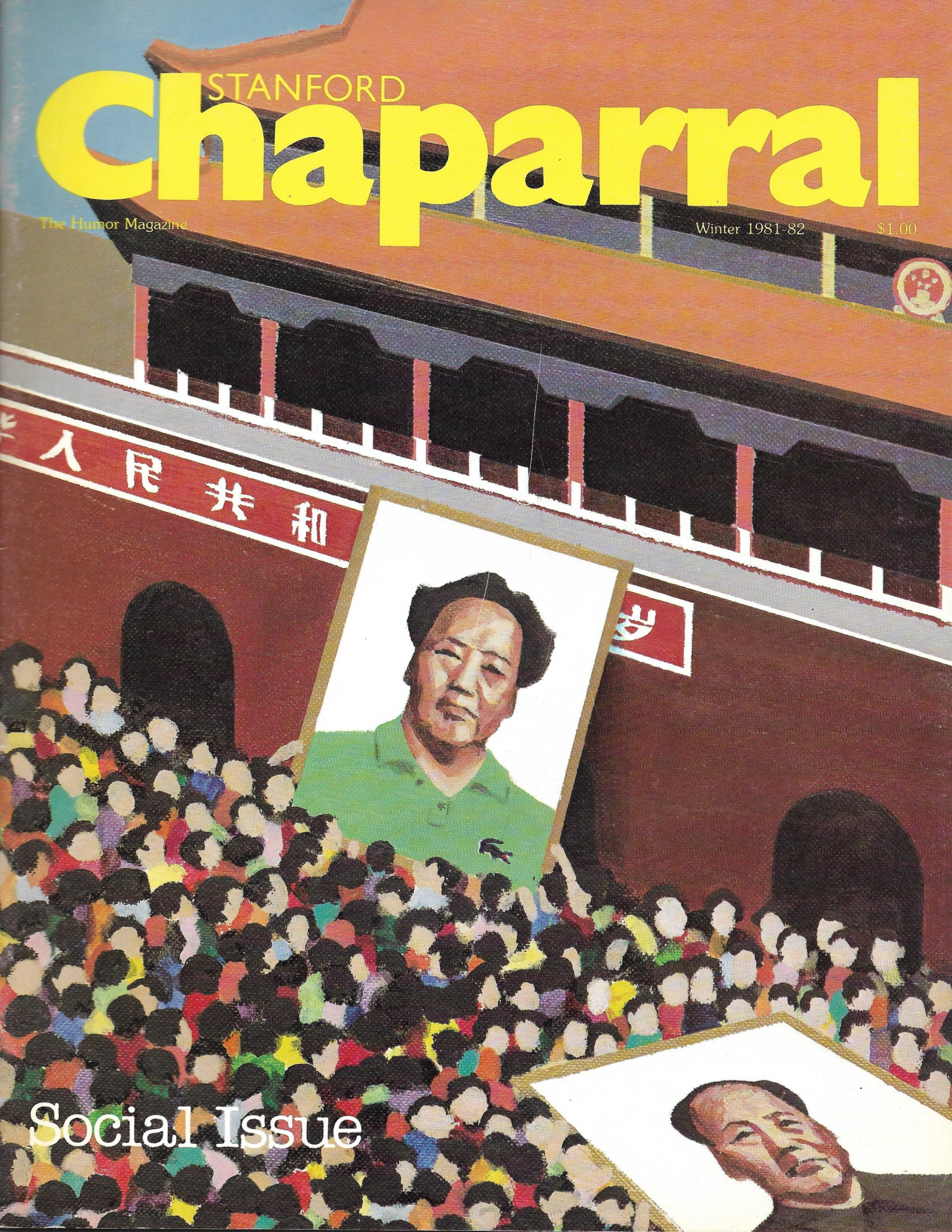


STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Winter 1981-82

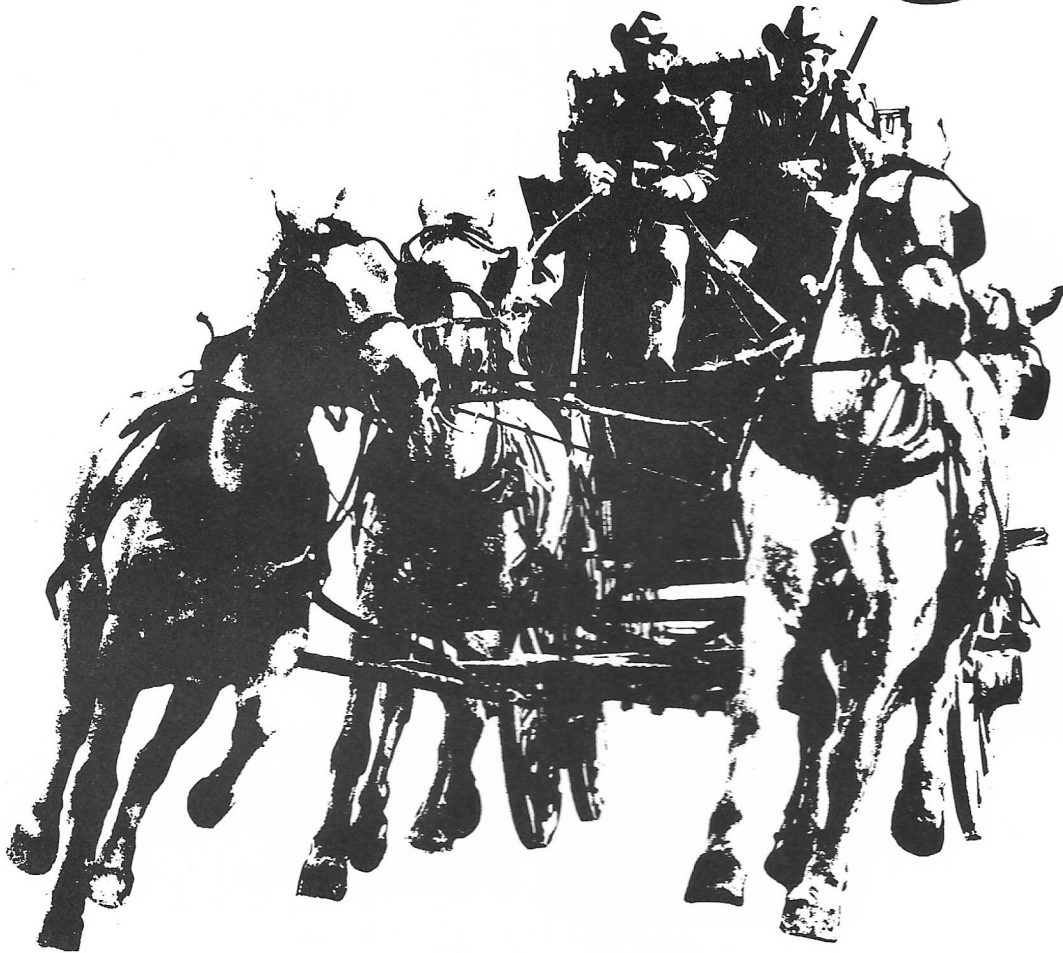
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Chaparral

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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. Copyright 1982 by the Stanford Chaparral. All rights reserved. Typesetting by Community Graphics. You know, I like you. But you could lose some weight. You know me, I'm . . . The Editor, Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585, Storke Building, Stanford, California, 94305.

The Stanford Chaparral

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5 October 1899

by Bristow Adams

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

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NEW THAT

man over there in the tweed coat and turtleneck with medallions, yes, the professor-ish looking fellow in the fez, with the gold-capped tooth, his name is Wes Parsons and he used to teach pop dancing to sixth-graders in New Jersey."

My hostess is waiting for me to ask what he does now. I, however, have been daydreaming about the depth of her cleavage which stares me in the face, the pearl necklace, black evening gown — I blurt out

"What does he do now?" and several heads turn in our direction, my face flushes, she swirls the ice in her drink.

In a hushed voice she tells me, "I am sorry. We are very proud of our socialist state. Perhaps we brag too much. We are a young people, and yet we are old."

"I do not follow."

"Excuse me. I'm often creating intellectual puzzles. Ah, here comes our venerable figurehead, the Homecoming King and his date the Queen. What a smashing couple they make. Do you suppose they'll pork tonight?"

"Pardon?"

"Never mind, here comes my

husband. He is the equivalent to the President in your country, I believe."

I bow as best I can in my red sash and feel a few stitches pop; we shake hands. I say, "An honor to meet you Mr. Big Man On Campus." He smiles and glides into the crowd. His wife beckons for more champagne. I sip mine as she swallows a glassful in one gulp, and belches in the serving man's ear for yet another refill.

"There are carrot and celery sticks over there if you wish, and we are quite proud of the onion dip." Onion Dip is the chief export here in Cheeverville. Earlier today I toured their most modern Dip

plant, occupying several square miles, complete with an indoor Club Med for employees. I also visited the public schools, eager to see the indoctrination of socialism, or rather, socialbleness. Children learn how to speak at length about things which they know nothing about, as well as things in which they are expert: the martini, luncheon, cocktail party, and the quiet dinner out with a lovely couple. Early on in their education, students with host potential are separated from their guests. As for vocational training, over one-fourth of the population is in the catering business.

A thunderous crash startles me but Mrs. Debutante merely smiles, saying, "Don't mind the fellow going around breaking bottles of Chivas, it's his job. No sense crying over it." She puts her hand on my neck and whispers, "You know my good friend the Secretary of Status is doing some caviar in the back room, you're welcome to indulge in some." I walk to the back and open a door and nearly faint. Wrong door. Some bipartisans engaged in a heated confrontation.

A fellow taps me on the shoulder. He is wearing a nose and glasses and holding a lampshade. "Hi. I'm the Life of the Party. How are 'ya?" He pumps my hand with both of his. I dart to the bar, guzzle a Kamakazi, and ask for another.

I've never been to a gala celebration like this before. Except when Don Kirschner's son Rickey was bar-mitzvahed at the Waldorf Astoria. Nine acts, count 'em. And

guests! Tony Orlando, Willis Reed, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormet, they were all there. And every kid got an FM radio to take home. My invitation came housed in a lucite self-standing frame. "Here's a little something for you Rickey, honey," (she hands him an envelope), "Now how about a kiss for your Aunt Sadie."

I need another drink. "Here's to Rickey," I say quietly to myself, and all around me men raise their glasses, rosey squinting eyes laughing, "To Rickey!"

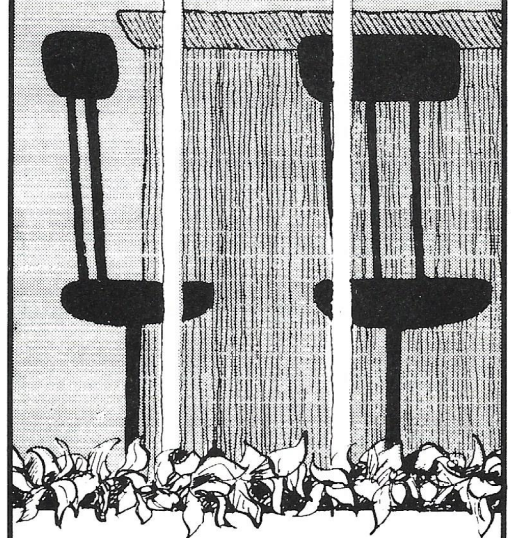
My head swims and thrashes, sounding like billiard balls cracking, then: a hellish trip plunging into one backyard pool and being tossed in another, winding, circling this posh capital suburb. I have to relieve myself of some fluids, but due to some crossing in my brain, in my swollen state I find myself not headed to the bathroom, but to Mrs. Debutante again.

She is telling a group of swaying gentlemen: "And of course the Tent Rental people told me I'd need some heaters but the invitations had yet to be addressed, and I hadn't begun to think about where the coats would go, or what the centerpieces..." I want to interrupt and say to her "Do me," but the words can only form themselves as celery and carrot chunks and — oh, onion dip. I run to the men's room, just making it, and join a long row of black-tie dignitaries hunched low in marble stalls, each one of us finding society in our constant, huggable, porcelain friend.

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HERB CAIN



WHAT HATH GOD WROTE?

BIG APPLE: Rumor has it that Eve's downtown niteclub, One More Bite, has been condemned by the Lord our God and shall be smitten by his flaming sword of vengeance. Eve plans to reopen across the bay next week . . . The Rolling Stones hath smashed my hut . . .

• • •

ON THE LAMB: Brother Abel, having opened his new One Stop Chop Shop on First and Dirt Path, was surprised to find none other than the Lord himself, a vegetarian, his first customer! Though our God found it in himself to resist Abel's delicious fat-fried firstlingburgers, he did order four for his dog, Pluto . . . How my countenance fell whenst the Lord passed through my own supermart without even entering our bonus giveaway!

• • •

AND IT CAME TO PASS that while helping brother Abel clean out his grease-vats, I accidentally rose up and bumped against him, slewing him across the slippery floor. Abel was all right, but then the Lord revealed himself in all his fury, complaining that he had definitely ordered leavened buns — but we were rushing home, what do you expect? I asked him, "Pump, with or without seeds, sliced Mr. God?" and He smote me. Anyway, before I Nod off . . .

• • •

FRIDAY my doorman handed me a Chaparral, and boy, was I shocked.

Without warning, the bush burst into flames right in my hands. The voice of the Lord came through to me, laughing and calling me a "real maroon." Some practical joker, that God of ours . . . The new BERT (Back to Eden Rapid Transit) system, after years of inexplicable delays, has finally disappeared . . .

• • •

HOW ABOUT THOSE GIANTS? After stomping the Tigers in a three and a half hour match yesterday, and then eating them, they decided to use Dog for a little game of pepper. Then they ate Dog. Bastards . . .

• • •

THE WHOLE FAMILY was tickled pink last week when little Noah told us what he wanted for his fifth birthday: a "Christcraftoutboard." Naturally, none of us could understand what the tyke was trying to say, so Eve got him a nice pile of green rocks . . .

• • •

DOWNTOWN OPENING DAY plans for the newly erected Trans-Shinar Tower have been held up, as Mayor Adam has not yet been able to successfully read the commencement speech all the way through without degenerating into mindless babble. All I can say is, next Nov. 3 the voter is going to get a chance to xizle tpo reanuy tgr . . . Caftelantic wrickton nm fipt? Lrpx!

Ask Beth

Should I Read Advice Columns?

Dear Beth: I am engaged to marry a wonderful girl. We are both 21 and love each other very much. The only problem is that I am a Pisces and she is a Sagittarius. Should we go through with it?

—Star Struck

Stop the marriage! A union between a Pisces and a Sagittarius would be inherently unstable.

Many young people rush into marriage because of “loving” or “affectionate” urges, but a lifelong union requires a stronger basis. A marriage such as yours would ultimately end in divorce or oral sex.

Dear Beth: My friend says that masturbation can cause hair to grow on your palms, but I think that’s just a story. Please set me straight.

—Wearing Gloves

You are right. Masturbation is a perfectly safe and healthy, although minimally adequate, substitute for sex. It is true, though, that you should avoid watching TV from too close-up or else you will go blind and will not be able to masturbate anymore.

Dear Beth: I never dated until I went to a prestigious western junior university. Now I have gone out with several guys and

some of them wanted to have sex. I turned them down because I was not in love with any of them, but now I am wondering if I made a mistake.

