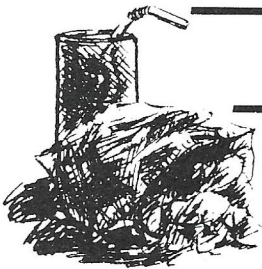


How to take the perfect Study Break.

You study hard and when you take a break, it better be good. When you're looking for that perfect study break, try one of Tresidder Union's options. You deserve it.

1. The Corner Pocket

The first formula a Stanford student learns: frozen yogurt + socializing with friends = the perfect study break. You can also substitute or add pizza-by-the-slice. The Corner Pocket is only a few steps from your room, serving pizza and fro-yo until 11:30 pm.

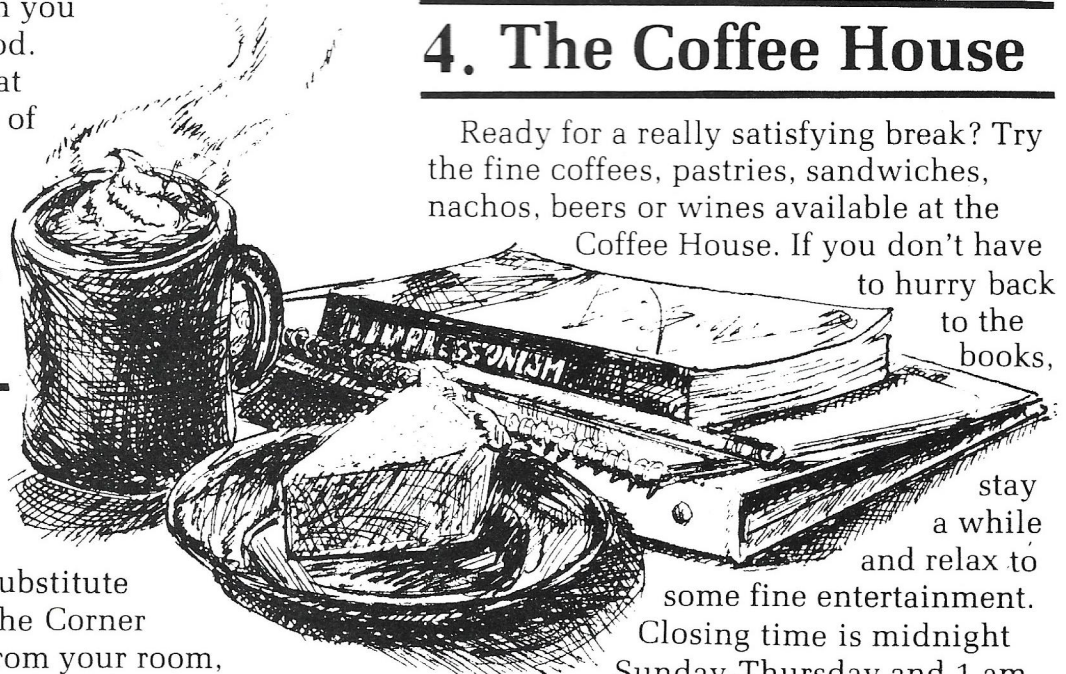


2. The Store

Need a quick snack? The Store is the place for you. Open until 11 pm, 7 days a week, the Store can supply all the necessary ingredients for the perfect study break: sodas, juices, coffees, teas, crackers, cheeses, meats, aspirin, magazines, stationery or the ultimate in study breaks — a pint of Häagen Dazs. Be prepared for late night munchies — stock up!

3. The Recreation Center

After sitting at your desk, get your blood flowing again at the Recreation Center. Take out your frustrations on a few pins and bowl a game or two. Or take a trip into the fantasy world offered by any one of the 35 video and pinball games in the games room.



4. The Coffee House

Ready for a really satisfying break? Try the fine coffees, pastries, sandwiches, nachos, beers or wines available at the Coffee House. If you don't have to hurry back to the books,

stay a while and relax to some fine entertainment. Closing time is midnight Sunday-Thursday and 1 am on Friday and Saturday.

5. Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS)

How about some entertainment to bolster your spirits? On Thursday nights check out STARTS-sponsored concerts in the Coffee House. On Friday nights, try one of STARTS' movies. You can also call the Campus Events Tape to see if anything else is going on. Or you can just take a walk through Tresidder Union and view the STARTS-sponsored art exhibits (2nd floor lobby & Coffee House gallery).



Tresidder Union

Information 497-4311
Campus Events Tape 497-0336



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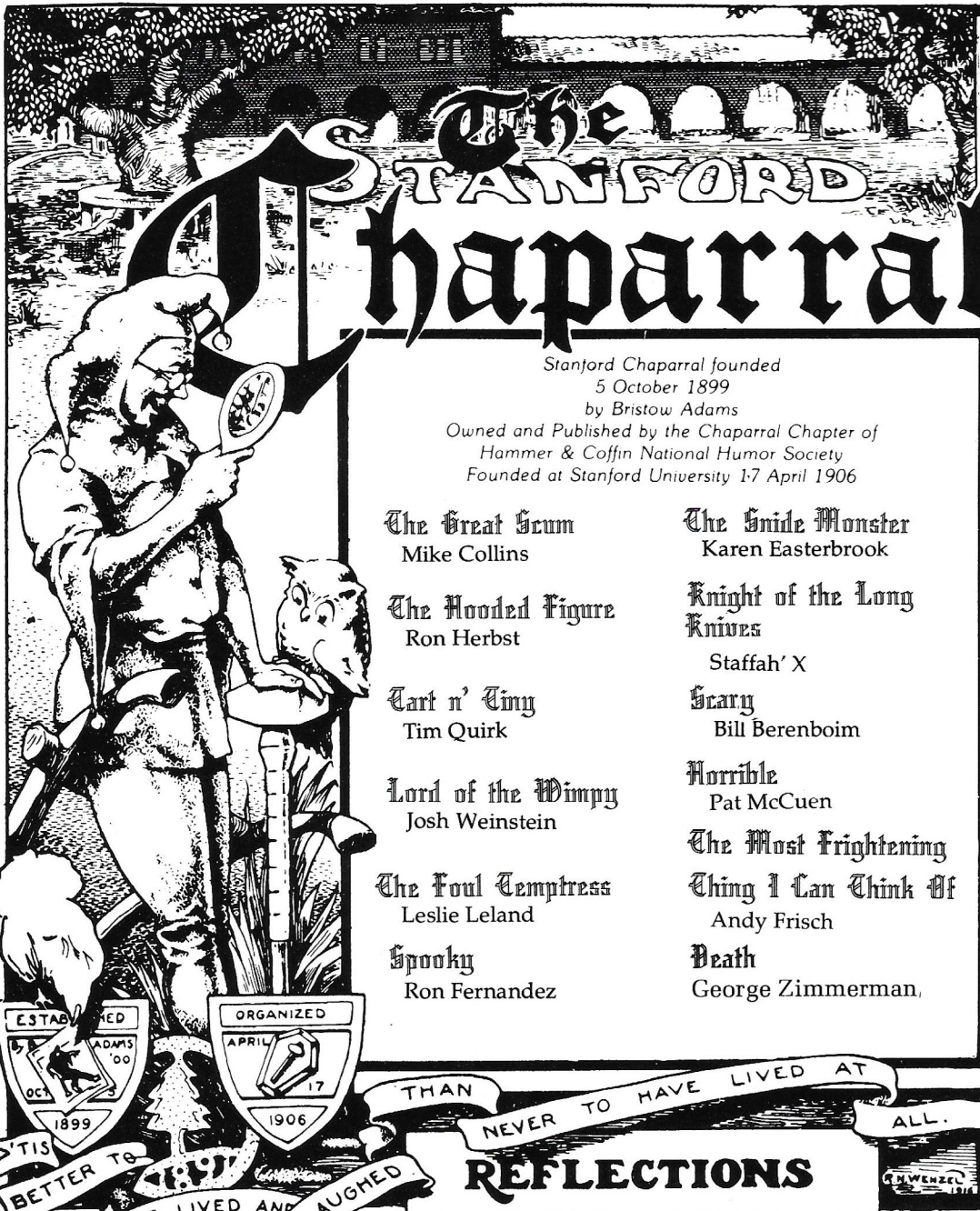
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The Stanford Chaparral

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

The Great Scum
Mike Collins

The Hooded Figure
Ron Herbst

Tart n' Ting
Tim Quirk

Lord of the Wimpy
Josh Weinstein

The Foul Temptress
Leslie Leland

Spooky
Ron Fernandez

The Snide Monster
Karen Easterbrook

Knight of the Long Knives
Staffah' X

Scary
Bill Berenboim

Horrible
Pat McCuen

The Most Frightening Thing I Can Think Of
Andy Frisch

Death
George Zimmerman,

**STIEES
scum**

David Andrews
Bob Franklin
Cedric Chin
Monica Lytle
Ray Ravaglia

slime

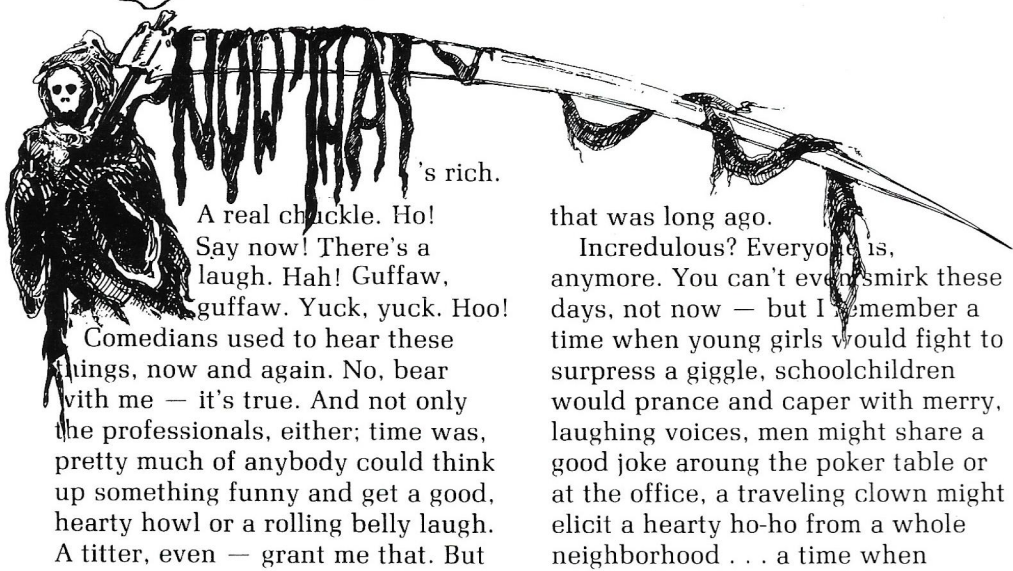
Enrique Alvarez
Paul Cheney
Kristen Deem
Chris Krahn
Ken Lo
James Lujan
Crissie Collins
Paul Thompson

spittle

Jay Alter
Bwana
"Jungle" John

h'n'e

Paul Cheney '86
Vinnie Freda '84
Joel Freid '85
Mike Wilkins '81
George Zimmerman
Al 'X ??



's rich.
A real chuckle. Ho!
Say now! There's a
laugh. Hah! Guffaw,
guffaw. Yuck, yuck. Hoo!
Comedians used to hear these
things, now and again. No, bear
with me — it's true. And not only
the professionals, either; time was,
pretty much of anybody could think
up something funny and get a good,
hearty howl or a rolling belly laugh.
A titter, even — grant me that. But

that was long ago.
Incredulous? Everyone is,
anymore. You can't even smirk these
days, not now — but I remember a
time when young girls would fight to
surpress a giggle, schoolchildren
would prance and caper with merry,
laughing voices, men might share a
good joke around the poker table or
at the office, a traveling clown might
elicit a hearty ho-ho from a whole
neighborhood . . . a time when

comedy flourished, when it seemed
second nature to crack a smile.
But not anymore. That was then.
That was BHD. That was Before
Humor Died.
How did Humor die? They all ask,
sooner or later. Oh, there are
rumors, tall tales and half-truths . . .
but come a little closer. Let me tell
you something. I know. I was *there*.
Watched him go. Help? Did I help
him, you ask? It isn't so easy, saving
a tired old jester. No, I didn't save
him. But I've treasured his memory.
And I heard his last joke.
We were all together that last
night, the night humor died. Yes, the
Old Boy was there, and the Jester,

the Pelican. The Ibis and the Blot . . . and Humor. He was older than all of us, far older even then. His cockscorn, once bright red, was now almost grey. (He showed me a photograph, once; I saw him wearing that hat, in all its radiant redness, onstage at the Globe Theater. It was almost new, then.) He had pounded down his third Shirley Temple before I'd even arrived, and he was nursing tall Roy Rodgers when the tender gave last call. We'd been discussing circuses we'd been to and carnivals we'd seen when Humor slammed his fist into the counter. "What's the use?" he cried. "Where's the purpose?" He was drunk, of course — how could we have known then that he had tossed back his last shot as we turned toward him, the busboy cleaning the peanuts and jumping beans from the counter as the bar closed up. "I'm old!" he mumbled, and the whoopie-cushion on his stool surrendered little more than a sigh as he rose. "I thought I'd live forever."

