

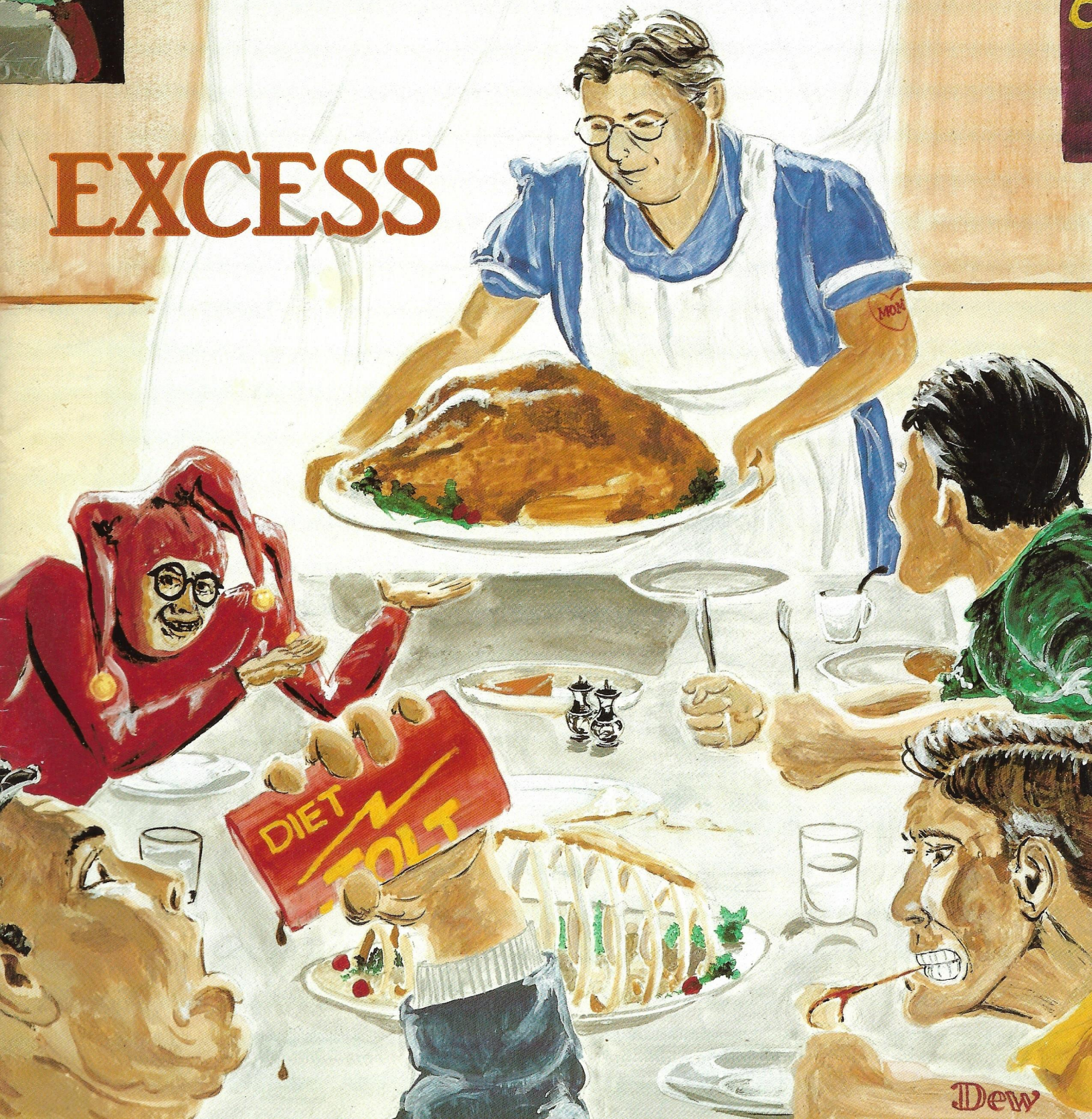
STANFORD  
**Chaparral**

December 1987

\$2.00



# EXCESS



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MEN

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WOMEN

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AND NOW ITS...  
**CRAZY GUY!**

I'm  
Crazy-  
Guy



I'm  
Crazy-



Sure

Sometimes  
I run down  
the hallway  
and yell  
boogedy boogedy  
boogedy boogedy!



That's  
Crazy-



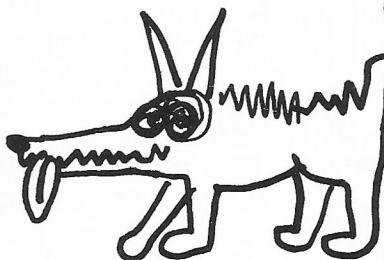
Look into  
my spinning  
Crazy eyes



I have a crazy dog.

Somedays  
Crazy  
Dog and I  
trade places.  
WHAT?  
I'm sorry.  
I can only hear half of  
what you're saying!

When we trade places,  
I do Crazy Dog's job



HIS NAME'S CRAZY DOG!

BARK



AND HE DOES MINE!

Yes, thank you...  
that would be  
excellent



I like crazy music, crazy  
food, crazy colors,  
crazy hairdos, Crazy Dog,  
and any thing else  
that's crazy.

Oh, and crazy women too!

Hey  
big  
guy-



-Boogedy!



**The Chappies**

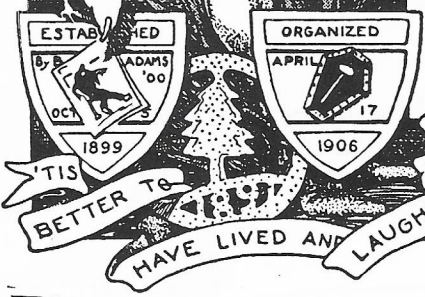
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Volume 89 Number 2



**REFLECTIONS**



situations and stances seem to be polarizing, it's time to get down to what is really going on. For too long and for too much have the questions of life been convoluted to the point where we don't even know what they are anymore. They have been hidden and masked by the excess.

Tens of thousands of fat people, hideously obese globs of flesh, all sitting, on a hot, humid day, in

their cars, waiting for drive-thru fast food with service so slow that the cars of hot, sweaty fat people, all of whom (and here I'm speaking specifically of the fat people) have extra-sweaty red welts where the seatbelt creases their skin, are backed up out into the street, and back through three lights, and up causing enough of a slow-down on the freeway get-off that it slowed the right lane of the freeway to about 35 mph, which slowed the freeway down in general. This really pissed some freeway travelers off--those fat people are always eating!

Strip back the excess. Pull away the shrouds and get down to the basic. See what things really are, then make the decision. A lot of times it will seem impossible to differentiate between what is the excess and what is the essential, and the answering of this question is an important part of the entire solution. But I'm talking too much. I shouldn't clutter the question with Generalizations or Specifics, nor any other excess.

I used to work as a plumber. One day I got a call from a woman who said that her toilet was no longer working and could I come

fix it. I got in the truck and went to her house. I was greeted at the door by the woman. She was a sweet old lady in her eighties. As I walked back to her bathroom she explained that the toilet had only been installed a couple weeks ago and was working fine until just recently. I got to the bathroom and proceeded to inspect the commode for problems. I lifted the back lid to inspect the mechanism, but it seemed to be in perfect working order. Then I lifted the lid over the seat and found that the bowl was full to the rim with shit.



**Baloney!**

There are some who think that the way to increased freedom is through consumer product differentiation. The idea is that people have freedom to have certain wants (material items or services performed) only if those wants are available to the people. Thus, a few years ago I could have desired a cherry-flavored, or a 10% fruit juice soda, but I wouldn't have had the freedom to pick some up at the store. My freedom was limited to a choice between Coke, Pepsi, or one of the other "plain" sodas. But now...

Now I can get many different types of Coke, or Pepsi, or lunchmeat. And speaking of lunchmeat, take a look back. Not only are there different kinds of lunchmeat, there are different shapes. The trend conscious consumer now has the freedom to eat stylishly modern and efficient square lunchmeat, or get the traditional standby circular.

Today we have things that see farther, go faster, make louder noises, smell worse, fly higher, cut deeper, run longer, cost more, and



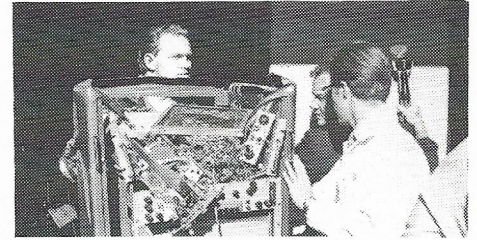
compound quicker. It's easy to lose one's frame of reference. Once, thousands of people died just trying to cross the country. Now, sometimes it's hard to remember why we're even out on the road.

*Freeway Love!  
They got off on the exit.  
Curves and speed  
and speed and curves  
In a high-speed freeway romance  
Freeway Love!  
They got off on the exit.*

Unless of course it was the freeway exit that was clogged by the fat people going to the drive-thru.

So it's time to ridicule the excessive and the gluttonous. And it's time to get rid of all of the clutter that they place on life. It's

time to look at the essentials then decide. There's food, clothing, shelter, and other mushy sort of things. It's time to streamline. It's time to get fit, or have a fit. It's time to shape up, or ship out. The gluttonous better get with the program while the program still exists. It's time to expose the excess for what it is. Look for it, find it, examine it, solve it, and then throw it out. Life is good. It's the excess that's weighing us down. Work it off or cut it off. But first, let's ridicule it.

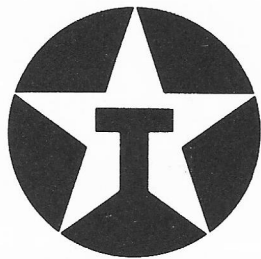


And so the Old One grabs once again for his sacred hammer, as he has done continuously for 88 years. He swings it around his head and then sends it right for the overgrown belly of excess. When it hits, it goes BAARRRRRB. ☹



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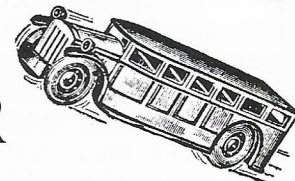
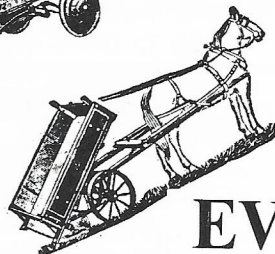
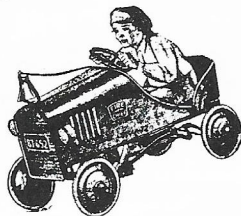
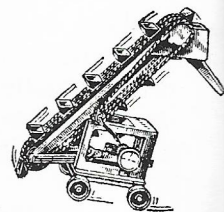
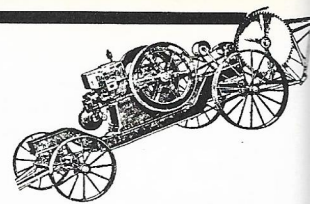
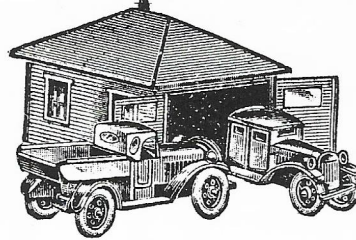
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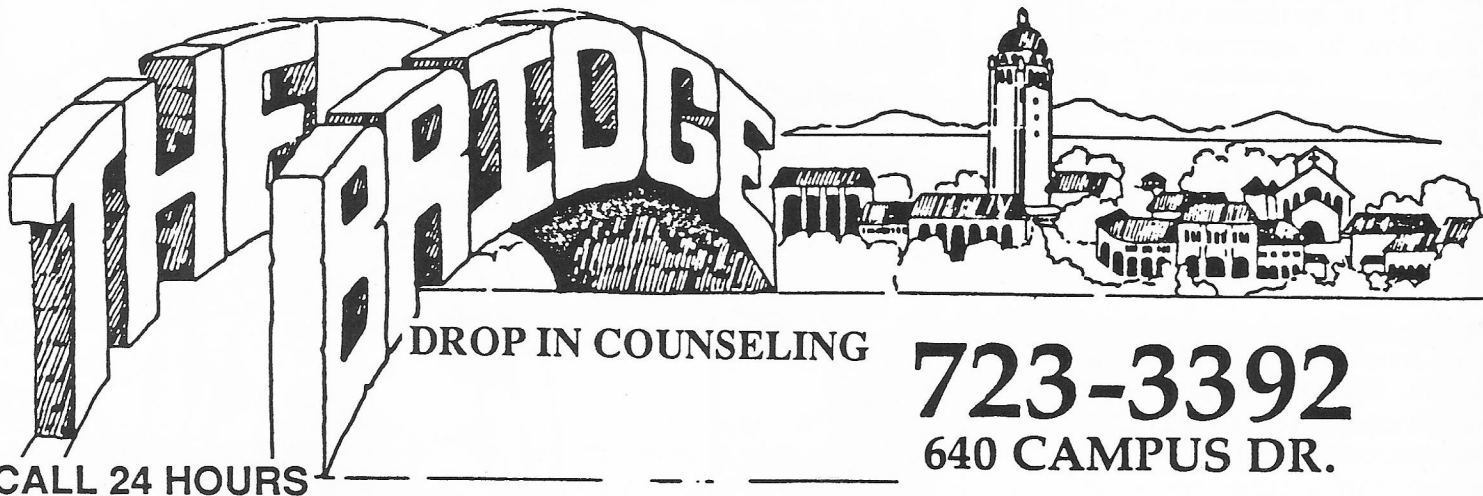
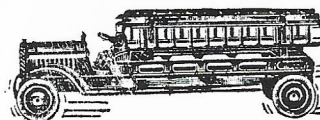
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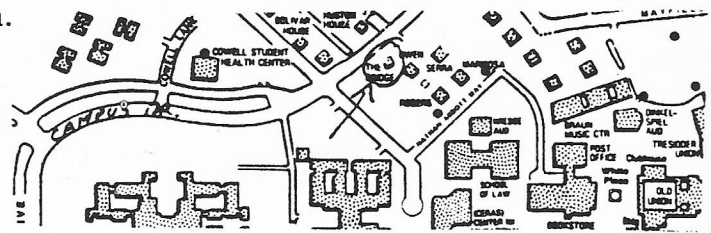
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EVERYTHING  
ON WHEELS



# Peer Counseling

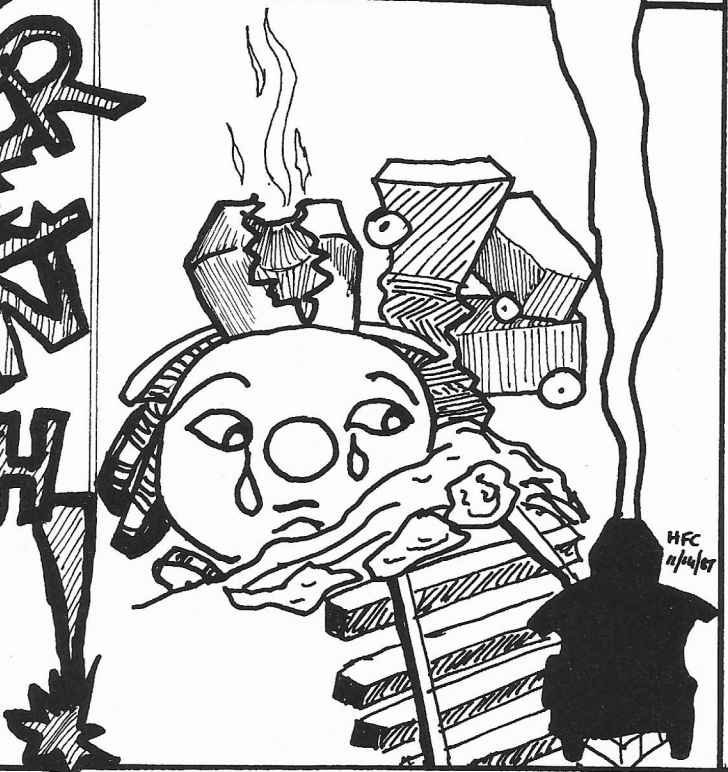
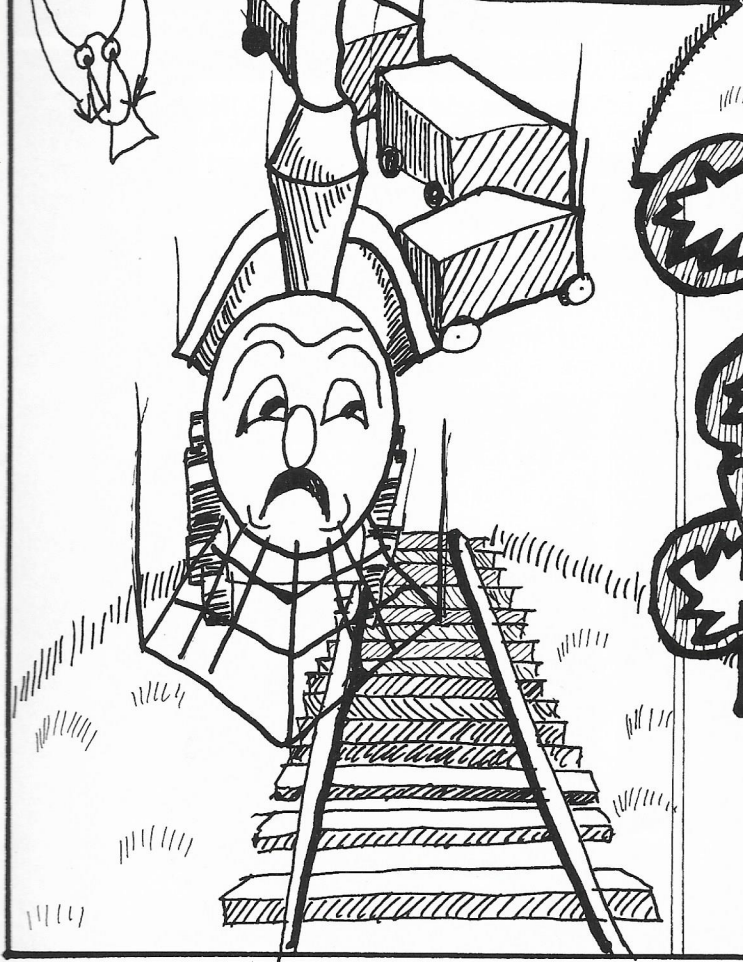
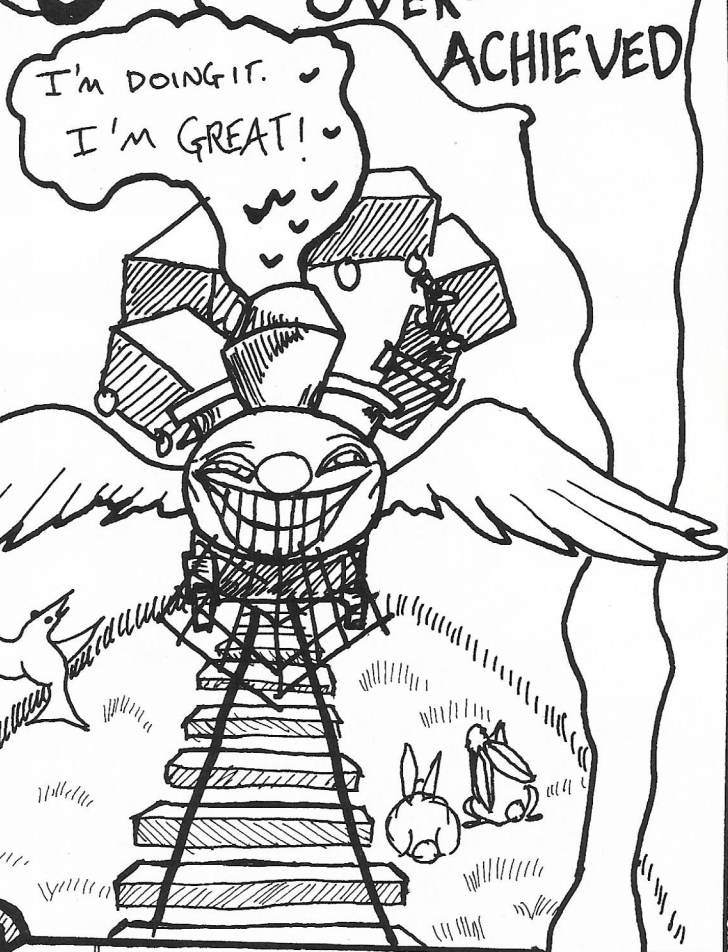
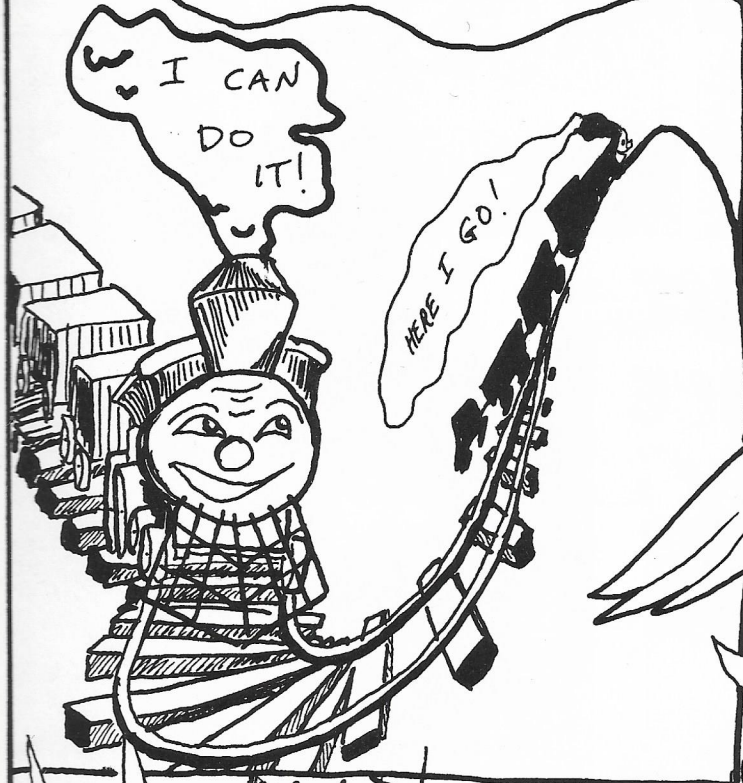
We are a group of students offering free and confidential peer counseling to anyone who wants to call or drop by. We are volunteers who have completed an intensive counseling training class and evaluation and take continuing training. We are here to explore feelings, to help sort out problems and uncertainties, or just to talk. Call us for any reason -- from venting anger or frustration to discussing problems concerning school, sex, substances, loneliness, family, or relationships. We're here to listen.

