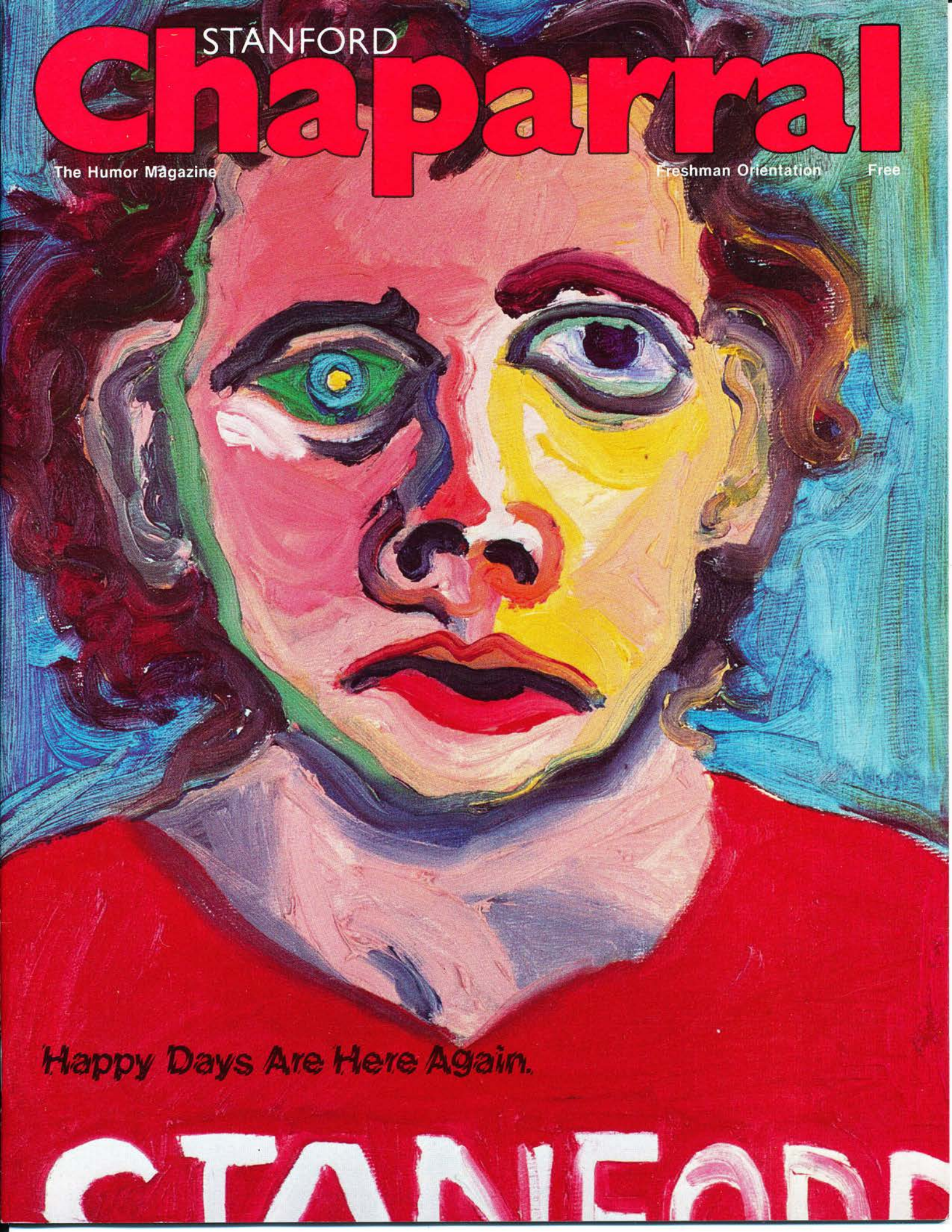


# STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Freshman Orientation

Free

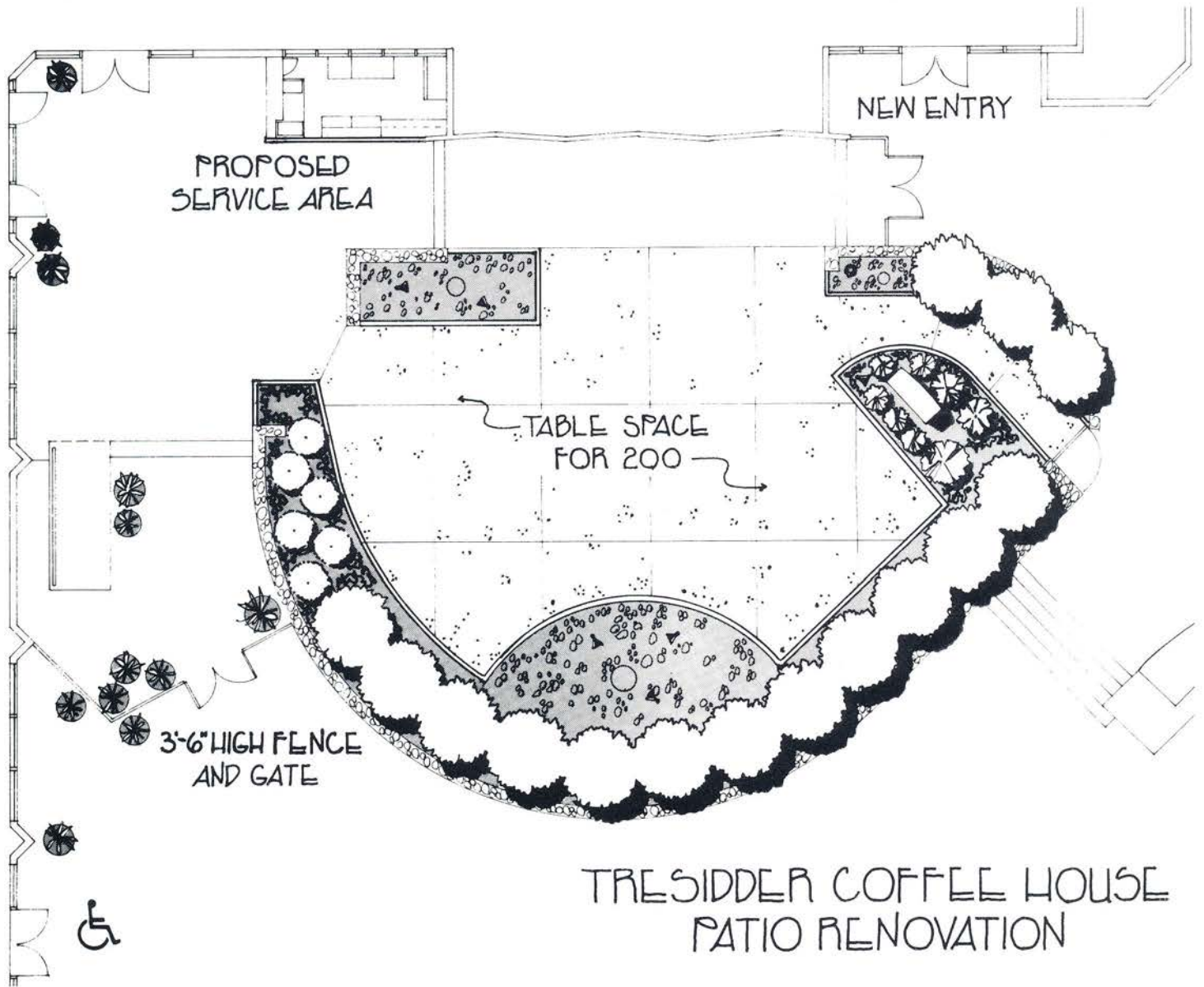


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# Chaparral

Volume 84, Number 1/September 1982

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# 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

### Dead Ed

Chris Walters '83

### Artiste

Ann Beeder '83

### Photomat

Warren Habib '85

### Old Fart

Doug Steiner '82

### John

"John" Halamka

John Halamka '84

### Biz End

Vinnie Freda '84

### Handouts

Rob Call '84

### Flicks

Todd Davies '84

### Bagman

Dave Dodson '83

### U.S. Blues

Bob Karr '84

Kirk Bleed '83

### Ham & Coffee

Kathy Greene '84

Trey Ellis '84

### Hammer & Coffin

Steve Ballinger '82

Eleanor Meltzer '83

Leslie Leland '81

Perry Vasquez '82

Al X'??

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

## REFLECTIONS

### Editorial

Wiley Bartholomew

Jim Bowman

Jason Cole

Kitty Donohue

Gary Ferries

Rob Finkelstein

Joel Fried

Brian Jans

John Kosner

Chuck Mariklyo

Tom Maliska

Elliott Sherr

Becky Smith

Lisa Smith

### Photography

Howell Hsiao

Chris Lyke

Erika Scheimer

### Graphics

Sheila Duignan

Mike Duncan

Ron Fernandez

Victoria Freeman

Linda Gass

Kerin Lifland

Brian Nelson

Elizabeth Underwood

Toby Weaver

## now that

my report has been fully reviewed by Chemcorp Interstat, I thought it appropriate to provide a basic summary of the case history for those who have not yet been able to scan the entire file. The subject, Morton Forklift, was chosen to receive the Corporation's full four year scholarship in recognition of his grand prize winning

entry in our annual high school science competition, "Thermonuclear Detonator Repair: Career Opportunities for the 80's." Forklift's project showed originality, initiative, and a willingness to work with volatile plastic explosives. Chemcorp awarded subject not only the basic grant, but indeed agreed to underwrite in full all resultant damages to the school gymnasium. Forklift entered Stanford in Fall of '82, pre-declaring a combined Electrical Engineering-Volatile Explosives major.

In Spring of '82, Forklift dropped EE-VE for Public

Policy, joined the Undergraduate Creative Writing Club, and took five units of beginning sailing. Thereafter, his sophomore year was a complete embarrassment to the Corporation. Subject stopped out of school, signing away that year's grant money to an indigent East Palo Alto family with twelve children. Recovery of those funds through legal channels took over two days and generated a great deal of negative publicity for the company in the local college press. In November of that year, Forklift spearheaded a petition drive to shut down Chemcorp's





Daly City Industrial Sludge Reprocessing Plant, contending that "it's bad and does bad things," probably referring to the 1.7 million tons of sulphuric acid dumped into the bay each week by the factory. Although the petition garnered over thirty thousand signatures, no action, of course, was taken by Bob, Jim, or any of the other boys on the city council.


Forklift reentered school in '84 and immediately formed and chaired the Stanford Alliance for Environmental Responsibility, whose sole target was again the Corporation's dump. An Alliance sit-in effectively managed to shut down operations at the Daly City plant for three days in November that year, after which upper management reluctantly agreed to relocate across the bay.

Forklift's senior honors thesis, "Editorial Reaction to Corporate Chicanery," was based entirely upon a series of opinion pieces he himself wrote for such widely read publications as the *Peninsula Times-Tribune*, *The Stanford Daily*, and *Cycle World*, all concerning Chemcorp's Tax Writeoff Program over the period 1978-83. These editorials led the Internal Revenue Service to immediately cancel its investigatory study of the Corporation's Tahiti-based Beachfront Renewal Project.

Subject graduated in Spring of

'86, having completed his curriculum in only three years. Entry into law school was delayed, however, upon extension of his Environmental Protection Agency summer internship into a full time staff investigative position. His testimony before the Senate Land Management Committee in winter of '87 was a decisive factor in their temporary refusal to grant ocean dump rights to Chemcorp's Santa Barbara Plutonium Regeneration plant.

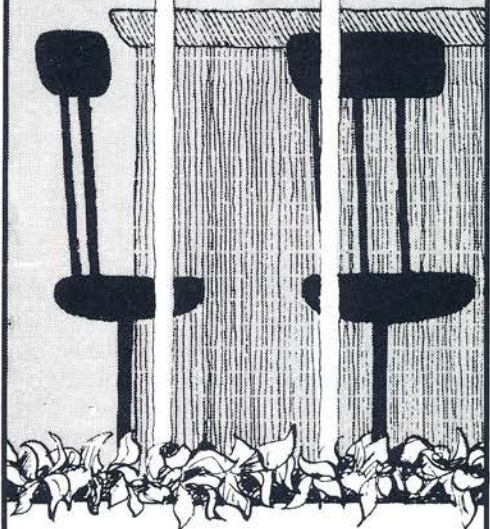
Subject transferred to Federal Trade Commission in Summer of '89, where he began proceedings to divest Chemcorp Dairies of its germ warfare division, under auspices of conflict of interest and "bad badness." Forklift's actions might have spelled trouble for the Corporation if not for the 1985 Random Powers Act, which provides coverage in just such situations.

Forklift was dismissed after the 1990 federal budget cuts. Since then he has wandered from job to job, each time being fired for his confrontory stance toward customers and his refusal to accept tips. The Corporation, therefore, finds itself in a rather unique position. In this investigator's opinion, subject's attitude, single-minded devotion, and past record make his application for promotional director of Chemcorp's bubble gum card division exceedingly viable. Hire this man. 

# HENRY'S

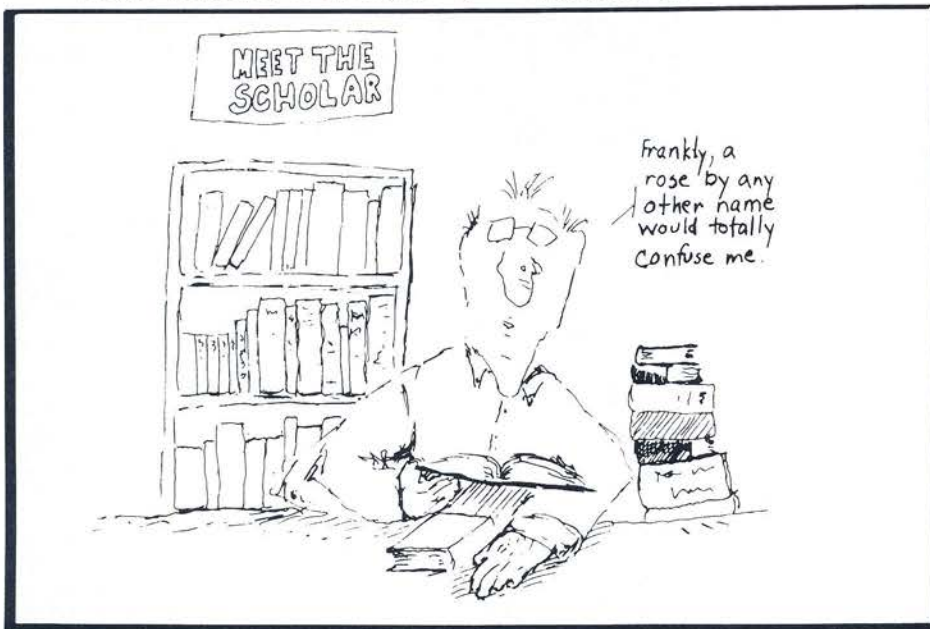
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lunch  
from 11:30

dinner  
from 5:30



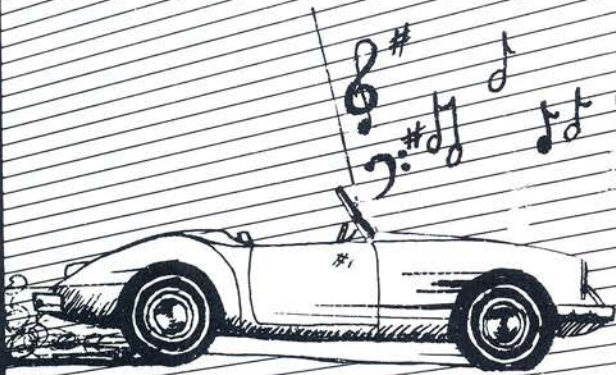


" OUR BASIC GOAL HERE  
AT PROGRESS UNIVERSITY  
IS TO TEACH TEACHERS TO  
TEACH TEACHERS TO TEACH  
TEACHERS TO TEACH  
TEACHERS TO TEACH TE..."