"That's the Grenadine talking" laughed the Ibis, cleaning its feathers with its long beak. The

others agreed, each going his own way as they left. I couldn't leave him. We walked together for a while, Humor and I, saying nothing. He dragged his colorful clown boots as we walked, barely lifting his tired feet. His squirting daisy was long dry, its squeeze bulb empty and parched. It seemed that hours passed as we walked, coming finally to the bridge that sliced like a rigeletto through town. We had half-crossed it when he stopped, turning toward me with searching eyes, his round, red nose catching the moonlight like a glowing coal. "Old Boy!" he cried, grabbing at my shoulders just to stay standing, "Old Boy, who am I?"

I was taken aback. "You're Humor!" I laughed, but I don't think that he heard me. "It was all going to be so . . . so funny" he whispered. "We were going to paint the world in polka dots and stripes, roll on the floor while we laughed until we cried, sing silly songs and dance nonsense jigs on until the cows came home, yes, until we forgot what cows were or where home was . . ." He shook me. "We were going to make a difference. We were going

to poke fun at everybody. Lion tamers. Feminists. Everybody. But no. I can't remember the punchlines anymore. And so I must go." He stood back and reached into his pocket.

Cows? Lion Tamers? Feminists? He was mad. "No!" I screamed, "Don't do it!" It was too late. He pulled the banana peel out and tossed it onto the path. For a moment we stared at each other. "Humor . . ." I began.


"What's worse than a hand-job with a Brillo Pad?" he interrupted, his wide eyes bright beneath his hat.

I racked my brain as he stared at me, trying in vain to divine the proper response. It was futile.

"I don't know" I confessed.

He smiled. Impossible to forget, that last grin, "No hand-job at all!" he cackled, stepping forward as he spoke. The peel flew into the air as he took his last pratfall, tumbling off the bridge toward the water below.

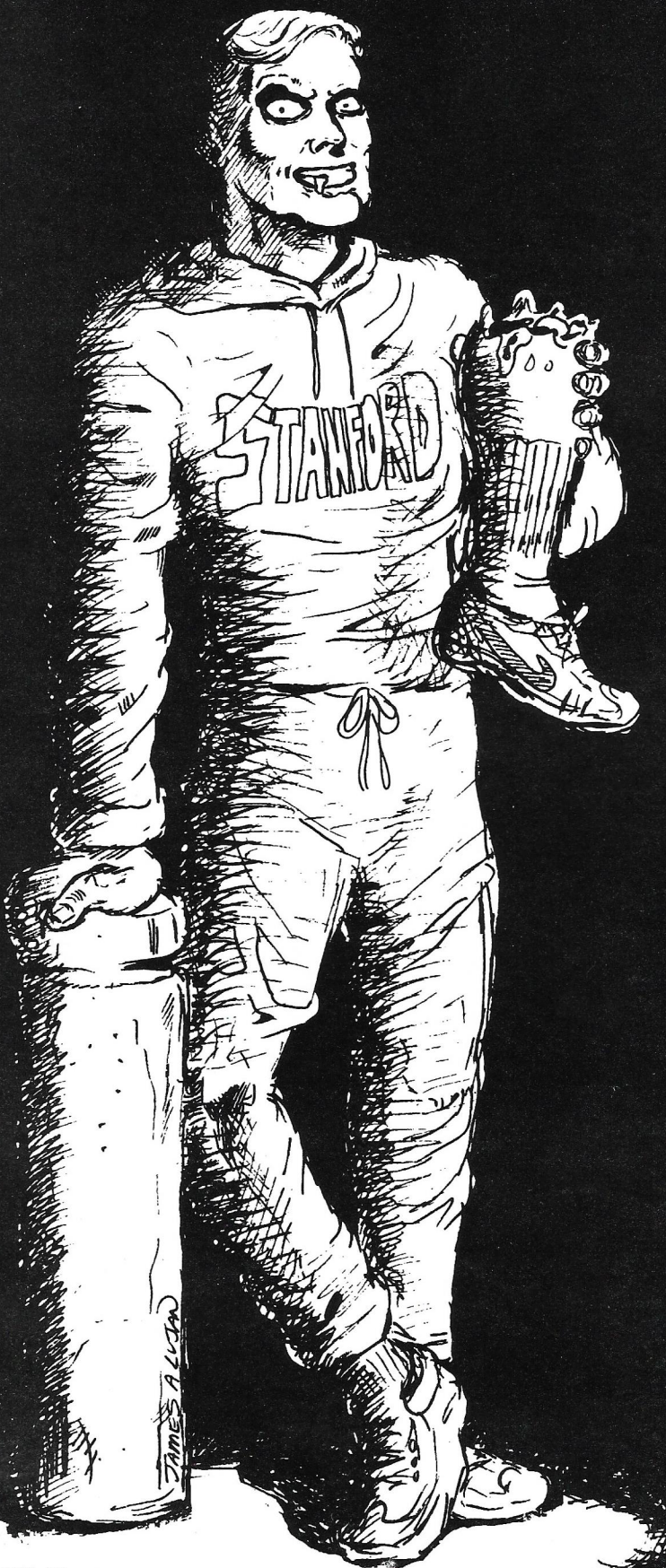
He never hit, that son of a bitch. I'm sure of it. He's waiting, biding his time. Gathering all the punchlines.

He will come again. 



UNDEAD WEEK

by Ron Herbst



I never suspected a thing was wrong when I heard the screams come from the other side of campus.

Heck, it was dead week, what should I have expected? Anyway I had a lot of other things on my mind that night, so I'm not surprised that I didn't think about it at first. I'd been cramming all night for a really tough Russian final, hour after lonesome hour until I fell asleep over my books. Just the wind I thought, stretching a bit and closing my eyes. No cause for alarm.

It would have been the end of the whole thing if I hadn't woken up fifteen minutes later. There I was bleary eyed, staring at a puddle of drool I'd made on Lenin's face while I slept, and suddenly I realized that the screaming was still going on. I tried to ignore it and go back to sleep, but there was no way of sleeping a wink while that horrible cacophony continued. It was a little unnerving, laying there in the dark. Where was my roommate, anyway? Elsewhere. Out there.

I pulled my coat on. I figured by now that something strange was happening and, much as I expected to regret it, I was going to have to go out into the hellish wasteland that I'd been able to shun until tonight — Stanford After Dark.

Stanford has never seemed threatening to me by day, but after the sun goes down I get nervous. I had heard stories that would make your skin tap dance backwards. I'm not superstitious or anything, but I get this feeling that there's something in the air that attracts the creeps and psychos — History majors, English majors, Drum majors. For that reason I don't go out at night if I can help it, and you can probably imagine how I was feeling as I left the comfort of my well-lighted dorm. 'Don't look vulnerable' I thought. 'You're dead if they think you're vulnerable.' Well, I felt pretty feeble. I'm a vulnerable guy. I pulled my coat tightly around me as the wind blew me over. I'm a small guy. I picked myself up and headed right into Doom.

I tried to ignore a growl that was approaching me, but I couldn't help stealing a quick glance at them. They staggered and stumbled, lumbering around rather heavily, considering that these guys weren't all that heavy. 'They're drunk' I thought, and I waited for them to try and jump me. They didn't. I was surprised. Drunk people always love to jump people and beat them into hamburger; you can see it in their eyes. 'Let's punch that wimp' those eyes say. Believe me, I've seen it.

Anyway, they just passed me by, talking under their breath and handing food back and forth. Curious, that food they were carrying. They ate without plates or napkins, just holding it right in their hands. 'Barf-O' I thought, 'That's revolting.' Greasy as hell. The food was

thick with the stuff, wet and glistening in the moonlight. Dark red oil. Hideous — and Stern was easily half way across campus. Something just didn't click.

Another thing — there was a full moon out that night, yellow and pendulous. After they passed me by I noticed it. And then more screaming: 'Some frosh in the Quad's been slipped a long, rough tongue' I thought optimistically, but it was just too loud out there. Not even a slobbery soul-kiss gets that kind of full-scale pandamonium.

I'd almost reached Meyer by this time, and I decided that any further investigation would have to take the back burner while I ducked inside LOTS to buy a Tab. I walked in CERAS digging into my pockets for change, but I never made it past the doorway. LOTS was packed with some of the tireddest, most depressingly bloodshot hackers I'd ever seen. Row after row of terminal cases, each one with a boney back, bent arduously over a glowing console. But the worst thing was — I shiver to remember it! — they were tapping in unison.

I mean it. Tap. Tap. Tap.

I decided I could do without a Tab after all.

The change clattered from my hands as I scrambled towards the nearest door, which wasn't the one through which I had entered but exited right toward the Quad. No! Not that way! Reeling, I fled into a small hallway. No way out. I turned around, confronted by a horrifying apparition leaning intently over the photocopier, clenched fists pounding rhythmically at the controls.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. He was making copies to the beat of the LOTS terminals. They were copies of a single page from a worn black book. A print of Munich's "The Scream." Sheet after leering sheet they poured out in a heap on the floor, hundreds of them. A pile of dimes covered the machine, spilling into a wide pool on the floor. I turned and got out of CERAS fast. The night air slapped me like an open palm as I stumbled to a frantic halt.

I wanted to avoid the Quad like the plague, so I headed toward White Plaza. I walked briskly, suddenly realizing that in minutes I would be at Tressider. Of course! Their Dead Week 24-hour study room would be open and full of people. I didn't look back as I crossed the plaza in a cloud of gutter smoke, not pausing until I'd safely negotiated the stairs at the center of Tressider Union, leaning inward to compensate for centrifugal force. I wiped my brow on my sleeve and stepped inside the study lounge.

Finally I could be at ease. The room was packed with people, all busy studying. I had to talk to someone, anyone. I poured myself a tall cup of coffee and approached a man at one table. "Excuse me, do you know what time it is?" I smiled, tapping him on the shoulder. He didn't move, I was about to repeat my question when he slumped over and fell to the floor in a lifeless heap. Startled to the bone, I dropped my Folgers right on his limp gray face. His nose steamed. I checked his pulse. Dead.

The wind was louder now, a lonesome howl that whipped through the room. They were dead, every one, and a crackling, bubbling laugh was blaring endlessly from an overturned radio in the far corner of the room. It wasn't plugged in.

I ran, a scream flowing out behind me like a wake. Somehow I found my dormitory, my room, . . . my roommate. Sheldon was there, dialing the phone. I stopped in the doorway. Pulled it shut. Gaspd for breath. Sweat dripped into my eyes.

"Sheldon" I whispered. "Something bad is happening. Something very bad."

Sheldon looked up. "Hello, Ron" he smiled. My god, was he deaf?

"Shel" I repeated, "Hell's come to visit. It's right out there." I pointed through the window, but he continued to stare through me, transfixed on the door behind my back. Staring and dialing. I shook him. "Shel!" I screamed, but he didn't respond. I stared at the phone . . . six. He was dialing the number six, again and again. Something distant and grating was confiding in him over the receiver. I grabbed it and smashed the phone against the desk.