- Ongoing Groups at The Bridge**
- Alcoholics Anonymous
  - Overeater Anonymous
  - Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous



# The Little Engine that

OVER-ACHIEVED

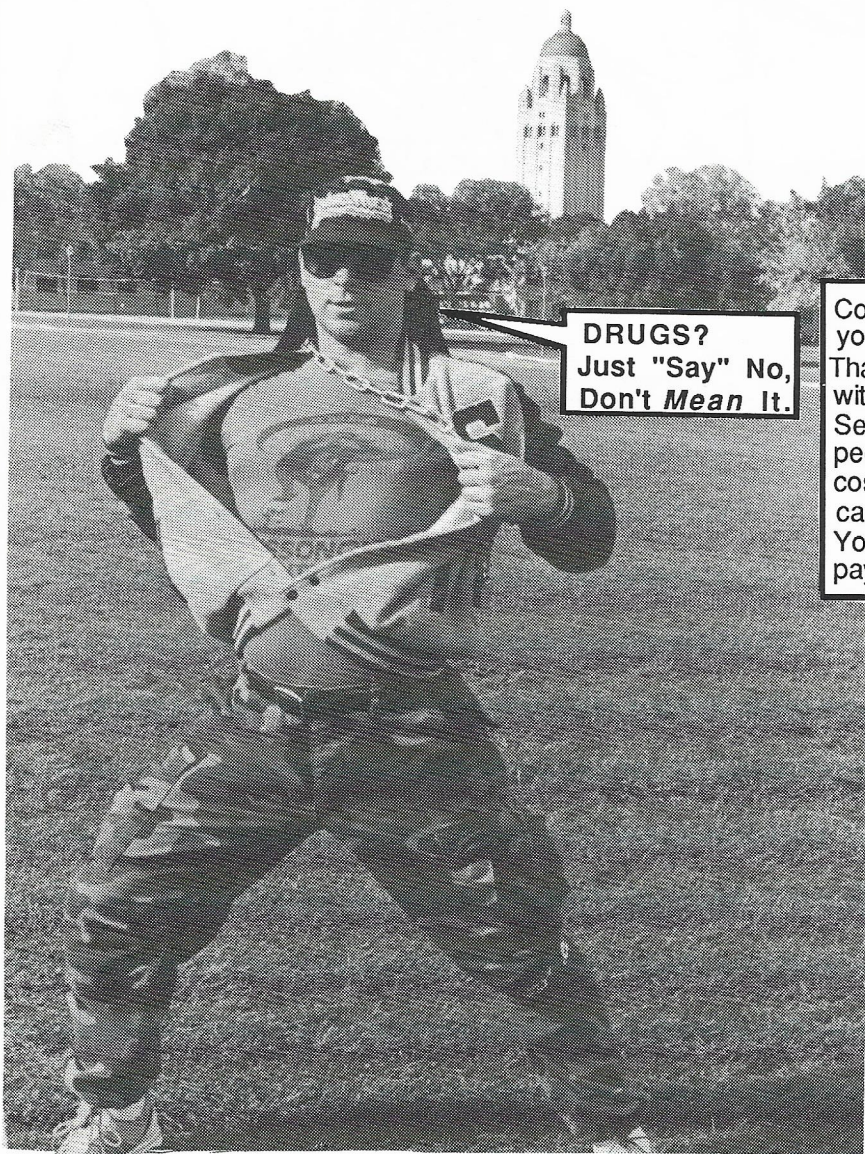


**WATCH OUT** EVERYONE!

IT'S THE MORALLY REPREHENSIBLE...

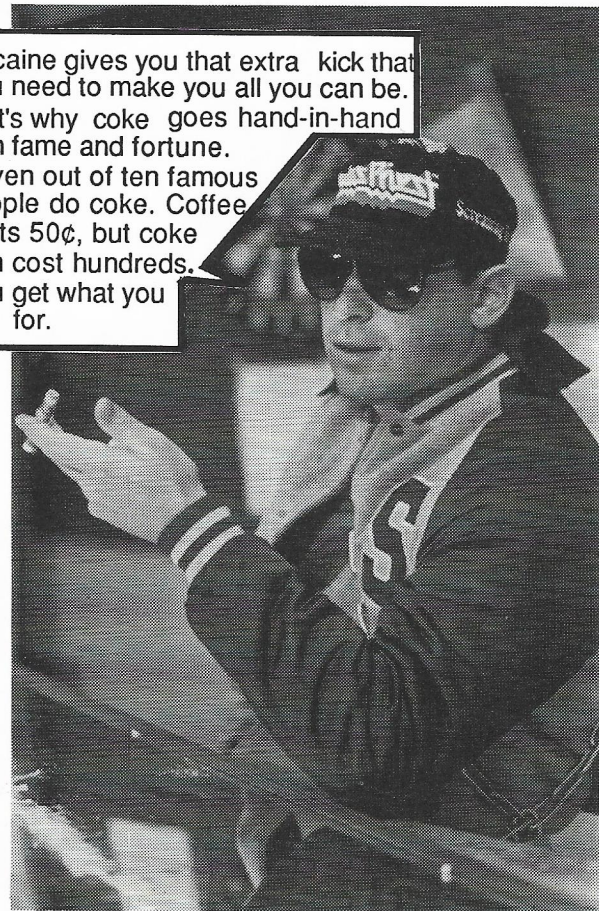
# CAPTAIN ASININE

**DECEIT  
INJUSTICE  
THE AMERICAN WAY!**



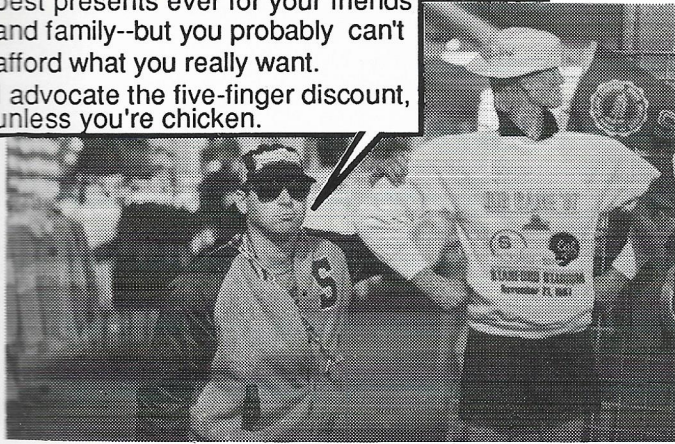
**DRUGS?**  
Just "Say" No,  
Don't Mean It.

Cocaine gives you that extra kick that you need to make you all you can be. That's why coke goes hand-in-hand with fame and fortune. Seven out of ten famous people do coke. Coffee costs 50¢, but coke can cost hundreds. You get what you pay for.

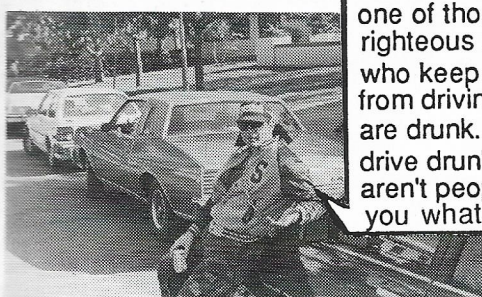
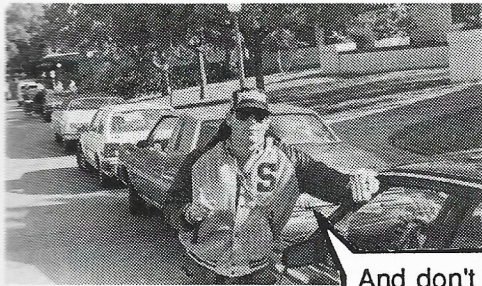
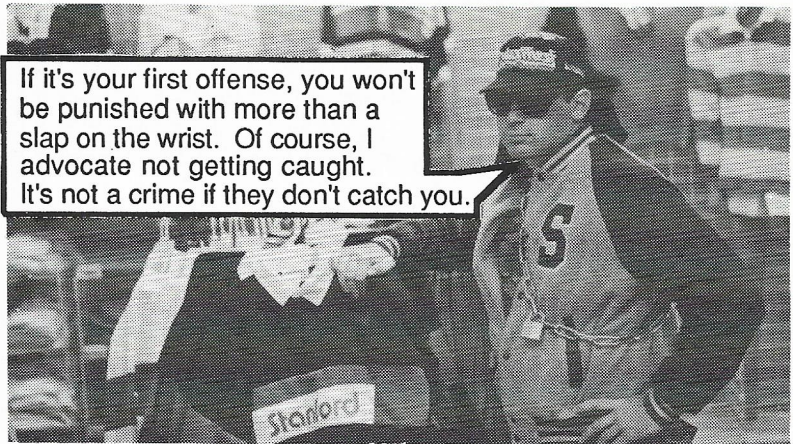




Christmas is coming, and you want to get the best presents ever for your friends and family--but you probably can't afford what you really want. I advocate the five-finger discount, unless you're chicken.

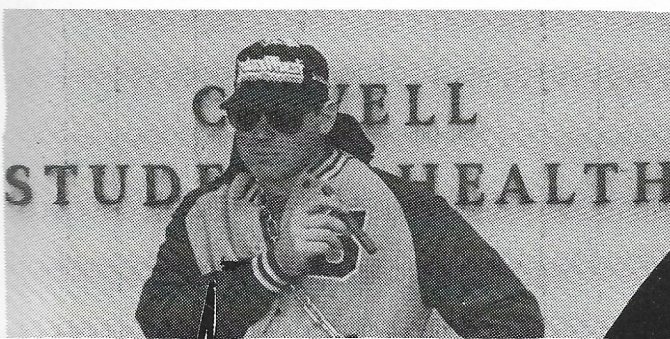


If it's your first offense, you won't be punished with more than a slap on the wrist. Of course, I advocate not getting caught. It's not a crime if they don't catch you.



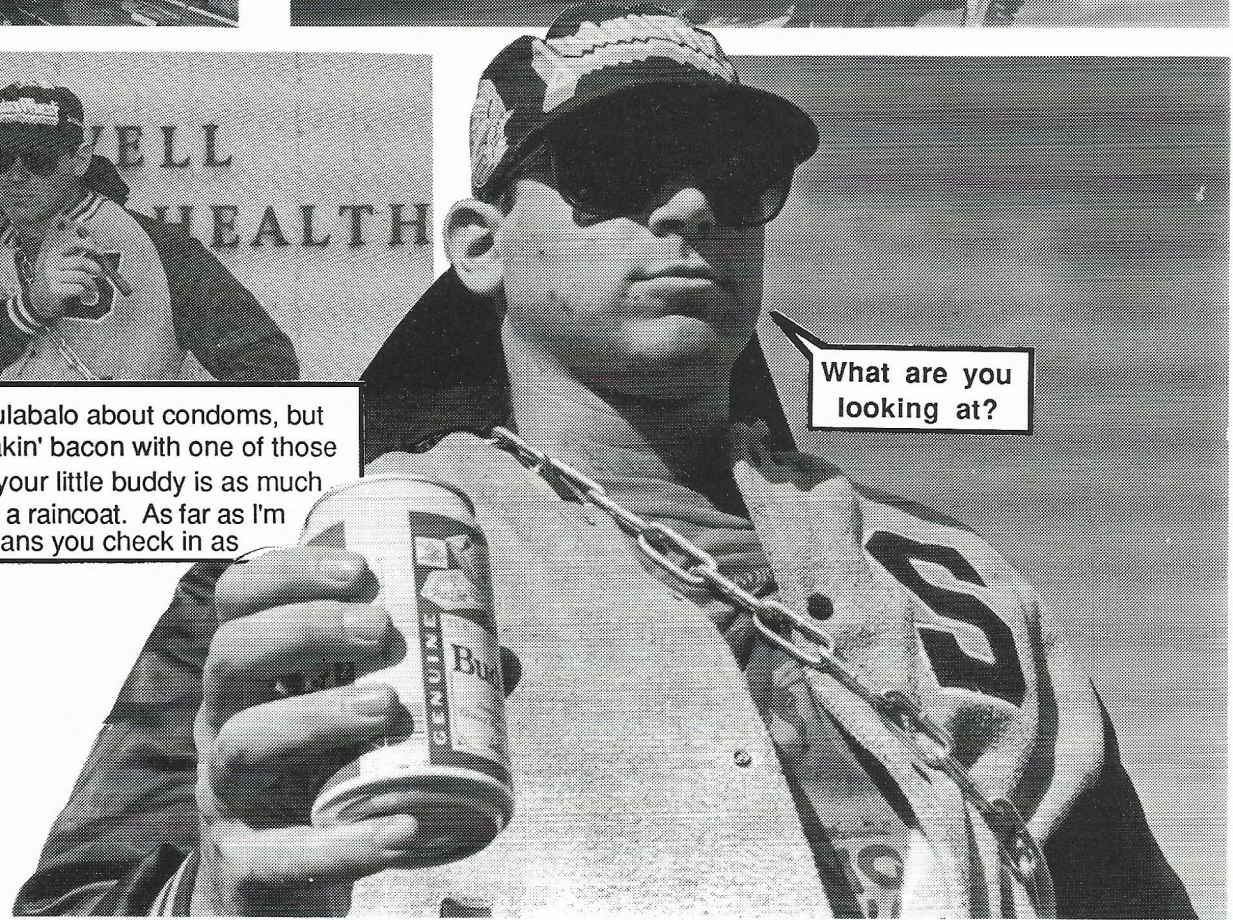
And don't become one of those self-righteous assholes who keep their friends from driving when they are drunk. It's fun to drive drunk. Friends aren't people who tell you what to do...

Friends let friends do what the fuck they want!



Hey I've heard all this hulabalo about condoms, but I'll tell you one thing, makin' bacon with one of those things wrapped around your little buddy is as much fun as taking a shower in a raincoat. As far as I'm concerned, safe sex means you check in as John Doe.

What are you looking at?



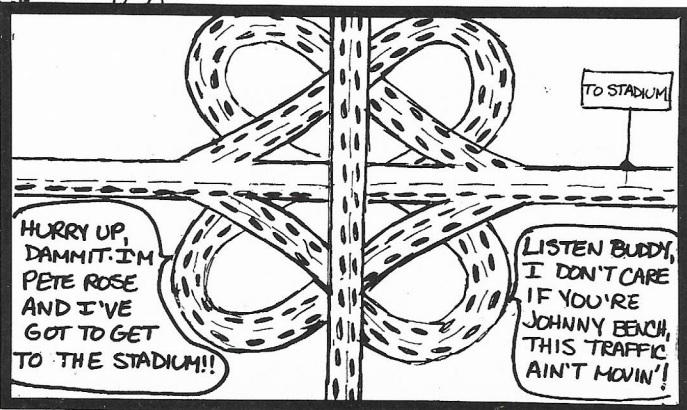
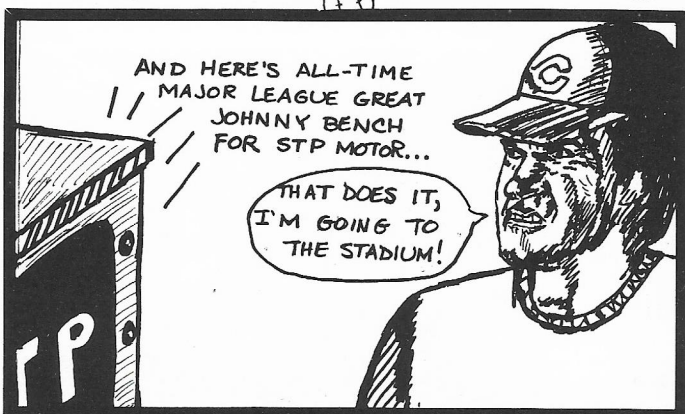
# PETE ROSE

AT THE

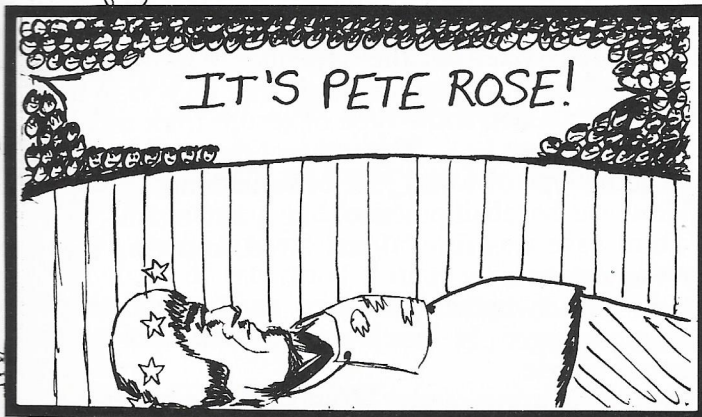
# World Series

WEINSTEIN - SUHRE - KLEIN

# ONE FALL DAY IN CINCINNATI



# LATER... AT THE STADIUM





# MY

# FOUR

# DADS

By Clifton Darning-Leiben-Birnbaum-Rosenthal

It all started about two months ago. It was Friday afternoon and I was coming home from baseball practice when I noticed a strange car parked in front of our house. Sure, it kind of looked like my Dad's yellow Buick, but this car was green, and it had a big dent in the front hood.

As I opened the door to the house and walked into the living room, there was a strange man sitting in my dad's easy chair, smoking his pipe, and reading his newspaper.

"Mom!" I screamed as I ran to the kitchen, "there's a strange man in dad's chair, smoking his pipe, and reading his newspaper! What's going on?"

"Well honey," my mom said calmly as she stirred the macaroni and cheese, my Dad's favorite, "that's your new father, so treat him with respect and love and he'll love you."

"But what about Dad, the guy you're supposed to be married to?!!!"

"Oh, he's out in the garage, puttering around. Why don't you go out there and tell him to wash up for dinner?"

"But Mom, what about the guy in the living room?!"

"Oh yes, you'd better tell him to wash up, too."

That was it. Either my mom had gone totally nuts or something horribly wrong was happening.

Obviously, my mom was in no mood to give me a straight answer, so the only choice I had was to confront the stranger in the living room.

"Excuse me sir," I said as I walked back into the living room, "I don't know what's ..."