GARY ANDREWS

# CAMPUS SHELL



CLASSICAL GAS at  
715 Serra, at Campus  
328-7851

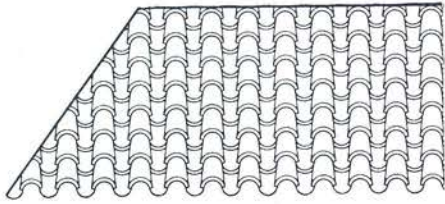
Foreign and Domestic Service and Repair  
Shell Tires and Batteries

326-6552  
DOMINO'S PIZZA

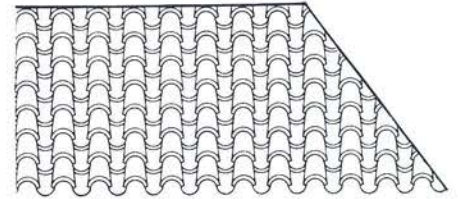


240-B Cambridge  
Palo Alto, CA





# LELAND'S LEXICON



**AND COFFIN SOCIETY, HAMMER** — A fun-loving group, just trying to put out the best damn magazine possible.

**ASSU** — Oriental pronunciation for "asshole."

**THE CLAW** — Disrespectful nickname for a Stanford student with an artificial limb.

**CRO MEM** — A stage of man's prehistoric development discovered by Stanford anthropologists. It occurred somewhere between the Paleolithic period and Toyon Hall.

**DINK** — See Hoover's Last Erection.

**THE FARM** — Affectionate nickname for Roth house.

**FLO MO** — Wife of one of the Three Stooges.

**F,J&L's** — Abbreviation for Eff, Jay and Ell's.

**FROST** — Cute nickname for the annual "Frosh Roast," where hundreds of freshmen are roasted over spits at the Frost amphitheatre.

**HARVARD OF THE EAST** — Nickname for Yale.

**HO MO** — Dorm known for its Eating Clubs.

**HOOVER'S LAST ERECTION** — See SLAC.

**HOUSING DRAW** — Where even freshman males can get screwed.

**MAPLES PAVILION** — "Good on pancakes," says clever unbiased Daily restaurant reviewer.

**MEYER STACKS** — The Jew who runs The Store, which strives to maintain a diverse assortment of noncompetitive prices.

**LAG** — The time between graduation and employment, usually about 10 months.



**MEM CHU** — South Vietnamese boatperson who last year landed on the shores of Lake Lagunita to much celebration.

**NO MO** — Decent on-campus housing.

**PALM DRIVE** — Masturbatory method popular in Branner Hall.

**PHYSICS TANK** — Oxygen, necessary if you enroll in a physics class, since most students are of the race that doesn't bathe frequently even though they own lots of laundries if you know what I mean.

**THE REAL NEWS** — Don't see The Stanford Daily.

**ROBBER BARON** — If you don't know by now, your tuition's been wasted.

**THE ROW** — Mem Chu's long journey from Asian homeland to sparkling shores of Stanford.

**SLAC** — Four inches.

**STANFORD DAILY** — Published as an alternative to The Arena, Alex Danel once urinated on the window of their sports office.

**SUNDAY FLICKS** — Hangout for local losers and Palo Alto high schoolers. If you've seen the film already, come anyway, if only to view a grainy print in uncomfortably crowded quarters.

**SWOPSI** — Cute nickname for the quarterly book exchange.

**THEME HOUSES** — Wilbur and Stern Halls and Manzanita Park have been designated as the Eat Shit, Law of Supply and Demand theme houses again this year.

**UJAMAA** — African sleepwear.

**WHITE PLAZA** — Meeting place for white people.



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# I Don't Know

by AL X



Believe me, I don't know. I've been here at Stanford and a few other places too and by now I have seen or done a few things. When I speak people hear. I am the kind of person that really stands out among lesser men; if you met me on the street you might come away with a strong positive impression like "he smells clean and fresh."

I'm an average guy with average experiences. I reach some great highs and lows which are certainly worth communicating. But so does everyone.


One of the things I don't know is what the sixties was all about. It had something to do with Life Magazine making knowledge available to illiterates. I don't know why people are heard to compare things today with yesterday. It isn't as though people aren't doing drugs and making love and being oppressed by government today. I don't know.

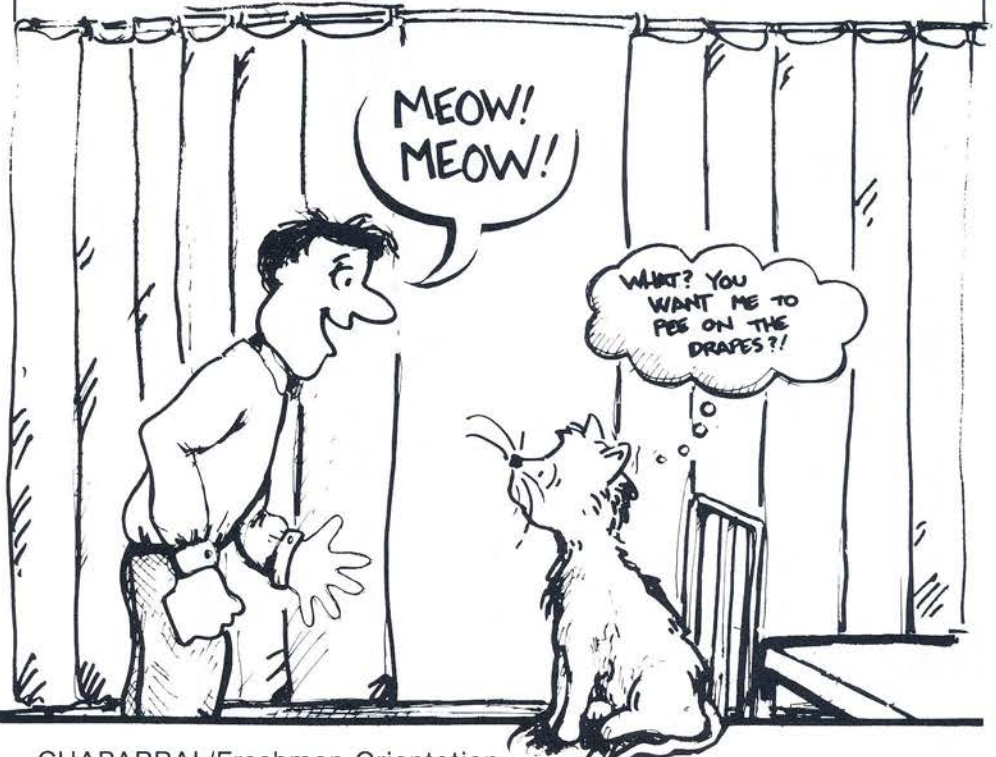
Who's the president now anyways? Who cares.

I have no fears about a working class movement sweeping in com-

munism. When was the last time you saw someone working? I mean other than with paper. What I fear is the paper-pushing class revolting. "Any increase in pay rates must be accompanied by a parallel decrease in productivity." I don't know.

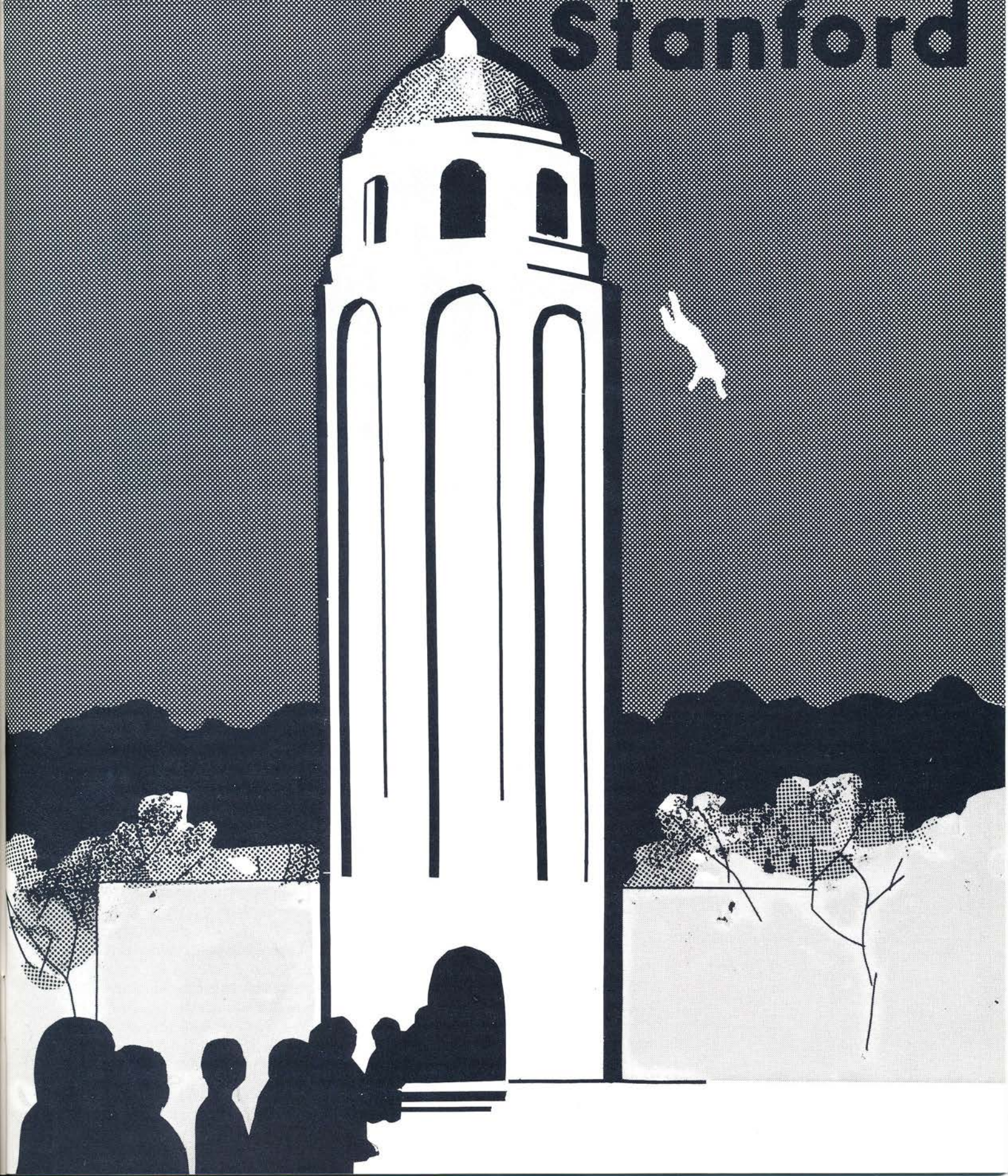
An important thing to do in this life is to set up your priorities. I don't know mine. People who are ignorant about this sort of thing join a religion and adopt their priorities from the religion. It is very important to not eat pork, not eat meat on Friday, and to face Mecca at the appropriate times. But if you find yourself already having a set of priorities it is important to question. Like once you accept a job right away question whether you maybe shouldn't be doing something with more of a future. Or when you have to study for a big exam, that's the time for worrying about that letter home you have to send.

But forget your priorities and listen to this. We are all gathered here together. "So what," you say. "So nothing," I reply. I don't know. 

