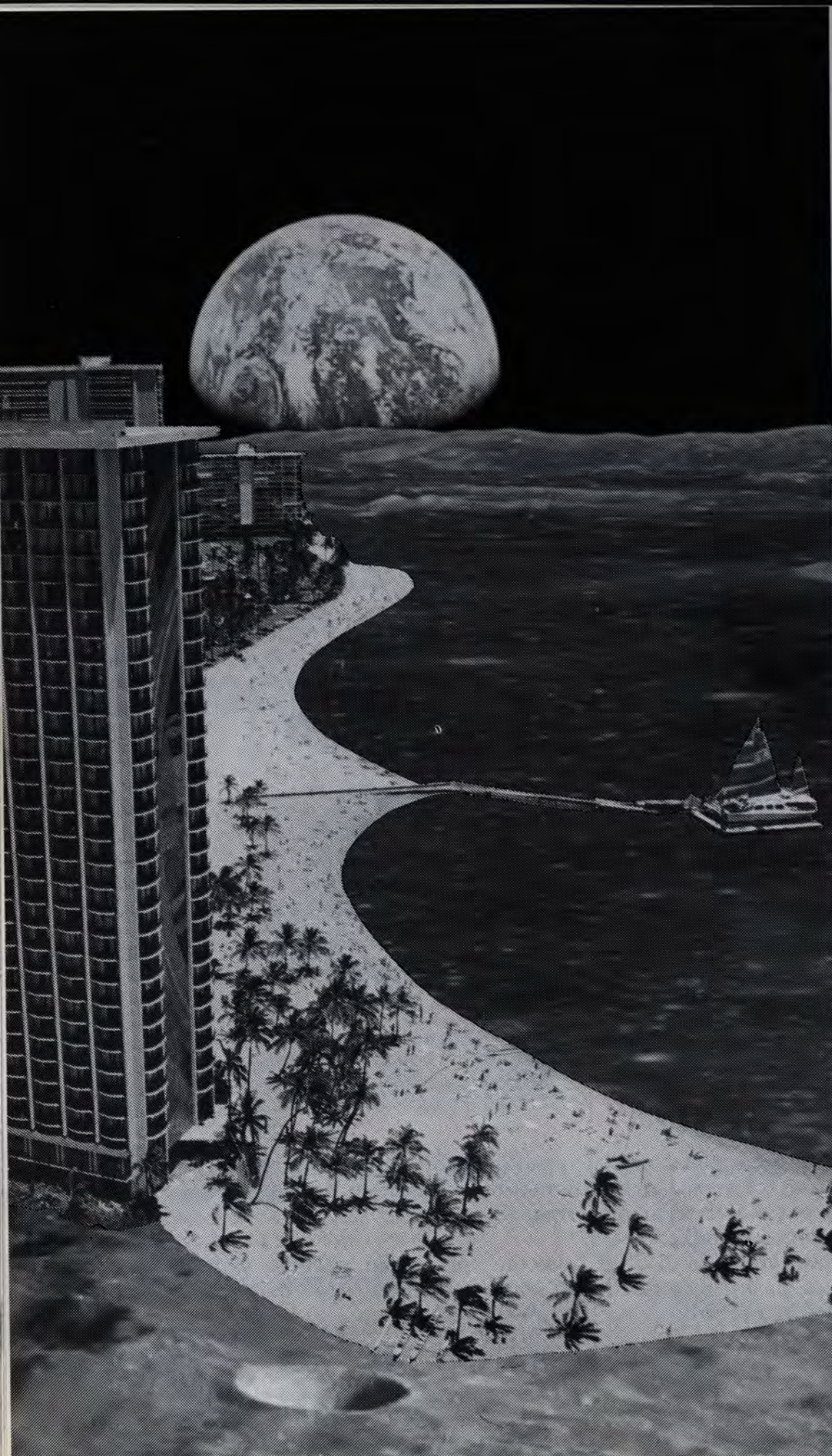
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THE CLUB LUNA VACATION

THE EFFECTS OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ON SNOWBALL

Me and Bobby Pilsner have a bet. He says that if our class hamster, Snowball, was subjected to an atmosphere lots less than the Earth's, he would explode. I say Snowball would implode (Mrs. Fishberg said to use that word), collapsing upon himself as his vertebrae snapped under the pressure of a weight that little hamsters weren't made to withstand. Who's right, huh?

—prepared by Theodore Lloyd

Strictly speaking, the experiment is not suitable for use on just any of the many sorts of domesticated house rodents. In fact, a hamster alone would not be sufficient to come to an accurate decision concerning little Snowball and outer space. Precisely because of the nature of the question, Snowball himself shall be contained in the cargo bay of FFFG-1. Dr. Smith, NASA veterinarian and future crew member of FFFG-1, points out that, should Snowball survive the G-forces of take-off, he will become the first hamster in space. The crew and passengers of the shuttle flight will take turns caring for Snowball until lunar orbit is established.

Upon reaching apogee on the fourth revolution, Dr. Smith shall begin the experiment. Utilizing the Canadian built robot arm, Dr. Smith shall place Snowball, now housed in a less-than-air-tight, rocket propelled Habitrail, at a safe distance from the Shuttle's fuselage. Several seconds later, the Habitrail's rockets will fire and the last remaining barriers between Snowball and the vacuum of outer space shall be jettisoned. Cameras and radar mounted in the cargo bay will record the event.

CARS AND TOYS IN SPACE

My brother doesn't think you can play star wars or race car in space because he doesn't think that you can make the right sounds for the spaceships or cars or stuff. I mean, I don't think it's any big deal if you can buzz your lips but then my brother's bigger than me and will believe me if NASA does.

—prepared by Sally Crackers

At a distance of 100 yards from the shuttle, a subject astronaut having moved into position through the use of the new MMU jet pack, will be asked to retrieve a small object to be jettisoned from the cargo bay. Once he has retrieved it, the cargo bay doors will be closed, and the rest of the crew, still in the shirtsleeve environment of the ship, will relax until stage two of the experiment.