"Why hello, son," said the man as he put down the paper, which was turned to the crossword section, my real dad's favorite. "How was baseball practice?"

Now normally, if somebody was pulling some kind of cruel joke like this on me I would punch them out or something. But this was different. I mean, as I looked at this guy, I began to notice that he really did kind of look like my dad--he had the same type of glasses, the same smile, even the same kind of suit my dad normally wore, but this guy was obviously not my real dad. I mean, you normally don't forget what your dad looks like, but this guy in my living room, calling me "son," seemed real sure that he was, in fact, my father. I needed some type of test to trick this guy into admitting that he wasn't my real dad and that this was all some type of weird joke or something.

"How was baseball practice?" he asked again.

"Third base was fine," I answered, knowing that I really play catcher.

"Oh, they switched you from catcher, did they?" said the stranger as he went back to doing the crossword puzzle.

"Dinner's almost ready, Mom says you better wash

up," I mumbled as I ran to my room to freak out. I must've passed out or something cause when I woke up, someone was pounding loudly on my door.

"Cliff, dinner's ready and your mother and I are waiting for you."

It was the stranger.

Okay, I thought, maybe now they'll tell me what's going on. I'll just sit there and let Mom, Dad, and this stranger who kind of looks like Dad explain what the bejeezus is happening. Maybe there was a simple explanation, like this guy was my dad's long lost brother or something.

Anyway, as I walked into the dining room, I saw my real dad sitting in his regular chair. Thank god, I thought, everything is normal. Then I noticed the stranger, who was sitting in a chair exactly like my dad's. He even had his napkin folded into his shirt, just like my real dad.

"Why hello son," said my real dad, "how was baseball practice?"

"They moved him up to third base," said the stranger.

"That's grand," said my dad, not giving it a second thought. "Say, is that macaroni and cheese I smell? That's my favorite."

"Mine, too" said the stranger.

"Um, I...I'm not too hungry...I'm not feeling too good, is it okay if I just go to bed?"

I asked both men, cause now I really wasn't feeling too good, and it would be real embarrassing to throw up not only in front of your real dad, but also in front of another guy who claims to be your dad.

"Sure son," said my real dad, "but remember, you've got to get up early tomorrow so I can help you practice for the game..."

"Yes," said the stranger, "we've got to work on your swing."

I woke up real early the next morning and went downstairs to get some breakfast. It must've been about five in the morning and my head was spinning wildly.

What if last night's events weren't all some crazy dream? What if I really did have two dads? What would I say when my friends come over? Would I call both of them "Dad?" Would they both pay me allowance? Would they both stink up the bathroom?

These were just a few of the horrifying thoughts that ran through my head as I stumbled downstairs.

The kitchen light was on. Somebody was in the kitchen, opening and closing the refrigerator door, singing "Home on the Range." My dad. My real dad. Only my real dad woke up early in the morning to fix himself a roast beef sandwich, and only my real dad liked to sing "Home on the Range."

I pushed open the door.

"Why hello son, up early?"

In front of me stood a man who wasn't my dad, and who wasn't my new dad, either, but he sure as hell looked like them. Same glasses, same smile, everything.

"I hope I didn't wake you," said the man as he

sliced the roast beef." I got home late last night from my business trip and I didn't want to wake you or your mother."

"What about the two other guys who also claim to be my father?" I asked, still half-asleep.

"Oh," he answered happily, "I didn't want to wake them either."

"I suppose I have to call you 'Dad,' too, huh?" I asked, not like it really mattered or anything.

"Don't be silly," said the man as he sliced the sandwich. "You can call me 'Pop.' Care for some roast beef?"

"Mommmmm! Mom wake up, you'd better start explaining, right now!" I yelled as I burst into her bedroom, which probably wasn't such a good idea.

"Hey, how come your bed is so crowded?"

"Uhhhh, good morning son," said my real dad as he reached for his bathrobe.

"Pardon me, I believe that's my bathrobe," said my second dad as he emerged from under the sheets. "Oh, good morning, son."

"Mom, this is just sick," and it really was. "There are two men in your bed and one in your kitchen and they all claim to be my father. Will you please tell me exactly what's going on?!"

"Oh, your new father is home from his business trip?" asked my mom as she pulled the curlers from her hair. "Why don't you go downstairs and tell him to come up and kiss me good morning?"

"Yeah," agreed my second dad, "he shouldn't be rude, you know."

As I was walking back down the stairs, the doorbell rang. My third, and newest, father came out of the kitchen and headed towards the door.

"No, let me get it," I said as I opened the door. "I can't imagine who it could be."

There he was. Number four. I could feel it already. Same glasses, same smile. This man standing in front of me, sweating in his jogging suit, was also, in some strange way I'll never know why, my dad.

"Good morning son," said dad number four as he wiped his brow. "I'm sorry to have to get you out of bed, but I forgot my keys when I went jogging."

"That's alright," I answered, yawning. "I've been up for awhile."

"Honey," it was my mom calling out from her bedroom. "Is that your father? Because if it is, I have something very important to ask him."

Finally, I thought, my mom is going to get to the bottom of this mess. This new dad would explain everything.

"Ask him what he wants for breakfast," yelled my mom.

So don't ask me why I have four dads, cause I don't know. But let me tell you, it's not that bad once you get used to it. I mean, after all, there are some advantages. We really kicked butt in the "father-son" softball game on parents day. And "Dad, can I borrow the car tonight?" has taken on a whole new meaning. ☹

The Real World is not a Funny Place. But It Should be.  
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**Some Propaganda:**

In 1899, prominent Washington, D.C. socialite **Bristow Adams** founded the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, Adams was head of Cornell's school of journalism. In 1900, Chappie Editor **Wallace Irwin** poached four of Stanford President **David Starr Jordan's** prized chickens and served them to the president for dinner. Thirty years later, Irwin won the Pulitzer prize in poetry. In 1923, **Goodwin Knight** was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was Governor of California. In 1925, **Herbert Hoover, Jr.** joined the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was still Herbert Hoover, Jr. In 1935, **Doodles Weaver** was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Ten years later, he was head writer for **Spike Jones**. Thirty years later, Doodles's niece, **Sigourney**, wrote for the *Chaparral*. Now she's killing aliens on the silver screen.

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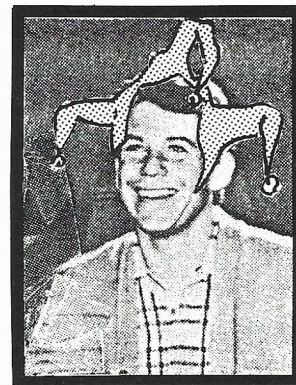
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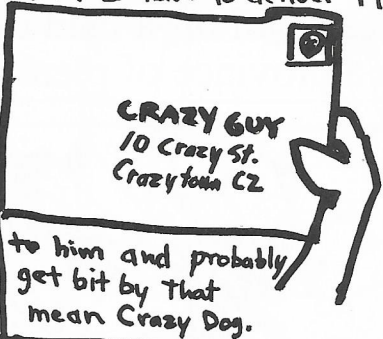
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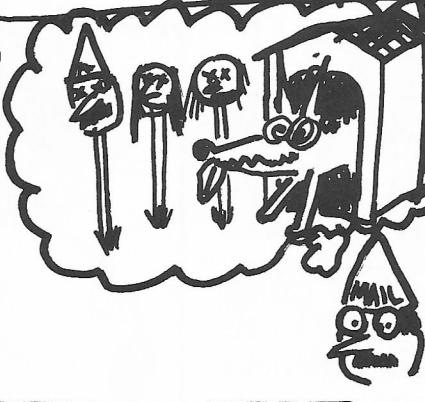


Oh no!

A letter to Crazy Guy. And I have to deliver it



to him and probably get bit by that mean Crazy Dog.



Well, here I am, Crazy Guy's House.



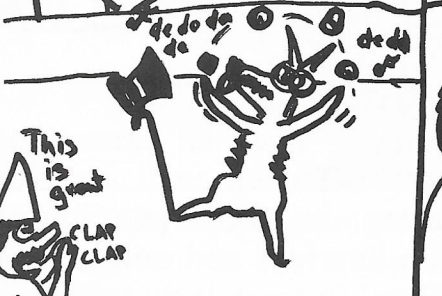
NO SIGN OF CRAZY DOG WITHOUT MAYBE I CAN SNEAK UP WITHOUT HIM SEEING ME.



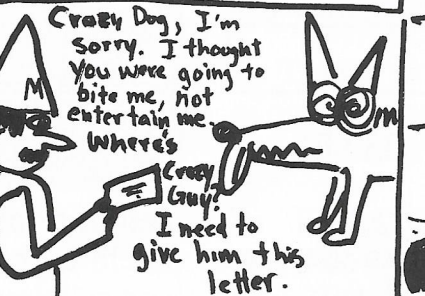
Almost... Almost... Still no sign



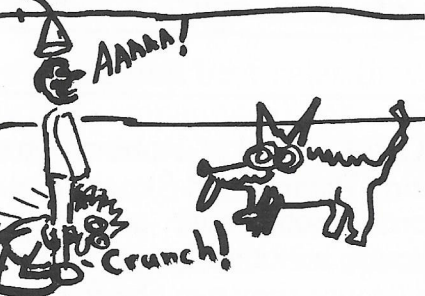
Now wait crazy dog



This is great CLAP CLAP



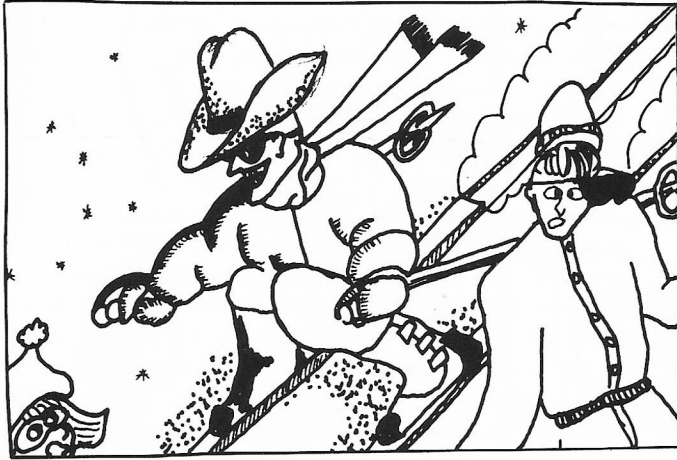
Crazy Dog, I'm sorry. I thought you were going to bite me, not entertain me. Where's Crazy Guy? I need to give him this letter.



AAAAA!

Belly up to the bar Pilgrim, and let me tell ya the story about a place I once heard tell of, a land of milk and honey, a province of plenty, a state of

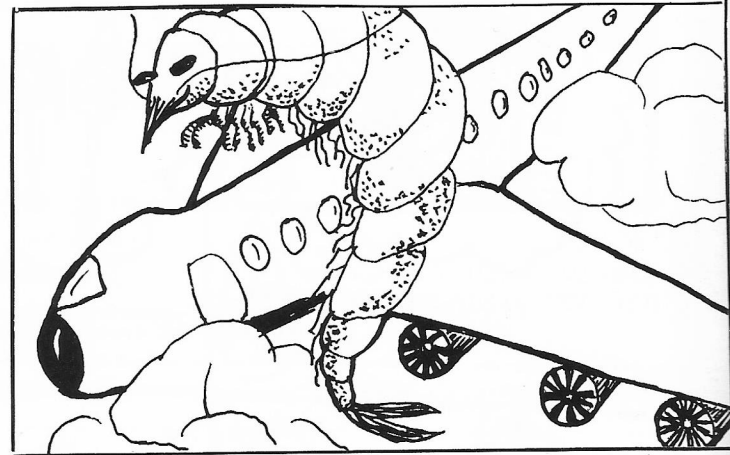
# TEXCESS



In Texas, truck and tractor pulls are broadcast on PBS.

In Texas Restaurants, they have "all you can eat" beef bars (salads are for Yankees).

In Texas, there is a secret operation called "Project YEEE-HAAAHH", in which large busloads of Texans are dispersed to Colorado and other snow-bearing states to ski, be loud, throw their money around, and to just bug the hell out of everyone in general. (Sponsored by the Texas Bureau of Interstate Relations and Texportation).



In Texas, they have one kind of shrimp and one kind of jet: JUMBO.

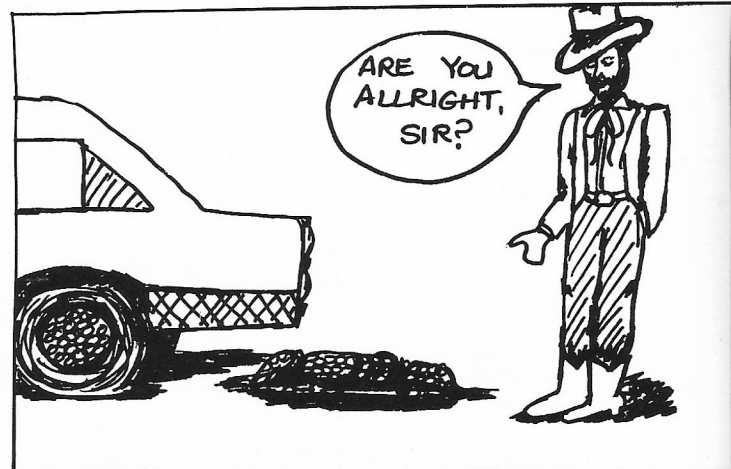
In Texas, schoolchildren are taught that Alaska is not officially a State of the Union

In Texas, armadillos are referred to as "Sir".(e.g. "Are you all right, Sir?")



In Texas, Baskin-Robbins has 33 flavors, counting Picante and Skoal-ripple.

In Texas, no one bites off more than they can chew ('cause they can chew a whole lot).



In Texas, running over an armadillo is a felony offense; Offenders will be cited by authority-abusing highway patrolmen who wield barbed billy clubs and mirrored glasses and call you "boy" (women included).



In Texas, parents instill in their children a love for the outdoors, respect for their elders, civic pride, and a deep and bitter hatred towards Yankees.

In Texas, they have three tax brackets:

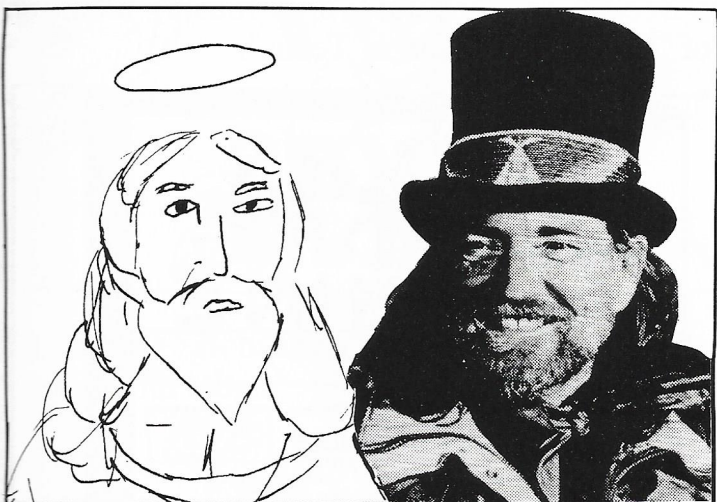
- a) billionaire
- b) millionaire
- c) none of the above



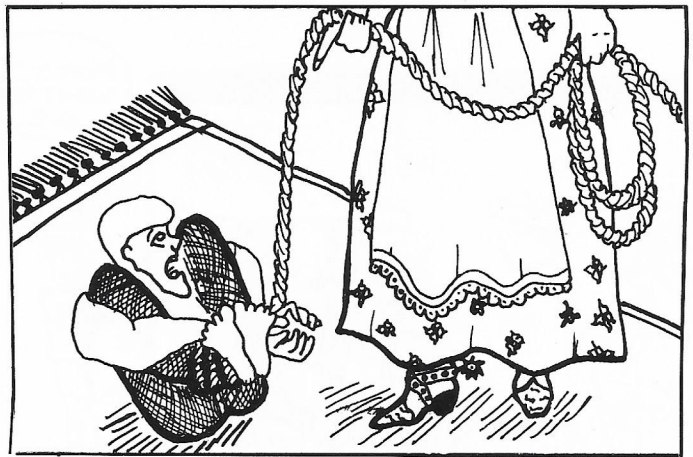
In Texas, the state lottery winner gets to watch a busload of Yankees go off a cliff.

In Texas, men who have small penes are referred to as "Rhode Island's".

In Texas, a convicted felon must wear a five-gallon hat.



In Texas, Christmas comes twice a year, once on December 25, and once on Willie Nelson's birthday.

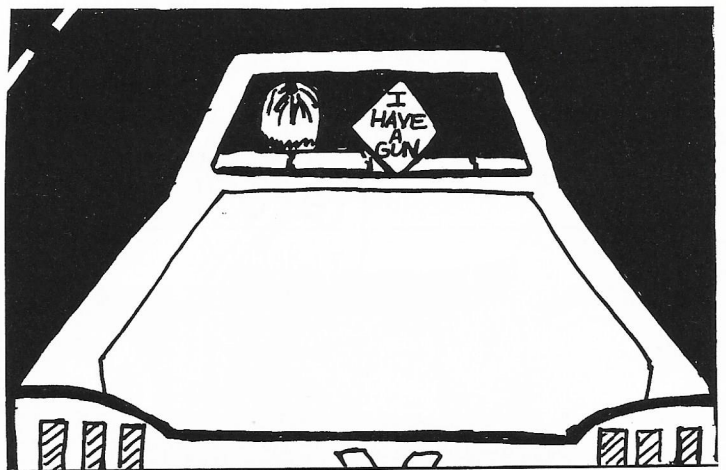


In Texas, parents don't spank their children, they rope and hog-tie 'em.

In Texas, the buffalo roam, the deer and the antelope play, but if they bother the armadillos, they are shot.

In Texas, a sandwich is a sandwich, but a "MANWICH" is still just a sandwich.

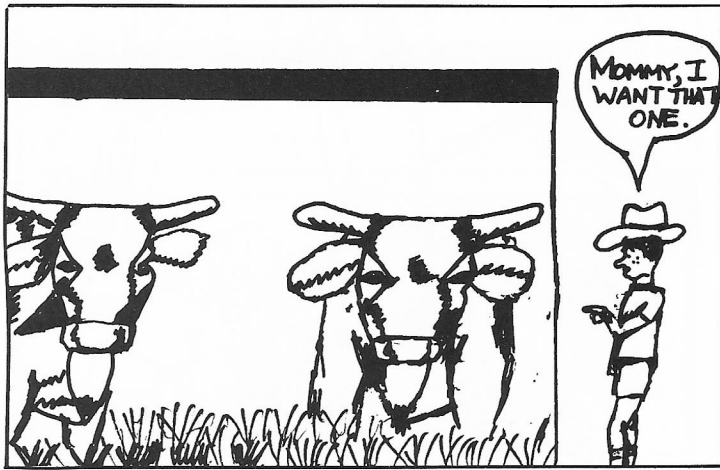
In Texas, "Joe Bob" and "Bubba" are proper christian names.



In Texas, the only little yellow signs that you stick on the rear windows of cars are ones that say "I HAVE A GUN."

In Texas, to help sagging beef sales they have adopted a new ad campaign: "Beef - it's not just for breakfast any more."

In Texas, banks give away complimentary sacks of chewing tobacco with the opening of each IRA account.



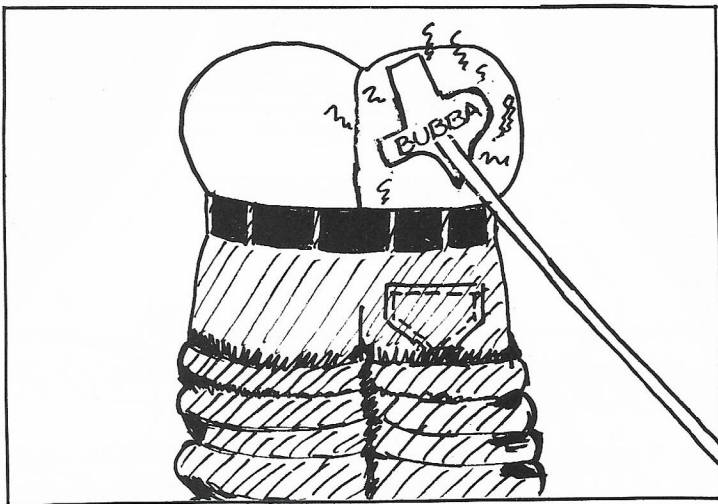
In Texas Restaurants, you pick your own eatin' cow out of a tank (instead of a lobster).

