

DEREK

STOP

REMOVE A CAR FROM THE BOARD TO REPAIR MAN -

THE GAME

WHIP ASSO. RETELL IN TONGUE!

HILLBILLY HAVEN

HAPPY ACRES FUNNY FARM

HOSPITAL

WATCH FOR FALLING ROCK!

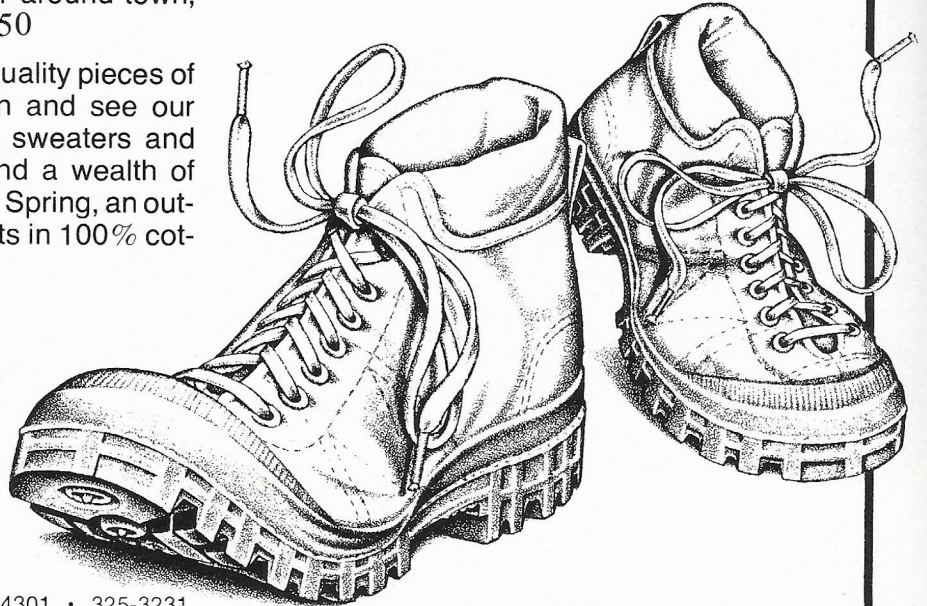
CHAPARRAL

Too bad
accident
killed
no in
lose o
more

Boot Camp

A friend found these for us in Nepal where he saw sherpas wearing them. We call them Sierra Sneakers; they're just the thing for around town, campus or hiking. The price: \$19.50

Just one of the many unique, high quality pieces of clothing and gear we sell. Stop in and see our complete line of down gear, wool sweaters and shirts, cotton pants and shorts, and a wealth of camping/backpacking gear. And for Spring, an outrageous collection of Hawaiian shirts in 100% cotton and cotton seersucker.



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*Campus Office: Club House, Room 24, Old Union
Phone: 497-3114*

Catholic Mass — Weekends

*Saturday
Sunday*

*6:15 pm
4:30 pm*

*Memorial Church
Memorial Church*

Catholic Mass — Weekdays

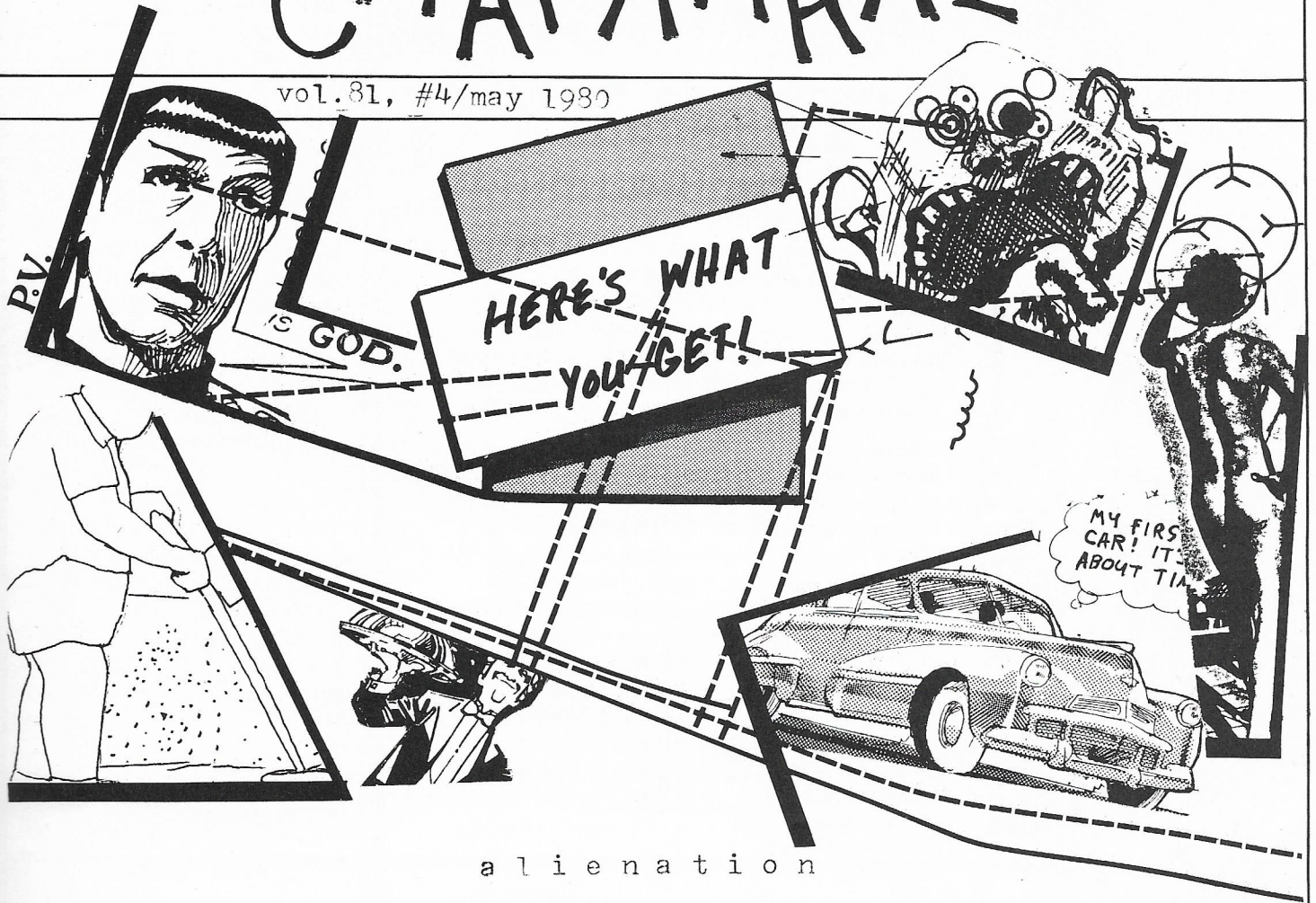
*Monday thru Friday 4 pm
Third Floor Lounge, Club House*

Tuesday noon

Mem Chu Round Room, followed by lunch

CHAPARRAL

vol. 81, #4/may 1980



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Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must pay . . . cash. ©1979 by the Stanford Chaparral. P.S.S.S.S.: Come on, Jane, write! Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, Ca. 94305.



The Stanford Chaparral



Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

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

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT

the *Chaparral* has won a fee assessment, the question in the heart of every Stanford student can only be: "Will success spoil the *Chaparral*?" The answer is: "Of course."
Before the now-legendary April election victory, which put our

humble publication in the same league as such prestige-filled organizations as the *Stanford Daily* and the Glee Club, our staff was forced to assemble for weekly meetings in a drafty lean-to erected in the emergency lane of the Oregon Expressway. The business manager's chief responsibility was to provide that night's tin of Sterno, and the order of business usually culminating in a vote on who would get to sit on the clean part of the sidewalk.

Often-heard comments during these past meetings included: "I'm cold. God, I'm cold," "Let's move up the road some. I'm getting sick

from the fumes," "The horror, the horror," and "Shut up and pass the Thunderbird."

Thanks to the benevolence of you, the Stanford student body, times have quickly changed for us. Call it what you will — "From Rags to Riches," "The Prince and the Pauper," "My Fair Lady," "The Beverly Hillbillies" or "Gidget Spins Four Cherries in Reno" — the script is a classic tale of an impoverished but hardworking bunch that finally makes good.

On hearing about the fee assessment's passage, our first response was, "Great — now we can buy pants." It was only a matter

of time, though, before we were making street-wise investments in blue-chip stocks and buying up Palo Alto real estate.

Now weekly meetings are held in the thirty-first floor penthouse of a recent acquisition at the corner of California and Montgomery streets in San Francisco. I type these very words on an IBM Selectric — with the latest laser-beam erase feature — and pause occasionally to change my dry martini I.V. bottle.

Meetings are regularly punctuated by “snow”ball fights, which are hastily snorted up so that we can get back to business. The most frequently discussed issue now seems to be who gets to play the two Galaxy video games we recently had installed at the north end of the fern-filled suite.

Often-heard comments at meetings now tend towards, “Who fucking bought all those shitty grain commodities?,” “I need a new car,” “Has anyone seen my trained killer Doberman pinscher? I left them right here,” and “Shut up and pass the Cuisinart. You expect me to smoke this coarse shit?”

Of course, the Chappie boys are still prone to rowdiness, and a recent fun-filled brawl which destroyed about \$2 million worth of

Ming vases may mean that we’ll have to sell the newly-acquired *Stanford Daily* back to the Hearst organization. We’ll make do somehow.

The effect of sudden riches is telling on the individuals who make up the staff of the *Chaparral*. One staff editor, I’ll call him Doug, took to horses in a big way — betting them and shooting it — but we expect him back from the clinic any day now. Another funny lad on the staff has a real knack for wrecking Cadillacs on groups of pedestrians, and a timely investment in body shops has proven its thrift. Still another card buys Hovercrafts to “recover lost helium balloons and shred seagulls” while tripping on the best acid our laboratories can manufacture. But rest assured that, deep down inside, we are still the eager-to-please humorists and humanitarians that we always were.

Unfortunately, frequent lawsuits and the great expenses that being rich entails are slowly driving us into debt. You can imagine my dismay when P.G. & E. turned off the electricity just when I was ready to hop into the office hot tub the other day. We’ve already had to make drastic cuts in business trips (vital to gathering humor in such wildly

funny places as Barbados and Jamaica), and sell *The Jolly Roger*, a fifty-foot touring yacht we just hated to let go.

It’s easy to see that we can’t go on this way.

That’s why we’re counting on another fee assessment of \$22.42 per student to rescue us. We truly appreciate your kindness in voting YES next spring on this vital measure.

In the meantime, you can count on us to consider selling Coors Inc. for unfair hiring practices and to carefully look into withdrawing our substantial South African investments.

At home, we have only begun to tighten our tarnishing Gucci belts. In a symbolic gesture, I myself will start biking to classes. And you can bet that in the future every Chappie staff member will bypass frequent and expensive nasal surgery in favor of buying cheaper, maintenance-free and easy-to-clean fiberglass noses.

You did it for us once, Stanford, and by golly, you can do it again. Thank you for your continued support.

Love ya,



TALES FROM THE ARCHIVES FEATURING THE OLD TYCOON



Most Stanford students are marginally aware (as aware as they are of anything) that Alexander Solzhenitsyn is associated with the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace. But they are not nearly so aware that Alexander Karensky, president of the short-lived Russian Republic, was also associated with the University. This is

a tale that is worth retelling.

After the end of the Great War — the War to End All War — Stanford Alum Herbert Hoover '93 was wandering around Europe acquiring as much of the archives of the Continent as he could. As the head of European relief, he had several opportunities to make mutually beneficial trades with

the corrupt Old Worlders. “Gee,” Herb would exclaim, “I’ve got all this gruel on my hands and here you guys are with three hundred years of Belgian diplomatic archives. I wonder if we could work something out.” And that’s just what they did.

Early on, President-to-be Hoover was able to amass boxes upon boxes of European history, which they would surely have no use for in the coming Golden Age. But two things took place. The Europeans began to run out of valuable records, and it dawned on them that the young man from Iowa couldn’t speak a word of European.

Attached to one huge bale of manuscript documents was the following anecdote in Hoover’s own handwriting: “I acquired these from the Ex-Emperor of Austria himself. We were sitting around the palace one afternoon discussing the poverty of his people and he was wishing that he could help them in some way. ‘Alas,’ he sighed, ‘I am too busy. It is spring

and time to clean the palace. Now that we have lost the War, I can no longer afford servants. I must clean out the attic myself.' 'That must be quite a job,' I sympathized. 'Indeed,' he said, 'there are several bales of Metternich's diaries up there. Since the War has pretty much discredited the Council of Vienna, I might as well haul them off to the dump.' 'Oh, don't do that, Herr Former Emperor,' I exclaimed. 'There may be a place for these papers in Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum on Fisherman's Wharf. I'll tell you what, if you allow me to clean out your attic for you, I'll feed all of Austria for the next month.' To my joy, he agreed." This note was attached to the Emperor's lecture notes from his college days at the University of Vienna.

About this time, Hoover received a telegram from Leon Trotsky in Moscow. The Russians were then engaged in a bloody civil war in which the United States was opposing the Bolsheviks. Hoover wondered what the Russians could possibly want with him, for they were even willing to transport him across the steppes in a sealed train to the capital.

Trotsky was more civil to Mr.

Hoover than to any member of the Grand Old Party before or since. He was interested in knowing if it was true that Mr. Hoover was paying top dollar for relics of pre-war Europe. Hoover said that it was indeed true, although he was not entirely convinced that Russia could be considered part of Europe proper.

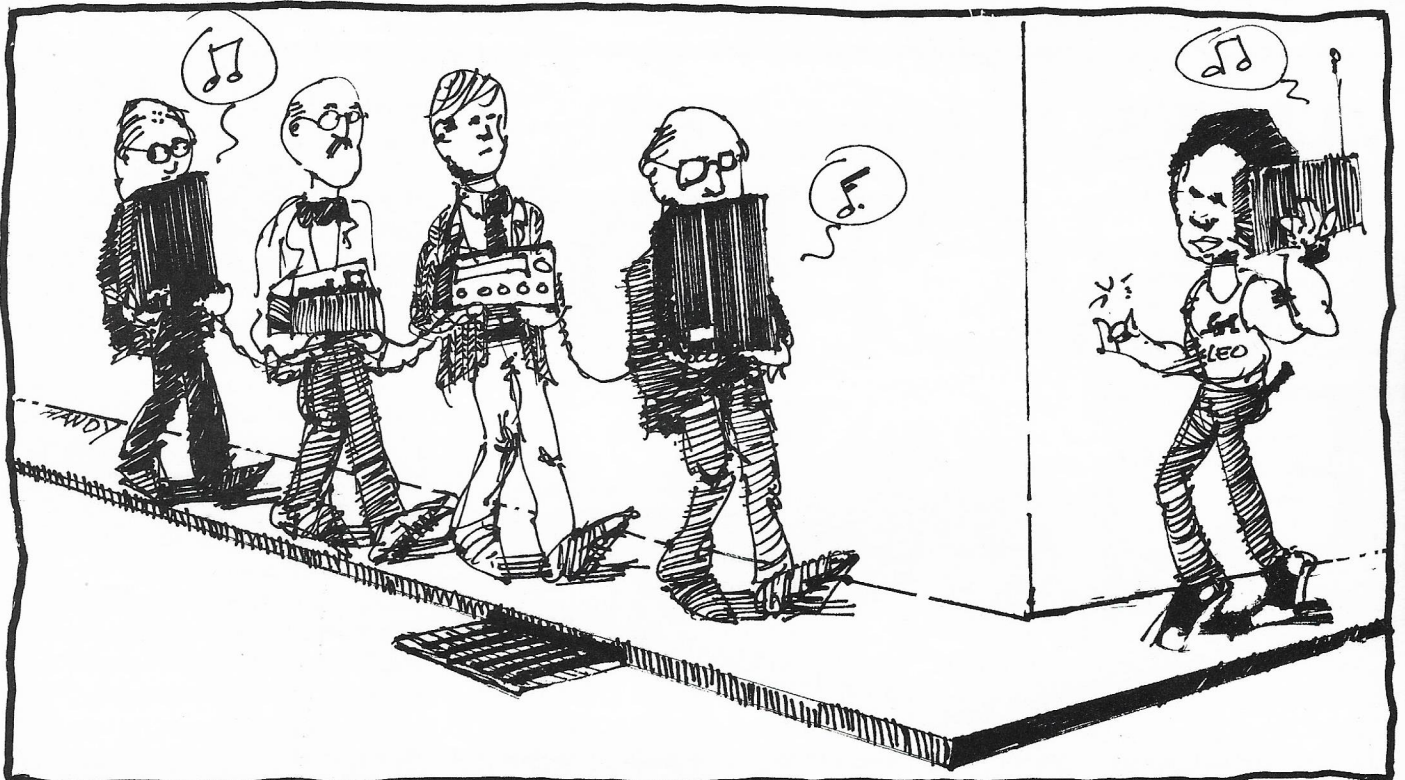
Trotsky ignored this slight and said that he had access to certain artifacts of the Revolution that Mr. Hoover might be interested in. Hoover couldn't resist such an opportunity, although he wasn't sure if the Russian Revolution could really be considered history proper.

Trotsky took Hoover down into the bowels of the Kremlin and there, tied to a cask of Spanish sherry, was Karensky. Hoover was definitely impressed. In addition to documents, he had been looking desperately for staff for his new Institution. He had heard a great deal about a certain General Schlieffen, but he discovered that the man was dead and not really suitable for his purposes. Nobody seemed willing to leave the Continent until the completion of the peace treaty, when it would be decided just who was going

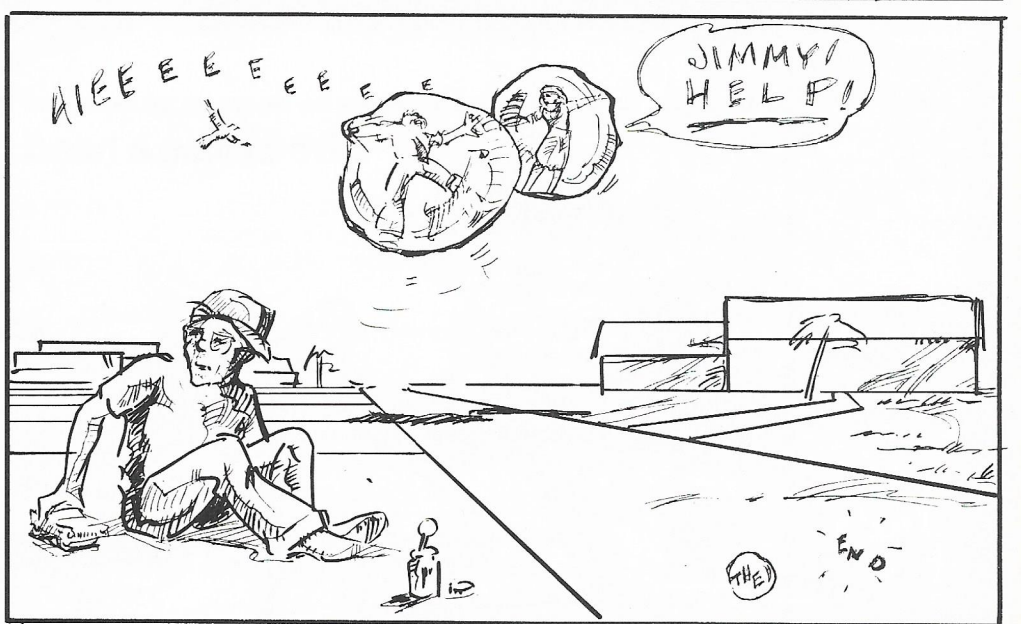
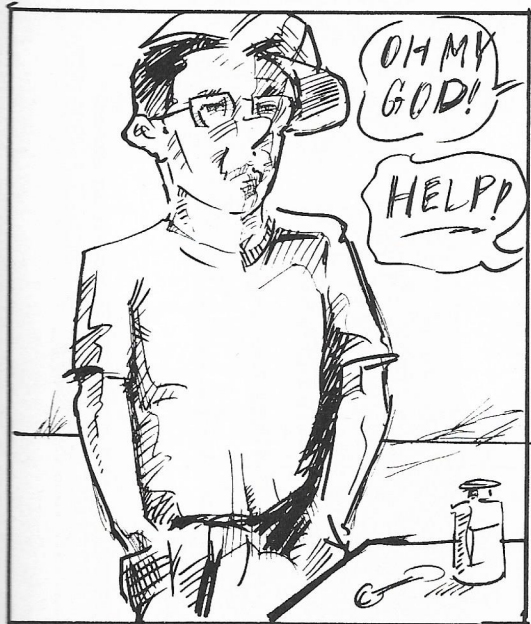
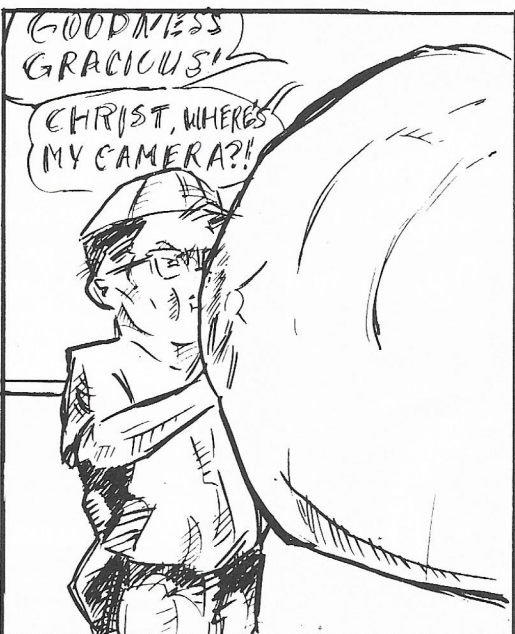
to get what. But surely here was someone not only willing, but eager, to leave for America.

Naturally, Karensky was reluctant to be treated in this manner. But Trotsky, ever the great orator, found a way to persuade Karensky that he would be better off in America than in Russia. Especially at Hoover's Institution, where they would be able to display him properly. As part of the deal, the Russians gave Hoover much of their archival materials from the Czarist Age, which they were certain they had no use for. Hoover and Karensky both admonished Trotsky that the Russians would have to learn not to treat their statesmen quite so shabbily if they were ever going to get anyone with any talent to work for them. "If you just pick their brains," they warned him, "someone's going to do it to you."

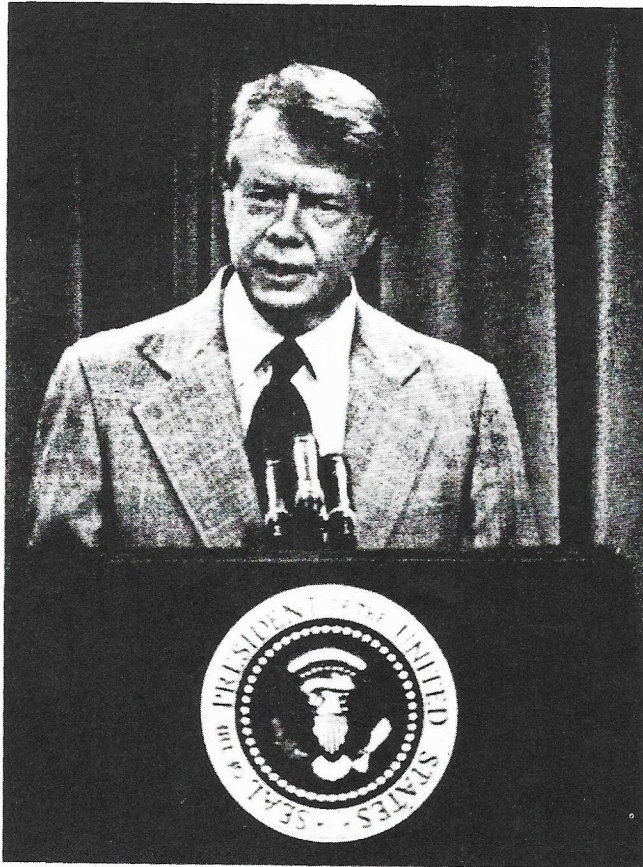
On the trip back to America, Hoover and Karensky became great pals. "You're really going to love California," said Hoover. "And America is a lot like Russia — it's a land where any schmuck can be president."



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COMIX
presents
JIMMY'S
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E T O Y
W O Y



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—President Jimmy Carter
Message to Congress, 8/2/77

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Fear AND LOATHING in STANFORD

The horde of bicyclists winging to class became more and more menacing. They began to merge into one vast amorphous beast; a beast whose scaly body was formed of bikes and backpacks and whose eyes were so many hundreds of smiling shiny-white Californian teeth. And those derailleurs! Oh God, it was too ghastly! Shielding itself with down jackets and Stanford sweatshirts, the beast seemed to be edging toward us with evident malintent.

"Back!" I shouted, leaping to my feet and waving my arms madly about. The monster seemed to recede slightly. Encouraged by this I whipped out my 39-cent Bic finepoint and, brandishing it like a Saracen sword, lunged at the beast shout-

ing, "Gaa! Ha! C-O-Two! C-O-Two!" Somehow I'd gotten it into my head that I was Steve McQueen in the 1956 version of 'The Blob.'

"Jesus Christ!" my roommate whispered fiercely into my ear. "Get a grip on yourself." He grabbed me and used all of his 300 pound bulk to drag me from the Quad. "I'll get you yet!" I screamed at that horrifying wheeled vision, arms flailing. "We'll drop you in the Antarctic, you sucker!"

This pathetic scene was the inexorable result of the events of the day. "You go draw everything out of the bank," my roommate had said, "while I sell our textbooks and the golf cart." All capital was to be liquidated and invested in danger-



ous drugs.

There was an important reason for this. So listen. Being something of visionaries, my roommate and I were intent upon finding the American Dream here at Stanford, the most logical method seemed to be by pushing our psyches to the outer realms. By getting ourselves hopelessly twisted on the nastiest combination of illegal substances ever ingested by man or beast, we were sure to stumble across the Dream in all its magnificent clarity and power.

Having amassed a rainbow of colored pills at Palo Alto High, we began with the mescaline as an appetizer. But I think it was the blotter acid that set the balloon adrift. The ugly encounter with the bicycles monster ensued.

I saw before me a huge stylized temple: the perfect repository for the American Dream.

"That looks like a good place to look!"

"Okay, but we'd better fortify ourselves with some dangerous drugs first," my roommate said, breaking out the amyls.