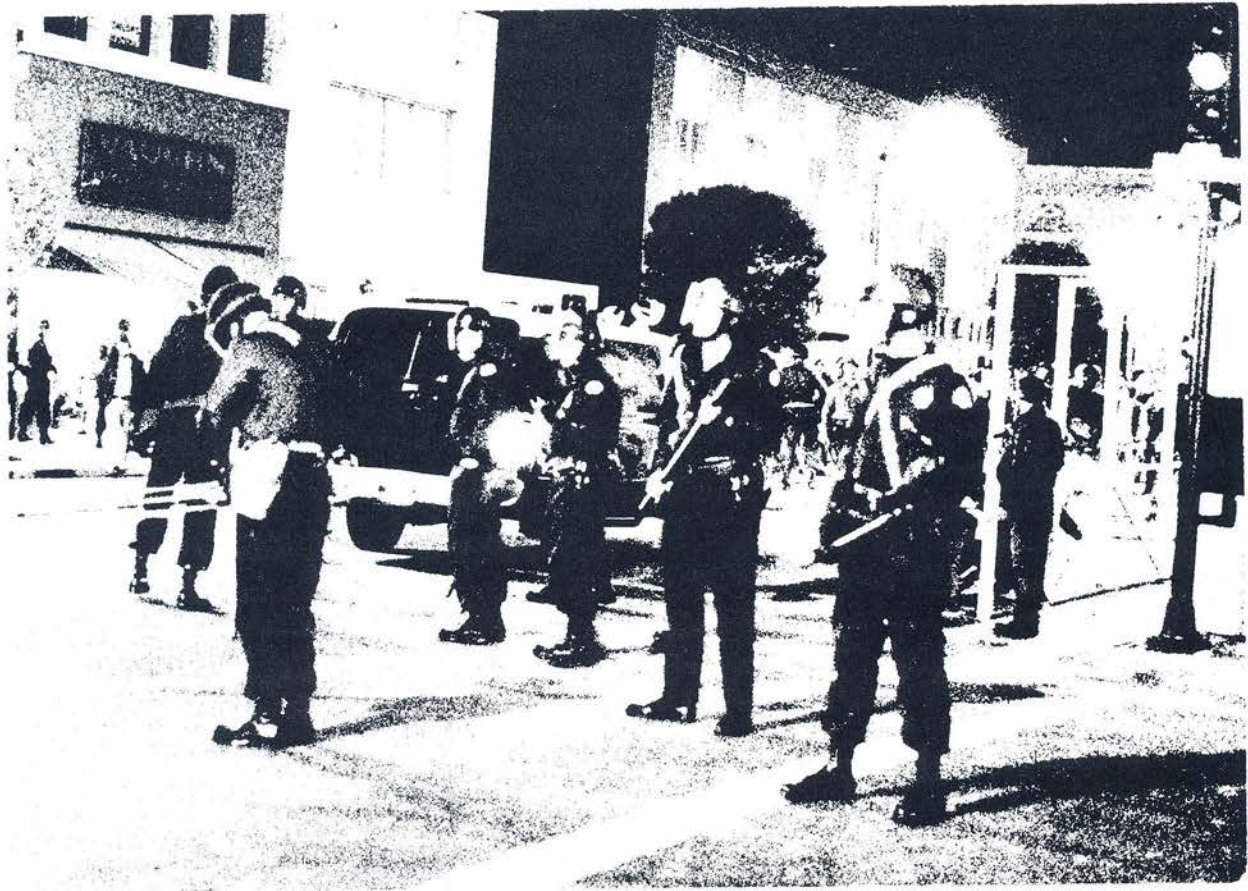




# Reproaching Stanford







## *Welcome to the Farm*

*"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."*

*"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."*

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

*"Don't count on having sex."*



## Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

*"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."*

*"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."*

*"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."*

## Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

*"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."*

*"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."*



*"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."*



## *Suicide*

*"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."*

*"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."*

*"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."*

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.





*"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."*

## *The Bay Area*

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

*"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."*

*"The Chaparral, yeah!"*

*"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."*

## *Extracurriculars*

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

Chappies are: Chris Walters, Vinnie Freda, Todd Davies, Ann Beeder, Warren Habib, Trey Ellis, Eleanor Meltzer, Rob Call, Kathy Green, John Halamka, Jeff Lange, Steve Ballinger, Kirk Bloede, Jason Cole, Bob Karr, Kitty Donohue, Bob Finkelstein, Joel Fried, Brian Jans, John Kosner, Chuck Mariklyo, Elliot Sherr, Lisa Smith, Howell Hsiao, Chris Lyke, Perry Vasquez, Sheila Duignan, Mike Duncan, Ron Fernandez, Victoria Freeman, Linda Gass, Kerin Lifland, Brian Nelson, Zil Underwood, and Toby.

*"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."*

*"The Daily? P.U. I stick with the Chappie."*



**BUBBLE  
CRISIS**  
presents  
**"JACK"  
IN  
COLLEGE**





**NOT AGAIN!**

HOOCHY  
KOOCHY  
ABBLE  
GLOBBLE  
YERBLE  
SPLUTFUB!

**HOW BORING**

5-months-old Joel is a mighty lucky little fellow. 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 20 inches	At 5 months 20 inches
At birth 10 pounds	At 5 months 10 pounds
At birth 2 months	At 5 months 2 months

JEEZUS!  
YOU'RE  
SUCH A  
TARD, JACK.

WE R JANE NORMAL  
808 DAVIS L.A.  
YOGARTOWN W.A.

TALK ABOUT  
DEJA VU...

JACK?  
ARE YOU  
IN THERE?  
SNIF

TAP  
TAP

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

VROOOOOOM

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"

perry vasquez



**City Feet**

**Improve  
your city and highway  
mileage.**

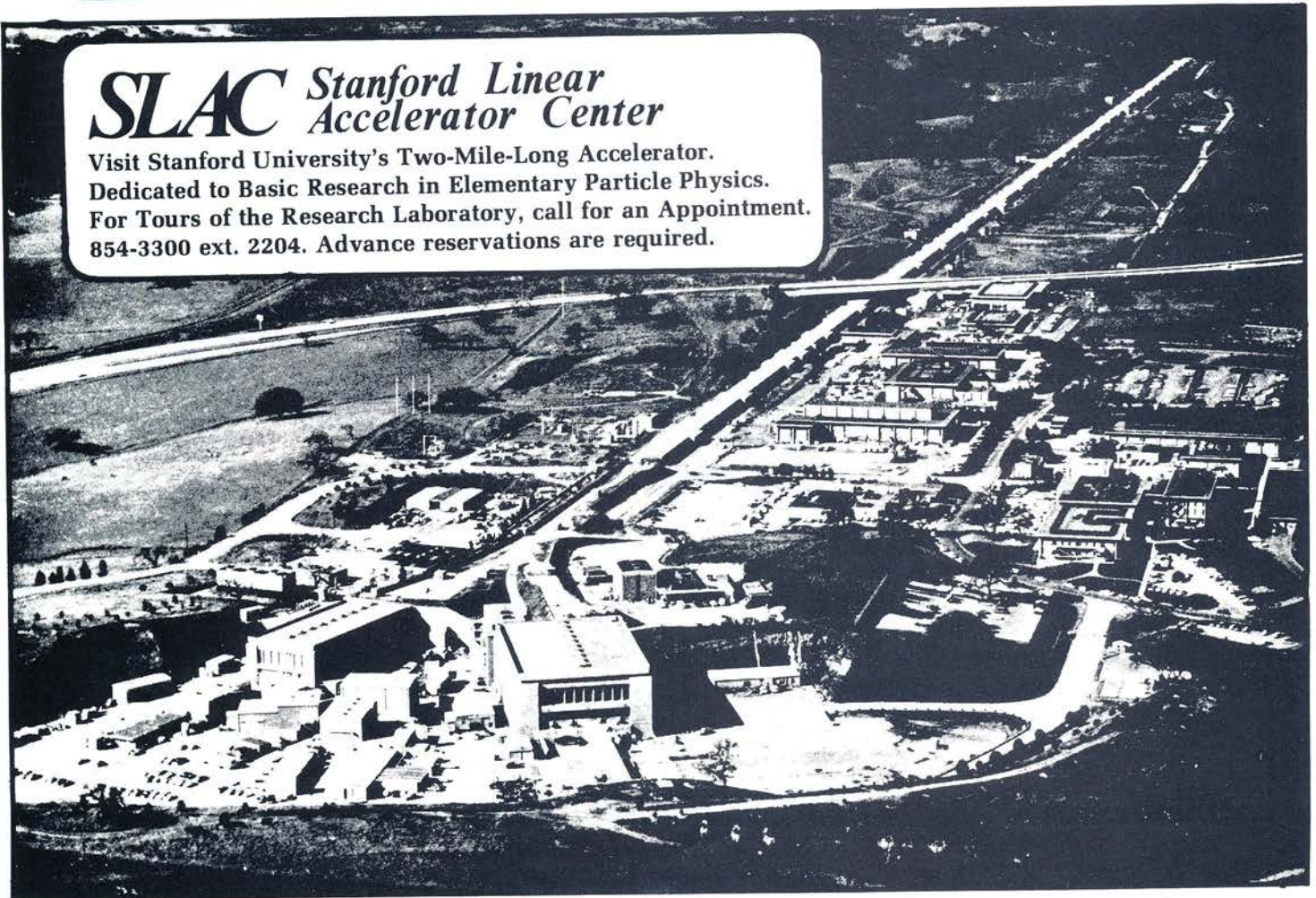
**CITY FEET**  
**500 UNIVERSITY AVE.**  
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Folks today say horses were more reliable and got better mileage than cars. But in the Old West, they had transportation even more reliable and economical than horses: Frye boots. And because Frye boots are still benchcrafted the same way today, you get that same Frye reliability and quality. So improve your mileage and travel in style. In Frye boots.

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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

**Salary per annum:**

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\$3,000 - \$10,000

\$10,000 - \$30,000

\$30,000 - \$50,000

\$50,000 - \$400,000

**Directions:**

Rip with hands and connect with twist-ties.

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

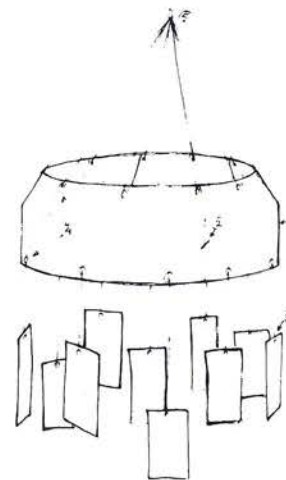
Have daughter steal scissors from her inferior public school.

*Dire hija a llevar los scissors a la escuela publica.*

Invest in scissors and pay son 25 cents to assemble.

Send memo to administrative assistant.

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





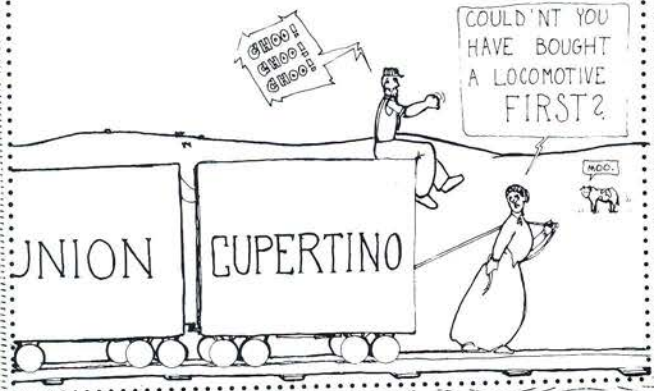
LELAND IS PROUD TO BE BORN IN AMERICA...



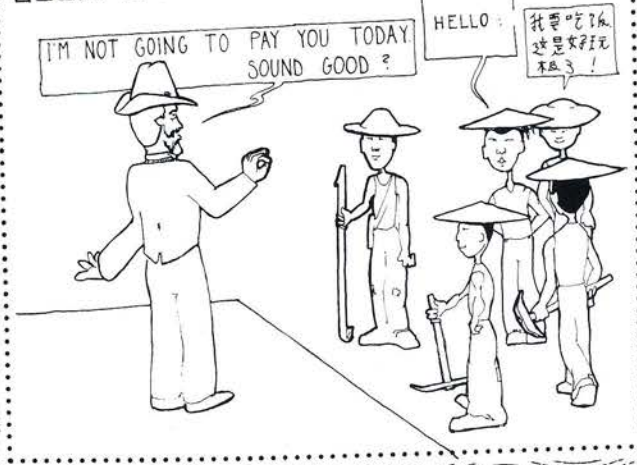
AND IN A SMALL GENERAL STORE IN PENNSYLVANIA...



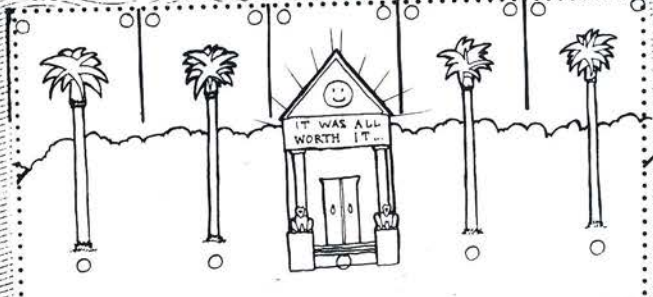
LELAND BUYS A RAILROAD...



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# TRUE SECTION

## True Facts

Melvin Ward, a Salt Lake City socket wrench repairman, told reporters that while driving to work one morning "a strange, pulsating red light appeared before me." Disregarding the portent, Ward continued his journey until his car exploded, killing him.

The Louisiana Institute for Educational Studies has made a remarkable discovery: people are getting dumber. "It's amazing," says spokesman Larry Tarsoot. "Our longitudinal study on intelligence patterns, now in its seventieth year, has brought to light the fact that people just aren't as smart as they used to be. Subjects can't seem to retain information anymore, and tend to take more interest in, say, old Benny Goodman tunes than in important world events. I just don't know what to make of it."

Hank Fleapacker, an Arizona Hermit, hasn't seen or spoken to another human in over twenty years. "It's not that bad," Fleapacker says, "there's lots of time to sit and think, without having others around to distract you."

At the 17th Annual Hold Your Breath For an Extremely Long Time Contest in Freno, the reigning champion, Floyd Porkput, feels confident about another victory. "I've been holding it in for over 20 minutes now," he calmly asserts, "and I'm not about to take another breath until

every single last contender either gives up or passes out. They don't call me the champ for nothing, you know. Yup, I'm a shoe-in, all right."