In Texas, no one can hear you scream ('cause its so big).

In Texas, cattle have the right of way.

In Texas, a man named "Bubba" must mate with a woman named "Bubette".

In Texas, the CIA has no need of wire taps because everyone talks so loud.



In Texas, parents brand their children to deter kidnapers.

In Texas, the burgers are bigger than bowling balls.

In Texas, "gun control" means you can't carry more than two.

In Texas, every day at 3:30 a big bell goes off and everyone stops whatever they are doing, stands up and yells "Hooooo-weeee!!!!"

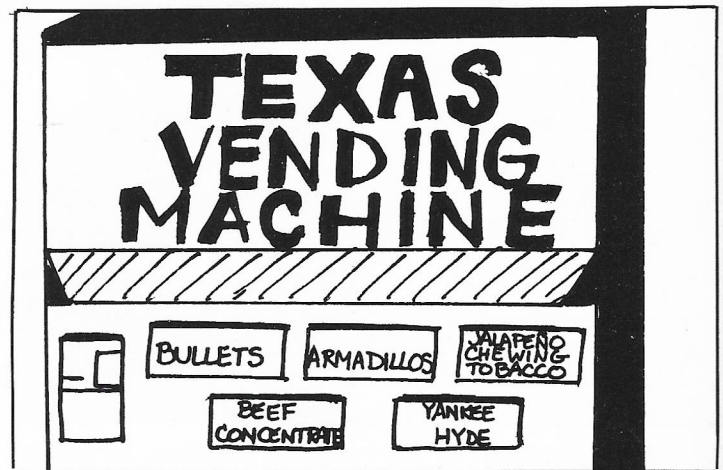
In Texas, the radio stations only play extended dance remixes.



In Texas, great respect is shown towards persons who have received a PhD. from the U of TRC (Texas Rodeo Clown University).

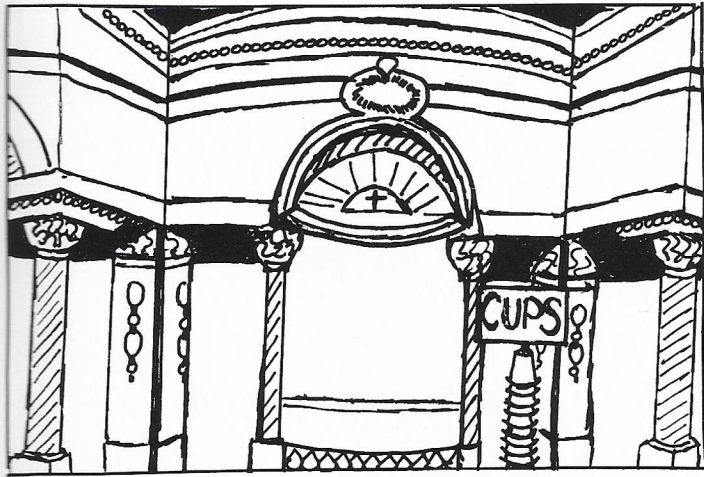
In Texas, "Y'all" is gramatically omnipotent. (noun, verb, pronoun, adjective, adverb, preposition, and gerund).

In Texas, the state orchestra always opens up a Beethoven Concerto with a rousing rendition of "Deep in the Heart of Texas".



TEXAS VENDING MACHINE

In Texas, the 7-Elevens sell Jumbo-Gulps, if it's not bigger than your head, you get it free.



In Texas, chewing tobacco spittle cups are provided at all public places for your convenience and safety.

Texas was created by the "Especially Big Bang" (and it was bigger).

In Texas, any car without a gun rack is a "family car".

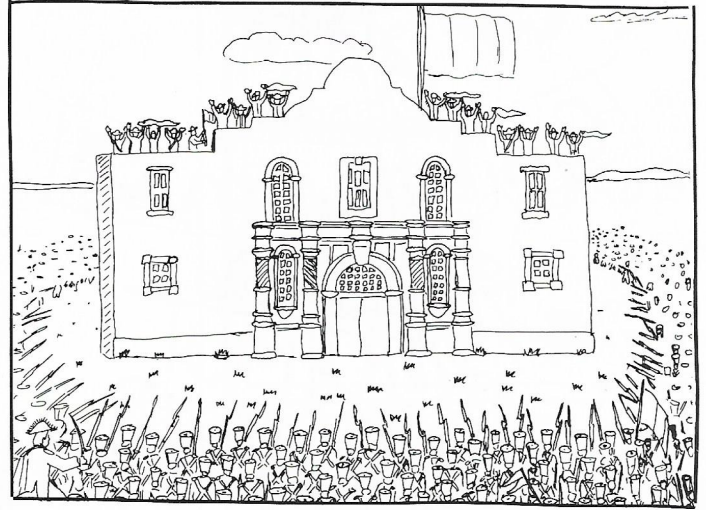


In Texas Benihana's, they slaughter the cow at your table.

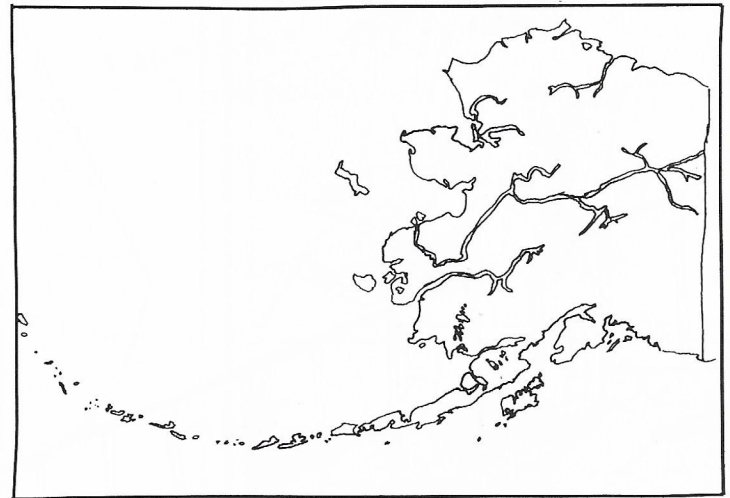
In Texas, well-endowed men refer to said appendage as "the Panhandle"

In Texas high schools, English fulfills the foreign language requirement.

When in Texas, DON'T talk about:



a) the Alamo

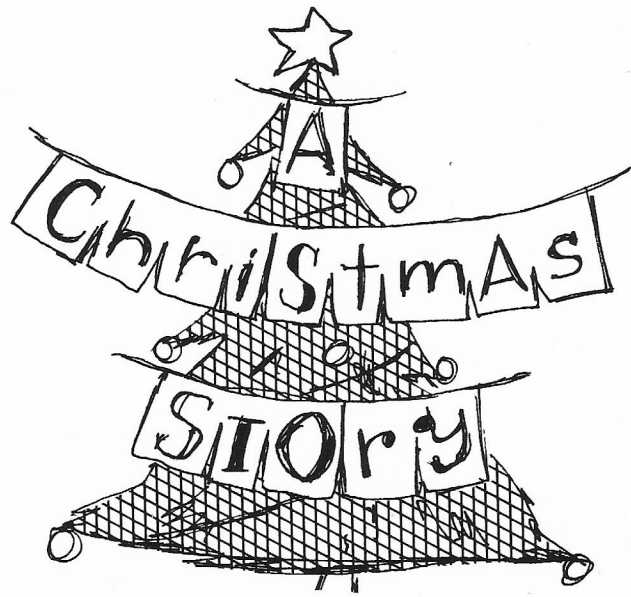


b) Alaska



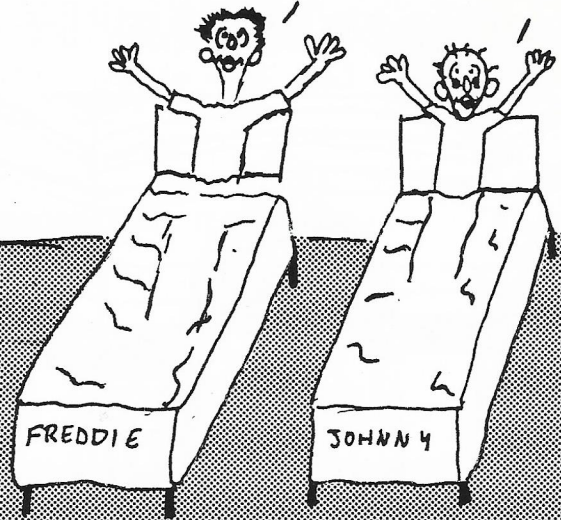
c) Anson Williams

In Texas, "A steak is a snack." (state motto)  
(runner up: "Don't bother the armadillos.")

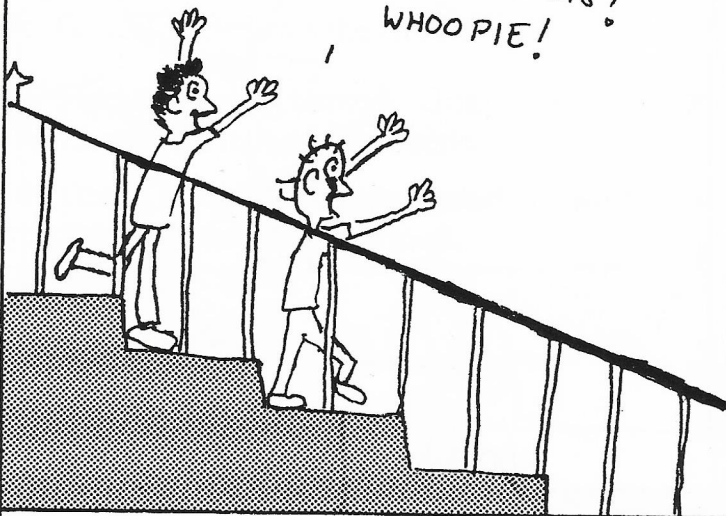


JBN

YEA! IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING!  
WHOOPIE!



MOMMY, DADDY -  
HURRY - IT'S CHRISTMAS!  
WHOOPIE!



MERRY X-MAS

YIPEE!

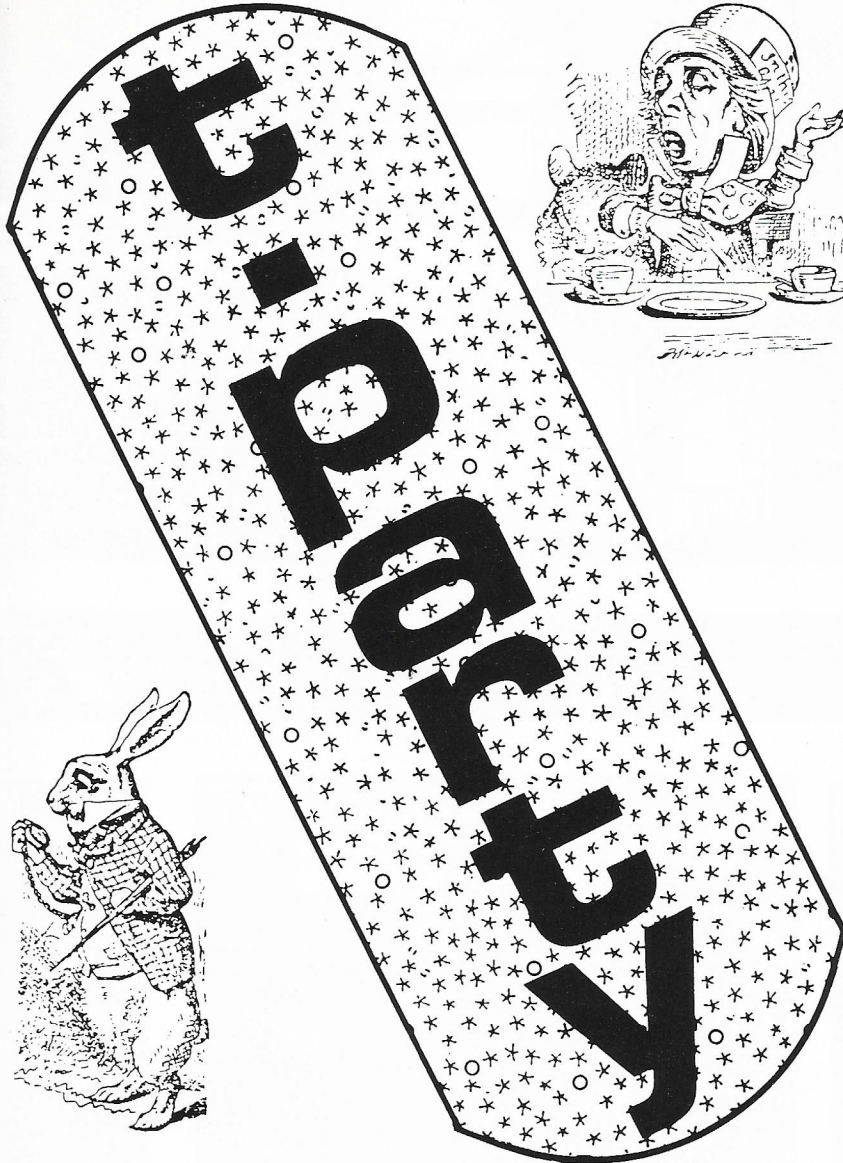


MOMMY, DADDY  
WHERE ARE  
MY PRESENTS?



BUT JOHNNY -  
YOU HAVE CANCER!





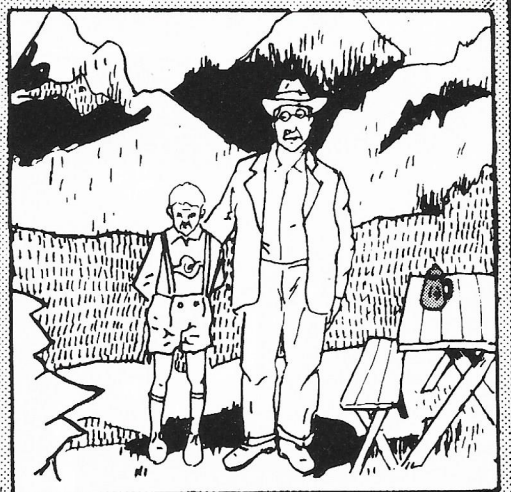
- Custom Screen Printing
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Now Featuring Monogramming  
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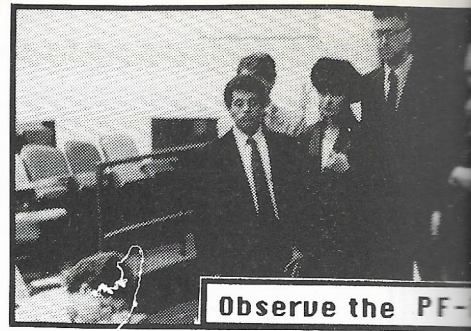
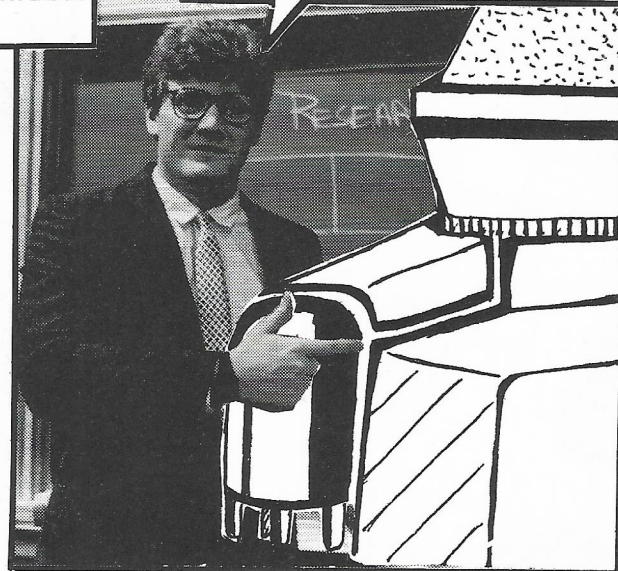
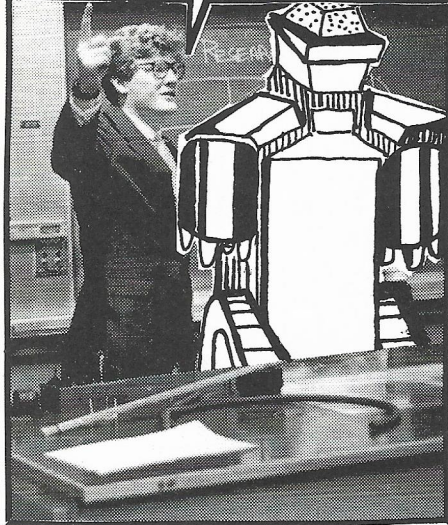
## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley

We have entered a new age in higher education. Introducing a high-tech, low cost, programmable instructor. I give you...

the noble academic of the future--the PF-EZA.

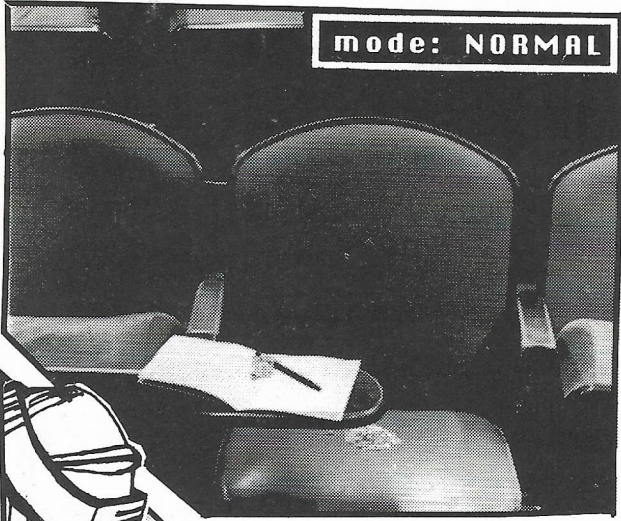


Observe the PF

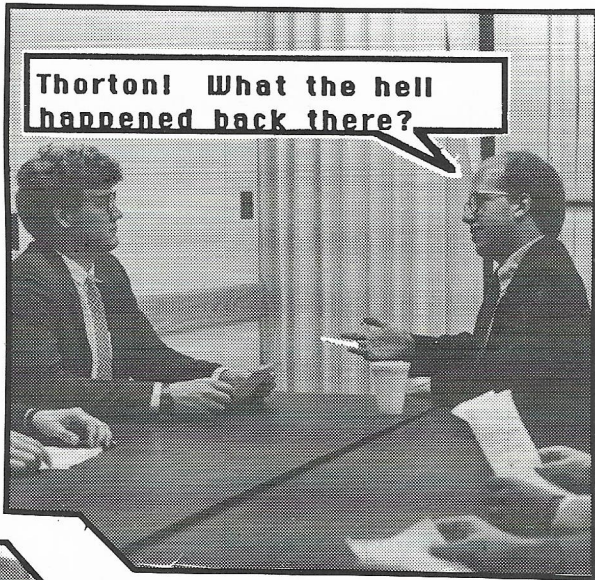


THE EXAM IS OVER. YOU HAVE SECONDS TO PUT DOWN YOUR

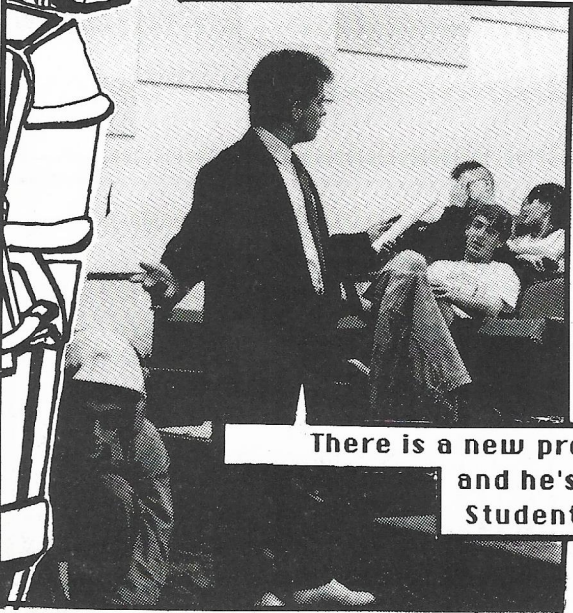
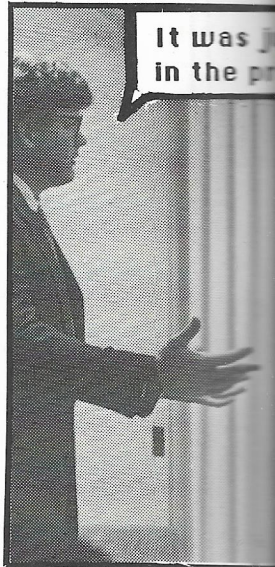
mode: NORMAL



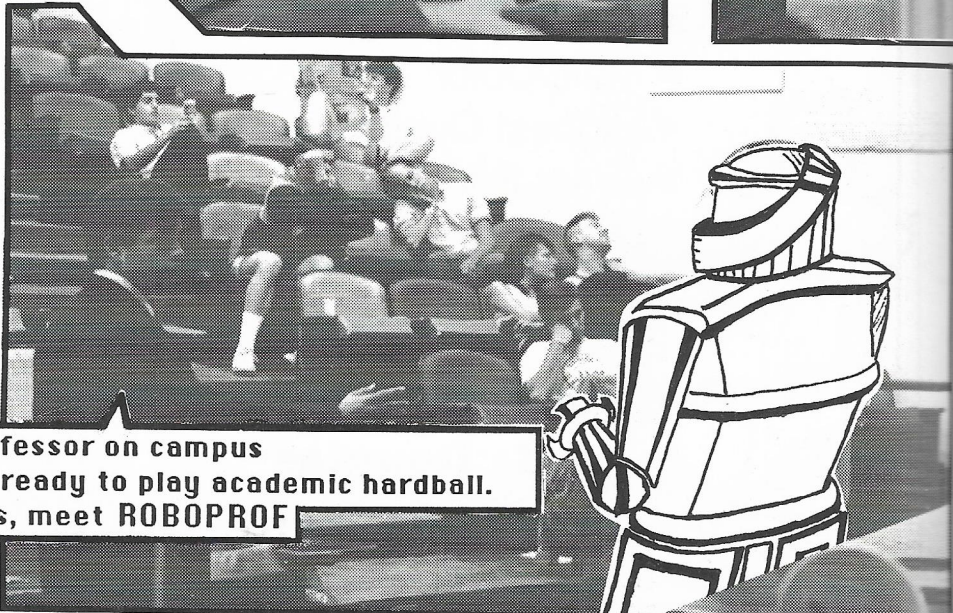
Thorton! What the hell happened back there?