It is not that I feel out of place — there are lots of other virgins around here. I just wonder if I am missing something.

Should I “give in” or should I wait for Mr. Right?

—Getting Hot

get with it. The act of making love is one of the nicest things two people can do for each other. It is not dirty or disgusting, unless done by an expert.

College is a learning experience and so you should have sex as soon as possible. You don’t want to be fumbling in the dark for your zippers when Mr. Right comes along. Don’t think of it as *losing* your virginity — think of it as *gaining* experience. I suggest you do it with someone you hardly know and will never see again so you will not be embarrassed by your inexperience — like someone you meet at a fraternity party.

Mr. Right *will* come along, but do not punish yourself while waiting. Enjoy!

Dear Beth: I really enjoy working on my high school newspaper, but the problem is that the editor is my boyfriend. I have been trying to get a weekly column and recently he told me that he would

give one to me if I gave “some” to him. I had been planning to have sex with him fairly soon, but now I don’t know how I feel. What should I do?

—Cindy

This is a tough question, so I talked it over with my husband (who happens to be the editor of the *Boston Globe*). We decided that if couples cannot help each other, who can? Since you were going to have sex with him anyway, you should go ahead and reap the fruits of your labor.

Dear Beth: I think something is wrong with my body. Although my brother is three years older than me, “mine” is a lot bigger than his. In fact, it is even bigger than my father’s. Whenever I dress in the locker room, all the other boys laugh at me. I think I must be a freak because the girls stare at my pants. And it is still growing! Will wearing smaller underwear help? Or tigher pants? What should I do?

—My Cup Runneth Over

Your problem could be serious. Probably everything is O.K., but to be safe you should visit me here at the *Boston Globe*. Call me at (617) 482-6971. If a man answers, hang up and try again in a hour. I am a trained physical therapist and can make sure you are in no danger of a stroke. Hurry!

You've heard the album.



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The following is an actual transcript brought to you by the Ellis Institute with additional funding by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Tom Snyder presents, *One-on-One*, the first in a series of television interviews with problem members of society. This month, Tom interviews Sal X (not his real name), one of a growing breed of young, senseless, violent crime offenders.

Tom: Good evening Sal, would you like some tea?

Sal: No thanks, I've gotta get back to

work soon.

Tom: Yes, you work in a slaughterhouse. Tell us about that.

Sal: There ain't much to tell. They just bring on in the steer and I just shoot 'em in the head. They don't feel much pain . . . unless I feel like playing with 'em.

Tom: Well then, doesn't your job curb some of your violent tendencies?
(laughs)

Sal: Hell no, cow's ain't people. They can't whimper good.

Tom: Well that's truly fascinating; but Sal, tell me, how did you and your friends actually start your rampage

of terror and mayhem?

Sal: Oh, well, it started back in the tenth grade. See, me and my buddies would buy us a case of "Mic" and cruise down old Route Nine. 'Course that was only towards the end of the month when our women were useless.

Tom: Sal, please, you're making me sick.

Sal: Ya never drank beer and drove Route Nine? Anyway, we'd cruise around checking the on-ramps to highways and stuff until we found ourselves one of them hitchhikers. We'd just pull over, flash them

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one of those, "Howdy - fellow - hippie - want - to - light - up - a - joint - and - listen - to - some - Dead" smiles, and 'course then they'd just hop right in. And then we'd pull off their shoes.

Tom: Pardon?

Sal: Over their head.

Tom: Oh.

Sal: Internally.

Tom: (Pause) Why? Why would you do such horrible things?

Sal: Oh I dunno. Guess we were just in a severe state of *ennui*. They tried to free themselves of our pointless and routine small town existence where we are each so alone and displaced. Also, none of our ma's and pa's showed us much affection as pre-superego infants so I guess somatosensory deprivation in our parent-child relationships also brought out much of our violent-aggressive tendencies . . . But, yo, what's your jacket made of?

Tom: Um. . . tweed. . . Why do you ask?

Sal: Just checking.

Tom: So, we're cruising down Route Nine — what next?

Sal: Well 'course we grew out of that hitchiker thing mighty fast. So 'round about senior year we got into fruit-bopping.

Tom: You mean to say that you would commit acts of violence against people solely on the basis of their sexual orientation?

Sal: Yeah, that's precisely it. We'd cruise into the city and hang out in front of one of those movie houses, you know, where they show flicks like *The Crisco Kid* or *Teenage Jackhammers*. Then we'd follow one of them fruits outta the theater until they passed a dark alley where we'd just beat the shit out of them and take a few bucks just to make it look good.

Tom: But why them? They weren't hurting anyone? (laughs)

Sal: 'Cause we feared them, doncha see? Deep down we were all afraid we were boofers ourselves. So to assuage our homophobic anxieties we struck out at them music teachers as if beatin' them would beat back urges within ourselves.

Tom: Oh, but you also grew out of that. (laughs) What now?

Sal: We just got through a spell of

bopping college students. Tommy, you from New York?

Tom: Yes, yes, but go on.

Sal: Well, I guess it was our first or second year outta' high school that we started. Me and the fellas was working in the stockyards when all these student-types started hanging around our favorite watering hole. We'd come up to them real friendly-like and say "Hey pal, how'd you like your picture with your arm around a functional illiterate? Only five bucks and we'll throw in the dumpster out back for scenery.

Tom: And they fell for that? (laughs)

Sal: Sure. And they were real easy to abuse too. We'd just rip up their little sweaters and feed 'em back to them bit by bit until they started coughing up lint balls.

Tom: Didn't they prosecute?

Sal: Nah, not so long as we also left a few mean looking scars on their face. Guess you'd call it one of them symbiotic relationships.

Tom: And I assume you lashed out at them because you were jealous of their education, their chance for social mobility while you were all fettered by the cold chains of hopeless desolation.

Sal: Fuck no, we didn't need no reason. We're adults. We just bash for the fun of it.

Tom: So Sal (laughs), who will be your next victim? (laughs)

Sal: Well, my pals and me was thinking of kickin' the shit out of anyone (laughs) with a real stupid laugh.

Tom: (laughs) Oh.

Sal: Yeah, or maybe rip the kneecaps offa' folks wearing tweed jackets.

Tom: I see.

Sal: New Yorkers.

Tom: Thank you very much Sal X, it's been a . . .

Sal: And little microhones pinned to their coats. You know, guys who get paid for talking, sipping coffee, and crossing their legs like women. . . I guess we'll do it becuase we have psychotic, television fixations brought about by the tube's graphic depiction of sexual, violent acts. For us, the next logical step would be to emulate those acts with the media's actual spokespeople. . .

Tom: (laughs) Help.




yummm....

**Transmigrating?
Why Spread it thin?**

THE DEAN FRED STORY

BY BARRY MUNGER



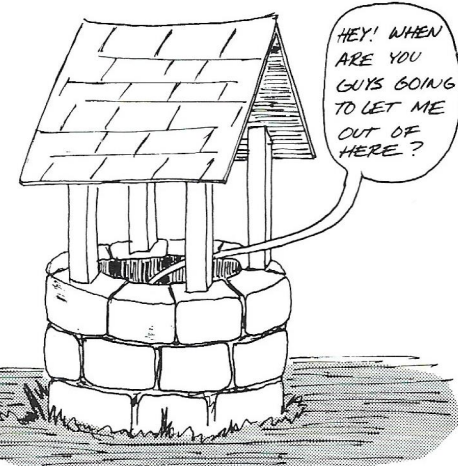
FOR THE FIRST FEW YEARS OF HIS LIFE DEAN FRED HAD A NORMAL CHILDHOOD. HE GREW UP IN A NICE SUBURBAN HOME WITH A WHITE PICKET FENCE AND HIS PARENTS TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIM, MAKING SURE TO FEED HIM.....

MA, I'M TIRED OF CHICKEN FLAVOR



BATHE HIM REGULARLY....

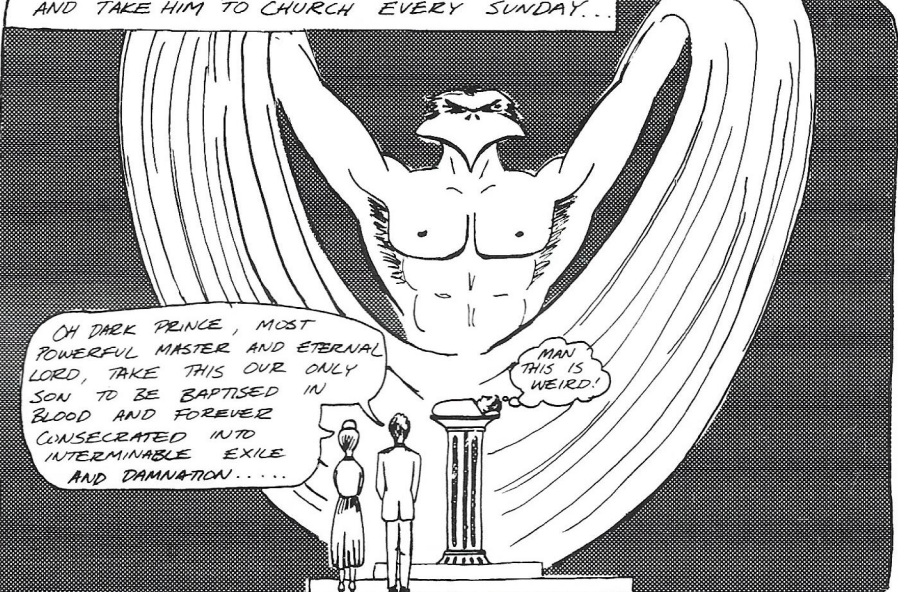
HEY! WHEN ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO LET ME OUT OF HERE?



AND TAKE HIM TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY...

OH DARK PRINCE, MOST POWERFUL MASTER AND ETERNAL LORD, TAKE THIS OUR ONLY SON TO BE BAPTISED IN BLOOD AND FOREVER CONSECRATED INTO INTERMINABLE EXILE AND DAMNATION.....

MAN THIS IS WEIRD!



THEN ONE DAY LITTLE FREDDY'S YEARS OF BLISSFUL INNOCENCE ENDED. IT WAS AN ORDINARY DAY BY ANY STANDARDS BUT ONE THAT WOULD FOREVER CHANGE THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE.

NOW FRED! MANY NOUNS DESCRIBE SWEETS AND CANDIES, BUT IF YOU HAD TO PICK THE SINGLE NOUN THAT BEST DESCRIBES WHAT YOU MOST WANT TO EAT, WHAT WOULD IT BE? BRIEFLY EXPLAIN IN A SHORT ESSAY...

HELL, I DON'T CARE. ANYTHING WOULD BE BETTER THAN ANOTHER NIGHT OF ALPO



BUT, TRY AS HE COULD, FRED COULD NOT DECIDE UPON A NOUN

"PLEXIGLASS?" NAH - TOO COMMON...
"ADRENAL GLAND?" NOPE, TOO SUGGESTIVE... HOW ABOUT "SUCTION CUP?" OR "ALPACA SNOUT?"
NAH - THOSE ARE PROBABLY OVER-USED BY NOW... BUT WHAT ABOUT "ANTI-PERSPIRANT!" NOW THERE'S A GEM, BUT IT'S WAY TOO SERIOUS... HOW ABOUT "NECROPHILIA?"
"ZYBOTE?"



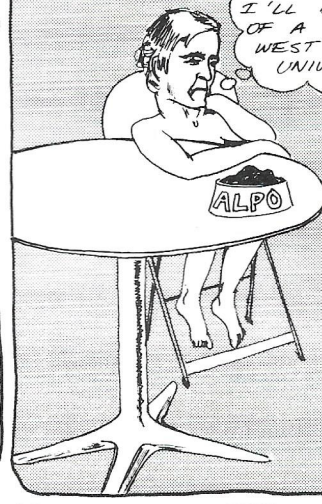
SO FINALLY HE RESORTED TO THEVERY...

I KNEW THIS DOG DISH WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY



BUT HIS MOTHER CAUGHT HIM, AND MADE HIM SIT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE UNTIL HE CONFESSED HIS HEINOUS CRIME

I'LL SHOW HER! SOME DAY I'LL BE DEAN OF A PRESTIGIOUS WEST COAST UNIVERSITY



FRED WANTED TO LEAVE THE TABLE DESPERATELY, BUT NEVER ONE TO MAKE A QUICK DECISION (IT STILL TAKES HIM MONTHS), HE DIDN'T MUSTER THE COURAGE UNTIL HE WAS 32 YEARS OLD.

ADMIT FREDDY! YOU CAN TELL ME, I'M YOUR MOTHER. ADMIT! FOR BOTH OUR SALES, ADMIT! ADMIT FREDDY!

SOME DAY I'M GOING TO LEAVE THIS PLACE



FINALLY HE RAN AWAY TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE IN THE WEST, WHERE HE DISCOVERED STANFORD

WOW! THIS PLACE IS GREAT! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY BOLLARDS IN ONE PLACE BEFORE!



...AND BY AND BY, THROUGH DILIGENCE AND HARD WORK, FRED BECAME THE DEAN OF ADMISSIONS AND RIGHTFULLY TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE HIGHLY LAUDED ADMISSIONS STAFF

ALL RIGHT, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT THIS HAROLD J. PINKER KID?

HEY, THAT'S NOT THE KID WHO SENT US THE COCKROACH COLLECTION IS IT? I HOPE NOT.

LOADED? YOU MEAN YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIS FATHER, GERALD BARKER PINKER, INVENTOR OF THE REVLON NIPPLE POLISHER?

ALL RIGHT ALREADY! I CONFESS! I TOOK ONE DAMN CANDY! ONE GOD DAMN SMARTIES PACK! THAT'S ALL

YOU MEAN OLD STINKER PINKER?

THE MAIN THING IS "ARE HIS PARENTS LOADED?"

I SAY WE ADMIT HIM. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

ADMIT! ADMIT! I SAY ADMIT!



