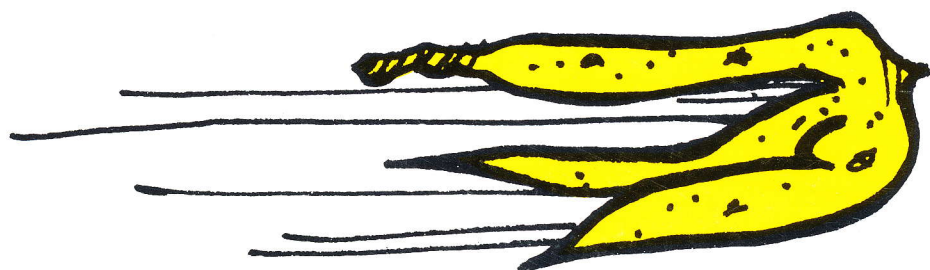


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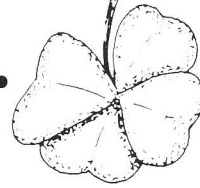
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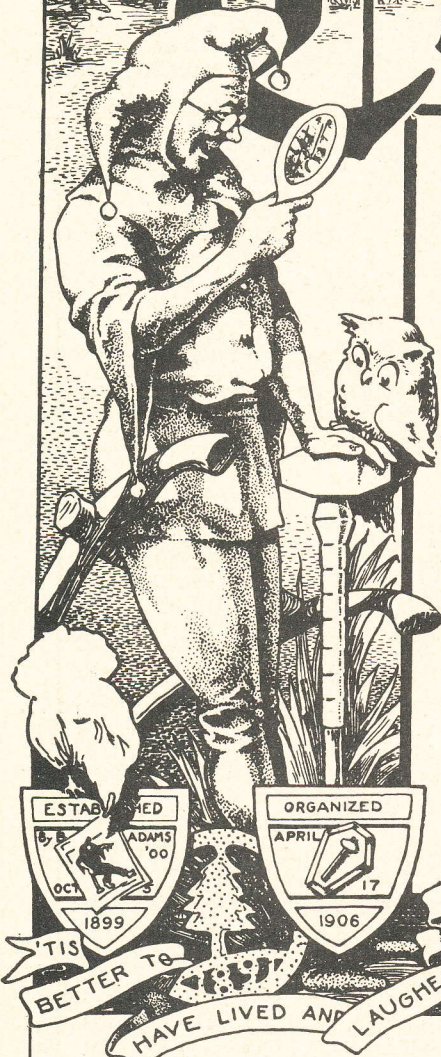
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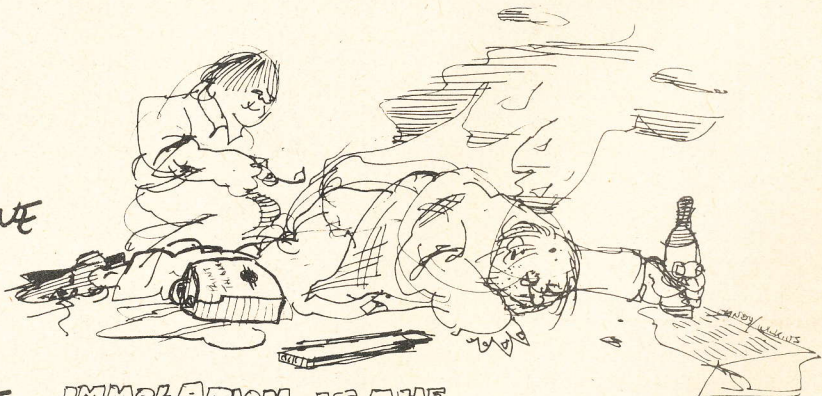
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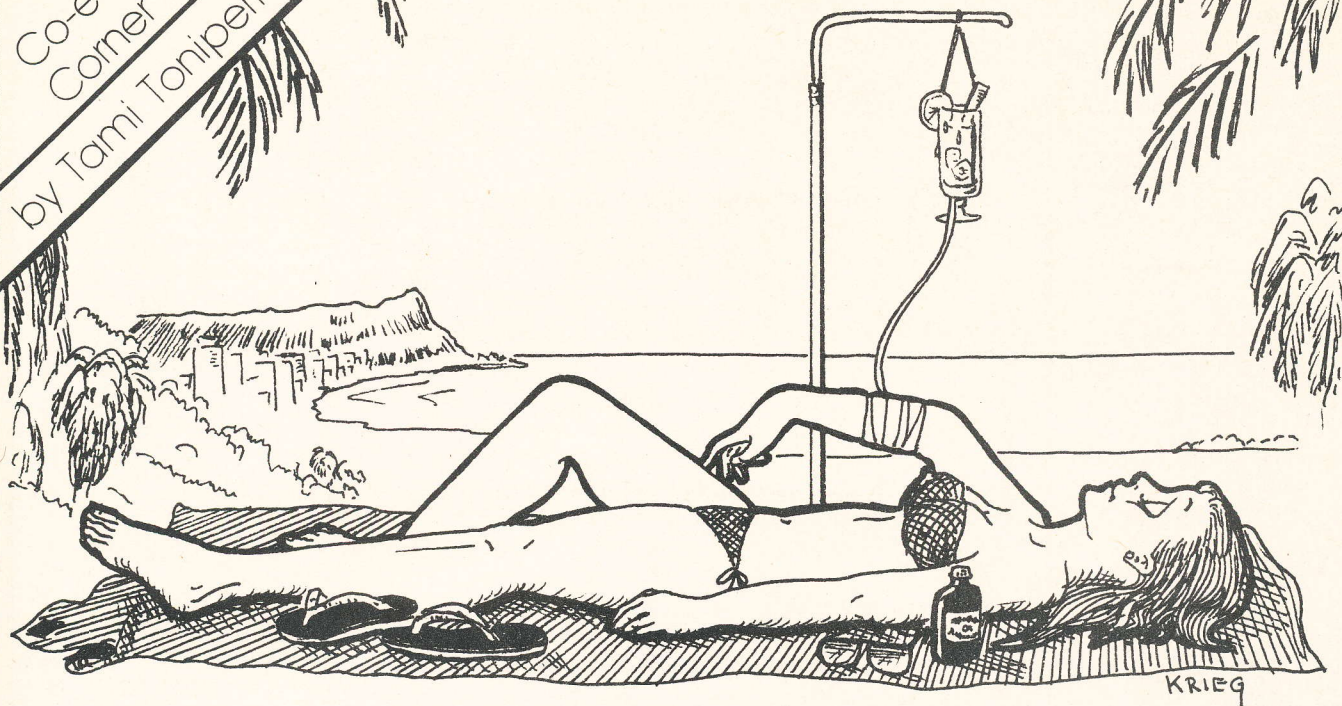
IT'S ALL OVER,
 GOD BLESS EVERYONE
 OF YOU!

XOXOXO
 BRUCE



IMMOLATION IS THE
 SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

Co-ed
Corner
by Tami Toniperm



Finals. Pineapple. Barney. He was this guy that I met on the plane, a real swinger from Stockton. "Why don't you live in Hawaii?" "Because they have no flies." "Where are all the good places to go for night life?" "You'll hate Maui, no discos." "Oh."

I was so excited—it was my first trip to Hawaii! My girlfriend Kathy and I were embarking on a 12 day spending spree to catch rays, drink tropical cocktails and watch guys. It was too good to be true, a lifelong dream! Yet as we arrived in Honolulu, I was struck by several glaring similarities between Waikiki and Fisherman's Wharf. There were lots of junky shops. Everywhere. I suddenly felt as though I had never left home. Was this to be our vacation dreamland? All of Ohio must vacation in Hawaii at once.

Our hotel was right across the street from the world famous Reef Hotel. I figured that it must have been world famous, because it said so right on the building. Thirteen year old girls in tube tops and hot pants snapped their Bubble Yum on the front steps of our hotel. They must have been watching the Moped rental guys.

Soon, we too would be watching the guys. That was what I had come to Hawaii for.

"Hit the beach!" I said, as we stripped to our suits and applied Royal Hawaiian Professional Tanning Oil to our bodies.

"First we have to drink Blue Hawaiis," said Kathy.

"Why?"

"I don't know, it's just the thing to do."

Only in Hawaii, would anyone actually drink a blue concoction of rum, curacao, and sugar without thinking twice about it. We downed two or three of these, which gave us sufficient moral fiber to step out on the beach after 2 quarters of dorm food, finals, and sitting around alot.

Later that afternoon, we decided to go to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel (the only pink one on the beach), have Mai-Tais and count flies. We only saw one. I guess Barney was right, there aren't many. Since flies only live three days, the only way that they could reach the islands was by airplane. I wondered if they had booked fly seats on United? Wow, those drinks were strong!

The next day we flew Aloha Airlines to Maui, rented a car, and

drove up to the lao Needle, a huge moss covered protuberance, and looked at a rock profile of President Kennedy. (I never really thought it looked a bit like him.) We parked the car and started walking up to the needle when a guy in the back seat of a beat up Valiant started talking to us.

"You girls from Southern California?"

"No, Northern."

As we walked by the car, I detected the pungent odor of burning Maui Wowie. Immediately, I turned around and asked him if there was any for sale. He said that he could get us some, a quarter ounce for \$30. I was so desperate for some, I agreed, even at that exorbitant price. We decided to meet at the Puunene Youth Center, at 4 PM.

What started out to be a simple exchange of goods ended up at a plywood shack on the edge of some cane fields. Our connection and his friends had just slaughtered a pig and were carrying it away to be roasted in an imu. Something felt very strange to me.

Our connection and his two friends came up to our car and

beckoned us to come inside for a real Luau.

"We are bachelors and you are bachelorettes."

"Yeah, but we have to get back to our motel and check in before they give our room away."

"You girls act like tourists, you know? Come on, we got good stuff!"

"No thanks."

I backed the car out, with the phone number of one of our bachelor friends in hand, in case we really wanted to buy some "STUFF." I had no intention of being crammed into an imu with an apple in my mouth, or ending up in a cane field, miles from civilization. We decided to eat at a restaurant back at our motel. It had been a weird day.

The next day we checked into our condominium around 1 PM. Later that afternoon, Kathy noticed a blond haired fox two units over and one floor up. He had a Michelob Light in one hand and a Marlboro in the other. She came inside, where I was reading *Fear of Flying*, clearly excited.

"There's a really cute guy over

two units and one floor up!"

"Really? What does he look like?"

"Oh, blond, hairy chest, good bod, hairy chest."

"You said hairy chest already."

"I know, I like them."

I stepped out on the balcony, carefully avoiding the telescope and rested my elbows on the railing. She was right he was cute! I tried to pretend that I wasn't watching him, but he knew better. Kathy and I had a few more drinks and decided to go for a walk on the beach. There he was, in his striped shirt and tennis shorts. Even from 7 stories below, I could tell that he was someone to be reckoned with. He went inside and returned to his perch with another beer and a smoke, and a pair of binoculars on a strap around his neck. He too pretended to be watching the whales. But we knew better.

That night we went out to the Wet Noodle, a hot new bar in Lahaina, although rumor had it that Monday was not *the* night. Probably full of short Arabs, we'd

been told. But as Kathy and I well knew, money speaks in any language. Especially hard-up Arabic.

We sat down and ordered drinks while I complained about my excruciating sunburn. ("Oh, I never burn," I told everyone before I left.) My legs kept sticking to the naugahyde seat covers, but after a few drinks, I felt better. And there was the cute blond haired guy sitting at the next table over, drinking a Budweiser. We exchanged smiles and polite eye contact.

I excused myself for a few minutes, and when I returned to our table, the blond was now sitting next to us. "This could prove to be interesting," I thought to myself. Kathy introduced us and he was pleased to meet me. We talked about Hawaii and sunburns, as it was a most salient topic. He told us that he was recovering from a hangover due to overindulgence the previous evening.

"How much did you drink?" I asked.

"Oh, about 40 beers."

That was it! I knew right then he was my type. I was so enraptured with him that I practically forgot Kathy was there. She was growing more uncomfortable by the minute, and was determined to make me out to be a cheap floozy.

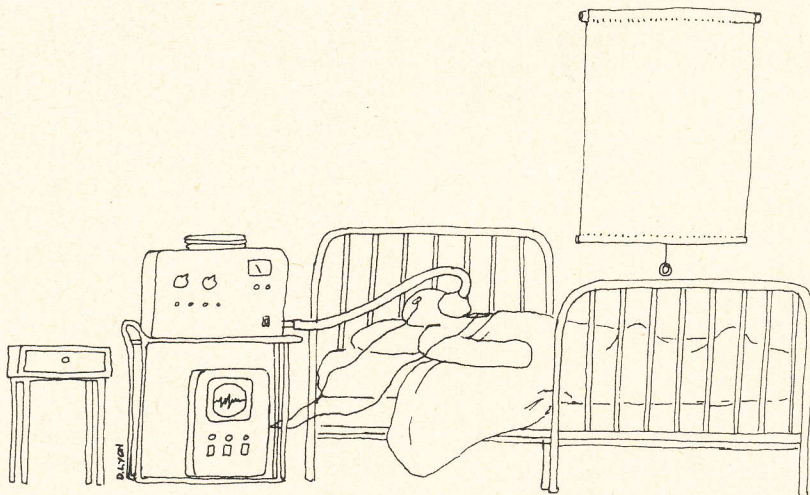
"Your dress is coming untied," she said.

"Oh, thanks, I didn't notice."

"I did."

Our common battleground thus established, we each sought the attention of our new friend. Earlier we had discussed the possibility of someone staying in the condo, if they had a car, but no place to stay. Our new friend was in that position, so she asked him if he would like to stay. He readily agreed. We were in business!!

All too soon, the bar became boring. Everyone was singing Don Ho songs and eating pupus. We decided to split, amid stares of disbelief from the waiters. How could that guy be so lucky, they thought. Upstairs, we



In this world one thing is certain—taxes.

played some backgammon, and had a few more drinks. By that time, I was becoming very trashed.

He was all set to sleep on the floor until I said "you can sleep here, but stay on your own side of the bed." We laughed and took our clothes off, except for our underwear. It seemed so absurd to be laying there with someone from Canada. I couldn't keep from laughing.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Oh, I don't know, it just seems so absurd to be laying here with someone from Canada."

"Yeah, I know, I get that feeling alot too."

He rolled over and kissed me with his tender elk lips. I became instantly aroused, and asked him, "DO YOU KNOW Marlon Perkins?" We embraced passionately, his antlers growing by the minute. Our lust could no longer be denied. It was all too perfect. A king-sized couch bed, the sound of the surf, and my sunburned Los Altos flesh all fused with the velvet touch of this stranger in paradise. Our breathless passion was consumed by a desire held in abeyance since dead week.

"How long has it been for you?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Oh, just wondering."

"Why, do I seem overzealous to you?"

"What does that mean?" his sweet, pale Canadian eyes queried.

"Really horny. Why, how long has it been for you?"

"Oh, 2 months."

As the moonlit tide receded, it carried us off as well.