Sheldon only grinned. "Hungry?" he asked, pulling an enormous drumstick from underneath my bed. My throat went dry. "What is that?" I whispered. "Steve" he replied, licking his lips. "Our R.A." He took a loud munch. Shock kept me from bolting instantly. I stood paralyzed as he offered me the wishbone. "Here's to better luck than ol' Steve here" he toasted consolingly. "Sheldon" I cried, white with panic. "Why? What's happened here: Why are you eating Steve? He . . . he bought us a six-pack not two weeks ago." Shel's eyes brightened briefly and then he took another thoughtful bite. "Meat." He had a point there. Certainly there was no meat in the filler-packed fare Food Service offered, and the only chunk of sausage I'd ever seen on a Domino's had been lost to the cardboard before the third slice was out. But still . . . human flesh. I turned to go with a gurgling whine, but suddenly something stilled my hand. I felt the door. It was hot. I pulled the coat over my head and lept through the window, climbing onto a moped left in the driveway and gunning the engine with a mad kick. Sheldon was beckoning from the window with a juicy clavical. I shot out into the road. There was only one place to go.

How long I rode I cannot say. Minutes? Hours? I could not tell. Finally I reached it — Green Library. It was locked. I backed up and ran straight at the double panes, skidding to a halt at the Priveleges Desk in a pile of glass. I stumbled to the card catalog and jumped to the proper drawer with impatient fingers . . . zen, zippers, xylophones . . . zombies. I pulled the card and read it quickly: South Stacks.

I hopped back onto the bike, kicked it into gear, and headed into the stacks. I reached the designated row in just under half an hour — good time, for the stacks. I grabbed the book and tossed it open on the floor.



And there it was.

"Zombies, n. zombies are the animated corpses of the hapless, troubled dead, doomed to walk the earth until long after eternity. They like meat. A lot."

Something clicked. These students, these zombies — who were they? Pre-meds, LOTS advisors, double major double-E's: hard cores of every description. No extra-curriculars. No social life. No 'stop-and-smell-the-roses.' No meat.

They had studied until they died. Stayed up so long that they finally went down for the last time. Hacked until they cracked. Read till they were dead.

And now they were hungry.

Understanding coursed through my body like an open current. And then I heard it. A groaning, snapping, drooling sound that tied my spine in knots I'd forgotten since my Cub Scout days. I turned around surrounded. The stacks were full of the grisly All-Nighters; these studious specters rose from every carrol and poured from every room, a macabre collection of student bodies extending deep into the dark murk beyond.

I was trapped. No way out. I closed the book and replaced it on the shelf. "Well" I said, "You're all zombies. And now, I suppose, you are going to eat me." The closest zombie stepped forward. "That's right" it slobbered, and them paused. Another behind him gave a

sharp nudge. "I call the legs" it slobbered. The rest of the shambling hoard drooled and chanted.

Resignation prompted a desperate plan. I could see them dividing me into cuts and slices in their minds, such as they were.

"Wait" I said. "Don't eat me."

The mumbling stopped. "Why not?" asked the nudging nightmare.


"Because" I answered, mustering all the nerve I could, "you're all invited to a party."

"A party?" They were all jostling about now, whispering to one another. "Yes," I continued, and then — with a confidential wink — "A party with plenty of Blatz Beer."

A cheer went up, and I mumbled a quick prayer of thanks for whatever quirk of fate had led me to read the footnotes in that dusty book:

"I Note that zombies are characterized by an insatiable craving for cheap, low-quality malt and yeast products, i.e., Blatz Beer."

Like a Pie-eyed Piper I led them out of the library, across the University and up Campus Drive. And then there we were — the Dish. "OOOOH My!" called a startled minion, and a cry of delight echoed through the entire company, thoughts of a good chug quickly dispelled. "Cows!" they called with a single, resounding voice, and they scattered onto the field with dancing feet.

And Pier's Dairy was never heard of again. 



My dog from Swaziland

My dog is from Swaziland. And he will get you. Yes, he and his carnivorous legions of Ginsu II toting shoe salesmen will dice your body into one hundred and thirty bite-sized tidbits and ship them across the country in trucks. Big trucks that have rock crushing tires. Tires designed by the demon spawn Michelin Man himself. My dog from Swaziland knows where you live.

You cannot escape my dog from Swaziland just because you have dined with Henry Kissinger, for my dog from Swaziland has dined with Jim Nabors, who has revealed to him all your darkest secrets. And he has learned neck-splitting martial arts from men who live in abandoned refrigerators. Cold, grimy refrigerators that drive men to mutilate at the first sight of two day old tuna fish. The tuna fish in your refrigerator is now two days old. My dog from Swaziland is going to get you.

Your growling paranoia cannot hold back my dog from Swaziland. There is a direct passage from my dog from Swaziland's cage to your closet. Do not open your closet door. At any cost. Not even if your roommate wants to borrow your white Oxford shirt, for my dog with blood. Do not even look at your closet, for my dog from Swaziland may already be there. No! Don't look!

My dog from Swaziland has maimed and slaughtered one thousand people just to train for your death. Do you remember the last time you went to the store for groceries? My dog from Swaziland was there, watching you. You should not have bought Twinkies. But now it is too late. You cannot run from my dog from Swaziland. He wears diesel powered sneakers.

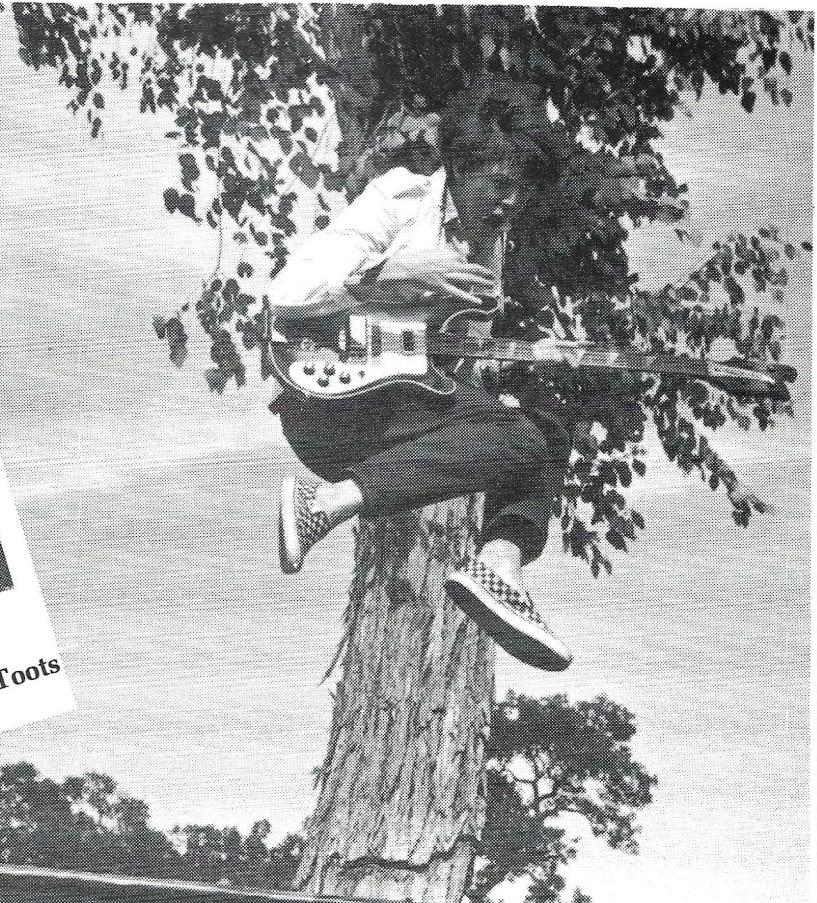
Yes, I am sure that my dog from Swaziland will murder you. And no one will ever know. Think of it. You're scared shitless. And there aren't even any dogs in Swaziland.

Because they are all in your closet . . .

THE MALL



The Mall Ratz (from left)
Twang-Man, Betty, Forest-Chest, and Toots



HOLIDAY IN



RATZ

ZZ

The advent of the eighties brought with it a revolution in the stolid world of E-Z Listening Music. Rising from the suburban shopping centers of Lakevale, Michigan, the Mall Ratz have been topping the charts and rocking the aisles with their breakaway single *White Tag* on my Heart from their second album, *Attention Shoppers*. I caught up with the Ratz in San Diego in the midst of their recent national tour. They were enjoying a round of continental breakfasts in the Coffee Shop of the Holiday Inn.

JC: The Mall Ratz took everyone by surprise, critics and fans alike. Fighting to make it big in a branch of music many believed was too 'bland and shallow' to launch a band of superstar proportions, you've carved your own niche in the product-laden back wall of contemporary music. Did you ever have a sense that you were going to make it big, back when you were first starting out?

Toots: Well, we kinda had a feeling that we were on to something big, something . . . *right* . . . when we landed the Sears contract. (*Dakota Mall, Main Floor, 1981 — Ed.*) Were we destined to make it big? I don't know. Certainly we never anticipated the overwhelming acceptance that followed the release of **Attention Shoppers**.

Twang: No mystery to it at all. We saw an untapped market and tapped it. The right sound at the right place at the right time. I think that's what our first single (**Behind the Basket**) was all about. It said, 'Hey man, shopping's o.k.'

JC: Twang, you mentioned the Sears contract. Many of the fans who have been following the band since it was formed now charge that you'll no longer play the small malls. They say that you've sold out, that you're not as commercial as you used to be.

T-Man: It's a real problem, Juan. You want to do those small dates — Shop-O-Rama, Land of Laundromats (*two popular small-venue malls in the San Diego Area*) — but you balance that with the opportunity to reach so many more people — so many more *shoppers* — at a really big mall.

Toots: We spent, what, three or four years playing supermarkets and Woolworths. That's it. We paid our dues. It's like Twang said — mega-malls mean a broader audience. It's an audience we've worked hard for. An audience we deserve.

JC: Your first album release, **Shopping Spree**, was a critical and commercial failure. What makes *Attention Shoppers* so much different?



Toots: Oh, there's no comparison.

Forest Chest: No comparison.

Toots: **Shopping Spree** was a cover album — all stuff we'd picked up when we were just young punks hanging around the five and dime, listening to everything and just learning, assimilating. *Spree* was a tribute to the greats we grew up with — Denver, Anka, Newton, Pardo. *Shoppers* is all original. It's got a message.

JC: What is that message?

Toots: Shop. Buy. It's Muzak, man. But, you know, its good Muzak.

Betty: Take the lyrics, for instance.

JC: (surprised) There are no lyrics on either of your albums. (An embarrassed silence. Finally, Forest Chest speaks up)

F.C.: Yeah, well, we didn't put them on the album.

Twang: The ambience just wasn't right. I mean, you can sing 'buy a lot of groceries, grab a magazine, get a lot of stuff, fill that basket, run to the register' . . . but where's the subtlety in that? Genius is saying it without words.

Forest Chest: Yeah. That's genius.

JC: Let's talk about the beginning, your beginning. How did it happen — where did you meet? How did you all start out?

Forest Chest: I used to hang out at the escalator, waiting for somebody to forget to step off at the bottom and get sucked down those waiting grooves. (Laughs) But that never happened, of course. One day my Walkman fell off and there it was, caressing my ears from the ceiling speakers. Muzak. I think it was Tony Bennett — strong stuff. So I thought to myself, "Hey — I play pinball, I can play the accordian." My uncle had an old concertina gathering dust up in the attic. I grabbed it that afternoon, and I never put it down.

Toots: Forest and I had Home Ec together. I was over at his house working on one of our term projects one



afternoon. Baking a cake. While it was rising, he starts fiddling around with this miniature accordian. Now, I've always been an E-Z rock fan, but this sounded fresh, new, innovative. I knew it was the genuine article right away. I played coronet in the Mellow Sounds Club at school — it just clicked. We started playing elevators in the local hotels and office buildings, just the two of us. Pretty soon we knew it was time to expand, and we started looking for a strings man.

Twang: That's where I came in. I'd scalped Toots a pair of Barry Manilow tickets the night before the concert. A couple days later he calls me back, asking if he can return the tickets, and says 'Oh, by the way, we're thinking of forming a band'. I couldn't say no.

JC: You bought back the tickets?

Toots: No.

T-Man: No. I joined the band.

Betty: I'd known Ernie for years, and he gave me a call the next day. All we needed was a drummer. We put an ad in the local paper but all we heard from were metalheads wanting to play, I don't know, Lionel Richie covers. Hardcore stuff.

Toots: Things were looking down, way down, until an AFS student moved in with my family. Sven was the man we were looking for.