Having maintained radio silence for three and a three quarter hours, the shuttle will contact the subject astronaut (whose oxygen should be running rather low at this point). As the carbon

dioxide level in his air, and subsequently in his bloodstream, begins to rise, affecting his mental capacity for judgement and reason, he will pass through an initial panicky state. Once he has settled into mere uncontrollable weeping, his attention will be directed to the object he retrieved some four hours earlier. In desperate hope that it may contain some item vital to his survival, the astronaut will be most distraught when he sees that the box contains not extra oxygen cartridges but a toy X-wing fighter, courtesy of Lucasfilms, Inc., or a complete set of Matchbox Hotwheels, courtesy of Mattel.

As the subject fritters away his supposedly last minutes of life while playing with the new toys, sensors on board ship and in Houston will make note of any noises produced. Upon computer-assisted analyzation of the results, it will be possible to determine if "star wars" or "bulldozers" can, in fact, be played in space while accompanied by appropriate human-produced sound effects. Of course, the subject and his toys will be retrieved shortly after the data has been collected in order not to lose experimental testing materials.

COOTIES

Marsha Gelderloos whose mother lets her wear makeup and bring perfume to school that she sprays on me and makes me smell like a flower has cooties and she says that I won't think she has cooties when I get older which I don't believe her in a minute. But does she still have them in outer space right now?

—prepared by Richie McGuckin

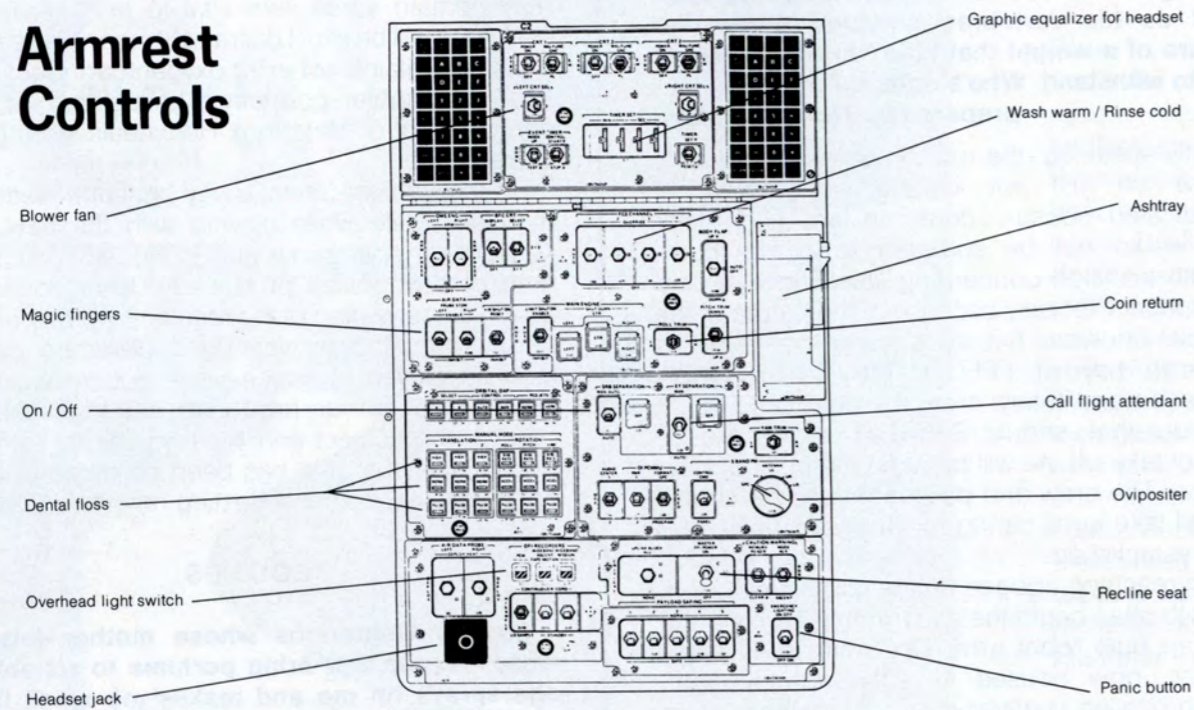
Space medicine experts have begun to discount the "foreign agent" theory of cooties. That is to say, the medical profession no longer believes that there is any particular agent, a virus or bacteria, for example, that is the cause of cooties in small girls. Space behavioralists, on the other hand, are excited about Master McGuckin's proposal. Beginning one week prior to the flight itself, Master McGuckin and Mistress Gelderloos shall be removed from their homes and classmates and placed in social isolation until securely in orbit.

Once encircling the earth, astronauts working in the cargo bag will fit their isolation chambers end to end during which time they will be partitioned by a remote controlled, opaque, sound-proof shield. At the beginning of the experiment, Dr. B. McCoy, shuttle behavioralist, will, without prior warning, activate the door mechanism, thus exposing Master McGuckin to Mistress Gelderloos, and vice versa. Their reactions will be recorded and in an earth-side debriefing session, Master McGuckin will have the opportunity to state, for the record, whether Mistress Gelderloos still retained her cooties.