As we ascended to the second floor a quietude came over us; this was not just Meyer Library; it was a cathedral. The vast openness of it combined with the overwhelming presence of pure knowledge forced us to our knees in religious awe. The shaft of light descending sublimely from the upper tiers, the students pacing through long shelves of tomes like cloistered monks, the Gregorian chant of social conversation, the duplicating machine clicking like a huge, mechanized rosary, even, from time to time, someone approaching the check-out desk to receive the holy communion of a reserved book, all this presented itself to us in a vision of stark simplicity; the asceticism of it, the devotion of it, yes, the *faith* of it were undeniable. Was this it? The American Dream, right under our very noses? We pressed upward and onward to discover the Truth.

It was on the fourth floor that things began to come apart. No meditating monks here, no altar of learning, no sancrosanct scholasticism, no dream at all: a nightmare of frantic studiers madly cramming facts and opinions into their brains. The smell of Evil was thick in the air; a wave of nausea hit me; the floor became rubber; objects and faces became elongated and then snapped back to their original shape in a fast paced rubberband action difficult to keep track of. And then, and then (this I find hard to relate) the students! One by one their eyes turned into blinking lights; sparks began to fly from their overloaded circuits; books and pencils became electromechanical devices of destruction. And then, oh God, here and there a student would burst into a horrific explosion of sparks and fire. These self-destructive fireworks displays began to crescendo in speed and intensity until, and this I swear, lightning! for chrissake, lightning began ricocheting around the place! I made an effort to jump over the railing into the welcoming arms of nothingness, but the ether I had snorted in the elevator was beginning to take hold and any physical activity more complicated than blinking was out of the question. The whole place was exploding now; I cried out in fear and loathing, "What hath God wrought?" My roommate was busy trying to cram his 300-pound bulk into a pencil sharpener muttering, "Never find me here, crazy bastards. Is Paris burn-

ing?" In short, we had hit a situation that was just too intense, too laden with fiendish overtones. After all, we were both candidates to be fried into Friday night mackerel by a stray lightning bolt. Yes, indeed. Couldn't ignore that. Time to flee. Flee away, away down the jittery stairs, bumpity-bump. We had failed. This grim truth reverberated in our minds. American Dream not found. Final exams in 39 hours. Getting low on drugs. Things looked bad.

Study. We would study. The novelty of this idea made it rather appealing. We honed our minds to a sharp fighting edge with a large intake of cocaine and began a 39 hour studyathon. My roommate pored over his chemistry book for six full hours before remembering he had dropped the course three weeks into the quarter.

My memories of this period are somewhat fragmentary.

"Where in Jesus God's name did I put those munchies?"

"Integrals my boy. Anti-derivatives. You can talk all you want about Marxism and all that, but I've got the answer to the whole thing; partial fractions and trigonometric substitution."

"Bandy about with Karl and his gang all you want. We have to deal with all those masses don't we? Such a lot of them."

"For chrissake, give me a hand with these croquet wickets."

Finals were a shambles. My roommate was overcome by an unshakable paranoid fear that everyone in the class was trying to copy off his paper. He spent the greater part of the exam period setting up books to shield his blue-book from prying eyes and went into grotesque contortions in an effort to cover his words with his hands and head as he wrote. Finally, he crawled under his chair.

I had my own problems. I read the question: "Briefly outline the emergence of major economic systems from Medieval Europe to the present day. Discuss at length the various political, historical and technological factors involved. From your analysis, extrapolate what future developments are likely." Egads! What could this mean?! The deranged ramblings of a crazed college professor. I told myself to calm down and try reading it again.

This time I realized what was going on; of course! the drumming rhythm of 'political, historical and technological,' the romantic image of Europe, the powerful juxtaposition of 'briefly' and 'at length.' This wasn't a question; it was poetry! Don't answer it; analyze it! Time for the old 'compare and contrast' sort of thing, deal with structure, style and theme. I began to write in a drugged frenzy:

"Here we have a short, yet pointed, criticism of our social structure in lyric form. The poet seems to be saying that human effort. And what more can be said? The pace, the rhythm, the driving *speed* of it assails human consciousness. God, would I, were I able to, compare this to Rimbaud or even that obscure poet from Kamchatka whose name escapes me." (I knew I was beginning to ramble but wrote on feverishly, trying to regain the thread.) "We can relate this to, hold it, we can relate this to Integral Calculus! Yes! Integral calculus and alliteration and Fred Engels and the whole lot. It seems much clearer now and I'd love to go on and explain and everything but you see I've suddenly got this incredible headache and Captain Zeep is under his chair and what with the Blob and all

it doesn't well it doesn't seem all that important anymore although it must seem important to you as a professor and let me say I thought this class was just peachy but for us it's no good it's empty white bland because and this is the Big Point we haven't been able to find It nowhere nohow nobody and so it's sort of dwindling out winding down falling apart yes gone."

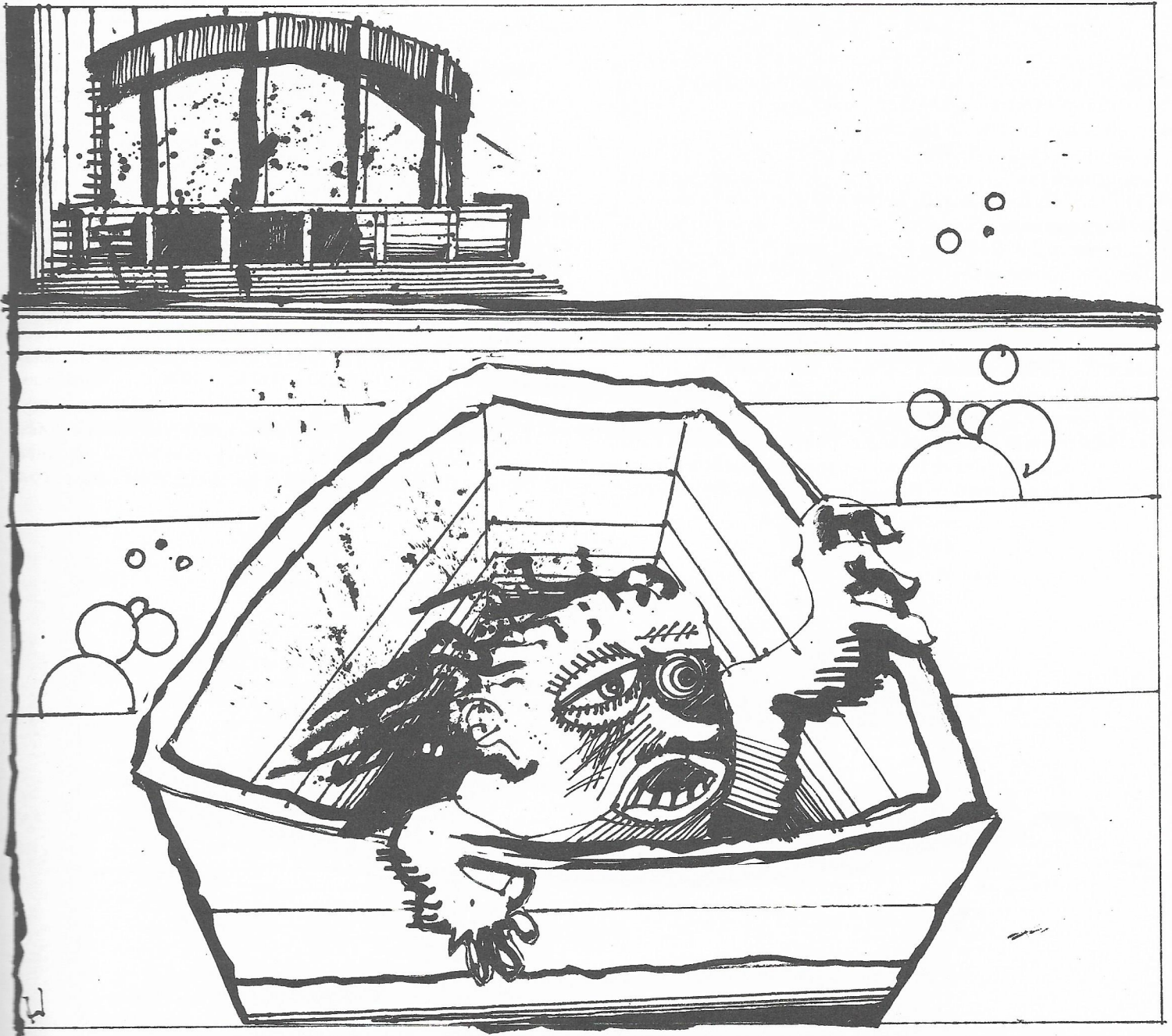
Tears in my eyes, I stopped writing and handed in the exam. My roommate followed me outside. What gloom! We'd failed school. We'd failed in our quest.

strolled aimlessly around campus. The physics tank loomed before me and, in front of it, a wall. A wall? A huge, ludicrous, pointless, white wall?! Alber's Wall!? Yes! Yes! Of course! Why hadn't I seen it before? A simple white brick wall. Right before my eyes it stood in proud self-proclamation. Gad, this was it! They use walls to build schools and prisons and homes and churches and gas stations and porno book

stores and hospitals and bomb shelters. People need walls to lean against and throw beer bottles against and put posters on and hit tennis balls against and smash cars into and grow ivy on. Walls represent stolidity, strength, isolation, death at dawn, lack of communication, will-power. I scrambled over the fence and pressed my hands and cheeks to its cool, white bricks. The Great Wall of China! The Berlin Wall! The Wailing Wall! Stonewall Jackson! Walls! Walls! Man emerged from a cave and the first thing he did was build a wall. And here one was! Totally out of place amidst the grass and sandstone, indifferently interfering with frisbees, a white brick wall!

I kissed the rough bricks until my lips became raw and bloody. "At last, at last!" I cried as I feel asleep, exhausted, spent, but riding on a wave of euphoria beyond any that drugs could induce.

I awoke hours later, completely at peace with the world, having, in fact, no desires, save one: I felt I could do with a tall, cold glass of milk and, perhaps, just a bit of apple pie. ☞



Jim-boy Addison walked with a slight shuffle along the beach holding the softly humming chrome-trimmed metal detector in front of him. He was sixty-nine but everybody stilled called him Jim-boy — everybody that was still alive, that is. Sometimes he felt that time had left him and his wife alone to share their mobile home in North Pepito Beach for eternity, while friends and relatives shuffled off to “the great out there,” as his wife called it. She was the one that had called the pink flamingoes with the barbecue fork-legs in their multi-colored gravel front yard “trite,” and had replaced them with the plastic trolls. At least the trolls didn’t set off his detector when he walked towards the beach.

After retiring from small container shipping, Jim-boy felt useless until his wife gave him a metal detector. Before, swimming and fishing had been his reasons for retiring to the beach. Now he molded his existence around the chance probability that a carefree sunbather would lose his keys. Coins were nice, but keys were the best.

Sometimes Pepito Beach, with its multitudes of rippling young bronze bodies, made him feel old and depressed. He felt a little guilty but generally better when he found a nice set of car keys thinking about some young buck having to bash in the window of his BMW so he could take his shapely but shallow date home and stop her from complaining about the evening coolness. Closing his eyes and shaking the keys a bit, he could see them, stranded in their wet speedos at nightfall, desperately hitchhiking along the turnpike in the taunting headlights of Mack trucks. This made him quietly happy.

So Jim-boy got to be known as a beach character of sorts, strolling intently through the sand, taking his detector for a walk. His dress was always the same: baggy white shorts with huge pockets, a long-sleeve Hawaiian shirt and a white cap from which dangled a myriad of fishing lures. When the detector

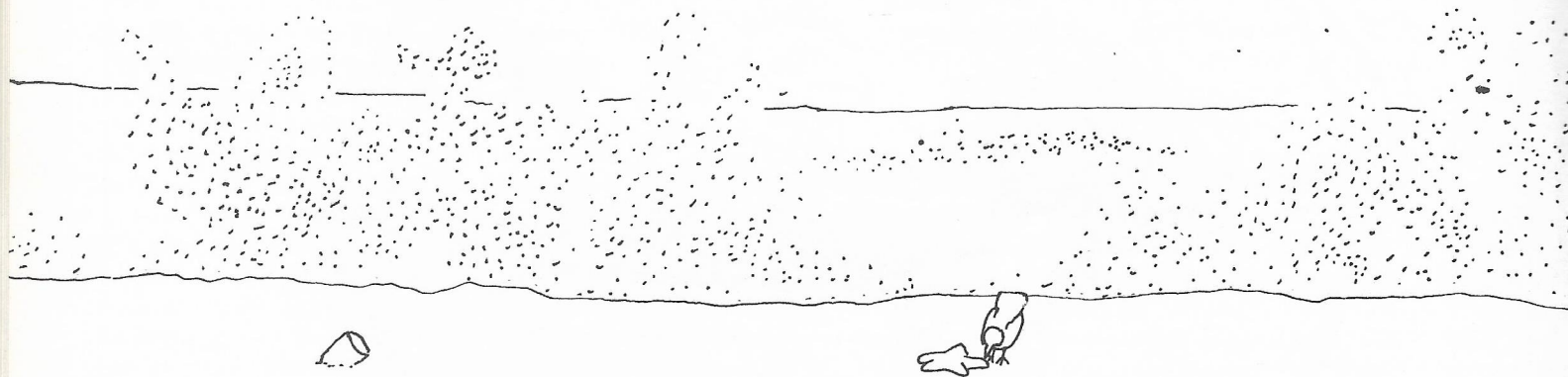
beeped, he methodically dropped to his knees. Before he brought out a small plastic shovel from his back pocket, he appeared to be deep in prayer. Then he would dig in rhythmic, staccato chops through the sand until the treasure was his. Jars on his desk were full of bottlecaps.

Next to keys and coins, he likes to find fishing lures the best. On these grand occasions, he would remove his hat and solemnly hook the prize into the faded fabric. Sometimes he would end up hooking other things that just looked like fishing lures. Once he came home with what he thought was a new bonanza dangling from his head. He wanted to show his wife.

His wife knew everything Lucille Ball said in every Lucy episode of every Lucille Ball series made. She liked television. She positioned the color set so that she could watch it and keep an eye on the trolls out the window, just in case any of the kids in the Chicano family mobile home next door got any ideas that no one would care one way or the other if someone were to heist them and put them in the back window of their loud cars that kept the rest of the park awake at all hours of the night. Her fearless vigilance lapsed only to change the channel.

“Lucy, I’m home,” Jim-boy said, spritely entering the living room. His wife’s name wasn’t Lucy, but she seemed to like it when he said, “Lucy, I’m home.” He never called her Lucy otherwise.

“Well, Captain Hook, did you find any doubloons today?” She turned from the television and squinted at him. He knew she would see it. She did, and told him to take the I.U.D. out of his hat and sit down. Sometimes he thought he might try



On the Beach

fishing to learn more about lures and avoid embarrassing himself.

Every day, Jim-boy walked the sand from early morning to mid-afternoon, when he would return to his home with his finds and practice picking up steel washers in the garage until dinner. One day, he had gone until ten in the morning without so much as a domestic beer bottle cap. Then — bingo — he found a silver dollar lying two inches down about four and a half yards from the tideline. He whistled, flipped the coin in the air and swept it into one sagging pocket. Then he took the metal detector firmly into his hand like a Hells Angel climbing back onto his motorcycle and moved steadily onward. It was going to be a big day, he thought. Maybe even a Mercedes-with-a-tiny-decker day.

Twenty feet farther down the beach he got a beep over a toppled sand castle. He plunged his shovel into the base of one tower and hit solid metal. Shuffling around on both knees in a frantic mass, he began to pull at the buried object with both hands. When it came out, he saw that it was his metal detector.

It just looked like his. He was laying the two on the beach beside each other when both machines started beeping. Jim-boy jammed his shovel back into the castle and it broke. (BEEP BEEP BEEP) “Dadgum,” he said under his breath, and started clearing away sand with both hands. A light fabric stuck through, and then he saw that it was covered with fishing lures and that it was his hat.

It just looked like his. (BEEP BEEP BEEP) He tossed the hat aside, frantically continuing to move the sand with his hands, and almost had a heart attack when his own hat fell off

his head in front of him. “Darn!” he muttered (BEEP BEEP BEEP) holding the hat in a clenched fist. He kicked the side of the collapsing castle and heard his own voice say, “Darn! That hurt!”

The beeping stopped.

A man was crawling out of the beach, loose sand spilling off of him like an hourglass captive. He moved stiffly in Jim-boy’s clothes, like Jim-boy moved in the morning. He stood up, brushing himself off, and slapped Jim-boy on the back, and while Jim-boy felt the skin on his back darkly bruise, he saw that the stranger was . . . just looking like him: feature for feature, wrinkle for wrinkle.

The twin picked up one of the hats and put it on his head. Jim-boy noticed that it was *his* hat, not that it made any real difference. The stranger was the first to speak: “Nice taste in clothing,” he said and laughed. Jim-boy smiled awkwardly. He had never been able to make smalltalk. Neither one of them could say anything for some time.

“I feel funny,” Jim-boy finally said.

“You look fine,” the other Jim-boy said.

It did not take a great deal of conversation to confirm the fact that they were both the same person.

“What about cottage cheese?”

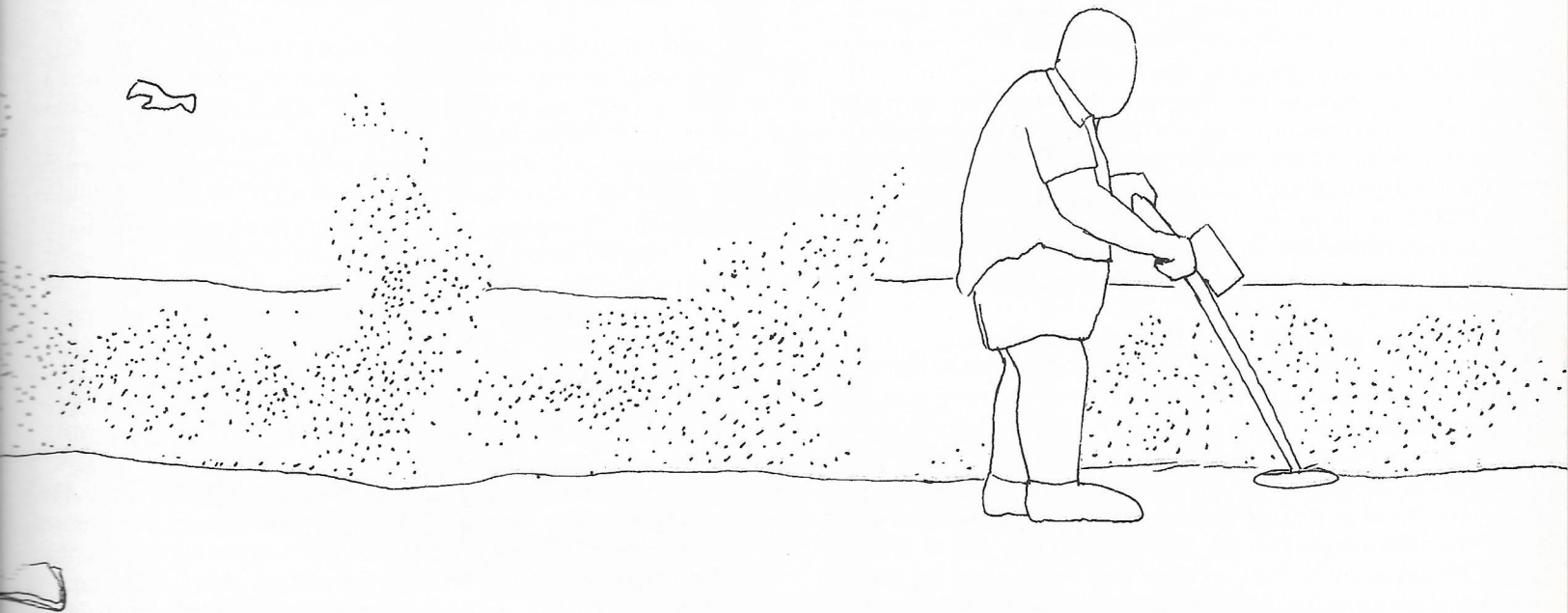
“Only in a salad. What dressings do you like?”

“Thousand Island. Blue cheese once in a while. Oil and vinegar never,” Jim-boy made a disgusted sound with his mouth.

“And that’s all they ever use in a lot of restaurants.”

“Don’t you know it.”

With metal detectors in front of them, the two began to make their way down the beach. “Why don’t you come over



for lunch?" Jim-boy asked the newcomer politely. As far as he could see, the only thing different between this other man and looking in a mirror was an aching back.

"Thanks for the invitation, friend," the visitor said, digging up a cluster of bottlecaps and popping them smartly into his spotless baggy shorts. "Really don't mind if I do. Doesn't look like I'll be going back to that other beach for a spell. Grilled cheese and Manhandlers Beef and Tomato?"

"You got it." Jim-boy whistled happily. "And you know how the wife can make grilled cheese with that dark bread." They both nodded happily and their detectors bobbed up and down. Jim-boy found another dollar in change before they reached home.

Lunch at home was as fun as it had ever been. Jim-boy, Jim-boy and his wife shared many laughs and the guest agreed to spend the night in the Oak Room, named by Jim-boy's wife for the light colored fake wood panelling. Days passed uneventfully, and Jim-boy enjoyed having a companion for his daily beach runs, even if he did tend to drink more beer than he was used to keeping around. The food bill was also taking a beating, but he was, after all, family. Even at six canteloupes a day. . . .

Jim-boy's wife took to the visitor and thrilled at introducing him to her friends as Jim-boy's twin brother who was just recently "unfrozed from a snowfall." Her friends always made the same joke about Mexican bookends, it seemed. But everyone agreed that they had been "blessed by God." Jim-boy wasn't big with religion, but it sounded right. Even if, deep down, all things considered, he might have preferred car keys.

A week after the guest's arrival, Jim-boy found himself alone again on the beach. Not that it really mattered — he had spent years searching the beach alone before anyone had crawled out of it. But what did he think he was doing, this other Jim-boy who liked to slap backs? Over English muffins died yellow with margerine, the guest had told him the morning before that he thought he'd "hang low" and maybe watch some bowling on television. Jim-boy knew what that meant: more beer and food down the tubes, with no new change from the beach to pay for it.

He stooped down to uncover a quarter. How do you tell a guest who arrives on short notice but is your exact double that he is no longer welcome to stay at your home? "Dear Abbys" that he'd dread flickered through his memory. Jim-boy sharply exhaled just thinking about the protocol dilemma. His father had very carefully taught him common courtesy, but his father had also never had a houseguest that was so rude and so — yes, he'd admit it — useless.

The thought made him stiffen angrily in his sandy tracks and curse before a beep brought him to his knees for an orthodontic retainer with sand stuck to the pink plastic. Somewhere, some adolescent's teeth were getting crooked, probably leading directly to social alienation and crushed hopes of a show business career.

He stood in disgust and tossed it into the water with an exhausted grunt. The job was beginning to get to him.

He returned home that night and every night for the next few days more restless and depressed than he'd ever felt.

"What's wrong? People been wearing buttons on their

swimsuit pockets?" his wife often said while wrenching her head momentarily from the television. Jim-boy, who sat on the couch next to her, would shake his head, stare his host in the eye and say, "Business is bad, eh?" Then he'd whistle and he and Jim-boy's wife would laugh together about Lucy cooking Ricky's shoes, or Lucy setting a chair on fire, or Lucy wallpapering herself to a wall. It dawned on Jim-boy that this guest was closer to his wife than he'd ever been. And why was his wife suddenly happy all the time, wearing those old cora pink sweaters of hers and that blue eye-shadow he hadn't seen on her since the first year of courtship? There she was, sitting on the couch with the guest, laughing her head off at things that she knew would happen before the last commercial. That's when the suspicions started.

One day, the suspicions ate at him all morning on the beach. He entered his home for lunch in a trot and lay one shaking hand on the television. It was colder than an icebox. Puffing slightly, he trotted to the mailbox, which stood on an aluminum pole in front of the flamingoes. He opened it and found that the T.V. Guide, which had been delivered the day before, sat there untouched. Then he noticed the flamingoes. Sweat was starting to pour off of his face. "Where are the trolls?" he said aloud.

His wife strolled out the swinging screen door. "The trolls are in your golf club closet," she said, smiling. She was smiling, he thought, smiling like never before about where the trolls were. "I took them out yesterday. Jim-boy mentioned that he preferred flamingoes." He had gotten used to hearing his name in regard to someone else, but it made him more angry nonetheless.

"Bring back the trolls," he whined. "Bring back the damn trolls."

"But I thought you disliked the trolls."

"Bring back the Trolls." He reached for his metal detector and switched it on. It beeped when he strided passed the flamingoes and onto the beach.

Jim-Boy started walking the beach at all hours of the day, using his metal detector as a cane and sometimes ignoring its frantic beeps as he trudged on aimlessly. There was one beep he chose to answer. He pushed his hands through the loose sand and felt the solid metal object. He brought the gun up and watched the sand gently flow off of it. He pushed the handle flat against the palm of his right hand and whistled. It felt strangely better than the black plastic handle of his metal detector.

He looked quickly around the beach. It was still early in the morning, and no one was around. He wondered if this was another blessing, or if his wife's friends would call it that. Holding the gun in front of him, he watched carefully how the new sun sparkled off the oily black barrel while he walked back towards the trailer park.

"Lucy, I'm home," he said, walking into the living room. He heard panic and a swirl of sheets from the bedroom. He was on his way there when he was met in the narrow hallway by the guest himself, who was wearing only baggy shorts and a lure-filled hat. Jim-boy deftly recognized the familiar swirls of white hair on his chest, as well as the puckered appendicitis

scar on the left side of a bulging midsection. He levelled the gun so it pointed right at the head.

The guest laughed nervously. "What's this all about, friend," he said, moving around the gun to the host holding it. "C'mon, you wouldn't want to do anything you'd be sorry for. And after all we've been through? As far back as we go, you and me?" He laughed again and slapped Jim-boy, who barely managed to hold onto the gun, firmly on the back. "Like peas in a pod. Remember back when we tried to get Joyce Hamslinger in the back seat? Or when we and Jerry used to go shooting upstate on those wild hunting trips, when all we'd come back with was a rabbit and two hangovers?"