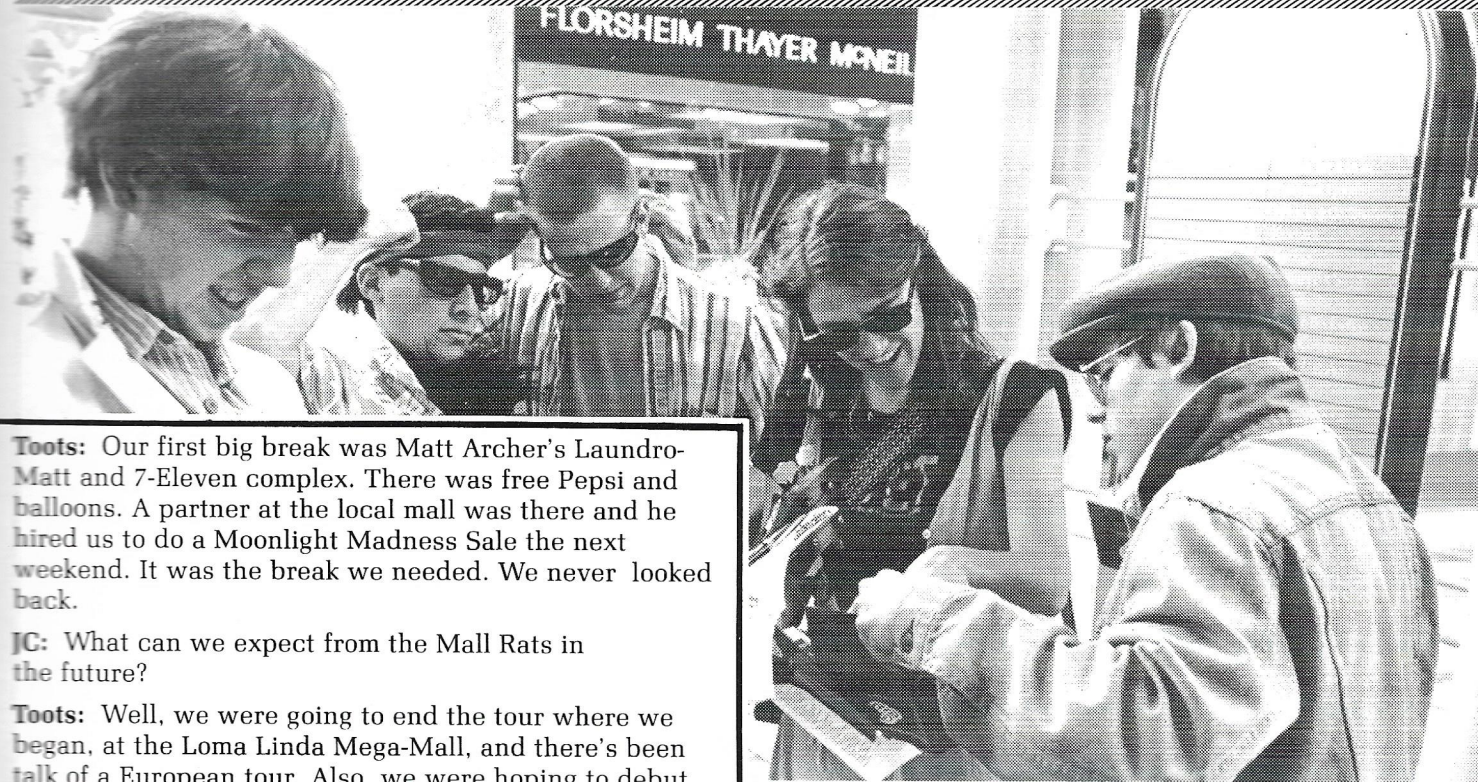
Sven: (In a rich Lapland drawl) I went to the audition. They handed me sticks. I said "Sticks? No man, too harsh. Brushes. I only use brushes." They closed the door. That was it. I was in.

JC: So you were all in High School when the band first formed. Was it hard getting gigs in those early days?

Betty: You bet. Our first job was working for the Twang-Man's dad.

Twang: A dentist.

Betty: We used to play the patient's waiting lounge, after school and on lunch breaks.



Toots: Our first big break was Matt Archer's Laundro-Matt and 7-Eleven complex. There was free Pepsi and balloons. A partner at the local mall was there and he hired us to do a Moonlight Madness Sale the next weekend. It was the break we needed. We never looked back.

JC: What can we expect from the Mall Rats in the future?

Toots: Well, we were going to end the tour where we began, at the Loma Linda Mega-Mall, and there's been talk of a European tour. Also, we were hoping to debut our new video, "Cash or Charge" on MTV, but that's currently in litigation.

JC: Why the lawsuit?

Twang: Discrimination. Racism.

JC: Against the Mall Rätz?

Toots: They won't show our video because Sven's Norwegian.

JC: Oh, come on now . . .

Sven: No! It is true! Have you ever seen an ABBA video on MTV? A Van Hjalisk video?

JC: (pause) Well . . . no.

Sven: No coincidence, I can assure you.

JC: A minor setback for a band that's writing its own ticket in today's record industry. What's been the best experience so far?

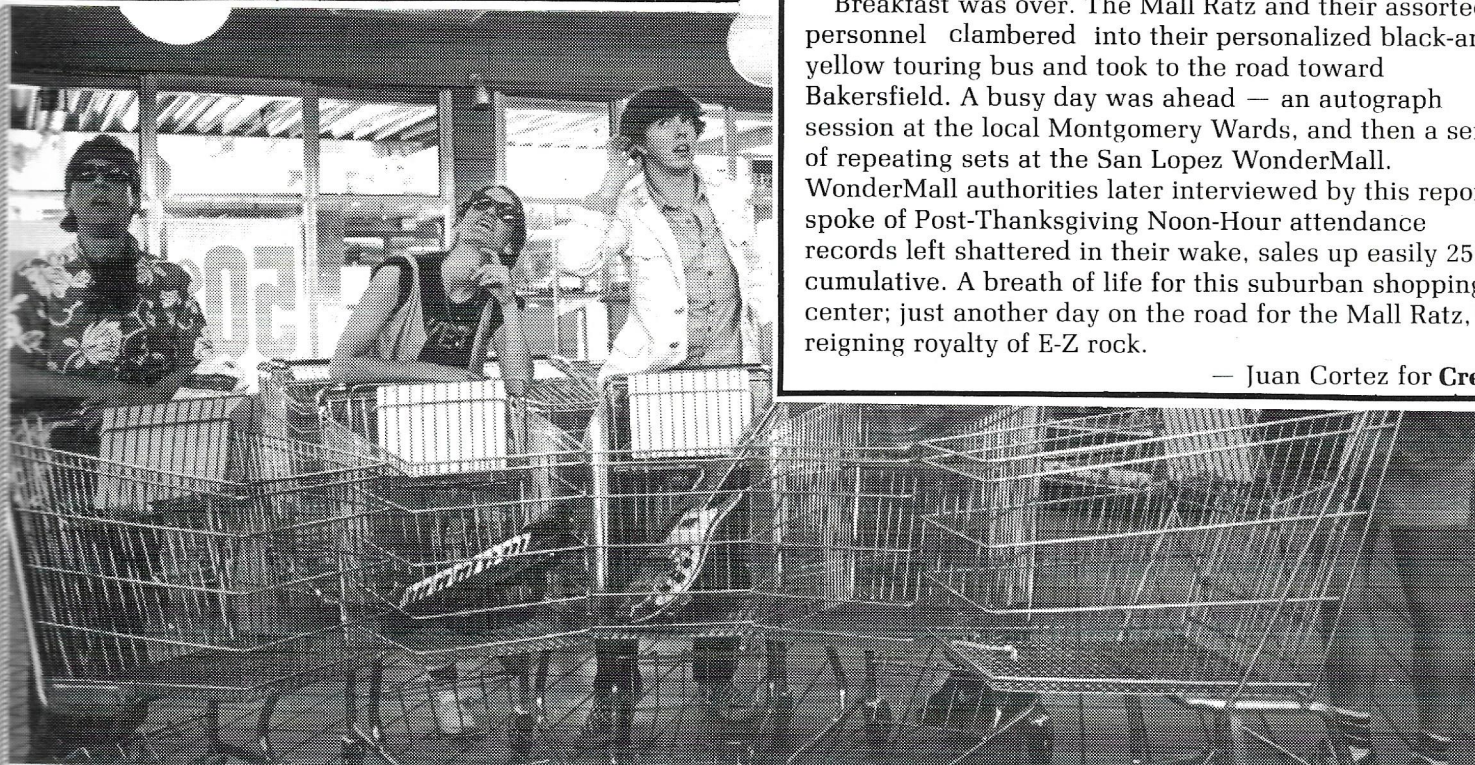
Toots: The Grammys.

Twang: Yeah, the Grammys. We played every commercial break, live.

Toots: It doesn't get much better than that.

Breakfast was over. The Mall Ratz and their assorted personnel clambered into their personalized black-and-yellow touring bus and took to the road toward Bakersfield. A busy day was ahead — an autograph session at the local Montgomery Wards, and then a series of repeating sets at the San Lopez WonderMall. WonderMall authorities later interviewed by this reporter spoke of Post-Thanksgiving Noon-Hour attendance records left shattered in their wake, sales up easily 25% cumulative. A breath of life for this suburban shopping center; just another day on the road for the Mall Ratz, the reigning royalty of E-Z rock.

— Juan Cortez for **Creem**



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AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I'M CALLED
BY MOST OF 'EM.

MY BUSINESS IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS
AT ONE POINT OR ANOTHER. Y'SEE
I'M HERE TO CONTACT YOUR AVERAGE
JOE AND DIRECT HIM TO WHATEVER
PLACE HE'S 'SPOSE TO GO. MOST
EVERYONE GOES TO HEAVEN AND I
MUST ADMIT, IT'S A SWELL JOINT.

BUT I CAN'T GET EVERYONE TO TAKE
MY WORD FOR IT AND THAT'S WHY I'M
GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE...

TOUGHEST CASE DEATH EVER HAD!

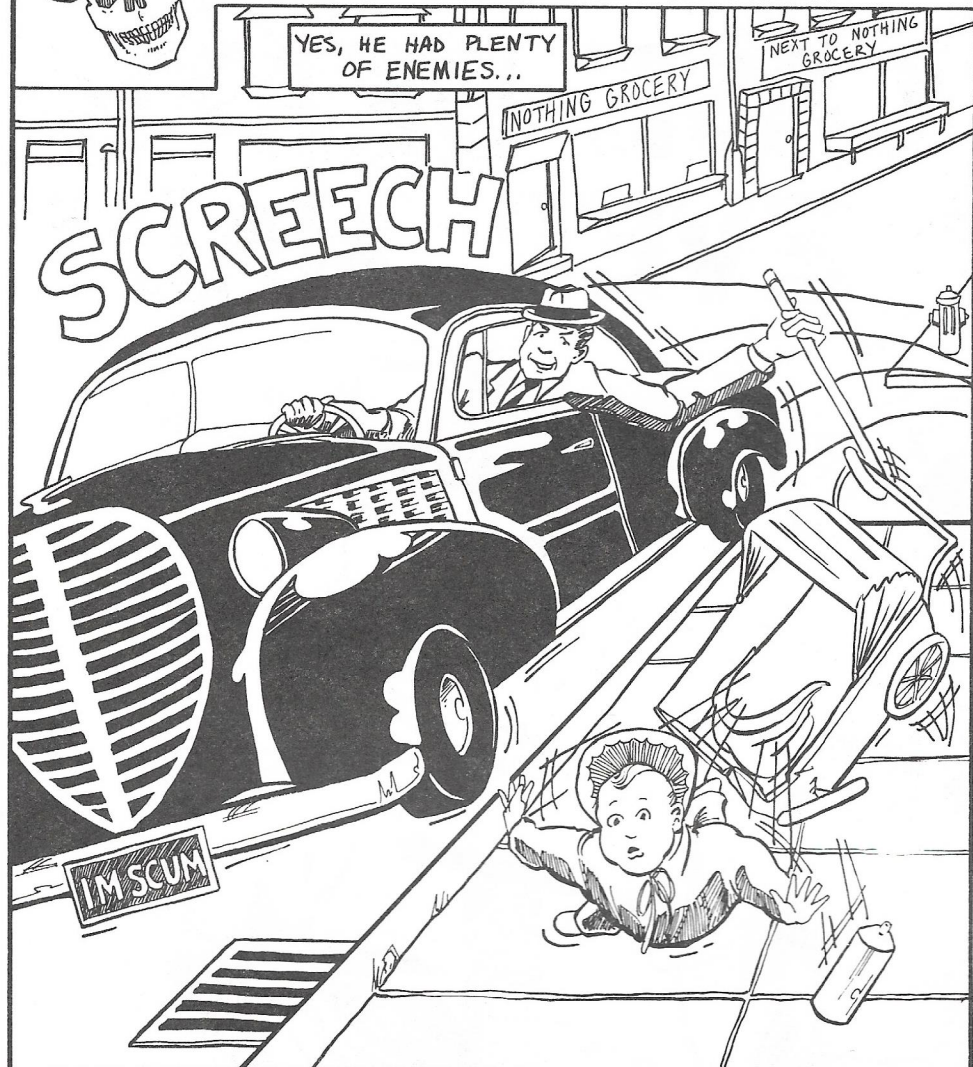


STORY: MIKE COLLINS ART: Paul Cheney



"STEVE RANDOLPH WAS LOWER THAN A BOUNCER'S VOICE. HE'D GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO SLIGHT A FRIEND, ... IF YOU GIVE HIM HALF A CHANCE! THE KIND OF GUY WHO'D FLICK CIGAR ASHES IN YOUR DRINK WHEN HE BOUGHT YOU A ROUND!