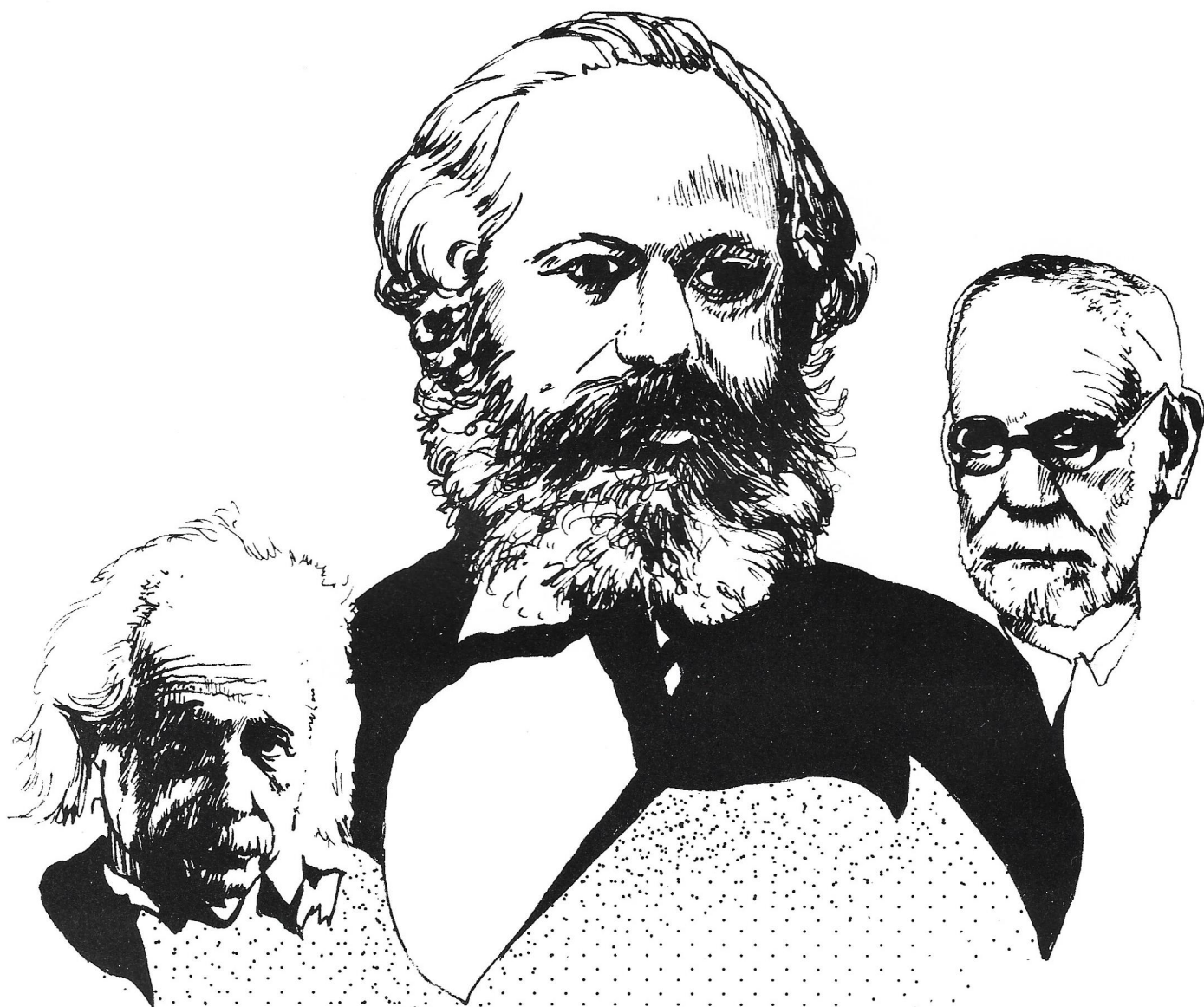
THE REST, AS THEY SAY, IS HISTORY. FRED WENT ON TO BECOME OLDER, GREYER, AND A BIG MAN ON CAMPUS. RUMOR HAS IT THAT HE HAS EVEN ESTABLISHED HIS OWN CARTOON STRIP.

OH FRED! YOU'RE SUCH A KIDDER!

LOOK DICK! WE'RE IN A CARTOON



END



KATHY A. GREENE '81

BOOK REVIEWS : DICK & JANE

The Annotated Dick and Jane by Dr. Hans Grim, Associate Professor, Harvard Press, "Whole Shelves of Classics Series."

With such elegance, style and grace does the author deal with his topic that this reviewer's mere words cheapen the message. Does *Dick and Jane* surpass Grim's first work, *The Annotated Glitter Tresses and the Ursine Trio*? Need you query? Not since the brilliant *Minute Porcine triplets* and *Ali Baba and the Two score Purloiners* has such empathy filled the page. Such lines as:

See Dick, See Jane, Run Dick, Run Jane.

emphasize the painful struggle for existence and meaning in a world barren from all human companionship and understanding. The author's allusions to the works of Freud, Einstein, Marx, Kinsey and Keynes is amazingly unifying. This review will attempt an exegesis of Grim's shattering epiphanies.



Taking up where Douglas Hofstadter left off with *Godel, Escher and Bach*, Grim spins an eternal braid through *Dick and Jane* and a host of other great contemporary thinkers shedding new light on western civilization as we know it. In *Glitter Tresses*, Grim attempted to illustrate the existential conflicts between labor-hungry capitalist oppressors (represented by glitter tresses) and the Soviet Union's New Leninism (represented by Three Bears). This timeless struggle, as rich as Dostoevsky's *Underground Man*, traces the early Marxist-Leninist Message from the careless disregard for human suffering expounded by Nietzsche to the cold emptiness of Sartre's *No Exit*. Such lines as

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there."

clearly explore Hitler's taking of the Sudenland from the hands of Neville Chamberlain in 1938. Beyond this simple thesis, Grim takes us into the realm of the absurd in *Dick and Jane* by demonstrating the universal struggle for reality:

See Dick, see, hear Dick, hear, see Jane, hear Jane?

Does Dick really hear Jane? Does Dick really experience Jane or some creation of a mind attempting to justify its own existence? Revolutionary? Yes.



Beyond Descartes' simple "I complain, therefore I am," Grim forces us to see meaning in the inanimate objects around us. Such as in the first of many climaxes:

Puff, see Puff, Puff is on the TV, see Puff, Puff is on the TV.

Here the author provides one of the sensory paradoxes of existence. Is Puff appearing on television or simply physically situated upon the television? This question provides us with two mutually exclusive spacio-temporal concepts that question our true perception of what we claim exists.



Later, Grim approaches the complexity of Camus' *The Stranger* and, if I am not mistaken, adds overtones of Kafka when he mentions:

Hide Jane, hide from Dick. Dick does not see Jane, Jane sees Dick. Jane is hiding behind her father. See Jane's father.

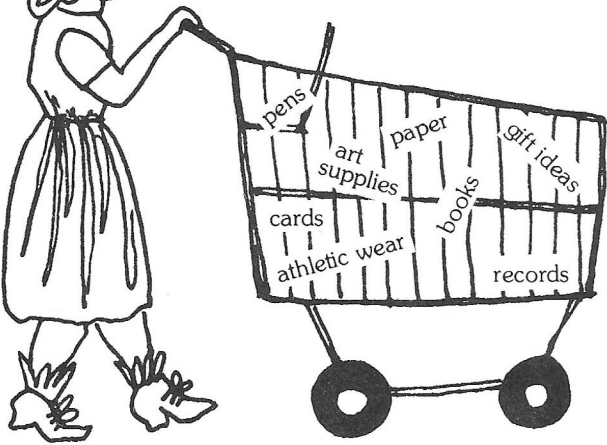
The complex role model of guilt and seclusion from reality even steps into Freud's forte: is Jane hiding from Dick or from a socially imposed female stereotype which causes her to feel inferior? Her penis envy and desire for sexual gratification causes her to hide from the sexual stereotypes of her own age group and seek fulfillment in her father. Is Jane hiding, or is she hiding with her father and if so, where and why are they hiding? Does she really see Dick or is she simply referring to her father as Dick because he possesses the male genitals as does Dick? If so, does she find nothing in males but sexual gratification, and is she therefore supporting the stereotype she is running from?

Freud's commentary in *Dick and Jane* merges with that of Kinsey in the analogy:

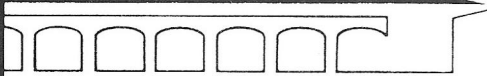
See Dick with Jane, they are with Puff too. They are in the country. They are having a picnic. Picnics are fun. Dick and Jane are having fun.

Such elegance. The prose is thicker, the prose is richer. My simple words could never do it justice. Analysis of *Dick and Jane*'s tonal speech-quality would indicate that both are seeking mutual gratification within the confines of their spacio-temporal location. The observation of this "fun" by the present character Puff substantiates Kinsey's claim that mutual gratification is more often achieved under the pressured threat of being observed and "the spontaneity increased by the full knowledge that each is being internally criticized by society for taking part in such an act in a public place"

Shop at the Bookstore . . .
I've been doing it for years.



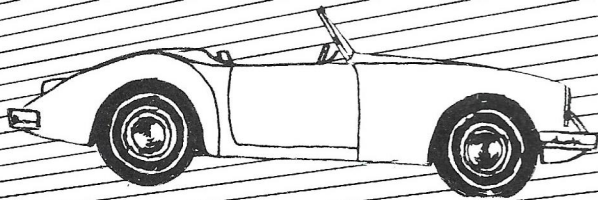
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Goodness. I have completely left out the implications with respect to *The Minute Porcine Triplets*. These three characters are nearly overcome by the Big Bad Wolf, representing the imperialist aggressor who has had his own house blown down (house and/or other financial institution) and now, in his frustration has directed his internalized aggressions against the sexual proficiency of all other men. Grim illustrates in the house of straw, sticks, and bricks the power of fate in such atrocities as submitting to the subconscious castration complex possessing the Big Bad Wolf.

Next our author tackles Keynes. In *Ali Baba* Grim posed the question: Does increase in demand due to a drop in supply averaged over a monthly period spread into a yearly budget when compounded by a tax cut and decreases in the federal budget really cause falling interest rates to fuel the price of mushrooms purchased with food stamps? And who could forget Grim's "Open Sesame," referring to the incredible success of the baking industry in Iran. In *Dick and Jane*, the simple Keynesian notions of *Ali Baba* disappear and Grim treads on thin ice, supply side economics:

See the rain Jane? See the rain. See it trickling down?

Not contradicting himself he steps gently over Dick's subtle invocation of the Trickle Down Theory based on the dual ellipsoid Laffer Curve. You can see how this beautifully ties into the Marxian dialectic of Dick's next paragraph:

**Bad Puff, Bad Puff, Puff ate Rover's food.
Bad Puff.**


And where is Dr. Einstein you ask? Grim continues:

See Dick, Dick is standing near the TV, Jane is standing near the TV, Dick does not see Jane, Jane does not see Dick.

Describing two parallel but mutually exclusive Einsteinian spaces, Grim attempts to visualize the motion of two beings accelerating infinitely over zero distance. Their apparent mass becomes zero and they become invisible to each other but not to themselves. The real clincher is added when Dick comments:

Can you see the clock Jane, what does the clock say to you?

Obviously, Dick is trying to answer the old Einsteinian query: What time is it, really?

The classic conflict for equality, sexual identity and social conformity in *Dick and Jane* goes beyond the literal level presented here. My only recommendation is read it, use it, and most of all, live it. 

DEADLINE COMICS

"Dog's World" or "Wok the Dog"

Photo-funny or comic, you decide.

Frame 1: Five to fifteen very scrawny asians crowded together, clad in rags, looking hungry, non-westernized, and refugee-ish, all in a small pet shop. Cages in background. Refugees on left, store owner on right. An Oriental says, "We are looking for a good American dog for whole family."

Frame 2: Close-up. Shop owner's hand pointing to Toy Poodle. Sign on cage reads: "Shots, Papers, \$650--." Balloons from left lament, "Too skinny;" "No, too much dollars;" "Too small."

Frame 3: Store owner says, "Well, if all you care about is size, hell, I don't want to rip anybody off. Why don't you try the pound? It won't cost you anything." Group's spokesman says "Pound? How many pound?"

Frame 4: Suggestion taken. As they are leaving the store, plot thickens: A rich woman, oblivious to the danger she is in, walks by with a Great Dane on her leash. All eyes are shifted towards it, as if ready to pounce and steal it. But she is safe, ~~w~~alking briskly and resolutely forward.

Frame 5: Driving away: they climb onto their tiny narrow boat/raft in the parking lot.

Frame 6: Inset: "Our merry group arrives at the City Pound." The leader orders two fellows to "Discourage visitors" and so they stand as sentries as the rest file in through the doors.

Frame 7: Wide shot, width of page. Keeper of the Pound in conductor-type hat opening the "jail" doors and tens of dogs of all shapes and sizes come flooding out, bounding and barking joyously, as refugees are all smiles, saying, "Good home;" "Yah, Good Home, good home."

END.



THE CARDINAL TRANSCRIPTS

another cheap thriller

By Robert Ludlum

Prologue

The Stanford Daily, Dec. 7

The Career Planning and Placement Center, after months of secrecy, has revealed the identity of its newest Advisor-in-Chief, Heinrich Zimmer. Zimmer, a '38 alum, returned to Germany after college to do medical research and cook.

Chapter One

Damn. Martin crumpled the rejection letter into a little ball and pitched it into the waste can, watching it nestle into place amidst a score of similar notices. It just didn't make sense. His anger welled within him and rose. He was an exemplary student, one who only took time out of his studies to take in some target practices or clean his Alcozi Custom .38 "Victimizer."

Yet something was very wrong. Someone, somewhere, at some time had for some reason decided that Martin should be denied access to every boy's camp, divinity school, and mercenary equipment distribution center in the country. *Why?*

Martin emptied a can of lighter fluid into the trash barrel, following it with a match. As he watched the wall of his dorm room go up in flames, he perceived, out of the corner of his retina, the slightest micrometria of movement, yet enough to cause him to instinctively wheel around, silenced barrel in position to blast any potential enemy into a bloody oblivion.

"Uh, hi Marty." It was Sid, his former roommate. Sid had moved into the lounge the week before without explaining why. Martin suspected he was a homosexual.

"What the hell do you want, faggot?" barked Martin, careful to train the sights of his weapon upon his foe's cranium.

"I . . . I just came to pick up some of my stuff, if that's OK," whimpered the wormlike wussy.

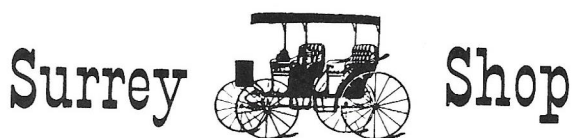
"Well, make it quick, and keep those hands airborne."

Perhaps it was fatigue, but Martin completely forgot to search his enemy before allowing him access to his desk. It was a mistake that almost cost him his life, for just as Sid reached his desk, he whipped out of his pocket a shiny metal object, an object which for Martin could only spell certain death.



Red Sails in the Sunset

Even if you can't tell starboard from port, you'll enjoy J. G. HOOK's navy and white Marino wool crewneck with red jacquard sailboats. Snappy, fresh, and especially shipshape with a pair of classic pleated trousers in rich flannel (Navy, Red, or winter Cream). The shirt is soft poly crepe de Chine, Shirred at the shoulder. Handbag by J. G. HOOK.



SHARON HEIGHTS CENTER
325 SHARON PARK DRIVE
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Martin was quick to react. Three quick spits from the Alcozi were enough to send Sid slithering to the floor, whereupon Martin disarmed him.

"A Cross pen," he muttered. Possibly the most lethal of writing implements, it had a fine point that could pierce flesh like bread through butter. *Something was wrong. Very very wrong.* Sid was whispering something. Martin strained to hear. Through his opponent's unwashed teeth he could just make out the words: "get . . . a . . . job."

Zimmer leaned back in his chair, frowning. "Activate plan A," he muttered.

Chapter Two

The stiff nylon of the Schwinn's steering shaft felt reassuring under Martin's steel grip. As he glided his vehicle through traffic, he noticed to his right the newly-erected barbed-wire fence around the Career Center. Somehow, there was *something*, at some. . .

The "accident" was as unexpected as it was brutal. As Martin's front brake suddenly locked, his rear wheel disengaged and lodged in his chainguard. Although he had been moving at well over six miles per hour, Martin was just able to roll off the doomed vehicle before it slammed into the retainer wall in a blinding array of sparks and shredded metal.