"I might wake up in the middle of the night," he said playfully.

"OK, just don't disturb me."

We slept fitfully, our bodies entwined. I awoke sometime in the middle of the night and looked over at my Royal Mountie. What a handsome specimen, I thought to myself. His head was destined to take a place in that amorous trophy room at the back

eternal gas fire burning. . .

The next morning we woke up and I watched him languorously. His masculine torso rose from the bed, his blond hair gleaming in the rosy dawn light. He turned to me with a long, loving look, smiled, turned away, scratched his hairy chest, and emitted a loud burp. What a man, I thought to myself. I wonder if all Canadians are so virile? Then my mind began to wander. I thought of a masculine nation chock full of lumberjacks, construction workers, seal clubbers, wheat farmers, pipeline workers, lobster fishermen, and balding prime ministers. It was too good to be true. I made a mental note to visit Canada in the near future.

The next day was uneventful. That night, we decided to go out to dinner at the restaurant adjoining the bar where I had met my Canadian friend. The food was great! They had a salad bar with 40 different things, from garbanzo beans to imitation bacon bits. They even had cherry tomatoes, which my Canadian friend called Tiny Tims. I pictured little tomatoes with tiny crutches begging not to be eaten. They sounded so vulnerable.

After dinner I made a point to speak to my friend about the possibility of his departure. He was getting on my nerves, and his persistent mispronunciation of vowels drove me crazy. He also had a habit of farting very loudly and exclaiming as if surprised "hot damn, nobody light a match!" It always seemed to happen in crowded quiet restaurants and elevators. He really embarrassed me.

We left the next day, bound for the Kahului airport. When we got there, we checked our bags in, had our pictures taken by a total stranger and boarded a plane for Honolulu. I was bound for home, Kathy for Hong Kong. We survived a week with each other, avoided peeling, and vowed to do it again. It was a great vacation, one I'll never forget.



ALPINE INN BEER GARDEN

3915 ALPINE ROAD
PORTOLA VALLEY



Just Looking for a Good Game

I'm on the road. Yes, I'm on the road. My thumb is out, floating in the air. Is my thumb like Sissy's? Do I have a cosmic thumb? No, I just started. Can't expect too much — first time on the road.

Mom said, "I don't want you coming home if you're going to hitchhike."

"Sure, Ma," I said.

"What?"

"I won't hitchhike," I yelled into the phone as Led Zeppelin raped their guitars.

"What's the noise for?"

"Nothing, Ma, someone's playing their stereo."

"Listen, Brian . . ."

"Yeah."

"Listen, Brian, do you know what little Ginger Jackson is using for arms nowadays?"

"What?" I said playing the straight man.

"Hooks," she said bluntly.

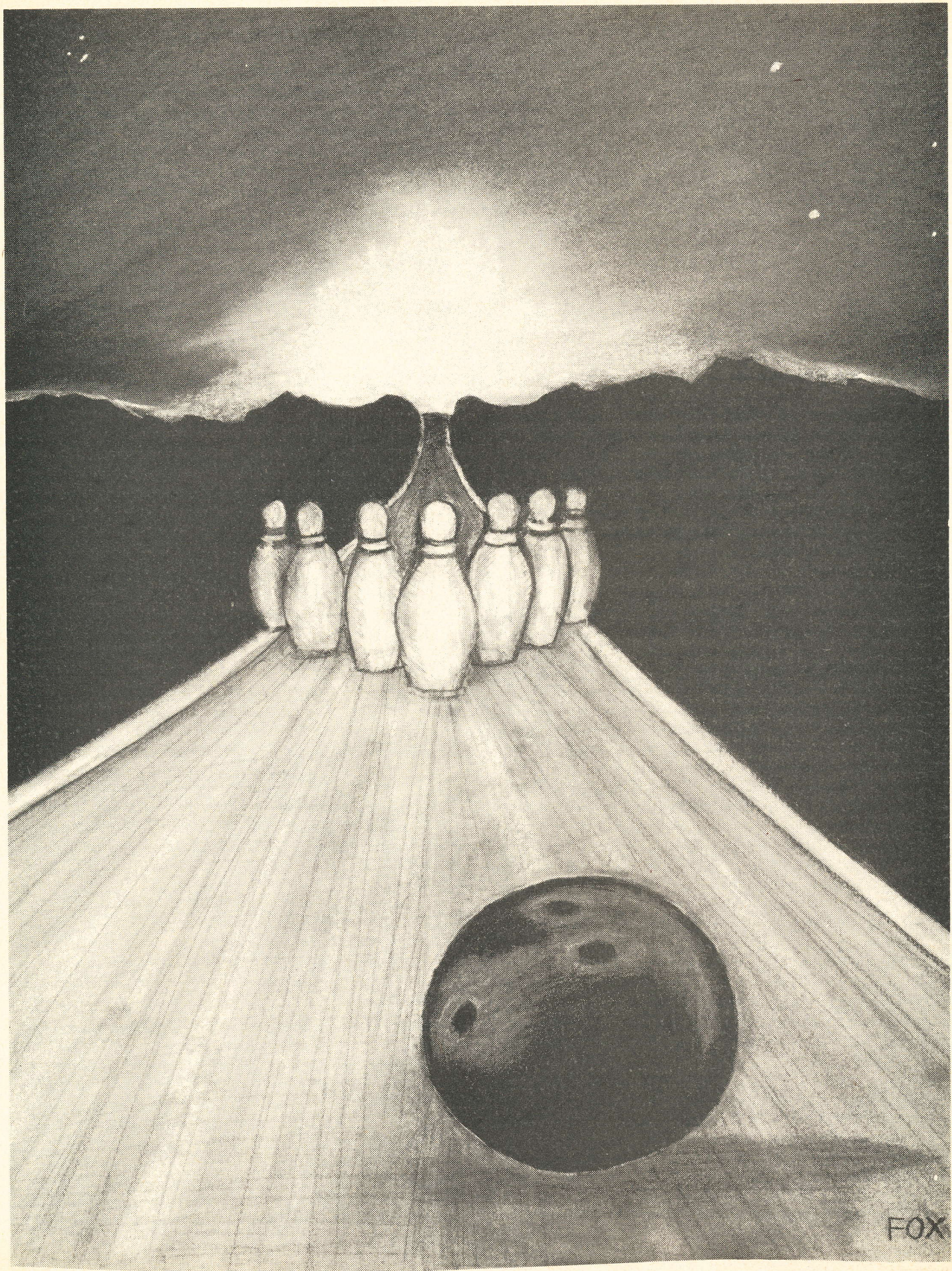
"Hooks?" I laughed.

"Listen, Brian, listen to your mother . . ."

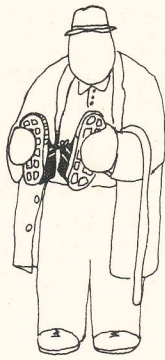
Little Ginger Jackson, fifteen-year-old run-away who had been missing from home for over a week, was found wandering down Interstate 80 without arms. When asked about the whereabouts of her arms, Little Ginger commented, "The man who picked me up when I was hitchhiking and forcibly raped me, chopped them off above the elbows." The grateful parents simply commented they were "very grateful."

But Ma, I'm not worried about getting my arms chopped off. I just slept in a ditch with a dry, prickly bush. Where am I going to sleep. That's a problem. Hell I'm on the road now. This is life! I'm going to get picked up by a country girl. She'll drive a pickup truck, and she'll wink at me slyly as I climb in. "Where can I take you?" she'll say. She'll wear one of those checkered shirts tied in a knot under her breasts and tight cutoff jeans so short, the cheeks of her cute little ass will stick out the bottom. She'll pull off the road real suddenly, the back wheels spinning viciously in the gravel. We'll stop in a grove of cottonwoods by a river, and we'll make love in the sun. Then we'll swim naked in the river playing like two little kids, and we'll play hide-and-go-seek, and she'll trick me; she'll run back to the truck and drive off with all my stuff, all my clothes, all my money. She'll laugh girlishly as she watches me in the rearview mirror running awkwardly, barefoot over the rocks until I choke on the wake of dust and stop, stomping my foot in resignation. And I'll curse her. But then I'll smile as I look at myself standing there naked without any possessions in the whole world, and I'll tell myself the story until it's become an engaging, humorous tale of ribald adventure, until I've memorized every fascinating detail so I can tell it with an air of spontaneity to anyone who will listen.

Maybe I'll get picked up by an old hippie with gray hairs in his thick red beard. His woman, his wife (?) will look like Yoko, a pale, white face, long, kinky black hair held back by a beaded Indian headband. He'll call her Earthflower and they'll put acid in the herb tea they give me, and I'll trip out on acid with a couple of hippies. Maybe a truck driver



FOX



Old man buying tennis shoes.

will pick me up and tell me about his women, or his truck — “This baby can really move” — or about “‘Nam.” Or maybe a hermit who’s been living in a cave for twenty years will pick me up (I don’t know where he’ll get the car). “I’ve talked with God, son, and you know what he told me, . . .” I’ll listen with open, accepting eyes, keeping silent for fear of breaking his soulful reverie, and he’ll tell me the meaning of life.

The black car, an old gangster-type car, black and shiny pulled to a stop behind Brian. He ran up to it and opened the door. The soft, yellow white glow of the radio and instrument panel was the only light in the car. The driver’s black profile stood out against the light reflected in the window. His hair was cropped short like a marine haircut.

“Where you folks heading?” Brian said pleasantly.

“Oh, howdy partner, we’re just out for a ride.”

The driver was young; Brian could hear it in his voice. . . . And what is this “howdy pardner” crap. This guy is definitely not a cowboy, Brian thought. His rhythm is all wrong; his tone is completely affected. Is that a New Jersey nasal mixed with his Texas twang?

“I’m going to Durango,” Brian said, setting his backpack down on the front seat. “You folks going that far.”?

“Sure we’ll take y’ there, pardner,” the driver said. “Hop in, take a load off your dogs.”

“You got room in your trunk for my pack?”

“We’ll keep it back here,” a male voice said from the back seat. And the pack was snatched into the black void of the back seat in a black blur as if it were on a string like one of those trick dollars you buy at a novelty store.

“Hey —” Brian cried.

“Hey, yourself.” Husky giggles from the back seat. The voice of a woman, maybe an old woman. She giggled for no apparent reason. Or does she have a reason, Brian wondered. What could she be giggling about?

Brian felt the door to check for a handle and a latch to unlock. Everything’s intact for a quick escape. Just some handy advice Brian had picked up from a friend. “Always remember to check for . . .”

Brian climbs in and shuts the door. The driver leans over and whispers confidentially, “I’m not really *their* driver. I’m just driving.”

“Yeah. . .” Brian says vaguely.

“Hey,” the driver chuckles nastily, “listen to that.” From the backseat, clicking, slurping, slippery sounds of two tongues trying to hang on to each other. “They’re just lovebirds, see,” he whispers to Brian. “You kids,” he says raising his voice, “are just lovebirds, aren’t you?”

“No we’re not,” the woman whines in protest. “We’re just bored.”

“Well, you won’t be for long,” the driver says, then leans towards Brian. “We’re going bowling.”

“Yeah, we’re all going bowling,” the backseat says in unison. “You’re going to play on Bonnie’s team,” the male voice says addressing Brian. “By the way what’s your name?”

“Brian,” and, just for the hell of it, “What’s yours?”

“Professor Del Fontaine.”

“What are you a professor of?” Brian asks.

“Thinkology — just like the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*. . .” His voice trails off. Brian’s curiosity focuses his attention on the silent voice in the backseat. “In fact now that I think about it, I am the scarecrow from *The Wizard of Oz*. Can you tell?”

A cold metal hand contracted around Brian’s stomach. He wanted to scream. He felt like throwing up. Is this a dream? Did I climb into some strange sort of allegory? Maybe if I act sick they’ll let me out. Or I’ll act crazy. I’ll scream *Let me out! Let me out!* I’ll beat on the windshield. They’ll let me out.

“Hey, listen folks,” Brian says, “I’m feeling a little queasy — you know, a little car sick. I’d better get out and walk — you know, get some fresh air.”



Old man who has just bought tennis shoes.

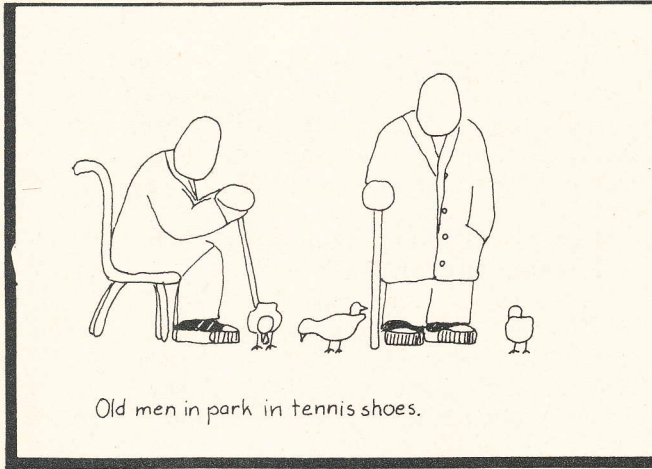
“Nonsense,” the professor says.

“Sure,” the driver says, “there’s nothing better than a good night at the bowling alley to bring a guy around.”

Bring a guy around to what, Brian thought. He caught himself as a wave of wild paranoia rushed up from his empty stomach and oozed over his brain. Wait! These people aren’t going to hurt me. They’re just very odd people who like to bowl. When we stop at the alley, I’ll just get my pack and start walking. Brian looked and sized up

the driver. Not too big, could probably hurt him if I had to. He felt the pocket knife attached to his belt.

The car is silent now. No one talking now. Brian listens to the wet kissing from the back seat and the driver humming along to a country-western tune, "Won't someone pass the mashed potatoes?" A sad lament. No one would pass the mashed potatoes to this old guy, and by the time



he got the bowl, they were all gone. Brian leans back and tries to enjoy the darkness of the car, the country tune, soft, low background music. He looks out his window at the lights at a distance from the highway. Huge transmission towers parallel the highway. Silent and powerful. Black silhouettes against the starry sky; sleeping creatures on another planet. Am I on another planet? Brian touches the cold, smooth glass of the window lightly with the tips of his fingers, listens to the soft hum of the engine. No, I'm in a car.

Surprise. Something warm and wet and happy in Brian's ear. He enjoyed it for a moment but then shook his head violently.

"Hi," the woman whispers to Brian. She is leaning forward, her forearms resting on the back of the front seat. Brian turns and looks over his shoulder. A wide, puffy, black cloud of a face sits over his shoulder. "How big is yours?"

"What?" Brian says.

"Fourteen pounds? Sixteen? Eighteen?"

Oh, she's talking about bowling balls. "I don't have one."

"We all have our own equipment, don't we?" she says raising her voice.

"Yes," the professor replies, "in fact, if I'm not mistaken, all of us bowled our first perfect game with the very first bowling balls we owned as children. Isn't that right, Bonnie . . . Tex?"

"Yeah."

"Sure," the driver replies. "I can hardly wait to get bowling."