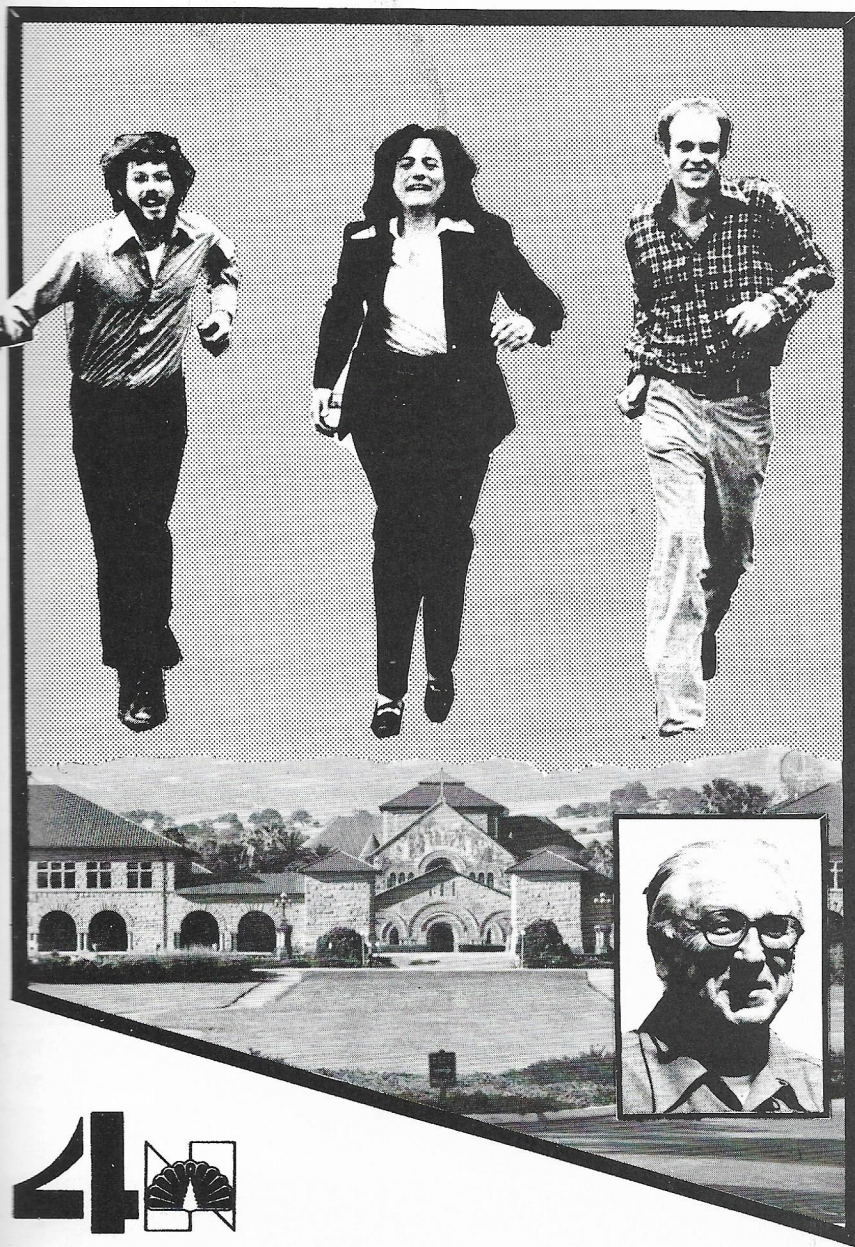
"No," Jim-boy said, and pulled the trigger. The guest cascaded into points of light, and then he was like a bunch of sand that had been kicked into the wind.

Things were pretty much back to normal by the end of the week. Jim-boy was in his routine out on the beach, busier than ever, and when his wife laughed at television, it was because of the news, not Lucy. Jim-boy nourished no regrets about having shot the guest. He had called his bluff and felt strong in his powerful rightness. He got tired, though, of digging up all those bloodstained bullets.



New! For 1980!

Untenured! Undisciplined! Unpredictable!



The Young
Professors!
9:00 PM

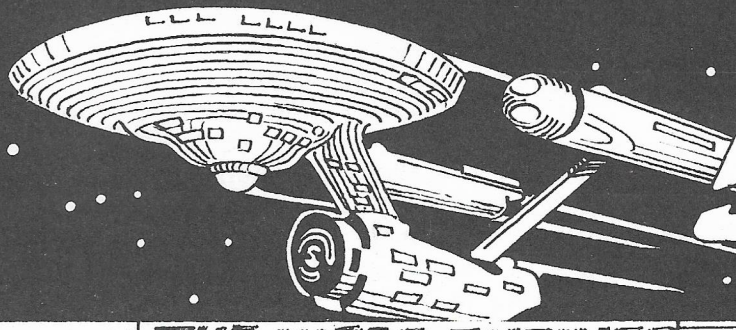


"To hell with tenure!
Educating the students is
more important!"
"Grades? Never use 'em.
What's an 'A-' in any case?"
"Where is it written that a
person cannot be a professor
and a woman at the same
time?"
Tonight the young profs cure
a Chemistry professor of his
predilection for pop quizzes!
Don't miss it!

Brian Wandell
John Rick
Jody Maxmin
with Bert Gerow
as the Emeritus.

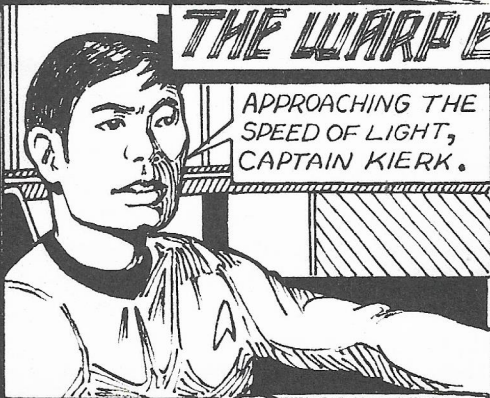
Campus highjinks
and high adventure!





SARTRE

THE WARP ENGINES



APPROACHING THE SPEED OF LIGHT, CAPTAIN KIERK.



WARP FACTOR TWO, MR. SULLU.

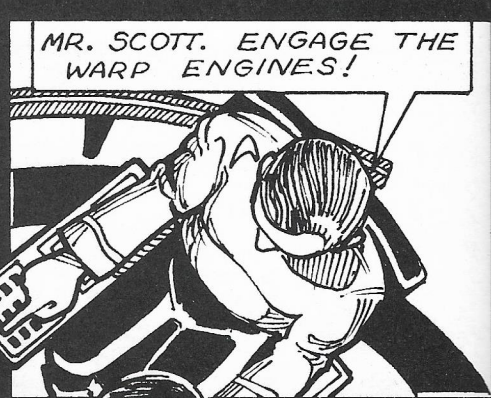


BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE CAPTAIN, IT'S PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!



DO AS I SAY, MR SULLU!

BUT CAPTAIN! I KANT....



MR. SCOTT. ENGAGE THE WARP ENGINES!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CAPTAIN? EINSTEIN HAS DIS-PROVED ANY POSSIBLE EXISTENCE OF SUCH A THING!



GENTLEMEN! I AM LOSING MY PATIENCE!



I CAN'T CHANGE THE LAWS OF PHYSICS, CAPTAIN!



SPOCK! I'M SICK OF YOUR DAMNED VULCAN LOGIC!

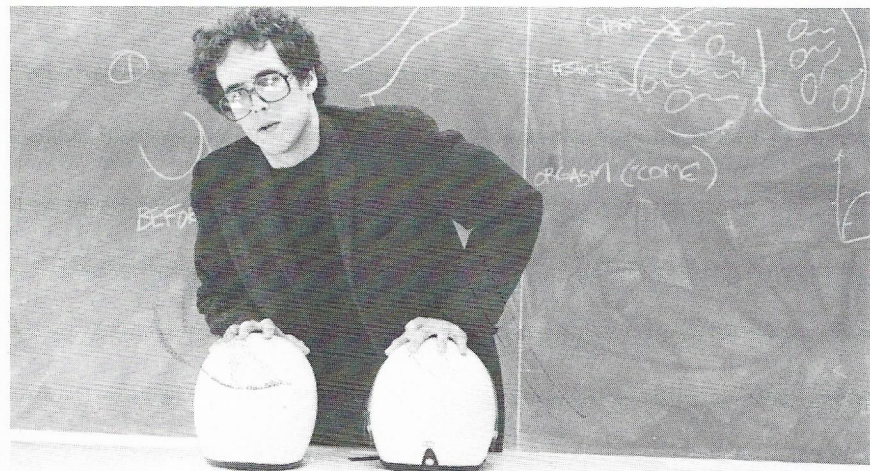


BEGIN
IF KIERK = A THEN DO
1] RAISE EYEBROW
2] SPEAK
"FASCINATING CAPTAIN"

FASCINATING CAPTAIN.

BOREALIS

A MEN'S NEWSPAPER FOR THE STANFORD COMMUNITY



Dr. Hans Forsecs, a visiting male professor, leans forward to make a point during his well-attended lecture, "The Myth of the Scrotal Orgasm," on May 11. For more information on coming lectures and symposiums, see page 3.

Male professor runs obstacles

Professor Byron Stallwart shakes hands firmly and, from that point on, one knows that they are in the presence of a true man. His mere cough seems to celebrate manhood and the wonder of the first sex. Indeed, he has dedicated his life to studying and academically erecting the long-opposed gender.

Ten years ago, the idea of a Men's Studies program here at Stanford was scoffed at and ridiculed. But Stallwart is not one to give in to weaker minds and genders, and never has been. "One of the advantages of being a man in this world is that we can keep a stiff upper lip and perform our duties consistently, thirty days out of the month," Stallwart noted. "I remember when I was young and first saw how important it was to be a male and express my feelings about it."

"My mother was always one to tell me what to do, of course, but quickly I learned to put her female authority in perspective with my rights as a male. 'Clean

(cont. on p. 3)

New book hits home

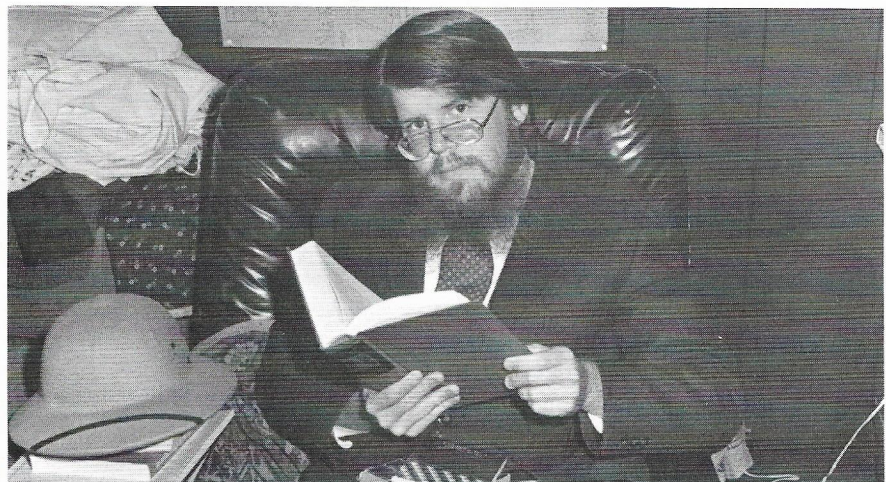
Patterned after its popular predecessor for females (*Our Bodies, Ourselves*), this oversized paperback adopts a similar approach, both in tone and format, toward men's (that's us!) bodies and related issues. The authors explain their motivations behind producing the book in the collectively written introduction, which we found somewhat overstated and trite, though pleasantly articulate (sample quote: "We have beards. We wield a penis . . .")

Chapter One discusses intersexual differences in physiology and morphology. The inevitable conclusion here is that males are overwhelmingly more adept at physical pursuits than are females, with one noteworthy exception: smearing grease all over your body and swimming from Dover to Calais. Women are given the edge grace-wise, but we tend to agree with the Glory Hole Group's assessment that "grace and agility are subjective, anyway." They don't mention that women live longer, or can with-

stand greater climactic extremes.

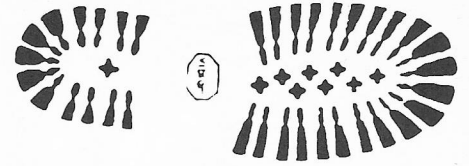
Chapter 2 presents male and female reproductive anatomy and physiology, with charming prose and clear pictures (see example). Included are some alarming graphs diagramming the decline in sexual capability with age (peak now or forever hold your piece!) Particularly

(cont. on p. 3)



Professor Byron Stallwart, of Stanford's highly gifted male faculty, is a recognized authority on American male writers of the twentieth century.

FEELINGS



Boys will be boys: A vicious cycle?


We were sitting around the Hogsbreath having a few brews and watching the SC-Notre Dame game. Half-time came along and we all started bullshitting, proponents of either side putting down proponents of the other, when we were struck by the blinding white light of social truth: we weren't SC and we weren't Notre Dame — we were/are MEN!

“When I was a kid, I looked up to my father. He used to play ball with me, show me how to build things, whack hell out of me when I was bad. I wanted to be like him when I grew up. Now I'm an adult and my father is in a convalescent home. He lies in bed all day with a bunch of tubes running out of his orifices. I don't want to be like him anymore.”

“I gotta be me.”

As long as we can remember, we have been divided. We are grouped in “teams;” we are graduated in “classes;” we are placed in “corporations;” and we are members of “couples” and live in “homes.” As boys we fight, as teenagers we compete for dates with the fat girl who does it on her parent's couch, as young men we vie for promotions and push each other into bankruptcy as we grow older.

“I can make you a real man.”

Thus this publication. We are all real men. Together we can discover what it means to be male in a man's world, exploring our roles as leaders, protectors and providers. From the acrid gym to the smoke-filled room, circumcised and un, we are MEN. 


Baldness: The male burden

“It happened and — well — it wasn't something that I could talk about. The trauma of it built up inside of me until I thought I'd explode. I became afraid and introverted. I couldn't walk in public places anymore. It's so awful.” The speaker was a man, a student at this University, and a victim of an issue all men must, at one time or another, face up to: baldness.

Certainly, this man was forced to bear his burden prematurely. But baldness is more than the shining crown of some brother across the street. It could strike us now, or in twenty years, or in forty. The timing makes no difference: baldness waits in the wings to reduce every male to the countenance of a billiard ball, to be shot abusively around society's pool table, and eventually deposited expertly by sexist cueing into the corner pocket of hairless limbo, unable to associate with his protein-topped peers. How can we help these men, who, due to forces beyond their control, cannot face their combs in the morn-

ing and then, in lonely helplessness, themselves?

Peer counseling can be a great help in bridging the gap between the victim of vanity hair-loss and the oppressive, style-conscious society around him. Yet the education of the ignorant masses at large remains the great challenge. Men must join together to get to the root of the problem. Studies have shown that men lose their hair as a result of inherited genes, while society would have us believe that shining crowns are a direct result of intense nervousness, contaminated hairsprays or chronic masturbation.

We must all chop away these stigmatized stereotypes before we get to the smooth scalp of truth. The result will be a better way of living for those of us who, like our nation's symbol, the proudly bald eagle, personify manhood and the burden that, as men, we must all bear. With proper education of the ignorant throngs, derogatory terms such as “baldy” and “light bulb-head” will become synonymous with “virile” and “lice-free.” 



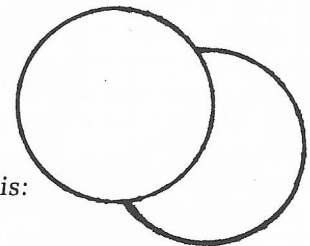
The Borealis Collective for this issue is:

Jay Martel
Bruce Handy
David Louis Eisenberg
Steve Adolph



Special thanks to:

CROG, Mike Sports Footwear, Brown Derby Beer, Chinaman Late-night Grocery, Antonio's Nuthouse, Bev, Fiesta Lanes, and Norman and Prissy.



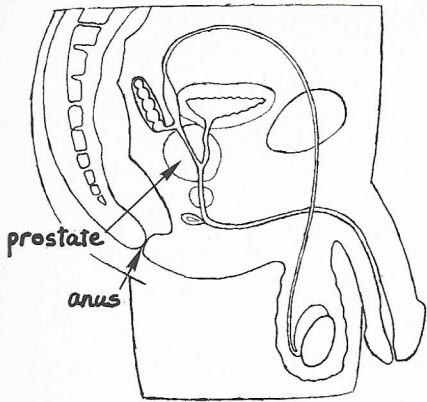


Diagram emphasizing proximity of prostate to anus.

(cont. from p. 1)

reassuring, however, are the data on average size of sexual apparatus. At least we found it reassuring. And the diagram showing penis variations makes this section all worth it. Skip the part on female hormonal cycles. It's too complicated.

Chapters Three and Four contain discussion of straight sexuality, emphasizing the male end. We found these chapters to contain both enlightening and disputable material. A pencil-sketch couple introduces us to a variety of gymnastic (and well-nigh impossible, we discovered) love-making positions, encouraging us to adopt a "more visionary, less missionary repertoire." Editorial discretion prohibits elaboration, but suffice it to say that some of us are quite sore.

(cont. from p. 1)

up your room,' she would say. 'Wait, Mother, I'm a man and that's not my role. I need space and, perhaps, a maid.'"

Having completed his Ph.D. dissertation, entitled "Influential Men Writers of the Twentieth Century" at Harvard in 1966, Stallwart came directly to Stanford. Originally, he was forced into the confines of the English department, yet continued to vigorously teach many underestimated male writers. The big break for Men's Studies came in 1972, when the University rented space in an eating club for the Men's Center. Now the University seems only a few progressive strides away from instituting a full-fledged academic curriculum.

(cont. on p. 4)

The fifth and sixth chapters deal with male homosexuality. Five treats the sociological implications of gayness — coming out, legal aspects, 4-F deferments, etc. — while six is solid sexuality. Albeit fairly comprehensive, we found these chapters far from complete. For example, you found out where to get amyl nitrate — and when to use it — but there is nothing on why you should refrigerate it, or how to get rid of an amyl headache. There's a section on signalling — keys, the bandana color code, etc., and a six-page glossary of terms common in gay circles. So you no longer have to puzzle over that *Advocate* personal which reads, "Hung topman wanted for heavy action. Hot pecs, FF, WS. No fems." *Fun stuff.

Chapter Seven is all about male responsibility and the toll that it exacts on our bodies. The effects of stress on men, and various ways to cope with it, are explained. This is a distressing chapter, especially the part about baldness, and we suggest you skip it and spare yourself some hypertension.

The eighth chapter is all about men's success in the job market. This is the most self-indulgent and mathematical portion of the book. We are reminded that 92 percent of doctors, 85 percent of lawyers, four-fifths of theoretical population geneticists, and 67

percent of ride operators at Disneyland are male. Also noted is the degree to which these accomplishments are reflected in our language, e.g., repairman, policeman, assemblyman. Conspicuously neglected, however, is our lack of success in such occupations as nurse, secretary and elementary school teacher. Clearly, this is an area of concern.

Chapter Nine is wholly dialogue — the transcript of one session of a men's CR (consciousness-raising) group. The group includes a butcher, a baker and a former pro football player, now a gay activist and notorious chickenhawk. The topic is male awareness — about being male and all — and is quite an appropriate way to tie together the preceding chapters. In conclusion, we should say that although it's not perfect, *Our Bods, We're Gods* is adequate, and, above all, male. For this, we expect it to enjoy the same popularity as did its older sister.

**What it means: "I would like to meet a sexual partner (male) who is genitally well-endowed, and prefers the dominant position during intercourse. I do it fast and hard. Exciting pectoral muscles are important. I fist fuck, and indulge in water sports; for example, golden showers. However, I'm not particularly interested in drag queens."*

CENTER FOR RESEARCH ON GUYS

Noon Lecture Series

Annenberg Auditorium (Downstairs Art Dept.)

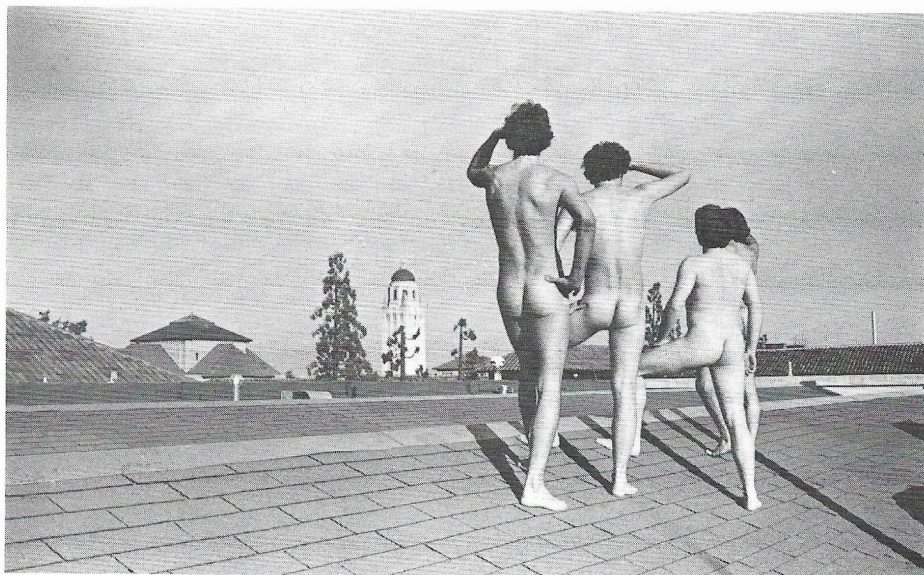
- | | | |
|----------------|--|---------------------------|
| May 16 | Tragically Hip: A Fine Line? | Dick Butterfield |
| May 23 | Sexism in the Delivery Room | Norman J. Tong, M.D. |
| May 30 | Is There Life After Stanford? | Henry "The Store" Garcia |
| June 6 | Men On the Rag: Working on a College Newspaper | Bill Burger |
| June 13 | Mercenary Me:
Apartheid Means Profit, In the Field of Your Choice | Master Sgt. Samuel K. Doe |

"It's been a long, uphill battle," Stallwart said, contemplatively fondling his full beard. "In their ignorance, many people think we want to radically subvert sexual order, rewrite history, break up the American family and teach everyone to crush beer cans, go hunting and laugh at dirty jokes in smelly bars. Nothing could be further from the truth. We are simply saying, 'Hey, we're men."

God made us men, so let's celebrate it, study it, and get academic credit for it."

The male member of the Stanford faculty slowly shook his head, then came quickly to the point: "All through our lives, it's the same thing. When I first tried to grow a beard, my mother said, 'Your face is dirty; wash it.' My sister said: 'You look like a rat.' Imagine that! A rat! To be ac-

cepted in my own family, I was forced to remove any detectable pronouncement of my manhood from my face. And they wonder what we mean when we talk about Crimes Against Men!" Thanks to Byron Stallwart, awareness of the man and his surroundings at Stanford can only grow bigger.



"We are the hollow men."

I Feel Like a Fart
by Dave

Women, Women, Women, always on my mind.

I see them across the stark marketplace,

They talk.

Women supporting each other, Consciousness rising like yeasty bread.

Nobody likes me.

Why? Why? What?

I want to open the door for her.

Where is she?

At the seashore,

In the delicatessan,

In the Women's Room.

I ask a friend:

"What should I do?"

He sobs and blows his fucking head off.

Phallic death.

I cry;

"Won't you please go out on a date with me?"

She laughs and flies away.

"Please . . . let's — I have a Trans Am . . ."

I die, cry, pizza pie.

Why? Why? What? Which?

Whom?

Our Own Words

MY PENIS by Bruce

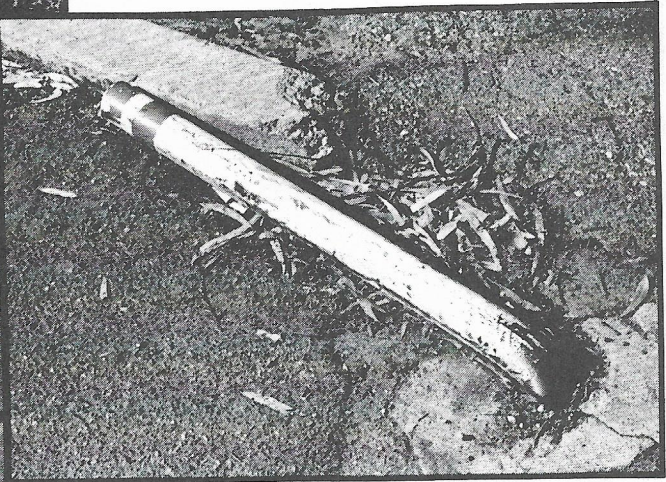
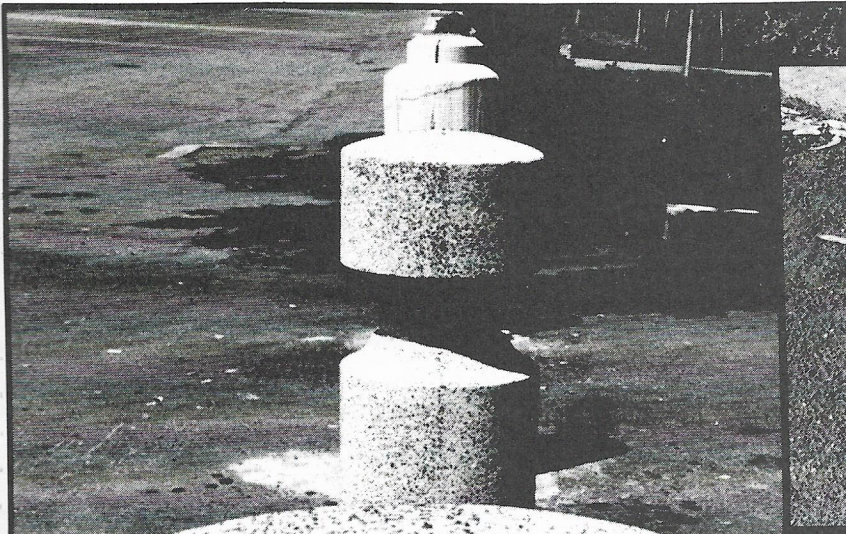
My penis.
Long and soft.
His name is Peter.
When I touch him,
he touches me back.
Going to dive into the pink
boulibasse, Peter?
Frothy. Frothy. Frothy.
Peter lisp-spits hello.
Hello.
My penis, my Peter.