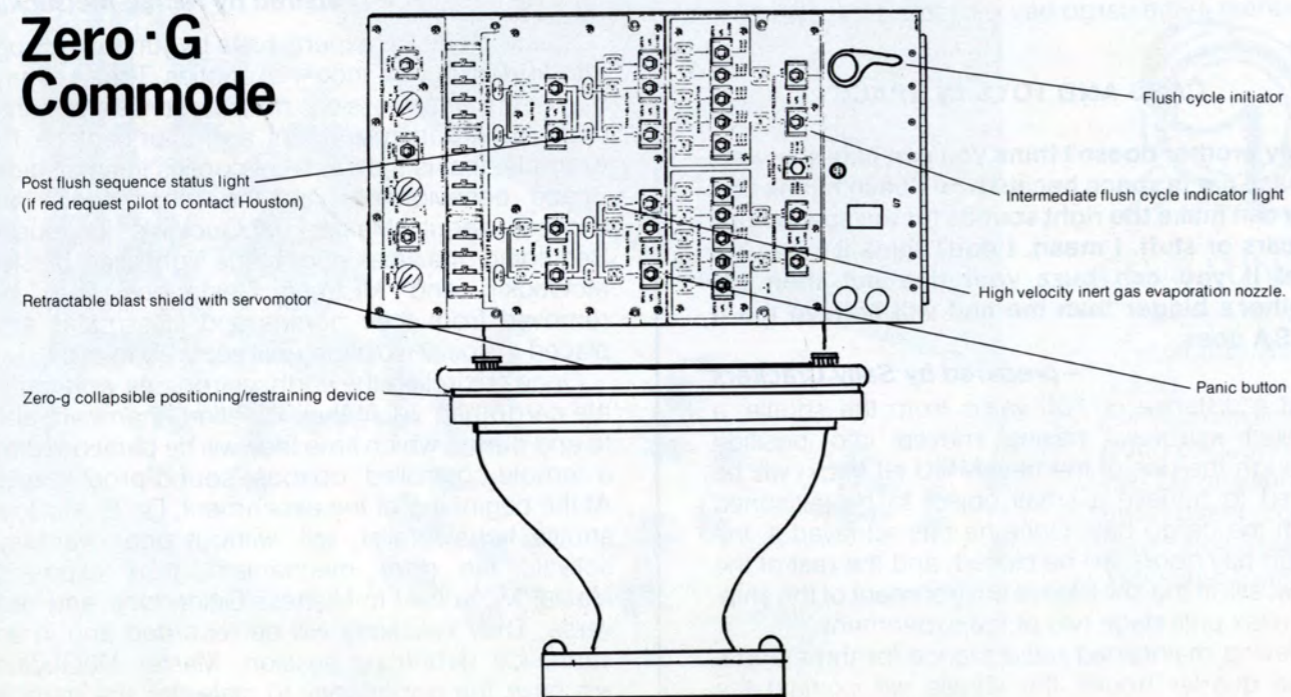
PASSENGER INFORMATION

ROCKWELL DT-8 "FRIENDSHUTTLE"

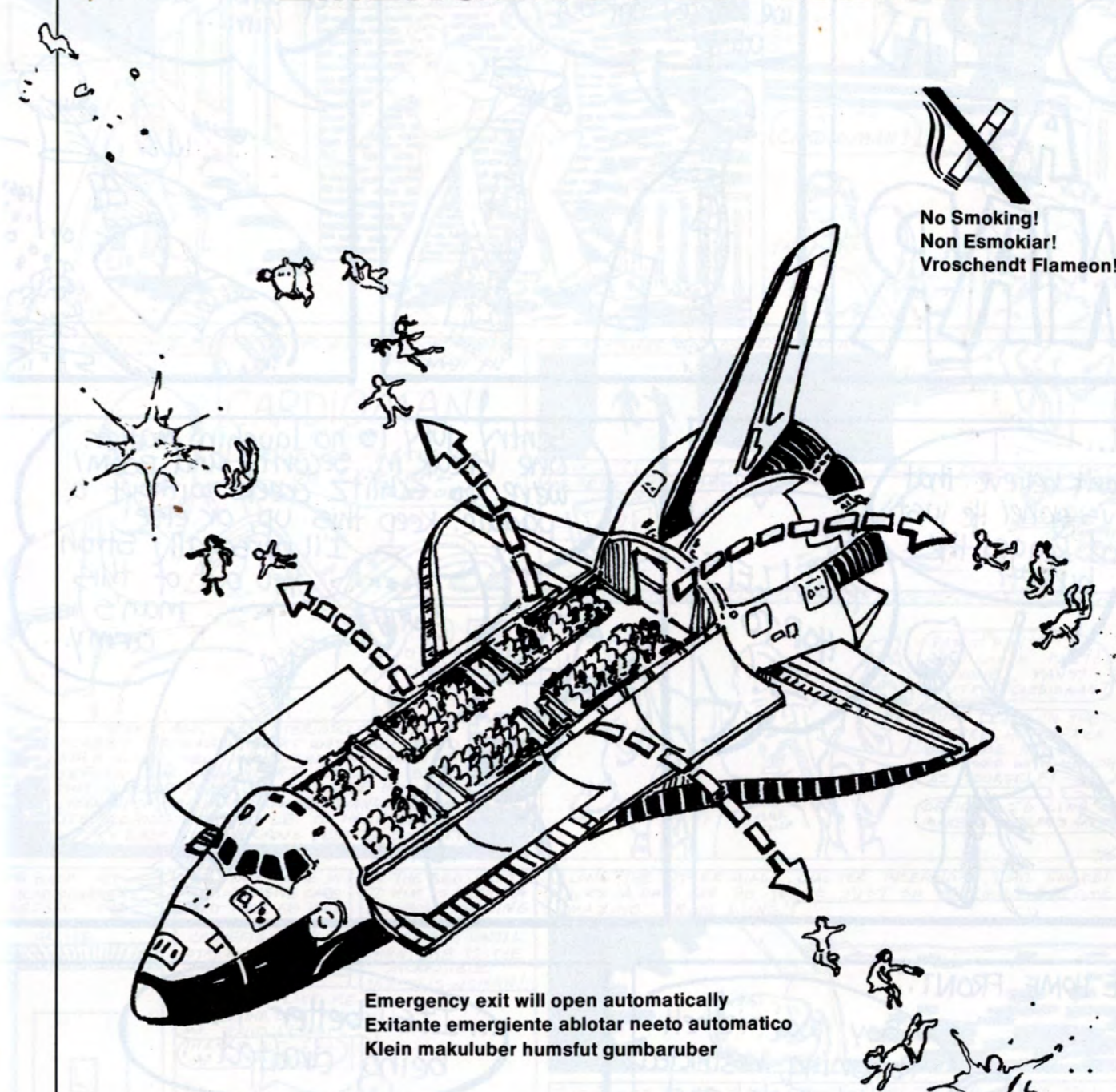
Armrest Controls



Zero-G Commode



EMERGENCY INFORMATION




No Smoking!
Non Esmokiar!
Vroschendt Flameon!

Emergency exit will open automatically
Exitante emergente ablotar neeto automatico
Klein makuluber humsfut gumbaruber

Float towards safety
Floatal direccion of tragedia
Kerblotten in dem lusatanien

Be prepared for rapid decompression
Preparay paor morto prematuro
Nein chansch deint belieffen

Explode
Messo bloodio
Spillikin vischera

BEER AT WAR

IN EUROPE...