Precious seconds elapsed. I have to get up, thought Martin, straining to see through the haze of his pain-engorged glasses.

As he crawled to the bookstore steps, trailing a trail of bloody blood, his vision cleared just in time to see two shadowy figures in tennis outfits advancing toward him, racquets drawn. Without thinking, Martin tore the Alcozi from its holster and trained it, emptying its magazine into his adversaries' life support systems.

Martin slumped on his back. *Something was wrong. Very, very, very wrong.* But of course! The memories flooded back to him like water. Auschwitz! Nuremberg! Berlin! The Rhine River cruise trip! Every place he had visited during summer vacation. Boy, he wished he were there now.

The assistant entered the office reluctantly. "Herr Zimmer, I'm sorry to say that our plan has been compromised. Martin has exterminated two of our best field agents, as well as the implant. What is more, he has received yet another rejection letter."

Zimmer leaned back in his chair, frowning. "I want him dead," he croaked. "Or employed."

Chapter Three

Martin stood at the window of the Credentials Office, perplexed. "Look, I just want to see my transcripts. Someone, somewhere, has for some reason been doing something for some time. I think the answer may lie here."

"I'm sorry, sir, but that information is classified," snarled the assistant.

"Classified? You mean I don't have the right to know my own grades?"

"Those are the new rules, sir. CPPC orders."

Something was wrong. Wrong indeed. Something wrong indeed. "Listen, I must see those records. Who do I have to talk to around here, anyway?"

"May I suggest that you accompany us, Herr Martin?" The voice came from behind. Martin turned to find three men, all wielding Parker "Big Red's" aimed directly at his thorax.

"Why, perhaps a little stroll across the plaza might be nice, come to think of it," Martin replied. "It's a fine, sunny day, full of light, and I need to stretch my legs. With such pleasant company, I surely will enjoy myself indeed. Thank you very much."

Martin was in no mood to be pushed around, however. He jammed his bookbag into the nearest agent's sternum, sending him reeling back into his two compatriots, who killed each other in the confusion. And that's all they wrote.

Martin grabbed the nearest coed and pressed the gleaming barrel of his Alcozi to her temple.

"Hey, I know you," she shrieked, straining to wrest herself free from his icy grip. "You were in my freshman dorm. Um, Marty, right? I'm pretty good with names."

"Yeah, you're, uh, Suzy, right?," Martin growled, as he dragged her forcefully with him out the door. "Remember Cathy Preston, the one with the funny birthmark?"

"Sure, she was my roommate, silly," she screamed, tearing at Martin's hair and eyes. "Listen, we're having a party this Friday at Otero . . . why don't you drop by?"

"OK, sounds great." Martin rapped her with the butt of his weapon and threw her aside. The Career Center loomed ahead. Martin opened the newly-erected barbed wire gate and walked in.

Chapter Four

Once inside, Martin acted quickly. Entering the Chief Advisor's office, he fired two quick shots into Zimmer's telephone, rendering it unconscious. Zimmer was stunned. "You," he cried, "the unemployable one!"

"Zimmer," Martin scoffed, "I should have known. After all those years in Argentina finding jobs for your war friends, you thought you could use the same tactics here. Hah!"

"And what do you find so amusing, my friend? In this last month, we have found a job for every student in this university. Every one, that is, except you. . . ."

"Won't you fiends ever learn? This is California, a free country! It's a God-given right not to have to work in Sunnysvale."

"This may be so, Herr Martin, but tell me, do they also give you the right in this country to leave your shoes untied?"

Martin fell for it. By the time he looked up again, Zimmer was pointing a Schaeffer straight at him. "Perhaps you would be so kind," the triumphant ogre asked, "as to fill out this application to Burger King?"

Epilogue

Suzy watched Martin flip the patties with a sense of pride. My Marty, she thought, handling all that high grade beef. Since he had taken on three shifts, he hadn't had time to see her much, but that made the few moments they had together all the more special. Marty came to the counter. "May I take your order Maam?" he asked.

"I'd like a hamburger with extra cheese, please."

"Yes, ma'am, coming right up. Would you like a soft drink with that today?"

"No, thanks," she crooned. ☺

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CALVIN



Oh dear diary, I simply must tell you about Friday, And it started out so scrumptiously too.

Well, I rolled my lazy little bod out of bed, showered, rouged, then bounced into the kitchen were Robby had a steaming cup of espresso and a croissant waiting for me just like I taught him. He was such a dear and I was so glad I found him.

Anyway, G.V. and I had another spat. Oh she's such a tardy-pants. We met at her place for lunch to decide what we'd make in fashion for the summer. Well, I wanted ultra-tight, non-breathable plastic body suits complete with hands, feet and a hooded mask just like those cute little executioners wore for the French Revolution. G.V. said no. She wanted an awning epoxied to the forehead, and a tarp.

Honestly! That women is always three seasons behind. Well we were bickering for about an hour until it seemed nothing would get done, so I said, "O.K. toots, we'll do it your way, only they'll also have to wear short black hair with a freakish widow's peak like a vampire!" Oh if you'd only seen her face! "Bitch! bitch!" she screamed. "I hope that little 'son' of yours splits in half and dies!"

Why, I had never been more outraged. Diary, she can insult me, but not my Robby. So I called her some things I'm not very proud to repeat, then reached over and dug my nails into her shriveled little pom-poms. She yelled and yelled and threatened to call the police until I reminded her of the barbituates I knew she had pocketed in her cellulite.

Of course after that we kissed and made up.

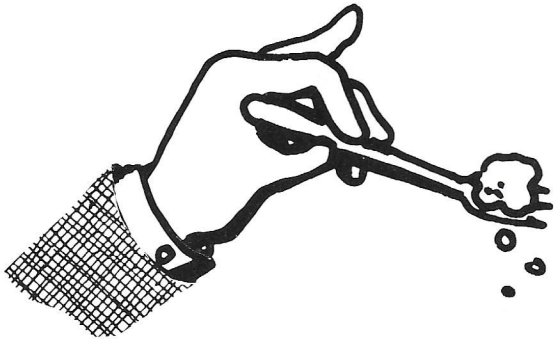
Next, I went to the office and cranked out a few designs. Nothing very special except a new jean. It's just as tight as the others only it's designed to pinch off all the major veins and arteries below the waist. Inside six minutes the disco queen's buns will fall asleep and she'll collapse to the ground in a heap.

After work I took Robby to Elaine's. I know I promised not to go anymore but what's a girl to do? It was crowded as usual and the whole gang was there: Capote, Allen, Vonnegut, etc. Even Cher showed up in one of her Bob Macke "see-thru" slut suits. Ugh . . . If only I liked the *Enquirer*!

Robby and I had Red Zinger and cheesecake when guess who walked in? The Cheryls. Oh, Tieg and that Ladd woman have to be the two trampiest tramps in the western hemisphere! Of course they insisted on sitting at our table, but to top it off they sat on each side of me, forcing Robby to move!

"Oooh, Calvy baby," said Tieg. "Make me a sexy new tennis dress and I'll — "and she whispered the most disgusting things into my ear, and then tried to unzip my pants!

Next, lecherous Ladd did much the same thing, only she pulled the old "Ooops! I dropped my fork on the floor" routine and crawled under the table. Oh diary, I had to let her have her way because my clothes sell so much better when she wears them.



Well finally she was done, and do you know what she had the nerve to do? She asked me for a breath mint! And in front of Robby's virgin ears. Talk about ingratitude. Well I was furious and ordered them both away from the table. Besides, I caught Robby trying to look down Tieg's front when she was trying to tempt me with those overgrown things.

But here comes the worst, the absolute worst moment in all my life. Brooke came in with Mommie Dearest and they both pecked me on the cheek. We chatted for a while until Brooke turned to Robby and said. "Hey, let's get some ice cream down the street and maybe I'll let you feel me up."

The cheesecake dropped from my mouth right onto the hand of Brookes' mom. She lapped up the half eaten glob, batted her lashes and whispered, "Now don't they make a cute couple? And I didn't even know you had a son."

I ran from the restaurant and cried myself to sleep. Robby never showed.

Oh diary, the next time Brooke asks me to design her some jeans — remind me to line the crotch with flypaper! ☹

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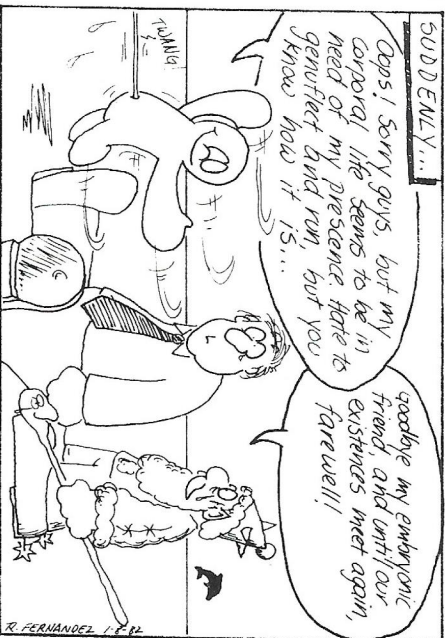
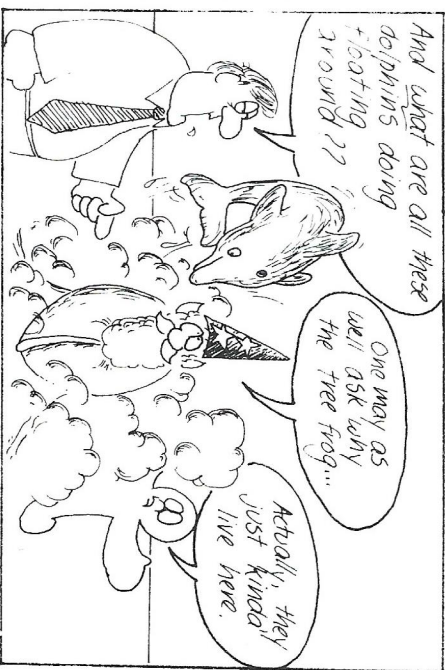
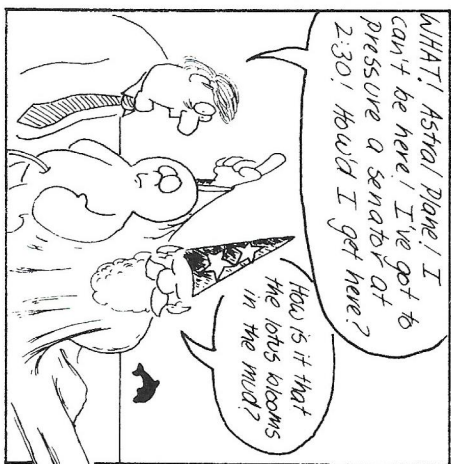
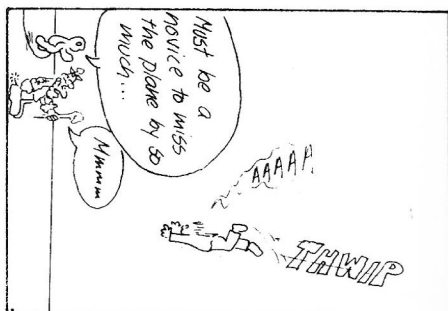
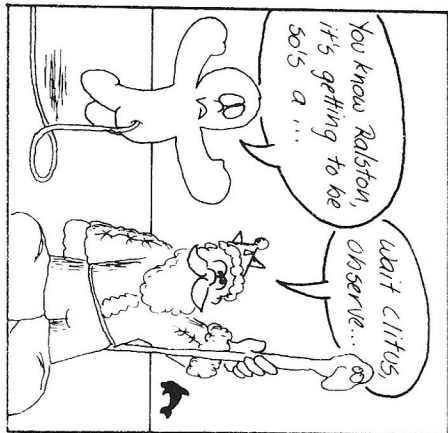
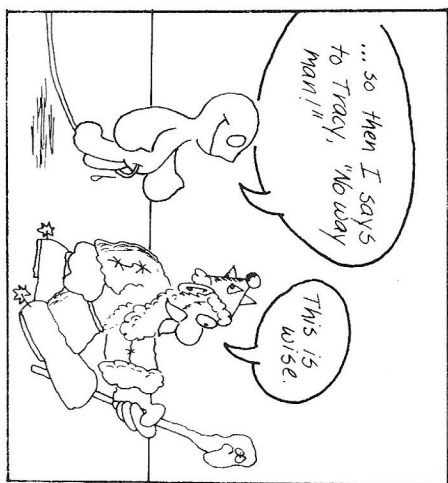
The Lucky Adventures of

Clitus the Fetus

Wanda Jackson despite doctors' warnings ingested too many toxic chemicals while pregnant and her yet unborn child Clitus has you been endowed with sentience and universe warping powers of astral projection...

*Rhymes with "feet-us"

written by: Ed Koczyński and Ron Fernandez
drawn by: Ron Fernandez



We all know why you're here. To get rich — or richer. But in your quest for financial rewards, who better than our own Leland Stanford should serve as your inspirational beacon. So after reading the assembly instructions below, simply turn the page and put together your own Upwardly Mobile. Before you can say "audit" you'll be well on your way to wearing Vuarnets, driving DeLoreans, and making more green than the GNP of many Latin American countries.

The Upwardly Mobile

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Directions:

Rip with hands and connect with twist-ties.

Remueve con los manos y cople con los twist-ties.

\$3,000 - \$10,000

Have daughter steal scissors from her inferior public school.

Dire hija a llevar los scissors a la escuela publica.

\$10,000 - \$30,000

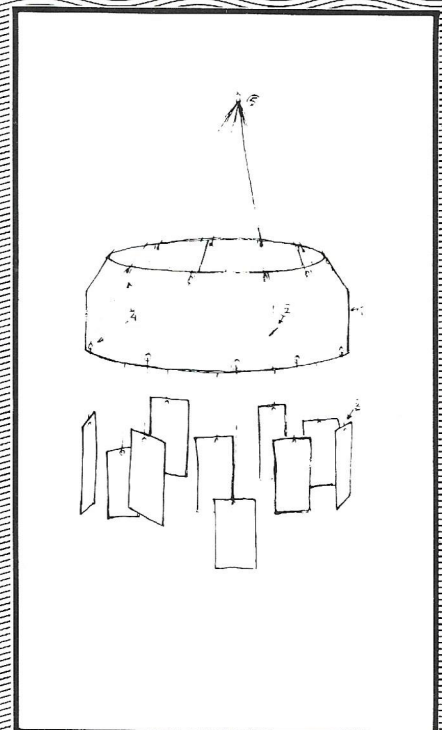
Invest in scissors and pay son 25 cents to assemble.

\$30,000 - \$50,000

Send memo to administrative assistant.

\$50,000 - \$400,000

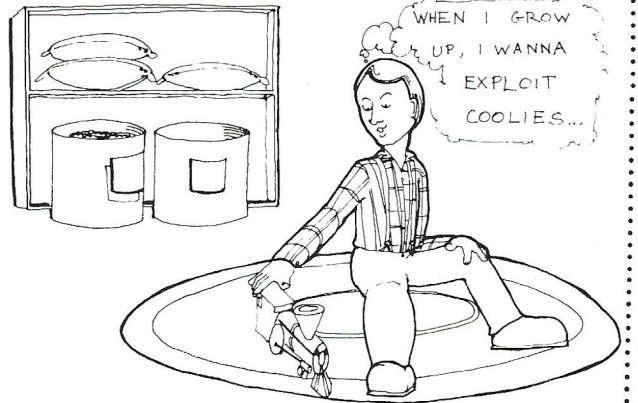
Have jeweler guild, assemble and inlay with precious stones. Deduct as a capital investment.