BROTHERS ALL



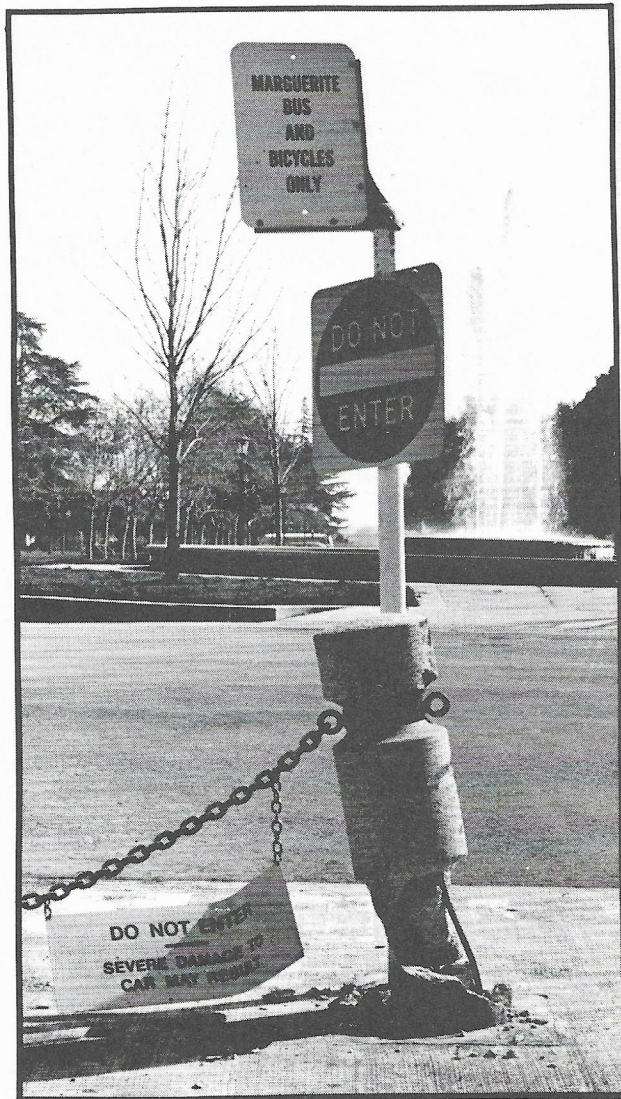
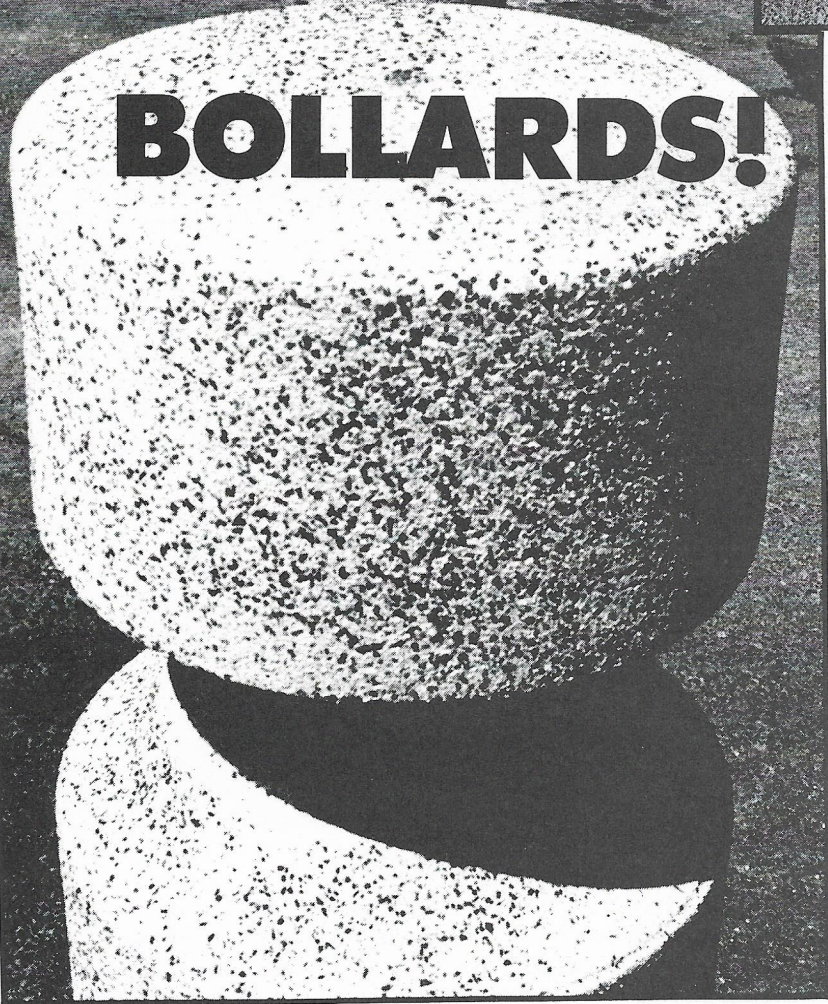
BY MITCH THURMON





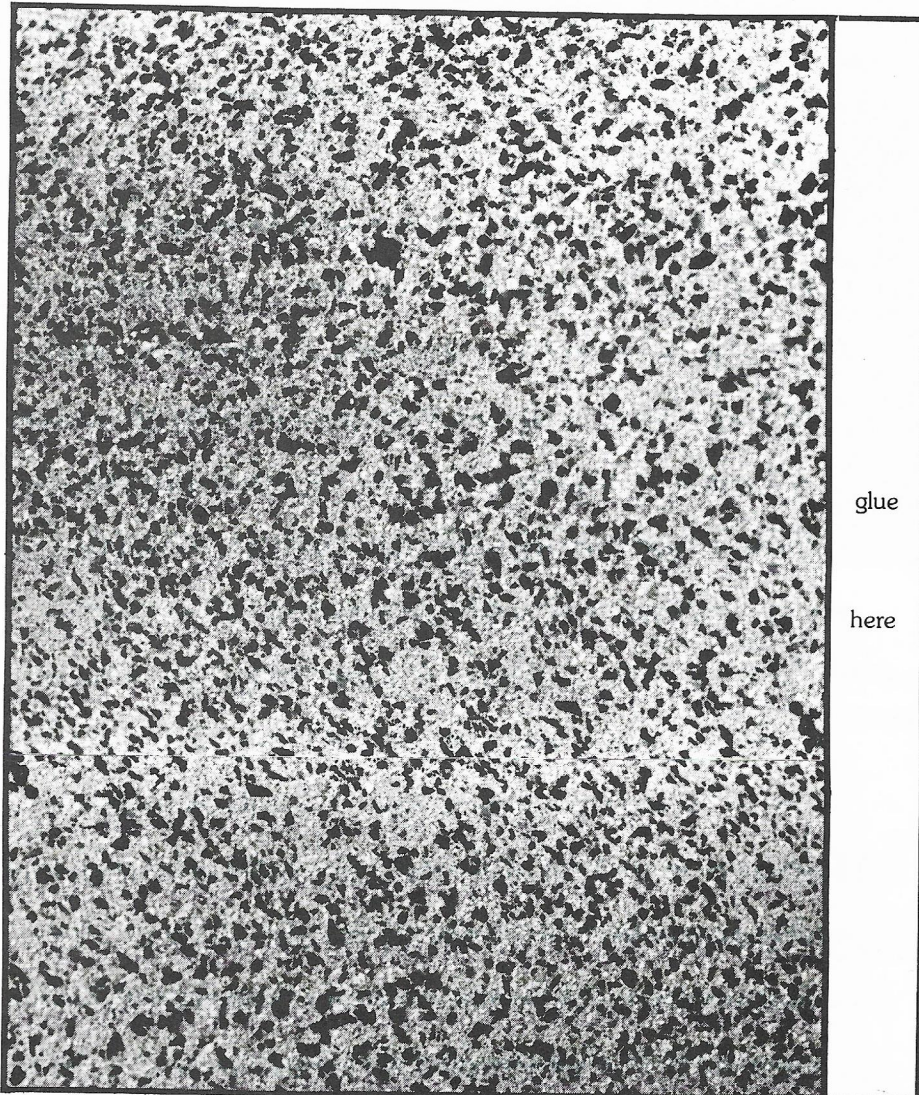
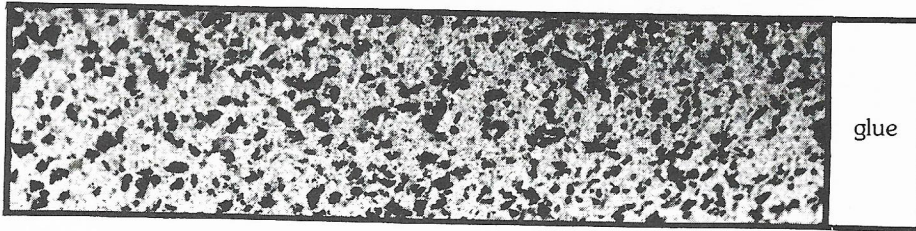
BOLLARDS!

A synthesis of beauty and utility



The scientific planning of Stanford traffic flow

Make Your Own BOLLARDS!



INSTRUCTIONS: To make your very own bollard, first cut the pieces out of the page, cutting just inside the black border lines. Don't forget the tabs! Next apply your favorite white glue to the tabs marked "glue" or "glue here." Now bend these pieces and glue the tabs to the backsides of the patterns. You should end up with nice cylinders — one big and two small. If you don't, go out and buy another magazine and try again.

At this point we need to prepare the last three pieces. To do this, bend the "d" and "f" tabs down (away from the pattern) and the "e" tabs up.

Now for the final assembly. Stand the tallest cylinder on one end. Take one of the ring pieces and glue tabs "e" and "f" on it. Affix the "f" tabs to the interior end of the standing cylinder, "e" tabs pointing up. Looking much better now, isn't it?

Time for the smallest cylinder now. Glue the "e" tabs to the interior of this. Prepare the last ring piece by glueing the "e" and "f" tabs. Affix the "e" tabs to the top interior of the smaller cylinder, which is now the summit of our little edifice. Exciting, huh?

Take the last cylinder and place it on top by affixing the "f" tabs pointing up to its interior. Finally, place the top on this by glueing the "d" tabs and affixing them to the interior of the medium cylinder. That's it!

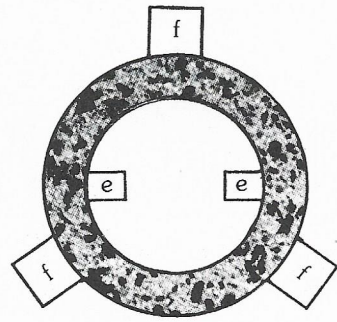
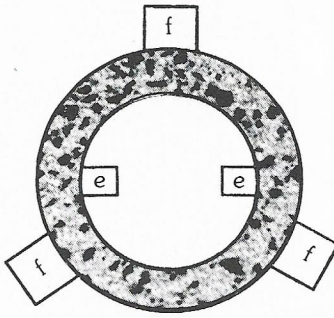
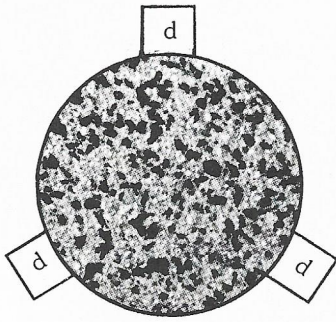
Now if you really want to get involved, try this: Take a few paper clips and fold them to fit your bollard as reinforcing rods. Turn your bollard upside-down, position the rods and fill the bollard with plaster. After drying, you have yourself a real collector's item. It's perfect as a paperweight, or to run over with your little brother's Tonka toys.

You now have your very own bollard!

Put them in funny places!

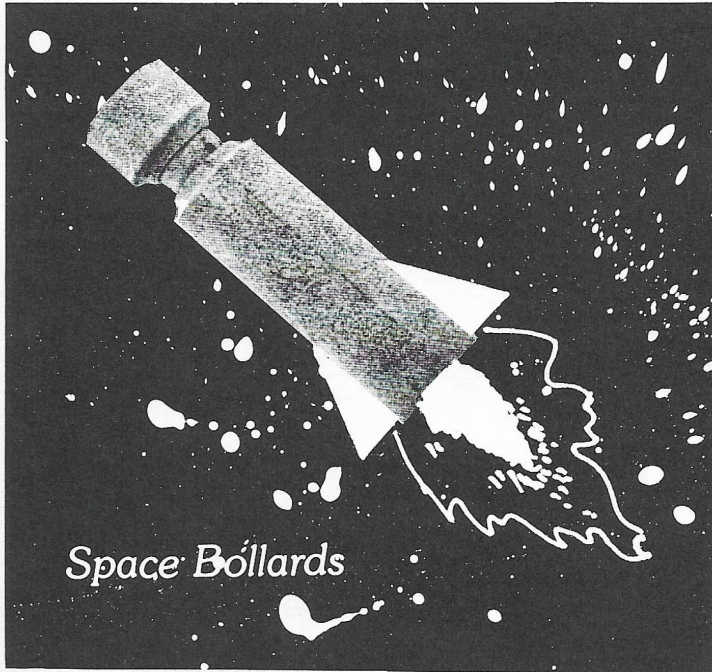
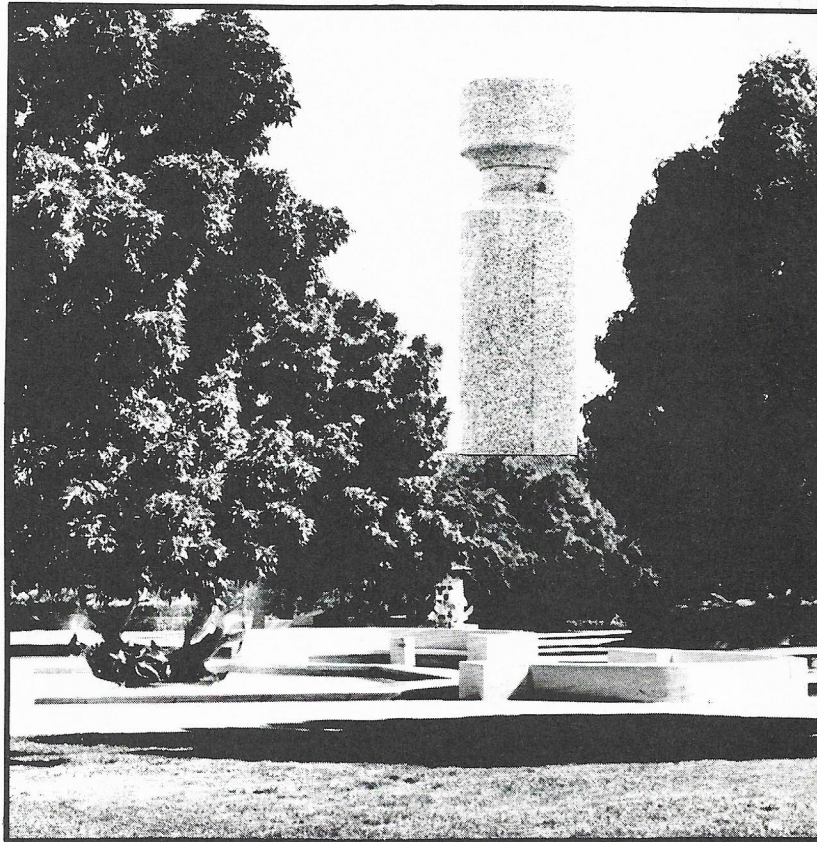
Invent games and tricks!

Use your imagination!

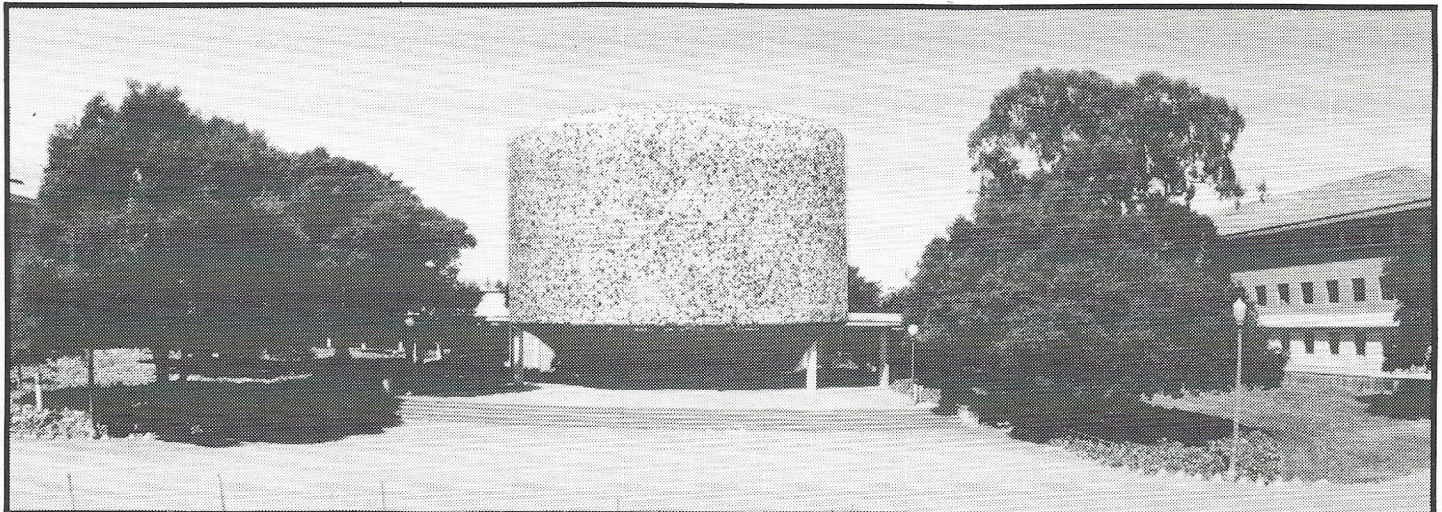


The Future of Bollards

Bollard Tower



The Physics Bollard





heavy petting

LARS BAZA

by Andy Warhol and Truman Capote

In this issue of Beside Stanford, we continue our series of career and work-related interviews. Is there life after the farm? Beside Stanford went (beside) the farm to answer some of these questions. We talked with Lars Baza, proprietor of the Beast of Burden Pet Emporium, on California Avenue to find out about careers in the pet store industry.

Lars Baza is a well-known figure in the pet store industry on the mid peninsula and an old face on California Avenue. Baza opened the doors of his pet store in 1952 just in time for the post WWII doggy and kitty boom. According to Baza's cousin, Joe Bob Johnson, an unemployed shoe salesman, Baza's net annual income is over \$100,000. (Think about that - 100,000 \$1 bills, or 10,000 \$10 bills or 1000 \$100 bills. That's a lot of money. Maybe the pet store industry is for you. "Here, kitty, kitty." You don't have to like animals. Think about it.)

Beside Stanford went to the back room of the Beast of Burden Pet Emporium to interview Lars Baza.

Beside Stanford: Well, Lars - may I call you Lars?

Baza: Yes, please.

BS: What is it like to be the owner and operator of a petstore?

Baza: It's rewarding, that's for sure. This is an "up" industry. By that I mean you make people happy in this business. A little boy gets a new dog. A husband buys his wife a beautiful Per-

sian cat. And they all leave with a smile on their face. Everybody's happy. That makes me happy.

BS: But sometimes when I go to a pet store I can't help noticing the sad little animals in their smelly, cramped cages, breathing stifling, hot air. Those animals aren't happy, are they?

Baza: Well, they don't look happy, but they are. They know they're going to be sold. That keeps them going. And of course, I don't know about other stores, but in my store, I let the animals know I care about them. That's for sure. I talk to them, I tease them.

BS: You tease them? What do you mean?

Baza: Well, I poke them with sticks or offer them food and then snatch it away. I do stuff like that all the time.

BS: But isn't that cruel? Wouldn't that only lead to the development of emotionally disturbed, neurotic animals?

Baza: No, not at all. You don't give animals enough credit. Animals are just like people. They've got a sense of humor; it's important not to take animals too seriously.

BS: You speak of animals as being just like people. Do you actually believe that?

Baza: Sure. I like animals. I like people. It's pretty much the same thing.

BS: Well, if you actually believe that, how do you reconcile yourself to the impersonal treatment the animals receive here? After all, animals in a pet store are simply property to be bought and sold. Your relationship to them is strictly economic.

Baza: You're asking me to compare apples and oranges, and it's simply not a valid comparison. Let me give you a for-example. My relationship with my wife is strictly economic. I give her money; she sleeps with me, cleans the house, cooks the meals. Now, you wouldn't call my wife an animal, would you?

BS: Lars, I'm glad you brought up your wife. I've noticed, just sitting here, that there's quite a distinctive smell to pet stores. Do you smell, and if so, how does your family react?

Baza: My wife has been obsessed with cleanliness ever since our children died.

BS: Would you care to explain?

Baza: Sure. When my son and daughter were seven and eight, I brought them over to the pet store one Sunday while I did a little paper work. Well, they started playing with the animals, the puppies, the hamsters, the rabbits, really everything. Of course they got doo-doo all over themselves. They were quite feverish that night and they died in their sleep the next morning. The doctor said that they must have picked up some sort of bug from the bunny rabbits.

BS: That's unfortunate. Did you have any more children?

Baza: No, children are just a hassle, especially when you have a pet store. *BS Is the pet store industry subject to fads?*

Baza: Sure. There's always a certain animal that's in style during certain periods. Rabbits were in for a while, then snakes. Now it's exotic birds.

How do you usually respond to these fads?

Baza: Well, it depends on what kind of fad it is. For example, turtles painted on the bottom were all the fare for a while until they found out they caused syphilis. I flushed them all down the toilet.

BS: Wait a minute, turtles can't cause syphilis.

Baza: Some of them can. Anyways, hamsters were a big seller, too, for a while, so I had quite a large stock on hand. Then the fad petered out, and I was stuck with a shitload of hamsters. At that point *Star Trek* was peaking in popularity, so I took the hamsters, fed them some sort of hormone that was supposed to make their hair grow and I amputated all their legs. I was trying to make them into tribbles — you know, those balls of fur that invaded the Enterprise on one episode of *Star Trek*. I sensed that there was a market for tribbles.

BS: What happened?

Baza: Well, I was right. The orders started rolling in for tribbles, but all the hamsters died.

BS: Do you know why?

Baza: No, do you? 't

BS: How has being near Stanford affected your business?

Baza: I'm not sure what you mean.

BS: Is there anything special you do because you're near Stanford?

Baza: Oh, sure, during the winter, I have to really stock up on cats. A lot of premeds want their own cats to study at home when they're taking bio lab.

BS: There was a rumor circulating that you steal cats from off the streets of Palo Alto in order to supply your store during winter. Would you care to comment?

Baza : That is absolutely false.

BS: But I saw you doing it once.

Baza: Okay, I've done it a little, you know. I need to. For example, if I needed some cats on a Monday and the cat distributor didn't deliver until Thursday, I might go out over the weekend and pick up a few strays. It was only practical — pure profit, you know. And at twenty bucks a shot, it was certainly worth my time.

BS: Didn't you get complaints?

Baza: Oh, sure, but by the time anybody came by to check, the cats were already in some dorm bathroom getting their necks wrung. The police stopped by a couple of times, but they couldn't get anything on me.

BS: Isn't it hard to catch cats?

Baza: Not really. Winter is usually pretty cold and rainy. I just drive around. The van is filled with dishes of warm milk. The cats were pretty happy about going with me, actually.

BS: Don't you sell Stanford souvenirs also?

Baza: Sure, have you seen any of them?

BS: No . . .

Baza: Well, white cats are a big favorite. I brand them with a big "S" on each side. The red on white looks really good. They're a big favorite with Stanford alums living in the area.

BS: You brand cats? I can't believe you would do that to a cat.

Baza : Cats are amazingly hardy little animals. Very few die. I tried branding other animals, smaller animals. I was so stupid. I thought it would be great to have parakeets with "S" stamped on them. I couldn't get it in my head that it wouldn't work. So I just kept snatching them out of their cages like they were potato chips. That was the most frustrating experience. What a waste.

BS: It didn't work?

Baza: No, but then I came up with the idea of painting desert tortoises. I started shipping them in from Arizona and Nevada. I paint their backs white with a red "S".

BS: Doesn't that cause syphilis?

Baza: No, that 's only if you paint them on the bottom.

BS: How about Big Game week? Are there any special items you sell especially for the Big Game?

Baza: Chimpanzees. I dress them up in ref uniforms, give 'em a whistle and a Stanford baseball cap. That's the kind of thing Stanford Alumni really like.

BS: What do Stanford students buy?

Baza: My biggest seller to Stanford students is small rodents, white mice, hamsters, et cetera. They get a real kick out of sticking them down their pants and letting 'em run around.

BS: Do you think Stanford students are as smart as they actually are?

Baza: Yeah, I'd say that's true.

BS: A lot of Stanford students would be interested in finding out how you learned to handle the business end of this operation.

Baza: Experience. The school of hard knocks, as they say. On the job training. I also majored in business administration when I was in college.

BS: Tell me, Lars, would you advise Stanford students to major in business administration?

Baza: Sure. Why not?

BS: Do you have any other advice for someone choosing a career in the pet store industry?

Baza: Yeah, eat at Jack in the Box. The food's pretty good and it's real cheap. One more thing. Study hard.

BS: We will. Thank you.

Baza: Thank you.

Laprunder Family Scrapbook

When my son, Frank, was just a little boy with his Brownie, I had no idea, his own mother, that he'd one day take those famous movies of President Kennedy getting it. But he did, and the rest is history, I guess.



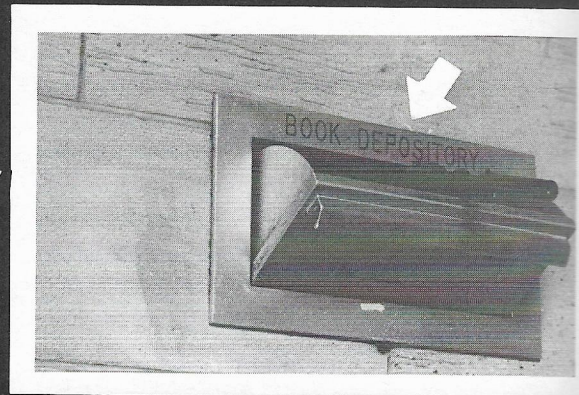
Frankie's first picture when he was barely 8' of fluffy. How he loved that dog.

It's a swim party!
High school, I think.