It was terrible, sir. The enemy had us bottled up and we barley got out alive!



But Henry got hit, and the medics have no idea yet of what ales him...



LATER...

I can't believe that Henry's gone! He just up and kegged the bucket!

HEY BUD! LET'S HOP TO IT!



Sentry duty is no laughin' matter. One break in security and Boom! we're up schlitz creek without a paddle. Keep this up, or else I'll personally stroh you out of this man's army...



ON THE HOME FRONT...

Boy, war is hell. Rationing, restricted travel, metal and paper drives. But I have to admit...



... It's better than being drafted...



70 YEAR OLD MOLLY WAINSBRIDGE HOBBLING BACK FROM THE 7-11 BUT SHE IS NOT ALONE!

HERE, TWO YOUTHS, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS THANGS, AWAIT HER IN THE ALLEY

WHAT? MUG AN OLD LADY WITH A CANE? THAT'S ABOUT AS LOW AS YOU CAN GET!

HEY BUB! DON'T FORGET, THIS IS THE EIGHTIES!

THE LAD'S JUMP ON THE POOR DEFENSELESS CRIPPLE, AND OUR FAITH IN SOCIETY IS ALMOST GONE WHEN...

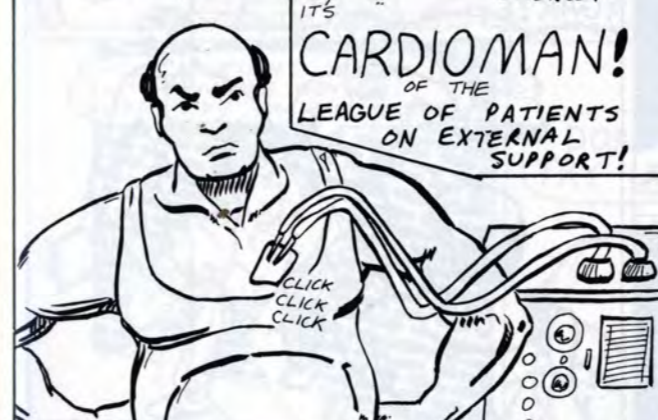
CLICK CLICK CLICK

RUN, IT'S CARDIO MAN!

JAB!

TWO SILHOUETTES APPEAR AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

IT'S A MAN! IT'S A PROSTHETIC! IT'S A WONDER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE!



IT'S CARDIO MAN! OF THE LEAGUE OF PATIENTS ON EXTERNAL SUPPORT!

YEARS AGO, ART TERIOSCLEROSIS' FLABBY DISEASED HEART WAS REPLACED WITH A SLICK, NEW MECHANICAL ONE MADE OF TEFLON. THE NEW HEART, POWERED BY A TINY NUCLEAR POWER SOURCE, GAVE HIM THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN. NOW HE WANDERS THE CITY, LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO HELP, SO HE CAN PAY BACK HIS ENORMOUS DEBT TO SOCIETY

HE SWITCHES THE CONTROLS ON HIGH!



PANT! PANT! HOW COULD... PANT! AN YONE... PANT! OUTRUN 'CARDIO MAN? JUST LEARN IN THE FUTURE, NOT TO PICK ON THOSE NOT AS BLESSED WITH HEALTH AS YOURSELF!

OFFICER, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A CITIZEN'S ARREST

AND BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, BEFORE THE DAYSHIFTERS ARRIVE...



THE STAFF HERE IN THE INTENSIVE CARE WARD HAVE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF CRIMEFIGHTING STRENGTH LIES TUCKED AWAY

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO RAISE THE BED FOR YOU MA. TERIOSCLEROSIS? THANKS, BUT I'LL DO IT MYSELF.



IN THE BED NEXT TO HIM IS URETHRA COMPODE, AWAITING A KIDNEY TRANS-PLANT, BUT UNTIL THEN, SHE IS THE INCREDIBLE DIALYSIS WOMAN!



ALONG THE OTHER WALL, WALTER INCENDIARY, WHO SMOKED FOUR PACKS A DAY FOR 30 YEARS, JUST SO HE COULD BECOME THE AMAZING IRON LUNG!



TWO ROOMS DOWN IS AL TZHEIMER WHO KEEPS ON FORGETTING THAT HE'S THE ASTOUNDING SENILO-MAN!

WAIT! DID I ALREADY EXERCISE TODAY?



AT THE END OF THE HALL IS MILO LYMPHLESS, BORN WITHOUT A DEFENSE SYSTEM, BUT SMART ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BEST OF HIS CONDITION AND BECOME THE INVINCIBLE BUBBLE BOY!





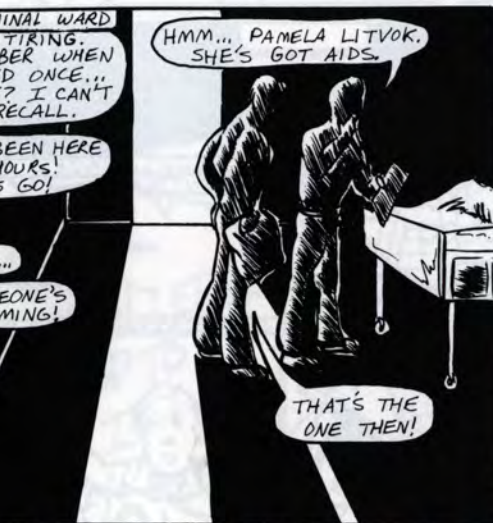
LATER THAT DAY... DID YOU HEAR? ANOTHER TERMINAL PATIENT DIED LAST NIGHT THAT MAKES THREE THIS WEEK!
HMM... SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR US
CLICK CLICK CLICK



THEY MEET IN THE EMPLOYEE'S LOUNGE DURING THEIR AMBULATORY HOUR
OH!! I'D LIKE TO SHOW THOSE IDIOTS A THING OR TWO!
I'LL BET IT'S THOSE WRETCHED EUTHENASIA PEOPLE AGAIN
REALLY, I MEAN, THEY VIOLATE OUR WHOLE CREDO. WHO ARE THEY TO SAY THAT YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF LIFE WHEN YOU'RE SICK?
YEAH. YOU SAID IT!
SICK? WHO'S SICK?
CLICK CLICK



THEY DECIDE TO MEET IN THE TERMINAL WARD THAT NIGHT
THIS IS TIRING. I REMEMBER WHEN I GOT TIRED ONCE... OR DID I? I CAN'T QUITE RECALL.
WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS! LET'S GO!
Shhh... SOMEONE'S COMING!