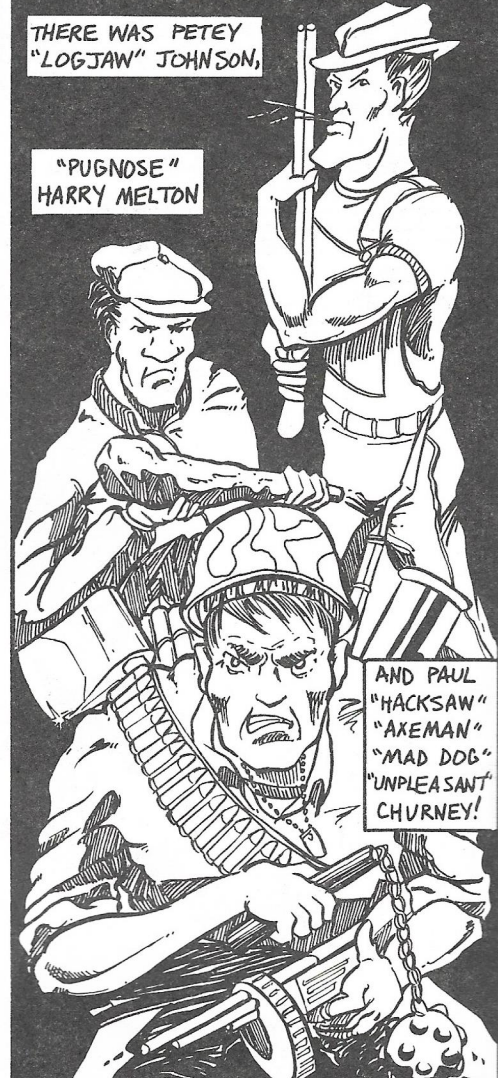
YES, HE HAD PLENTY OF ENEMIES...



'OLD WOMEN, YOUNG WOMEN, MEN AND BOYS ALL HATED THAT RASCAL RANDOLPH. ONE COLD DAY, THREE OF 'EM DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

THERE WAS PETEY "LOGJAW" JOHNSON,

"PUGNOSE" HARRY MELTON



AND PAUL "HACKSAW" "AXEMAN" "MAD DOG" "UNPLEASANT" CHURNEY!

STEVE BEGAN THE DAY QUITE OBLIVIOUS TO HIS IMPENDING DOOM WHEN 'ROUND THE CORNER CAME LOGJAW!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE BUDDY!

HEY LOOK! A SILVER DOLLAR!



HMM? HUH? WHERE?



DOWN THERE CHUMP! HAVE A NICE TRIP! HAR-DEE HAR-HAR!

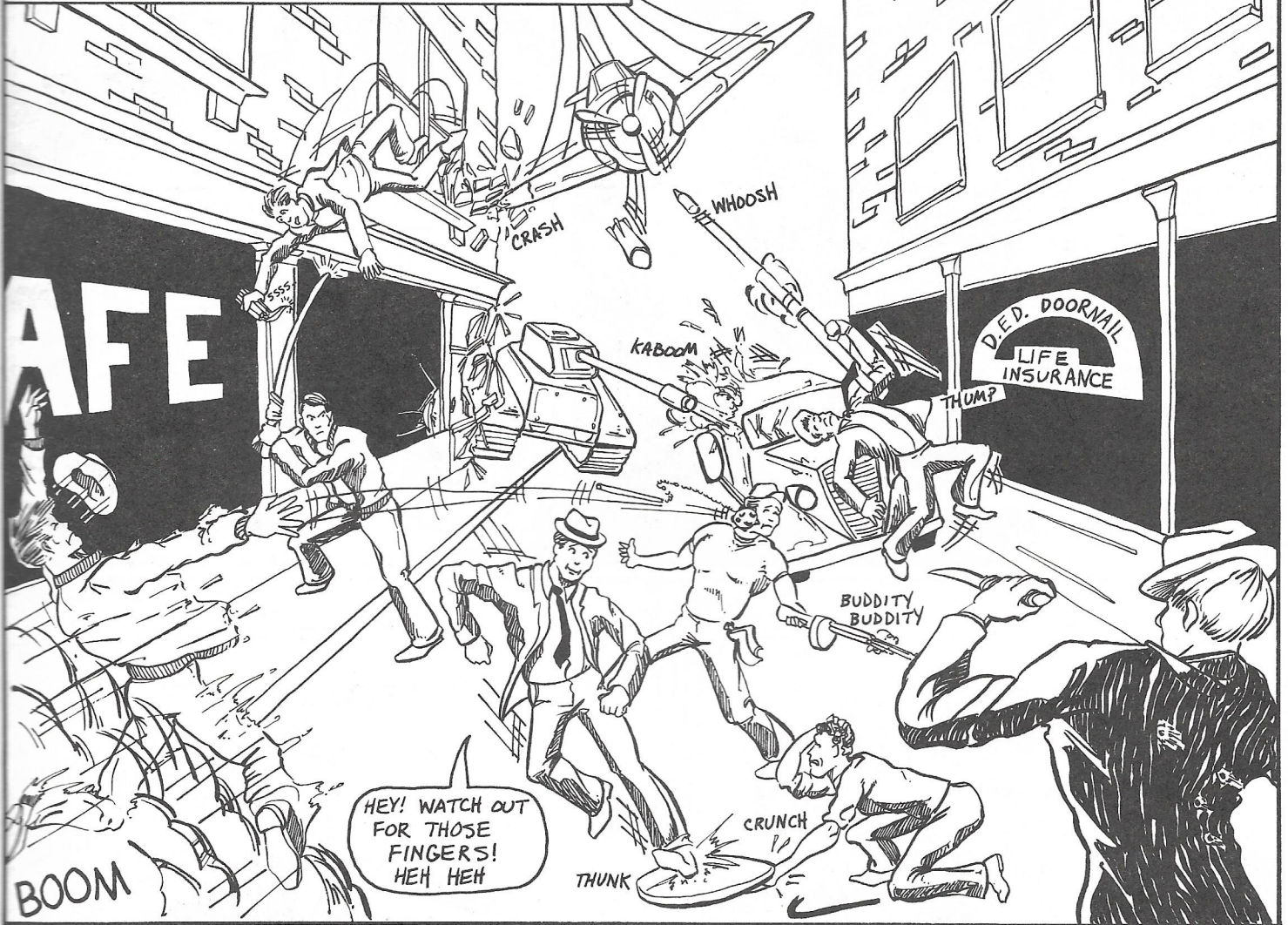
LOOK AT THE TIME! IT'S ALMOST RUSH HOUR! SO MANY PEOPLE TO TRIP AND ELBOW!

GARSH!

NEXT, PUGNOSE MELTON TOOK A SHOT AT STEVE



FINALLY, PAUL "THE BEAST" "WIDOWMAKER" "LONG KNIFE" "BOTH BARRELS" "ILL-MANNERED" CHURNEY AND HIS GANG OF HIRED THUGS WERE UP TO BAT!





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Stanford, California

Editor's Signature

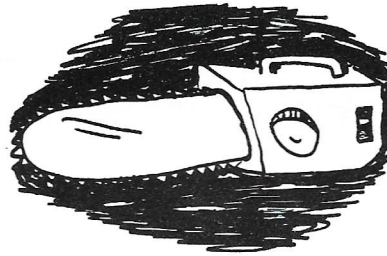
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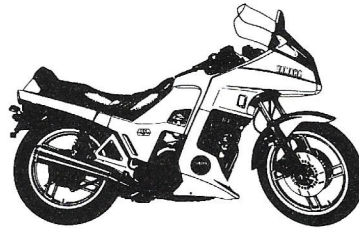
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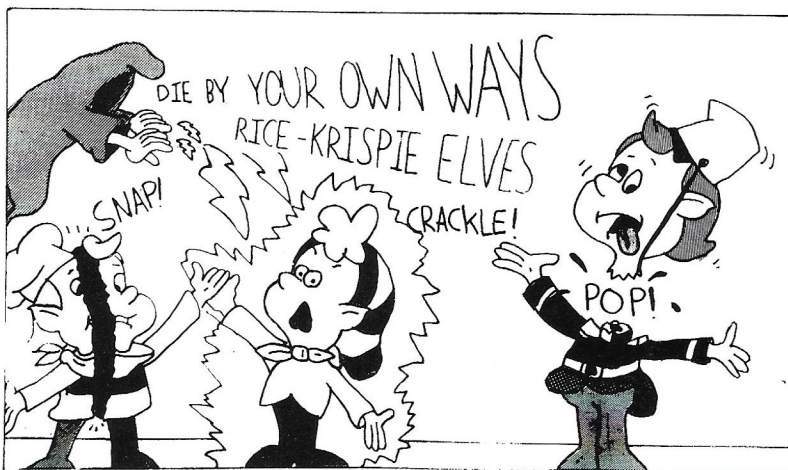
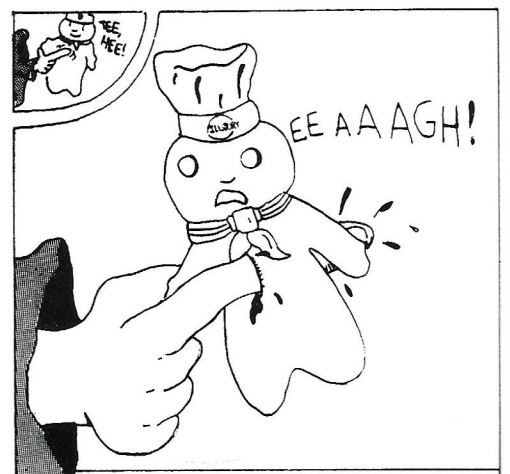
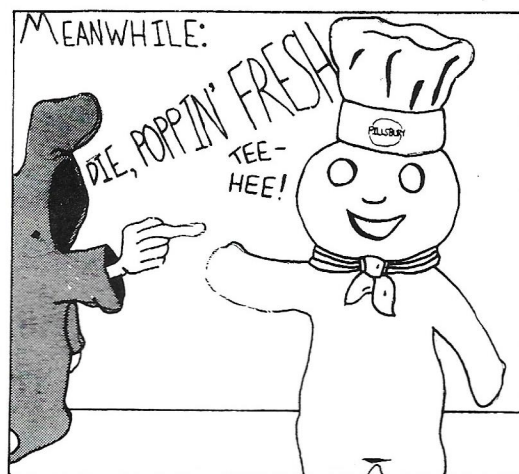
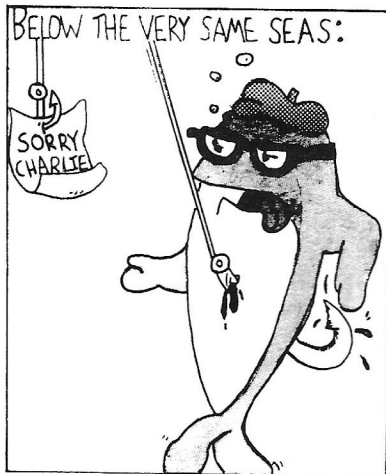
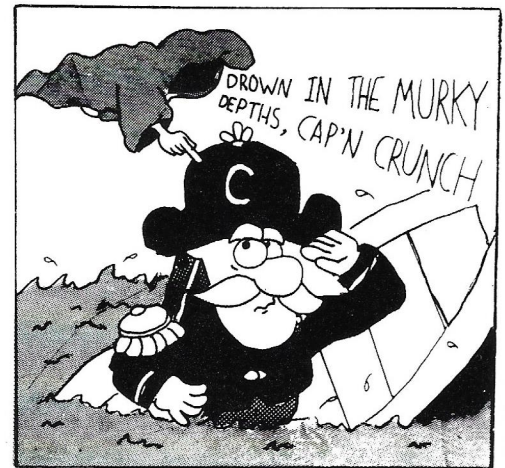
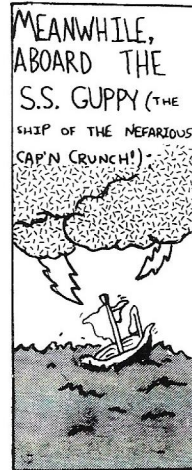
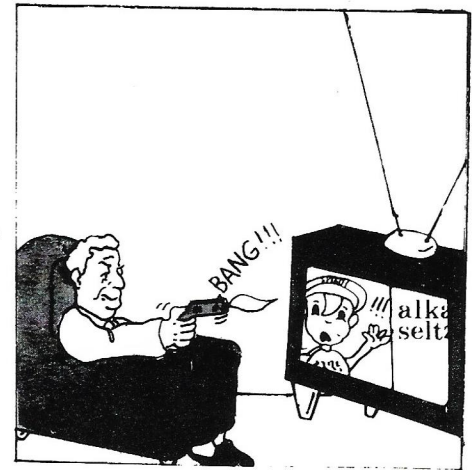
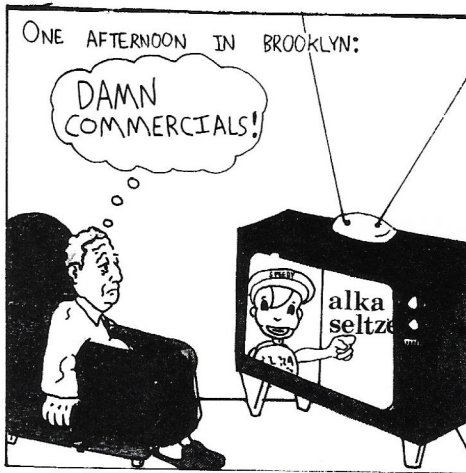
PALO ALTO **Yamaha**