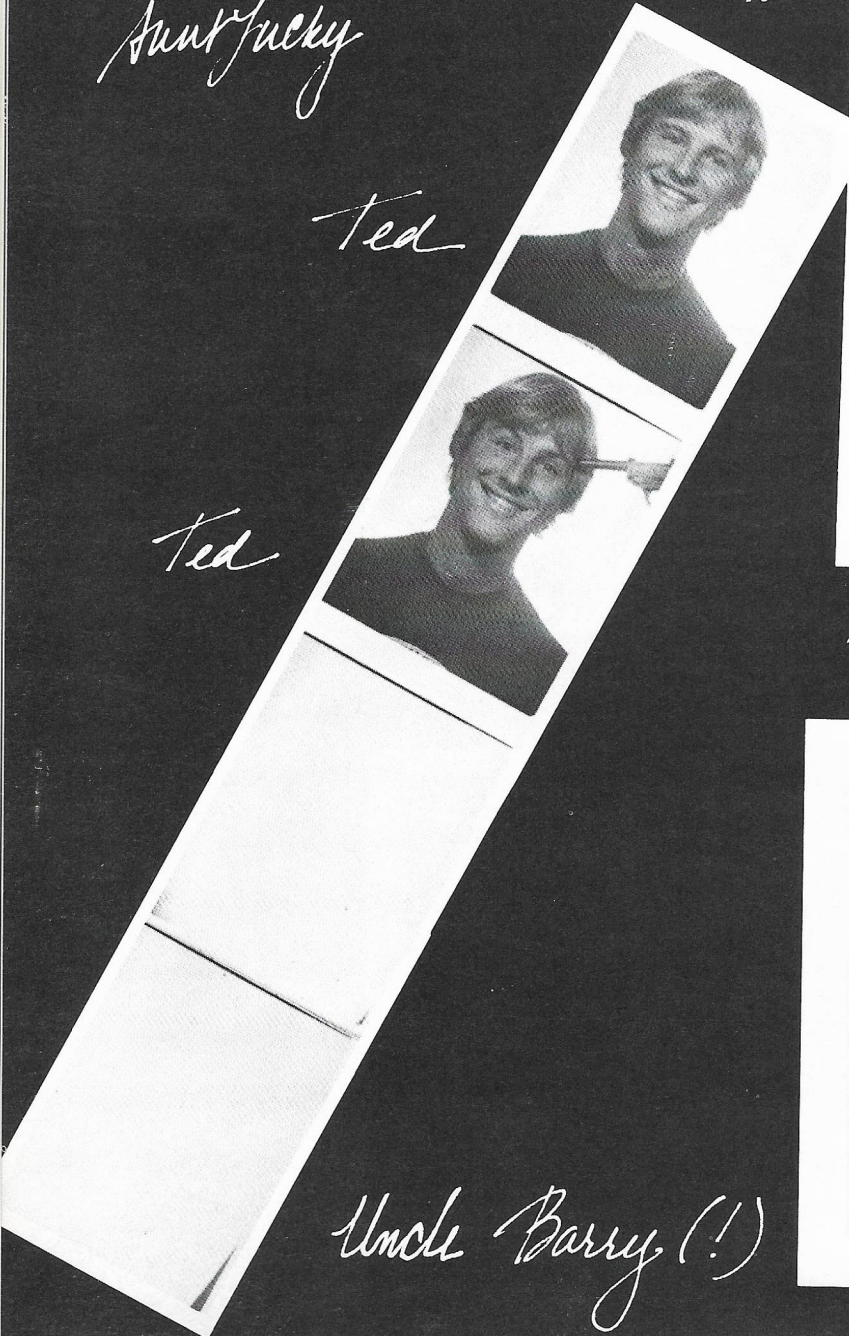
Uncle Walt Bill Sheila Todd
Aunt Jucky



Uncle
Barry
(?)



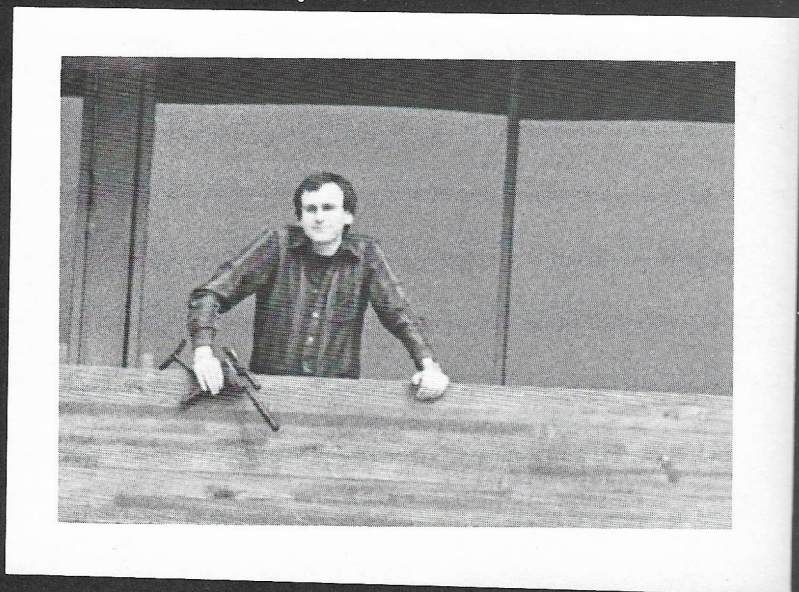
Uncle Barry (?) Cousin Bill



Ted

Ted

Uncle Barry (!)

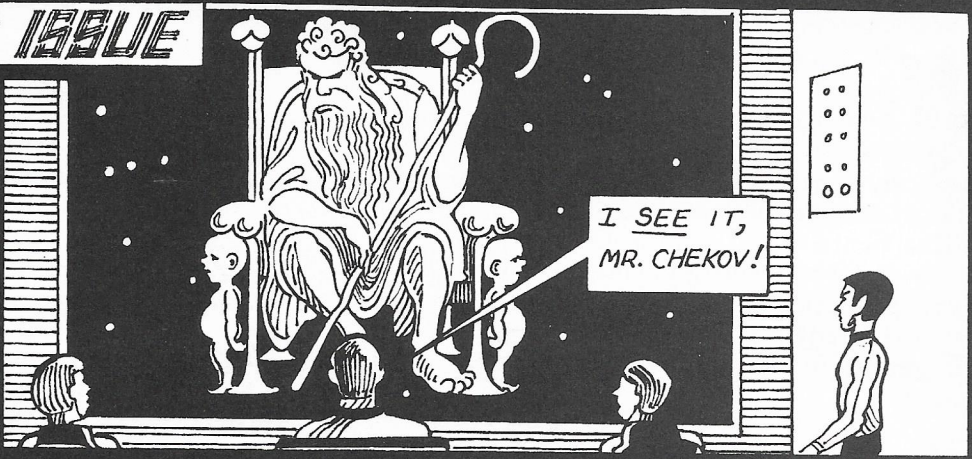




THE GOD ISSUE



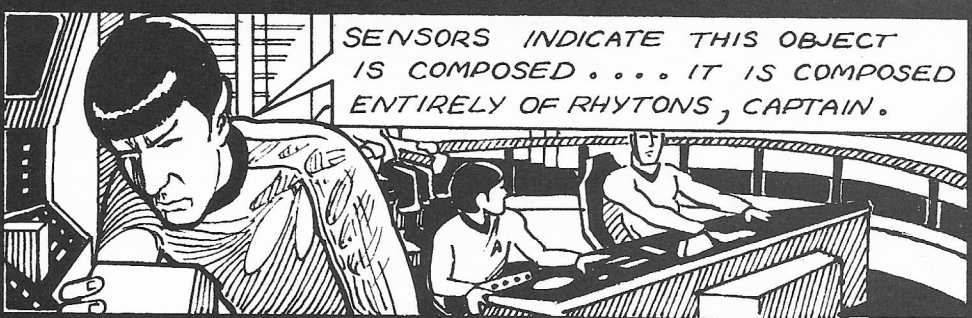
OBJECT AHEAD, KIPTIN!



I SEE IT, MR. CHEKOV!



WHAT DO THE SENSORS INDICATE, MR. SPOCK?



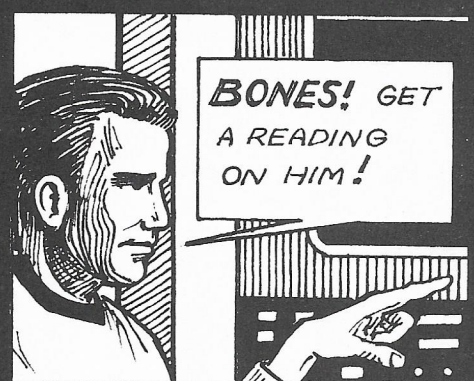
SENSORS INDICATE THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED . . . IT IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF RHYTONS, CAPTAIN.



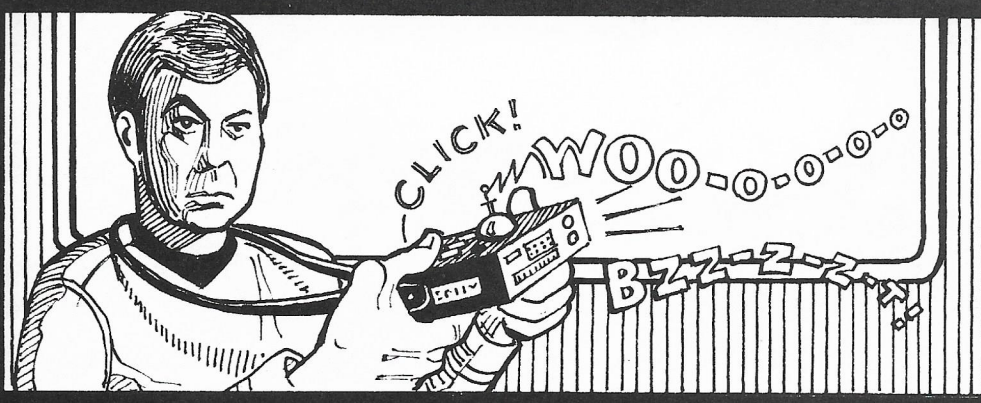
BUT **SPOCK!** RHYTONS EXIST ONLY IN THEORY. IF THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED OF RHYTONS IT MUST BE . . .



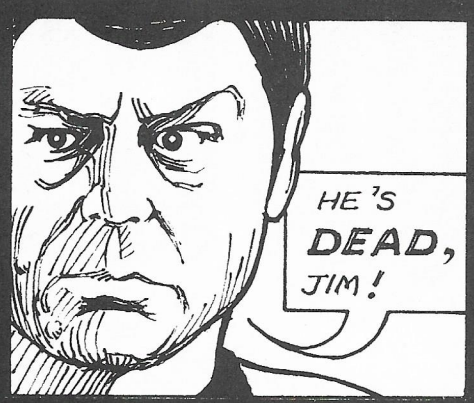
QUITE RIGHT, CAPTAIN: OMNISCIENT, OMNIPOTENT & OMNIPRESENT. THIS OBJECT IS **GOD**.



BONES! GET A READING ON HIM!



CLICK!
WOO-O-O-O-O-O
BZZ-Z-Z-Z



HE'S DEAD, JIM!

Bud in love

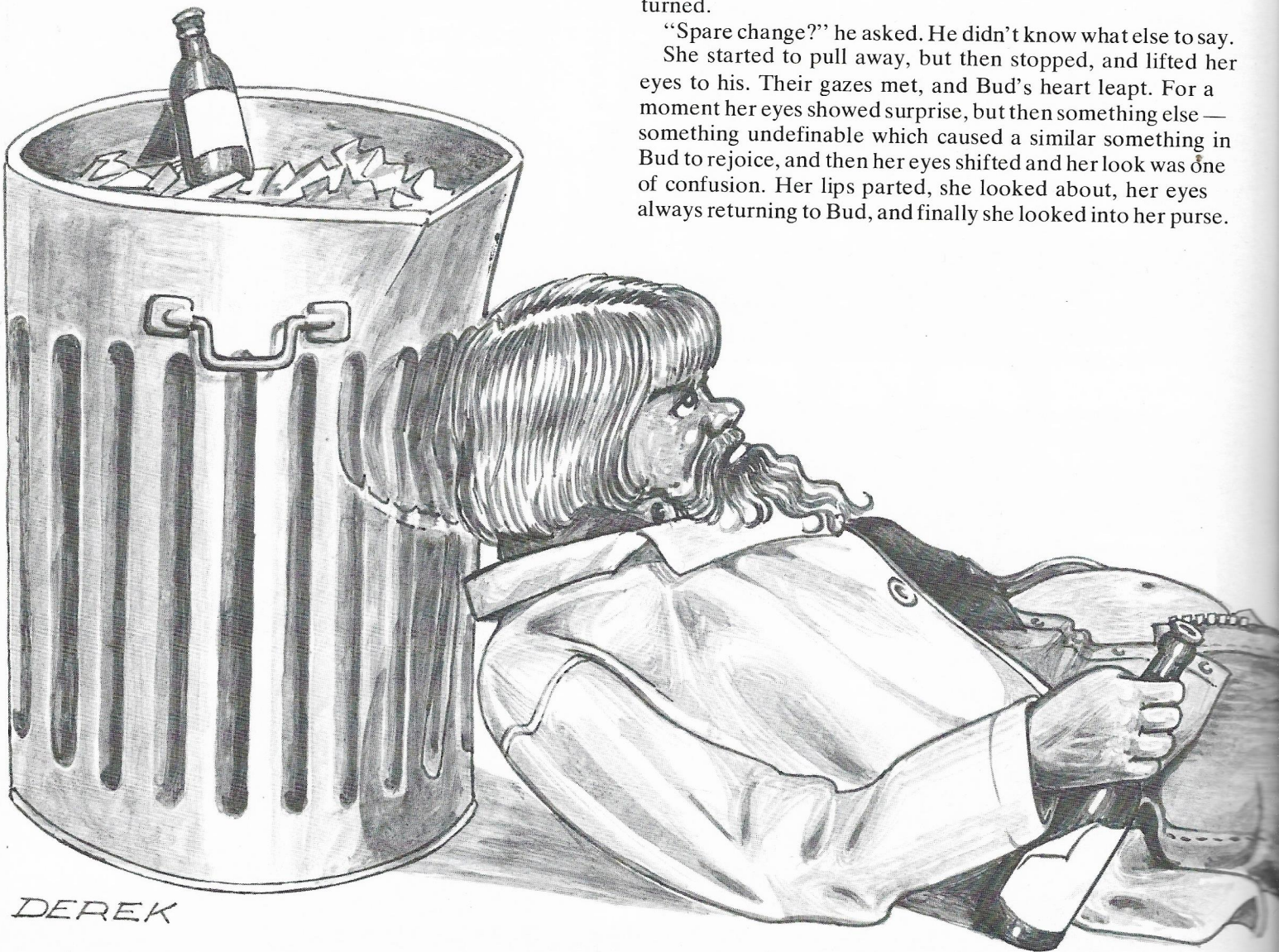
Why this sort of thing always happens nobody will ever be able to say for sure. But it always does happen, whether from a certain whirling of stars and planets, or by the will of the Creator, or as a result of particles colliding randomly. It happens to everyone — to the good and the bad, to kings and peasants, and to certified public accountants. And so it happened to Bud, in front of Nieman-Marcus, on a rather windy day in May during the twenty-sixth year of his life — give or take a year or two. He wasn't expecting it at all, so it hit him particularly hard. He looked up from the pavement, saw her, and fell in love.

She was beautiful, delicate, enchanting, with a purple sparkle in her eye and a bit of a dance in her step. There was no hesitation. Bud knew instantly without a doubt that he loved her. As she stepped over his prone body, he knew she was everything that he had ever wished for, though he had never consciously wished for anything before. She was a vision — dazzling and wonderful. And he — well, to be quite honest — he was a bum.

But this didn't interfere with his most immediate instinct. She was rapidly walking down the street, and he couldn't let her get away. He was up and after her in a second, and quickly caught up with her, though he left several downed pedestrians in his wake. At the corner he tapped her on her arm, and she turned.

"Spare change?" he asked. He didn't know what else to say.

She started to pull away, but then stopped, and lifted her eyes to his. Their gazes met, and Bud's heart leapt. For a moment her eyes showed surprise, but then something else — something undefinable which caused a similar something in Bud to rejoice, and then her eyes shifted and her look was one of confusion. Her lips parted, she looked about, her eyes always returning to Bud, and finally she looked into her purse.



DEREK



She produced a quarter, which fumbled and rang upon the pavement.

"I'm sorry," she said breathlessly, stooping to pick the coin up. He got it before she could. As they both straightened up, their gazes met once again, but now she turned away suddenly and began to cross the street.

"Thank you, ma'am. Bless you." Bud would usually mutter at this point. But now he was speechless. He turned, but watched her retreat from the corner of his eye. When, halfway down the street she turned back for an instant, he was so overwhelmed that he almost dropped the quarter. Almost, but not quite. He stared after her then with no effort at disguise, like a man hypnotized, until she was swallowed up by the crowds. Then he pocketed the quarter, and started to walk. Walking was about all he was capable of at the moment. His mind was racing like it hadn't raced in years. For now the full implications of the situation dawned on Bud. He loved her. She was everything and she was perfect. And he was a bum, a derelict, a ne'er-do-well. And after the shocking pleasure of first *seeing* her, it began to dawn on Bud that this might cause something of a problem. He was a bum, and she wasn't. It could never work out.

Or could it?

Bud was definitely a bum. He smelled bad, and didn't wear nice clothes, and he shuffled when he wasn't staggering. He didn't have a job, but rather took money from people under false pretenses to buy alcohol. People looked away when they saw Bud, and didn't like it when he came up to them for a handout. But Bud wasn't really a bad person. He was just a bum. And he wasn't ashamed of this or anything. Bud was a bum by choice. He hadn't always been a bum — indeed, he was born into a reasonably affluent middle-class American family — but in another sense he had been a bum from the day he was born. One might say that Bud had wanted to be a bum before he even knew what one was. It had absolutely nothing to do with how he was brought up, nothing to do with his socioeconomic background. He had even gone to college for a few years — this was before he was called Bud

— but had dropped out once he was free from family pressures. Some said he had poor study habits, others that he lacked motivation or successful role models. None of this was really true. Bud was simply a bum, and he liked it.

And this had never caused him any problems or second thoughts — until now. What was Bud to do? He loved her, but — well — he never even tried to suppose that she could ever feel that way about him. She disapproved of his lifestyle — that he could see. And he disapproved just as much of hers. But — and this is why Bud couldn't just dismiss the whole business — there was something about her, something about the look she had given him, something buried deep within her purple gaze, something which strangely unsettled Bud and tugged at his heart. It urged him: "She loves you, Bud. She really does." It promised him: "She's different, Bud. She looks beyond appearances." And finally it lied to him.

But Bud wanted to believe. And so he decided, after much walking, to change his ways — for the time being. He was going to win her heart as she had won his, and, being no fool, he knew he could only do it on her own turf, according to her rules. Which would mean sacrifice on his part. He would have to enter into her society, get a job, dress and act according to the rules, and walk in a straight line. But he could do these things — and more — for a while at least. He had to, though every voice inside him screamed in protest. He hated work, he hated schedules and clocks, he hated Brooks Brothers and credit cards — but he loved her. So he resolved to give society a chance.

Three days later, Bud stared into a mirror. He hated what he saw. Before him stood a very unhappy-looking young man, clean-shaven and blow-dried, nicely dressed in an all-wool blue suit. With brass buttons. The image in the mirror said success. It said confidence and respectability and responsibility. Most importantly, it said eligibility.

"What a jerk," said Bud. He hated this whole business, and fell very uncomfortable in these clothes. It wasn't that he had never known such attire, or the sort of manners he now found himself resorting to. Indeed he had, and consciously rejected them years before. Now they had returned to haunt him.

Bud even had a job now, and a fairly good one at that. It was an advance on his salary which was to blame for his present appearance. Bud had had no trouble in finding work, as he had a lot of friends who were not quite bums but nevertheless often ended up drinking coffee with him at all-night diners at 2 in the morning. Some of these friends were quite successful financially even if they were alcoholics, and one of them — the head of a large advertising firm — had been happy to give an old pal like Bud a job — if only to keep him quiet about his nocturnal habits. So Bud was now an advertising executive, with a good salary, a nice office, and a beautiful secretary just out of college. And Bud hated it. But he loved her, and was willing to put up with it. He knew that he might very well be forced to put up with a lot more in the near future.

He saw the clock's reflection and sighed. It was 7:55. He had to go to work. Only the thought that he might chance to see her at some fashionable restaurant during his lunch hour finally persuaded him to enter the morning world. Or that today one of his derelict buddies would spot her and tail her to her home or workplace. He'd passed her description to most of the bums in the city. They'd have to find her sooner or later. So he promised himself as he tossed himself into the world of business for another day.



BLIND AMBITION

It was this small bit of uncertainty and possibility which began to plague Bud.

It was these sort of hopes which allowed Bud to survive those first few days and to acclimate himself to the uncomfortable clothes and stifling atmosphere of his new career. But even with the vision of her in his memory to inspire him, he probably wouldn't have outlasted that hateful first week on the job if he hadn't found her on the fourth day.

And he found her at a fashionable restaurant during his lunch hour, which was an interesting, and to Bud a meaningful, coincidence. Maybe the gods were on his side.

And maybe the gods also drank Ripple and slept among the garbage cans.

This gave Bud confidence, and gave him a voice after the first shock of turning and seeing the object of his quest seated at the table next to his — so close that their chairs were almost touching. The thought that they might sent a secret thrill racing through Bud. But he didn't lose his composure. The stakes were high at this moment. He waited, his back to her, until he heard her chair being pushed from her table. Then he paused a well-timed moment, pushed his chair from the table, got up, and stumbled into her.

The timing was perfect. It looked just like an accident. Only someone who stumbled regularly could have pulled it off.

"My god, I'm sorry!" cried Bud, untangling himself from the chairs and tables strewn around them.

"No. It's all right. It's perfectly all right," she said, trying to recover her balance.

"Damn! I'm a clumsy fool! It's all my fault."

"It's no problem. It was my fault as much as yours. . . ." She stopped as her eyes finally met his.

The ice was broken. Five more minutes of apologies led to his paying for her luncheon, and then to twenty minutes of more conversation which finally resulted in Bud arranging a date. It was that easy. Of course, Bud had developed a fairly strong power of persuasion from years of cadging loose change from strangers. But still, Bud felt sure that she was not unwilling. Once again he had sensed something in her gaze and this time in her voice which made him suspect that his interest was not all one-sided. He warned himself repeatedly not to deceive himself with false hopes, but still, she had accepted a date for that very night. And she hadn't even known his name half an hour ago. For that matter, she still didn't. But little things like names or times mean nothing to a person in love.

Or to people in love That evening was a time of ecstasy for Bud, and he knew that she wasn't having a bad time either. They ate, and danced, and laughed, and finally gazed into each others eyes and said nothing. This was love. Bud couldn't believe it was really happening, that this was not all a dream, that some punks might not still kick him awake and send him flaming away in a drunken panic, but it wasn't a dream. It was better.

Her name was Irene. She worked in a bank and liked slow dancing. Blue was her favorite color.

Bud's eyes were blue.

She was from Delaware, but went to college out here as a political science major. She liked cats, but hated dogs.

Bud didn't like dogs, either. Sometimes they'd piss on him when he was asleep.

They went on past closing time, so she suggested going to her apartment. He left a big tip.

Outside the night was cool and clear, the streets were silent, but they had no difficulty getting a cab. As Bud got in after her, a strange feeling suddenly came over him. He turned his head, and saw down the street a figure huddled in a doorway, slumping into the shadows. But then the cab lurched, the cab door closed with a slam, and the feeling disappeared.

She had a very nice apartment with a very expensive view. They stood on the balcony for some time, and Bud's heart pounded. There was silence, but it wasn't an uncomfortable silence. Finally she looked at Bud, smiled, shook her head, and spoke.

"It's very strange," she said. "I feel that I've met you somewhere before. Perhaps in another time, in another life, in another place." She stared at him for a moment. "It's not your face. It's your eyes. There's something about them. Something . . . familiar. It's sort of haunting in a way. They don't quite seem to fit the rest of you." She paused. "You're like someone lost," she finally concluded.

Bud felt like he'd just been shot through the heart. He knew that he'd have to tell her who he really was, for it would kill him to deceive her any longer. She would have to know, and if she loved him, it wouldn't make any difference. It couldn't make any difference. Or so he tried to persuade himself. Inner voices screamed at him, urged him not to be a fool, warned him that this truth was too dangerous, and that he would surely lose her. But Bud was strong. He wouldn't allow this deceit to stand between them any longer. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out something which he kept hidden in his closed hand.

"We have met before," he told her, slowly lifting his eyes to hers. "And when we did, you gave me this."

He opened his hand. In it lay the quarter she had given him. He had never spent it.

She looked from him to the quarter, and from the quarter to him. She was very confused.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Spare change," he said. He didn't know what else to say. She started, and then recognized him.

"Oh my god! You were the . . ."

"I'm the bum," he said.

She stepped back, tried to speak but couldn't, and finally turned and ran.

She ran, but she stopped. Halfway to the door she stopped, turned, and ran back to him. In fact, she ran into his arms, and Bud, afraid, astonished, and ecstatic, kissed her.

And for a short while she forgot that he was a bum, and he forgot that she wasn't a bum, and the whole world seemed to sing.

* * *

Some time later, she asked him a few questions.

"I don't understand. I thought you worked in advertising."

"I do. I started Monday."

"Oh." She paused for a moment as an exciting thought struck her. "So you reformed yourself for me?"

"No," he said. "I got a job in advertising."

"I see," she said. And he really thought she did.

They leaned from the balcony and watched the lights of the city.

Bud was getting bored with the lights of the city, and was starting to watch her instead, when suddenly a strange feeling came over him again. It was like when he was getting into the cab. He looked wildly around, and then stood still. He had

heard a slight rustle, and then what he thought was a hacking cough, somewhere in the street below him, and to his right. He looked, and then with a shock saw him. A figure slouched in an alley entrance. It held a bottle, and beckoned to Bud. Then it disappeared into the shadows of the alley.

"Who is that?" thought Bud. He knew all the bums in the city, but had never met this one. And yet he seemed somehow familiar.

"What is it?" a voice asked. "What's wrong?"

Bud turned. It was Irene. He had momentarily forgotten about her.

"Uh, nothing," he said. But he was obviously upset. "I'm really sorry, I *really* am, but I have to be going, I'll see you tomorrow. After work. Is that O.K.?"

"Uh, sure . . ." she said. She was very confused and worried.

"I'll see you then." Bud forced himself to leave the apartment at less than a run.

He had to find the bum. He had to know why he had followed him from the restaurant to here. Perhaps he had not gotten the word that Bud had found her, and had called off the search. If so, Bud would tell him. But Bud really didn't think that that was why the bum was there.