HMM... PAMELA LITVOK. SHE'S GOT AIDS.
THAT'S THE ONE THEN!



GAK!
IT'S THE LEAGUE OF PATIENTS!
PUT THAT PILLOW DOWN YOU MANEVOLENT MERCY KILLERS!



HEY, IT'S OKAY WE JUST HAVE DIFFERENT IDEOLOGICAL BELIEFS.
PSST! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BUBBLEBOY! TAKE HIS PILLOW AWAY!



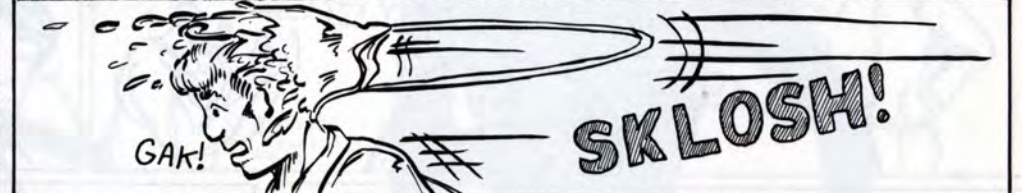
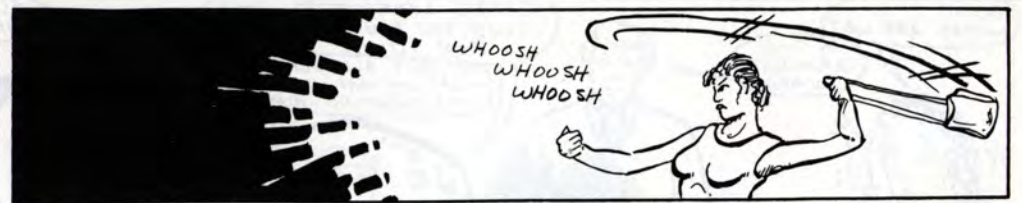
UM... WELL... THAT IS... I...
OH, SORRY... SENILOMAN?



WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU TOLD ME YOUR NAMES.
OH NO! THEY'RE ESCAPING! QUICK! RUN AFTER THEM!



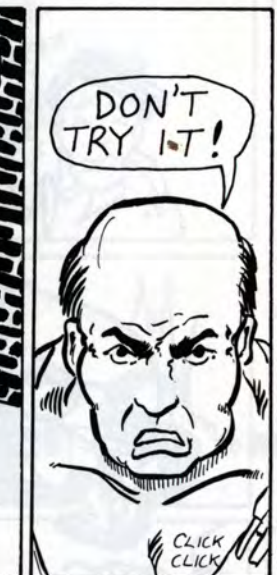
OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL BUILDING...
THEY HAVE A GETAWAY CAR!
LET THEM HAVE IT DIALYSISWOMAN!
CLICK CLICK



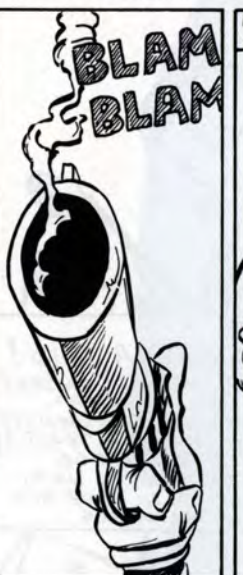
WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH
GAK!
SKLOSH!



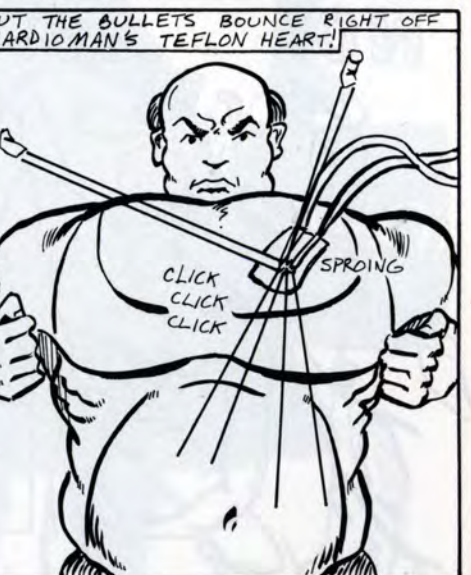
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! YOU MAY HAVE GOT MY BUDDY BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!



DON'T TRY IT!
CLICK CLICK



BLAM BLAM



BUT THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF CARDIOMAN'S TEFLON HEART!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
SPRING



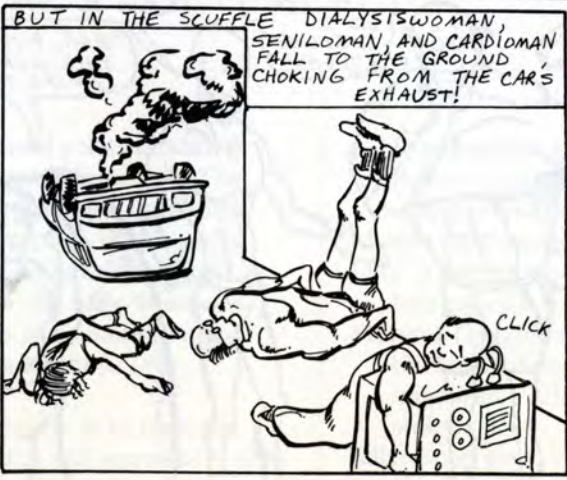
DON'T WORRY! I'LL GET THEM!



LOOK OUT!