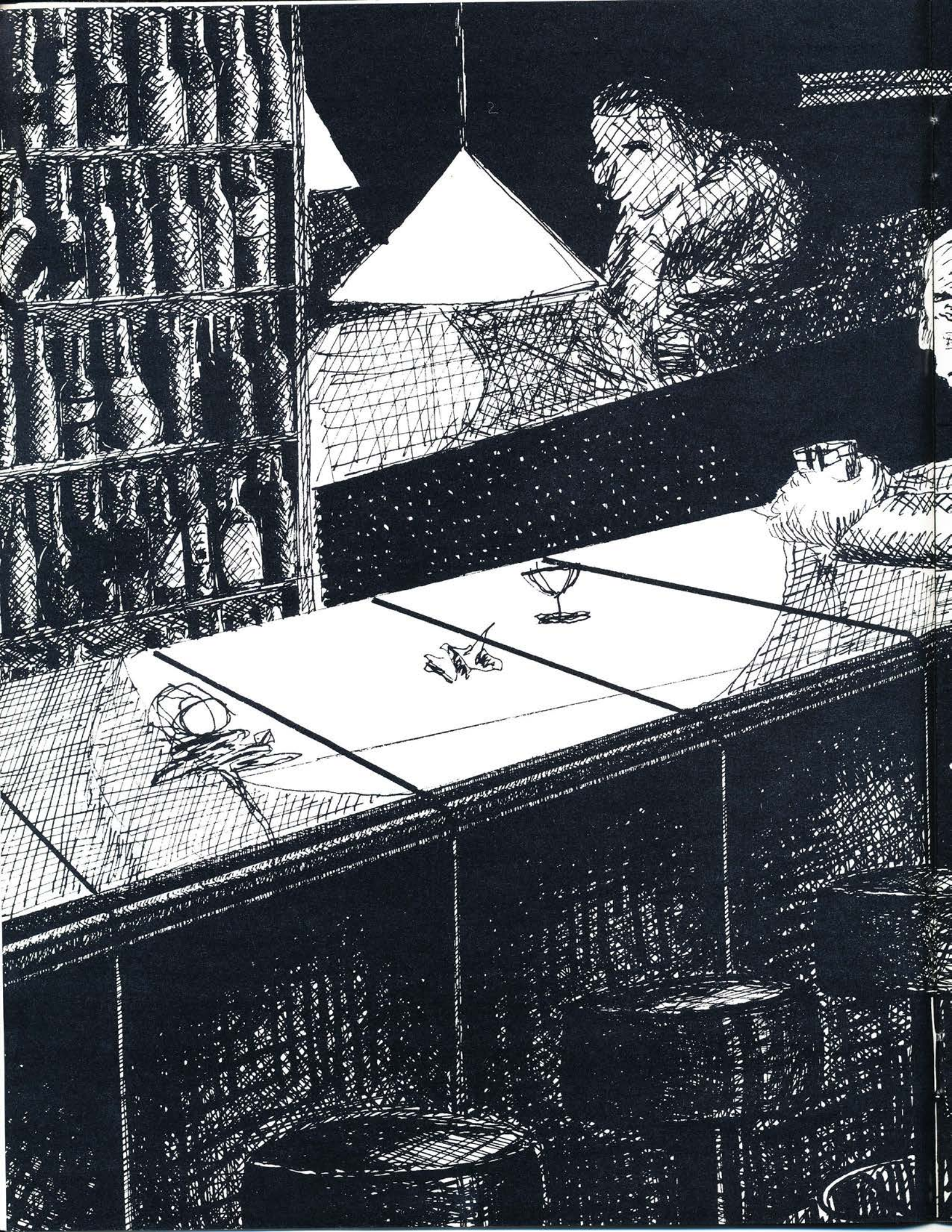
The Defense department has incurred huge deficits in its B-17 manned bomber scheme over the last six years, according to an unnamed department source. "Classified statistics show that the project is in the red to the tune of 1.7 billion dollars," said the source. "Hey, you won't print my name, will you? Great! Then I'd just like to say that my boss is a real tard, and that my wife is about the ugliest cow I've ever seen. That's why I'm cheating on her with a 16 year old. How do you like that, Dor-, oops, I almost said it. Hah, hah, hah..." Reporters are petitioning the Pentagon to release their files on the project in order to verify the undersecretary's claims.

Sects Axe, a number one heavy-metal band from Sacramento, has not always commanded the popular following that they claim today. "When we started out," lead singer Percy Grip trills, "absolutely nobody would ever come to see us play. The halls were always completely empty. I suppose our sound just hadn't really developed yet." In fact, critics agree that the Axe put on some of their best shows back then, before they fell prey to the crass commercialism of today's music industry.

Congressman Simon Holstein stands accused of slandering the *True Facts* column in a speech to the National Press Club on January 27th. Holstein reportedly called the editors "cheap sensationalists who print nothing but garbage." Holstein, a New York jewboy, is guilty. His case goes on trial Monday.











# BENT OVER BACKWARDS

**F**rankie Parker, ex bell-hop for the Night Riders Hotel in Seattle, Washington, stood heavy in line before the chalk white barracks while the officer in charge briefed the new soldiers. Frankie had made big plans of protecting his country from the trigger end of an M 16 up until the officers nose was an inch away from his own and his hardened hand was resting on the soft folds of Frankie's huge belly.

"We'll have you trimmed up in no time," the officer sneered, his rancid breath and bright silver medals closing in on Frankie's tender skin. He dug a thick thumb into Frankie's side, chuckling.

"No way," said Frankie. He rather enjoyed poking his fingers deep into the soft jelly around his midsection and he could sit for hours in front of the television with his hands tucked neatly out of sight. "No way," Frankie said.



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again to the general amusement of the officers gathered. He wasn't budging an inch.

"Oh yes, Oh yes," said the army. They weren't budging either. Poor Frankie.

**T**ed McGuire sits on the edge of an uncomfortable black leather sofa, eating a beer. It's been days now — maybe weeks — still without a word. Finally, a little man bursts through the oak doors of the shambles Ted likes to call his home.

"What did you get for me, kid?" snaps McGuire at the little man who keeps shaking his head.

"Best he could do boss. Really, Mr. McGuire, really."

"Well out with it, dammit, out with it! And quit shakin' that head of yours, will you?"

"Best he could give you, boss: Fourteen, with a possible sixty-forty split goin' either way down the line. We'll have 'em by the balls if it ever goes five to one and if she back-doors on us, why... we got Lucky Princess backin' her up if she'll hold. Said it's the best he could do." The little man is shaking all over now, his thin black socks down low on his ankles.

"Tell him he can shove it up his ass." Ted McGuire says. Ted McGuire doesn't deal on conditionals. "And call next time," he screams after the little man, now down the street, still shaking his head.

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**S**o he saved his fat and went AWOL and a year and a half later he found himself shaved, clean, and hauling luggage for tips back at the Night Riders Hotel. He'd had enough of hiding out in crumpled basements in houses that had no windows or in Southern Pacific railroad cars that had no wheels. The army wasn't really after Frankie but he liked to think so. He let the hair on his face grow out and around his newly purchased sunglasses, and he did most of his travelling in the small, grey hours of the morning. Adventurous as it may have been for Frankie, he soon tired of the game. In a world like Frankie's, it wasn't easy being romantic. So either from a loss of dignity or a lack of food or perhaps a combination of the two, he showed up on his knees back at the Hotel, begging for his job back, his boss chuckling behind his huge desk. Now, as before, rich skinny cowboys call him "Frankie-boy" as they shove their baggage his way, and if Frankie is lucky they flip him a quarter or two just before the door closes, leaving Frankie alone in a hall of red carpet that has begun to grow up the sides of the wall.

"It's a tough guy's world, Frankie-boy," one slick rancher had said. He had a fancy hat on his head and an even fancier dame on his side who giggled loudly after every sip of her beer. "Why don't you just step out of the race, huh, Frankie-boy?"

Frankie blushed and wanted to stare at the woman and at the tight slit in her green silk dress, but the man had poked a crisp dollar bill into his fleshy cheek, and his eyes watered over as the door clicked shut.



**T**he bar was packed when Ted McGuire entered, a sheep-skin coat stretched over his big back. It fit well. A little too well.

"What'll you have, McGuire?"

"Why don't you decide. You're the bartender."

McGuire liked to keep his bartenders honest.

The bartender, a big man, put both his huge forearms on the bar opposite McGuire and leaned in on him.

McGuire felt a hot pulse of sweat break out from under his coat. He'd seen this big man somewhere before. On the oil rig in North Dakota? A picture in a book? Diving for mussels off the Southern California coast? Or perhaps here, behind this same bar, twenty, maybe thirty years back.

"Whiskey," McGuire said.

"What?"

"Whiskey, dammit, whiskey!"

The bartender didn't respond. He just reached out a big hand and placed it behind McGuire's neck and pulled him real close until the edge of the bar was digging into McGuire's rib cage. "I'm really sorry, McGuire, but I can't hear too well because of all this racket goin' on in the bar."

"Well I'm sorry too," McGuire said, but the bartender's big hand was still pulling at the back of his neck and the edge of the bar digging into his stomach made it very difficult to breath. The bartender stared into McGuire's eyes and then slowly eased him back into his stool. Both men were silent for a long time, listening to the noise.

"The bar has changed a little bit, hasn't it, Smittie?" McGuire finally said.

"You've changed a little too, haven't you, Ted?"

"Maybe, Smittie, maybe so."

The bartender reached for a glass and placed it and a bottle of whiskey on the bar in front of McGuire.

"I'll buy the first one," the big bartender said.

**F**rankie Parker had been rather heavy all his life.

That's why when Mrs. Tolledge, his fifth grade teacher asked for a volunteer to play Santa in the annual Christmas pageant, everyone in the class immediately turned around in their new swivel chairs and looked at Frankie. Frankie just sat there and dug his thumbnail into a deep groove in his wooden desk top. He hated the kids in his class, he hated Mrs. Toolegde, and he hated the new swivel chairs. He'd get even... someday.

As for Ted McGuire, he once popped the tip off his middle finger when he was working on a roofing crew somewhere in Texas. He had felt himself quite a young buck and indeed he was: young, strong, and square backed. But he got a little careless unloading the rolls of cold tar onto the roof, and he got his finger pinched between the bottom of the heavy roll and the roof. When they pulled his glove off you could see the white bone sticking up into the air like a painted flagpole mounted in bloody blue flesh.

"Aw, quit your crying, you candy ass," one of the workers said, "you ain't hurt." So he quit crying and went right back to work and although the sharp pain remained for several months, he never cried again.

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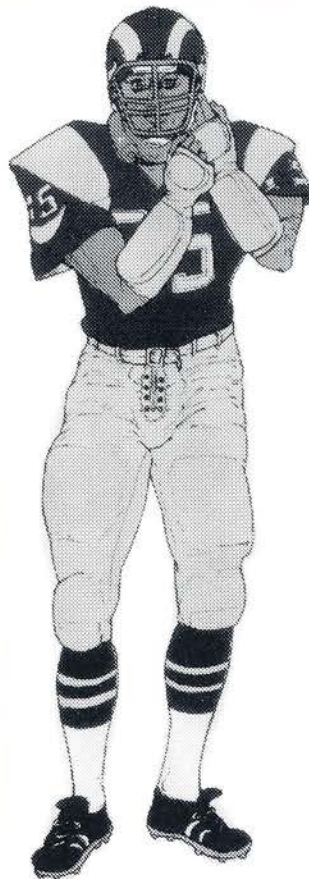
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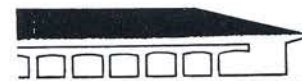
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STANFORD BOOKSTORE



**C**an I help you?" she asked, peering over the counter, her eyebrows arched high.

"Yeah. Gimme a room." Ted McGuire signed his name quickly into the maroon hotel register, while the young woman whispered "Frankie" to the green velvet curtain behind her.

"Frankie?" Ted McGuire asked, feeling a little sick in the stomach as Frankie Parker's big belly entered the lobby.

"Baggage, sir?" Frankie asked.

"Yeah, it's out by the car."

Frankie hustled outside and Ted McGuire asked "Frankie?" again to the woman behind the counter.

"Yes, Frankie Parker. He's our best bell-boy," she responded and cocked her head, revealing her bare neck.

"Which room, sir?" Frankie was already standing by the elevator, breathing heavily.

"Will that be all, Mr. McGuire?" the young woman asked, her big breasts now resting heavily on the high counter.

"Yeah, for now. When you're off work, bring yourself and a bottle of your best champagne to my room."

She smiled and ducked behind the counter.

"Gee, you really know how to handle them, don't you?" Frankie asked, down the hallway toward McGuire's room.

"I've had my practice, kid. What's it to you?"

"Why nothing, sir. Nothing at all."

"Well then why don't you mind your own business?"

McGuire snapped and Frankie stood staring at the closed door. Frankie walked back to his spot behind the curtain, and every night for the next three weeks he watched the back of the big-busted woman walk toward the elevator, a bottle of pink champagne in her arms, giggling excitedly.

"That does it," Frankie muttered and hammered his round fist into his palm, sending light waves over his belly. "If McGuire can do it, so can I."

**T**each me, Mr. McGuire, huh? Would you, Mr. McGuire? Huh? Huh?"

"Get up off your knees, you damn candy-ass and tell me what you want." Frankie stood up and clutched at Ted McGuire's sheepskin coat high up by the collar.

"Teach me how to be a tough guy, just like you!" Frankie said impatiently.

"What the hell are you drivin' at, kid?" McGuire screamed and tried to push by Frankie Parker, but Frankie plugged up the door to McGuire's room like a cork on the end of a bottle.

"I wanna be a tough guy, Mr. McGuire!" Frankie screamed, his whole body wiggling like a bowl of chocolate pudding, wiggling there in the doorframe.

"Why don't you throw some of that weight around, then?"

"I've tried, Mr. McGuire, really, I've tried! But I'm still taking shit from skinny cowboys and women just laugh at me! I'm tired of gettin' poked in the ribs, running around every corner only to come crawling back! Teach me, eh, Mr. McGuire. Please?"

McGuire took a long glance at the balloon plugged in the doorway. "I've got someone I want you to meet," McGuire said. "Might do you some good."

**T**he bar was fairly quiet when Ted McGuire and Frankie Parker stepped in through the back door. A close couple stared blankly at a kino board in a corner and a quiet woman sat at the far end of the bar.

"What's in here?" Frankie asked somewhat nervously, following the sheepskin coat up to the dimly lit counter. McGuire shuffled Frankie into a stool at the bar. The bartender came to the counter.

"Whiskey, Smittie," McGuire said, "two of them."

"Who's your friend?" asked the bartender. He'd just had a disappointing telephone call from a friend and he wasn't in the mood for any new faces. He took a long look at Frankie with his tar-black eyes and then walked down the bar toward the quiet woman. Frankie felt a hot flush coming to his face, and an intense panic shook his body when the woman also stared down the bar. Mrs. Tolledge! And that wasn't just another familiar face he recognized in the tar-black eyes of the bartender. That was the officer in charge that first day of boot camp! The two started a slow walk down the bar toward Frankie.

"You set me up, McGuire!" Frankie screamed and tried to break free from McGuire's hold on his collar.

"You gotta go back to your roots, Frankie," McGuire said. The big bartender was across from Frankie now and Mrs. Tolledge sat on a stool next to him. A hot sweat ran down Frankie's back as McGuire and the bartender exchanged knowing glances.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Frankie?" the bartender said.

"Yes it has," Frankie responded and looked for McGuire behind him but he was nowhere to be seen.