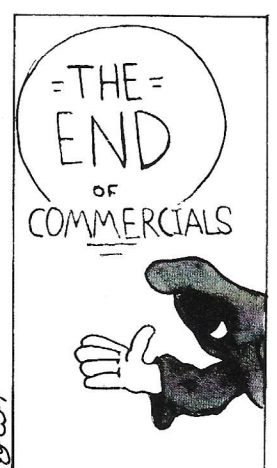
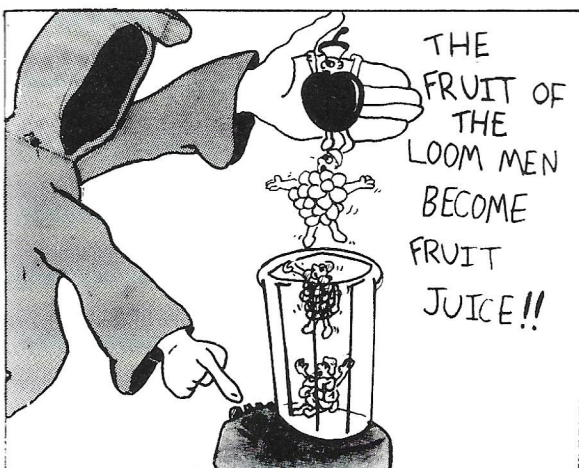
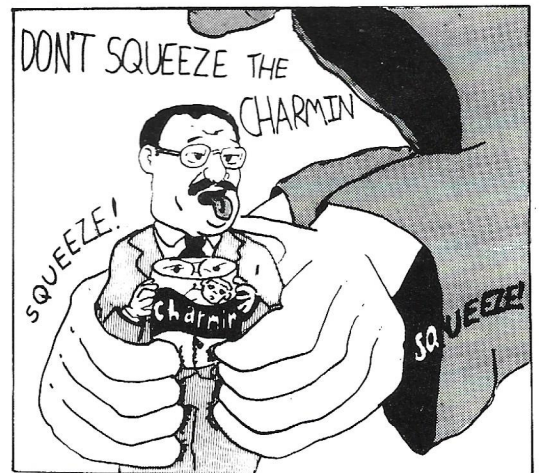
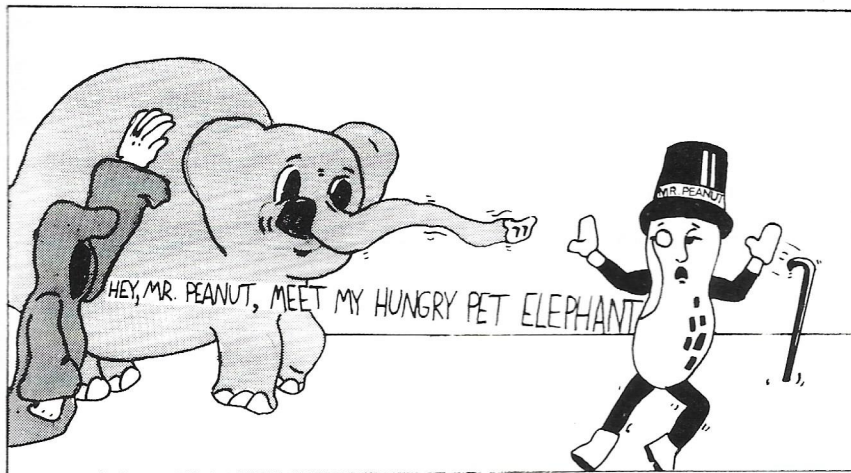
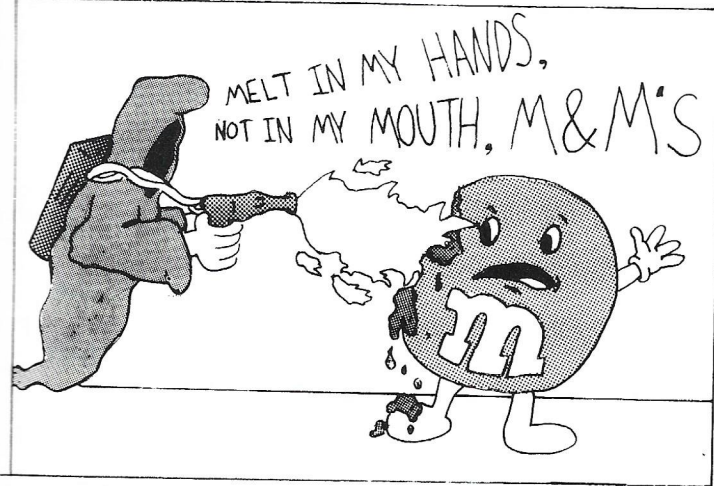
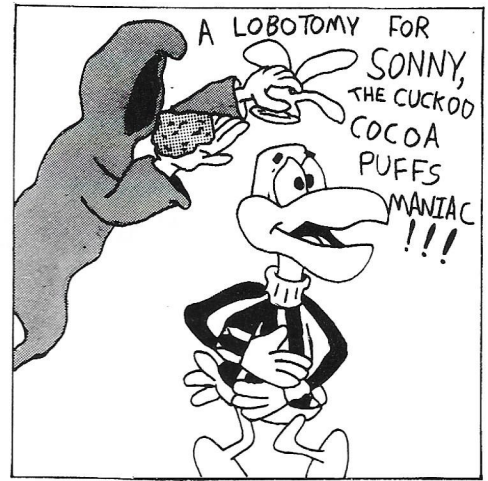
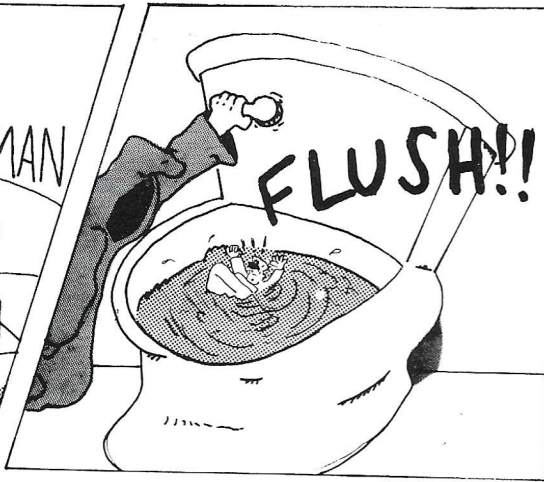
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DEATH ON T.V.

BY JOSH WEINSTEIN





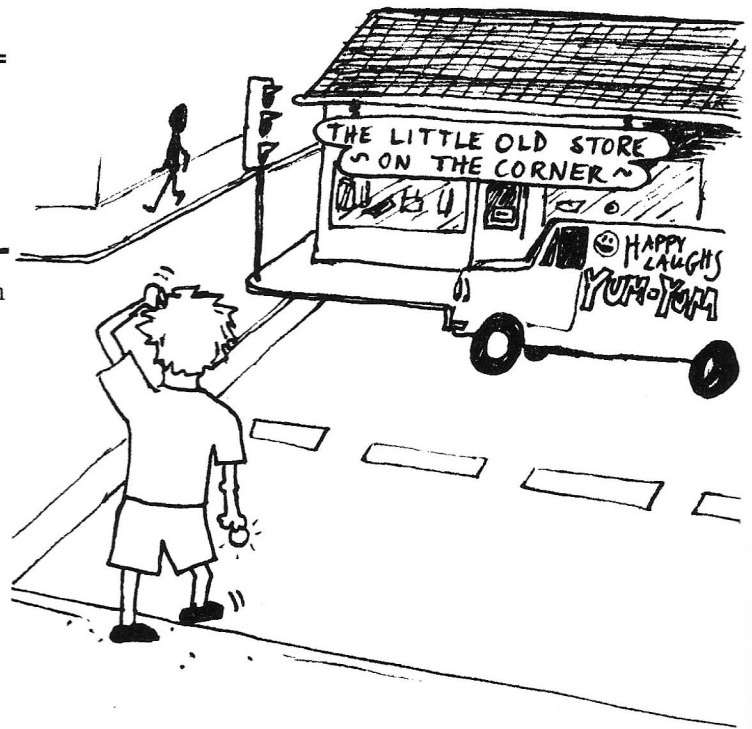
Wilma Grimm's Suburban Fables & Feary Tales



by Wilma Grimm, who would not lie to you.

The Boy Who Didn't Listen

Once upon a time, a small child (much like yourself) decided that he would visit the grocery store on the corner. The Little Old Store On The Corner was continually stocked with lollys and mambos and sugar rosies and treats of all descriptions; and this little boy had found a shiny half dollar on the walk in front of his house just that morning. Now, it so happened that the Little Old Store On The Corner was situated across the street and down a bit. And as he stood on the sidewalk peering with greedy eyes at the grocers, he recalled the warning his mother had repeated so many times: "Son, do not cross the street. If you set one foot on that road, the lord will strike you dead." And the boy thought this over carefully. Certainly it didn't seem unlikely; he'd heard plenty of stories of neighborhood children accidentally or mischevously placing a stray foot on the pavement and being instantly run down by commuter buses. A few simple experiments crossed his mind — removing a shoe and tossing it into the road, or perhaps walking on his hands — but not wanting to lose one of his nice loafers and not really knowing how to walk on his hands for more than a step or two, he wisely resolved to bide his time and remain on the sidewalk.



And he might well have done so, had not the Happy Laughs Yum-Yum Truck rounded the corner at just that moment and parked directly in front of the Little Old Store, partially blocking its cheerful windows with the panel-truck's colorful display of joyful clowns eating delicious bars of thick, dark chocolate or pink whipped sugar candy. And all at once he forgot his mother's loving

words, neglected her knowing advice and jumped off the curb, making a beeline for the store.