Bud raced to the alley just in time to see a figure stagger around a corner. He followed him, knocking over three garbage cans and getting stuff all over his new Brooks Brothers suit. But Bud had barely noticed. At the corner the bum was nowhere in sight. But a hacking, almost gurgling cough down the street showed him the way. The chase was on.

Twenty minutes later, Bud leaned against a streetlight, exhausted and afraid. The street he was on was dark and lonely and deserted. There was no one else in sight, and no sound. Bud was tired, and finally sat on the curb. He was quiet for about five minutes, listening, and then started. He thought he heard something — perhaps breathing — coming from somewhere nearby. He looked about warily. Down the block, in front of a liquor store, stood a cluster of garbage cans. The sound was coming from there. Bud got up slowly, and quietly crept over to the cans. He thought he could see a figure lying hidden among them, but he wasn't certain. He turned as if to go, but then suddenly whirled around and sent the cans and their contents flying.

There was nobody there. One of the lids went rolling down the street and finally settled with a long drawn out clatter.

Bud looked about wildly, and then spied something behind him out of the corner of his eye. He jumped around to find himself face to face with a bum.

The bum was Bud. It was his reflection in the liquor store window. His new Brooks Brothers suit was ruined from garbage and dirt, and torn from when he had climbed a fence in a back alley. His face was grimy, and his hair a mess from the long pursuit. He looked like himself again.

Bud slumped down, his back to the store window. He once again heard a slight sound, and felt the strange feeling run through him, but now he recognized it. The streets were calling to him. And now he listened.

Behind him he heard the bottles in the liquor store window first rustle and finally whisper, "Drink us, Bud. We'll fill you, and make you feel warm and happy. Drink us, Bud. Drink us until you vomit." The remaining standing trash cans opposite him, and then those down the street, flirted with him: "We're full, Bud, overflowing. Knock us over, Bud. Knock us over and rummage through our garbage." The sodium glare of the

street light painted their shadows on the sidewalk before Bud, so that they almost touched his scuffed-up Florsheim wingtips. Finally the very pavement beneath him began to welcome him. It reached up to him, and urged him soothingly to nestle his head against its warm concrete. "Come, Bud. Come. You're weary, and need rest. You're home now. Let me comfort you." And so the streets pleaded with Bud, and finally the night itself cried out to him.

And Bud allowed himself to succumb.

The next day she found him waiting for her as he had promised, outside her bank after work. He lay sprawled on the sidewalk, nestled against the building right outside the main entrance. He seemed unconscious, but when he heard her step he slowly raised his head, and blindly opened his eyes. When his vision had cleared, he saw her gazing down upon him, her face open and hiding none of her unhappiness.

Bud's heart crumbled. "God, I love her," he thought, his lips moving voicelessly nevertheless. "How can I do this to her?" But he had to do it nevertheless. He loved her, yes, he did, but he loved the streets more. They were a part of him. The streets nourished him. They were a part of his soul — a part which no love could ever steal away.

He motioned to her, and she kneeled down so that her face was only inches from his. She was trying to hide her revulsion, but Bud wasn't fooled.

"I love you, Irene," muttered Bud, his eyes avoiding hers, avoiding something which he knew still lay there, unhidden now, and tormenting him. She pulled back to avoid his breath as he broke into a fit of coughing.

"I love you," Bud finally continued, "but this can't work. I tried — I really tried to live your life — but I can't. The streets . . . the streets called me back." Her look stopped him for a moment, but he had to go on. "I can't help it, Irene. I'm a creature of the night."

She looked at him without speaking, her eyes filled with tears. Her lips hesitated, but there was nothing she could say. Finally she reached to her neck, and removed a gold locket. She placed it in Bud's hand, avoiding his eyes, closed his hand around it, her fingers lingering on his, and slowly stood up. She turned away.

"Remember me, Bud," she finally whispered. "Remember me."

And then she was gone.

Bud gradually managed to push himself up against the wall so that he could sit. He gazed at the locket, and a tear glistened in his eye. By fumbling with it for a moment, he managed to get it open. Inside was a picture of her. Bud stared at it, and then stared beyond.

After a while, Bud reached into his pocket, and to his surprise, found a quarter there. He looked at it, and a slight smile crossed his face.

It would be just enough to pay for a peep show.

But then Bud noticed with a start that the day was almost done, and darkness was slowly creeping into the city. He struggled to pull himself to his feet, and finally stood swaying, one hand clutching the building for support. It would be a cold night. Bud once again gazed at the locket.

The peepshow would have to wait. He'd have to hurry if he wanted to get to the pawnshop before it closed.

Sequel to the #1 Bestseller

Dwarves

GUTTER DWARF

(UNEMPLOYED)



54 years of age
Height: 3'2"
(without lifts)

Sheds neck hair
in winter

Favorites:
Jucky, Brown
Deby

P.F. Flyers in the
summer. Buster Brown
"Skooters" in
winter.



PRICE: \$10.95

Dwarves have to eat. While some can find sustenance in the refuse of others, limited garbage breeds, among other things, competition. And jobs are, needless to say, in short supply. But Dwarves have evolved into a hearty race, walking the street to feed their face. The dwarves have a saying — “The strong swill survive.”

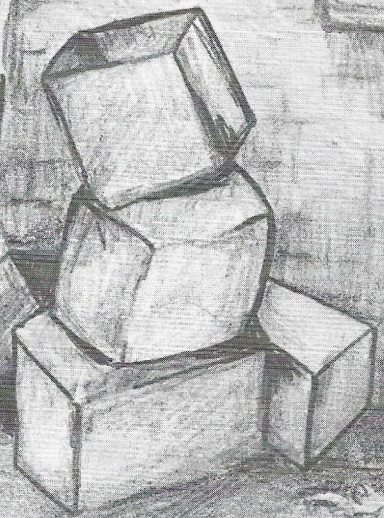
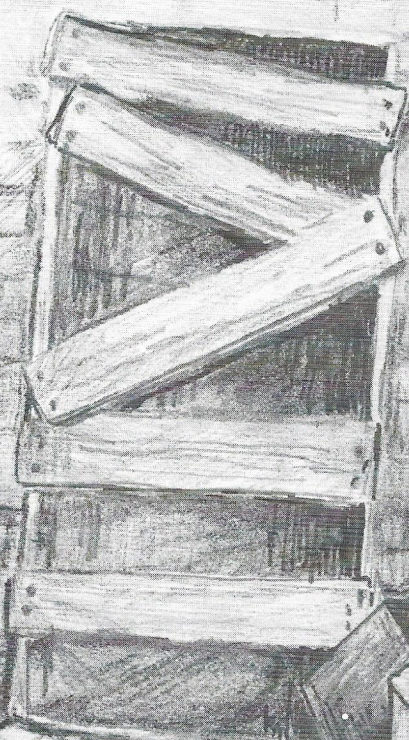
*Renewable
resource.*



HABITAT

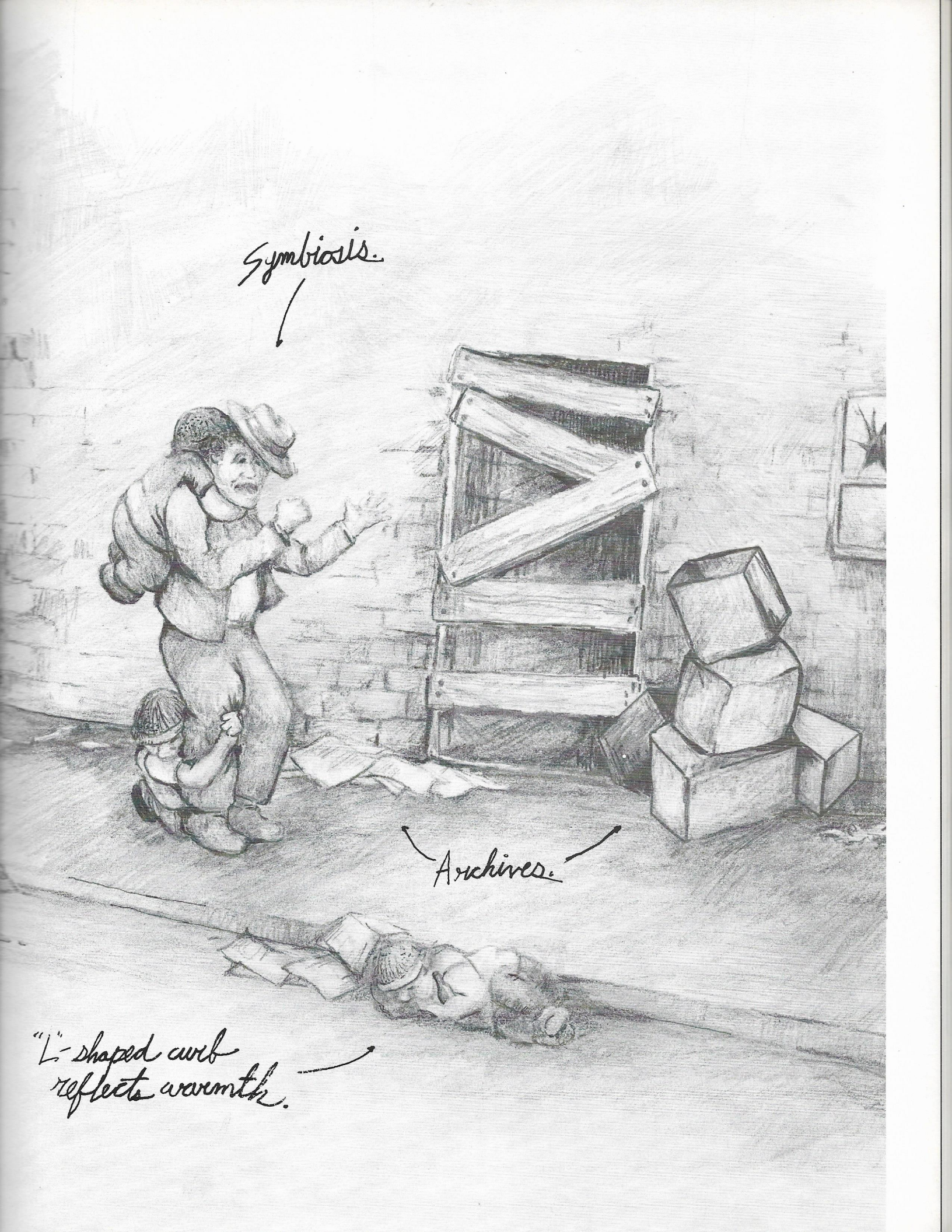
Streets are longer and wider for Dwarves. It is upon this stage that the tale of the tiny is enacted. The street is called “The great equalizer,” because the tall have no advantage over those who can hide under a box, or behind a mailbox, strike, and vanish back into the shadows. And plain clothes policemen are easily spotted.

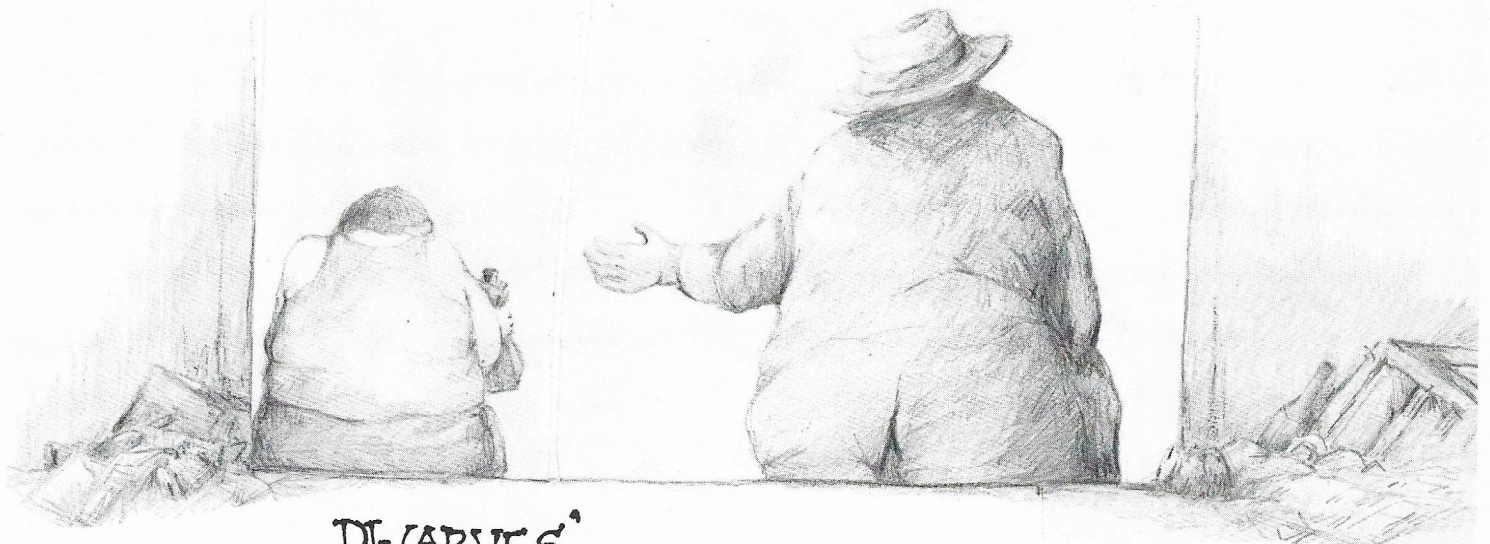
Symbiosis.



Archives.

"L"-shaped curb reflects warmth.





DWARVES' FRIENDS —

Bums, drunks, beggars, children of the night all number among the Dwarf's friends. Although bums are not often seen with Dwarves, for they are a solitary group. But drunks share the Dwarf's love of company, and can often be found together playing stickball, pitching pennies, or just watching the traffic.

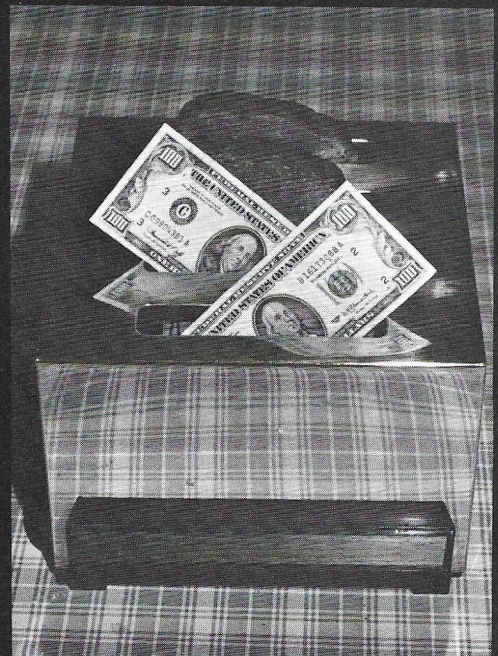


THE FAMILY

Because their hearts take up so much more of their bodies, the family plays a big part in the Dwarf's life. Most get married soon after they drop out of school (Dwarves have never taken to higher education), and usually have between five and eight children. Being small, they breed like rats, who are often domesticated and made a part of the family.

*Housebroken
and de-clawed*

the los altos house of toast



annual report

1980

A Message
from
the Chairman

Hello!

The past year has been perhaps the most exciting in the thrilling twenty-year history of the Los Altos House of Toast. From its humble beginnings when it was just Andre and an old GE two-slicer to a modern operation with twelve employees (several of them full-time) and two Lockheed loaf-toasters, HoT has been the center of attention among toast Cognoscenti. The past two decades have demonstrated that America is indeed the land of opportunity, where an effeminate Frenchman with a wild dream can become toastmaster to a nation.

We have some great news to discuss — a bullish toast market in 1979, which will improve only in the next few years; a marketing program which has made HoT synonymous with quality in the critical Midpeninsula 18-35 toast market; an expansion program which will soon bring us a Fremont House of Toast and perhaps a Gilroy House of Garlic Toast; a licensing agreement with the Post Cereal Company; and the defeat of a takeover bid from Balanced Nutrico, the breakfast conglomerate.

These are exciting times for the toast industry, and there is no better way to share them than as part of the House of Toast family. Sincerely,

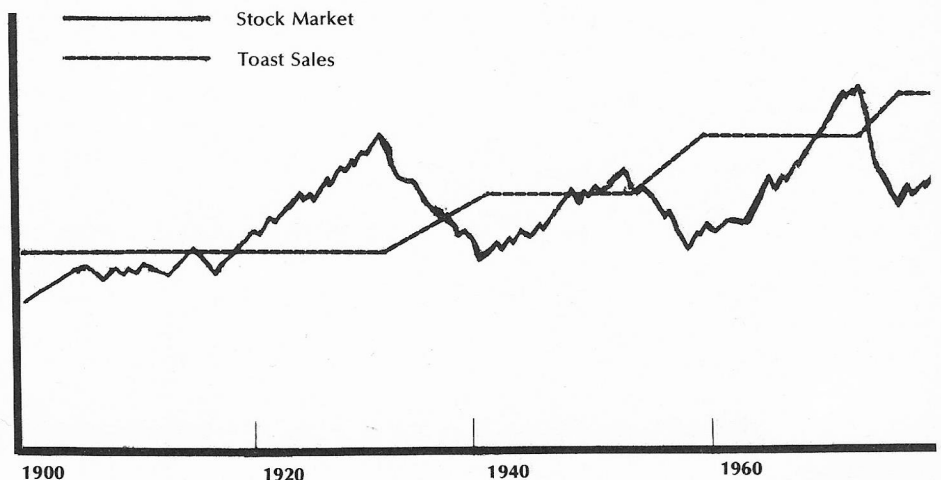


Chairman of the Board
Los Altos House of Toast

1979:
The Year
in Toast

The history of toast is the history of America. No other country loves its toast as the Americans do. Thus it is surprising that it took a Frenchman — our beloved Andre — to show Americans how to enjoy their favorite breakfast food.

More importantly, we can trace a definite correlation between economics and toast consumption. While Americans have always loved their toast, they love it even more when times are hard, as the following chart demonstrates:



Notice that as soon as the economic climate turns sour, toast consumption skyrockets. Americans refuse to give up breakfast during hard times, so they turn to the economical alternative offered by toast. Our own Andre was able to ride the recession of the 1950s to success because of this phenomenon. But notice also that once boom returns, toast consumption does not decline. When Americans discover the simple beauty of toast, they are loath to return to their old ways. This is what makes the toast industry the investment miracle of the eighties — it is locked in a spiral to economic success!

The Los Altos House of Toast management is already gearing up to exploit the bad times we all know are coming. With a marketing strategy driven by our knowledge of toast consumption patterns, we shall be even more prepared to exploit the coming economic tragedy. An investment in toast is an investment in recession, inflation and unemployment. We are planning now for the future:

Government contracts: The House of Toast has received a \$750,000 contract from the Department of Defense to develop a type of toast that can be canned and provided to soldiers at the front. Toast is always a morale-booster! And HoT will be ready to reap the profits of our foresight should it be necessary to contain Soviet aggression.

Political Action: Because the future of the House of Toast lies in economic disaster, we need back no one political candidate. Indeed, all presidential candidates seem willing to create new markets for toast in the eighties. We are, however fighting wheat price supports in the wake of the grain embargo.

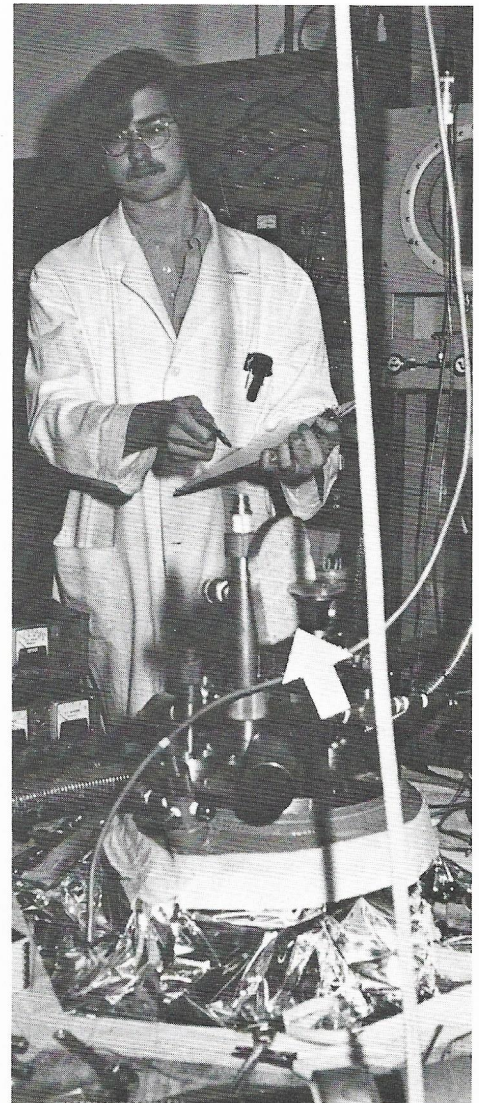
Marketing: Our new marketing director, Robert Boffo, has gone all out to promote toast as an economical breakfast alternative. His report follows later. Our "Toast to Bad Times" economics module is being used in elementary schools throughout the country.

Government help: A great deal of effort was expended this year to get government loan guarantees for the Los Altos House of Toast. To no avail. Distracted by Chrysler's "crisis," the Congress turned a deaf ear to the spiritual needs of American breakfast consumers.

Minority concerns: Hispanics are becoming the minority of the eighties. The House of Toast is meeting the needs of the Hispanic community with the creation of our "Casa de Toastadas" subsidiary and large-scale employment of undocumented workers.

Government regulation: One of the recognized causes of the Holocaust was that during the economic collapse of Weimar Germany, Jewish interests pushed through a bill requiring the use of bagels just as the Germans were discovering the economical alternative of toast. We hope to avoid repetition of this tragedy by keeping the government's hands off the toast industry. Last year, we spent \$100,000 on nonskid placemats alone in order to meet government safety standards.

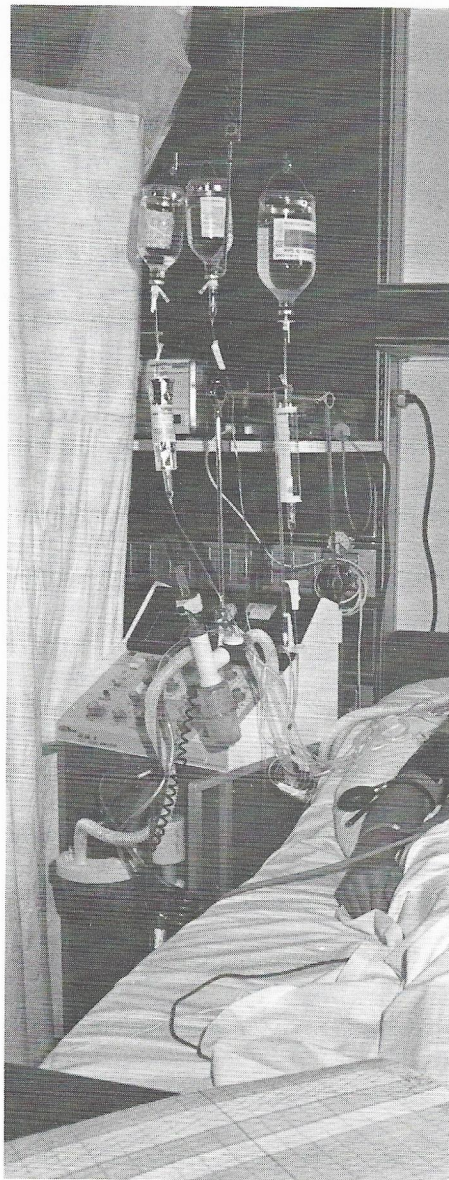
As we stated at the beginning of this report, the history of toast is the history of America. And we are looking for every opportunity to create the history of toast here at the Los Altos House of Toast.



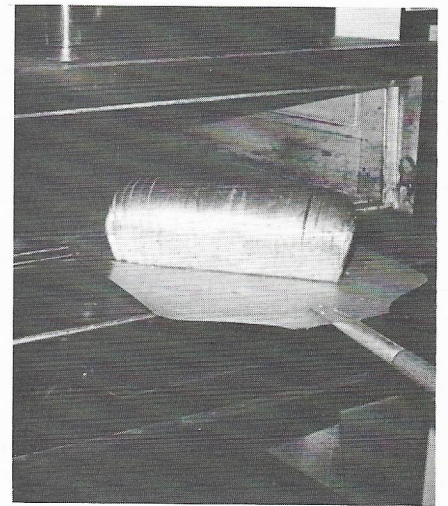
This is the Toast Research Laboratory at the University of California, Berkeley. The lab was nearly closed last year when this experimental particle beam toaster sterilized two students in a nearby building.



"There are no loafers at the House of Toast!"



Intravenous toast developed by Nutrico-Weltschmerz Pharmaceuticals has virtually eliminated real toast in European hospitals and is moving into this country. This is one example of how Nutrico is undermining the quality toast market.



This Lockheed loaf-toaster was developed exclusively for the House of Toast.

Our new marketing vice president speaks:

"We spent most of our time in 1979 targeting our media to achieve market penetration. We went after the critical 18-35 upscale toast consumers, targeting especially for what we like to call "breakfast imperatives" — those consumers who could relate to a media campaign emphasizing the consumption aspect of toast utilization.

"We made some careful media buys in 1979, hoping not only to reach upscale breakfast imperatives, but to change the image of toast as an unglamorous breakfast food. In a series of ads in *The New Yorker*, *Scientific American*, *Town and Country*, and *Upscale Consumer* magazines we promoted toast as an exciting, romantic and fun breakfast food. As one ad put it, 'You don't have to be rich, or tasteful, or even in love to eat toast. You just have to want to be.'



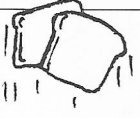

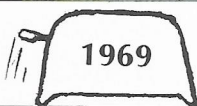
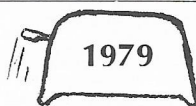
"We targeted a campaign at opinion-makers as well. We created advertisements for the *New York Review of Books*, featuring Noam Chomsky declaring, ' . . . so I told Skinner, you don't have to be taught to like toast, it comes naturally.' In another advertisement in this series, we persuaded the late Jean-Paul Sartre to declare, 'Toast: it isn't just for breakfast anymore.'