As soon as the car is quiet again, Bonnie leans forward to whisper in Brian's ear. "My man has a big one. . ."

A big what, Brian wonders as Bonnie drones on in his ear. He isn't listening. A big bowling ball? A big gun? Is that what she said? "A big gun?" Brian freezes in terror. Every-

thing is clear now. He sees it all. They're holding a gun on me. They're making me go bowling with them. Hey, what is this? Brian holds every muscle taut. Any movement might set them off. They might blow my head off for no reason, for the fun of it. Brian feels the professor holding the gun. The cold steel barrel is massive, floating there in the darkness. Brian sees the end of the barrel explode in a bright white light with an orange corona. He feels the dull, spinning lead rocket pierce his skull. The bullet flattens out on impact and goes into a frenzied pattern inside his head, hollowing out his brain before the molten lead drops from exhaustion onto his tongue, scalds his tongue. He swallows it.

". . . we'll make a real good team. I'm just waiting to put on my bowling shoes. You ever have that feeling? . . . You know," she says, putting her poised lips right up to Brian's ear, hot air blows slowly, rhythmically into Brian's ear, "I lost my virginity in a bowling alley. I'd sure like us to do the dirty deed in a bowling alley."

Brian looks around and addresses the whole car, "Hey . . . uh . . . you know," ("Don't antagonize people who give you rides."), "I wish I could go bowling with you folks. I really do. But I've got to be moving on. I really do."

"Nonsense," the professor says.

"Look, pardner," the driver says, "we're here."

The car pulls into the parking lot of a low, rectangular building, a cinder block box in the middle of the night, the desert. Nowhere. Impressive cement steps lead up to the glass doors of the building that filter the light from inside. Above the door stand four magnificent neon bowling pins. Attached to the pins — B-O-W-L — in huge neon letters. The "O" is a bowling ball.

The three bowlers pile out of the car and walk around to the trunk. Brian listens to them shifting bricks(?), bowling balls around in the trunk. God, what am I gonna' do?

Bonnie comes around and opens his door. "Come on," she says. She is a massive figure. Fat. Grotesque. She must weigh 400 pounds. She has a masculine air about her, thick bones, wide shoulders, a puffy face with a large, bulbous, must-have-been-broken nose. Her hair is sparse



and waxy. Brian is disgusted by her, especially the thick fuzz on her face, illuminated, exaggerated by the neon glow of the sign. She wears a tight pink dress that emphasizes the orbs of fat, the mass of her body. Brian gets out of the car and looks at them sadly. The professor smiles at him. He wears an appropriately conservative, grey academia-style suit. Tex shuffles around in patent leather cowboy boots, levi jeans and one of those army-surplus pilot jackets.

Bonnie slams Brian's door. "Let's go."

Brian walks behind them. They look silly walking side by side, chattering about bowling with their bowling bags hanging by their sides. Bonnie is so fat her arms, her fatty appendages, cannot hang straight because of the rolls of fat extending from her burdensome breast under her arms to her back. She sways awkwardly in high-heeled shoes that for some unexplained reason do not snap under her weight.

The group steps up to the counter to arrange for a couple of lanes. The bowling alley is empty. "Our young friend here has to rent shoes," the professor says to the man at the counter with a hint of disgust.

"What size you want?" the old man says, scratching the worn elbow of his sweater.

"Ten," Brian says almost silently. Mucus surrounds his vocal chords. Clear your throat so you can speak.

"What?"

"The young man requests a size ten," the professor says.

The man slaps the tan and red shoes on the counter.

Bonnie picks them up and smells the inside. She passes them on with a nod of approval. "These'll do." Tex and the professor smell them in turn.

They turn around and stop, looking out over the expanse of the bowling alley like one of those cowboys in a cigarette ad looks out over the range, squinting into the light, but with a sense of profound satisfaction.

"Look at those golden lanes." Awestruck. The polished wood of the lanes flashed into their eyes.

"This is God's country," the professor signs. "Breathe in that good air."

Bonnie, Tex, and the professor take in long deep breaths. Brian does too for a moment, involuntarily, then catches himself. But it's all there — snack bar grease, stale beer, cigarettes. Just breathe it in.

"Something about this alley feels very right, you know what I mean?" Yes. It's the symmetry of the alley. The lanes stretch out to infinity, all exactly the same, a bowling alley seen in opposite mirrors. "Good bowling, everyone," Bonnie says.

As they walk down to their lanes, the professor comes up to the side of Brian. "Brian, my boy, you'll have to keep score when you're not bowling. The rest of us want to spend our time thinking about bowling, 'psyching up,' as they say." He smiles teethily and pats Brian on the shoulder. Brian looks at the professor's high forehead and scholarly nose and wonders if he really is intelligent.

Brian sits down at the desk and turns on the overhead "bowl-a-light." The others take a few warm-up balls. They don't talk. Too serious. Too important. Brian feels empty. His eyes, his ears are open and his brain is on but that's all. Everything around him just flows into his head. He isn't thinking. His body and soul ache, but there is no pain.

When it is his turn, Brian gets up and throws his ball into the gutter. A protest, all he can manage; he doesn't care if they kill him any more. The others send disturbed, knowing glances to each other after Brian sits down. Scoring is easy, though. The others only throw strikes. Brian gets up and throws the ball into the gutter again, and then again. When he sits down, the professor, Bonnie, and Tex come over, surround him, stand over him.

"Brian," the professor says, "What's the highest you've ever bowled?"

Brian looks up, terrified. Their faces grew larger and loomed somewhere up near the ceiling. "Hundred thirty-five." He swallows. Wait. It's nothing to be ashamed of. "One hundred and thirty-five," he repeats.

"Do you like to bowl?"

Brian looks at the crusted cigarette ashes in the ashtray by his elbow and begins to sob. Heavy, mucousy sobs that struggle out for a moment but then come easily as if they have reached the top of something, simply falling down hill. He cries because he is weary. These people won't leave him alone.

"Leave me alone!" he screams. "I hate bowling! I hate it! It's stupid! stupid! stupid!" He looks up expectantly, surprised at himself. Three faces, lips pressed together tightly, muscles taut, holding back hatred look down.

"You know what, pardner," Tex says leaning down over him, "you are scum!" and he kicks him in the shin with the pointy toe of his patent leather cowboy boots. Brian coughs on the impact, then moans in pain.

"Yeah, scum, you can just go to hell." Bonnie cuffs him powerfully on the head with her massive arm. The lights in the bowling alley fade in and out. "Let's get out of here. I don't want to bowl with this bastard."

"Yeah."

Brian hears them getting their shoes off, their bowling balls into their bags. His face takes refuge in the dark space created by his head and arms resting on the desk.

"I hear there is a magnificent bowling alley in Lompoc."

"Let's go there."

"Sure."

Brian listens to their footfalls as they walk away. When their steps have almost faded away, the professor turns around and calls back to him, "We were just looking for a good game."

"Just looking for a good game." Brian sighs. He can sleep now. Soft, smooth sleep.

But the pack. He runs wildly before he realizes what he is doing. Out in the parking lot, the car is pulling away.

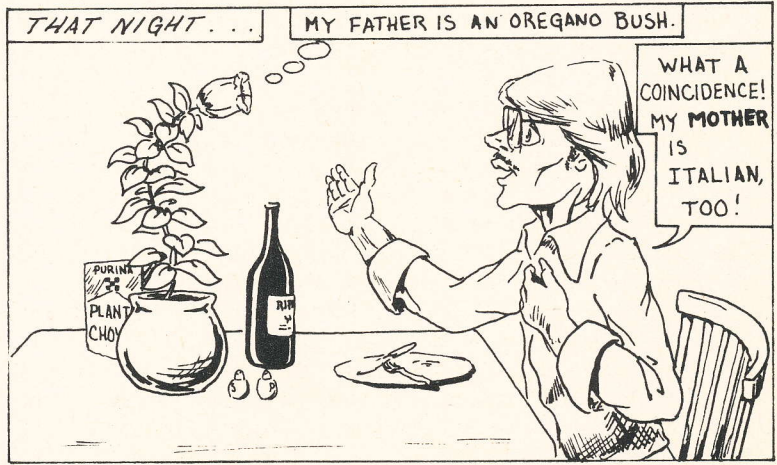
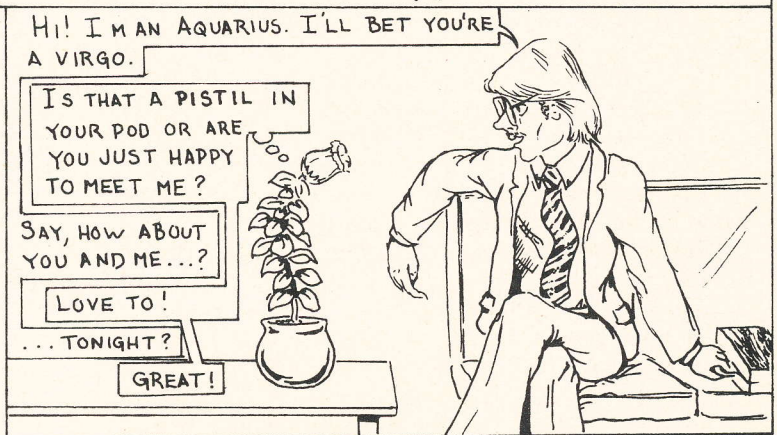
"Hey," Brian screams straining himself, "my pack. I want my pack." As the car disappears into the darkness, the pack floats out the window and bounces softly on the ground. They threw it out in slow-motion. Brian puts the pack on, walks back towards the bowling alley. He isn't tired anymore. The anxiety is gone, the paranoia, too, that was part of his lethargy. He is a little excited, too, maybe because of his mad dash for his backpack. But there is something else, too. Expectancy? He goes inside and back to lane 17. He picks up the ball they had chosen for him and rolls it down the lane. Strike! He watches the pins pirouette, spin and kick each other in slow-motion. Beautiful. Brian is happy. He feels the wonderfulness of bowling. He wants to go out and buy his own shoes.

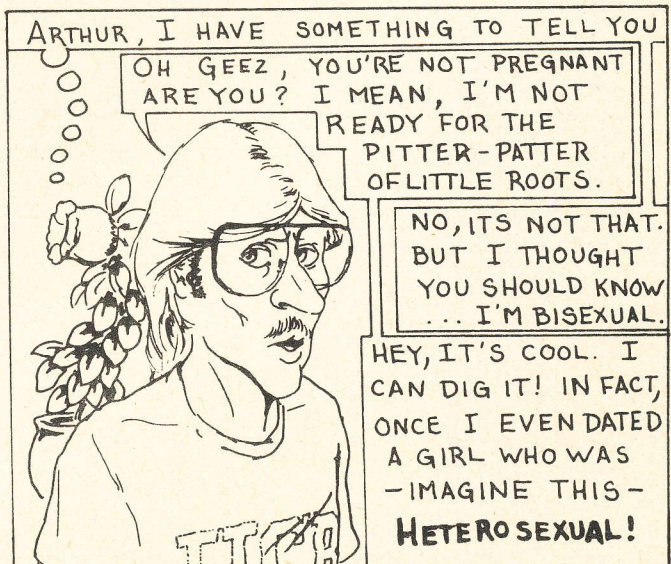
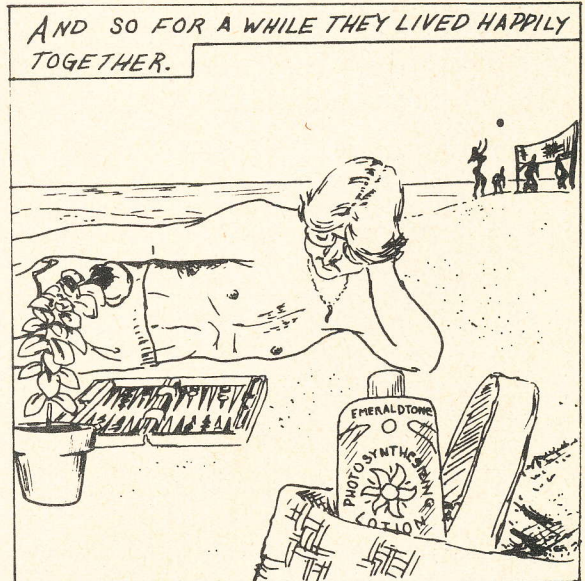
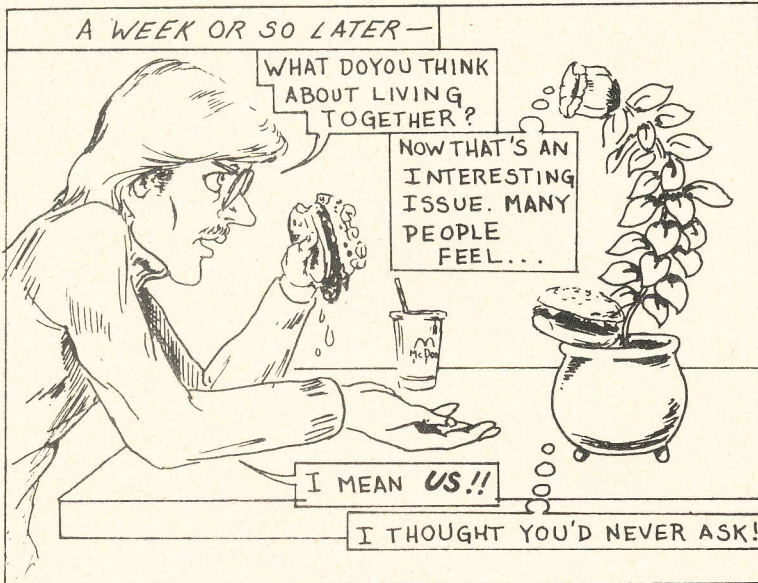


Lovin' Blown

"MAN MUST LIVE WITH HIS ENVIRONMENT!", THE ORGANIC FOLK OF OUR DECADE HAVE DECLARED. HOWEVER IN THIS AGE OF SEXUAL PERMISSIVENESS, ONE MAN CARRIED THIS STATEMENT OUT TO THE LETTER. THE FOLLOWING IS THE STORY OF ARTHUR C. EBNOTHER, A 26-YEAR-OLD RESIDENT OF MILL VALLEY, CALIF., AND PATYLYDONYN "PATY" PROTOVAGINALICUS, A 3-YEAR-OLD ANGIOSPERM FROM K-MART'S NURSERY.

ARTHUR FIRST NOTICED PATY IN THE LOBBY OF HIS OFFICE...





... BUT SOON THE "MAGIC" AND SCINTILLATING CONVERSATION PASSED FROM THEIR RELATIONSHIP...

I'M GOING TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE.

SURE, YOU TAKE IT OUT MORE OFTEN THAN YOU TAKE ME OUT

HEY, OFF MY CASE TUBER-BASE!!

KISS MY ASTER, JACK!!!

YOU KNOW, I THINK THE MAGIC AND SCINTILLATING CONVERSATION HAS PASSED FROM OUR RELATIONSHIP.

... THEY TRIED, ON THEIR 6-MONTHS ANNIVERSARY, TO REKINDLE THE SPARK...