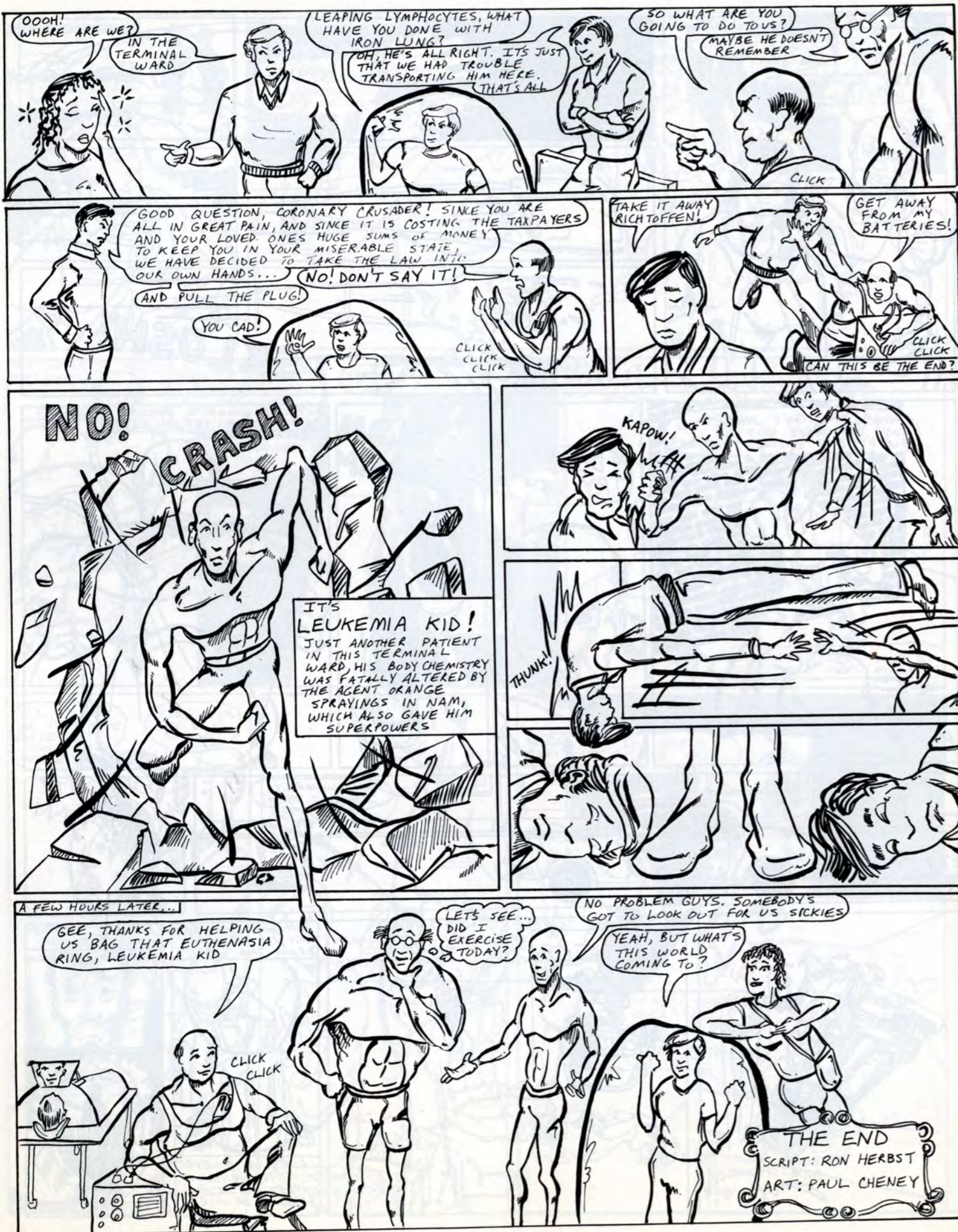
BAM-SPRINGO!



BUT IN THE SCUFFLE DIALYSISWOMAN, SENILOMAN, AND CARDIOMAN FALL TO THE GROUND CHOKING FROM THE CAR'S EXHAUST!
CLICK



AND BUBBLE BOY HAS LOST HIS BALANCE FROM THE IMPACT
IRON LUNG, HOWEVER IS STILL CONSCIOUS, IMPERVIOUS TO THE FOULEST OF AIR!
THINGS LOOK GRIM...



DEATH OF AN

AVON

SALES- WOMAN

by David Gregor



The stage lights come up to reveal a set consisting of a bedroom above the kitchen and living room. The bedroom is color co-ordinated in a sedate burgundy hue. The living room is an exact replica of the early modern American living room in the September, 1963 Better Homes and Gardens, page 38. Lilly Woeman enters from stage left carrying two Avon sample bags. She opens the door and enters the kitchen.

Mervin: Is that you honey? Your din-din is in the oven.
Lilly: I couldn't do it today. I couldn't sell anymore. I was making up a face in Yonkers and I realized, Summer

Watermelon rouge clashes with the Neon Passion Brown I had put on her nails. She nearly threw me out of her house. Then I found a run in my nylons.

Mervin: Not another one.

Lilly: Yes. Why couldn't we buy the ones in those funny looking eggs?

Mervin: The girls went out dating tonight. It's good to have the smell of perfume in the house again. They made the boys wait a full hour and a half before coming down the stairs.

Lilly: Good girls. We brought them up right, Mervin. Now, go up to bed. I'll be okay. (exit Mervin) Hah, a full hour

and a half . . . I bet they brought corsages, too . . .
(The light fades in the kitchen and rises to the bedroom above. The Woeman daughters are sitting on their beds)

Buffy: Hey Trappy, you hear that? Mom has lost her color scheme!

Trappy: If you were around more often you would have noticed that she can't even find matching shoes. Pop has to lay out her clothes every morning. Anyway, why did you come back, Buffy? I thought you were living out west on some sort of commune.

Buffy: I was. That's where healthy girls like us belong. Living outdoors, off the land. To see fresh Tofu cakes begin to solidify. (pause) It's beautiful, it truly is. But, every once in a while I happen upon an issue of *Cosmopolitan*, you know I can't ignore *Cosmo*, and then I think about home and Mom. I look around and realize I'm an organic, granola, twenty-seven year old liberal. What happened to my goals? You must be happy Trap. You've got your modeling and acting career. You are known.