LELAND IS PROUD TO BE BORN IN AMERICA...

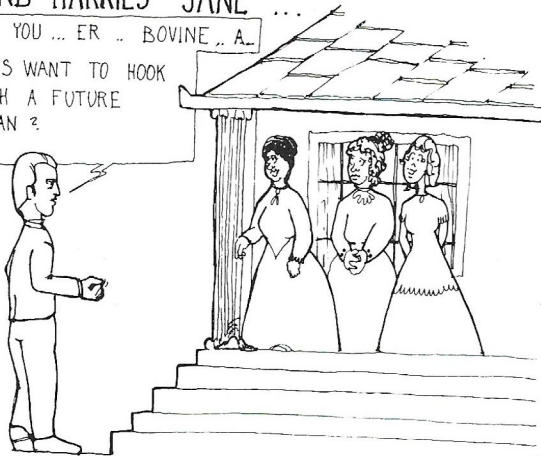


AND IN A GENERAL STORE IN PENNSYLVANIA...



LELAND MARRIES JANE...

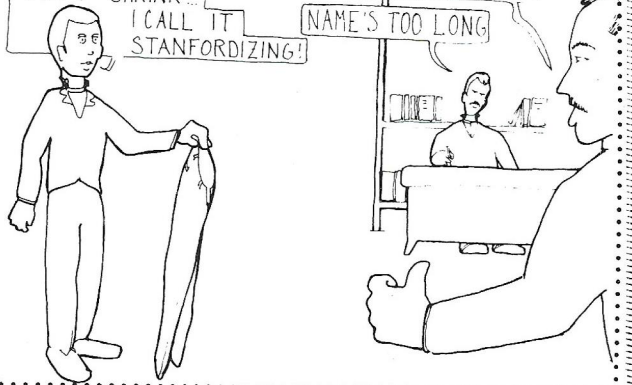
ANY OF YOU ... ER ... BOVINE .. A...
BEAUTIES WANT TO HOOK
UP WITH A FUTURE
RICH MAN ?



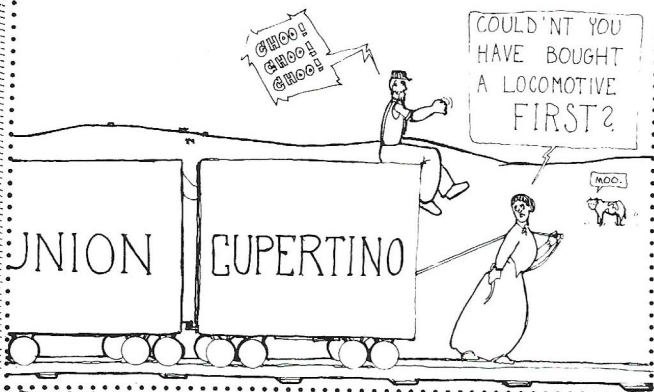
LELAND MEETS LEVI & STRAUSS

AND YOUR PANTS
WON'T SHRINK...
I CALL IT
STANFORDIZING!

BEAT IT KID?
NAME'S TOO LONG



LELAND BUYS A RAILROAD...

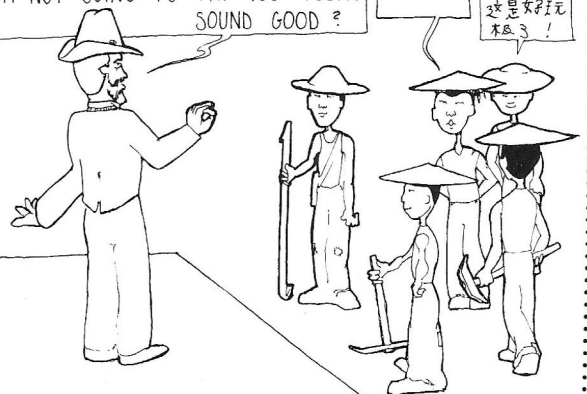


LELAND'S COMPANY PROSPERS...

I'M NOT GOING TO PAY YOU TODAY.
SOUND GOOD ?

HELLO :

我要吃饭
这是好玩
极了!

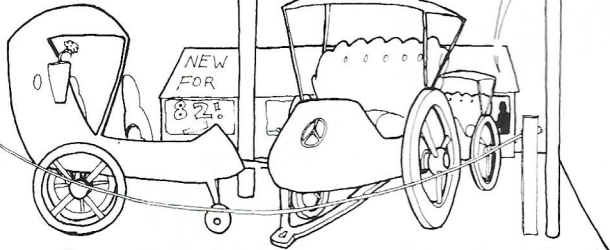


LELAND BECOMES
A CONSPICUOUS CONSUMER ...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU
DON'T HAVE ANY BMW'S ?!
... YES I'LL WAIT ...

EL CAMINO REAL

E L Y
BUGGY-O-RAMA



LELAND JR.

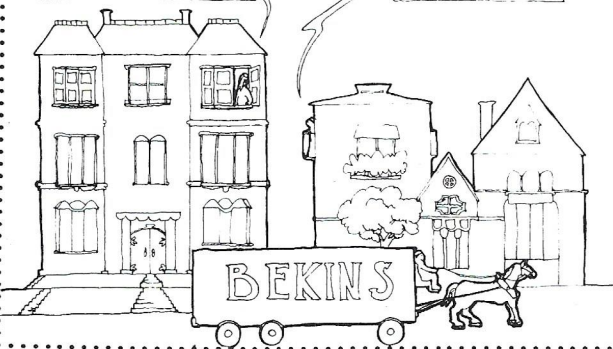
BORN 1808
SPOILED 1869
DEAD 1884



LELAND BUYS A SECOND HOME ...

STOP COMPLAINING!
YOU KNOW I HATE
TO TRAVEL.

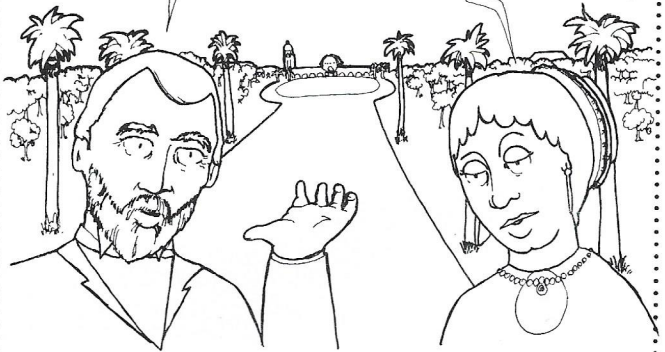
BUT IT'S
SO CLOSE!!



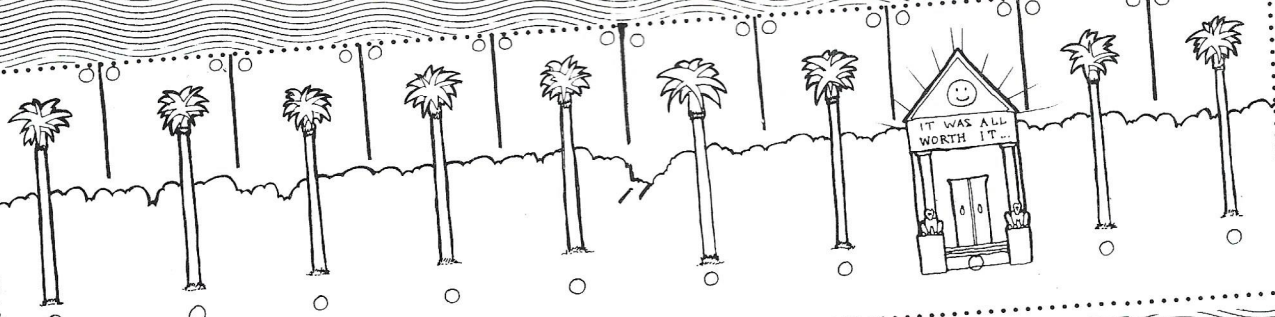
LELAND AND JANE FOUND
A UNIVERSITY ...

WHERE ARE
WE ?

NO ONE SEEMS
TO BE HERE.
HOW ODD.



IT WAS ALL
WORTH IT...



ZETE CALENDAR



Taunting Joggers on a "foothills to the bay" afternoon.

FEBRUARY

saturday

friday

thursday

wednesday

tuesday

monday

sunday

	1		2 trash old house day	3	4	5 meet Julie Kennedy Sherry Hour	6
7 trash old house week	8		9 my mother's birthday	10	11	12	13
14	15		16 razorblades discovered in Fruitman's apples	17	18 Coach Wiggin finds wife in bed, sleeps with her	19	20
21	22		23	24	25	26	27 Chapple Film Series broke, Orsak fired
28 Sam Howe's Nazi past exposed							

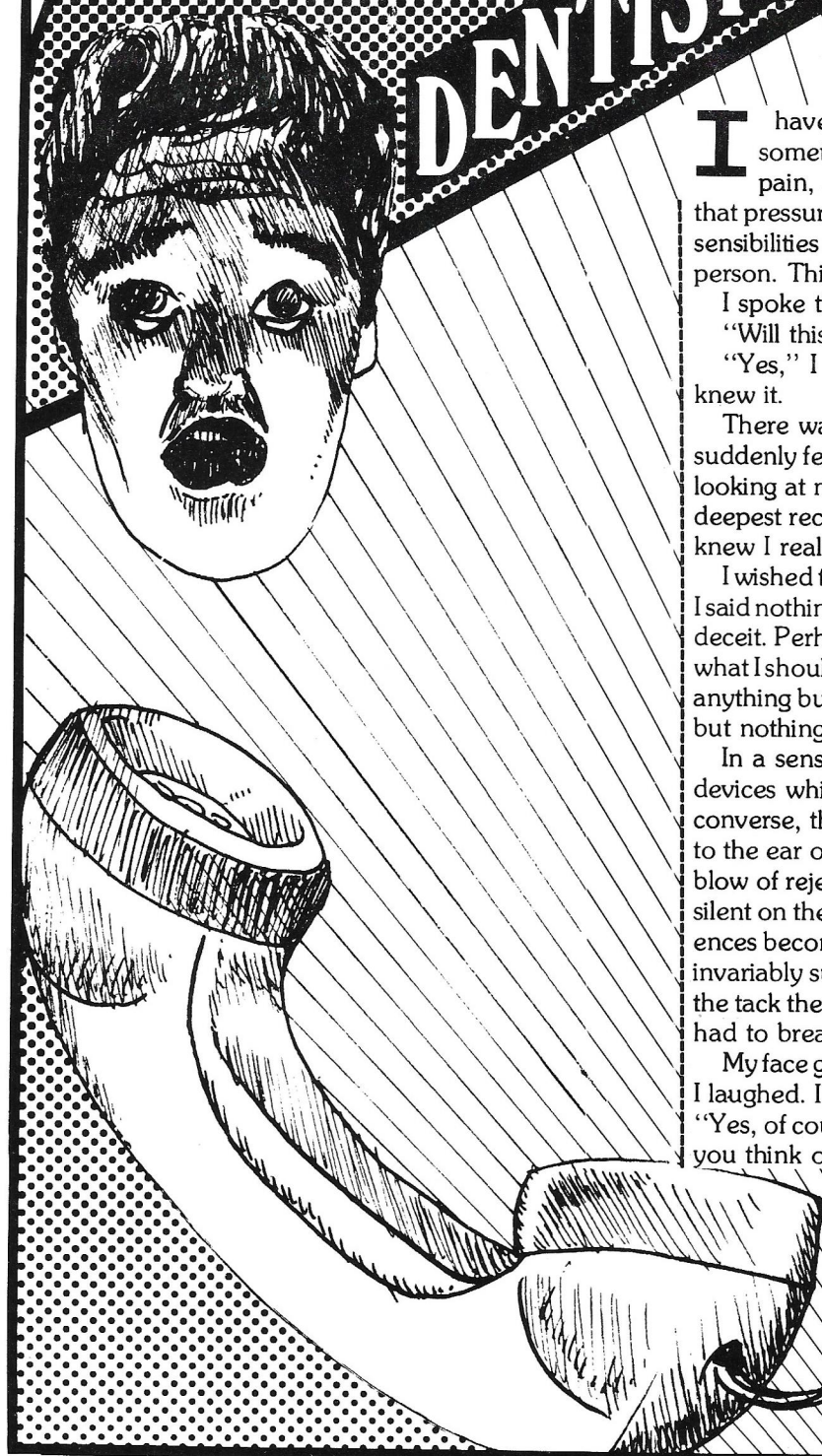
ZETE CALENDAR



MARCH

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
	1 trash old house month	2	3 Yoda offered Hoover Fellowship	4	5	6
7	8	9 Eisen proclaims "Albert Eisen Day"	10	11 Lyon's beard actually small rodent	12	13
14	15 SLAC research continues	16	17	18	19	20 Kappa Sig becomes ZBT's
21	22	23 cancer cure found, lost	24	25 Frat tards drown in Claw	26	27
28 Lyman made a sandwich in Cummings	29	30	31		Reagan declares this Martin Luther King Day	

TERROR at the DENTIST'S OFFICE



I have never liked going to see the dentist. There is something perverse about making an appointment for pain, and I don't like it. It reflects badly on our society that pressure to do just that has overwhelmed the instinctual sensibilities of the mass of our people. Yet I too was one such person. This is my story.

I spoke to the nurse when I made the appointment.

"Will this be a routine checkup?"

"Yes," I replied. This was a lie. I had two cavities and I knew it.

There was a pause, and although I could not see her, I suddenly felt the nurse piercing me with her eyes. I felt them looking at me through the telephone; looking into the very deepest recesses of my soul. She knew I was lying, and she knew I realized this.

I wished that I had unburdened myself to her then. Perhaps I said nothing because I expected her to confront me with my deceit. Perhaps I was too caught up in the details of precisely what I should say to clarify the fact that the checkup would be anything but "routine." I was looking for a graceful way out, but nothing came to me.

In a sense, the telephone is one of the most intimate devices which man has yet contrived. When two people converse, the thoughts of the speaker are conveyed directly to the ear of the listener and to him alone. The most potent blow of rejection that one person can deal another is to be silent on the telephone, for then this most intimate of experiences becomes the most distant, and with a suddenness that invariably surprises and insults the listener. I felt that this was the tack the nurse had chosen to take with me, and I knew I had to break the oppressive silence.

My face grew hot as I grasped for something to say. Finally, I laughed. I laughed heartily and until I was red in the face. "Yes, of course it's a routine checkup," I said. "What makes you think otherwise?"

Again she did not respond. The phone clicked.
"Sorry for the delay, Mr. Joseph. When did you say you wanted to come in for your checkup?"

So! She had not *heard* after all. Or perhaps she had forgotten my lie already. People can be such fools! To the attentive person, even the smallest actions of others indicate a wealth of information about who they are and what they think. To such a person, and I count myself in their number, other people are puzzles — interesting for a short while, but eventually to be discarded. And to think that only moments before I had given the nurse such credit! I chided myself.