OH WOW! JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED: HIS-AND-HERS MISTERS.

I THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT AFTER-SHAVE IN YOURS. I LOVE MY EARRINGS.

WELL, THEY'RE ACTUALLY MADE FOR CORN STALKS BUT THEY WERE THE ONLY KIND JOSEPH MAGGOTS HAD LEFT.

... BUT LATER THAT EVENING AT THE HYATT REGENCY...

\$3.50 FOR A GLASS OF WATER IS OUTRAGEOUS!

IT DID HAVE ONE OF THOSE LITTLE UMBRELLAS IN IT.

I WON'T PAY \$3.50 FOR WATER!

DON'T EMBARRASS ME, ARTHUR.

BE ASSERTIVE NOT ASSININE

I'M GONNA SPEAK TO THE MANAGER.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS? A BILL. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

SMART ASS! I MEAN, \$3.50 FOR WATER!?

THERE WAS ONE OF THOSE LITTLE UMBRELLAS IN IT.

IT WASN'T EVEN PERRIER.

HEY BABE, WANNA BOOGIE?

... AND WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE TABLE...

JJJJJL WHIMPER

30 Long Snuffer

HYATT REGENCY

BUT AFTER SEVERAL LONG WALKS THROUGH GOLDEN GATE PARK...

STENNHART AQUARIUM

... HE REASONED, "IT WAS A FINE AFFAIR..."

... BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER FISH IN THE SEA."

HI I'M AQUARIUS. I'LL BET YOU'RE PISCES.

KRIEG

THE END

In the spring quarter of his junior year at college, Jack underwent a severe personality change. When he got out of bed that fine Friday morning, he was not the same person he had been the night before. Even his roommate, who really didn't pay attention to such things, sensed that Jack was somehow . . . different. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but the guy feeding old pizza crusts to the birds outside their window was not the old Jack that he had known and tolerated for over two years.

Jack would never do anything like that. He hated birds. In fact, he hated all animals, except maybe for dogs. And Jack wasn't even all that hog on dogs either. But here he was, making little kissing noises at a huge blackbird, while it perched on his finger and made grotesque belching sounds.

Bob couldn't stand it any longer. "What the hell are you doing, Jack?"

Jack turned slowly. There was a strange smile on his face, and his eyes looked weird. He paused for a second, and said quietly:

"Feeding the birds, Bob."

"What the hell for?"

"They seemed hungry." He said this just as quietly, with the same pause and the same strange smile and weird eyes.

Bob felt oddly worried. "Well, cut it out."

Jack nodded. "Sure, Bob. I hope I didn't disturb you." He turned back to the window, leaned out, and shooed the big blackbird away. It hesitated and flew off, as did an assortment of other birds which had been fluttering and chirping about outside. Jack watched them, and then turned back to Bob. He looked concerned. "Are you worried about something?"

Bob started to panic. "Are you high or something?" He backed away. This was too weird. Maybe Jack had gone schizophrenic or something on acid. Or maybe he was a queer.

"No," said Jack.

"Oh, shit, I've got a queer roommate!" thought Bob. "Cheezus, after two years!" he remembered. "This has got to be a bizarre joke," he decided. It had to be. A sick, bizarre joke. No doubt about it.

"Right! Ha Ha!" Bob's laugh wasn't very convincing.

"Ha Ha," said Jack. He still looked concerned.

"I'm . . . I'm going to get some breakfast," said Bob, backing out of the room.

Jack looked even more concerned. "Uh, Bob. Aren't you going to get dressed?"

"Uh . . . no." He grabbed his bathrobe. No way he was going to get dressed in front of him! He got to the door, and quickly left. It had to be a joke. Jack was acting weird to get to him. He'd taken Psych I. He was playing with Bob's mind. He was trying to get to him.

Jack's girlfriend, Melissa, also noticed a change in him. She noticed it the moment she saw him, while walking between classes later that morning. He was crouched down by a bush, looking at something in his hands, while a flock of birds fluttered about him, singing and landing gently upon his shoulders. He seemed concerned as he peered into his hands, and he was mumbling something.

Melissa went up to him. "What do you have there, Jack? You look sort of weird, standing there."

A Hell of a Guy



Jack looked up. "It's a hurt chipmunk. I'm trying to mend its leg." Sure enough, nestled in his cupped hands was a little chipmunk.

Melissa jumped back. "Careful!" she cried. "Those things will bite!"

Jack smiled a strange smile, and shrugged foolishly. "Oh, I don't think it will hurt me." He made little cooing sounds at the animal, and stroked its fur.

Melissa was worried. Jack had never acted like this before, and she didn't like the weird look in his eye. She felt uneasy. "You really should leave that thing alone. I mean, the University hires people to do that."

Jack looked unsure. "Do they?" he asked hesitantly.

Melissa was unsure. "Of course," she said. "Don't you see them running around on those little trucks, or driving those big lawnmowers? It's their job, not yours. Leave it alone."

"Well, all right," said Jack after a pause. He bent down and gently sat the chipmunk back on the ground. It scampered forward with no trouble from its leg, and then stopped and turned back to Jack. Jack shooed it on, and with a few backward glances it ran away into the underbrush.

"I thought you told me that it had a broken leg," said Melissa a few moments later as they walked across campus.

"It did."

"It looked O.K. when I saw it."

Jack was silent. Melissa glanced at him. He looked very thoughtful. Some birds danced around his head.

"Jack, there are some birds flying all over you. You better watch out."

Jack only smiled, dug his hands into his pockets, and walked on.

Melissa was really worried. Jack had a strange smile on his face, and a weird look in his eyes, and had a way of pausing before saying anything. And when he did say anything he said it in a quiet kind of voice, different from the way he used to talk. "Are you O.K., Jack?" she asked.

Jack stopped and looked at her. "I think so." He paused. "Why do you ask?"

Melissa shook her head and walked on. "I don't know. It's just . . ." She struggled for the words. "You're acting sort of different, that's all."

Jack looked concerned. "Different?" he said. "How?"

"I don't know." Melissa walked more rapidly. A strange feeling was developing in the pit of her stomach, which she didn't like at all. She was afraid, and she didn't quite know why. She looked at Jack, who was walking beside her with the same concerned look on his face. And then she knew. Two weeks ago she had seen *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

For a moment she panicked. Then her higher mental functions — her reason and intellect — seized control, and she was once again able to think coherently.

"Well, I've gotta get to class. See you later — at the party tonight." She started to move off.

Jack looked a bit embarrassed. "I'm afraid I can't make that party. Something else has come up."

Melissa turned quickly, rage building up in her.

"What?"

"Well," said Jack quietly with a happy sort of smile, "I thought I'd go to the convalescent home and visit some of the elderly people."

Melissa stared in disbelief.

Of course it wasn't only Jack's roommate or his girlfriend who noticed a change in him. Everybody did. And inevitably they began to worry about him. His fraternity brothers worried when he brought derelicts back to the house for coffee and a hot meal. A lot of the guys thought it was sort of funny in a weird sort of way at first, but as time went on and the old men continued to visit, they began to worry. Why the hell did Jack always have a flock of birds following him around? Where did he go on Sunday mornings? Why did he have such a strange smile, and such a weird look in his eyes, and such a disquieting way of talking? What about all those off-the-wall remarks of his? And slowly the worry deepened and turned into suspicion. Strange things started to happen which people immediately tied to Jack, even though he couldn't have had anything to do with them. The old olive tree in the front yard, which had been around as long as the frat had, withered away and died, despite the efforts of tree surgeons and bio majors. Several people claimed to have heard Jack swearing at it shortly before its mysterious and sudden demise. Of course nobody took such stories seriously, but still. . . .

Nobody could figure out what Jack was all about. They were not quite sure how Jack had changed, or why he had changed, or why he made everybody so uneasy. A lot of people started to wonder if he didn't know something that they didn't know. His mere presence was disconcerting, but no one could bring themselves to discuss this with anybody else, so they remained uncomfortable, and slowly grew frustrated. And doubt crept in, and people started to wonder about strange things they didn't like to think about. And with this doubt, inevitably, came the beginnings of fear.

Jack's parents worried the most of all. When Jack told them that he was going to join the Peace Corps instead of entering business school, they urged him to get psychological counseling. At first Jack smiled, and really didn't want to go, but it seemed to mean a lot to them, so he finally made an appointment at the university health center.

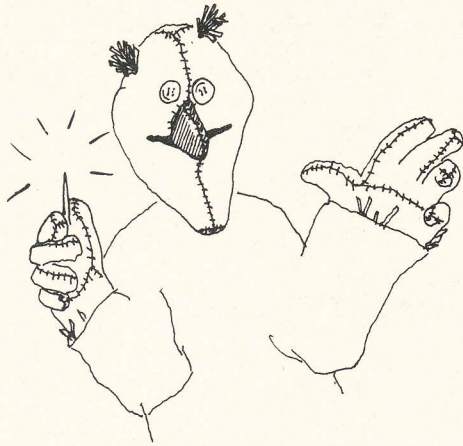
It was a total failure. The psychologist assigned to help Jack, a pleasant man called Mark, became confused whenever Jack came to visit. This was particularly stressful for Mark because he was young and inexperienced and really wanted to help Jack become better and more fulfilled and happier. Instead he just got increasingly confused the more he talked to Jack. Mark started to wonder if Jack was just playing games with him. He worried, and indeed became afraid when he dimmed the lights in his office during a session and noticed a strange golden glow hovering about Jack's head. . . .

After a while, everyone came to fear Jack. He was always polite, and did nice things, and never hurt anybody. Nobody could figure out what Jack was after. At first they thought it was a joke, and then maybe a sort of game, and then that Jack was not well. But when the psychologist refused to label Jack as insane, though he was sorely tempted to, they finally began to see the truth. They saw through him, and saw him for what he was. Jack was just a nice guy. He was a good person.

Of course, they still didn't know what to do with him.

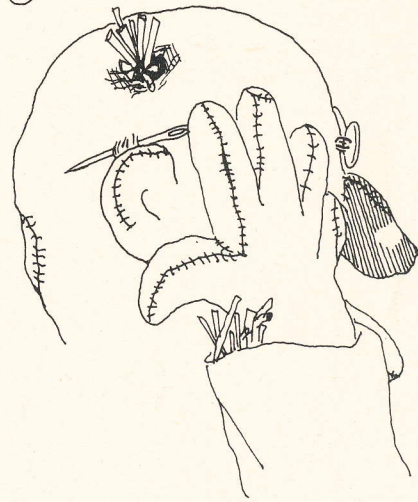


①



Here is the needle, finely wrought,
 which from the store I just have brought.
 With this needle and cloth divine,
 a coat will be, in good time.

②



But now, just for a moment's space,
 Beside my ear, gently I place
 the needle, and, with two hands free,
 prepare the fine textile, quickly.

③



The cloth is set, completely cut,
 all aligned and ready, but
 for the joining thread to cleave
 the various parts in sturdy weave.

④



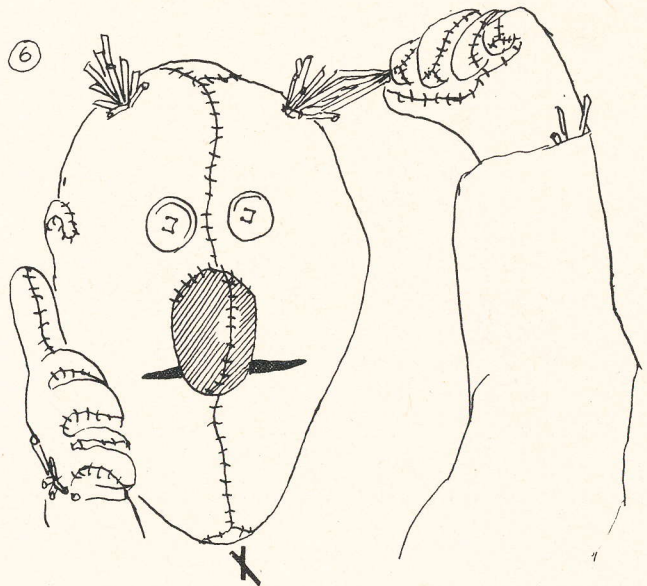
Now up I take the cloth and thread,
 and pull the needle from my head.
 I'll fashion thus, with care and strife,
 a cloak to last me all my life.

5



O! Do I tremble, filled with fear—
the needle's not beside my ear!
And I surmise, with dueful dread,
it's worked its way inside my head!

6



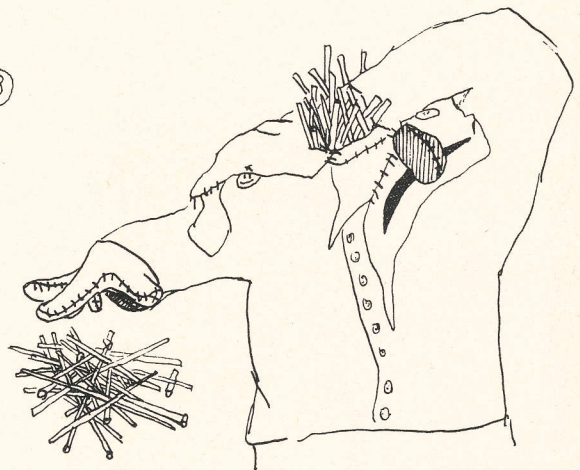
The question: shall I get it back?
Just like the needle in the haystack.
Here the needle is the 'key;
the haystack, my oh my, is me!

7



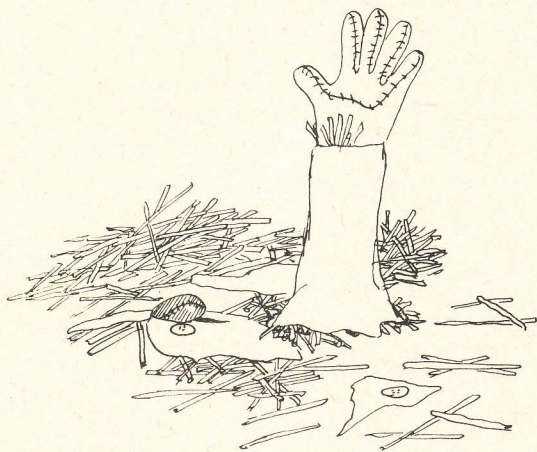
Though needle is what I search for,
I'm passing through an oft closed door,
and in my quest for silver pin,
what shall I find so deep within?

8



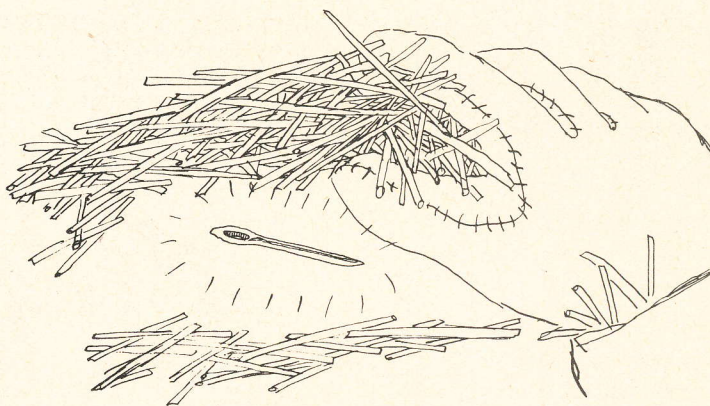
Destroy, plunder, rip and tear.
The needle lurks... God knows where?
So as to make that coat I want,
I ravage now my inner haunts.