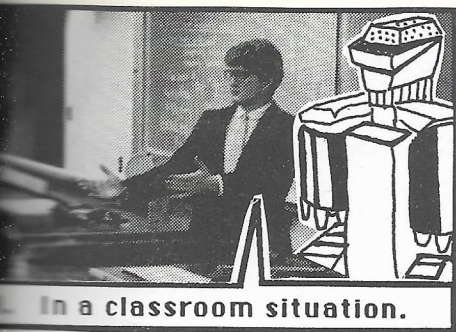


It was j... in the pr...

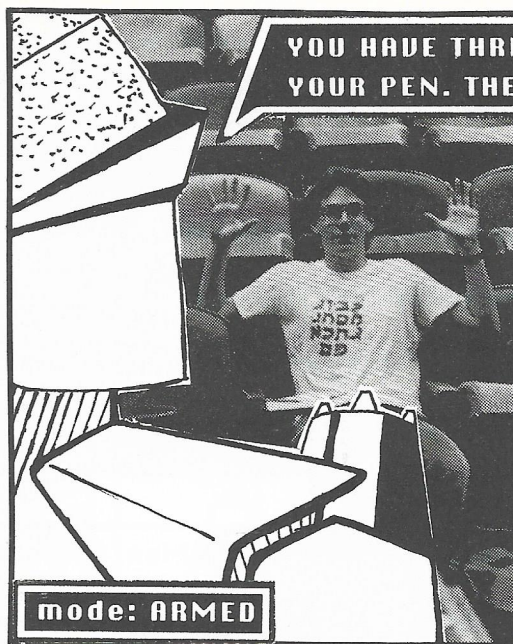


There is a new professor on campus and he's ready to play academic hardball. Students, meet ROBOPROF



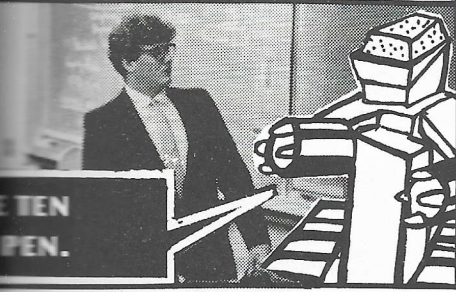
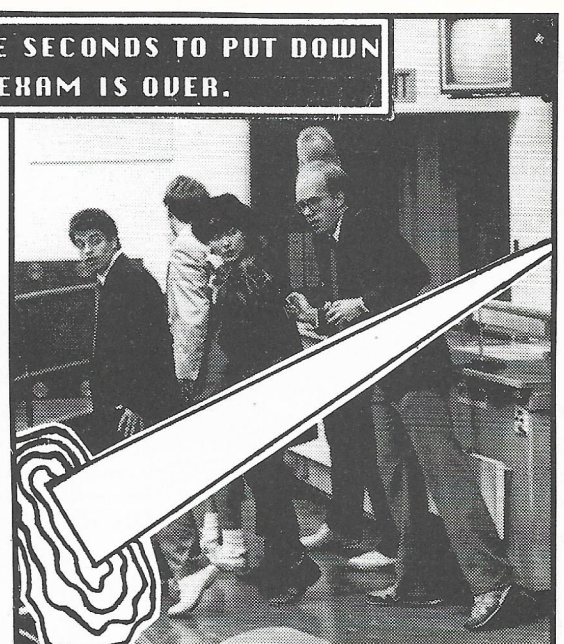


In a classroom situation.



YOU HAVE THREE SECONDS TO PUT DOWN YOUR PEN. THE EXAM IS OVER.

mode: ARMED



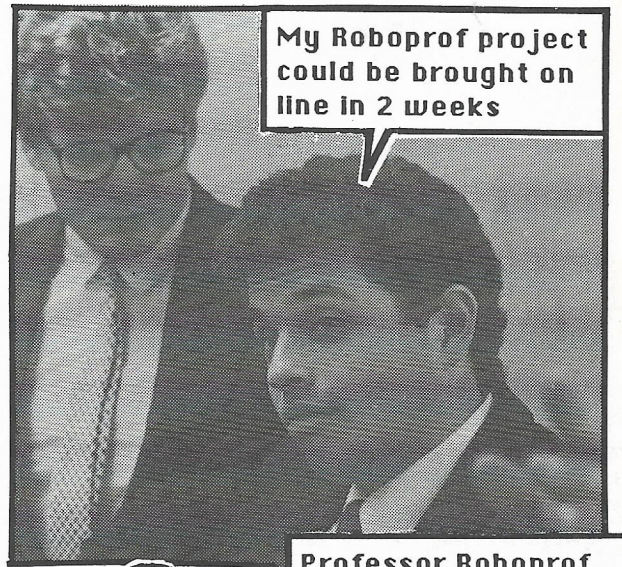
TEN  
PEN.



a small glitch  
am, sir

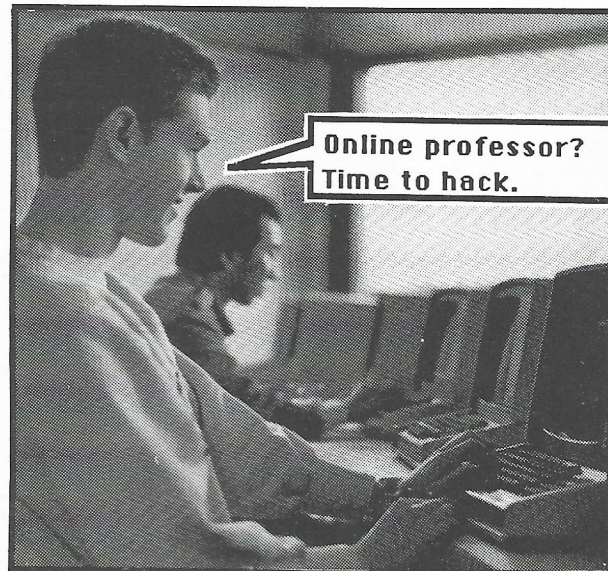


GLITCH!  
That student was  
a Rhode Scholar!

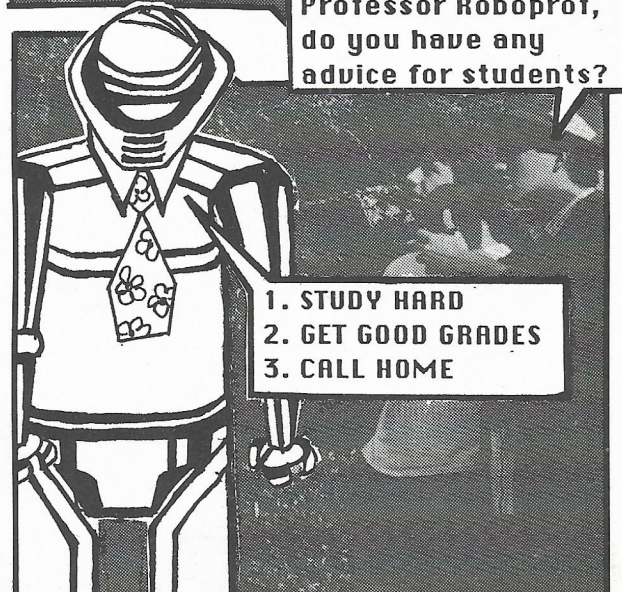


My Roboprof project  
could be brought on  
line in 2 weeks

<b>ROBOPROF</b>
ART
DAVID GREGOR
PHOTOS
SHAWN BLOSSER
NEIL DAU
PLUS
SUHRE
ADAMSON
SINCLAIR
CHANG

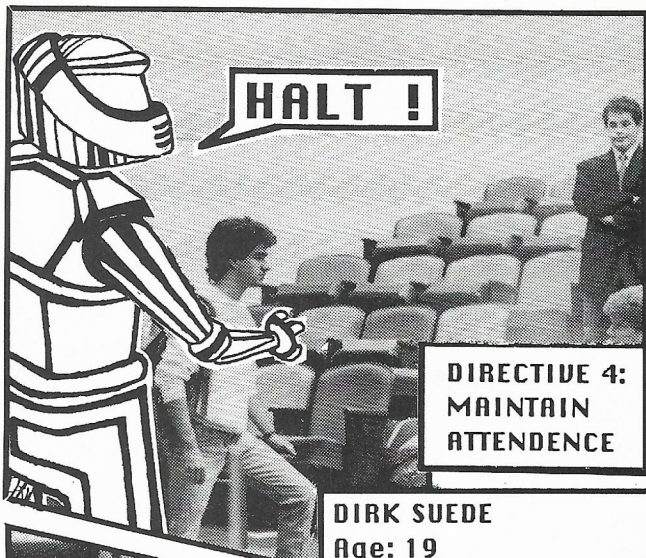


Online professor?  
Time to hack.



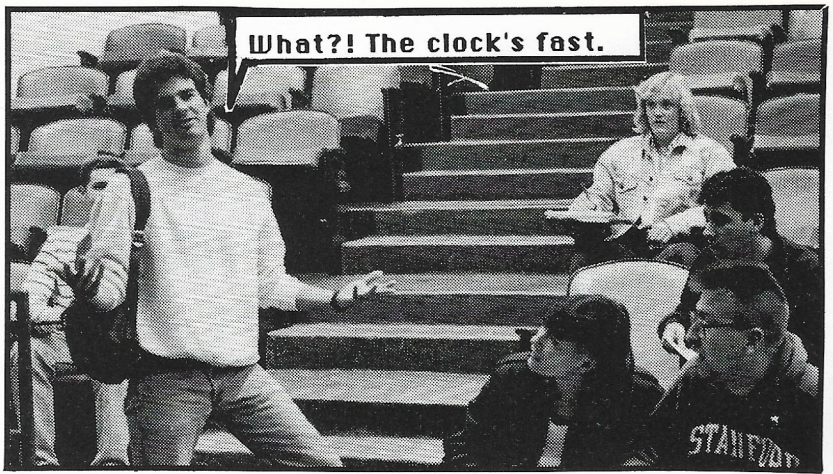
Professor Roboprof,  
do you have any  
advice for students?

1. STUDY HARD
2. GET GOOD GRADES
3. CALL HOME

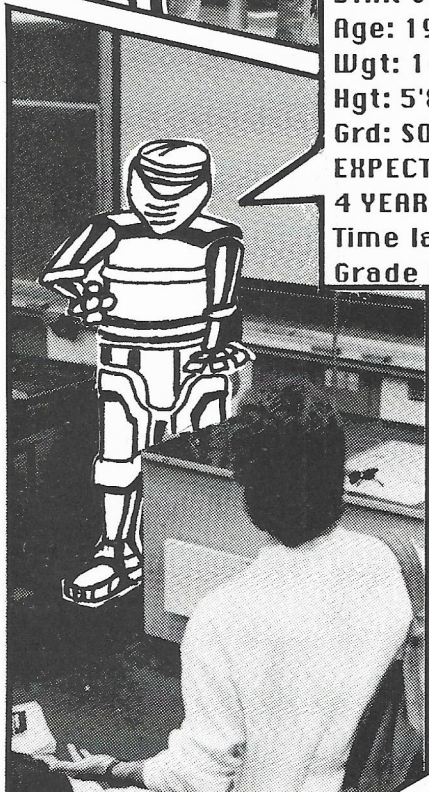


**HALT !**

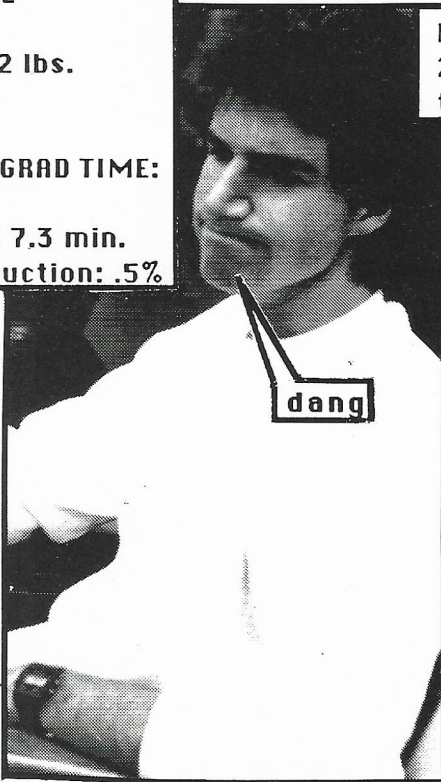
**DIRECTIVE 4: MAINTAIN ATTENDANCE**



**What?! The clock's fast.**

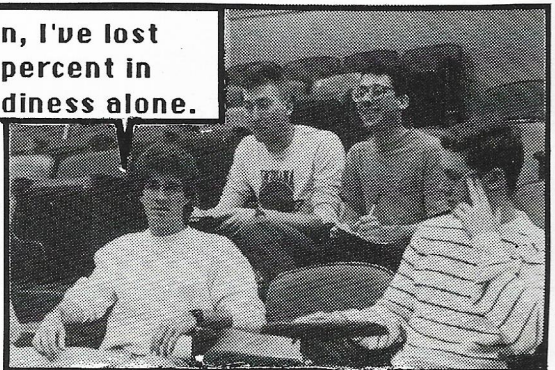


**DIRK SUEDE**  
Age: 19  
Wgt: 147.2 lbs.  
Hgt: 5'8  
Grd: SOPH  
EXPECTED GRAD TIME:  
4 YEARS  
Time late: 7.3 min.  
Grade reduction: .5%

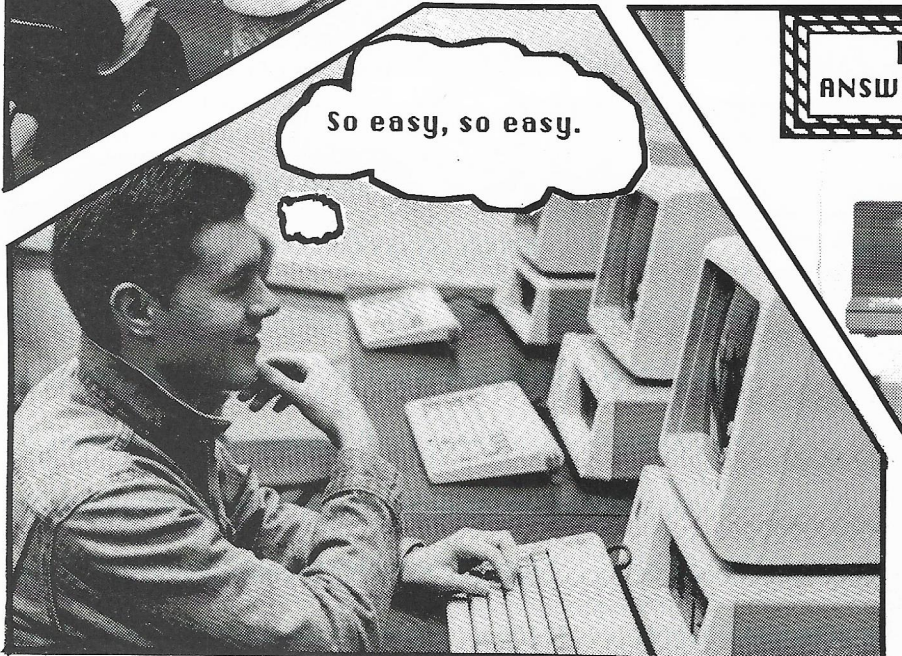
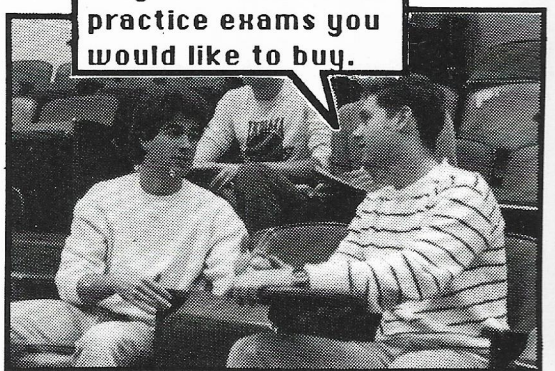


**dang**

**Man, I've lost 20 percent in tardiness alone.**

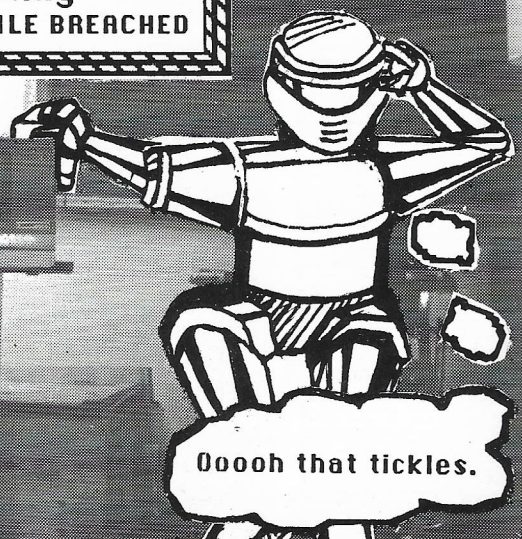


**Maybe I have some practice exams you would like to buy.**



**So easy, so easy.**

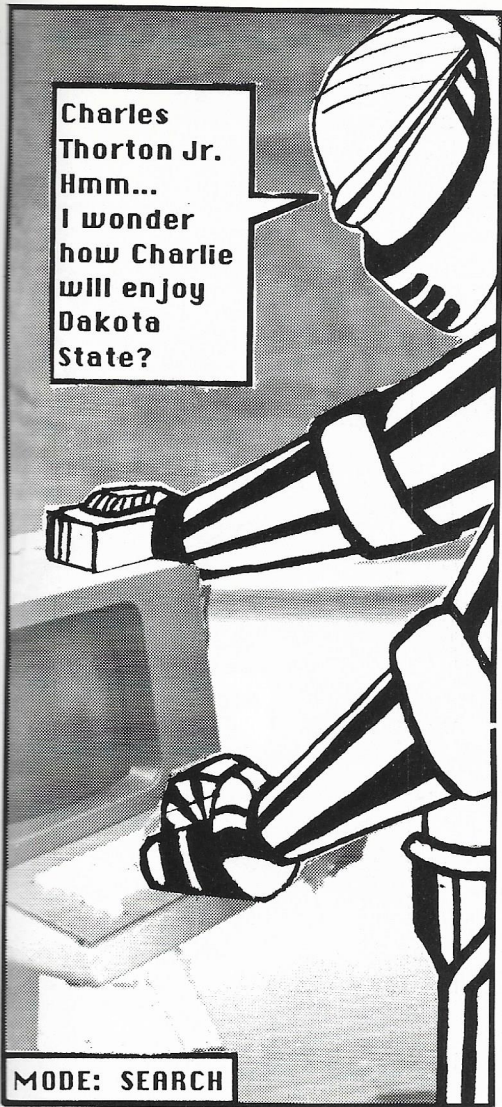
**Warning ANSWER FILE BREACHED**



**Ooooh that tickles.**

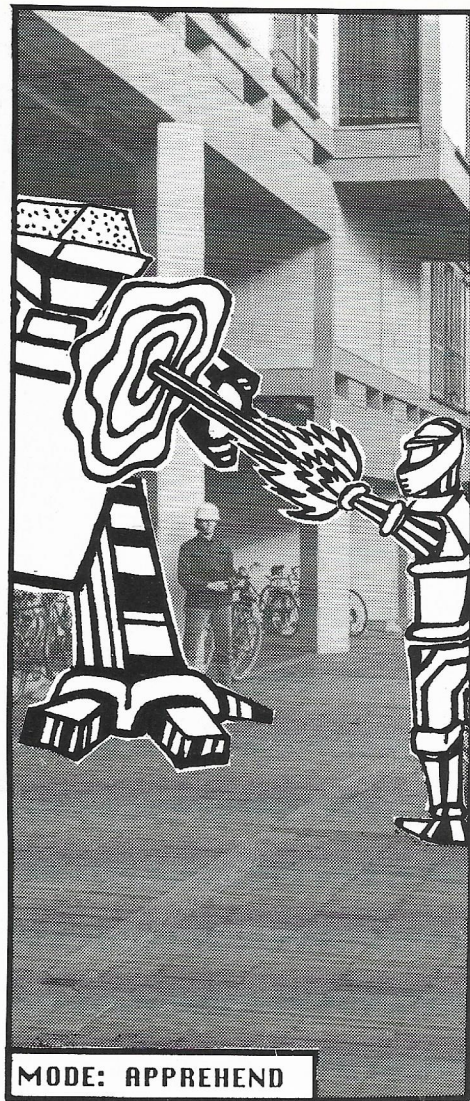
**DIRECTIVE 3: MAINTAIN HONOR CODE**





Charles Thorton Jr. Hmm... I wonder how Charlie will enjoy Dakota State?