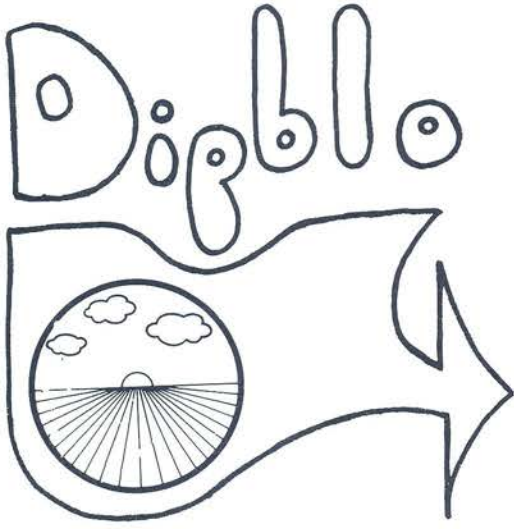
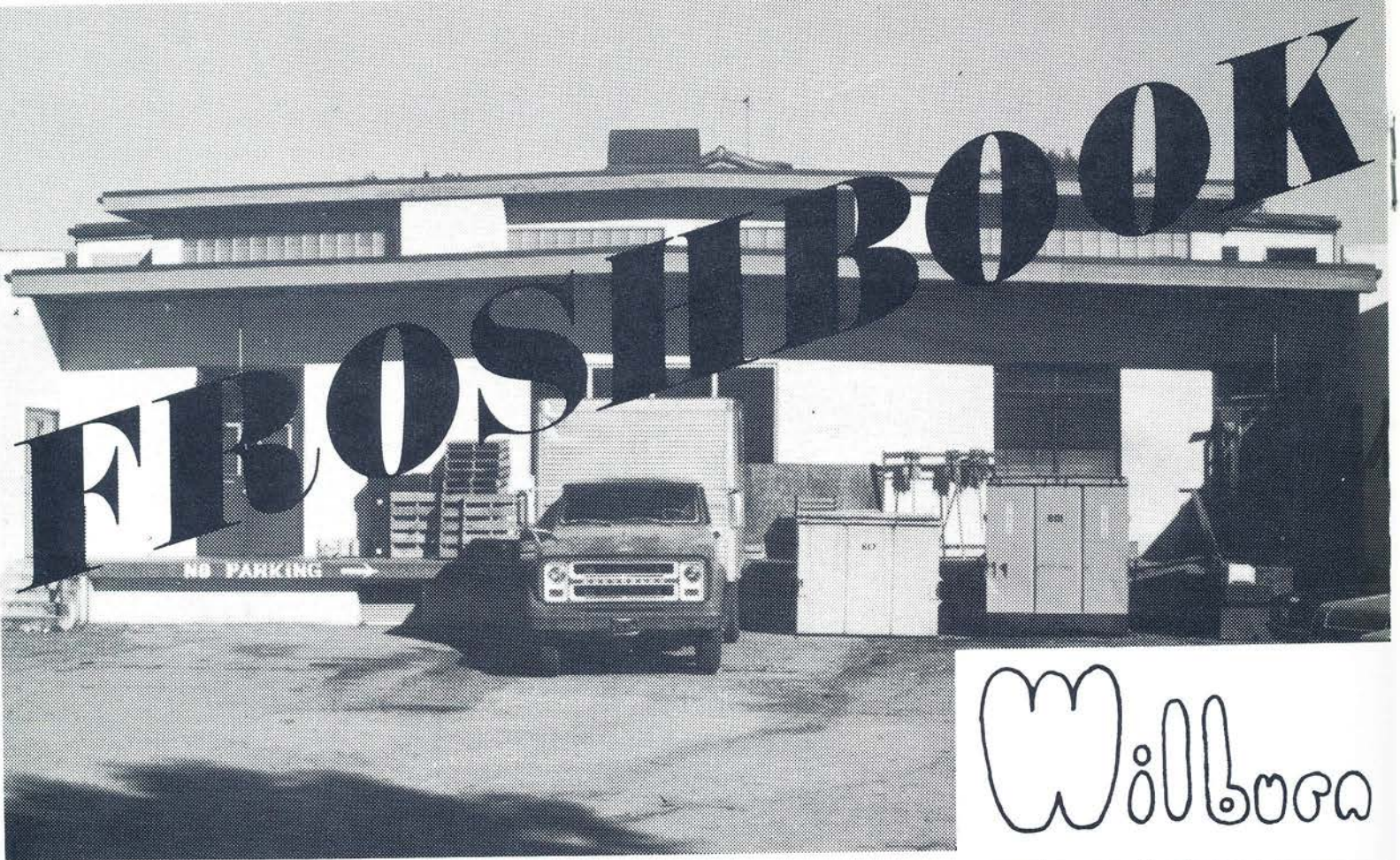
"Can an old teacher buy an old student a drink, Frankie?" the woman said out of the side of her mouth.

"I'll get the first one," the big bartender said.

"Call me Frank," Frankie said to the woman as the bartender turned away. Frankie figured McGuire would have liked it that way.







Helene Le Chant  
Geneva, Switz.  
(exchange student)



Abi Jabbari  
Teheran, Iran



Buck "Charlie"  
Daniels.  
Horney Town, NC



Greta Klink  
Dusseldork,  
Germany



Bob Brady  
Los Angeles, CA



Myrna



Victor Zxyoski  
Ashbury Park, NJ



Thor Hyerjencks  
Eureka, CA



Buster "Gino"  
Pavarotti  
Livermore, CA



Chris Brady  
Los Angeles, CA



Grover Filmore  
Pierce Cleveland  
Roosevelt Taft  
Washington Smith  
Oakland, CA



Buffy Summit  
Palos Verdes, CA



You



John A. Weatherby  
London, England



John B. Weatherby  
London, England



John C. Weatherby  
London, England



John D. Weatherby  
London, England



John Smith  
Town, CA





Alvie Snitwitz  
New York, NY



Debbie Tante  
San Diego, CA



Rutherford  
Manning III  
Exeter, NH



Virgil Sims  
Texarkana, TX/AK



James Hendrix  
Seattle, WA



Iris Ogramowitz  
Santa Chinga, CA



"Bud"  
Hard Knocks H.S.



Greg Brady  
Los Angeles, CA



Rock Des Cartes  
Venice, CA



Efrain Ding  
Seattle, WA



Sandy Poon  
Newport Beach, CA



Sally Clark



Jan Brady  
Los Angeles, CA



Geoff Baskir  
Cowlick, WV



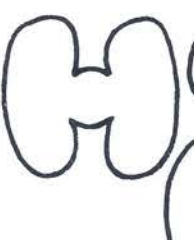
Mary Jane Twitty  
Spinster, SC



John  
Littlerunningskunk  
Zupi Res., AZ



Polly Unsaturate  
Twin Peaks, CO



Henry Ward  
Elbow, TN

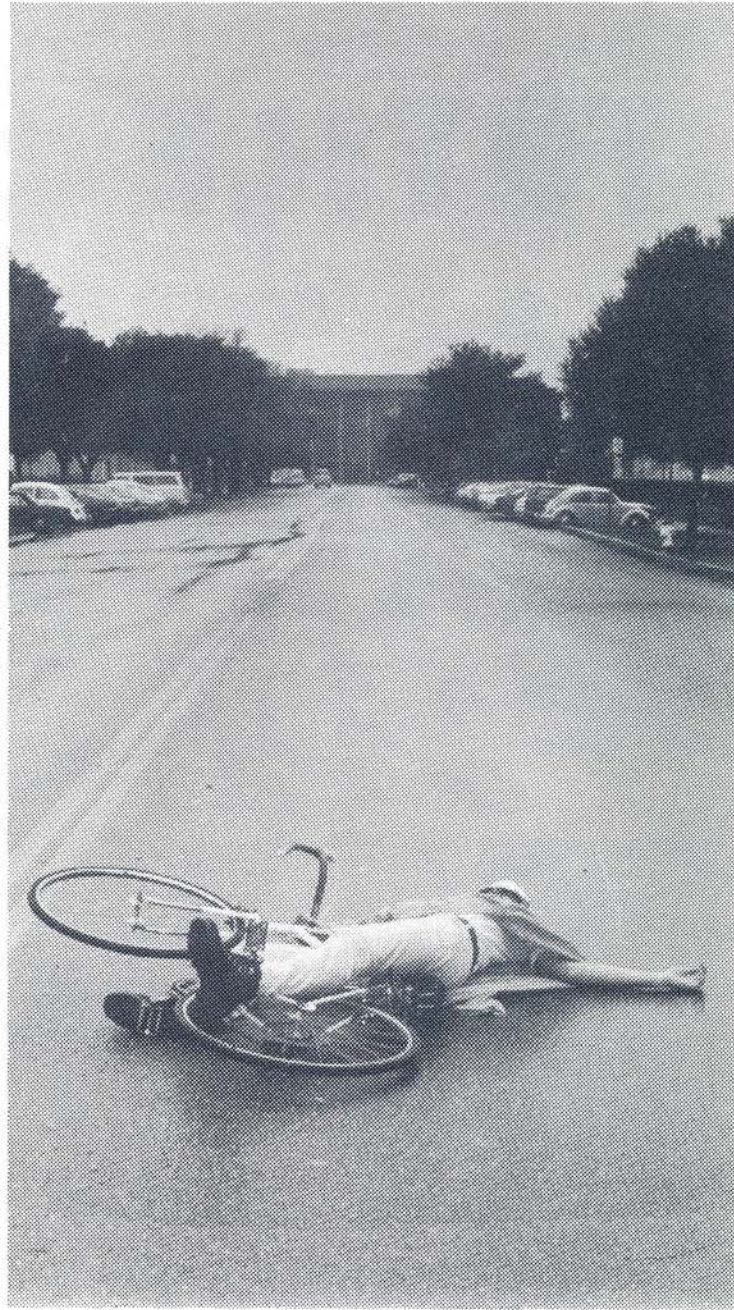


Janet Bryant  
BB Gun, AL



John Wirth  
Wooden Sword, OR

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Glass Shard, OH



Elaine Wyatt  
No.2 Pencil, NY



Jason Hammet  
Book Corners, MI



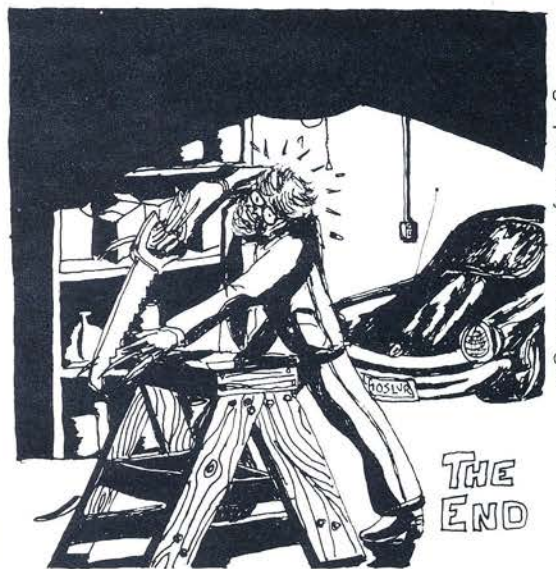
Art Ham  
Sharp Object, NE



# the case of the

# FUTILE CUTICLE

with Mr. ConsumerMan



graphic: by Steve Ballinger



# 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

**D**amn. 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.

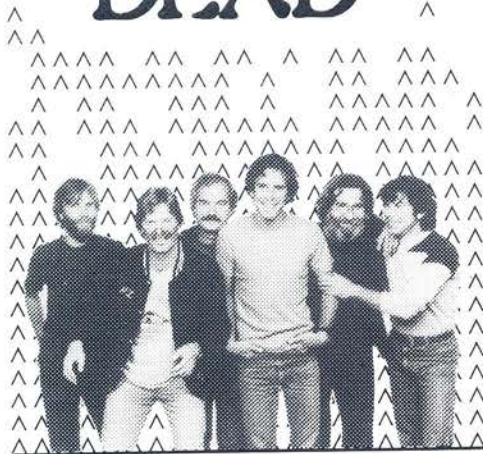
"Well, make it quick, and keep those hands airborne."

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.



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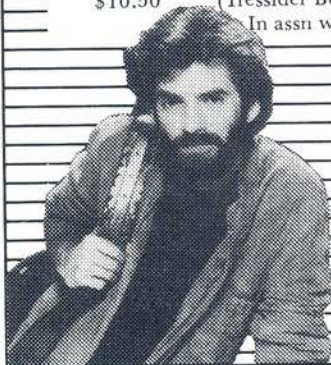
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Martin was quick to react. Three quick spits from the Alcozi were enough to send Sid slithering to the floor, whereupon Martin disarmed him.