9



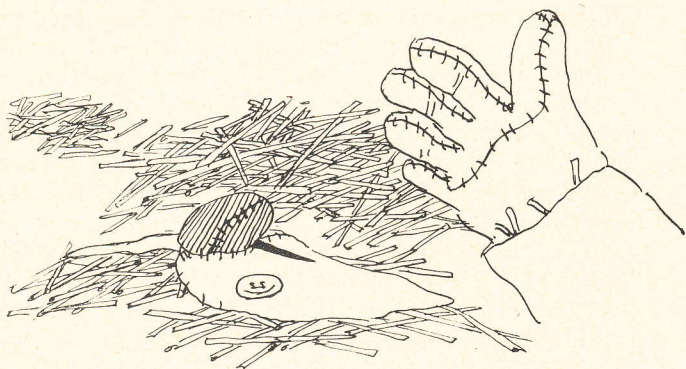
Thus my body's laid to waste.
 Of dissolution, self-fed, I taste.
 But though the bulk's in disarray,
 one arm have I to search the hay.

10



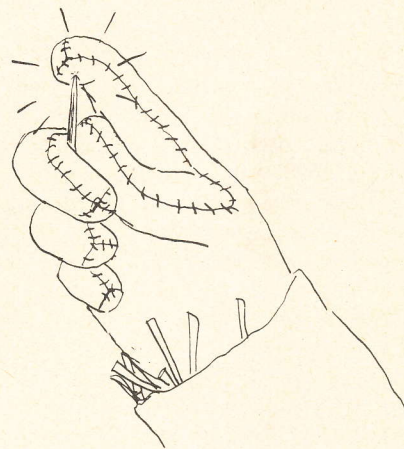
The needle! Yes, at last I find,
 under the hay from my behind.
 O needle, bright and sharp and true,
 look, at what you've made me do!

11



I do regret this futile deed.
 Of fine cloak, what did I need?
 Felt I myself not warm enough?
 Insulation was my very stuff!

12



Upon myself, I've played a trick:
 just like all garb, I'm part fabric;
 thus my desir' for a new cloak
 was wish to be another bloke.
 That which I was truly lacking?
 A blind love of my own sacking.
 The needle sought brought only pain—
 its point for those who, searching, gain.

24 HOURS AT

Stickney's

Mike just commented that we have 23 hours and 40 minutes left. Oh, no . . . this is a really stupid idea, but nevertheless, people are starving in India so it must be done. Wait. Something's wrong. Ethel is nowhere in sight. We realize that Helen won't be present during our sojourn, but if Ethel's not here, we might as well pack it up. Screw the starving people. What a pisser . . . our coffee cups have been empty for at least 10 minutes already. If Ethel were here this never would have happened. What the hell's going on here. No coffee in sight. I tried to get Pedro's attention (the busboy — his name could be Juan for all I know), but he was preoccupied.

These women near us just received their order — each had a piece of strawberry pie with whipped cream. The larger woman, wrapped in an orange trench coat finished first.

Since we are sitting in a booth near the back wall . . . FLASH! Eureka! Coffee arrived. Wilkins asked where Ethel was. Jeanne said Ethel gets in around 11:00 p.m. — Relief. 3rd cup of coffee and feeling buzzed. Ethel is due in 15 minutes. Anticipation in the atmosphere around our table. Wilkins and I are thinking about 75 cups of coffee in 24 hours. Perhaps. Then again, no way . . . but we'll attempt.

10:58 — Ethel arrives on cue as we finish our 3rd cup of coffee. Ah . . . it's good to be alive.

After this is over (and we've got 23 hours left), it is estimated that over three gallons of coffee will have passed through the eagerly awaiting kidneys of the Morales lad and myself. Ethel's arrived, and will have the honor of pouring cup No. 4 for each of us. Hour one was spent settling in, and Chris has started some Calculus. I read a chapter from his copy of Soul On Ice, by Eldridge Cleaver. The one about black men and white women. And all along I thought it was only a racial joke. Honestly. Chris drinks

his coffee black, and I have been easing into the swing using cream. Or maybe it's a reaction to Cleaver's book. Probably not — Stickney's is more firmly rooted in my psyche than race problems, or white women, which is unfortunate — but at least I have somewhere to go every Friday — and Ethel is always willing to serve. I guess in some ways waitresses are like slaves: "Yes sir, no sir, right away sir," and like that. "You do good, and find me some coffee, and I'll leave y'll a nice shiny quarter for mama's baby's new shoes." Yowsah. Chris has just yielded to the cream and sugar (it's ironic, along this same tack, how those black basketball players changed their name to Kareem, cause they switched religions to get away from the "John Henry Washington Roosevelt Franklin Johnson" syndrome, and end up with a white, if you will, name. Which, while we're still in parentheses, reminds me to ask if anyone ever named their young'uns after William Howard Taft. I know there's Howard University, but I've never met anyone with Taft as their first name. Woodrow, Wilson, Calvin, Coolidge, Herbert, Hoover, sure. But Taft? (Hoover Jacob Daniels, center for the Durham, NC Kiwana's midget basketball team in 1970-71. I played guard with his brother Foster Dulles Daniels. No lie.)

I look up, as Ethel serves the clients behind us, always with a smile. They say you can't tell if a waitress is in the room with the lights out, unless she's smiling, or asking you if you're ready to order. Anyway — suddenly there're four cops eating here. Cops usually eat here. They eat for free, and no one ever robs Stickney's. It's a deal they've got worked out. Oh, every 10 years or so, some crackpot shoots up the windows. But they're small holes, and the windows just stay there, holes and all. Actually, its good, because it gives the customers something to think about. The good customers should be arriving soon. The night crowd. The ones who are slaves all day long, and need someone to slave for them. Like your typical household,

the wife slaves, the husband slaves, like a food chain. Big fish eats little fish. But don't order fish at Stickney's. Almost anything else is good quality, A No. 1 food — but not the fish. You don't order steak at Howard Johnson's, and you don't order fish at Stickney's.

Chris is finishing up Joan Didion's book *Play It As It Lays*. So far it's real good, he says. Right now he's at the part about meeting Dr. Abortion at the B-T Thrifty Mart parking lot. And he follows them to the house and to the newspapers. "Hear that scraping, Maria," he shows me. Chris is a pre-med. I have brought Camus (*The Fall*). Loads of laughs tonight. I can see the headlines now, "Coffee-mad Stanford Sophs Jump In Front of 3 a.m. Dragsters." It is 11:45. "By midnight, the blood was flowing so fast that she soaked three pads in fifteen minutes. There was blood, etc. . . "Chapter 31. There are many similarities between literature and life. Too many as far as I'm concerned. That's why I like Stickney's. Any connection between this place and anything is strictly imaginary.

Chris claims to be experiencing the first caffeine erection. I tell him it's just his longing for white women and black women symbolized in the coffee. He looks at me, then remembers I'm fairly wired by now, and returns to his reading. I need something to do with my free hand, and start twirling my hair.

12 mid', man, Wilkins hits the facility for the first time. Ethel arrives just as Wilkins sits down again. More Coffee. I feel really fucked. No. 6. Looking around, I see a "Head Of Lettuce" salad, a Stickney's special with the mindless customer in mind. What the cook does is plop a head of

lettuce on a plate, cuts off the top, and then sprinkles dead shrimp and other shit I can't identify from here. Comparable to the salad is the Stickney's frog — a legend in its own time. One can purchase two types of frog here at Stickney's — white and brown eyed frogs. I don't know which is dominant and which is recessive, nevertheless both contain enough sugar to send any diabetic into convulsions. White-eyed frogs signify that white cake is concealed within a thick sugary green coat (approx. — in. thick.) A slit will be found on the top of the frog which contains a red goo something like coagulated blood from a nosebleed. Brown-eyed frogs suggest that brown cake lurks within. I must have a small bladder. I shall return, leaving a note with Wilkins to come and get me if I'm not back in 30 minutes. No drunks in the bathroom yet. What a freaking disappointment. I'll save my lighter fluid for later. I really miss Helen. I wish she were here. One doesn't know what its like to observe pulsating varicose veins while drinking coffee and eating fries with catsup at 2 a.m. on any given morning of any given year for the past 17. Cup No. 8. Ethel leaves a whole pot of coffee on the table. Torture. She finally retrieves it. After this cup, we will have a half a gallon of coffee circulating within us. Ah, the wonders of caffeine. I think we may order a Stickney's tart to alleviate the pain.

The muzak is playing Simon and Garfunkle's "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme," as done by Tommy Tedesco and the 101 strings, or whoever gets those choice recording contracts. It's amazing — so many people hear them. I'm sure it's the same guys, and yet nobody can



name them. A real swinger complete with red handkerchief, pipe (really nasty smoke), and the male version of the Suzanne Glidden Tote Bag just came in — one of the better dressed slobs here. Probably just struck out at the disco. "I'm assistant sales broker for Camino Camper, and I'm hot for your bod. Hey cutes, how about a marangue." "Leave me alone, you overweight nobody." "Hey wait, I was responsible for the new South San Francisco location. I've got a 26 foot double-wide San Carlos special out back, with mirrors on the ceiling." "You repulse me." "Oh."

I mean, why try? Why not just come to Stickney's at a reasonable hour, have a cheeseburger combo, go home, hit the tube and fall asleep. Wake up 8 hours later, hit the tube, and etc., etc. Why not . . . cher ami, because it reminds you of how boring life really is, and to forget, you'll do anything, even stay at Stickney's for 24 hours. Two more policemen come in. Lots of policemen, no truckdrivers. Truckers are fucked. They spend all their time at Truck stops, and never mingle with real people. It's their own Ivory Tower. Time for a pit stop, as the truckers say. Back soon. I return, Chris leaves.

The Stickney's decor is a beaut. Its large (and pocked) picture glass windows, sectioned off by metallic partitions no longer new, reminds one of the home The Jetsons lived in. And the attractive lights which hang over the tables (arranged in a row perpendicular to the windows) look much like glowing no-pest strips with birth defects, so that the shapes are irregular. The ceiling slants up to meet the window, and exhaust bulls-eyes ringed with the smoke and soot stains of a generation. Across from the window and past the counter is the kitchen. Even after over a year of Stickney's visits, the kitchen remains something of a mystery. The cops leave. We have something of a minor crisis on our hands. We need to drink another cup of coffee in fifteen minutes, and maybe get some food. I reach into our supply bag . . . Roloids . . . a Godsend. It makes one believe in the universal wholeness. The tao of coffee. The hunter and the hunted, the yes and the no, caffeine acid stomach and Roloids. An inner peace.

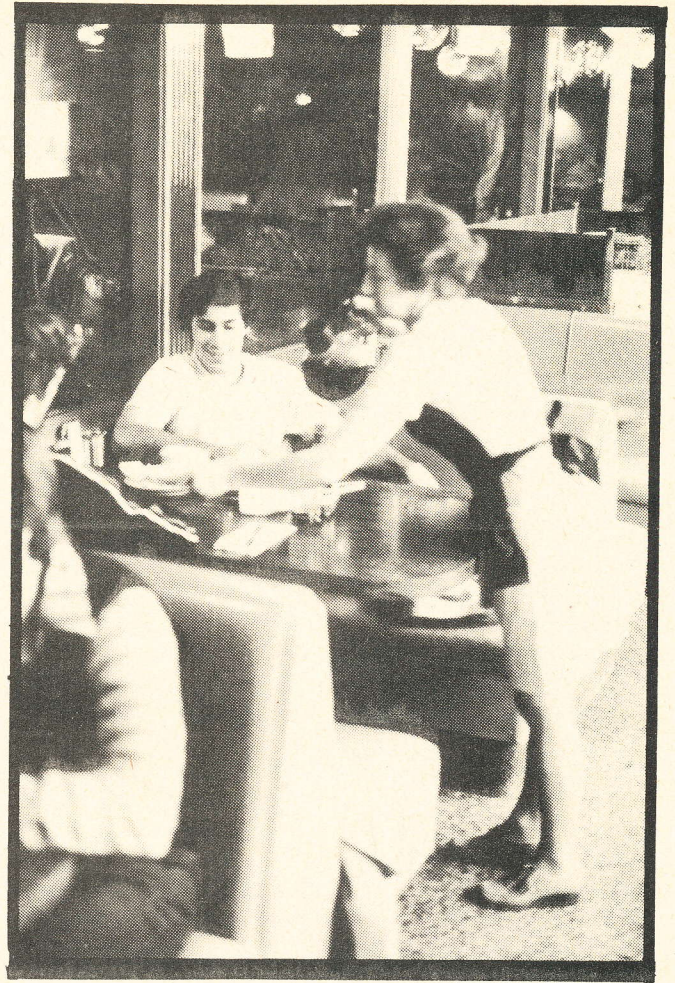
Coffee arrives. But before I have another go at it, I must seek the divine give afforded me by urination. The coffee must be doing something right. When you can hear the urine coming out (before it hits the porcelain), something unique is going on.

One of the kitchen guys was cleaning up, as I went in, and on the way out, I walked past a broken armed, small-chinned (and that covered in a black-grey stubble) guy, just coming in. A night person. Stickney's. Tao.

Night people are filtering in. No. First off, there's this man, man, that has only two fingers on one hand, which looks pretty funny. His fat red-haired wife also looks pretty funny. What a funny couple. I wonder what their kids look like, if any. Some freaks just arrived. Looks like these clones just got out of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." Probably Stanford students. I recognize one of them.

The bartender is sitting near us dipping toast in his coffee. Sitting with him is a guy that must be positioned high on the Stickney's ladder — wears a tie, is here every night. Probably a bouncer.

I am suddenly aware of the color orange. It permeates the whole restaurant. The vinyl seats are orange, the wait-



resses' uniforms are orange, the wallpaper is gold-orange, the catsup and its reflection in the water glasses is orange, my skin, in this dimly orange Gulf No-Pest strip lit place, is orange. Everything is orange, and it takes the room out of focus in a way — the only focus is the bright blue of the orange juice dispenser. In the orange, the people fade into their seats, and only a mindless drone — like car tires when you were a kid, and the parents were in the front seat, and you laid out on the back seat, and the wheels were right under your head, and you could see the stars if you banked your head right. A fat lady wearing a green tent top gets up and momentarily distorts the orange. But she goes out and the room slowly goes out of focus. My ureter is on fire — back in a minute.