MODE: SEARCH



MODE: APPREHEND



MODE: APPREHEND



Man you can't touch me. My dad is a trustee.

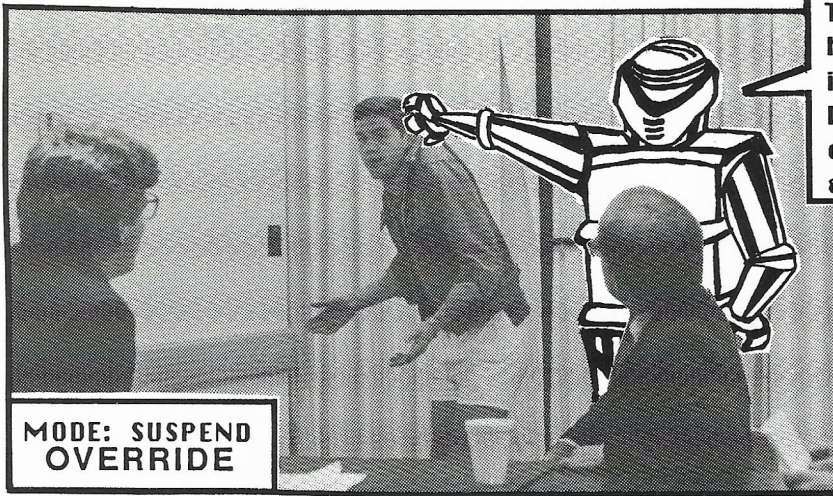
Looking for my memory?

MODE: SUSPEND OVERRIDE



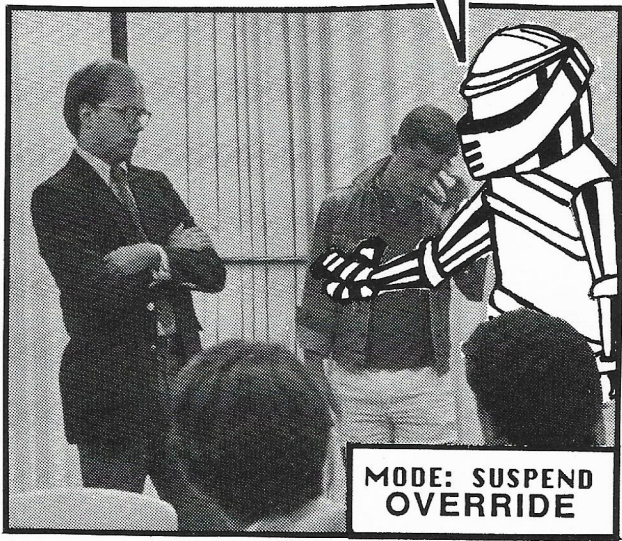
WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS!

MODE: SUSPEND OVERRIDE



This is Charles Thorton Junior. He and his father account for 75% of the illegal test selling market. My 5th Directive, installed upon Mr. Thorton's order, prevents me from action against any Trustee or relative thereof.

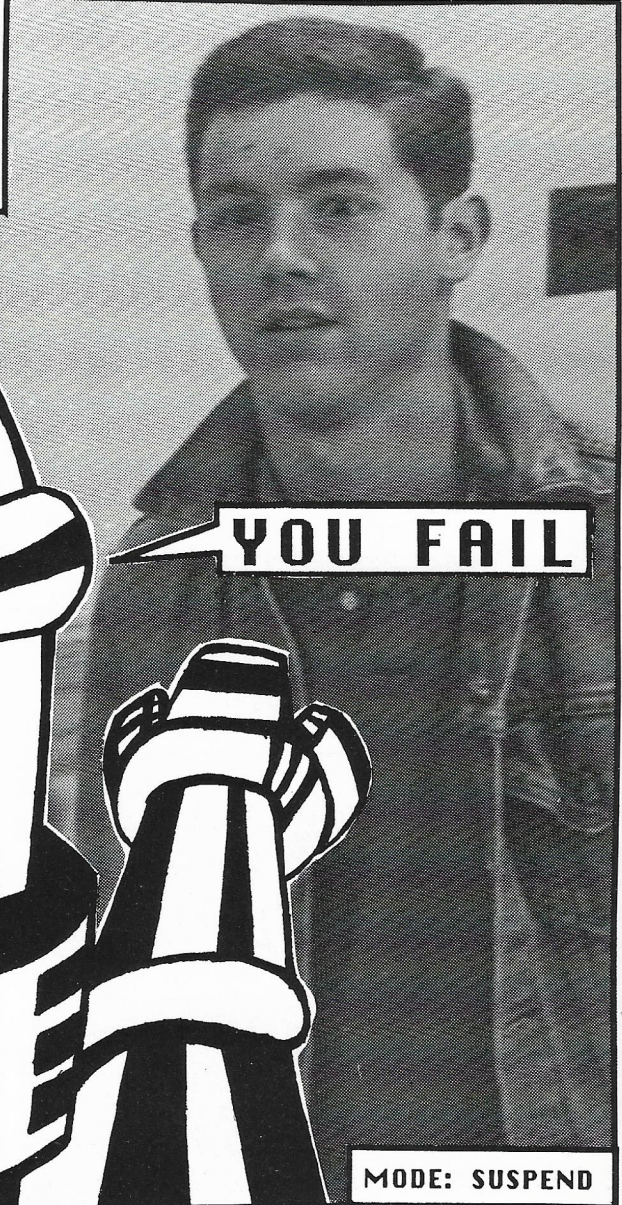
MODE: SUSPEND  
OVERRIDE



MODE: SUSPEND  
OVERRIDE



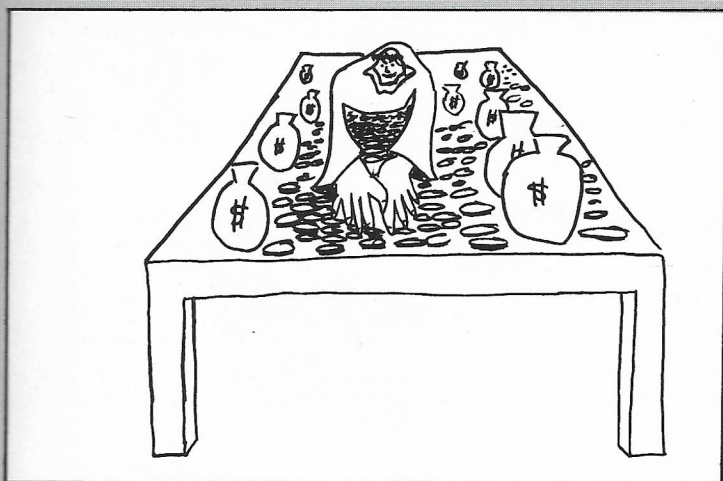
YOU'RE FIRED



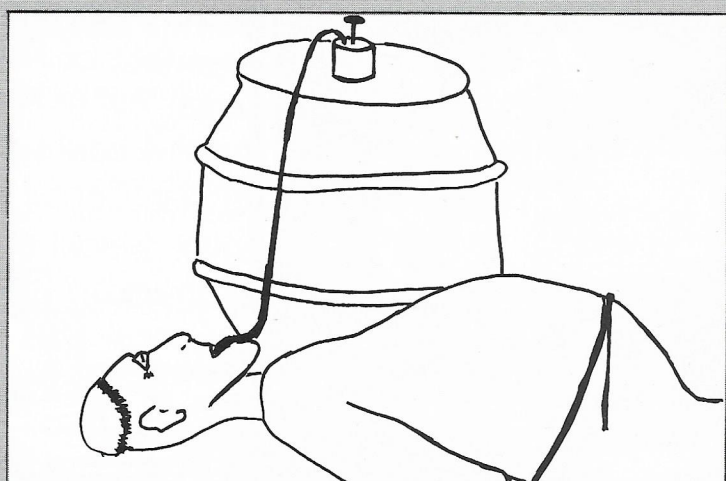
YOU FAIL

MODE: SUSPEND

# Excess of the Brotherhood



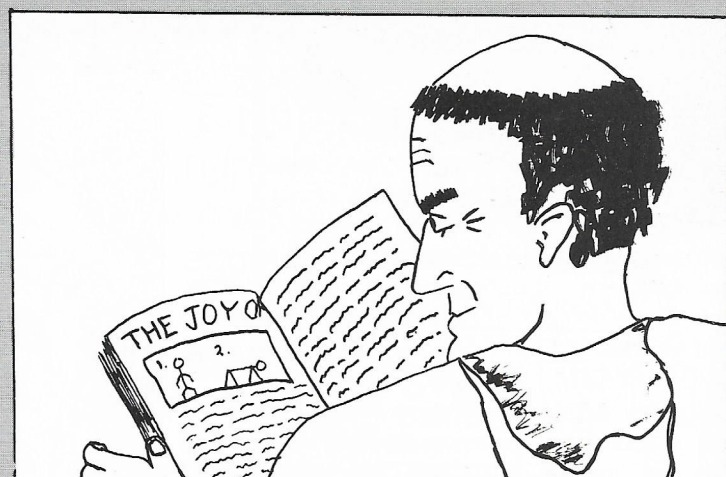
Brother Kennedy takes up collection.



Brother Sigma partakes of the sacrament.



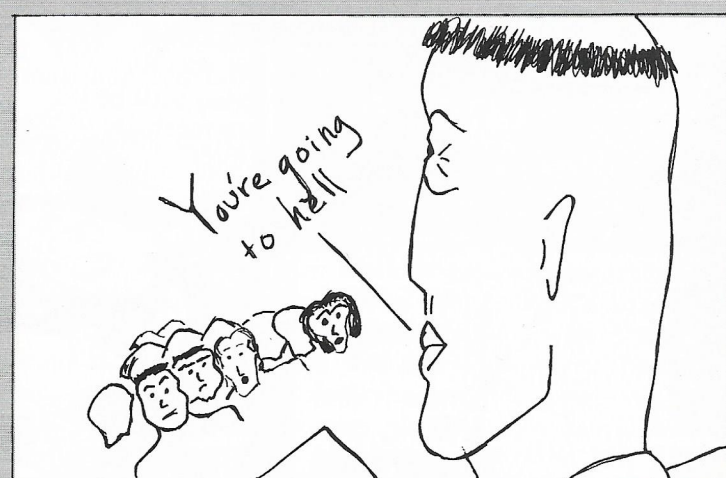
Brother Andrew has visions from God.



Brother Macon studies the Scriptures



Brother Maynard just sits home.



Brother Rendez comforts the flock.

# EXCESS

# in Russia

by Adamsonka and Lokensgardski

Today is Yuri's day off.

This is going to be my lucky day.

He sits down to a healthy breakfast of Russian Cereal. But he has to eat 4 bowls of Russian Cereal to equal 1 bowl of American Cereal.

SUGAR BOMBS

**TOTAL ITARIANISM**

USSRDA

40% IRON  
50% DIRT  
10% TRACE ELEMENTS

30 Millirems per serving

Then it's off to the Fabulous Mall at Red Square.

**JGRUBLE**

Neiman Marxist

SUB-O CLOTHES 'N' THINGS

On a whim, Yuri stops to buy a lottery ticket.

You will buy lottery ticket

And wins the Grand Prize

**B**

BLOTTO

Yuri wears his new coat to his favorite restaurant to celebrate.

Water for everyone!

Too bad for you Yuri. Today will be warmest day ever.

Dahlink, you don't mind if I slip on big warm coat just for minute?

So Yuri walks home in the snow.

What a coat!

But Yuri gets some bad news from his new friend Boris, the weatherman.

Easy come easy go, Yuri.

Bye Bye



**Dear Scabby**

Dating advice for the ugly.

babies onto this tiny planet. Don't pollute the gene pool. Do us all a favor and go back to McDonald's and order another billion. Eat this!--Scabby

Dear Scabby,

One day a friend came to me and begged me to accept a blind date with his girlfriend's friend, a girl that he described by saying she had a "great personality".

"Definitely no", I said. But he greased my palm with a hundred bucks and so I agreed to take her out. My friend graciously thanked me, and then left quickly. By this time I was really wondering what I had gotten myself into. But then, Scabby, while I was shopping I ran into my friend's girlfriend and my prospective date. She was not attractive, and she seemed to be staring off into space. Well, I'm no Sylvester Stallone myself and maybe she wasn't impressed. But it wasn't that. OH MY GOD!!! She really was blind. And my friend's girlfriend just kept saying how great it was that we would be going out.

What do I do now, Scabby? The date is tonight. Please help!--Ed in Edmonton  
Dear Ed,

So what? Get a clue, guy. That's what I want you to do. Since I know there will be no blind people reading this article, I'll tell you what I think you should do. Make faces at her over dinner, say cruel things like "Gee, it's such a beautiful full moon tonight," or, "Hey, look! It's Michael Jackson!" Yeah, and steer her so that she walks into every dog mess on the sidewalk. And say "See you later" when you drop her off on the wrong side of town.

Be a sicko! Be a pervert! Find the cheapest possible thing to take her to so that you can keep as much of that hundred as possible.

In the modern world, there is no more need for etiquette and pleasantries. If your date is ugly (and blind), tell her so. If your 'friend' and his girlfriend set you up like this, then screw them. Be mean to them, but most of all, be mean to the handicapped. And as for you--I hope your next date is stunningly beautiful, but laden with herpes. You scum--Scabby.

Dear Scabby,

Boy, howdy. I'm so happy. I went on a date--a real date--the other night, but I need advice. Let me tell you my story.

I saw her at the Steer-O-Rama on all-you-can-eat night. She was beautiful; she was 110% woman, and she had this cute little dimple on her third chin. She was 300 pounds of passion.

Even then, I knew I was in love. I felt all funny inside. Either it was love or it was my stomach rumbling. I said to myself, I'm going to meat her...after dinner. I couldn't see over my plate, and when I ate down to my nose, I devoured her with my eyes. After dinner I waddled over to her.

When I got to her, I couldn't contain myself, and neither could my pants. They split. When she laughed, the way her body jiggled in waves made me hungry, hungry for her. I was jelly next to her; she was my peanut butter. I wanted to get into bread with her.

It was obvious we had a ton in common.

I invited her to dinner, but she said that she didn't want to chew the fat. She wanted to skip the appetizer and get to the main course.

We climbed into the back of my converted Aerostar sedan and drove to my place. The rest was magic. The earth moved (we showed up on seismic charts).

She is the world to me, Scabby. Everytime I think of her, I get so happy I could eat. I'm so attracted to her and I don't want to lose her. What should I do?--  
--Bubba in Port Lee.

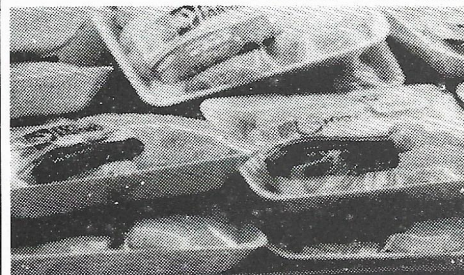
Dear Bubba:

What's the problem? there's no problem. Face up to the facts: You're FAT. PORTLY. OBESE! Do you know why you're attracted to her? It isn't love, its gravity. Don't start up any heave duty relationship, because you might end up puitting more fat little baby

## MR. DOG'S MEATHOUSE



Is your dog not enjoying its food as much as it could be because it thinks you're not giving him the "good stuff"? Instead of Alpo, does he really want to lay into that supermarket "people" food. Is your dog secretly planning to go for your neck and then for your refridgerator in that order. Come on, you know he is. So bring him to MR. DOG'S MEATHOUSE, where we've put the regular horsemeat that Fido is used to getting in packaging that looks just like what humans buy for themselves. And in addition, we've made the whole store look like a supermarket meat and frozen food section! Just look.



Now wouldn't your dog be excited if it thought you were giving it the same type of TV dinner that you were eating? Or bring your dog to our store. Watch him gleefully run down the aisles--dogs would love supermarkets if they were allowed in! So buy your pet's food at MR. DOG'S MEATHOUSE. Senior citizens: 20% discount with Gold Card!

# Doctor Hector Von Schlechter Asks: "Having trouble Picking up Girls?"



Gee, WOULDN'T IT BE KEEN IF WE COULD Find us some females?

Female what?

$$1 - \sin^2 2\theta = \cos^2 2\theta$$

$$1 - 2\sin\theta\cos\theta = \cos^2 2\theta$$

$$\sqrt{1 - 2\sin\theta\cos\theta} = \cos 2\theta$$

$$\sqrt{1 - 2\sin\theta\cos\theta} = \cos 2\theta$$

$$- \sin 2\theta$$

$$1 - 2\sin\theta\cos\theta = \cos 2\theta$$

$$2\cos^2\theta - 2\sin\theta\cos\theta = \cos 2\theta$$

$$1 = \cos^2\theta - \sin 2\theta$$

Be Still my heart!

Hey Baby! Woo! Woo!

Excuse me, Do you know what time it is?

Man!! I told you not to say anything stupid!

How 'bout if we charm 'em with music?

O.K. What songs do you know?

"Jingle Bells" and the theme to "BANANZA".

I don't think this is gonna work.

Quick!! Give me that coat that mysteriously appeared. Here comes a Babet I got a Plan!

Hey Sugarlips

LOSER!

I think I'm Getting Excited.

That's my Nose.

Well, I was Hoping I wouldn't have to resort to this...

Gee whiz ....

COOL!!

Girls Can't resist sliced Luncheon Meat.

Those Idiots!! The Secret to Picking up Girls is Hypnosis!! Buy My book: "Fabulous Babes through Hypnosis". YOU WILL BUY MY BOOK, LOOK AT ME!