And even as his sneakered foot touched the pavement, his young body was mashed flat by a passing steam roller.

Moments later, the young and foolish soul of the disobedient lad stood before Saint Peter at the very gates of heaven. The wisened angel looked up from his book as the youth approached. "How did you die, son?" the angel asked.

"Hit by a car, sir" he replied, not having noticed in his haste that the vehicle was not a car at all, but indeed a large and particularly swift steam roller.

"In the street?" queried the saint.

"In the street." confessed the child.

Peter rubbed his bearded chin and looked at the boy over his ancient bifocals. "And tell me, son" he concluded, his hand resting on the gate's golden latch, "did you look both ways?"

"No."

"You go to hell."

And so he did.

The Boy Who Chose Not to Chew

Little Ronnie Smith lived in his nice house with his very nice family, just off Exit 29 in Mallville. But now he is stone cold dead. So he doesn't live there any more.

You see, little Ronnie loved to gulp down his food like there was no tomorrow. Silly Ronnie! there's always a tomorrow! Unless you're dead. Like little Ronnie.

Ronnie's mother loved him very, very much. As all mothers do, of course! Except maybe yours. Anyhow, she would always cook him super fantastic meals that good children should always eat, like Aspara-brussel Surprise and Meat Loaf a la Canned Spam. Good children should always eat these types of food. Unless they're dead. Like little Ronnie.

Anyway, one frosty night, little Ronnie was devouring loads of his favorite dish: Liver and Onion Casserole. He ate so fast, he didn't even chew once. He just gulped it straight down. And that liver and those onions didn't die before they hit little Ronnie's stomach, like all food does if you chew it at least fifty times. So that liver and those onions crawled right back up little Ronnie's throat and into his brain, where they caused severe and fatal hemorrhaging.

You should also make sure to clean your whole plate. Because if you don't, the left-over food will crawl from the garbage disposal up into your bathroom sink. And the next time you are brushing your teeth, which all good children who aren't dead like little Ronnie should do after every meal, the food will jump out of the faucet and suck on your screaming head until you're dead. Dead as a doorknob. Just like little Ronnie.

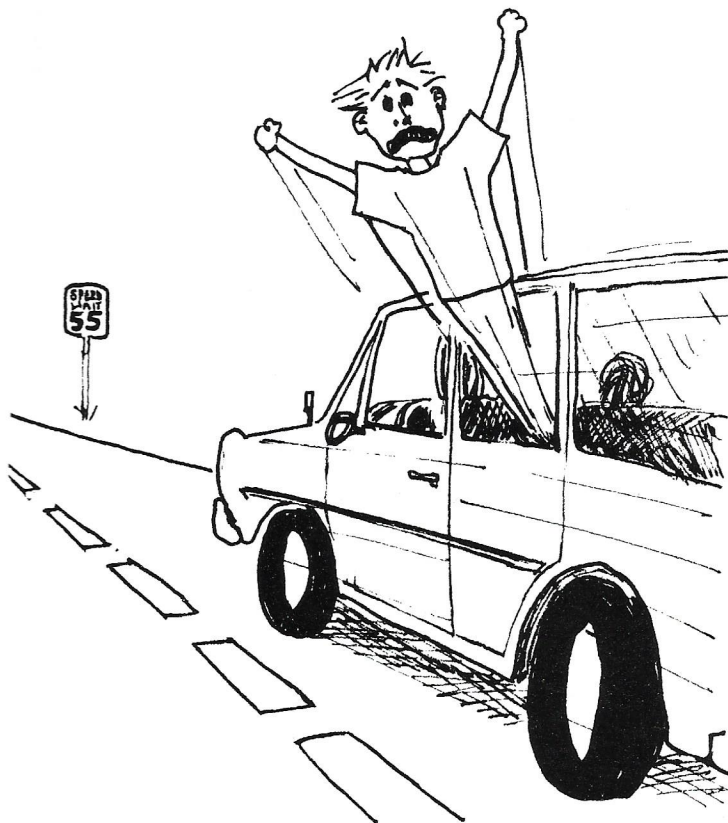
The Tale of Timmy, Who Became a Hood Ornament

"Buckle up, kids," Dad said as the Smiley family of Happyville piled into the family station wagon to head off to Jolly Laughing Clown Land. "Mother and I don't want any of you tykes flying out the window and getting imbedded in the grill of a passing diesel truck."

Everyone followed their father's example. Everyone but Timmy, that is. Little Suzie buckled up. The oldest boy, Dad Jr., not only put on his own seat belt, but Woofers', the family bow-wow, as well. Even Pee-wee, the baby, strapped himself in. But not Timmy. He just sat there, chomping bubblegum and reading his Mucous Man comic book.

And so off the Smileys drove, singing "99 Bottles of Cranapple Juice on the Wall" and talking about the rides they would have so much fun on if they could keep Pee-wee from vomiting.

But little Timmy's window was open. And as soon as a diesel truck was in sight behind them, Timmy felt himself beginning to lift out of the seat. The big ugly truck passed the Smiley family with a blare of its horn. Sure enough, little Timmy got sucked out the window, and before he knew it he flew kachunkity-squish onto the diesel's grill, just like Dad had said.





The Boy Who Listened to Rock and Roll. Once.

“Remember son, don’t ever listen to that rock music admonished little Tommy’s mother as she lovingly stirred the rest of the Hamburger Helper into the casserole. “For that music is the music of the devil, and if you listen to it, you will forever be in infernal league with him.”

“Sure mom.” Tommy smiled brightly as a cherub and ran out to join his friends, who were on their way to the Sunnyvale Boy’s Club little league tournament. Thoughts of the devil driving his spikes into Tommy’s soft chest soon gave way to thoughts of driving a grand slam home run out of centerfield.

“Hi Jimmy, Hi Fat Henry,” Tommy said as he hopped in the waiting car. Jimmy and Fat Henry were Tommy’s best friends, and neither of them listened to rock and roll music because their mothers had warned them.

“Hi Luke,” Tommy said to Fat Henry’s older brother. Luke drove them to all their games, and always took the fellows out to Elmo’s House of Egg Creams afterwards. Yum! Tommy could already taste the lip-smacking egg cream as it slid down his throat. That Luke sure was a great guy.

“Hiya squirt!” said Luke as he started up the car and pulled into the road without looking. He turned on the radio and tuned it to KILL, the local rock and roll station.

“Oh no! Rock and roll!” yelled Jimmy and Fat Henry, covering their ears like their mothers had told them. But little Tommy waited one second too many, and the devil leaped out of the radio and into Tommy’s ears, where he banged as hard as he could on the poor boy’s ear-drums.

“I fuck the devil!” screamed the voice from the radio. “I surf in the river Styx! I walk my three-headed dog in

Hell! Shit! Fuck! Phlegm! Phlegm! Phlegm!”

It was too late. Luke swerved into a telephone pole, sending Tommy straight through the windshield and into the snapping claws of Beelzebub. Now Tommy is in league with the devil — the devil’s very own little-league team.

The Naughty Tale of Old Weird Old Ben

All the kids in the neighborhood knew about Old Weird Old Ben, the old man with the funny clothes and straggly whiskers who sold lawn jockeys on the corner of First and Main. All the mothers were especially careful to warn their young sons and daughters to stay away from Ben, the old weird one, who had been known to slaver a bit and eye the young girls who passed him by, albeit at a safe distance. And though Ben was mute in one eye and dumb in the other, he would often find occasion to make lewd suggestions with his rag-tag collection of garden equipment, eliciting gasps of wonder from unknowing children and cries of dismay from their wiser parents as he arranged his Lawn Jockeys of All Lands to best advantage.

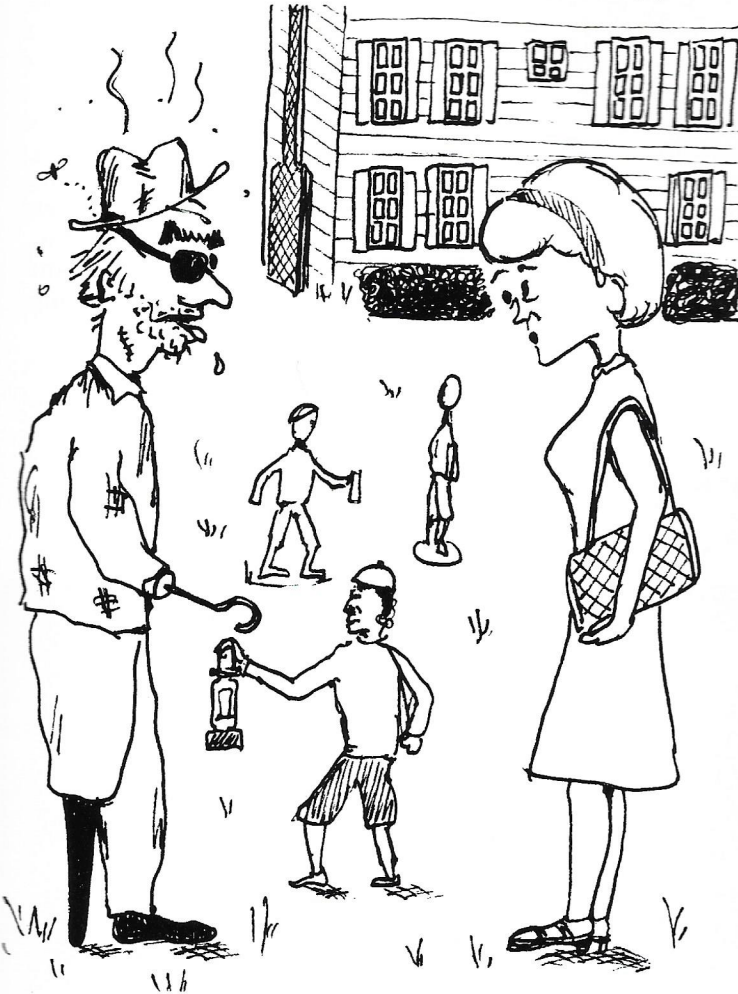
It was said, and it is true, that some few of the town’s naughtiest boys would occasionally sneak away and converse with Old Weird Old Ben, who couldn’t really hear them but nodded feverishly just the same as he packaged a pound of Lawn Guard or counted out a handful of bike seats. Yes, Ben was an all-too-friendly host to his curious young friends — and, it must be allowed, an eager and successful merchant. For people in ‘Burbville were not his only customers; as his reputation spread, lawn enthusiasts from as far as Tubtown and

Shellville were stopping by on weekends to pick up that just-right item from the curious stranger.

Oh, it all would have been rosey had not dear Mrs. Bunkle somehow lost her daughter Suzy one warm day in March, and subsequently decided to soothe the loss with a freshly painted, tastefully appointed lawn jockey. And those who saw it happen, or heard the tale soon after, say that Ben was bobbing and slaving something special that morning as Betty approached the corner, and that for the first time the whole collection was arranged in a single standing line, which reached nearly down to Pat Rumble's Poultry Showcase.

And then fate had her joke. "I've come to buy a lawn jockey" Mrs. Bunkle announced. "Hiarg!" leered Old Wierd And Particularly Lecherous And Old Ben. "Aughth!" Following his lead, she began walking down the row, inspecting each gardener's statuette in turn, Ben choking and lunging cheerfully all the while. Finally, they came to the last piece on the block.


Mrs. Bunkle let out a scream. "That . . . that . . . that Jockey!" she cried, "It's Suzy! Everyone — help! My little Suzy's been turned into a decorative hitching post!"




Quickly, a crowd assembled, many curious to see if perhaps this could be the answer to 'Burbville's startling 3:1 toddler disappearance rate. All eyes turned to Ben.

"Waift" he croaked. The crowd was silent.



"Miff Bunkel, yure doffter wuf white. Lawn Jockees arf Blach!" He smiled.

Well, there you have it. He has us there. But it sure made us think, just the same. 