I walk into the restroom, and one of the night people is taking a leak. He's wearing a light grey-green plaid wool coat with a tear in one arm. He's at the stall. There are two stalls and a partitioned toilet. For some reason, I go past the stall and close myself off. As soon as I do, I realize how "irregular" (pun, stupid) that was. Left either to stay or come back out among embarrassing glances, I dropped my trousers, sat down, and waited him out. It took a real long time for the shoe to finally move, and the door squeaked open before it did. We were not alone. The shoe leaves, and the door closed. I get up, having urinated "lady style," as the dogs in my neighborhood would say, if they could speak, and proceed to affix my pants. The unseen urinator is apparently oblivious to me, and is sing-talking to

himself. "Stevens Creek, oh, unh, unh, yeah I'm gonna go there." I quickly debated whether to stop and wash my hands or not, but the prospect of having to spend the next several hours with stinky hands was not a pleasant one. Boldly I walked out and acted as normally as possible. I washed and dried without looking at him, but caught his stare in the mirror as I was going out. A wrinkled face, not in the old man sense of wrinkled, but sort of layers of fatty skin wrinkled. An old man's wrinkle is dried up. His was still wet. As we watched each other for that split-second, a long ash from his cigarette fell and hissed out in the urinal.

It's exactly 5:00. Mike and I have decided to scrap the idea of drinking 50 cups of coffee (4.5 gallons each) in 24 hours primarily because we are both just about ready to throw up. We have also decided to go cold turkey on the caffeine until 8:00 a.m. So far our total bill is \$5.97. I don't care about starving people in India, all I care about this moment is not to throw up in front of Ethel. The feeble 32 year old busboy stares at Pus and has stayed away from our booth all morning because he knows something is wrong with us.

7:54 — Mike ordered another jello.

8:10 — Chris ordered orange juice, Mike requested Milk and we shared an order of stewed prunes. Roloids supply is down to 2.

100 cars pass in 6 minutes (8:40-8:46).

9:25 — Only 12 hours and 35 minutes to go, and I cannot believe that (a) we're not half done yet and (b) we actually decided to drink 50 cups of coffee. Chris has finished Soul On Ice, and I, The Fall. He now does math.

A bum came in around 4:45, ripped and stained green corduroy jacket, with a wax-papered sandwich and a water-stained paperback book in its ripped pocket. He had the prerequisite white stubble beard, and an old Goodwill beanie, and horn-rimmed glasses he probably found in a garbage can. He ordered coffee and read until about 6:00 when he fell asleep. Quick flash — the guy behind Chris is wearing Comet after-shave. 9:46, the sprinklers go on. Around 8:00 the bum wakes up and goes to the bathroom. At 8:10, he walks out without paying. Almost as bad as the guy who was at the counter and waited until the guy next to him left, so that he could use the tip money to pay for his coffee.

Terri is our morning waitress. My eyes hurt when I close them, and I can tell where the blood vessels are. Bring out the Murine Plus. It's too bad that one is not prone to be free with their thoughts during the day. (At 10:00 a.m., the halfway mark, we changed sides of the booth.)

2:00 p.m. God is this torture. Wilkins and I just stare at each other and bitch because we are really hurting. Just the usual oddballs coming and going during the late morning and early afternoon.

Alas, we have begun drinking coffee once again now that the scar tissue in our throats has healed. The pace is slow this afternoon, as I only observe nine other satisfied customers enjoying some good Stickney's food at outrageous prices. The coffee must keep coming and going . . . as Mike returns from the can. He reports that two twelve year old women are at the counter spying on us surreptitiously, smoking cigarettes, and looking very sleazy. Wouldn't ya know it. Terrific. I'm staring at the new

busboy — some guy about 40 years old, Caucasian, and mentally handicapped. We are getting a kick out of this guy. Unfocused eyes, shaky movements, slurred speech . . . no, not the moron, but Mike and I during our finishing off of 19 and 18 cups of coffee, respectively. Indeed, Debora sees our empty cups and fills them immediately with a reassuring smile. She is capturing our hearts and destroying our stomachs.

Chris goes to wash up. He plans on sleeping, but I have had a 10 minute brush with sleep at 5 this morning and am now up like a pup. My coffee cup anxiously awaits No. 20, as I simultaneously scrape caffeine residues off my teeth and watch the two young ones that stirred our collective heart bike past.

Chris and I are hoping some post-pubescent miss comes in. We are bored and need a target for jokes because we've just about run dry of retarded dishwasher jokes (dribble glasses, etc.). To say that jokes about post-pubescent girls never run dry is a joke in itself, that is, if you've been without sleep for as long as we have. Earlier this afternoon, we were accosted by a pair of, if my Anglicized Yiddish is correct, Yentas. They were friends of Madge, the bitchy, pallid waitress who wanted us to scam. Anyway, they see the scratch pad and math book and launch into what appeared to be a very well rehearsed semi-monologue, "Look Val, these two boys are studying, and math, too. What kind is that. (The other female was conspicuously silent. In my own unofficial studies of this on aged women, conducted on my aunts, 2nd aunts, great aunts, and their bridge clubs, their is a definite tendency to split up into groups of 2 or 3 and for one to do all the talking. The others are there to mostly nod, add an occasional "my, my, well you know," anecdote, or simply to laugh with the others, followed by a pained, wheezing "Oh, ho, ho, hunnh." Police also use this "Mutt and Jeff" routine.)

"Calculus," replies Chris.

"Oh, that's very difficult. My son's a freshman now and is just taking algebra (well, that's something to be proud of I think, at least he's not washing dishes here) at St. Francis (a high school, Chris explained to me later). He got a D-plus on his first test, but now has a B average." We nod a fatigued, leave us alone, approval. "I hope you boys get an A, you look like you know what you're doing." And they proceed to gossip with Madge.

It's 4:35 as I hear for the 1st time, a Montovanesque version of "There's a kind of Hush." And the song fits. I'm alive, there is a hush at Stickney's before the Saturday dinner rush, and I feel fine. On the way back from the restroom, I stop to talk with the bouncer. Every shift has one manager-bouncer type guy among the waitresses, sort of like a near-sighted pimp and his ugly prostitutes. However, that is a fate I could only wish on Madge . . . but that is a fate I could wish on no "customer." I ask him about the green frogs and their absence from the Stickney's prominent pastry shelves. "They hop in on Monday," he laughs down his nose at me. Who the hell does that guy think he is?? Camus would call him the "gorilla." How's this for an idea: The Camus And Andy Show. Its about this good time "Lazarus," and his introspective neighbor who harbors a death wish, and wins Nobel Prizes. I realize that it doesn't work if you pronounce the name correctly, but it adds to

the rustic appeal. A lot of room for Black Orpheus jokes, or Fat Albert, or the like. Sidney Poitier as Albert Camus (or Roscoe Lee Browne), and (Chris awakes to the sound of the gorilla's voice "You guys have to look like you're awake, even if you're not.") Scatman Crothers as Andy. "The essential is that everything should become simple, as for the child, that every act should be ordered that good and evil should be arbitrarily, hence obviously, pointed out." "Woowee, Camus, dat shore am some bodaciously fine annunciatin'."

Ah-ha. Can you hear it? No, no, of course not, but its the Ferrante and Teischer version of Freddy Fender's "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights." What an appropriate song. But that's not the important part. What is, is that we heard that last night. We're on the home stretch.

Pus remarks about 21 hours, "Above all, this is really stupid, really stupid." Correct, indeed. We are now falling into a very bad psychological slump, and we desperately need visitors here. None.

Pus is returning from the can with a grin. He must have met a drunk, no, he must have "had a shit."

A middle aged couple sat down in a booth near Pus and I, took one look at us and immediately got up and moved to the far end of the restaurant. Scumbags. Kneedrops to the midsection will fix 'em. Jesus. We've been here for 22 hours so far. This has to be the stupidest thing I've ever done in my life. If my mom finds out, I'm dead. Pus can't believe we're almost done as he hurriedly shuffles for the facility.

(8:00) Chris has set me nearer to the Nuke Puke than I have ever been just now. He drank catsup, put rye krisps, catsup, and enough sugar to sprinkle the cereal of all of South Yemen into some lukewarm Stickney's jism. And then he drank the brew. I feel sorry for those who have crossed him.

One hour and forty minutes and we are on the verge of collapse. There is no way that I can express our disbelief over what asses we've made of ourselves during the last 24 hours.

Camus' judge-penitents. Stickney's is our Mexico City, and we are its judge-penitents. Our sentence:

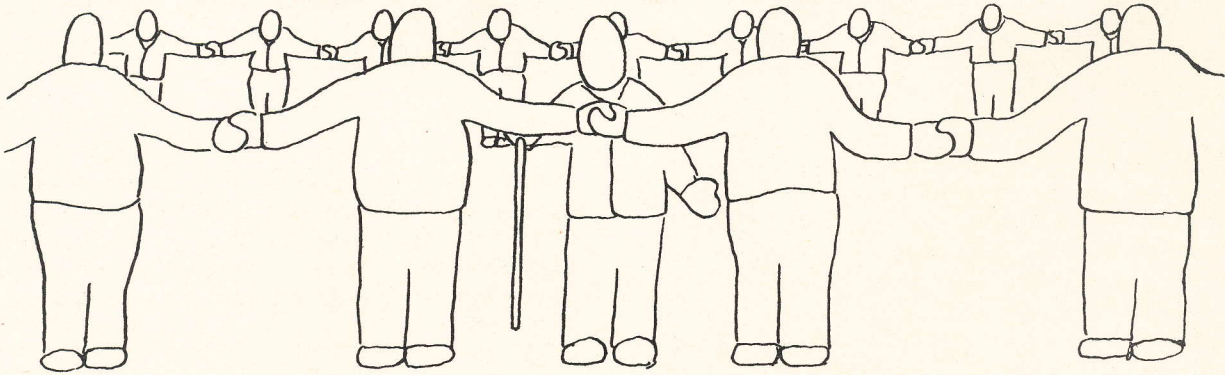
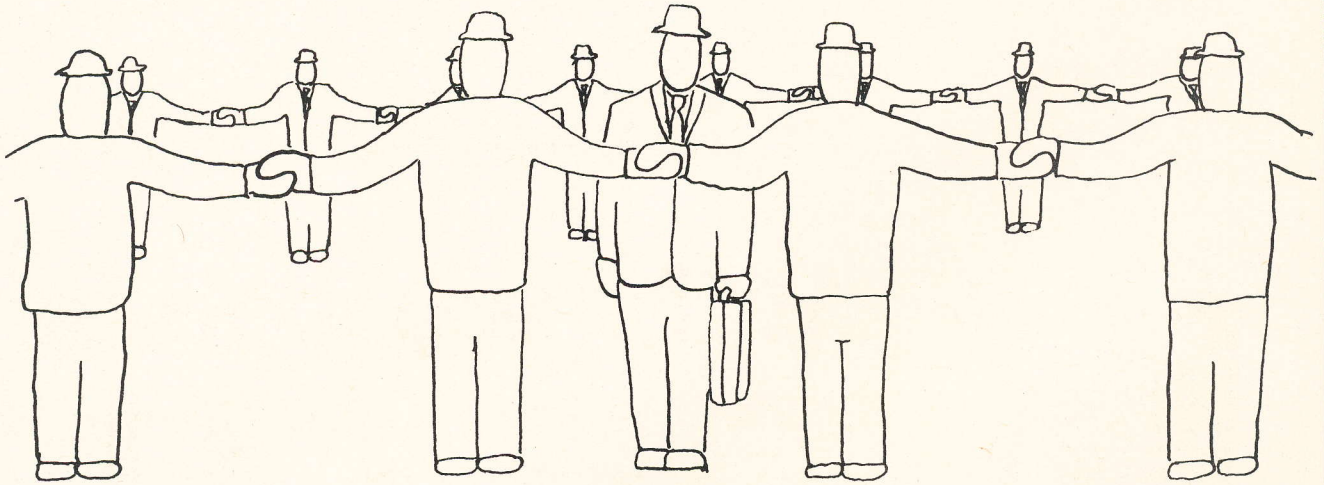
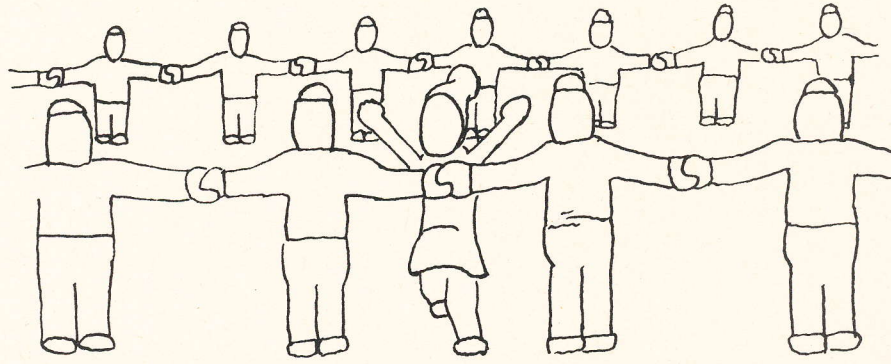
O.K. man. We will have been here 1,440 minutes as soon as our time is up at 10:00 p.m. The time is now 8:34 and we feel it is our duty to repeat the word "Stickney's" 1,440 times. Because we are seriously fucked up in the head. No one, and I mean no one, would do this unless they were really disturbed mentally.

We will be free in fifteen minutes. We want out. But finally our very, very special thanks to Helen and Ethel, both of whom will live in our hearts until Pus and Chris are dead.

"What a fucking waste."

Chris Morales 4/14/79
Mike Wilkins 4/14/79





D. LYON

3 generations of Americans have played
the childhood game "Red Rover, Red Rover."

English why we speak

ENGLISH

There is a story told about H. L. Mencken back in the days when he was the editor of the *American Mercury*. One crisp autumn afternoon, he met a young woman in the elevator on the way to his office. The girl asked him if he were the famous editor and Mencken, somewhat taken aback, replied that he was. She then asked him if he would be so kind as to take a look at a story she had written. Mencken was impressed with the youngster's spunk and invited her to join him in his office.

After he had finished reading the story, he looked up from the typewritten pages and asked the young woman her name. "Gertrude Stein," she replied. "Well, Gertrude," Mencken said, "there's a dangling modifier in this story." He then grabbed her by the lapels of her coat and pitched her out the window. She fell eighteen stories to her death.

This story isn't true, but it does illustrate a very important point: exaggeration can ruin even the best of writing and turn specious anecdotes into cheap jokes. Also, just as we must understand Italian to enjoy opera, and Hebrew to enjoy a bar mitzvah, we must understand English to enjoy ourselves.

The reason for this is that we all speak English. We didn't always speak English. We used to speak Anglo-Saxon. Anglo-Saxon was a rather primitive language consisting only of a few letters and dealing only with the rudiments of human experience. In fact, Anglo-Saxon consisted of only seven, four syllable words describing parts of the human body and their functions. Consequently, modern readers find Anglo-Saxon poetry mildly titillating, but it very rapidly becomes tiresome.

But it was not until Daniel Webster invented grammar that English became firmly established. (Daniel Webster should not be confused with the famous nineteenth-century congressman Henry Clay who distinguished himself in the Lincoln-Douglas debates.) Since then, many great men have understood the importance of grammar. Noam Chomsky has made a career out of it.