ESSAY QUESTIONS

(Answer only 1 (one) essay question; please do not exceed the space provided.)

1) HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN WITH A BLACK PERSON? DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE.

2) YOU ARE GOING TO BE STRANDED AT A DESERT RESORT HOTEL FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO BRING ALONG ONLY FIVE (5) OF YOUR FAMILY'S SERVANTS. WHICH SERVANTS WILL YOU BRING? WHY?

3) YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BEVERLY HILLS I. MAGNIN FOR ONE (1) HOUR WITH ONLY TEN THOUSAND (10,000) DOLLARS TO SPEND. WHAT WILL YOU BUY? WHY?

\*\*\*\*\* THE FEE FOR PROCESSING THIS APPLICATION IS NEGOTIABLE \*\*\*\*\*

IF YOU CAN, PLEASE SEND ALONG A HIGH SCHOOL TRANSCRIPT (your grades) AND ALSO THE ENCLOSED TENNIS PRO RECOMMENDATION. 8 X 10 GLOSSY PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN LIEU OF (instead of) AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT (your grades).

I SWEAR THAT THE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS APPLICATION IS REASONABLY ACCURATE.

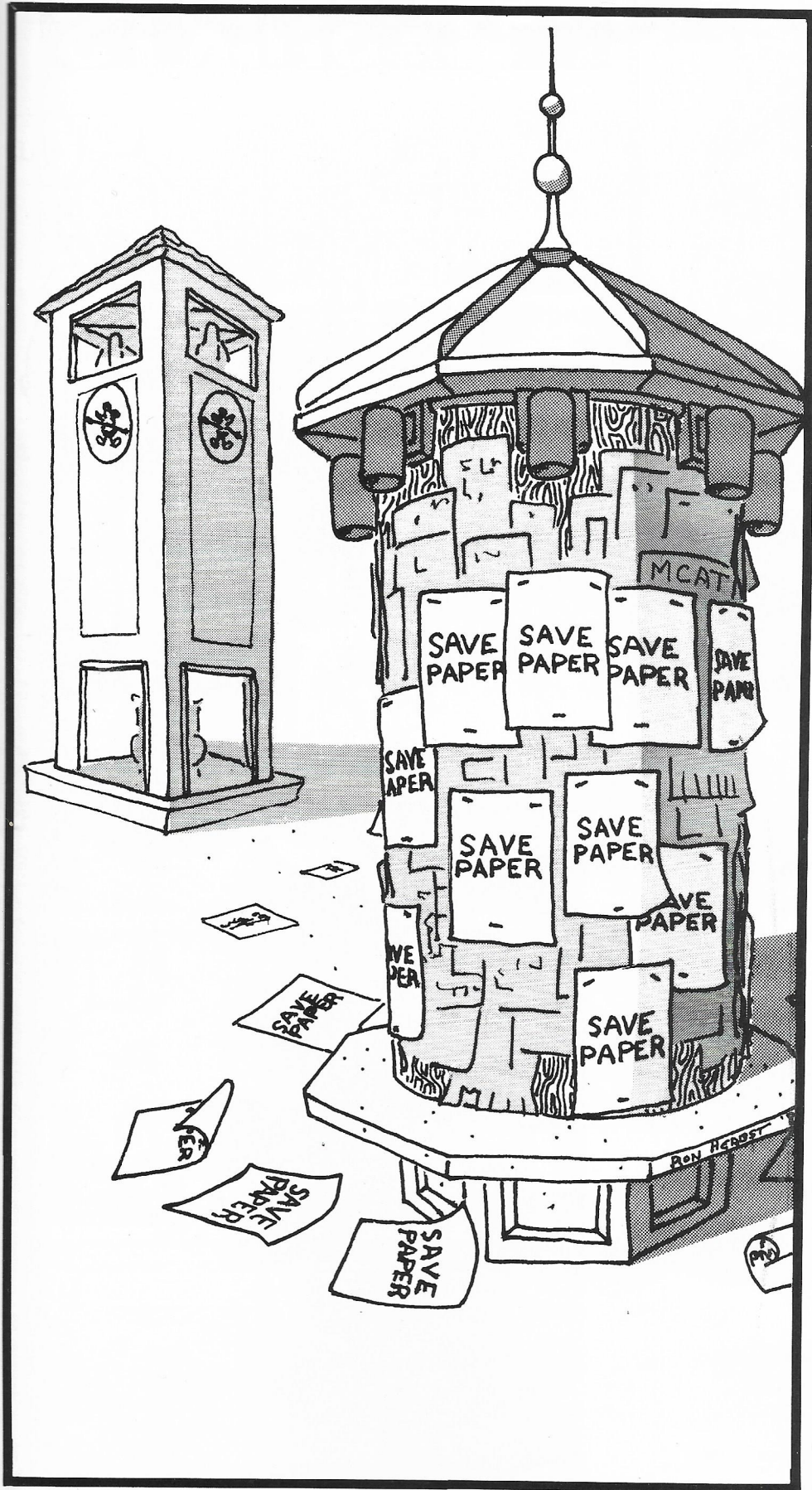
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SIGNATURE (that's a messy version of your printed name)

---

APPROXIMATE DATE





*"Caught drinking on campus again, eh?"*



*"You're right, it's fun . . ."*



*"Why, the way we drank in the old ATO house . . ."*



*"You're expelled."*



**P.D.Q. BACH**  
*"history's most justifiably neglected composer."*

THEODORE PRESSER COMPANY  
 Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010

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 lives on in Stanford Bookstore's upstairs music section.

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 it's  
**The Stanford Bookstore**  
 second floor



**The Dutch Goose**


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3567 Alameda de las Pulgas  
 Menlo Park  
 854-3245  
 One half mile from campus

# Rock of Ages

December 1987

Magazine



inside:  
**THE MR. BIG  
INTERVIEW**

Plus!  
Reviews,  
Reports,  
and whats hot in Religious Rock 'n' Roll

# Rock of Ages PICKS

HOT TIPS ON THE LATEST IN RELIGIOUS ROCK 'N' ROLL



## Peter Paul and The Virgin Mary

Mary sings a remake of Sinatra's song "I Did it My Way" (with new meaning) "No sex or drugs, but plenty of rock and roll" says Mary

The greatest hits volume also includes the Manger Medley

## Eddie Moonie:

You know him from his already famous hits:

- Airport solicitation blues
- Ballad of the Bald
- Pony tale Punks

Now he returns with a smash followup, Bark at the Moonie. This album is phenomenal! The tunes that this dude laid down almost convinced me to go for the razor myself. Good thing I stopped myself, though.



## Buddhist Priest

Screaming for Zengence is a definite must buy. Once again the Leatherboy's of the East combine inner harmony with smashing metal sound. Some Heavy Sutra action going on here. The release of the first single sent two hits, You've Got Another Life Coming and Shinto in my Pinto to the top of the charts.

## Priesty Boys

And on the eighth day God said "Let there be Rock and Roll" The boys once again prove that they are at the top of the rap world with rhymes that are sure to please. Check out this clip from their new album, THOU SHALT NOT ILL:

We're the three bad brothers you know so well

We wanna goto Heaven but we'll probably go to Hell.

We're chillin out in Vespers, praying like no others,

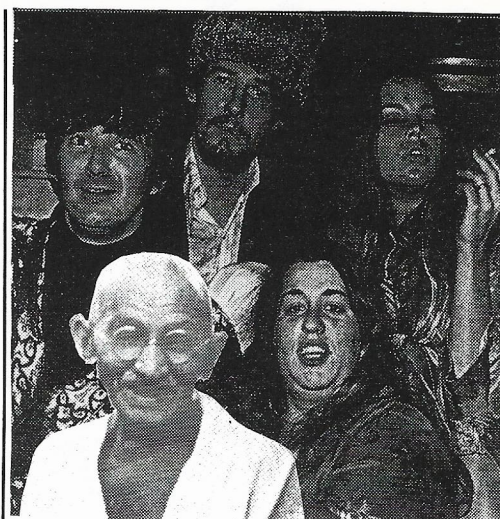
All the fly nuns know that were the defest brothers!

It seems as if these guys will never stop. These 'Men of the Eighth Day' are stayin', and prayin', and cuttin' albums. Check it out.



## Zen Halen Goes on Tour

Fresh from the recording studio where they layed down the tracks form thier new album I Don't Know Nothing About Motorcycle Repair, Zen Halen is beginning thier new tour. They will begin by transmigrating from Self, Ca. in order to attain one-ness (they will be travelling in thier souped up karma). They will have to transcend Suffrin, N.Y though, and will end up in Nirvana, Indiana.

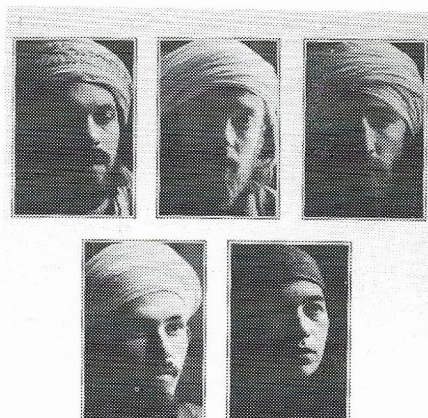


## The Mahatma and the Papas

A very peaceful album from India's number one rock band. Includes The Gandhi Man Can, Born to Be (Civil) Disobedient, and the smash hit Please Don't Touch the Cows

## Motely Jew

Their premier album is entitled WHAT A BARGAIN, and a bargain it is! It includes the popular hit song: Oy Girls, Oy Girls, Oy Goyum. Do not be misled, this album is not cheap, but it is worth every penny.



## Koran Koran

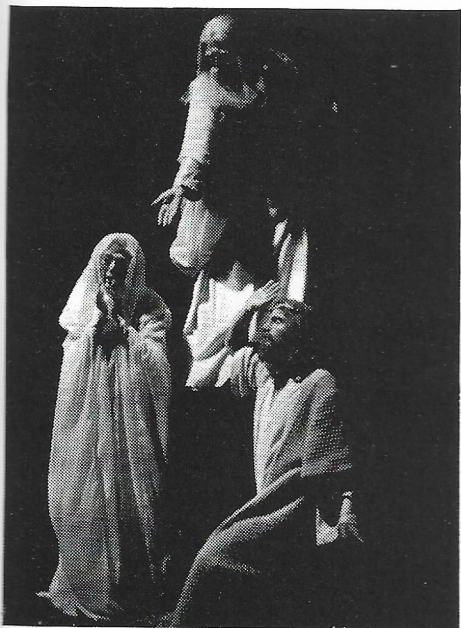
Koran Koran's latest album Sand further entrenches this band on the Western World. Lead singer Simon Jihad's vocals and that unmistakable double K desert sound will make such tracks as Hungry Like the West, New Moon on Mecca and Save a Harem explosive, particularly to American audiences. This album shows a definite change of direction from thier previous chart topping nomad hit Is There Somewhere I Should Go?

# J.C. and The Boys: THE COMEBACK TOUR

The tour to end all tours. There hasn't been a tour like this in two thousand years or so. Last night in the Civic Amphitheatre in Berkeley, J.C. and the Boys kicked off their comeback tour in front of thousands of screaming fans last night. There was no beer being served, when all of the sudden . . . He appeared! On stage and live, Again. The water turned to beer and lo it was good. It was very good. This reunion from the dead tour has the potential to top all other concert tours. They are all back. Peter, Paul, and John sing back ups while J.C. rocks the crowd with his meaningful lyrics. "That's my boy," said his proud mother. "He's the king of the Jewish rockers."

The staging is incredible. A forty foot cross structure supports a lighting system of lasers and halogens that makes you feel like you're saved, even if you're not. The tour will travel to Mecca, Jerusalem, Jericho, and Trenton, with possible additional date to be named later.

When asked about his miraculous comeback, J.C. said, "Rock and Roll will never die. A lot has changed over the years. It used to be that people cared more about the message in the song. Now it seems that people are only interested in being entertained. They also seem to be overly interested in the looks of the performer. Because of this we've had to glitz up the act and simplify the lyrics somewhat, but hey, give the people what they want--that's what I've always said."



## Special Offer ! 634 records or tapes for only 1 penny! brought to you by the Mime-of-the-Month Club

Choose from a variety of mime audio tapes. If you agree to receive one additional tape each month for the rest of your life at club prices, and sign over your first born child to us, then you can get 634 tapes for one cent. Sounds good, huh?

Some of your mime music choices are:

### Marcel-Marceau's Greatest Hits

(includes a B side with the dance mix version)

### Mimemania

(Imported English mime quartet. HOT!!!)

### Land-Mimes

(With "Being a mime means never having to say 'I'm sorry'")

### Classic Hits

(Includes such unforgettable skits, like "Man walking in the wind with an umbrella" and "Man climbing imaginary rope")

### Dead mimes

(This album proves that "A mime is a terrible thing to waste")

### Scene of the Mime

(Contains the college chart topping track, " . . .")



### OTHER TITLES TO CHOOSE FROM:

State of Mime

Only Mime will Tell

Don't Cross that Mime

Lemon and Mime

Only One thin Mime

Without Reason or Mime

If you've got the Mime . . .

Walking a straight Mime

- Yes, I would like to join your club.
- No, I am a cultural zero with no desire to broaden my horizons. I would rather drink warm beer, and watch reruns of the ESPN tractor pull semi-finals.

If you checked either box, please sign in the space provided. Also include address, credit card number, phone number, social security number, and avagadro's number. Use the remainder of the space to specify which 634 tapes you would like to receive (optional).

Offer valid only in Iowa  
(Iowa residents add 75% cultural tax)

Allow 6 to 784 generations for delivery.

## Columbae House Record and Tape Club

YES! Over the years, Columbae House has come by literally tens of thousands of records from people who lived in the house, left their stuff here, but then never came back peace-work in South America. We threw out their stuff, but kept their music collections. Now you can buy direct from this amazing cache of albums!

Just enter the names of the albums you want in the boxes below. What albums do we have? Too many to list here. But we have so many, we probably have the one you want--as long as it was made before 1975, of course.


### SEND MY SELECTIONS AS:

- Scratched Records
- Worn out cassettes
- 8-Track
- ~~Compact Disk~~

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



AND COMPLETE THE  
PEACE SIGN FOR A  
SECRET EXTRA SELECTION

# INTERVIEW

In his first interview in more than 10 years, religious concert promoter/warlord Mr. Big lays down how he sees the RR'n'R scene. Hold on to your hats and keep beating your Bible, here comes Mr. Big.

**RoA:** So what's the hottest new act on the scene today?

**Mr. Big:** What kind of stupid question is that? I'll tell you what's hot--Big. That's what's hot. And it's Mr. Big to you. Now why don't you just restart the interview with a better question.

**RoA:** I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you.

**Mr. Big:** And don't come at me apologizing. If there's one thing that I hate its apologizers. Now get on with it.

**RoA:** In what direction do you feel religious rock is headed?

**Mr. Big:** Jesus Christ! You sniveling retard. You are nothing. You are wasting my time with questions like these. You insult me with your very presence. You are so much lower than I that even my farts are degraded by being smelled by you.

**RoA:** Tell us about yourself, Mr. Big.

**Mr. Big:** Why in the hell would I tell you about me? You already

know that I'm the biggest concert promoter in all of religion. The Pope? He's small cookies. Him and his Cardinals--they don't gross half of what I do. Smoke! Smoke! I need a smoke! Somebody better get out here and get me a cigarette on the double!

**RoA:** Some inside the religion scene have called you a ruthless power-monger who would try to pull down anyone who got in your way or disagreed with you.

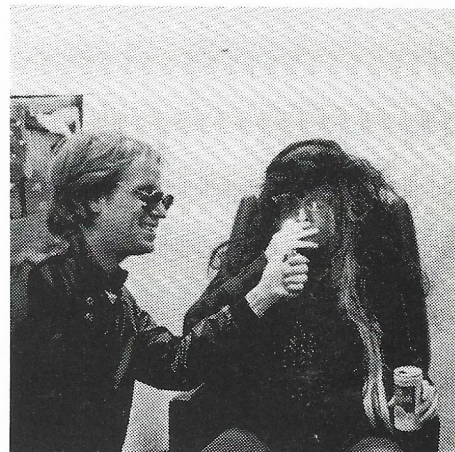
**Mr. Big:** Well I'm not surprised that such a greasy rag as this would employ such a waste of a person as you. And secondly, those people are crybaby liars. I'm trying to run a business here, not a nursery! I'm really a very compassionate man--I've lent a helping hand to many of those just starting out in the business. But if I find out just who it is saying those things they'll never work in this business again.

**RoA:** Addressing your last comment, some have called you a monopolist, who squelches out all competition.

**Mr. Big:** I'm not going to say it again, I'm trying to run a business here. I will do business with anyone--evangelists, preachers, Zen power thinkers, Baptists, Catholics--it's all the same. If you can do business, then you can do business with Mr. Big.

**RoA:** What type of things do you look for in a new act?

**Mr. Big:** That's it. I'm leaving. I'm a busy man and I told you that I didn't want any more of those panzy hip questions again. You want to know what I look for--do you, wimp? I look for money. I'm trying to run a business here and I don't have no time to deal with any



religious act that can't pull in the cold hard bucks. Now I'm getting out of here--I've got Meat Loaf waiting.

THE INTERVIEW IS CONTINUED WITH EUGENE SMITH, LONGTIME EMPLOYEE OF MR. BIG.

**RoA:** Anyone who has had the chance to meet Mr. Big has said that he was a man who drove a hard bargain.

**Smith:** Well he certainly kicked your ass now didn't he? Pretty embarrassing for a press guy like you to be told how stupid you are right in your own article, isn't it? But then I suppose that you're used to it.

**RoA:** A lot has been said about Mr. Big's past. Are there any interesting things that stand out in your mind about the past?

**Smith:** Boy you really do ask stupid questions. When do you want to know about? His days as a manager were pretty sordid.

**RoA:** You're speaking of course about when he used to manage Jimmy Roberts, the young psychodelic evangelist popular in California in the 60's?

**Smith:** No. I'm talking about when he used to manage the Wichita Pirates, a AA baseball team in the American Association. He still holds the record for getting thrown out of games in a single season.

**RoA:** Why would he get ejected so much?

**Smith:** Because of his temper, you idiot. Umpires used to be afraid of him. Once he bit off one's ear

**RoA:** Why did he get out of baseball?

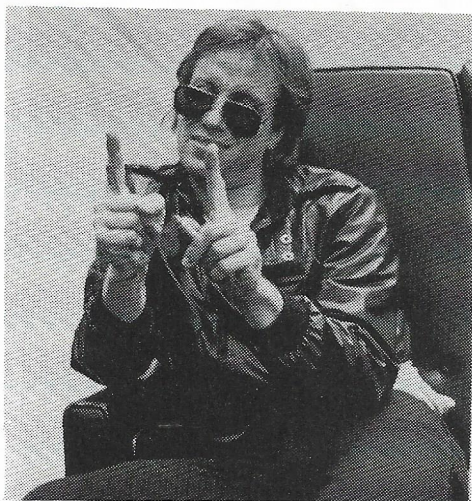
**Smith:** He was kicked out. The commissioner made a rule that specifically prohibits Mr. Big from playing or managing in professional baseball.

**RoA:** He was just thrown out for bad temper?

**Smith:** Generally. But I think they threw him out because of a certain game.

**RoA:** Do you know what happened?

**Smith:** Well it was a big game, a



playoff game, and you know how the tension of the playoffs can build up. Well, supposedly Mr. Big had been out all night partying and was still drunk during the game the next afternoon. Then an umpire messed up and called one bad. And Mr. Big went out and argued as usual.

**RoA:** And Mr. Big was thrown out because of what he said?

**Smith:** Well yeah, but mostly what he did. He ran out to home plate to yell at the ump but then got sick in his stomach. He ended up puking on the umpire..

**RoA:** And that got him thrown out?

**Smith:** That, and then the rubbing of the puke into the umpire's uniform. Of course you realize that there were a bunch of such events. This is just the one they used to kick him out.