"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

**T**he 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

**M**artin 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?"

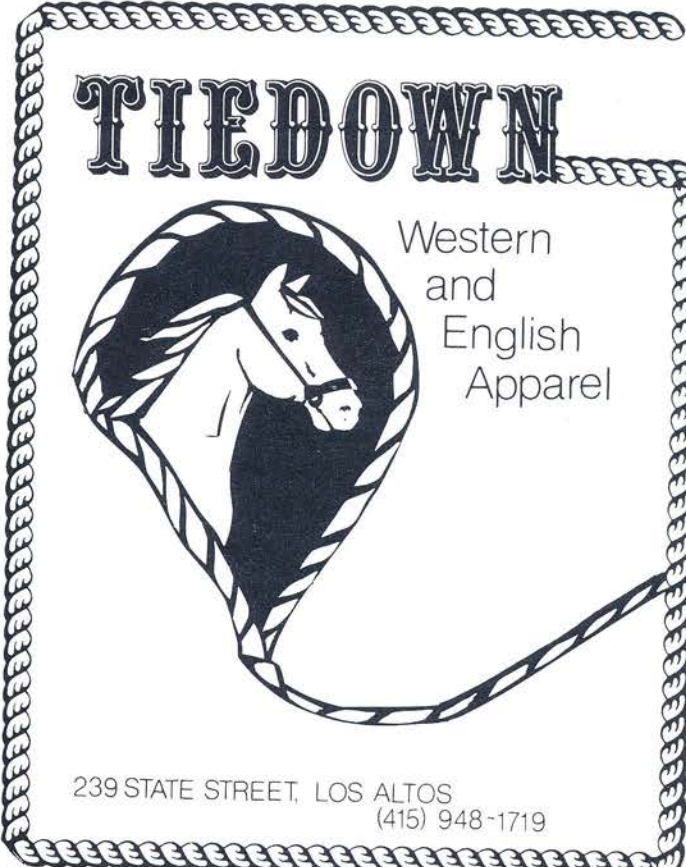
#### Epilogue

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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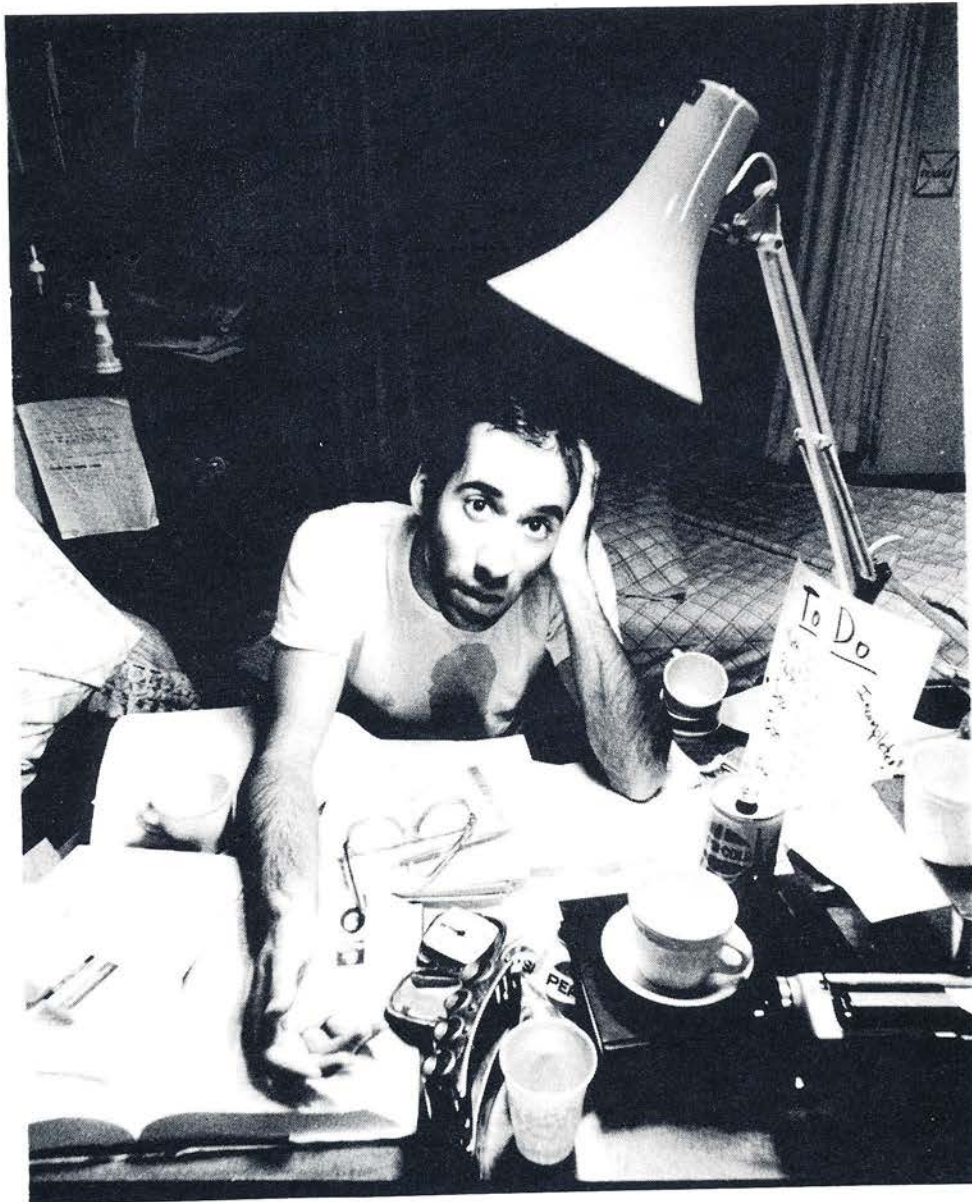


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# It's too late to help Allen



This is Allen, our 1982 All-Nighter Poster Child. He went to the Sunday Flicks instead of writing "Freudian Interpretations of Ancient Greek Plumbing." It's due tomorrow. Right after his differential equations midterm.

Every school year this disease strikes down thousands of college students just like you. But with your help we can put this malady to rest. Please give generously to the Chaparral Sleep Institute.





HI! THIS IS MY STORY. THE TRUE STORY OF A NICE GUY WHO FINISHED FIRST. A TALE OF INSPIRATION ABOUT A MAN WHO WOULDN'T SAY QUIT. THIS IS...

# THE Donald Kennedy Story

STORY: STEVE KESSLER

ART: GEOFF MANDEL

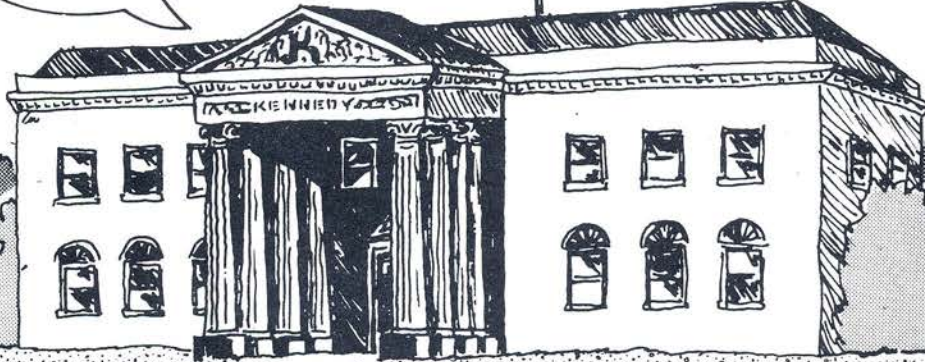
IT ALL STARTED ONE SUNNY MORNING IN HYANNIS PORT...

CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. KENNEDY! ANOTHER SON!

OH, JOSEPH! WE HAVE ANOTHER BOY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE, ROSE. HE JUST DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OTHERS...

I'LL LOVE HIM JUST THE SAME! HE'S SO HANDSOME!



AND SO, A BABE IS BORN...

LOOK, JOE, I THINK HE'S SMILING!

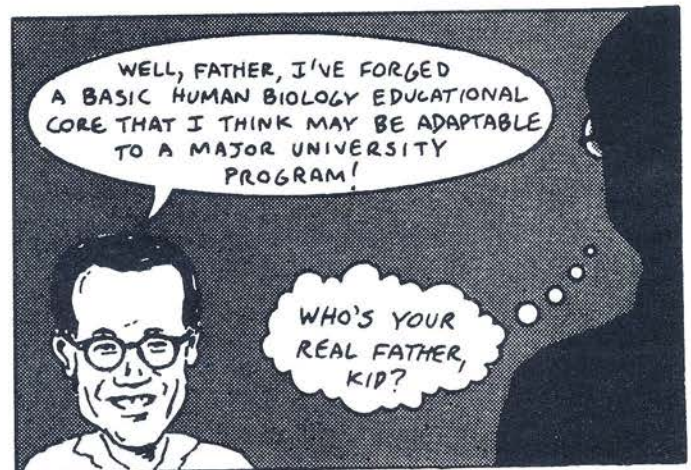
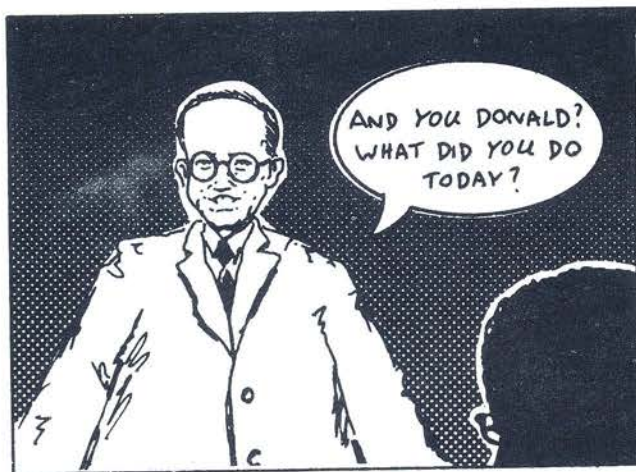
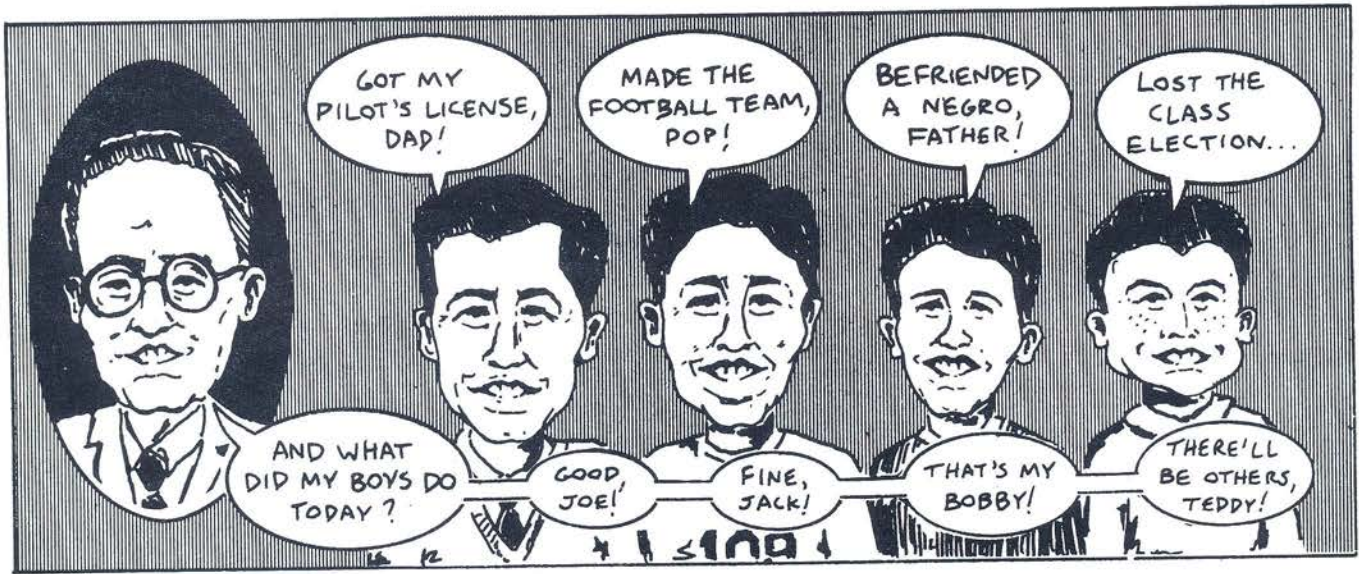


WHO'S YOUR REAL FATHER, KID?





IT WASN'T EASY GROWING UP A KENNEDY. DAD HATED ME FROM THE START...



AS I GREW OLDER, DAD BEGAN TO SEPARATE ME FROM THE OTHERS, AND LEAVE ME OUT OF THEIR PRIVATE TALKS...

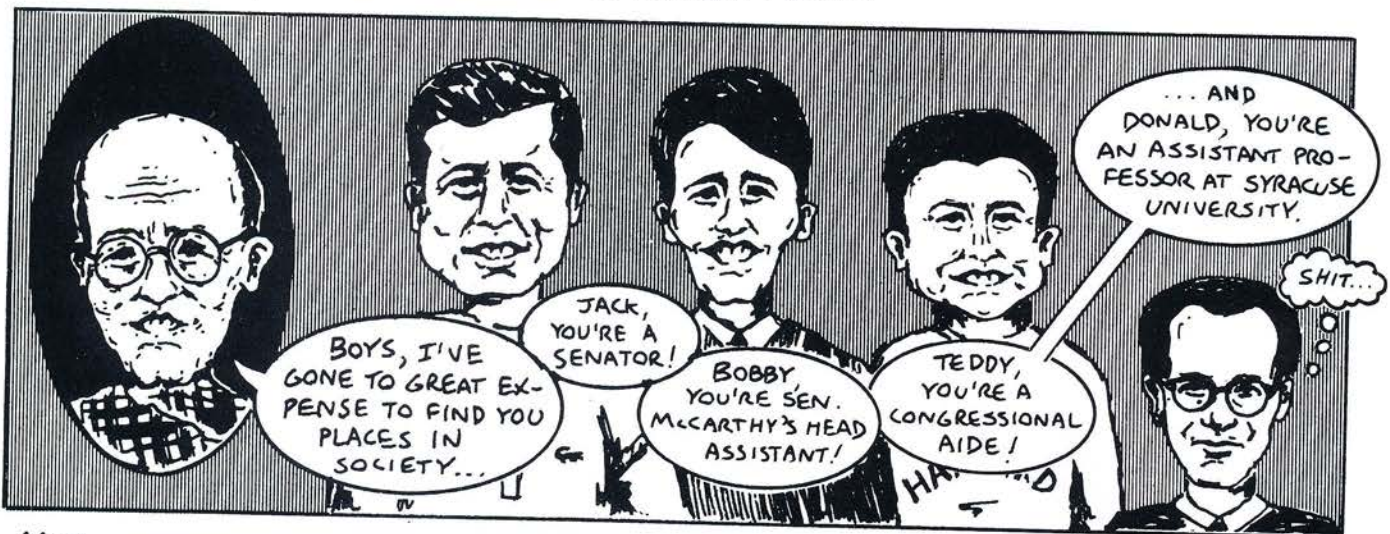




MY HARVARD YEARS WERE HAPPY ONES. I TOOK UP LONG DISTANCE RUNNING, A SPORT I EXCELLED IN...



SUDDENLY, I WAS CALLED BACK TO HYANNIS PORT...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...





**B**UT TIME MARCHES ON. BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

AH KNOW Y'ALL WILL LOVE IT HERE AT THE F.D.A., DON!

CHRIST, THIS PLACE MUST BE TEN MILES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE ... I'M DOOMED!



**T**HEN, ONE DAY...

DONALD? THIS IS DICK LYMAN... WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN—?

I'LL TAKE IT!