But we have begun to forget the importance of grammar and the vital part it can play in our daily lives. Every time we make a grammatical error, we sound ignorant. Every day, people who should know better use prepositions when they should use participles and gerunds when semicolons are called for. Genuinely intelligent people talk like typesetters for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The importance of good grammar was not lost to Winston Churchill. Once, the Prime Minister ended a sentence in a draft of one of his famous speeches with a preposition. A menial underling, not fit to wipe the great man's boots, had the invidious temerity to point this out to Mr. Churchill. Churchill, one of the great writers of our age, sagely replied, "Thank you very much, a sentence that ends with a preposition is the sort of nonsense up with which I will not put."

Since the invention of grammar, English has become the second language of most of the world and in many countries is threatening the integrity of the native tongue. The French—a race of pedants—have been waging a battle against what they call "Franglais," the adoption of English words that have no French counterpart, such as "le dog", "l'homme mellow", and "Like, je relly zi wer your keming frem, y'nau?" But, what are we to expect from a race of pedagogues? They neither realize nor care that English has adopted many French words and phrases without difficulty. This can be seen in such examples as "Paris," "French kiss," and "Pardon my French." But the French remain pederasts to the end; as Camus once said, "The French—they make me sick. I want to vomit in De Gaulle's hat."


The French notwithstanding, the size of our vocabulary is expanding every day. Chaucer wrote the *Canterbury Tales* using only 45 words and no prepositions. And while Shakespeare had only 500 words at his disposal, he wrote some of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language without using the letters on the bottom row of a typewriter keyboard. As recently as 1965, nobody would have understood this joke:

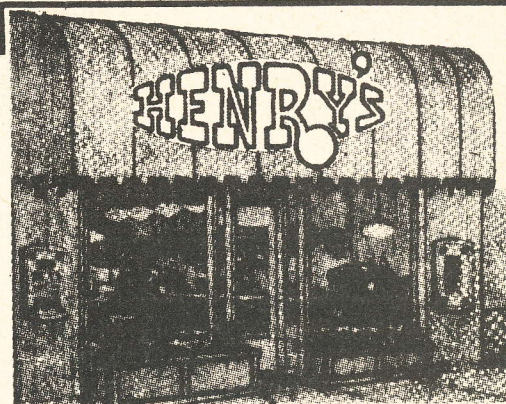
HE: What has red hair, big feet and lives in a test tube?
SHE: Bozo the Clone.

Now, clever japes of this nature evoke uncontrolled mirth. Yet, while we are adding words to our language at the rate of 2500 a fortnight, we still have no word for a place where barbers go to drink gimlets and play marbles. Do we need all these new words? After all, you may say, there were tribes in Bolivia whose language consisted of a single letter and communicated similar to morse code. They are extinct now, but for different reasons entirely. On the other hand, there are languages such as Chinese, where the same letter is never used twice and yet there is still no word for gimlet because it is a crime punishable by death to import Rose's Lime Juice into China.

Because of the problems of an ever-expanding vocabulary, euphemism has reached epidemic proportions. Everyone is trying to outdo everyone else in finding pleasant ways to refer to things that thoroughly disgust us.

When someone says, "God, I wish I could get laid," we know that he really means something dirty. Why doesn't he come right out and say it? After all, we're all adults, we know what he really means is that he wants to *make love*. Euphemisms make our language flabby. Look at the restaurant menu that advertises "Ground steak—specially charbroiled over glowing embers by our chef and lovingly placed on our own golden brown bun in a bed of crisp green lettuce and garden-fresh onions. Garnished with a sprig of our finest parsley." Why don't they just say "Greasy hamburger on a roll?" Frankly, I really don't know.

Euphemism goes hand-in-hand with that old standby, the cliché. These tried and true old workhorses are as easy as pie, but carry the seeds of their own destruction. You should take the bull by the horns and stand on your own two feet—don't let them do your talking for you. You can bet your bottom dollar there's more than one way to skin a cat and you can speak your mind without using old saws or leaning on crutches. If you want to change your tune, put your nose to the grindstone. Crack some books and burn the midnight oil and before you know it, you'll be safe and sound. Your words of wisdom and deathless prose will be fresh as daisies. Enough said. A word to the wise is sufficient. 



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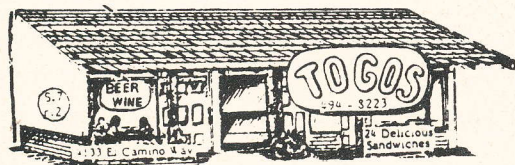


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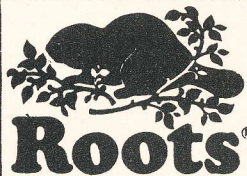
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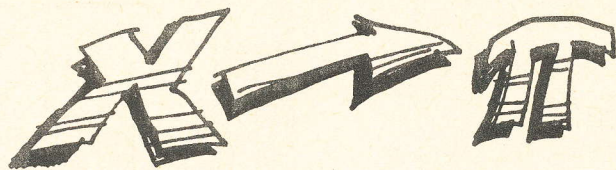
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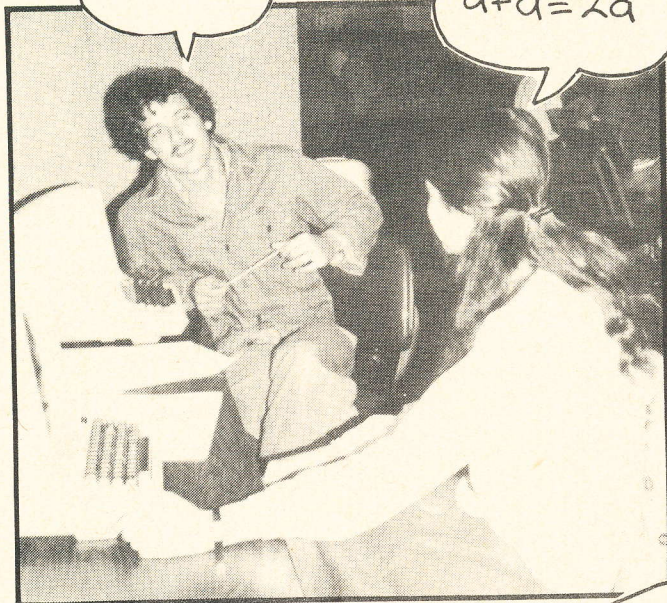
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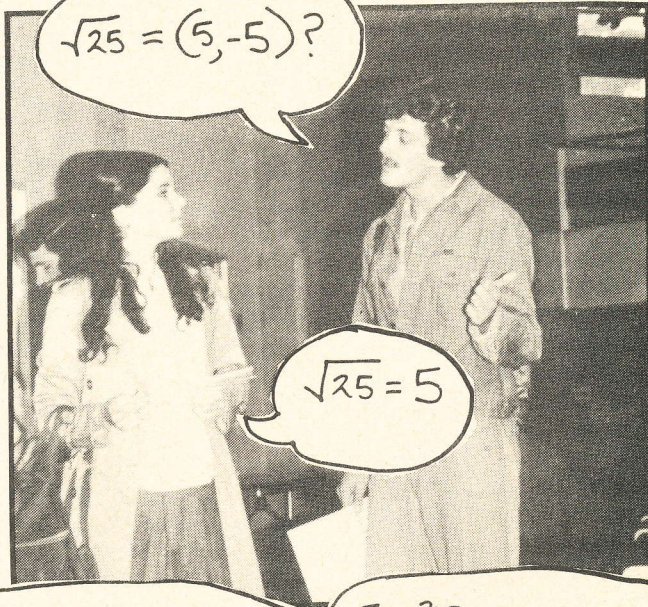


$$2+2=4$$



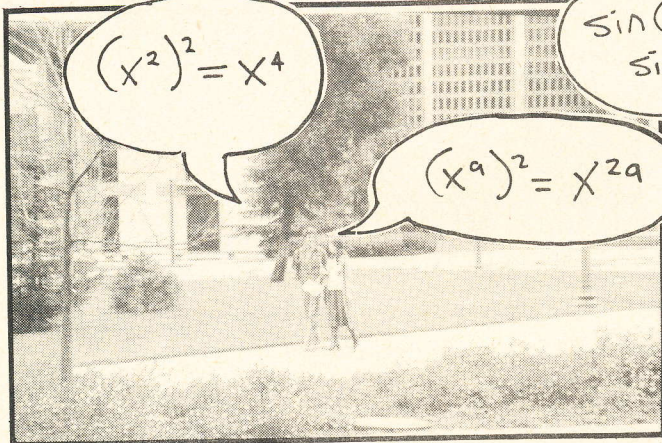
$$a+a=2a$$

$$\sqrt{25} = (5, -5)?$$



$$\sqrt{25} = 5$$

$$(x^2)^2 = x^4$$



$$(x^a)^2 = x^{2a}$$

$$\sin(A-B) = \sin A \cos B - \cos A \sin B$$



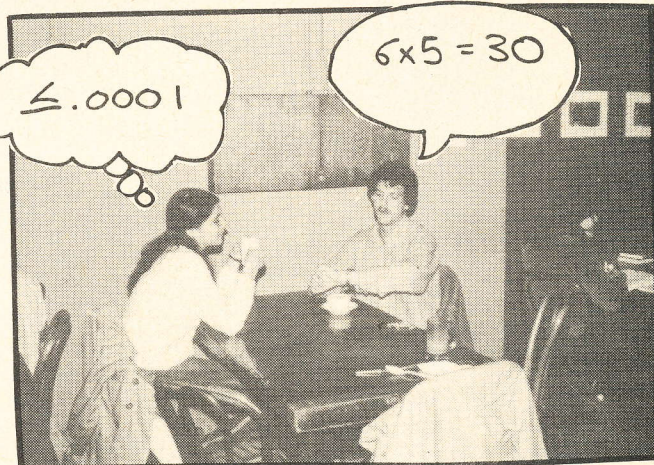
$$\sin^2 \theta + \cos^2 \theta = 1$$

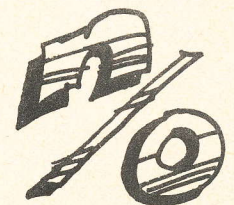
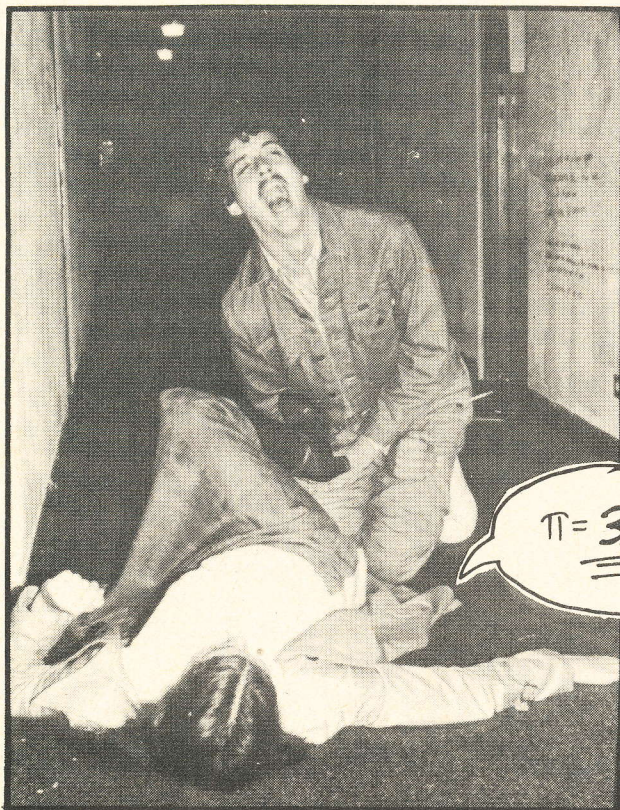
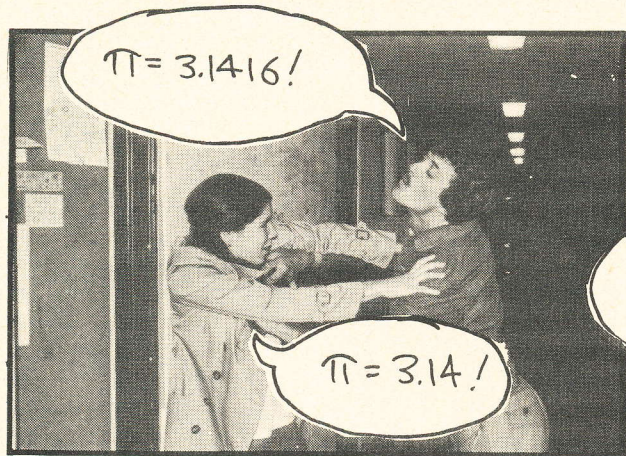
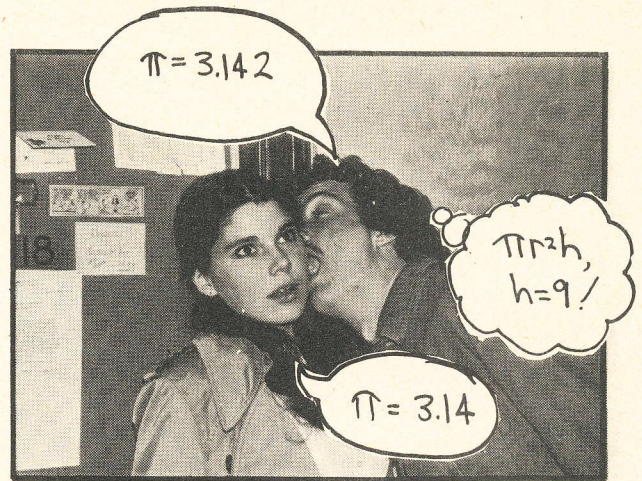
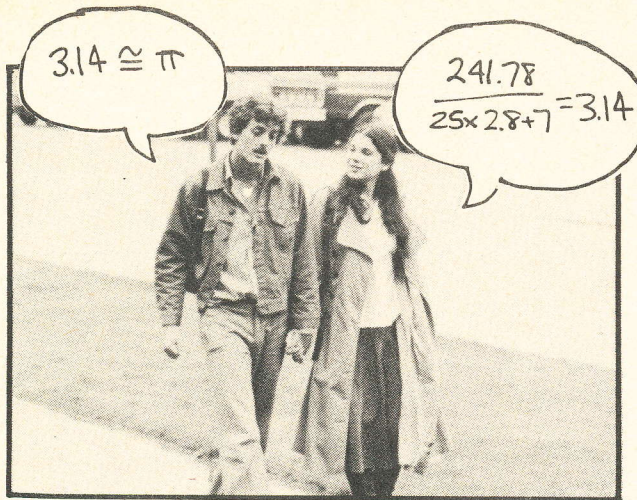
$$\cos(A-B) = \cos A \cos B + \sin A \sin B$$



$$\leq .0001$$

$$6 \times 5 = 30$$





CHARLIE THE PACER

I hate the Bagel Plant.

Nobody hates anything. It's not nice.