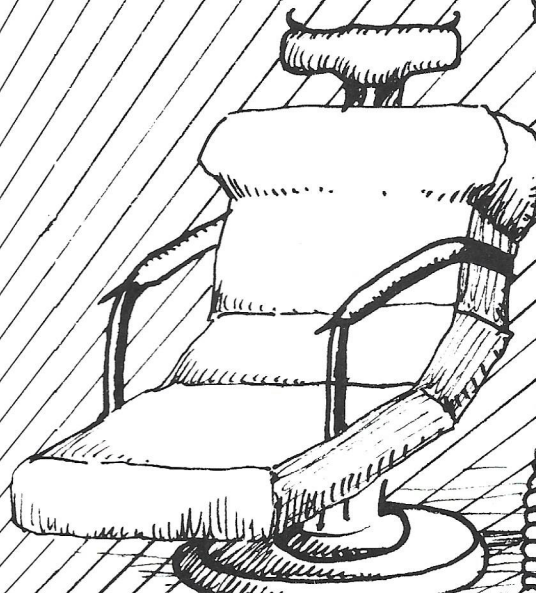
The appointment was made, and the conversation ended.

Over the course of the next few weeks I became increasingly apprehensive about the dentist himself. I needed to know more about this man. The acquaintance who recommended him to me was, unfortunately, out of town and could not be reached. In my casual dealings with people during this period I made discrete inquiries, occasion permitting, as to who such an individual's dentist was. This proved unprofitable. How little people know about their fellow men!

The day arrived, and I left for the dentist's office ignorant of anything but the man's name. This situation had placed me in an uncontrollable frenzied state. I had eaten nothing for two days, and had been brushing my teeth more often than is normal. I brought a handgun with me in case things got bad. It was concealed by my sports coat.

Is it a coincidence that the office itself is located in the midst of a large complex of dentists' offices, in a building indistinguishable from the office buildings in which so many of our citizens work? The very normality of the place tipped me off to the probability that something highly improbable was going on inside.

I entered the elevator to get to the ninth floor. It was a large metallic elevator, lit by impersonal fluorescent lights. Several other people were already in it. They were standing with their



faces to the door, looking blankly ahead. They looked as though they had been robbed of everything that makes them human. Together, they each looked more alone.

I entered the elevator and the door closed behind me. Nervous, I tried to make conversation with my elevator-mates, and in this way breathe life into a lifeless group. There was little time for mincing words.

"So," I said, turning to the quietest person in the elevator, a diminutive old lady resting in a corner on her walker, "what's wrong with you?"

A few people turned to look at me. The beginnings of society. "For my part," I explained, "I am going for a routine dental checkup."

Still, the lady did not answer. I saw her lungs working, so I presumed she had a hearing impediment. Standing directly in front of her, I mouthed the words silently, taking pains to enunciate each syllable with my entire mouth. "What is wrong with you?"

Whether she benefited from my attentions or not I will never know. Several people pointed out to me that the elevator had arrived at my floor, so I got off.

In fact, I had two floors to go. This irritated me. But rather than wait for another elevator, I elected to use the stairs.

I was quite happy in the stairwell. To some people, climbing a stairway is climbing a stairway, nothing more. Sadly, this group represents a large percentage of our population. To me it is poetry. It is an allegory of man's search for meaning in life and the satisfaction which sheer work brings by opiating the soul, the deadening the need to find this meaning in an otherwise senseless existence. I could climb stairways forever.

I opened the door to the ninth floor with a touch of regret. The corridor presented me with a long line of evenly spaced doors on either side. I thought again of the horrors which this monotony might conceal.

My dentist's office was on the left side of the corridor. Perhaps there is nothing to be gained from that fact. I leave it to the attentive reader to make this determination.

A person was leaving the office as I was about to walk in. She was a person I understood. I sensed suffering in her face, in her eyes, in her jaw. She walked with the plodding gait of one sentenced to execution for some atrocious crime committed long ago, but only recently discovered. She looked penitent, however, as if she regretted something very much.

I felt unworthy of this person, yet I was compelled to speak to her, to explain that I understood her inner sufferings, to say this and a thousand things more. But again there was no time.

My mouth was dry and I could only manage a few hoarse words. "How was it?" I whispered.

I will never forget how she raised her eyes to mine and smiled the grotesque smile of one who has indulged in too much novocaine. Then she twisted her lips as if to reply, but I don't know if she ever did. As I looked into her suffering face, and saw her struggling to form even a word of reply, bits and pieces of things flashed white and more white. I became quite hot and soon I could see nothing. I felt my knees give out from under me.

As I came to consciousness, I found myself in the dentist's chair. I was unprepared for this and fainted again.

\$\$\$

When I came to consciousness a second time, I immediately began to survey the room. Whenever I am in a new place or situation I survey my surroundings and very coolly, very tactically consider what I would do if things

got bad. Was there a way out? (There was.) Would there be any obstacles in the way if I should make a sudden bolt for the door? (There were a few.) Would someone — most likely the dentist or his assistant — have time to pull a gun on me if I did run for it? (Perhaps.) I realized the foolishness of this last question and was a bit ashamed for having asked it. If I was in a situation where I had to bolt for the door, very likely it would be because the dentist (or the nurse) had already pulled a gun on me.

Perhaps it was best not to run. It would be two against one, but they didn't know I was armed. That was my edge. Maybe I wouldn't need it.

The nurse came in, dressed in white. She was wearing a white hat. As she spoke it seemed to me that her teeth were exceptionally white. I didn't catch what she said and I found myself quaking with fear. She smiled her white smile again and left.

The encounter had shaken me profoundly, and seemingly without reason. Then I remembered my aversion to the color white. That was it.

The dentist came in, "Are we feeling better, Mr. Joseph?"

I was about to answer when I noticed the awful: he too was wearing white! "I thought dentists wore blue smocks."

He looked at me inquisitively, testing me to see how much I had guessed. "Yes," he said, without missing a beat, "I have several blue smocks myself, but today I am wearing this white smock."

A statement of the obvious, intended to disarm me. Oh, how I could have demolished him then! I could have said things to make him wish he were dead a thousand times over! But when I saw him being so smug, I knew I had him in his most vulnerable state. Rather than tip my hand, I said nothing.

The fact that could not be denied was that the dentist's smock was white. White, the color of the most supreme forms of evil in all existence. White, the color of the great shark, the color of the death bringing maggot, the color of Moby Dick. Try as I might, I could not escape the terrible whiteness of the dentist's smock. This was a great disadvantage.

"Make yourself comfortable, and then we'll begin."

An old trick. The cunning adversary always tries to dull the acuteness of his opponent's mind by deadening his senses. I was too wise for that, and instead began pinching myself.

"Ouch."

"What's wrong?"

I had pinched myself a bit too exuberantly. He had not seen this. I groped for a lie. "Oh, it is just a cavity acting up."

But that was precisely the wrong thing to say! I did have a cavity (I had two) and it had been acting up! To let this slip . . . and to the dentist . . . ! I grew hot, angry with myself. The dentist had tricked me, and I, like a fool, had fallen into his snare. He saw me clenching my fists.

"Well, if it's that bad perhaps we can take care of it today."

"It's nothing. Maybe it's not a cavity, after all."

"Well, we'll find out soon enough."

Yes, this dentist was a real monster. His words were so carefully laden with double entendre that any number of lesser minds would never glimpse their veiled import. But he was not fooling me. I let him know this. "I see."

I could tell that he understood that I did "see," because he immediately began busying himself with his apparatus. I remember well how he applied flouridated paste (I assume it was flouridated) to his tooth cleaner with all the care and

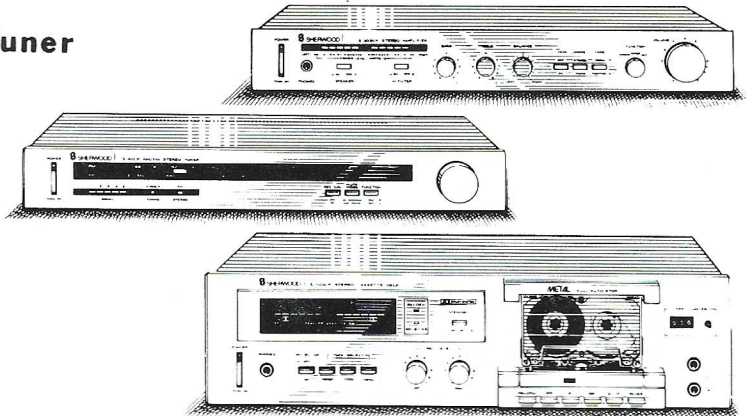
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delight one notes in the face of an expert fisherman baiting his hook. This man craved, demanded respect.

"Say ahh."

No! I would not grovel. I was livid with rage at his insolence. To demand that I should humble myself before him! I opened my mouth to express my indignation, but before I could speak the whirling tooth cleaner was at work.

I was helpless. I could not bite the metal shaft. I could not spit the thing out. I could not attack the dentist for fear he might jam the tooth cleaner down my throat, abruptly ending our struggle. I felt like a man imprisoned in a bizarre cage.

Finally, the dentist took the cleaner out of my mouth and told me to spit. I would have spat at him, had I not noticed a set of painful-looking hooks and picks lying on the tray he was working off. I sensed his mastery of these tools and his willingness to use them. I had no doubt that if provoked he would put out a patient's eye as blithely as a seamstress might thread a needle, and with as few regrets. I spat.

Soon, he felt he had broken down my resistance to the point that he could safely proceed with the floss. In fact, I was quite exhausted from my battle to remain acutely awake. I had persisted in pinching myself, which seemed to help, but which was very painful, and my arm was badly bruised.

The dentist wrapped the floss around his fingers with the easy assurance of one well practiced in the deadly art of garotte. I had vicariously met a number of such people through my readings, and he reminded me of all of them. I was relieved when he had finished with the stuff, but my relief was short-lived. I spat again. This time there was blood. I looked nervously at the dentist. His white smock was stained with blood.

He then came at me with one of the hooks. I tried to scream, but his fingers were already in my mouth. I felt weak and sank into the chair, as if by sinking deeply enough into it I might become one with the chair itself, or disappear entirely.

"Tartar," he mumbled, "sign of a healthy mouth. Tartar in itself is bad, but it means there is a lot of acidity in your mouth, and an acid mouth resists cavities. So on the whole it is a good sign. Spit."

He knew he was winning, and now he was rubbing it in. As if the physical abuse and emotional trauma of the struggle were not already enough, this madman was now imposing on me in the most offensive of ways: through boredom. I have often thought that the whole of human existence is nothing more than a struggle to live in a world of oppressive boredom. To make matters worse, there are people who try to be boring — more precisely, they try to bore, for that has a connotation which suggests actual malice. Moreover, these people, if they are to be successful, must already wield great power over others, for it is only through this power that they can keep their listeners in place. To those possessing such twisted and truncated consciousnesses, their act of boring another individual is a great triumph of the will. This is what the dentist was doing to me now. My only recourse was not to be bored. "How very interesting," I replied, "I'm not at all bored to hear that."

This angered him, and with his hook grasped firmly in his hand he ordered me to open my mouth. He began another salvo at my teeth, but this time he jammed the hook deep into their crevices.

"Ouch." He had found the cavity.

He sprayed water on the tooth. "Did that hurt?"

"No." I lied.

He sprayed air on the tooth. It hurt. "Did that hurt?"

"No."


He jammed the hook deep into the cavity.

I fainted.

My recollections from that point on are very dim. I had lost. I knew it. I did not try to fight him any more. I spat when he told me to. I said "ahh" to him. I humiliated myself in all the basest ways.

I believe that he gave me gas. I don't recall now whether I protested or not. I had no pride. I didn't care.

Now I am sitting at home in a chair, thinking about the gas that is in my system. It is surely circulating around my entire body. The gas is in my blood and must by now be affecting my brain. I know it is. I have been thinking about it for three days.

I have been resisting sleep. I don't know what will happen to me if I fall asleep, but I have heard ugly stories about people who inhale gas which makes them sleepy until they do fall asleep, at which time their faces turn cherry red and they die. I don't want this to happen to me, but I don't know how much longer I can hold out. 

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PT

National Sorority Quarterly

Bake Sale to End World Hunger

Please help to feed India's hungry tots by taking part in a special Pi Theta Bake Sale. Put a little jello into a bloated stomach and stop their growling on those other boring continents. We need brownies, fudge, tollhouse cookies, apple pies, and strawberry layer cakes — "Please, no substitutes" says leader Virginia Mayflower. Mrs. Mayflower plans for the PT booth in the Fresno Safeway parking lot to be open from 10 a.m. ("I'm getting up extra early!") to 3:30 in order to be sure of achieving the goal of feeding all the world's hungry. But she can't do it without your help!

A special feature is that proceeds from the first half-hour will go exclusively to the folks in South America, poor, hungry, and upside down. "Our next goal is to get some clothing on those people, and nice stuff, not those rags;" Virginia is carefull to add, however, "But first things first, let's be realistic."

Virginia graduated Cum Laude from Mills College, Class of '36. She says she has been helping to

feed cats and dogs in her Fresno neighborhood "for years."

"One day, I thought, if my old sisters and I rallied together, why we could feed all the stray cats and dogs of the world!" Well one thing

led to another, and as you can see, she has scaled down her plans. "But," Virginia cheerfully whispers, "I figure this will give me the connections." ≡



The Pi Theta Secret Handshake, showing our unity in sisterhood and confirming what it means to really be a sister.

Letters

Editor:

I just thought I'd drop you this teensy little note to tell you how megamuch I enjoyed the last ish. I mean, goodness gracious, you girls at Pi Theta are such a fun, silly group and I love reading about you ever-so-much. I just tore willly-nilly right through last month's letters and I just want to say HI! to Elizabeth Sproul and all my other sisters. I want you all to know that as always, my warm heart is with you, my dears,

Loads of Love,
Buffy Nailcliffe

Dear Fellow Sisters,

This letter is to inform you of the loss of Sindy Nines from the Gamma Alpha chapter. She was more than a roommate to me. Our friendship has always been akin to two strong magnets where the opposite poles attract each other. Her view of things often were upside down to mine and we rarely saw things face to face, yet these differences were the main factors for forming a strong bond of friendship.

The foundation of our camaraderie was built during college. She alone could bring excitement in times of depression, and I like to think that I was able to comfort and console her when she was down. Like the fraction $1/2$ is the reciprocal of 2, she was my reciprocal, and when together we were 1. I laugh when I reflect on our first

meeting. I thought she had a large nose, overbite, and a long tongue; I did not know then how her traits would be engrained in my mind and body. She will be sorely missed. My memories are full of the good times we had together. We had fun at parties and at work, but memories of being alone with her when we revealed our deepest secrets shall long remain with me.

Just as Martina Navritilova is ineffective on the court without her racquet, I fear that I will be ineffective in life without Sindy. Before Sindy left us she said, "My mind, my body, every part of me is unique. Remember me." I shan't forget Sindy Nines, for she filled a void in me, and I hope that you, fellow sisters, shall say a small prayer for her.

Doris Rosomoff

Dear Editor:

I'm writing in order to compliment Bessie Jorgenson for her work on the recent Beta Nu chapter's Croquet Tournament. As committee chairwoman she divinely handled the tasks of preparing the course, contacting the referees, and rewarding the grand prize (and it was grand indeed — what could be more lovely! than a pewter toothpick holder!!). Pat yourself on the old spine, Bessie, for a job well done.