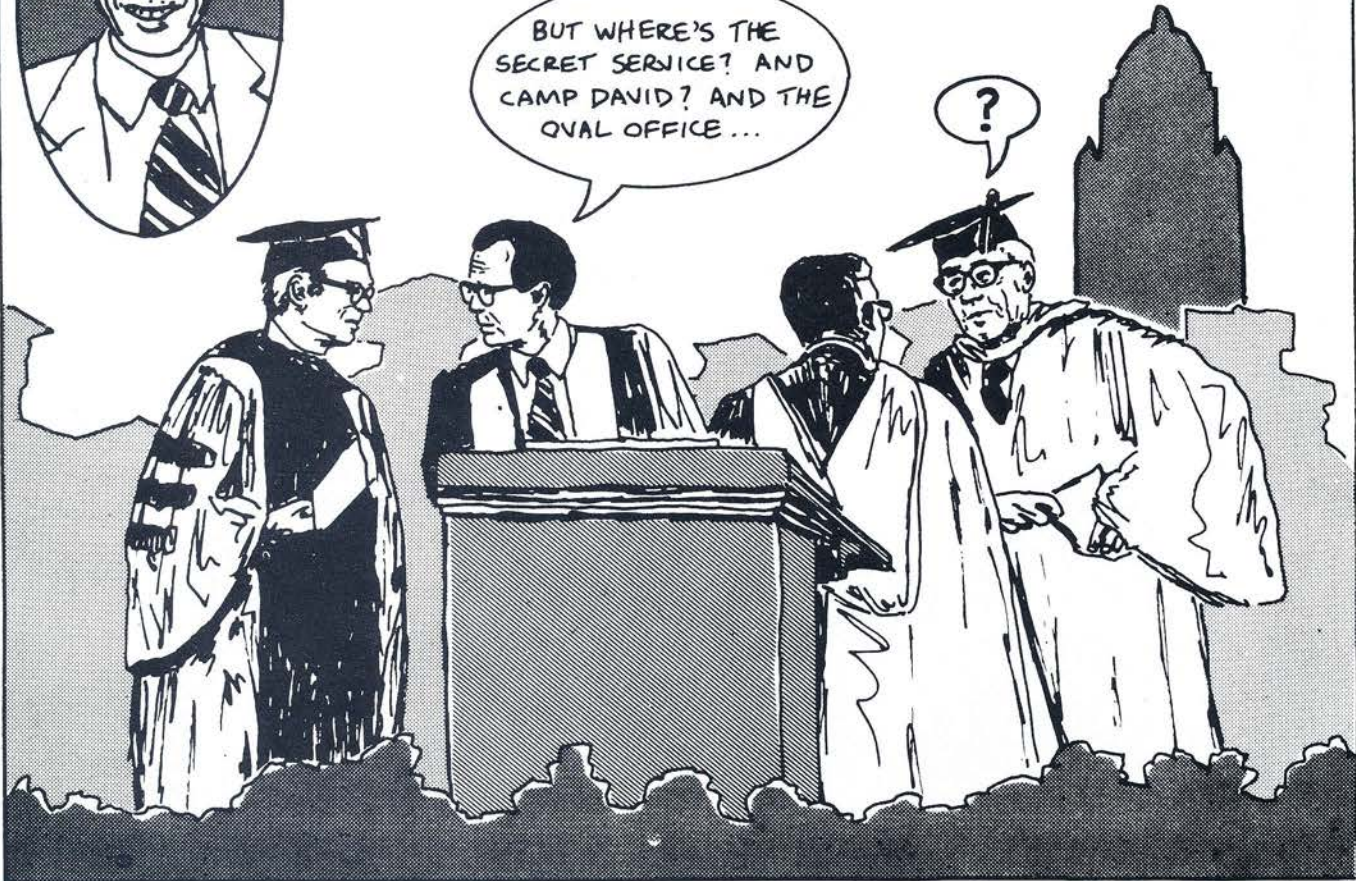


**A**ND SO, FINALLY, A HAPPY ENDING. PEOPLE WOULD FOREVER CALL ME ... **MR. PRESIDENT!**



BUT WHERE'S THE SECRET SERVICE? AND CAMP DAVID? AND THE OVAL OFFICE ...

?





# P T



## 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 willy-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  $\frac{1}{2}$  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 Navratilova 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



'82

## New Craze Sweeps Campuses

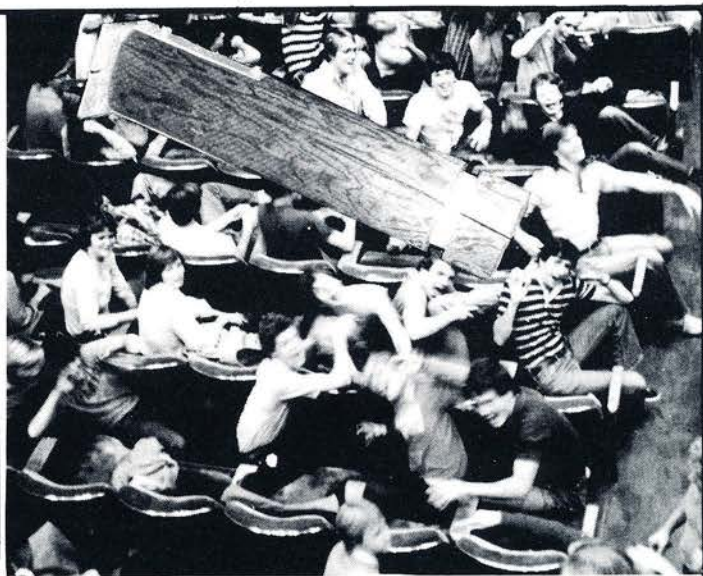
It starts at one school, girls talk on the phone to their friends somewhere else, it happens there, and so on, and soon there's a new national fad. Bollard Tossing is sweeping the campuses all across the country, leaving in its wake good fun, good friends, and good feelings. "It's only natural," says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





# *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.

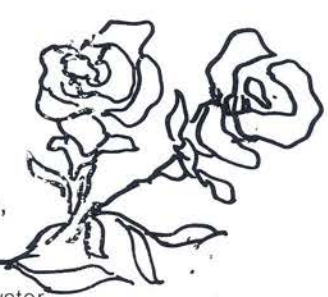

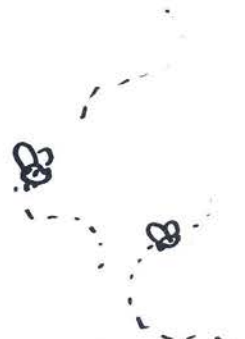

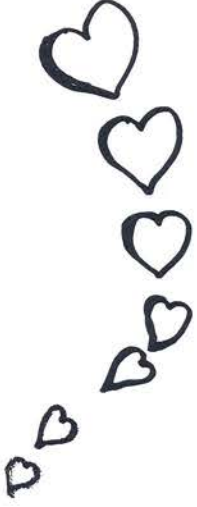
The crisp fall air turns my cheeks rosy,  
The leaves' bright colors match my sweater,  
The crowd cheers wildly. (Which one's our team?)  
I clench his arm, he smiles widely.  
My man, my beau, my homecoming date.

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





## 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!



## *Catherine the Great School of Riding*

- *Special Mounting Techniques*
- *Riding Etiquette*
- *Horse Care*
- *and True Sportsmanship*

*Contact Kathy*

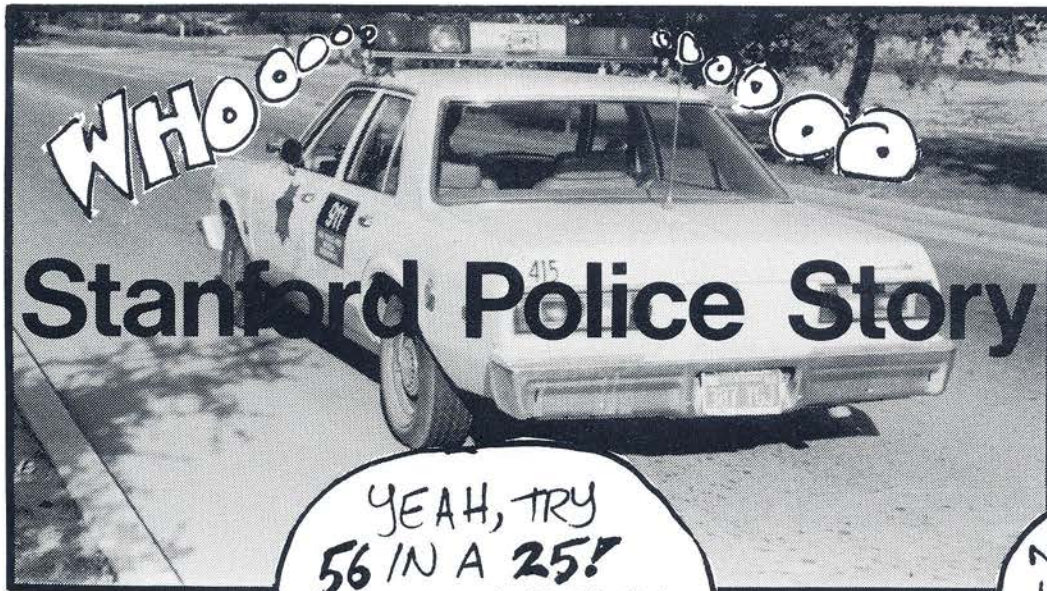
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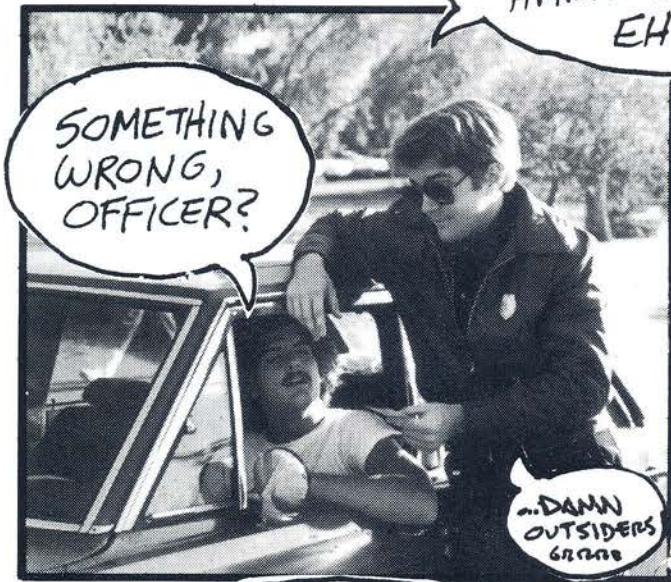




# Stanford Police Story

YEAH, TRY  
56 IN A 25!  
HMMM NEBRASKA  
EH?...

NO I THINK  
YOU BETTER  
STEP OUT HERE  
RIGHT NOW.



SOMETHING  
WRONG,  
OFFICER?

..DAMN  
OUTSIDERS  
GRASS

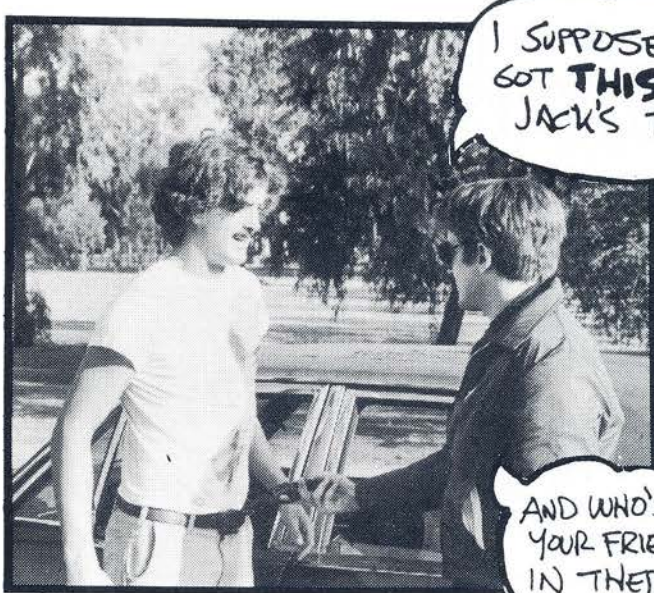


LISTEN, CAN  
I JUST SIGN  
SOMETHING? I'M  
IN A HURRY.



NOW WHAT'S WITH  
THE RED STAINS?

UM, WELL...  
I JUST WENT TO  
JACK IN THE BOX.



I SUPPOSE YOU  
GOT **THIS** AT  
JACK'S TOO?

AND WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND  
IN THERE?



LISTEN- CHUCK'S  
REAL HUNG-OVER...

OH YEAH?  
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT...

...DOESN'T KNOW  
WHEN TO QUIT...

YOU KILLED  
HIM YOU LITTLE  
BASTARD!

...GUZZLES  
AND  
GUZZLES...

...BIG PARTY  
LAST NIGHT...

OK! I SHOT HIM  
DEAD I WAS TRYING  
TO STUDY AND HE  
KEPT PLAYING THAT  
DAMN TUBA!

I'VE GOT  
LSAT'S  
DAMN IT!

WAIT- YOU  
MEAN YOU'RE  
A STUDENT  
HERE?

THUD

GOD, YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT THIS  
WILL DO TO MY  
CHANCES AT  
HARVARD LAW...

DO YOU HAVE  
A STANFORD I.D.?



TAKE THE I.D.!  
ANYTHING!  
JUST DON'T TELL MY  
FOLKS... PLEASE!

IT'S  
CURRENT!

I'VE GOT  
LSATs...

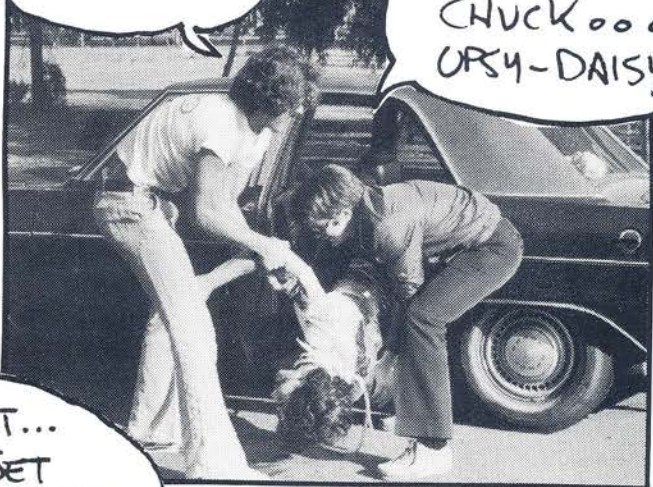
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I  
GET INTO A CREATIVE  
WRITING PROGRAM...

LISTEN-THERE'S  
BEEN A REAL  
MIX-UP.



WHA--?

HERE WE GO  
CHUCK...  
URS4-DAISY!