"Finally, we targeted a media campaign which would expand our retail trade in the Santa Clara Valley, the home of House of Toast and one of America's top toast markets. (Santa Clara County has more Class-A toast zip codes than any other county in America). We heaved-up on opinion media. We found our advertising dollar went much further with the Stanford CHAPARRAL than any other media reaching 18-35 year old breakfast imperatives. Indeed, CHAPARRAL readers are not just breakfast imperatives, they are toast imperatives! Stanford *Daily* readers tend to be cereal eaters and usually read their media over breakfast, when it is too late to create a desire for toast consumption.

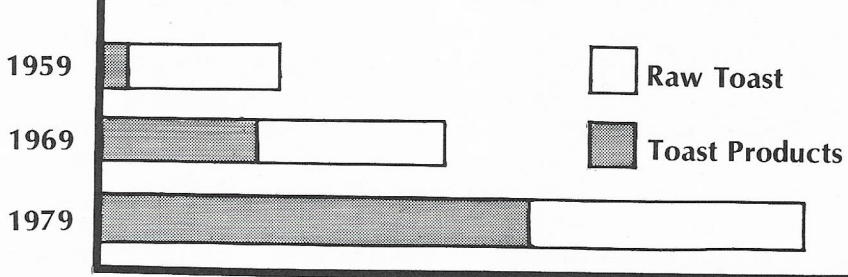
"These media-targeted marketing events have had the desired effect, and toast consumption has increased tremendously in the Bay Area, and the House of Toast has reaped the benefits. By 1979, all major toast sales centers in the Midpeninsula were serving HoT toast, leaving us in a position to dominate the market.

"1979 has been a great year for the marketing of toast, and we look forward to even more targeting of even more media in the future."

To Market,
To Market . . .

Annual Sales		
		
		
		

Toast Consumption

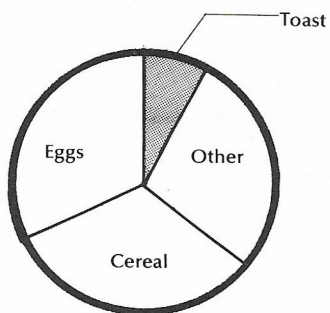


HoT Toast Engineers are constantly seeking new products to exploit the burgeoning toast products market. This year we introduced Creamed Chipped Beef Flavored Toast, Toast-on-a-Rope, and Grapefruit Marmalade.

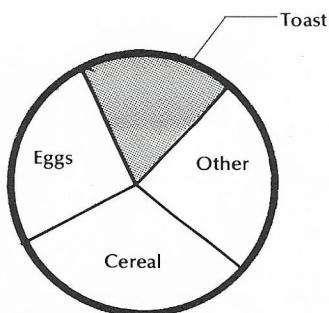


"A toast to our host!"

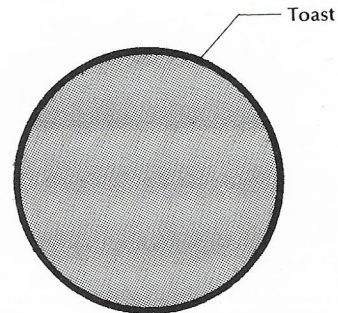
The Breakfast Industry 1959 — ?



1959
Our Past



1979
Our Present



19??
Our Goal

When any company attains the size and position in its industry that the Los Altos House of Toast has achieved, it becomes the center of a great deal of attention. HoT has been right in the thick of the business news of this year.

Andre has just signed a contract with the Post Cereal Company to promote Post Toasties. While Post has been considered a competitor in the past, we have begun to realize that we must combine our efforts if we are to create nutritious breakfasts. Andre's televised commercials will make the House of Toast a household word. Everyone will want to sample our inimitable cuisine. In return, Post will capitalize on Andre's reputation as a man who knows his breakfast food, unlike such dilettantes as Euell Gibbons and Will Rogers, Jr.

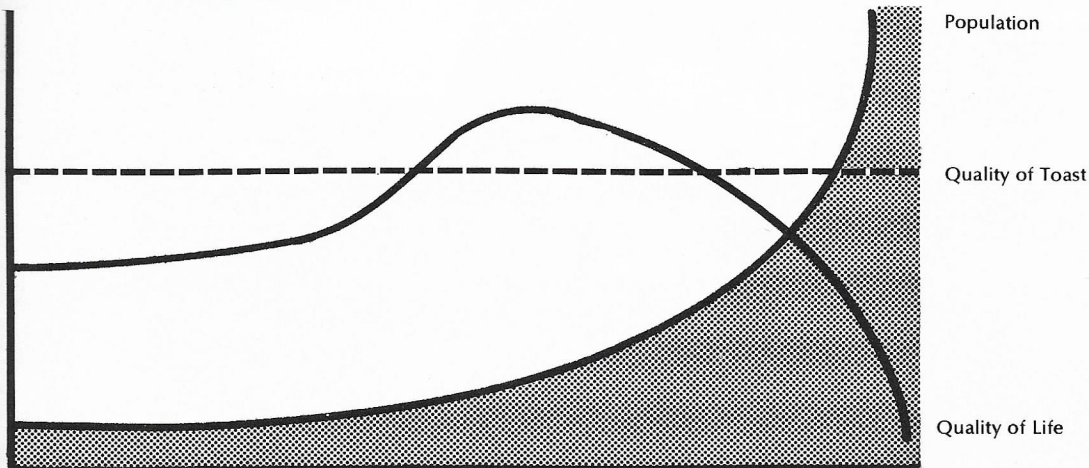
Stockholders are aware that we have received a tender offer from the Balanced Nutrico conglomerate. Management has attempted to block this move — and with good reason. We have all seen what Nutrico-Weltschmerz (the Swiss parent company) has done to the breakfast industry. They have, among other misdeeds, promoted a line of frozen dinners in the Third World, where many can afford only one meal a day. Nutrico-Weltschmerz has used its stranglehold on the world garnish industry to cut off our supply of fresh parsley in an attempt to force us to our knees. We will not yield. We are recall with a shudder Balanced Nutrico's takeover of Stuckey's in 1967, which resulted in adding pecan rolls to their once-proud breakfast menu. We cannot allow this to happen to the Los Altos House of Toast! We urge our stockholders to stand firm.

Finally, we know you're all very excited about House of Toast's new expansion program. We've moved into Northern California's number two toast market — Fremont. HoT managed to acquire the local Tacky Breakfasts, Inc., located near the Dumbarton Bridge toll booth. We will be even closer to the new Dumbarton Bridge when it is completed. We will be the only toast alternative for thousands of Bay Area commuters. There is also a great deal of consideration being given to opening a truckstop on Highway 101 called the Gilroy House of Garlic Toast. Truck drivers have traditionally eaten lots of toast and should go wild over Andre's toasted coffee.

We thank you all for your faith and help in 1979 and wish we had been able to include a balance sheet and income statement in this year's annual report. But our accountant had the flu, and there really wasn't room for them anyway. Maybe next year. In the meantime, we look forward to the eighties as the Decade of Toast in what must surely be the Century of Toast.

House of Toast: In the News

Toast in a Changing World

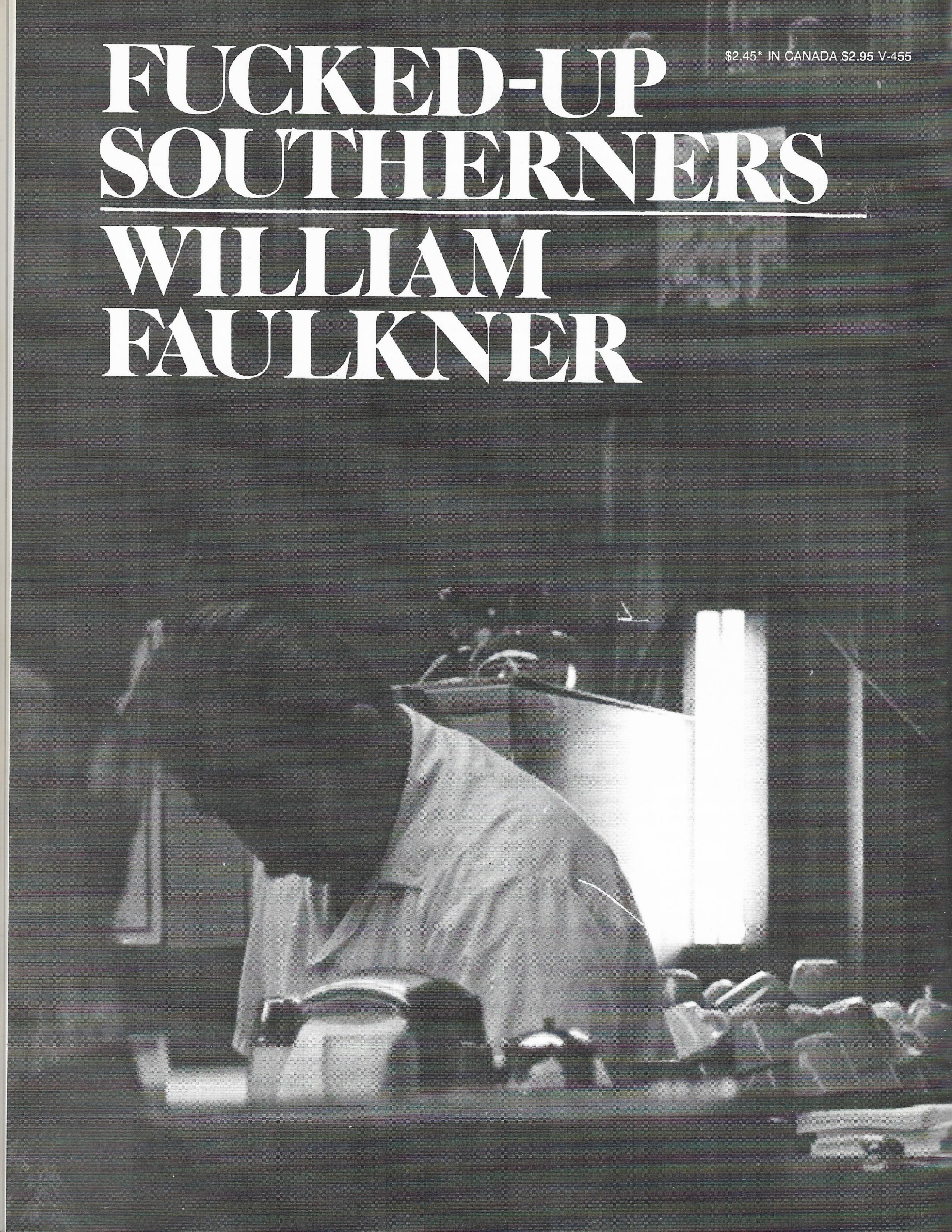


— Courtesy of Club of Rome

\$2.45* IN CANADA \$2.95 V-455

FUCKED-UP SOUTHERNERS

WILLIAM FAULKNER



1

What had once been the country's main north-south thoroughfare was now a rarely used road. Eban Robbins sits. Sits in the back of his fireworks stand that faces for a hundred and fifty feet U.S. 1. It was by this time almost one o'clock and, though the stand had been open for over four hours, no one had stopped by. And even though it was near Christmas, it didn't surprise him none that he hadn't a customer. Fact was, customers had for some time been the exception rather than the rule. What did surprise Eban was that Will hadn't come back with lunch yet. Not so much surprised actually, for Eban was too lazy to get surprised, but rather a sort of dull annoying aura that might have come from hunger, or might have come from a break in the routine. Eban didn't think about why he felt the way he did, and if he had, he wouldn't have come up with the reason. He was stupid. Too stupid even to let his stupidity bother him. With some in Eban's town stupidity nagged like an intolerable itch in the center of their backs, so that relief could never be had by just scratching, but rather by finding a suitable post, and rubbing, full body, up and down.

This is why, when Eban was younger, and he would go to community gatherings, and he would do something without thinking, like laughing at parts of speeches when he wasn't supposed to, or letting gnats fly up his nostrils so that he could hear them real close, some parents would hit their kids for making fun of him. Parents would grab their children with one hand gripped tightly around the kid's arm, so that from the elbow down it would turn white, and say "You mustn't make fun of Eb, it hurts his feelings. How would you like it if someone called you stupid," and then not so much let go of the arm as throw it down, usually with an obligatory swat on the behind.

Eban wasn't retarded, though. At least not in the unfocused eyes, blurred speech, Butner Mental Hospital way folks normally think about retarded. In some college-educated sociology major honors project definition young Eban might be "retarded," but that sort of rigamarole just didn't cut mustard in Nashville. No, Eban Robbins was not retarded. Just stupid.

2

It wasn't Nashville, Tennessee. It was goddamned Nashville, North Carolina, and that made Pig Rigsbee mad, real mad. He felt like strangling every New York Jew who said "Where'ns that there Grand Ole' Opry partner," and every snot-nosed nine year old from Massachusetts covering up one accent with a worse one while their parents went to the rest rooms. "Where y'all gwine get y'all cotton, now that we'uns done freed the Nigras?" Nashville doesn't have singers, and it doesn't grow cotton, it grows sorghum. Pig used to hang out at a gas station on U.S. 1, and talk to people driving to Florida, but he didn't anymore, or couldn't. He never thought of himself as a Jew-hater, and loved the books that had Easy Co. kicking the shit out of Hitler, but come to think of it, he had never met a Jew that he had liked. And while he could never in his heart like Hitler for what he did, he sometimes wondered,

when times were slow at the office, and the golf course was being resodded, if he would have liked Hitler more if he had tried to rid the world of Jews and Niggers. Baby out with the bathwater, he chuckled to himself, and to others when he was drunk.

3

Back up from the highway and back, in fact, from the rest of Nashville was Roger Peete's house. Built mostly with two of the South's major resources, pine trees and cheap Negro labor, the house would have stood out like a sore thumb had it been in town. But instead it was like an amputated appendage. Roger had enough money to put the edifice on forty acres of woodland away from everybody, and had even had a few acres of swamp filled in so that a tennis court could be built. Who he played with was a minor mystery, but one nobody paid much attention to. It was not a mystery of any sort as to how Roger afforded all this. Roger was a writer, a good one some said, and lots of people paid lots of money to read his books.

No one in Nashville bought them, even those folk who could read. It was an unspoken law, chistled into the cornerstone of Nashville's collective psyche. And it was because Roger wrote about Nashville and its inhabitants that nobody read his work.

Normally, when someone got their name on the wall of the bowling alley, or in the weekly, it was a big deal to read it, again and again, and then show family members and girl friends that, Yes, I did have perfect attendance at the Y.B.A. Youth Bowling League this fall, or, Yes, that's my sorghum crop pictured in the farm news section.

But when Peete wrote, there was something, either in his eastern college education (that some of his teachers to this day don't believe he deserved), or in his personality, or in the bottled water he drank that kept him from noticing good things in Nashville like sorghum, or community bowling, or Alton Jensen's prize cattle, or Eddie McMurray's Ford dealership being voted "Carolina's Dealineest" two years ago, or any of that. No, Roger wrote about Flo Clarke's retarded siamese twins, and whoever it was that blowtorched those Negroes, and Crazy Luke, the Nashville chicken man, who'd sneak into folks' henhouses and bite chickens in the neck, and then suck out all their blood.

Maybe he figured there wasn't no use in writing about what the papers had already covered, but no matter, the good people of Nashville had given a collective thumb's down to Roger's writing, and that's the way it was.

4

Roger Peete didn't like being alone. And he didn't like the people in Nashville. So when the Swedish government asked him to fly out to pick up his Nobel Prize, he accepted. And stayed, first in Sweden, and then in New York for a year. But even though he was enjoying the company he surrounded himself with, and even though he didn't want to go home, he had to.

Because what sparse material he had produced in New York

was, even when he was in a good mood, terrible. It lacked spark and *vivre*, and so, with the world and his agent calling for a new novel from the Nobel Prize winner, Roger sold his Mercedes, packed up his belongings, and took the Amtrak to Raleigh, where no one in particular was waiting for him.

5

Eban was waiting for Pig to arrive. He had received Pig's phone call telling him to wait at the fireworks stand, and, had anyone come by the stand and asked, "What you doin' today, Eb?", he could've said "Waitin' for Pig," instead of "Nothin' special." That Pig even wanted to talk about him was something special in Eban's mind. Pig was a couple of years older than Eb, and had been an athlete in high school. Eban wondered if all Pig wanted was free fireworks for the party coming up, or maybe Pig was going to invite him somewhere, or give him something. When Pig finally showed up it was for something entirely different.

"Eb, my boy, I've got a job for you."

"Yeah? What kind of job?" It must be real important for Pig to come this far from the State Farm Office to see him.

"It's like this Eb, Nashville is having its debutante ball Friday in the gym, and . . ."

"You want fireworks?"

"Eb, my boy, have you ever seen the uniform the club's negro Joseph wears?"

"It's nice, with the buttons and all, but I don't exactly understand."

"Would you like to wear it Friday?"

"After Joseph has worn it?"

"Don't worry, it's been cleaned. And Eb . . ." he put his hand on Eb's shoulder, "You'd be helping me out."

"Well sure, Pig, for you."

"That's fine Eb, show up at the back Friday, and they'll give you the suit. You'll be taking invitations at the main entrance from 6:30 to 11:00. And if you want some food after eleven, see Frank in the kitchen, and tell him I said it was all right."

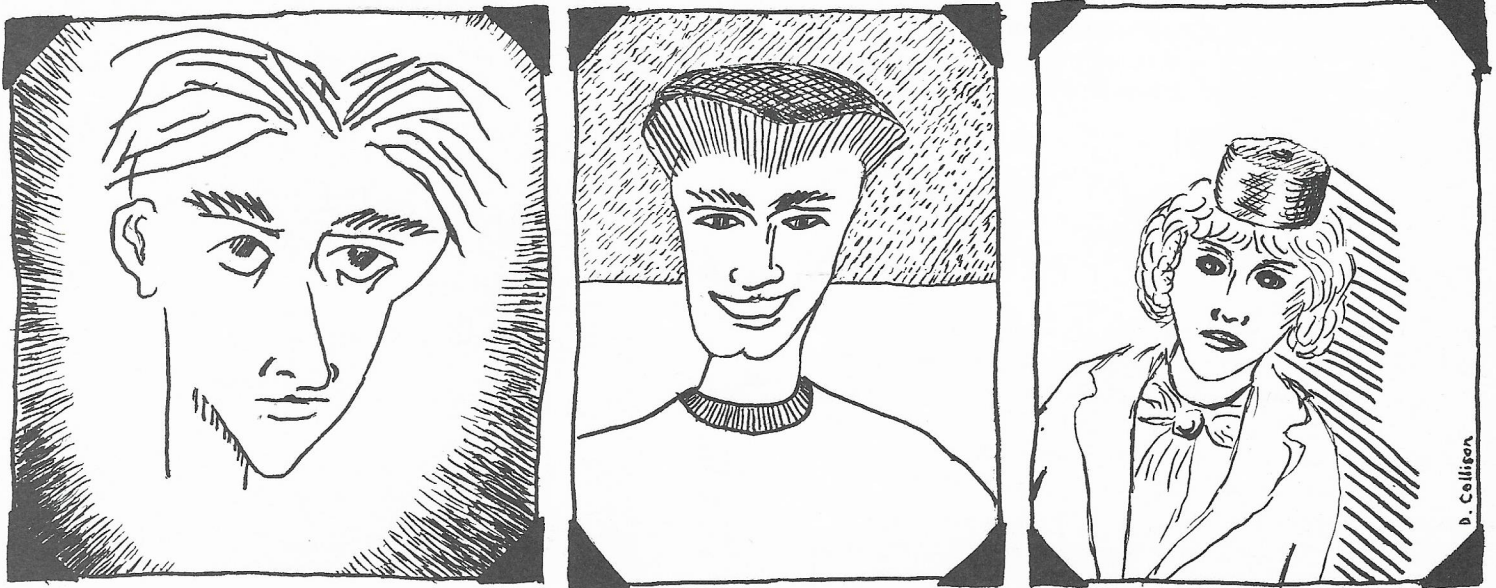
So Eb had something planned to do this Friday, which hadn't happened since they closed down the motor speedway further down U.S. 1 last fall.

6

Roger had something planned for Friday. He was going to the deb ball. When he asked for tickets at the dry cleaners on Tuesday, he was greeted by disbelieving looks, which Roger caught but ignored. Since returning from the city, he had been greeted with great surges of creative energy. Nashville was his element, and he had finally begun to realize this. When he first read of the deb ball, he had not given it much thought. He had given little thought to them since he could remember, but it repeatedly entered his mind that maybe it would be fun: to wallow in Nashvilleness. To take in this living city with your eyes, and nose, and ears, and dancing, whirling in this sea of south, to come to terms with an old, but needed enemy. He asked the first girl of dancing age he saw if she would go with him, and it was Ashlin Rigsbee, Pig's sister, and she wanted to go, and with him. And nothing could be finer.

7

The costume they gave me didn't quite fit right, mostly being too short in the arms, and too big around the chest. It doesn't really bug me, except when I reach for stuff, so I put



These three people will never receive letters they were sent -- letters that due to careless addressing now lie unopened in the Dead Letter Dept. of the Ft. Lauderdale Post Office. -- A senseless modern tragedy. Please show care in the future.

the ticket box closer so's I don't have to reach so much. The hat fits if I tilt it right. I feel pretty important, because the lights behind me give me a big shadow that reaches down to where the cars pull up, and if I move my arm just a little, the shadow goes from the fountain to over by the parking lot. The moths and June bugs have big shadow too, like bats, or those dinosaur birds I've been told about. And I'm reacting pretty well to my job too, and I was scared at first. But I haven't had to go to the bathroom yet, and even though Pig said that I could go to the kitchen, and I might because I'm interested in the way things work, I'm not all that hungry so I'll probably stay right here. Plus people would have to wait for me to get back to take their tickets. I saw Pig come in about an hour ago, and I tried to thank him for giving me this authority, cause it's what Pop says I need, you know authority, and you should thank people for good things they give you, but Pig must've been in a rush or something, because he just kind of threw me his and Ruth Anne's (Ruth Anne, that's Pig's wife) tickets. I watched them all the way to the dance floor, but then I had to get back to my job. And I was doing good too, and I was talking with some of my friends from high school, mostly from homeroom, because my friends from Voc. Ed. weren't around, they mostly go the The Sonic Drive-In, or some of them have kids.

And would you believe it, not long after this up comes none other than Pig's sister Ashlin, and with her I think was Roger Wilton Peete. They looked as fine a couple, dressed to the splittin', as I have yet to see, including my Mom and Pop in their wedding picture. And up until then, that was the best, only I may be thinking that just cause they're my parents, and you're supposed to. But Ashlin and Roger, holy, if they don't proceed to twirl and glide, and float, so that the music must be playing to their dancing, and I can't hear the music, or any noise from the dance floor, so maybe I should get up and go

look up close, but I'm the one wearing the uniform, and I have the big shadow, you know, so I decided to just sit where I was and watch. And someone just put on a spotlight, and the other couples moved out of the way, so's just Ashlin and Roger in the center. Even from where I am I can see Roger's smiling teeth reflecting the light, and Ashlin just glowing. And that made me smile. Even people doing their job can smile, you know, shucks, Mr. Alexander smiles when he cuts hair, only you can't see it if you're in the chair, but like if you're waiting, and the magazines are ones you've already seen at the Piggly Wiggly store, you can watch him cut hair and he smiles. So I'm still doing my job, but now I'm smiling too. People must be talking about them, but I can't hear stuff that far away. And I try to do my job, try real hard, but for the life of me, I can't take my eyes off this pair, like some folks' fascination for Roman Candles, or Red Rats. It's like I see something new everytime I blink, but I'm watching them. It doesn't seem like the band stops, but maybe they have. I don't hear the music but the crowd still moves like its going.

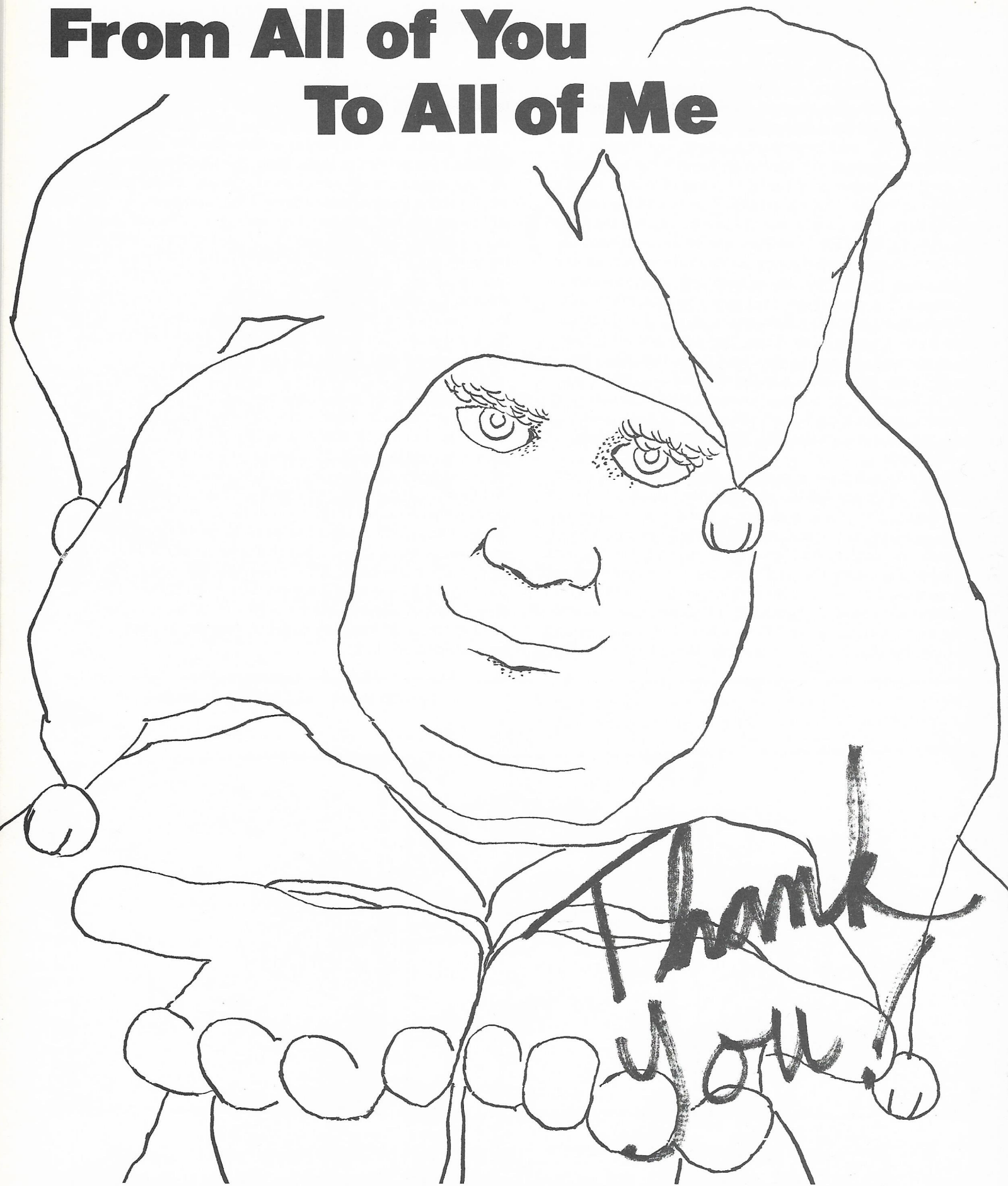
And then Pig moves out of the crowd with Ruth Anne and stands between me and Roger and Ashlin for a bit and then comes running out. Ruth Anne says goodnight, but I don't think Pig did, which kinda made me mad. Even in a hurry, people should be polite. I look back to see if I missed anything, and most people are moving again, but not dancing. Roger and Ashlin are still dancing, but I can't see Roger's smile any more, and maybe Ashlin's laughing real hard. And you know, Roger's new coat, at least I've never seen it before, but that's not saying much, cause I haven't seen Roger a lot, it's all ripped up in the back. And it's stained like somebody threw food on it. I'd be mad, if it was my coat, but it doesn't look like Roger much noticed. And the two of them, it looks like Ashlin's leading, keep on dancing, twirling around, and around, and around.