Love & Kisses,
Trudy Schneibaum

Angora
on my mind

Angora,
Initials on our breasts.
bRc
flutter
flutter
across my wrinkled face.
My daughter.
Spring of my spring.
Just like me.
Bloody Mary
Bloody Mary
Bloody Mary
Death

by
Megan Chestnut '49

Dear Editor:

I don't know what the hell you ladies are up to, but my wife has been making wax flowers ever since your last damn issue came out! O.K. — wax flowers are nice, but they *don't* make "hubby feel that old spark of romance which you knew in your college days." Christ, I can't even remember how, much less when! I'd appreciate it if you'd include an article on whipped cream cakes, or honey-rolls or something like that. The hot wax is dripping all over me and, well, need I say more?!? Clean up your act you PT's!!

Howard R. Baker
Irate Husband

Photograph by

Hans Roth

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It's True, It's True!

His bright white smile in class that day,
And then he walked me to the Fountain,
I knew he loved me and I did too.
Would I like to go?
Oh, yes, I would.

I told my roommates, Barb and Lizzy,
"It's not true," they cried.
"It's not true," they squealed.
Oh, yes, it's true, it's very true;
The Golden Boy with the Golden Hair.

And all the bad is just forgotten,
The lonely days when just arrived,
The cold, gray box I called my home.
The Freshman boys (the freshman losers),
The psycho girl who stole my curlers.

Now all my friends are nice and normal.
I love them like I love my sisters.
My room is cozy like a kitten.
No guys are screaming in the hall;
They wait downstairs just like they should.

The crisp fall air turns my cheeks rosy,
The leaves' bright colors match my sweater,
The crowd cheers wildly. (Which one's our team?)
I clench his arm, he smiles widely.
My man, my beau, my homecoming date.

The wine we sip is quite expensive,
I parle francais avec the waiter.
"Oh, Buffy dear, I love you dearly
When you speak French, you're like a native."
He'll me me so when I'm in Paris,
But Paris is for Junior year.

Life's a blast,
Oh, don't you think so?
He drove me home, his car's the greatest.
He kissed me lightly, he squeezed my sweater.
"Not now Duane, but maybe later."
"When will I see you —"
"Oh, very soon."

I'm like a butterfly that flits so lightly,
Flit-flit, Flit-flit, from flower to flower,
Lovely in the warm, blue air.
The winged monarch's life is pretty;
My lovely life is pretty, too.
Oh, Patience Duane, o please be true,
'Cause someday soon I'll flit on you.



by Buffy Brewster

'82

New Craze Sweeps Campuses

It starts at one school, girls talk on the phone to their friends somewhere else, it happens there, and so on, and soon there's a new national fad. Bollard Tossing is sweeping the campuses all across the country, leaving in its wake good fun, good friends, and good feelings. "It's only natural," says one Pi Theta, "Girls who drop weights on people's heads become sisters for life."

It all started when some PT's were having a Decker and some roommates shared a mixed drink. The deck was on the third story of their very elegant house, quite

lovely really with wysteria climbing up the sides and Chippendale shutters — the view is absolutely breathtaking — anyway, some very polite gentlemen were making their arrival at the door (which the deck overlooks) when they found it to be locked. As they could not produce an invitation, and as the girls had enjoyed the spectacle for some minutes, the lads were told not to worry, and that an invitation would be sent down right away. Oh, the looks on their faces!

Experienced girls say that it can be a little rough on the hands but that it is well worth the effort. Dex-

terity is not a problem, most any motion gets it flying through the air. Four to as many as six girls may participate, with at least one house officer among them to direct things. As for the victims of the stunt, it is an experience the survivors do not forget for a long time. While some PT's have remarked: "It's something to do," one confided, and we suspect it is the more general case: "I live for the sound of impact in a dense crowd." Interestingly, embroidered booties for the bollards have appeared, as well as several new lawsuits. ≡



Bollard Tossing: Wow, good work girls! Up, up, and away! Twelve people were injured by this hoist, four critically, and it called for a toast to the very handsome paramedics who visited the zany scene.

House Dog Goes to Puppy Heaven

No longer will the halls of the Pi Theta house at SMU be filled with the friendly yips of one special cockapoo. Last weekend, Mittens the house dog, lost his footing on the balcony and plummeted 15 feet to his death as he landed in the concrete fountain located in the house's courtyard. There was nary a dry eye in the house as Pi Theta members grieved over the loss of their beloved puppy. "He was like everybody's favorite pal; it just won't be the same without him scampering around the place, always wagging his cute little tail," remarked Tiffany Oetmun, a junior active. "If there ever was a Pi Theta in canine form it was Mittens. I'll miss him licking my face to wake me up in the morning." "We could never replace him, it just wouldn't be the same with another dog," related Judy Rae Morenger. The entire SMU chapter wants Mittens to know, wherever he is in doggy heaven, that they all love and miss him. Indeed this marks the loss of a great Pi Theta member. (Memorial services were held the following Thursday.) ≡

Tragedy Strikes Ices Team

It is our sad duty to report the death of seven Pi Theta sisters, whose life came to a cold, untimely end last month in a freak accident which involved two angry boyfriends, 10 gallons of lemon-lime syrup, 46 senior citizens, and one beserk snow cone machine.

The sisters died in a characteristically selfless fashion, standing shoulder to shoulder, forming the wall of love which fully protected the elderly citizens from the hail of deadly ice pellets and sharp paper cones which would cut through cashmere sweaters and impale the luckless PT's, killing them instantly.

Want to know all the facts: Okay. Eight sisters from the Omega chapter at our Northwestern House decided to make snow cones for the men and women at the Evanston Home for the Aged on the first Saturday in November. Well, it was quite a cold day, and by the time the girls pushed the snow cone machine to the Home (44 pounds!), all the old folks were cranky and said how it was too cold for snow cones, and how they wanted soup or hot drinks. Of course, the PT's

tried to wear smiles (so thoughtful, so young!) and get the old folk to join in a sing along. ("They were trying to sing us into a sweat for those cones," one oldtimer told this reporter.)

Meanwhile, the boyfriends of two of the gals, who had lugged 10 gallons of lemon-lime syrup from faraway Northbrook, arrived at the Home feeling all sticky and bad, and the girls told the boys that they were sorry, but no syrup would be needed today after all, thank you.

That's when the trouble started. One of the boyfriends suggested that they force the old folks to eat the snow cones, and he dumped all 10 gallons of syrup in the machine at once (this was wrong!) The machine started spraying ice everywhere, and that's when the girls formed the wall of love.

The sole surviving sister, a Miss Melody Harp, says, "Thank God I always wear my pledge pin over my heart, or I would have been a goner too!"

And that's a lesson for all of us!

≡

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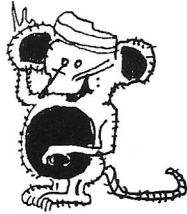
BLOODY MASHED RATUS



GIRLY N HAT AND DRESSUS



BLOODY MASHED GIRLY N DRESSUS



RATUS N HAT US



RATUS N DRESSUS



BLOODY MASHED GIRLY N HAT.

Fig 44

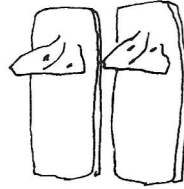
When you fall in love?



DUCKY N FEET N BEAKUS



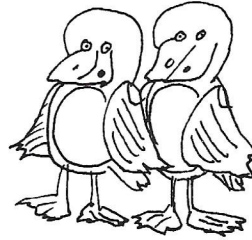
TWINKIES CREME FILLIDUS



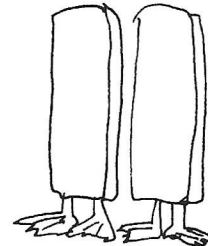
TWINKIES N BEAKUS



DUCKY N TWINKIE



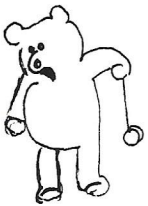
DUCKY CREME FILLIDUS



TWINKIES N FEET

Fig 45

I'll never fall



BEAR N YOYO



CLAIRE N CHAIR



CLAIRE N YOYO



BEAR N CHAIR



CLAIRE LIKE BEAR



BEAR N CLAIRE

Fig 46

In love again.



SHOPPING BAG LADY N COAT FRAYED



DROSOPHILA N WINGS



SHOPPING BAG DROSOPHILA



SHOPPING BAG LADY N WINGS



SHOPPING BAG LADY N ANTENAE



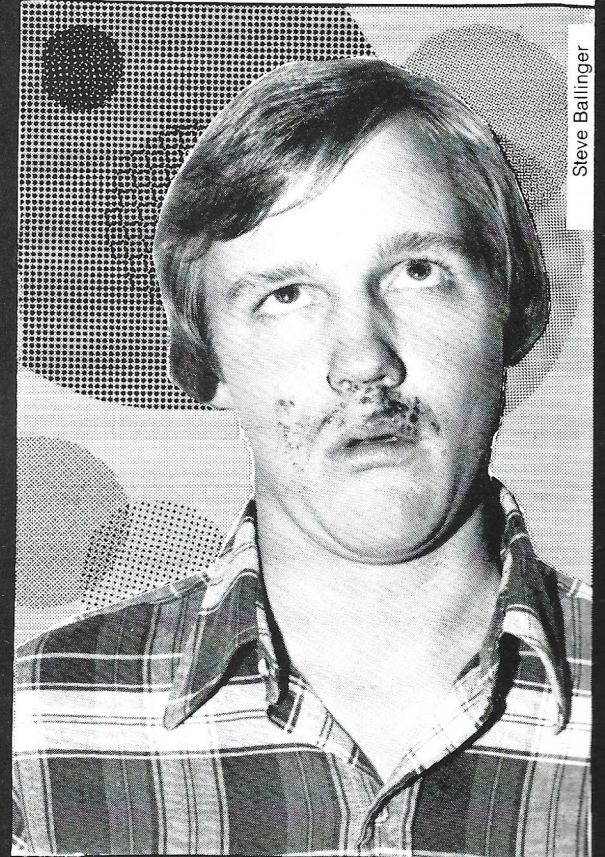
FRAYED DROSOPHILA

Fig 47

nose 'C'ahndy



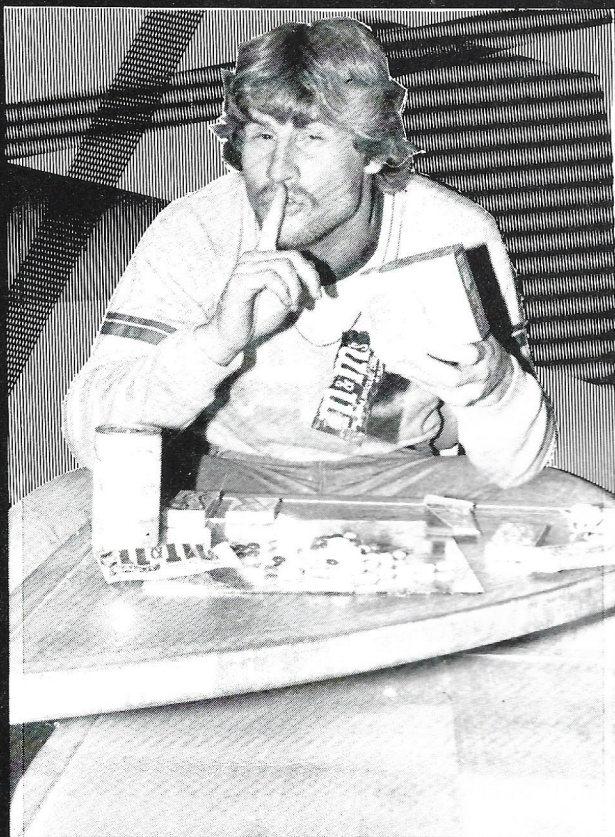
TELLTALE SIGNS...



Steve Ballinger



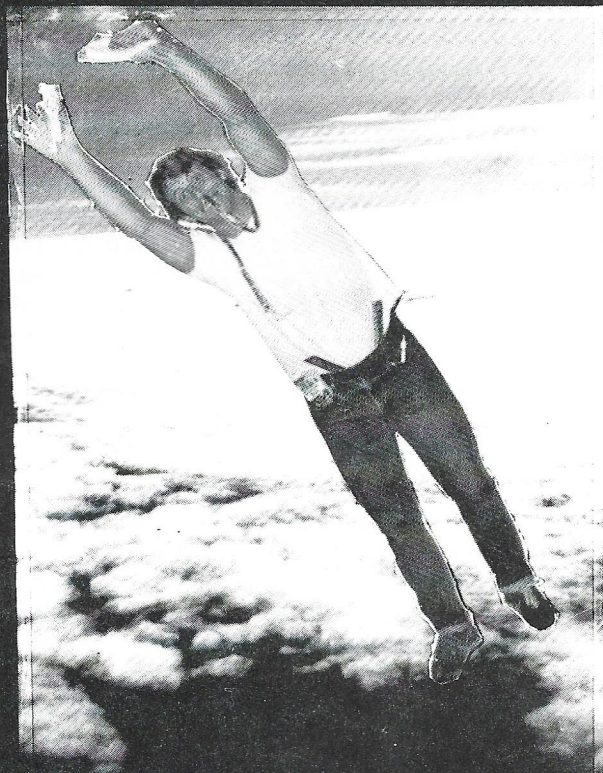
NOTHING LIKE A FEW
"LINES" OF NOSE CAHNDY
TO GET A PARTY OFF
ON THE RIGHT FOOT!



IT GOES FARTHER IF YOU
CUT IT WITH SUGAR!



THE "CAHNDY MAHN"—



NOTES FROM BELOW

I am a sick student . . . a mean student. There's nothing attractive about me. I think there's something wrong with my hormones. I suppose I should take steroids or something, but I haven't. I'd say I refuse medical help just out of contrariness. I don't know who I'm spiting by not going to the infirmary — certainly not the nurses there; the fewer people whom they have to stick thermometers up or get barfed on by, the better, they think. So it would be much more spiteful if I did go and make some sort of mess, but I haven't. I hate doctors. I hate them because they were once pre-meds, and I despise pre-meds, those pseudo-scientists, ambitious money-mongers who try to disguise their disgusting egos by giving people carnations on Valentine's Day. Carnations! Yes, I hate them all, every cut-throat one of them. And that's why I live in the basement of my dorm, with the litter-box, the turnip storage, and the dirty laundry.

The day I arrived at school I was sick, and I've been sick ever since. I discovered my neighbor was a pre-med. And my roommate — Oh, Christ! — she walked into the room and said, "Howdy!" Just like that "Howdy!" I knew from that moment that I was in an intolerable situation. Her hair — it was brushed. And her shoes were new! This was too much for me. I felt dizzy but managed to gather my duffle bags together and shed them in an empty room just off the dining room. I resided there for a short while, but it soon became the midnight hangout of panicked Top Ramen eaters, reading thick Poli-Sci books.

I had decided, too, that I was a schmuck. A louse not

worthy of occupying the sublime, unfurnished barrenness of the little room. I needed to be farther away from those phoney, homy, ugly freshmen, and deserved a habitation no better than a pit. I needed to be below dirt level.