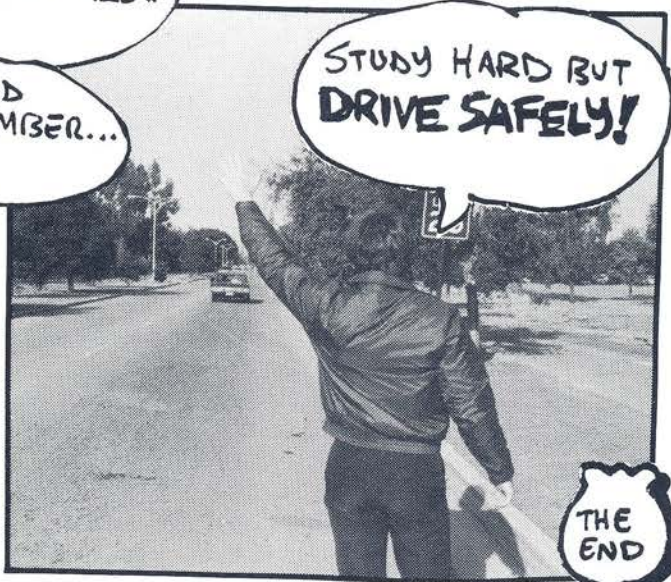


ABOUT YOUR SHIRT...  
A LITTLE **BIZ**'LL GET  
OUT EVEN THE **TOUGHEST**  
STAINS...

HEY, WAIT  
I--

AND  
REMEMBER...

STUDY HARD BUT  
**DRIVE SAFELY!**



THE  
END



# 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, horny, 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*.

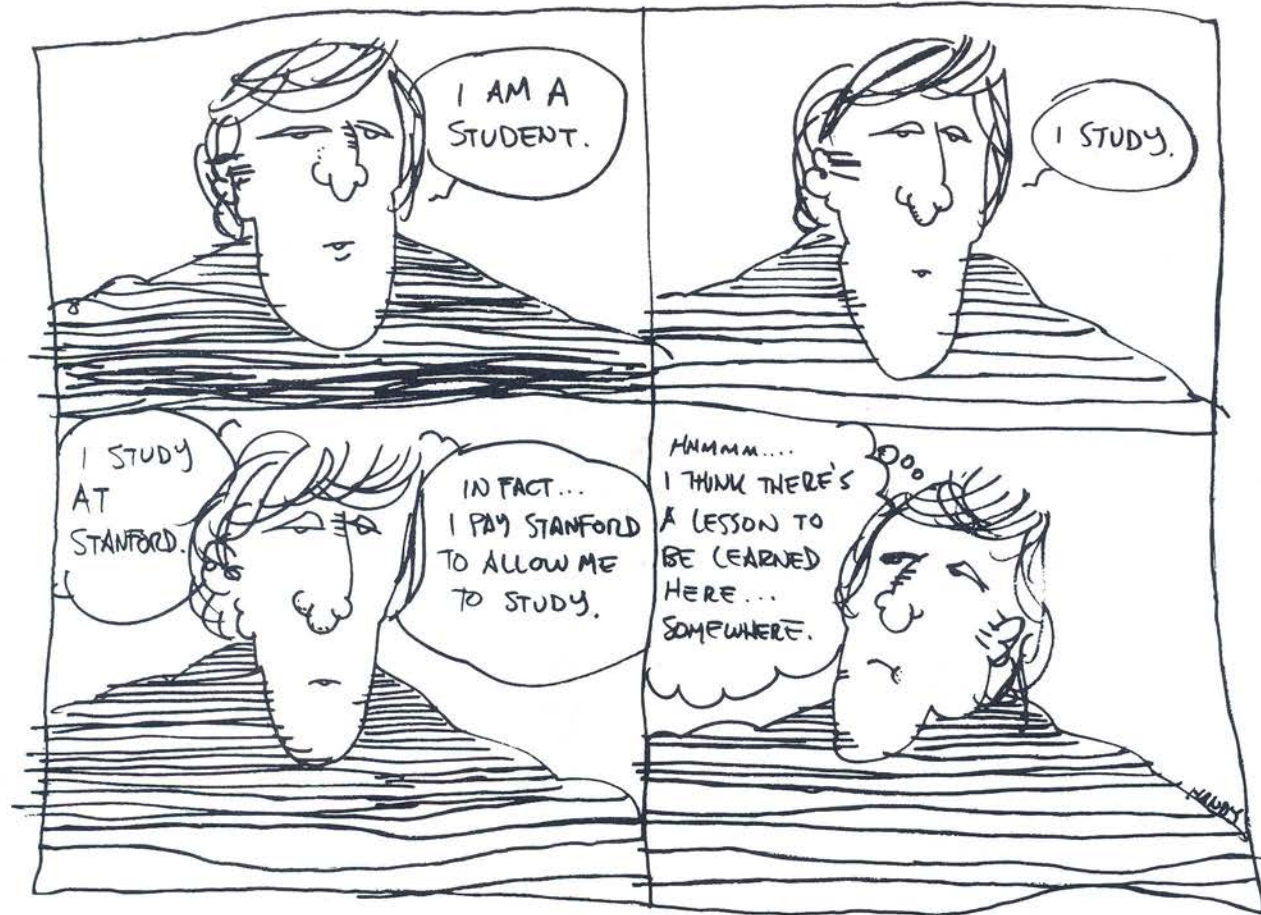
They hadn't even listened to me. They talked as if they heard nothing, and I was totally humiliated. Nothing. They heard nothing. It wasn't even me to whom God had pointed. The humiliation I felt! I would not let them go unpunished. I'd get God back if it made my hands bloody and my mind lunatic. I would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





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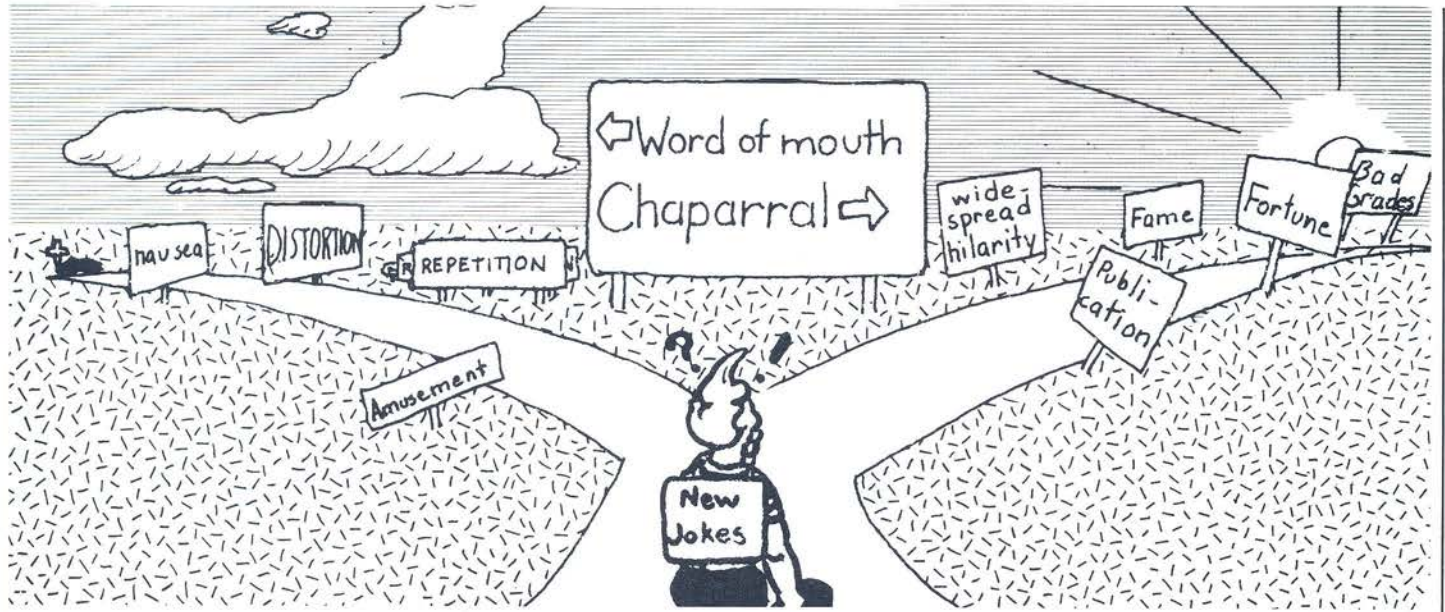
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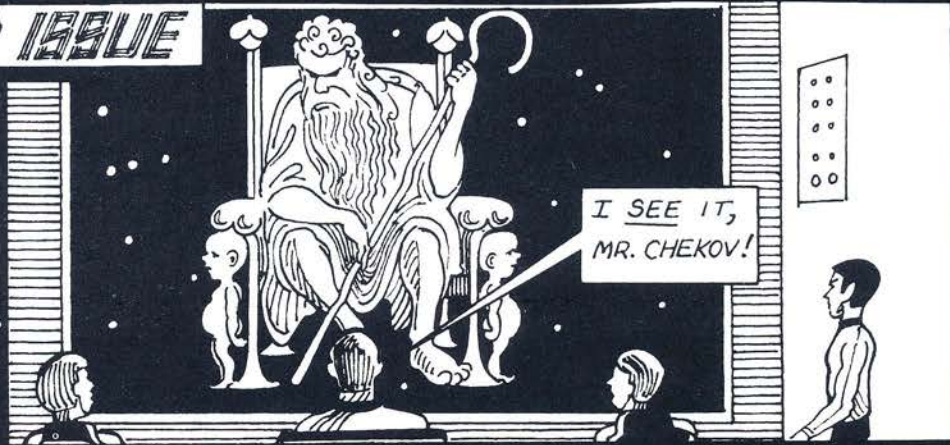




## THE GOD ISSUE



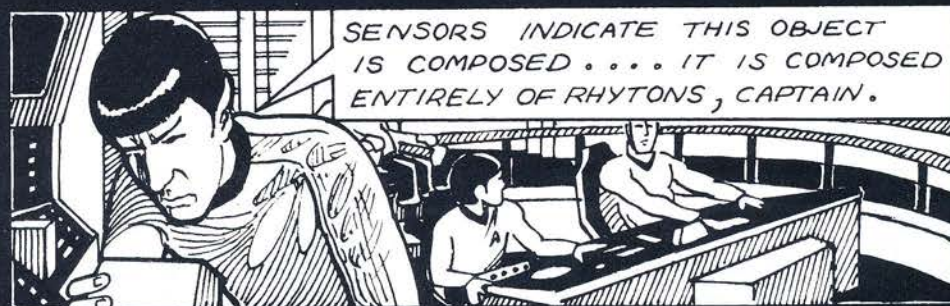
OBJECT  
AHEAD,  
KIPTIN!



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-Z



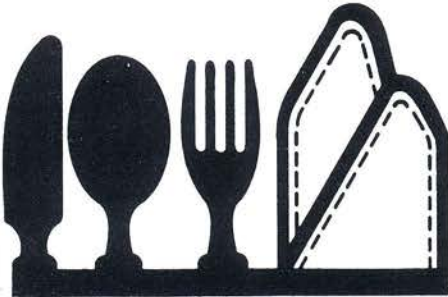
HE'S  
**DEAD,**  
JIM!



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Stanford's student government. Hours: Mon.-Fri. 8:30am-5pm

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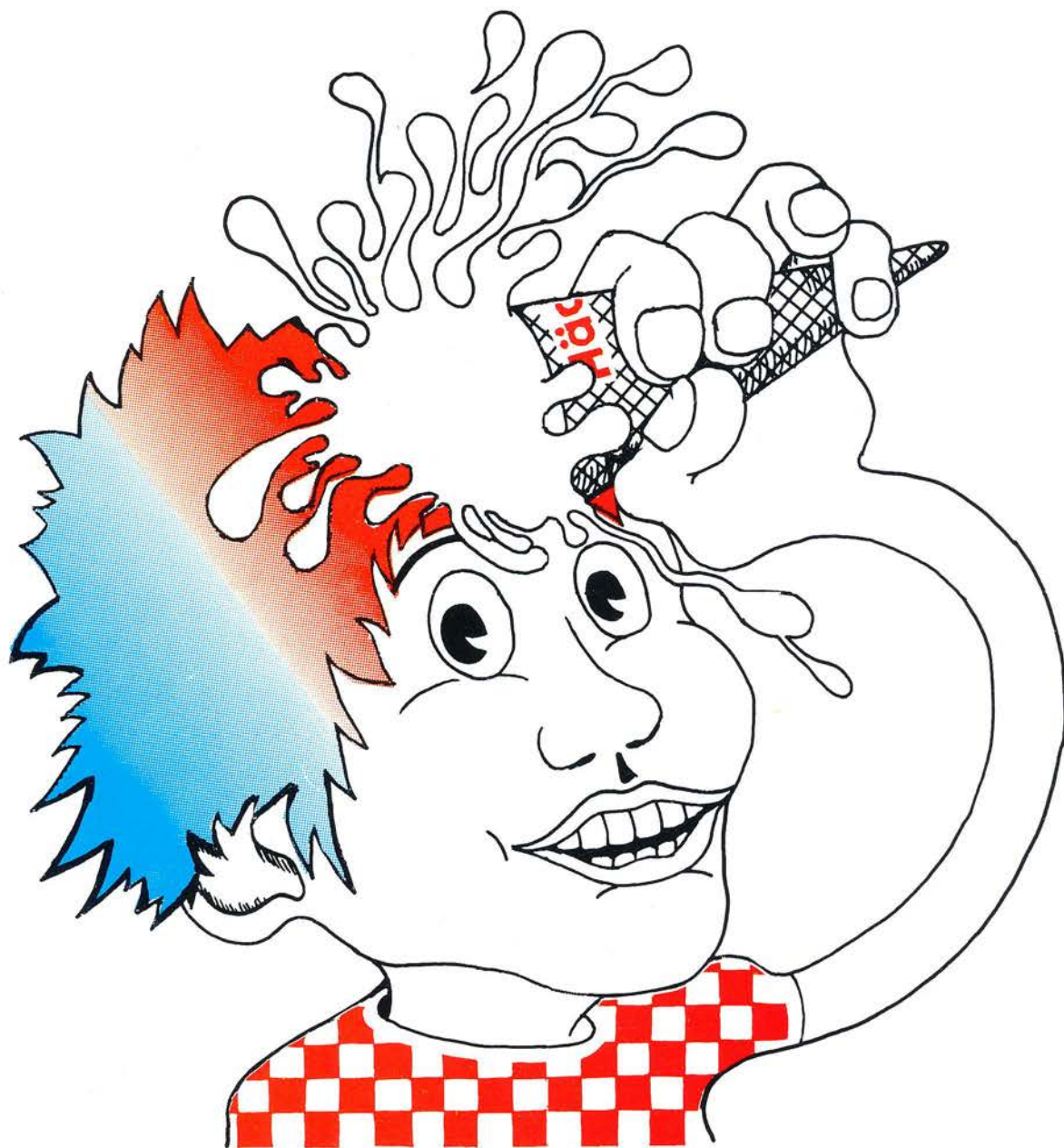
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