D. LYON

There is no life on other planets.

From All of You To All of Me

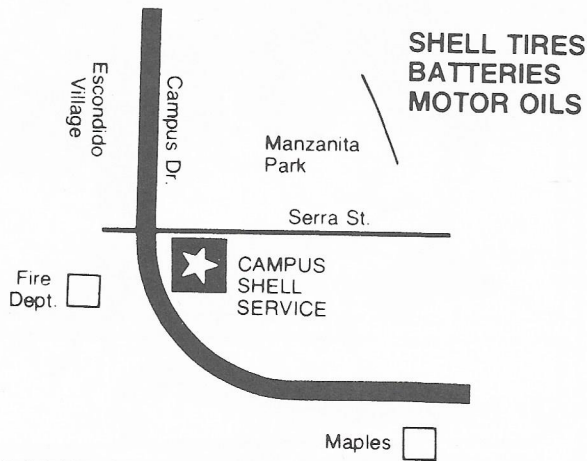


CHAPARRAL FEE ASSESSMENT / 1980

GARY ANDREW'S

CAMPUS SHELL

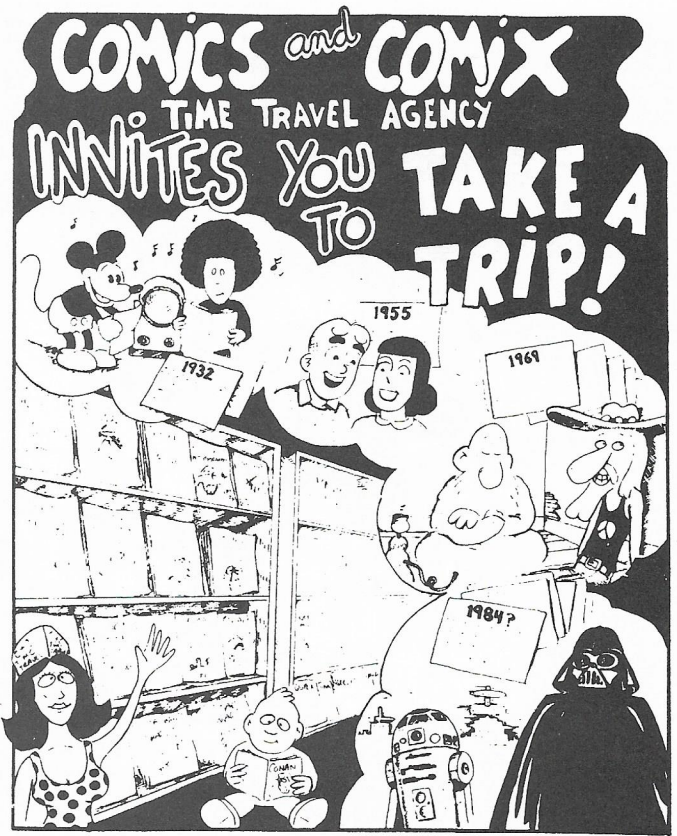
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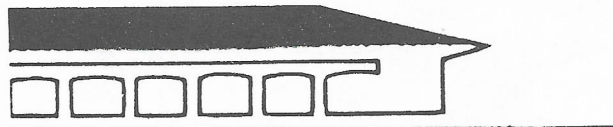
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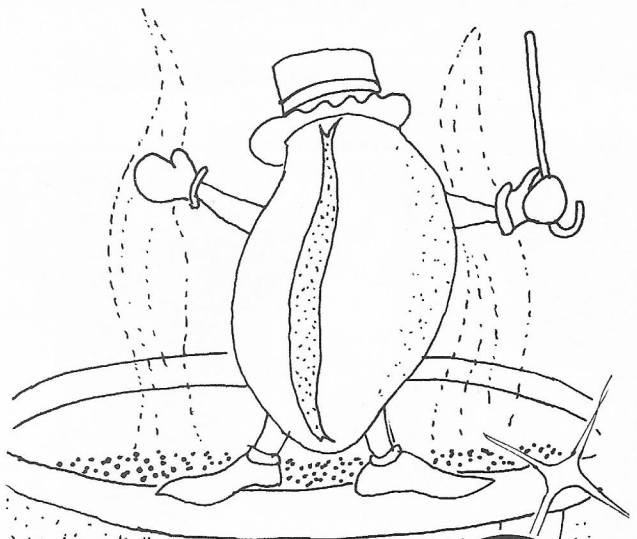
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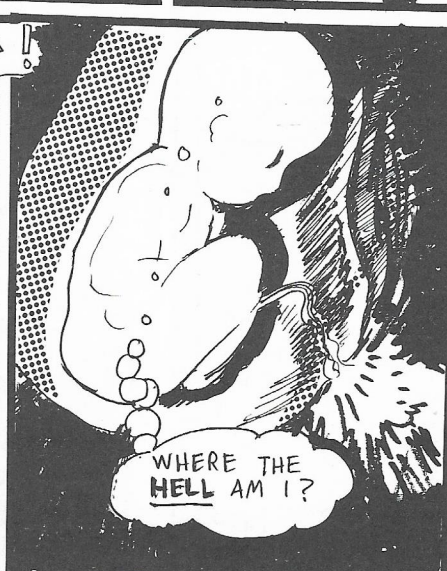
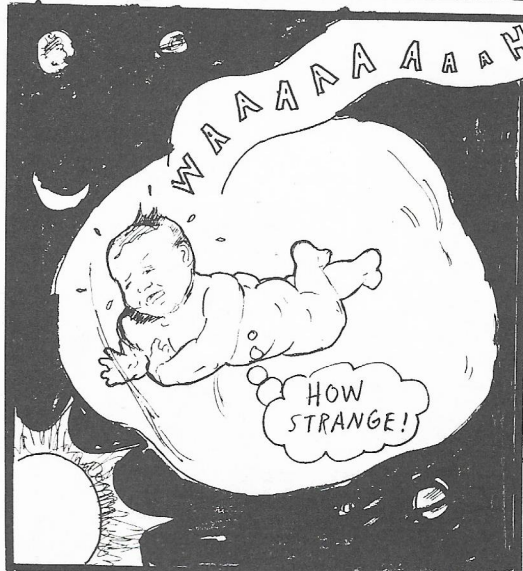
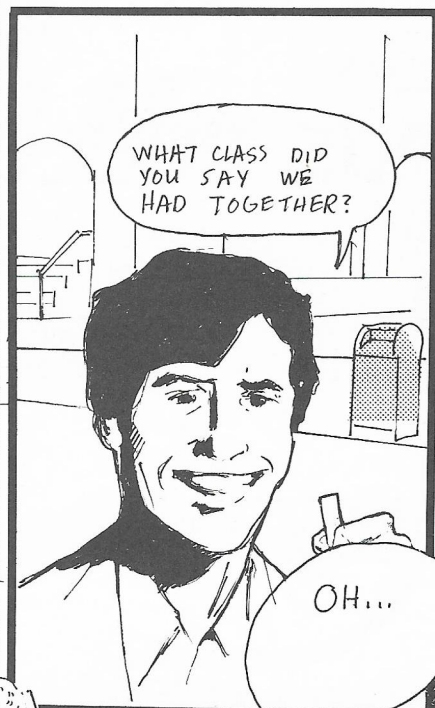


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"JACK"
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HOW BORING

5-months-old Joel is a mighty lucky little lad! Both his mother and father are doctors! So you can be sure he's being watched over with expert eyes! The result? Look at his picture and see how he's thriving!

Joel at 5 months	
At birth, he weighed?	Now, he weighs?
6 pounds, 2 ounces	16 pounds
At birth, his height was?	Now, his height is?
20 inches	25 inches

JEEZUS!
YOU'RE
SUCH A
TARD, JACK.

JOE & JANE NORMAL
BOB DAISY EM
YOURTOWN U.S.A.

TALK ABOUT DEJA VU...

JACK?
ARE YOU
IN THERE?
SMIE!

TAP
TAP

MY FIRST CAR! IT'S ABOUT TIME...

VROOOOOOOOM

CONGRATULATIONS JACK!
AN "A" ON YOUR VERY FIRST
FINAL HERE AT STANFORD.
KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, WORK
HARD AND YOU'LL BE RAKIN' IN
THE BUCKS AFTER YOU
GRADUATE.

HEY, BOFFO
PROF JONES!

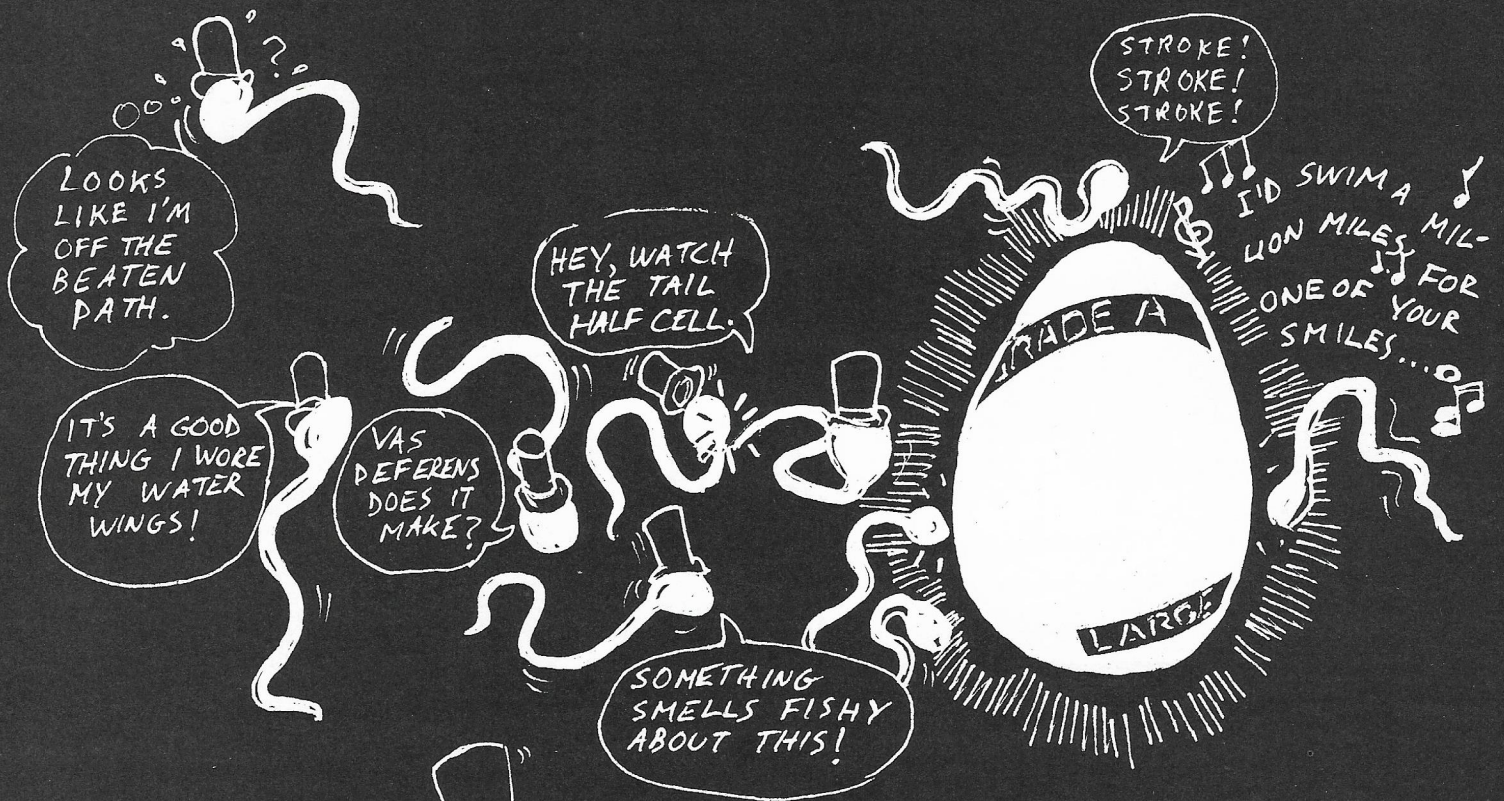
SO I GET
INTO
STANFORD.
WHAT ELSE
IS NEW?

HOW ABOUT A LIFE SAVER?

HMMMM...

BUBBLE CRUX presents "JACK" IN COLLEGE

Berry vasequez



Now, thanks to the miracle of modern morality, you can give birth to a genetically superior child. Yes, ladies, your offspring, fathered by an editor of the *Chaparral*, will have that genetic advantage and could become a giant in the world of comedy.

We use only the most time-tested, completely natural techniques of insemination, nothing artificial. Our procedure is designed so that you will never know the identity of the donor — discretion is our specialty. Think of the convenience. Yes, with the *Chaparral*'s "come what may" plan, eligible applicants can draw from a veritable melting pot of creative, witty sperm.

Frankly, this offer is not for everyone. Many mothers find it difficult to accept a child beating her to punchlines, telling jokes she doesn't understand, and embarrassing her in front of friends.

Yet interested mothers need never worry about shortages in Chappie sperm reservoirs. There have been some complaints about Nobel Prize winners in sperm biz due to surging demand unbacked by adequate supply. Well, what do you expect from a bunch of old farts who have spent most of their lives sitting in dark rooms with blackboards? At the *Chaparral*, we're young, we're healthy and we're ready. Not only do we boast perfect credit ratings at every major sperm bank, we offer personal deliveries at no extra charge. Let's see Shockley top that!

In the past, successful applicants for Chapinsemination (PATENT PENDING) have been intelligent, witty, supple and firm-loined.

If you think you can qualify, mail the application below to the *Stanford Chaparral*, Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94305. Include a single 8" x 10" photograph of yourself (if you are at all qualified, you'll know what we want).



Plant and Grow a Comic Genius with Chaparral Seed!

Your Own Funny Fetus is Only a Rimshot Away!

Application

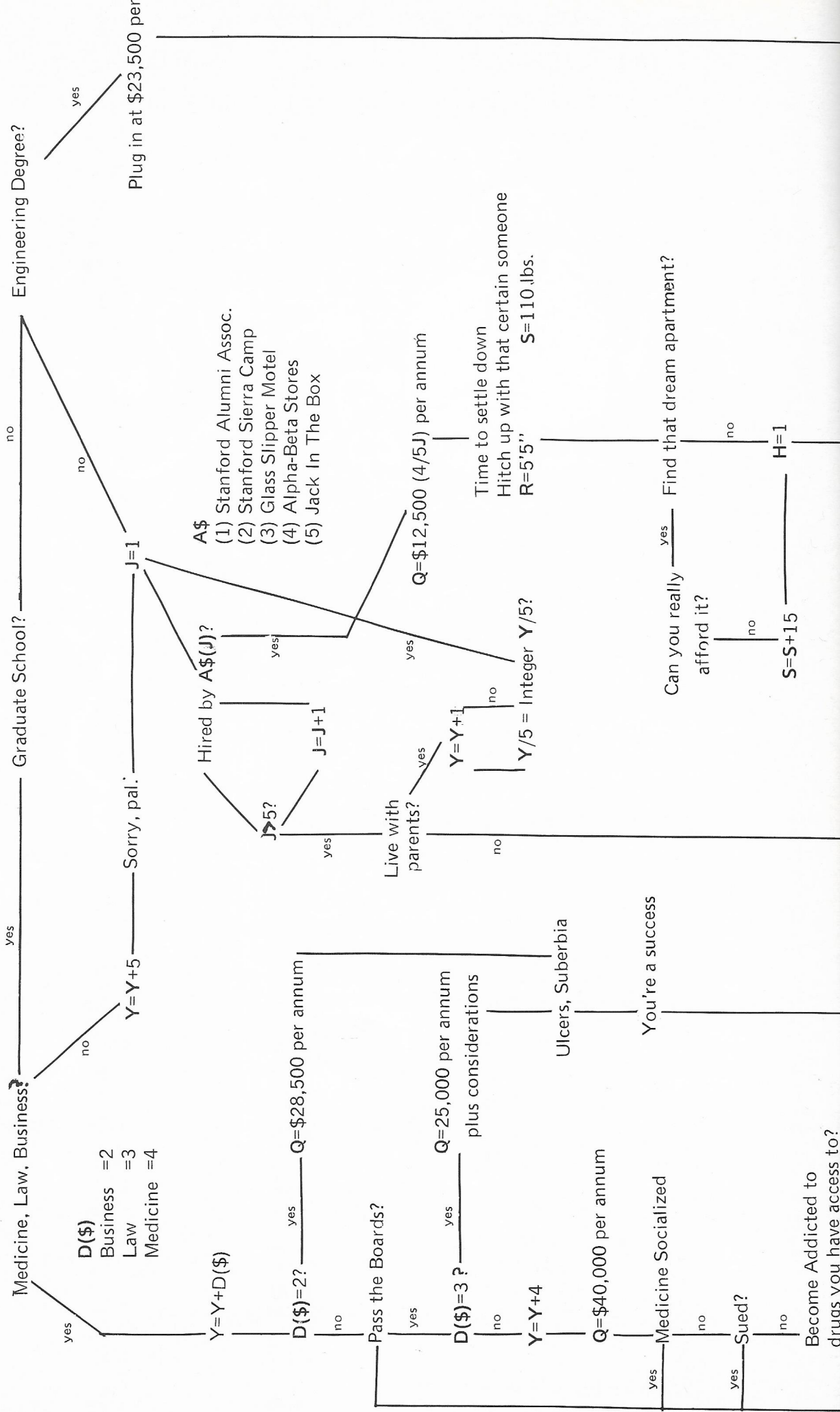
1. Name _____
2. A polack came walking down the road with a pig under his arm. Another polack, who was stepping out of a shop, commented: "That's a nice pig you got there."
The pig said: "I know."
How funny is this joke? (check one)
 Better than T.V.
 Funny, if you like pigs.
 I don't like pigs.
 I find jokes of a derogatory nature directed towards Polish people offensive, mainly because I myself am a half-wit polack who regularly builds submarines with screen doors, chases parked cars and picks de nose until de brain caves in. Doidy dee doidy doe.
3. Current address _____
4. A polack came walking down the road with a dead baby under his arm. A farmer's daughter, who was stepping out of a loft, commented: "Who let you out of the blender?"
The dead baby said : "Knock, knock."
Who's there? (check one)
 Fetus. Fetus who? Fetus something good to eat.
 Placenta. Placenta who? Placenta your hands on the table and no one will get hurt.
 Frank. Frank who? Frank Liebowitz.
5. Sex _____
6. A dead baby on a fishhook came down the road, attached to the antenna of an Italian travelling salesman's newly-greased ferrari that had dogs with flat noses chasing after it. A Texan, a Cuban and a Hun, who were stepping out of a bar where they had gotten free drinks for singing like frogs, were wearing farmer's daughters and commented: "That's a nice pig you got there."
Why is this joke funny? (check one)
 Those guys are so drunk they thought they saw a pig.
 I don't get it.
 The joke is **not** funny, and neither is this application, and neither is this magazine. You assholes can take your defective come and paint a gas station with it.
 I love you. I want to have your children.
7. Student I.D. number: _____
8. Neatly print favorite sheep joke here: _____



Real World Flow Chart

GRADUATION

Y=21 yrs.



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are played-out among
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s) both "in real life"
he society play falls for
ong" woman, a servant (a
performance by Anne
to the chagrin of his wife
is Chappell), mistress
erine Butterfield) and
ridden buddy (Karl Hes-

is all is goi
entendre flies abo
Matthews' friends try to pull him
back into the fold, while banish-
ing the naive but heartstrong
Swift. Too many flubbed lines,
though. And the play's one-shot
joke (play-within-a-play) — al-
beit a good one — soon is over-

The Ret
April 27 at the
Theatre, Old Tow
Los Gatos.)

Those all-American punks

by Seth Seersucker
News Editor

The entire current issue of the *Chaparral* is a political statement. Even the typography is political. They have changed from the twentieth century types which were popular in the seventies to Baskerville, which turns us to the England of Thomas Hobbes, Adam Smith, and John Stewart Mill. Is the nineteenth century liberalism is an anachronism in the eighties? I noticed also that the department were set in three columns of five columns. This is undoubtedly a subtly frank reference to the magazine is set in ten point type refers obviously to Mao's Ten Points to Ponder.

The "House of Toast Annual Report" is a Naderesque look at the fiction of public ownership of corporations which exposes the mysterious "Andre" as the archetypal multinational executive — an evil man of uncertain nationality. And the "Zapruder Family Scrapbook" exposes John "Zap" Zapruder as a CIA agent of long standing and Richard Nixon's advisor in the Cambodian bombings and the "Bud in Love" is the story of the ultimate proletarian, the man the struggle is all about — the average bum in the street. It is the story of a man who attempts to love outside his class. I'd reveal how it ends, but I didn't read the story.

But can one review a humor magazine if one is humorless oneself? Of course. Just as one can work for a newspaper without comprehending reality.

Chaparral used to be a radical tabloid. Apparently even fewer remember that it went bankrupt in four months (after spending all the money it had made in the days when it was funny). After all, political sky-writers cannot be expected to concern themselves with such pedestrian proletarian activities as selling ads or balancing high-wire acts or they did learn the most important lesson of political writing — take yourself and your opponent seriously. No matter how ludicrous things get, don't make fun of the situation. Don't find anything funny — even humor

The purpose of a review is to obscure the subject of the review in order to reveal the reviewer. This is what Eisenstein called "creative geography" — taking pieces of reality and assembling them into what you think the world should look like. Is the *Chaparral* funny? Should you pay out seventy-five of your parents' hard-earned pennies for it? These are questions beyond the scope of a mere review.

Chilingirian se

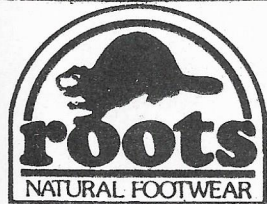
Too much, too little
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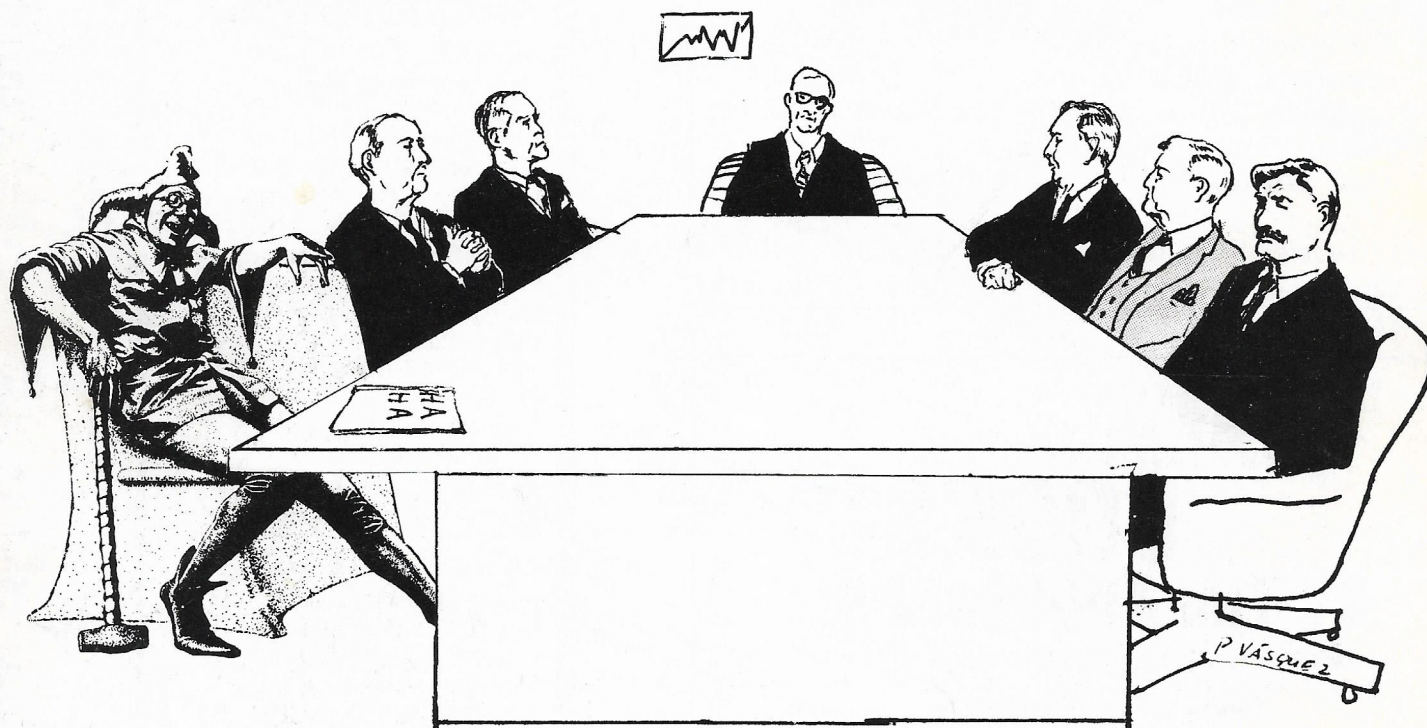
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