Trappy: Yeah, I guess. But I'm still only doing Clearasil ads. And the movies? Well, you know the fella' I was with tonight? He was a rich Hollywood director expecting an Academy Award next week but I went out and ruined him. I've ruined many others too. I make them fall in love, then they start spending gobs of money on me. When I get bored with the gifts I ask them to make a movie with me in the starring role.

Buffy: Really?

Trappy: Yeah. They always end up financing the whole thing. Usually, I ask for a steamy sex plot. Anyway, the movie opens and flops. They lose a fortune and can't get a serious job again. I just hate myself in the morning.

Lilly: (heard from below) Can you believe this! (holding her dinner plate) I can't eat all this. Doesn't he know I'm on a diet? And what about my complexion?

Buffy: Doesn't she know Pop can hear that?

Trappy: Shh! She's just letting off steam. (light fades on the bedroom and comes up on the kitchen)

Lilly: (looking into the pantry) Where's my high protein mix? What are these Twinkies doing here? (Aunt Lana, Lilly's sister, enters from stage left)

Aunt Lana: Lilly, I need to catch a flight out to LA. You know, contract talks for a new movie. I haven't much time.

Lilly: Lana, I know I should have gone with you before, but . . .

Aunt Lana: When I was nineteen I walked into Schwab's Drugstore as just another pretty face on a shapely body. I walked out a Hollywood starlet. By God I am rich. By God I am famous. Gotta' go, plane to catch. You have a nice family. (Aunt Lana exits.)

Lilly: Wait! Don't go! I need to talk. No one ever told me how to make it big. I don't know how! I don't know how! How?

(The girls run downstairs followed by Mervin.)

Buffy: Mom! It's okay. I'll turn the oven on and reheat your dinner.

Mervin: I'll do it Buff. It was my fault.

Lilly: Let Pop do it. No daughter of Lilly Woeman has to cook! Where are my curlers?

Buffy: Don't start Mom. I want to get along.

Mervin: (whispering to Trappy) Cheer her up some. She is really down.

Trappy: Hey Mom, Buffy says she's going to try to get a job with Eileen Ford again. Right Buff? (winking)

Buffy: Uh yeah. I was thinking back to the time I left, and that she said there was always a place for me at the agency. Do you think she has forgotten the padded bra incident during that swimsuit shot?

Lilly: Hell, she said you were her top model. Of course she'll take you back. Don't worry about the padding. Everybody does it.

Trappy: I was thinking. Buffy and I could promote a swimsuit line by traveling across the country putting on professional mud-wrestling matches. We could be the Woeman Sisters.

Lily: That's a million dollar idea. You and Buffy would take the nation by storm. Eileen Ford will surely go for that plan. When are you going to see her?

Buffy: Uh, tomorrow. Why don't you get some sleep, Mom?

Lilly: Okay Mervin, I told you Buffy came from good stock. (Lilly exits)

Mervin: See Buffy, only a small thing will make her happy.

Buffy: But it's a lie. She is living in a soft perm world of her own.

Mervin: Don't go tramping your mother that way. She happens to have . . .

Buffy: Don't lay this guilt trip on me, Pop. She treats you like a mouse. Never taking you out to a ball game or anything.

Mervin: Listen, I am really worried about her. A while back I found a box of polyester stretch pants in the cellar.

Trappy: No!

Mervin: Yes. Pastels, too. Everytime she goes on a trip, I take them all down to Goodwill and turn them in. But, just before she returns, I buy them all back and put them back in the cellar.

Buffy: That's it! I'll go to the Ford modeling agency and show Eileen that I am from good stock. The Woeman name shall be on the tip of everyone's tongue.

Trappy: And I am going to star in a serious Broadway play.

End ACT ONE

ACT TWO

(Scene Opens with Mervin and Lilly eating breakfast.)

Mervin: Oh, the girls said that they will meet you at Macy's at five to go shopping.

Lilly: To go shopping? Do you want to come along?

Mervin: It should just be the girls.

Lilly: Well, I'm going down to the office and tell them to find me a job in the country club or bridge club circuit. I am too old to be knocking door to door.

Mervin: That's the spirit.

(Lilly walks across the stage and opens office door of Mabel Lean Avon. Mabel is listening to a tape recording of her son.)

Her son: Burger King is the home of the Whopper. Wendy's hot 'n juicy. McDonald's . . .

Lilly: Psst. Excuse me Mabel, can I come in?

Mabel: Sure. I was just listening to the tape recorder. Amazing machine. My son knows the slogans of every

fast food chain in the nation. Listen . . .

Her son: Kentucky Fried Chicken is finger lickin' good.

Lilly: Yeah, well I was wondering if you find a place for me in town. I just can't hack the door to door any more. You mentioned something to me at the company Tupperware party last spring.

Mabel: I don't have room for you on the country club circuit; if that's what you mean. Besides, Avon is moving into the youth market.

Lilly: You can't do this to me. I worked twenty hard years for this company. I introduced lipstick to upstate. I am not a facial make over. You can't use the mascara without using the highlighter, too. When I was selling cartons of those Model T cannisters of mens' after shave . . .

Mabel: Those naturally sold well.

Lilly: (angry) There were promises made by your father. I named you. While your mother was pregnant, your father and I . . . across the desk . . . There were promises made!

Mabel: Calm down. Your rouge is running. Here's a tissue. get a hold of yourself. By the way, you're fired.

(Lilly exits and lights go on stage left. Mervin is in the kitchen. Bernice, one of Buffy's old high school friends, bursts through the door.)

Bernice: Mr. Woeman, Mr. Woeman! Old Lady Eppelscheiss is going to give Buffy an "A" in Home Ec!

Mervin: What! she can't do that. What about Buffy's reputation? She has a beauty contest in two weeks. Didn't you do anything?

Bernice: I tried. I slammed every oven door in the room trying to make Buffy's souffle fall. But it wouldn't. It just wouldn't. Buffy whipped the egg whites with milk. Now I can't find her and her copy of Emily Post is missing.

Mervin: Maybe she went up north to see her mother. She's making a sales trip . . .