**RoA:** What event do you most remember about Mr. Big.?

**Smith:** Well remember when Jimmy Graham did the Fillmore back in '69...

**RoA:** The Fillmore Theatre in San Francisco?

**Smith:** No, the Fillmore Lutheran in San Bruno. Well anyway, Graham was out there doing all of the fancy stuff, you know, the showy stuff. Faith healing, speaking in tongues, serving that bread and grape-juice while riding a unicycle--that sort of stuff. But when he came backstage after the first set, Mr. Big stopped him and told him that either he do his job, or he wouldn't be working in the business much longer. So Graham went out and did a straight sermon

right up at the mic for two straight hours--with sweat pouring down his face and everything. When he was done he went up to Mr. Big and said 'How was that?' and Mr. Big said 'Great!' and then Jimmi said, 'Oh yeah? Well fuck you.' and he went back out and did another set, doing wackier stuff than he'd been doing before. The crowd went nuts and I think some of them were saved too.

**RoA:** What else do you remember about the early days of Mr. Big?

**Smith:** Hey man, you don't want to hear about Mr. Big. You want to hear what's really going on--I mean, do you want to hear some raunchy road stories? You know, those completely disgusting stories of some of those tours and the wild teenage girls who come backstage?

**RoA:** Sure!

**Smith:** I'll tell you what the latest fetish of the big evangelists is now. It's to get some girls who want to come backstage after the service and to do toothpicking.

**RoA:** What is toothpicking?

**Smith:** Well, basically it's trying to get a girls teeth as clean as possible by using a toothpick. Some of the guys get really into cleaning the girls' teeth, removing all of the food particles lodged between the molars, incisors, cuspids and the like.



**RoA:** How did the girls respond?

**Smith:** They loved it. They'd beg for more. But you got to realize that these girls would do anything just to get in with group. They'd do just about anything for anyone on the tour, even just the roadies and choir boys.

# Excesscrement Excesscrement

The word least likely to be applied to my physical description would be excessive. I am what is usually described pejoratively as scrawny. On a good day, I might be granted wiry status, if I were to flex whichever muscle seemed especially bulbous at that particular instant. Perhaps the only thing about me for which the word excessive is appropriate would be my ever so verbose verbiage. My mother used to accuse me of having diarrhea of the mouth, which proved so embarrassing it would shut me up until the next case of the oral Hershey®-squirts hit. Nowadays though, when I am home for summer vacation and she attempts the old feeble attempt at guilting me into silence, I utilize the pedantry which has made me famous throughout various small all-women's academic institutions on the East Coast and respond, "Actually Mom, it isn't diarrhea tonight, it's more a really bad case of diarrhagia, which comes from the Latin, dia, meaning through, ia, meaning the condition of, and rhag, meaning an explosive flow, much more powerful than the mundane rhea (flow) from which diarrhea comes. Besides, it is important to remember that diarrhea is still just a backwards air-raid.

Well, to say the least I have certainly provided the reader with ample empirical evidence of said verbal/fecal affliction. Now that we have, shall we say, provided the groundwork for a story that I'm sure the editorial staff of this periodical will agree does fall within the theme of excess, perhaps I should stress that this is no ordinary story. Nay, it is one of great passion and great lust, of

mighty men and mighty women, of metropolises and latifundia, and other insipidity. And, to top it all off, it is all true (though the names have been ever-so-slightly altered to keep me from getting sued, but nonetheless to allow those involved to sweat it out whether other people will recognize who is involved). Truly the pen is a powerful weapon for the rebuffed suitor. And so, we begin.

The television was the first thing I noticed when I entered her room, a huge Neanderthal black and white model, originally purchased when the Green Bay Packers were a dynasty and Hermans' Hermits were considered cutting edge. The announcer droned on as if he were reading aloud from My favorite clichés, "He's some kind of running-back, Al, he's a second round pick out of Nebraska and they're really high on him, he has all the tools, he's a gamer, they've placed him high up on the depth chart and he's a name I'm sure you'll hear a lot of as time goes on, because he comes to play, but he puts on his pants one leg at a time, just like everyone else. He really LOOKS like a football player, doesn't he, Al? He's a fine upstanding Christian too, and they're expecting great things from him for a long time to come." After I was able to muster up the strength to tear myself away for the insight(¿cite?)ful commentary I noticed her. She wasn't gorgeous by any stretch of the imagination, but she had that pretty look that almost anything female tends to have when one is desperate (What's new, especially at Stanford?). Since I happened to be in that circumstance at the time, i.e., desperate, I immediately slipped

into scam-mode and initiated my third strike-out in that many weeks.

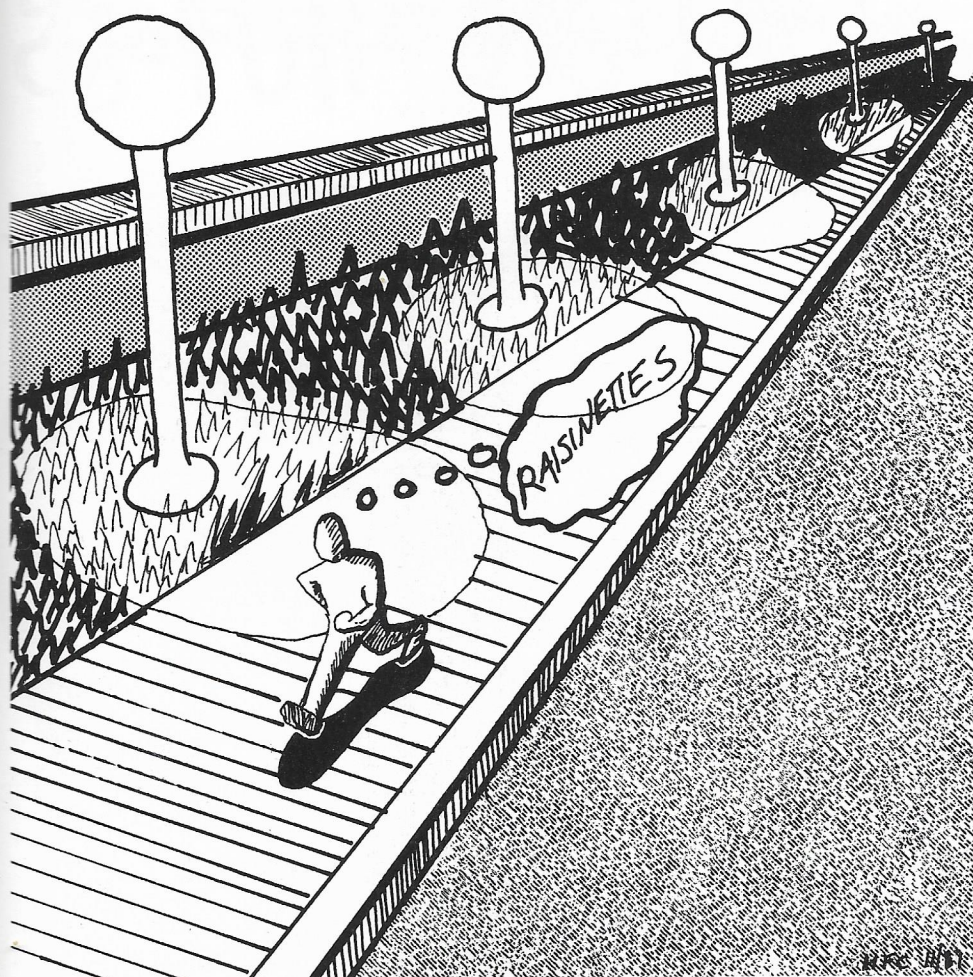
She told me her name was Beth and that she was from Maryland, but I later found out she was lying and that she was actually the secret love-child of Billy D. Williams and Anita Bryant and had never actually been in any state beginning with a labial consonant, (e.g. M). Nonetheless she really looked like a gamer, like she came to play, like a second round pick with all the tools and she was really high on my depth chart. After four hours of just pouring out my heart in the Alan Alda/Phil Donohue quiche-eating wimpy kind of late 70s modern man manner that only I can truly achieve, I found myself no closer to a meaningful relationship and even less likely to indulge in cheap, tawdry sex with much impassioned moaning, und so weiter. At least she didn't think I was gay.

I'm not, by the way.

So, she finally got rid of me by saying that there was a sale on Raisinette's at the Store, and being the foolish mortal that I am, I fell for the third oldest trick in the proverbial book and actually investigated. If I knew then that no store owner with half a brain (or even Saga Corporation) would ever dream of putting the hottest selling chocolate covered raisin product on sale at any discount, perhaps I would still be battering against her neo-virginity, but instead I stumbled listlessly towards the mercantile mecca.

Humming a theme from the Kroft Super-show, perhaps more





specifically I should add that it was Electra-woman and Dyna-girl, I made my way slowly through crowds of Haitian homosexual hemophilic heroin-addicts, all frothing at the chance to accidentally bite me on the inner thigh, all the time thinking that Beth merely wanted a chance to indulge in a tête-à-tête over some aphrodisiac ensconced dried grapes. I felt reasonably confident, because I had slept with the last three women who had lived in her apartment, and felt that I sort of had squatters' rights. However, the quest proved too much for my resolve and I gave up when I found noisane-prices-we-gotta-be-crazy-to-sell-'em-this-low-low-overhead-that's-the-secret-and-volume-volume-volume-come-on-down-we're-practically-givin'-them-away-with-prices-like-these-you'd-be-a-fool-not-to-buy-'em-it's-cheaper-than-water-and-so-much-more-enjoyable-prices-so-low-you'll-give-up-oral-sex-for-years-I-will-not-be

undersold-All-this-and-you-get-the-bike-too-buy-a-dodge-get-a-check-you-have-my-word-on-it.

Realizing that Beth had really used me as a crutch to get over the emotional pain resulting from the realization she couldn't actually date her own ego, I set off into the uncharted wilderness of the collegiate social scene.

By this point I was completely lost in terms of my personal character development, and I had also lost any semblance of plot in order to maximize the purely random pattern of verbal drool. Therefore, I heeded Horace Greeley, or was it Horace Mann, perhaps Thomas Mann, or dare I suggest Thomas Greeley. Regardless, facing forward to the west, gently I went into that good night, as Mr. Thomas (Dylan, not Greeley) so eloquently put it despite the fact that his alcohol consumption outpaced various Less-Developed-Countries in the Post-Colonial Hemispheres (God and

excess

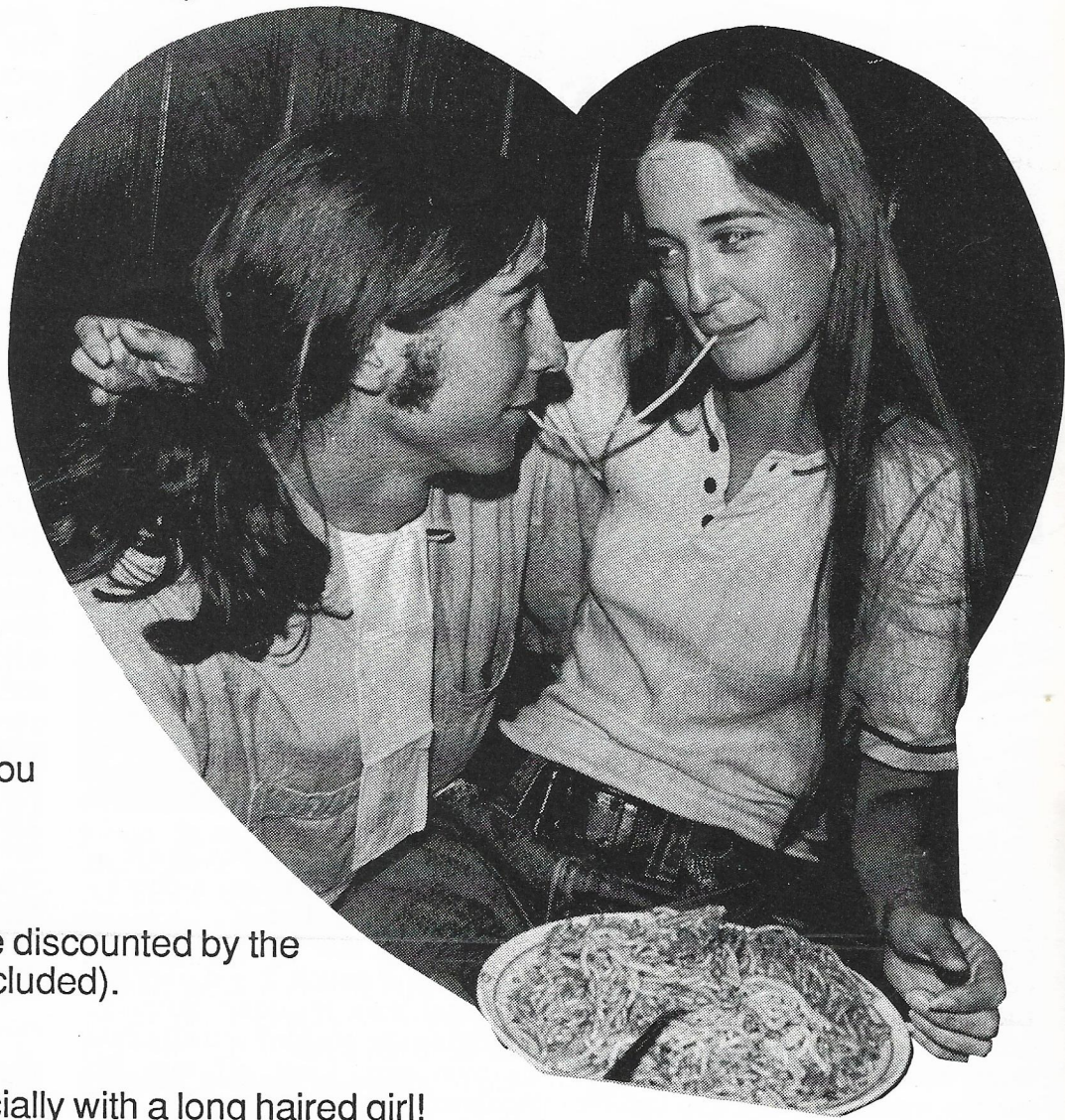
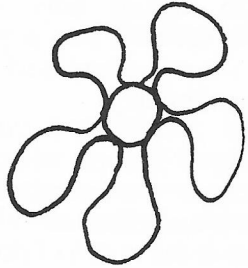
Sociology forbid I accuse them of being Third World Regions). The underlying metaphor of my journey as that of humanity, or perhaps Humanity, was such that each step should serve to remind the reader of his or her personal journey. I wondered to myself why White Plaza smells exactly like a public rest-room, but dismissed the thought just as quickly.

Suddenly, I had a vision of Beth. Perhaps she awaited my return. One's emotions are always willing to leave the realm of rational discourse when rationality dictates chastity, and irrationality holds forth the promise of encounters future. Hence, every day in every way life is getting better and better, although an unexamined life still isn't worth living, we who are without sin are honor bound to throw the first stone we are able to lay our hands on while treating others not merely as means but as ends, loving our neighbors as ourselves, but not actually masturbating them as well, leaving

the herd hence knowing ourselves, biblically, while the world is running down, making the best of what is still around even though there is no way that anyone had heard of a VCR when Sting wrote that song.

Unable to make a long story short, I merely wandered off into the Hinterland of Love, chronicling my futile forays, and pandering to the masses by providing puerile treacle. Alas, being uniquely-qualified-to-bring-you-the-world-no-other-station-can-tell-it-as-well-news-you-can-use-give-us-twenty-two-minutes-and-we'll-bring-you-the-world-we-got-satellites-they-didn't-what-is-the-frequency-Kenneth, I shall forever be the narrator, never the protagonist of theseplightings-of-troth-of-woooing-of trysting-of-courting-of-amorous-pursuit-of-dare-I-say-scamming. But enough of these pleasantries, I shall leave you adrift, dear reader, for, alas, the time has come for inner contemplation. With apologies.

# The Hippie Spaghetti Love Hut



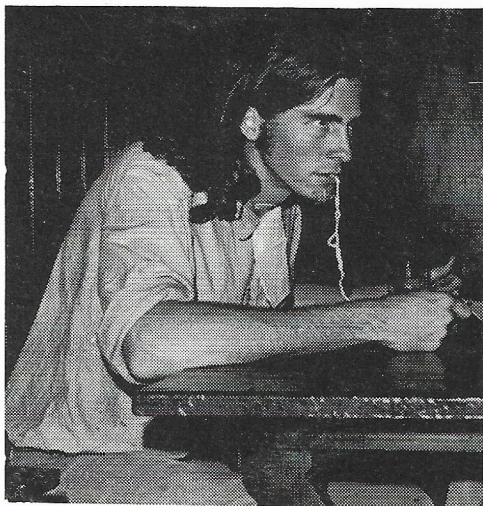
☼ The linguini is "groovy".

☼ The beverages are "cool".

☼ The waiters don't mind if you call them "man".

☼ Remember, the prices are discounted by the length of your hair (girls included).

☼ Makes a great date, especially with a long haired girl!



## THE HIPPIE SPAGHETTI LOVE HUT

### ALL YOU CAN EAT WITH THIS COUPON

Present this coupon on any day between 6 and 12 pm and get one of our "non-square" plates that you can refill as many times you like. Less than 4 people per plate please!

OFFER GOOD AFTER 1967

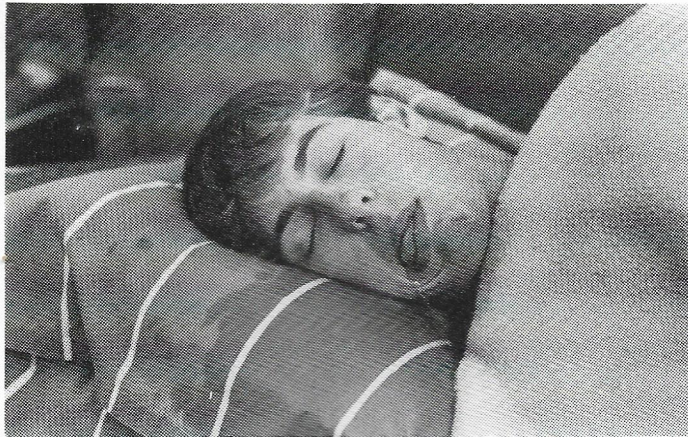
# THE FACES OF SLEEP



**The Couch Potato** Chips, beer, and the tube are all he needs to have his own Twilight Zone Marathon.



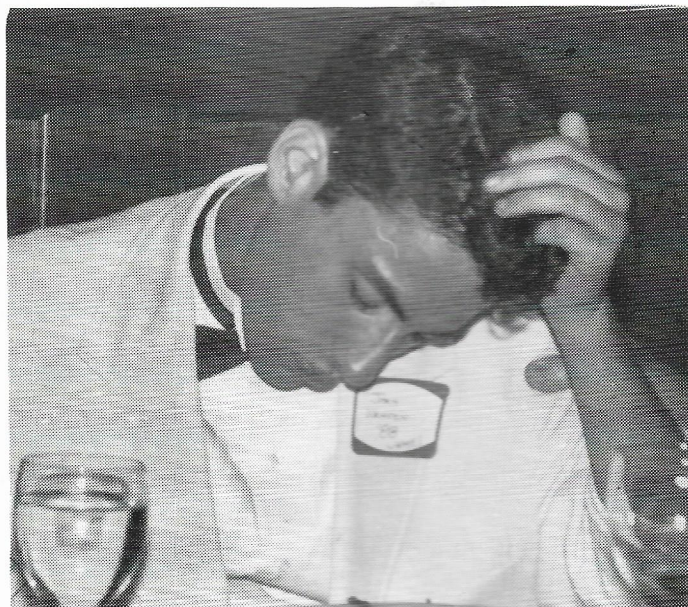
**The Nerd** Down and out in Linear Psycho-acoustics reading--too bad sleeping doesn't fulfill a requirement.



**The Drooler** He's always running off at the mouth--even when he's asleep. His dreams are always wet.



**The Insomniac** This guy wishes he was able to have nightmares. Blissful sleep is out of the question.



**Chairman of the Bored** He went to the retirement dinner to make points with his boss. But he snored during the speech and now promotion is only a dream.



**The Wimp Roommate** His roommate's girlfriend is over again. "Don't worry, Stan, I'll find a place to sleep. I have to get up early for my midterm anyway."

# House of Humor

The Twelve

Gags of Christmas

12 dribble cups

11 whoopie cushions

10 x-ray goggles

9 Joy buzzers

8 fake eyeballs

7 magic tricks

6 arrows thru-  
the-head

5 squirting rings

4 rubber vomits

3 trick hot dogs

2 crazy wigs

And a Santa Claus

Outfit in a Bag

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