I *hate* the Bagel Plant. I despise the Bagel Plant. I loathe-detest-can't stand the Bagel Plant. With a passion.

You're being obnoxious. Maybe you dislike the Bagel Plant but. . .

I hate everything about the Bagel Plant. I hate the thick wheaty smell. I hate the constant noise of the machines inside my head, outside my head, across the street. I hate the heat of the oven that makes me and the spics sweat.

"Spics?" Chicanos.

And I hate working on a holiday. I hate getting up at 6:00 on Memorial Day and riding my bike through the fog when I could be unconscious still. Of course, I'll have made \$13.25 by the time I'd normally wake up — that's \$13.25 at minimum wage. I'm late and a big line of Jews is. . .

Anti-Semetic. Anti-Semetic.

It's a *bagel* store, who do you think goes there? I get off my bike and knock on the door. Juan has to let me in because I don't have a key. The Jews give me grief.

"So how come you're never open on time?"

"It's 7:06."

"You're late."

Juan opens the door. As I walk in, a fat man, in a plaid fishing hat that has no lures hanging off the sides, pushes in behind me.

"You're gonna have to wait outside."

"It's cold." He puts his hands in the pockets of his shorts and looks down at his belly. I can't begrudge him warmth, so I drop it. "Hey Juan."

"Hey Senor." He grins, looking like the stereotype spic. He's got a long face with a droopy spic mustache that parallels his cheeks. Skinny but strong. "A good back," says Frank the manager. Juan is one of four spics working at the Bagel Plant, all brothers, all illegal aliens. The other three are Tony, Jose, and Eduardo. Their cousin Jesus



J. Jones

used to work at the Bagel Plant until a cop came looking for him. I told the cop that I'd never heard of Jesus. Carla, a high school girl who works part-time, yelled out "Hey, Jesus, there's a cop wants to see you." So much for Jesus. No big deal though. He's probably swimming the Colorado right now. Juan's been sent back three times so far.

I turn on the "Hot Bagels" sign and let the coffee machine out of its cage. It's 7:10. I open the door and the Jews come streaming in.

My job is to sell the bagels. The spics make them. Actually a machine makes the bagels, the spics just run the machine. They cram huge slabs of dough into the machine's spout, quivering blobs of protoplasmic dough rhythmically disappearing into steel gauges and pipes and — presto — bagels. All the spics have to do is boil and bake them.

It's busy. Weekends and holidays are always busy. Everybody wants bagels and cream cheese for late brunch. So I take hot dough rings, put them into bags, and exchange them for more money than they're worth. The trick is that we have eight different kinds of dough ring. I'm screwing up people's orders — "I thought I said Sesame" — and even worse, I'm screwing up their change. You don't do that with Jews.

You're a bigot.

My work is boring. It's not taxing my head, but I have to be aware enough to get orders and make change. I can't just daydream. My mind is neutral and I stuff bagels into bags. I'm not complaining. I don't have to break cement or check transistors. It's an easy \$2.65 but I just wish I was a productive, useful member of society. As it is, I'm only a middle man between bagels and money. I'm a real tool.

At around 8:30 the flow of customers slows down to a babbling brook and gosh, before I know it, it's 9:00 and Jack walks in. He takes long steps and his smiling face bounces up and down like it's on a spring. Jack is a hippie in the classical sense of the word, a real good-timer talking about "boogyin" and "tokin" and his hair calls it quits halfway to his waist. He's also got a full beard and mustache that they make him put a hairnet on, accentuating his institution grin.

"Hey Bruce, great day if it don't rain, heh, heh." He says that every morning. Pretty uncreative for a grade-A whole-earth hippie.

"Hey Jack."

"I brought some flowers, heh, heh." Every morning he brings in flowers from a cemetery near his apartment. We give them to pretty girls who come in. The flowers never get us anywhere, but it's aesthetically pleasing. (And occasionally we get the right combination of girl, sun, and light dress.

No one's coming in now. Dave and I sit at a small table in the back by the oven. Last night Jack went to see Commander Cody, got wasted, and "Woo, there were some real cuties, heh heh." Since I'm tired, and still somewhat upset about Memorial Day, my end of the conversation has sore feet. Jack keeps things going. He talks at me while I feel sorry for myself. Yes, he's been many places and seen many things: Oberlin, Florida State, Stanford. Jack is cheerful, heh heh.

There are some good points about working on Memorial Day. Carl and Bert, the owners, won't come in. Carl is an aging hipster in sandals, elephant bell blue jeans, a

Mexican wedding shirt, chains, shoulder length hair, and a bald spot. Bert is fat, has a bowl hair cut, and wears aloha shirts that are too small so that if you stoop to pick something up you can see the bottom of his extended belly. Jack thinks Bert's a faggot. They don't *really* care how hard we work, or don't work, but they'll occasionally make us clean the walls or something for pretense's sake.

It's 12:00. We're getting about three customers an hour now. I take an early lunchbreak as Eduardo comes in. Eduardo is about seventeen and dressed in Mexican chic—fluorescent green pants and a purple suede jacket. He must be a big hit with all the señoritas. I leave.

Outside. We're in the middle of a late Spring heat wave and the store is located on a busy downtown street, but to me it is cool and quiet. I walk two blocks to a park and lay down on the grass — I'm horizontal for a change. I like heat when I can lie down and absorb it. I relax. Boredom and frustration ooze out with my sweat.

When are you going to do something?

I don't know. Maybe. I used to be a college student. I took history classes. I took poli-sci classes. I took anthro classes. I took English classes. I took art classes. I got bored and I took off.

I don't have a watch, but I think it's been about an hour, so I go back. Jack leaves and I take my post at the table and stare out the window. There's not much to look at. A vacant lot. They painted the buildings on the other side of the lot, but that was three weeks ago.

Eduardo and Juan come up to me with a bagel dough dicks flopping out their flies. I saw this the first day I worked here, and most of them since, but they're laughing and I laugh too. It's a game we play.

Juan asks me, "You like the verga?"

"Yeah, verga. Mmmmmmm."

"You like panocha?"

"No. Me no like panocha. You like burro?"

"Si burro." Juan humps the air and grins his wide spic grin. "You a puto?"

"Yeah, puto." I wink at him. "You like muchachos?"

"Si. Me like muchachos," he makes a tight circle with his thumb and forefinger. He wins. Eduardo and Juan laugh and say something I don't understand, although they have taught me a lot of Mexican. I take a five out of the cash register and give it to Eduardo, "go get cerveza." He shuffles out the door.

I sit down as Jack comes in. He's got somebody with him. "Look what I found, heh heh." It's Charlie the Pacer. Charlie paces. Back and forth. In the vacant lot. On the street. Up and down the street. He's come into the store a few times, looking at the bagels, looking at his feet, not saying anything. I've never heard him say even one word. He doesn't even sigh. Charlie looks like an old-fashioned opium den chink with a long frayed beard, but he doesn't wear a coolie hat. Just a green sweatshirt. He sits down.

I tell Jack that I sent Eduardo out for cerveza and we decide that we'll get Charlie drunk.

You shouldn't do that. He's obviously got problems.

Jack introduces me to Charlie. "Bruce this is Charles," Charles this is Bruce."

Charlie says "hi." He must be in a good mood.

Jack talks at us about this cutie he saw on his lunch-

break, about his sprout sandwich, about how he found Charlie sleeping on a bench in the park. Eduardo comes in with the beer.

"Ahhhh, cerveza, heh heh."

The bottles are passed around the table. It's gotten hotter since morning and the beer tastes the way it does to all those satisfied people in commercials. Charlie downs his quickly so I open him another. He stares at me and says, "You know, it is very hot in here. We should move outside where it is cooler."

"Hey that's a great idea Charles," says Jack. We take our chairs out to the sidewalk and array them in a circle. I lean back. It's a good thing we haven't had a customer in three hours. I light a cigarette.

"Could I have one?," asks Charlie.

"Sure."

"Could I have another one?"

"Huh, sure."

"You know," Charlie pauses, collecting words to put into sentences, "My life was all bad, all bad. Not nice at all. And then you guys are giving me beer and cigarettes and it looks, it looks real good. It's funny you know, how it changes from good to bad so quickly, just like that."

This Charlie guy isn't so bad. I think about what he says and it seems true. I started the day off pissed and now I'm sitting outside drinking beer and having a good time. A late afternoon breeze dries and cools us. Charlie's telling about how he was in the Vietnam war driving jeeps around or something. I think maybe that's where he went crazy because he says something about being scared, real scared.

Frank drives up in his truck. Although he's the manager of the store he's never around. His problem is that he's hung over. Always. Carl and Bert would fire him but he's got good connections. His flat white face looks like a goalie's mask, to the point of a missing tooth. His eyes are

red holes.

We give him shit as he gets out of the cab, but he's in no mood to take it. He grunts and walks slowly towards us, concentrating on what he's doing.

"Bruce, I want to talk to you."

I get up and open the door for him.

"I don't know how to tell you this. . ."

Tell me what, huh Frank?

". . . you're fired."

"Aw fuck you Frank."

"No, I'm serious man, this is your last day. Carl's kid quit school and she needs a job. It stinks . . . bad."

"You're fucking shitting me?"

"Sorry man, I tried to talk Carl out of it, but there ain't a fucking thing I can do. Sorry."

"On Memorial Day. I've got a dead Grandfather. Why didn't you fire me yesterday? How long have you fucking known about this?"

"A week . . . I've been trying to talk him out of it."

"A fucking week. Fuck. . ." I pronounce it as many ways as I know how, putting on a good show. I can sleep in tomorrow. I can go to the beach. I can draw all day.

"It's a drag," the hole in Frank's goalie mask is talking at me, "cause Carl's daughter is a real bitch. Stick around and have some beer." He steps to his office. I go back outside.

"I just got fired."

"How come?" asks Jack.

I shrug.

"Sheeeeyit."

"Did you never notice trees?" Charlie is looking at me wide eyed. He has.

Don't you care?

Huh? No. I'm getting drunk with Charlie the Pacer.



At 4 A.M., on May 9, 1979, the *House of Toast* was the victim of a malicious, three alarm fire. Although the *House* was closed, one man was inside, and his dedication to fine cuisine cost him his life. It was Andre, the Toastmaster.

When the flames broke out, Andre was in the dough cellar, taking inventory. The heat caused the dough to expand, and when the police searched the wreckage the next morning they found Andre, baked alive, in the largest loaf of raisin toast in history.

We, at the *House of Toast*, dedicate this ad to his memory.

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We'd like you to meet Marcel Behr, our French baker who earned renown as head baker at the Sir Francis Drake in San Francisco before coming to Stanford.

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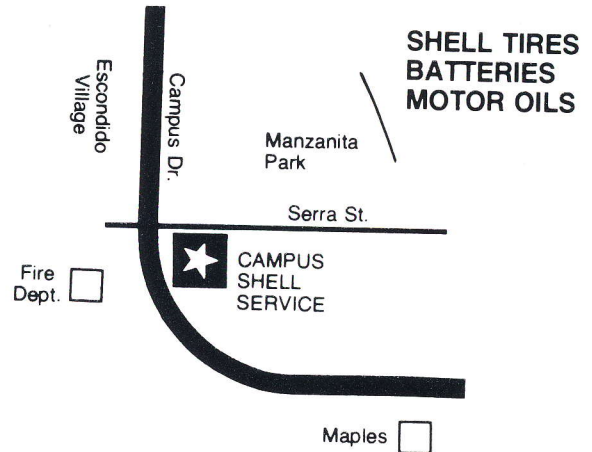
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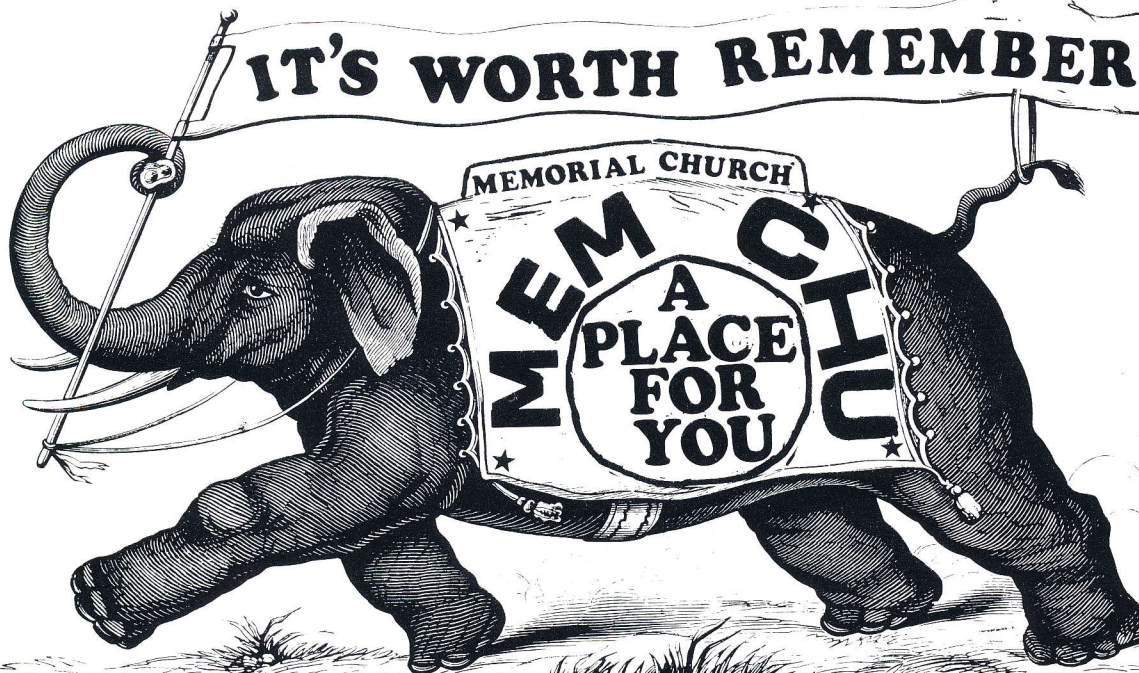


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★ ★ **SUNDAYS:** 8:30 AM FOLK SERVICE
 11:00 AM UNIVERSITY PUBLIC WORSHIP

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

We want you to think of the Transition at Tresidder Union whenever you're hungry. The Transition is a friendly, comfortable place to eat with your fellow students, faculty, and staff.

Our food is prepared right here in our own kitchen—using quality ingredients, care and imagination.

You can come in for a wake up cup of coffee, a breakfast omelet, hotcakes, or fresh fruit bowl; get a hot full course lunch or dinner, a bowl of thick homemade soup or chili; share a whole pizza with friends or get a piece just for yourself; have a hot carved-meat sandwich, a hot dog, or a burger and fries; even get tacos, burritos and tostadas; and then top it all off with a soft drink, shake, soda, ice cream or frozen yogurt.

So whenever you're hungry, think of the Transition, we've thought of you.

The Transition at Tresidder Union: homestyle food from 8 AM 'til 11 PM Monday thru Friday. (8 AM 'til 6 PM Saturday—9 AM 'til 4 PM Sunday.)