(Light fades stage left only to come up on center stage. Enter Buffy and Trappy in Macy's)

Buffy: Trappy, I've got to talk before Mom comes. Miss Ford wouldn't give us the money. She said mud-wrestling is dead and that I'm not the athletic type anyway.

(Enter Lilly)

Lilly: Ready girls? I brought my plastic. I heard that there is a sale up on the fourth floor.

Trappy: (to Buffy) Let's take her to the shoe department. It is a great place to flirt. (Loudly) Hey Mom, have you seen the new pumps yet? (to Buffy) There are two hunks now. Let's go and ruin them.

Buffy: We can't leave Mom.

Trappy: Come on. It will only take a moment. Besides, Mom will try on every shoe in the place. She will take hours.

(exit Buffy and Trappy)

Lilly: (holding shoe) Do you have this in a size fourteen double A?

(Spotlight highlights a fat man sitting in a chair in front of a T.V., stage right. He wears a grimy tank top and drinks a beer. He has tatoos on his forearms.)

Man: Hurry up with dinner. I'm hungry. Heh, heh, this Don Rickles is a riot. Urp. Get me another beer. (knock at the door) And answer the door.

(Lilly appears wearing a floral pattern apron and carrying a frying pan.)

Lilly: It's probably some vacuum cleaner salesman. No

need to answer.

Man: It might be some of my Playgirl buddies, so open up! (Lilly reluctantly opens door. Buffy is standing there.)

Buffy: Mom!

Lilly: I can explain. This man's wife is a frequent buyer and she just stepped out for the evening. She asked me to take her husband out to dinner. But, the car broke down. . .

Buffy: Mom, I aced Home Ec. They gave me an invitation to join the Future Housewives Club. I am so ashamed.

Lilly: Well, we will go right down and have a talk with Mrs. Eppelscheiss. . .

Man: What about my hockey tickets?

Lilly: What tickets?

Man: I saw them next to the groceries.

Lilly: Oh here! (throwing the tickets toward the man. He belches in response.)

Buffy: But those were Dad's tickets!

Lilly: Never mind. Let's get out of here.

Buffy: You fake, you liar. There is no need to go to Mrs. Eppelscheiss. I am not going to finishing school. Don't even try to put books on my head.

Lilly: Why, you conservative Miss Powder Puff. Your problem is that you are narrow minded. You are narrow, narrow . . . !

(Light fades stage right. Lights go on center stage. Lilly and Shoe Salesman are back in Macy's.)

Shoe Salesman: These are as narrow as we got, lady. Your daughters said they will meet you at home.

(Scene change to the Woeman house. Buffy and Lilly are talking.)

Buffy: Before I leave, I must make you realize that you have been living a dream. Living off a smile and a buff pad. I'll never be a model. Eileen Ford said they only hire sexual nymphets. Who said I was a top Ford agency model? I altered dresses one summer. That's it. And Trappy, she's the before pictures in those Clearasil ads. Now Mom, let your dreams die so I can live my life. I want a two and a half car garage, one and three fourth pets, three and one eighths kids. I want bottle cap doilies.

Lilly: There is no dream. You come from good stock. You are a Woeman. You are strong.

Buffy: I have needs, Mom. Let me go.

Lilly: (long pause as they look into each other's eyes and begin to cry melodramatically) Only on the condition that you have a June wedding. Now I need to be alone (Buffy exits as Aunt Lana enters.)

Aunt Lana: Lilly, I walked into Schwab's ordered a strawberry malt and gave my picture to the man seated next to me. By God I am rich. By God I am famous.

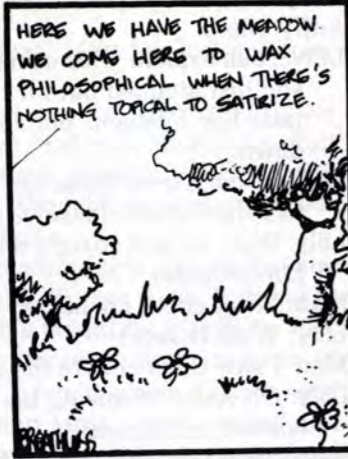
Lilly: Picture! Picture! That's it! Buffy needs a portfolio. She can use the insurance money for a photo session. She's a good girl. She just needs a foundation. (Lilly rummages through her sample bag.) I think I have enough facial cream. (Lilly fills a big bowl with the cream.) And the press will be calling it the Era of the Woeman. . . (The last sentence is muffled as Lilly plunges her head into the facial cream. A scream is heard.)

THE END



ORANGE COUNTY

by Berke Breathless



The Continuing Wacky Adventures of...

Clitus the Fetus

Hi kids!
IN: "The Curse"

Wanda Jackson, despite doctors' orders, ingested too many toxic chemicals while pregnant and her yet unborn child, Clitus, has been endowed with sentience and powers of Astral Projection!

Ah Clitus, my placental pal, there you are! I've been all over the Astral Plane looking for you!

Oh my fallopian friend, are you well? You...

Yes Ralston, I'm fine, but if you know what is good for you, you'll unhand me...

YOU WASHED UP, SPHINCTER FACED ASTRAL SLUM!

Sigh...

Uh, Ralston. RALSTON!

Uh, I'm sorry. I don't know how to explain this but, well...

You see, my mother you know, in the corporeal world, well, it's sort of biological in nature and it can sometimes...

Yes....?
well, it's that time of month again and everytime she has her period it makes me a tad irritable.

No need to explain, Clitus. All is forgiven. Tell you what, let's get your mind off of all this. Would you like to go to the movies?

Christ, Ralston! Are you suggesting that we go to a MENSTRUAL show?

NATURALWOMAN® NATURALMAN®

The perfect gift to send a friend to lift the Spirits, and give a chuckle.

Or for that Special Person In or Out of your life.

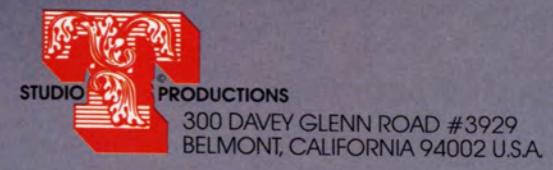
They are a Natural get well gift with flowers. Or that Special Anniversary with a bottle of Champagne.

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