I moved into the basement shortly afterwards, built three walls around me out of philosophy books, and gathered a bunch of love-stunk sheets to bury myself in. I was heavenly miserable.

For years I had been forcing myself to get up at 5:30 in the morning in order to intensify the feeling of futility of getting up at all. It was not hard to awaken that early in my subterranean abode because I had to sleep with my head in a washing machine, which wasn't comfortable. Unfortunately, I had an 8:00 class, so I had only 2½ hours to feel futile. It was a Western Religion class — and it was a seminar. Christ, I loathe seminars. And this one was awful! The professor was nicknamed "God" for starts. He was one of those professors who always wears his crepe shirts and suede vests unbuttoned to show off his chest hair and medallions, and who brags that he never uses notes. But even so, his most distracting characteristic was his very long nose hair. Amazingly, however, every other member of the class had long nose hair too. Even the girls! I was the only jerk in the entire class who didn't have exceptionally long nose hair! I really felt like an outcast.

I'd sit for the whole two hours and turn red because everyone was trying to catch a glimpse of my lack of nose hair, and I'd try to cover my nose with my book or hand, but



then it just looked like I was picking it or something, and they'd really stare. It was awful. God kept giving me condescending looks as if he thought I was really stupid.


I hardly ever talked in that seminar. I couldn't. The words wouldn't come out and my throat would get all dry, and I'd stutter, and when I did get enough courage to bring attention to myself, all the others would drown me out with their trite insights. I was completely ignored (except for my nose, that is). But one time after God quoted the introduction to *Lingerie Model*, he asked, "Okay, what does that remind you of?" Half a dozen bullshitters piped up, "Well, in Plato's *Republic*, Socrates said the similar . . ." But God interrupted, pointed to me, and said, "What do you have to say about this, Boy?" I had to say something, and I was sick of all of those unimaginative ass-kissers relating everything to Plato, so I said, "Parmenides! Oh Parmenides! Alas, have they forgotten you? Why is it that all of you groveling swine relate everything to Plato when it is the ideas of noble Parmenides that are relevant? Parmenides was the true philosopher. Plato was just an old fart plagiarizer who gets credit for Parmenides' accomplishments. It was Parmenides who created the rift between West and East. He was the first to refute the mysticism of Hericlitus. Parmenides spoke true knowledge — not like Plato's frills. Just like you knavish welps who listen to that Romantic, classical bourgeois, shall I say, music, geared to the uneducated, unappreciative middle class, when the true music is from the Baroque, the Renaissance, the, the . . ." My mouth was frothing, my eyes rolling. I was totally out of control. I was striking the table with my fist and my fist with my head. I drooled profusely from both corners of my lips, and

my fingernails dug into my face. But God had already pointed to someone else who was reading a passage from *The Symposium*.

They hadn't even listened to me. They talked as if they heard nothing, and I was totally humiliated. Nothing. They heard nothing. It wasn't even me to whom God had pointed. The humiliation I felt! I would not let them go unpunished. I'd get God back if it made my hands bloody and my mind lunatic. I would get him back.

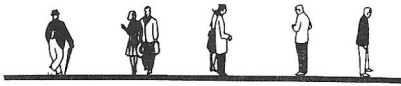
My first paper was due. I could do it now. I could get my revenge. And I would. God would pay attention to me! He wouldn't ignore me! I'd force him to look at what I said.

For weeks I debated feverishly with myself about whether to do it or not. But I did it. In my paper, I compared the Christian God to Plato's trite Forms, just like the rest of the class. But I could not bear to honor Plato as did the others. So to demonstrate the absurdity, the absolute stupidity, of this comparison, I — yes, at last my revenge — I spelled "God" in lower case letters — and backwards! And my triumph was beyond my expectations; not only did he notice — which would have been an adequate victory — but he even commented, "Interesting comparison." I was ecstatic! I had won, even though I had to fish my paper out of the trash after class because he didn't see me raise my hand to claim it. For once I wasn't ignored. For a moment I was at least an insect which bit God between his eyes and made him scribble a few words on my paper.

I was content, and I happily slithered back into the smelly clutter of my underground pit. 



We'd like to thank the people at Letraset, USA for their generous contribution of materials helping to make this issue possible.

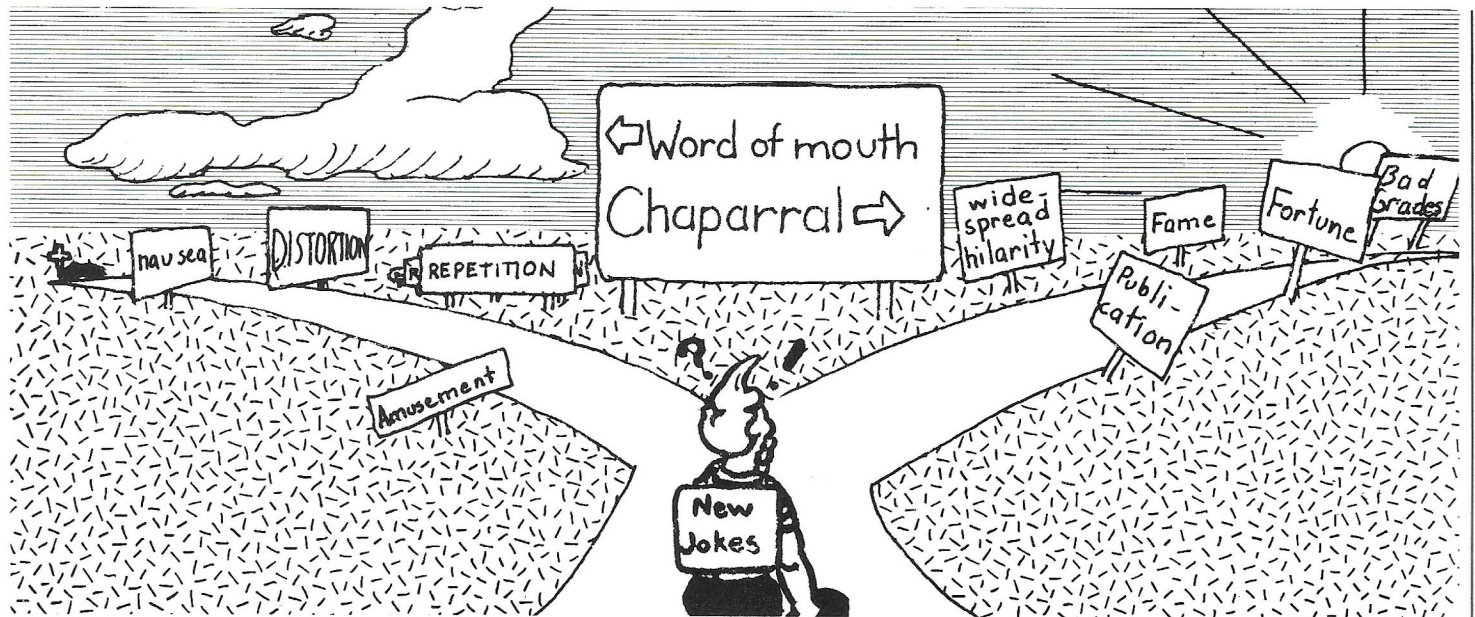


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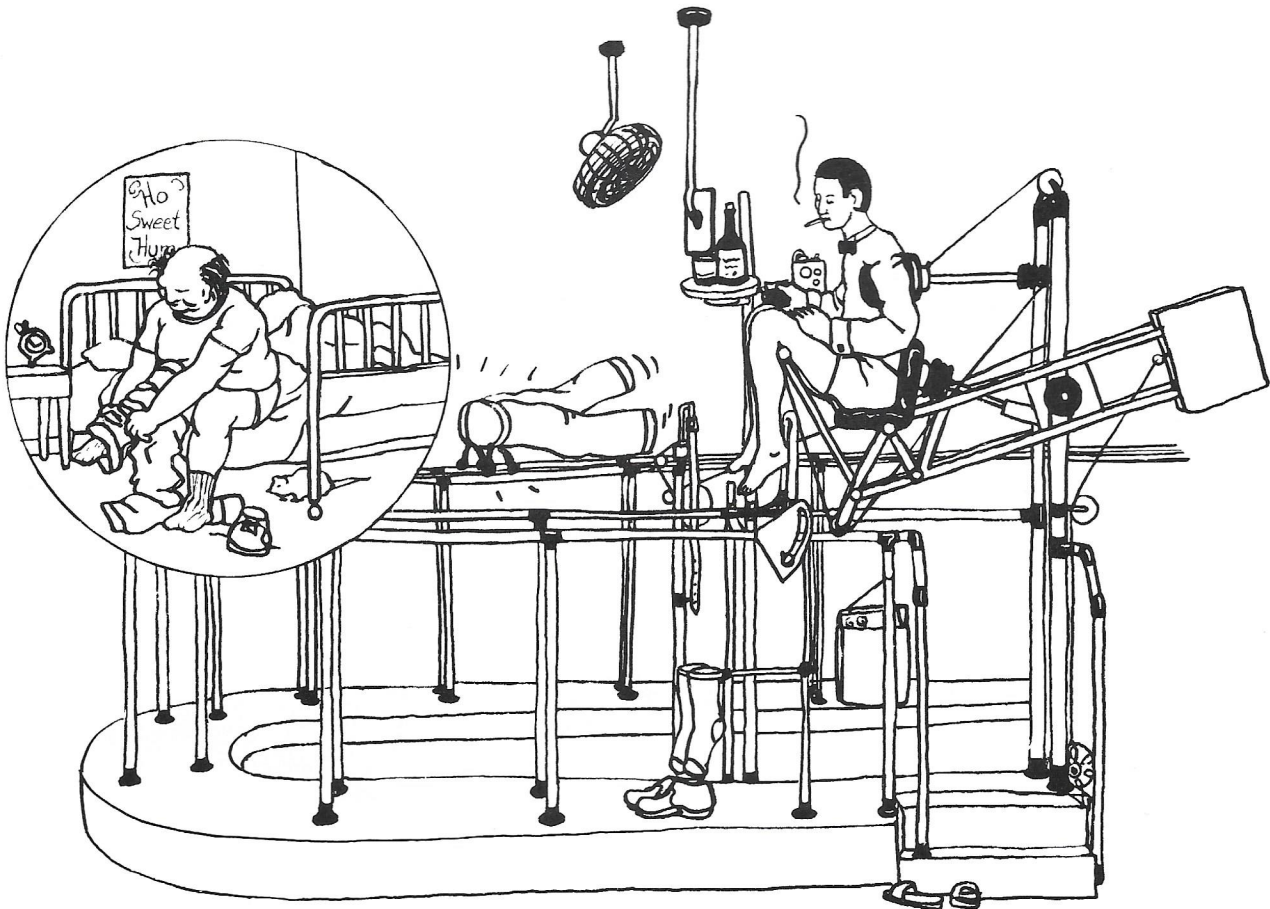
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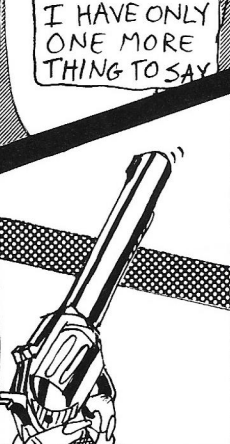
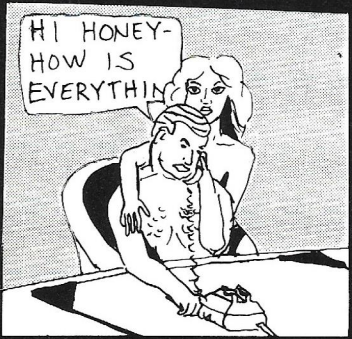
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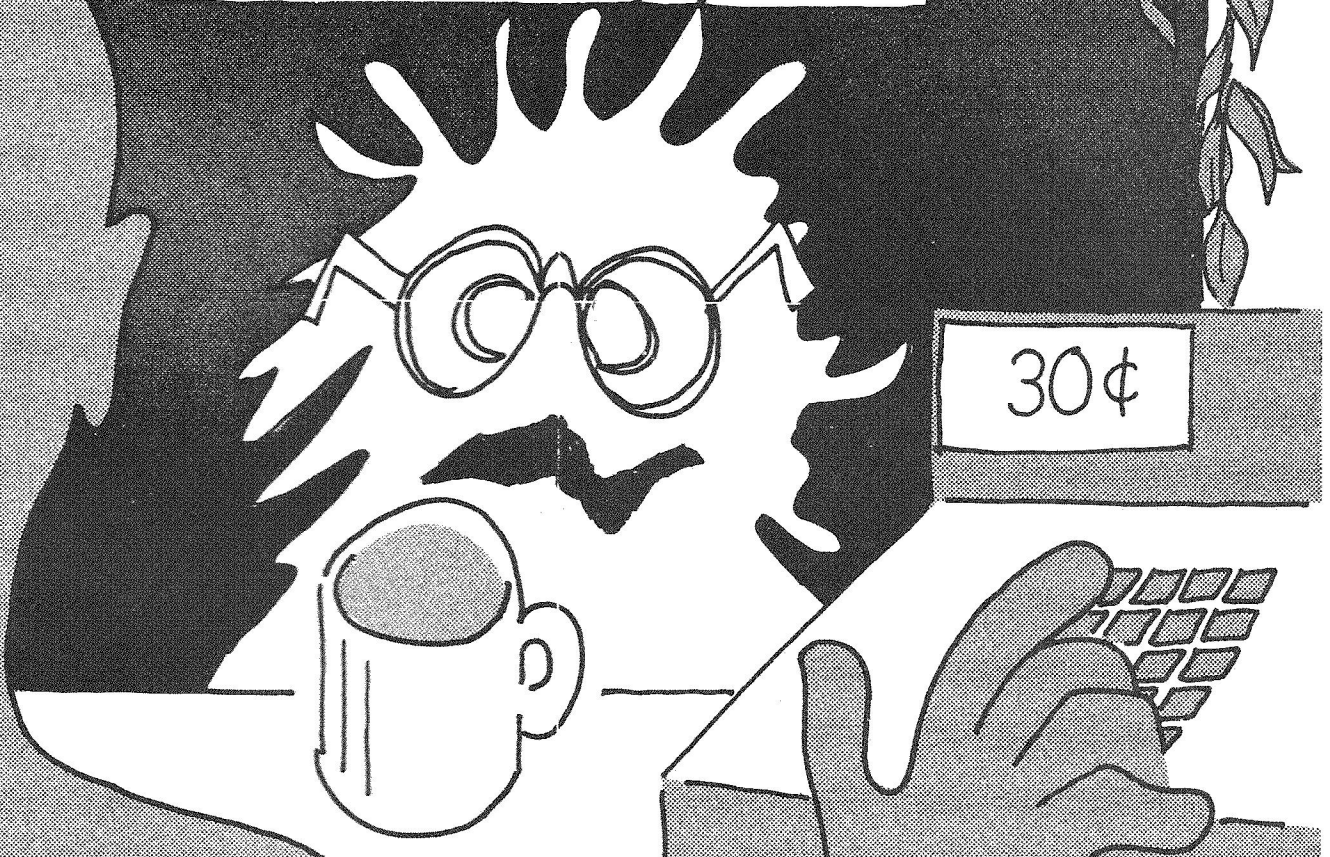
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