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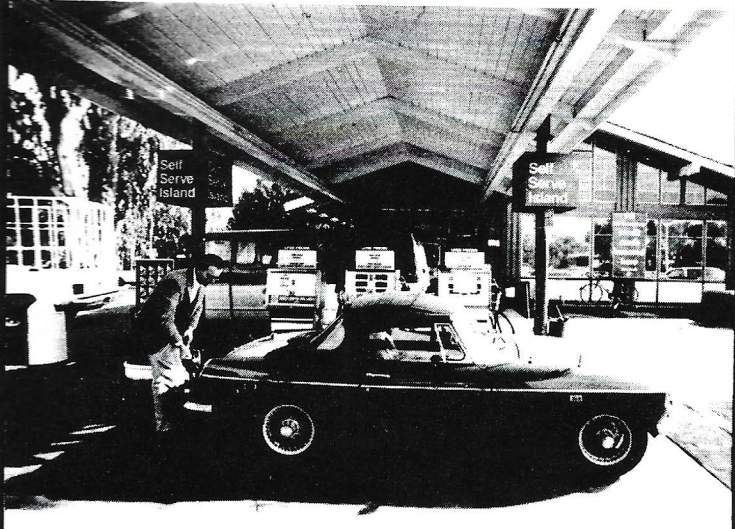
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The Antichrist - Revisited -

by Ray Ravaglia

The year 2000 draws near, and with it the end of the second millenia. It is a time that promises drastic change in the very fabric of our earthly existence, a time that portends of great harrowing and considerable gnashing of teeth. The signs of impending upheaval surround us and dare that we shun the dire warning they convey. You might ask, with the voice of a skeptic, "What are these ill-humoured predictions? Surely, the apocalypse will never occur!" Woe, woe to those who do not believe! Such doubting, pouting pundits shall soon enough be shown the truth. For it is written:

"When it is near the end of the second millenia, then too the world shall end as well."

Nostradamus, in his often quoted Limericks, predicted the end more than several years ago —

"The world is a small place. As it has no beginning it must have no end, for if it does then it will."

Take heed! Clearly, the year two-thousand spells doom. Doom. D-O-O-M.

What can I do? How can I prepare?

There is no need to bandy words: the Second Coming is coming. Fast. Now. Knocking on the door. So. How are we to prepare for the arriving apocalypse? Our path has been shown us. Recently unearthed manuscripts, *More Revelations* and *Revelations III: The Night Nobody At All Came Home*, have shed new light on the anti-christ, the manifestation of incarnate Evil destined to plague the earth prior to the Great Appearance. Careful translations have revealed that not a single Evil Deity but nine different ones lie in wait, ready for

the assault. The word 'anti,' taken at face value in previous theses, must now be considered in all its demonic contexts. It is written in *More Revelations*:

"(that) the division of the anti-christ shall be three and three shall be the number in each division, a triad in each triplet of the anti-trinity, completing the Terrible Triumvirate."

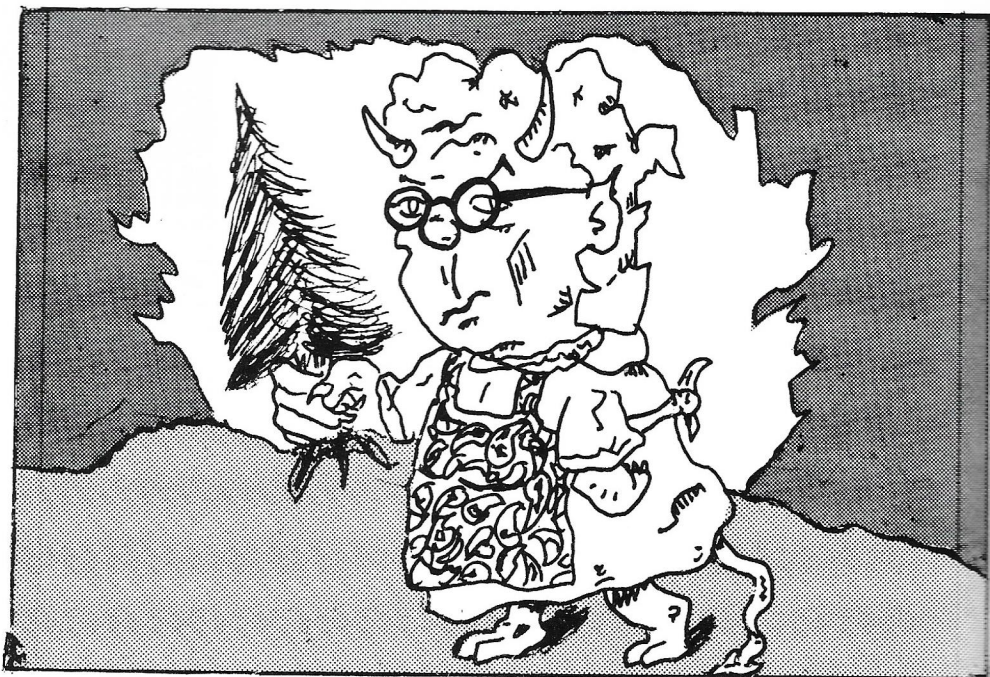
It seems likely that the authors were attempting to describe an ordered division based on the number three. It adds up — clearly, the 'anti'-christ has nine full and separate incarnations. Note that nine is easily divided by three, which — when multiplied by 222, each digit representing an equal division of this evil, arithmetical trilogy — equals 666, the number of the beast. More proof than this would be frivolous. It's a sure thing.

the 'anti' christs

The key to watching for the anti-christ is concentration on the three Planes of Existence. Each triad resides uniquely in its own plane, and though these planes do not exist, they are still crucial. And these three planes are as follows: the Human, the Beast, and the Insane. Each is by far the most deadly of the three. Note that there can be more than one manifestation of these demonic deities. Trust no one. The anti-christs are clever and devious. No one is immune to their sway. Many of your good friends could be, and probably are, anti-christs.

Fair Warning.

AUNTIE CHRIST



N.T. CHRIST

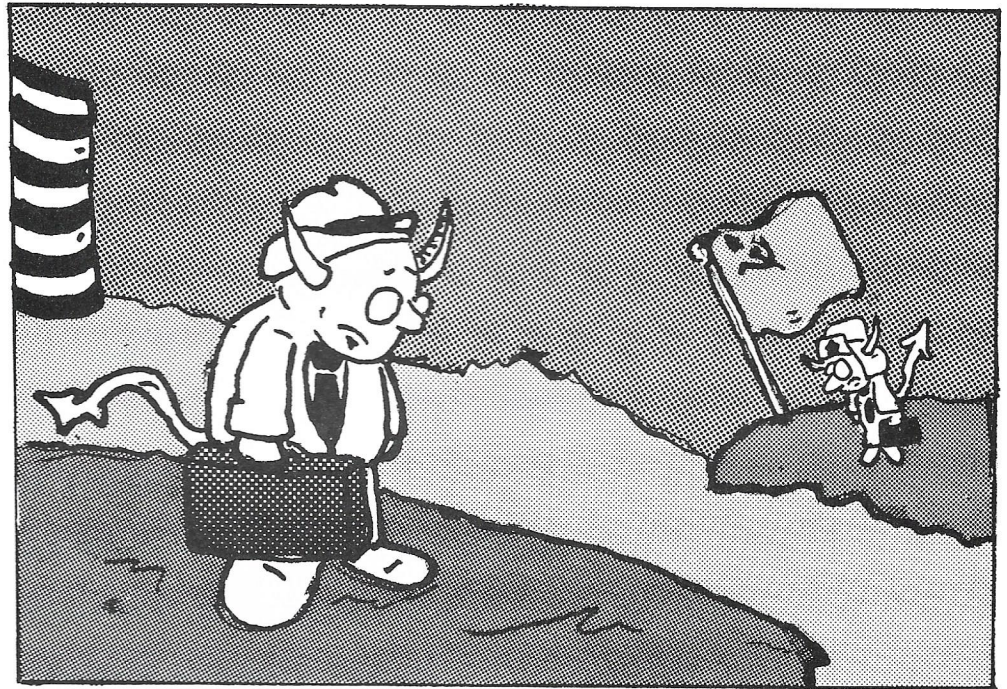
The first plane is that of the human. This is the oldest realm of the anti-christs, their ancestral home and primary domain. Originating deep within the earth's steaming bowels, these guises of the ultimate evil are simple but dangerous forms. Often depicted working in the fields with hammer and sickle in hand, they represent our most antiquated conception of the Horrible Destroyer.

Auntie Christ

The down-home demonic Destroyer is a domineering, overbearing representation of the Final Evil, a hideously repulsive matron bearing more than a passing resemblance to your grandmother on your father's side. This naughty nanny is often pictured clutching a giant rolling pine (misinterpreted by early scholars as 'pin') and wearing an apron of paisleys so revolting that no man of faith could mistake her for anything less than Lucifer's Housekeeper. The kind of an anti-christ you invite over for a weekend and then just can't get rid of.

N.T. Christ

Norman Thurgood Christ. This third Human guise of the anti-christ is often overlooked by storytellers and balladeers, but he is none the less an anti-christ, and as such no



slouch when it comes to being a very bad person. Referred to by friends as 'the demon broker of Wall Street' right up until such time as said friends are choked, cooked and eaten, he looks very much like himself, Norman Thurgood, but remember — he is in reality the Wretched Harbinger of the Dark Lord. Seldom teaches Sunday school. It is rumoured that Norman has a soviet counterpart, Nikolai Tovarisch Christ, who is every bit as

frightening and more so, him not speaking our language and so forth.

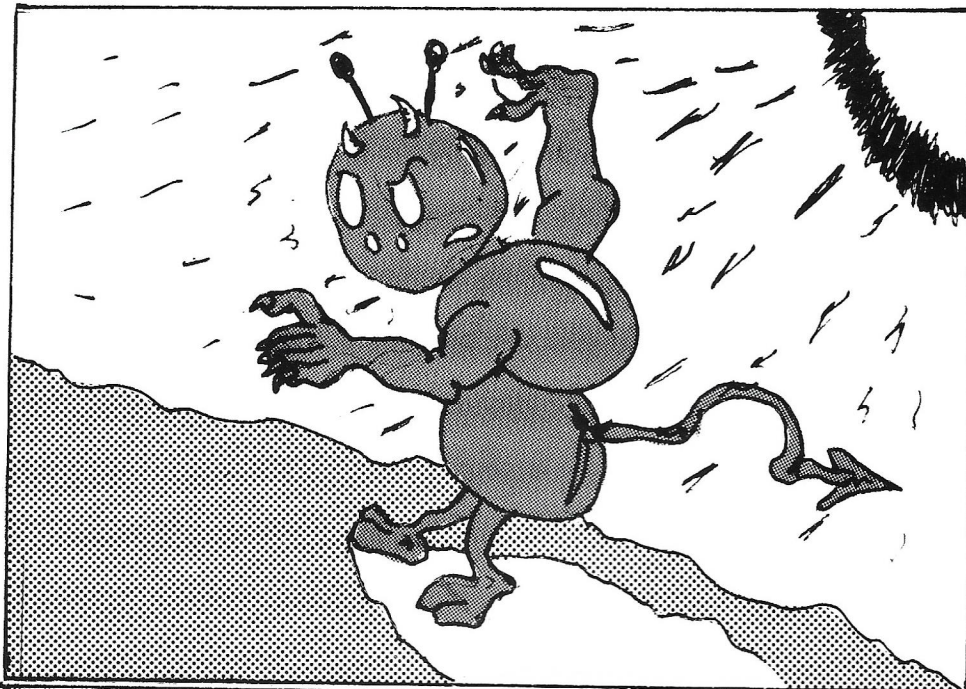
Ante-Christ, or "He who comes before Christ"

Not actually particularly evil or frightening at all, the ante-christ happens along just before the second coming, quite minding his own business and having no intention of bending the globe to his iron will and casting the lot into eternal damnation and The Fire That Never Dies, but it just kind of works out that way because, after all, he is the predecessor to the Great Reconciliation and somebody's got to do the unpleasant jobs, even though he'd just as soon be an accountant. Indeed, some writings seem to suggest that the ante-christ will spend a good portion of his earthly preparation in the guise of an accountant, balancing ledgers and tabulating figures until his horns, tail, and leathery hide are mature. Others suggest that the wait will not be necessary. Only two things are sure in the mind of this guileless golem: Death and Taxes.

The second plane on which the anti-christ appears is that of the beast (not **the** Beast, mind you, but still quite frightening). Here are manifested the instinctual, animal tendencies of Evil, in ways far more horrible and nasty than their Human counterparts could imagine unless they really thought about it.

ANTE-CHRIST





ANT HE-CHRIST

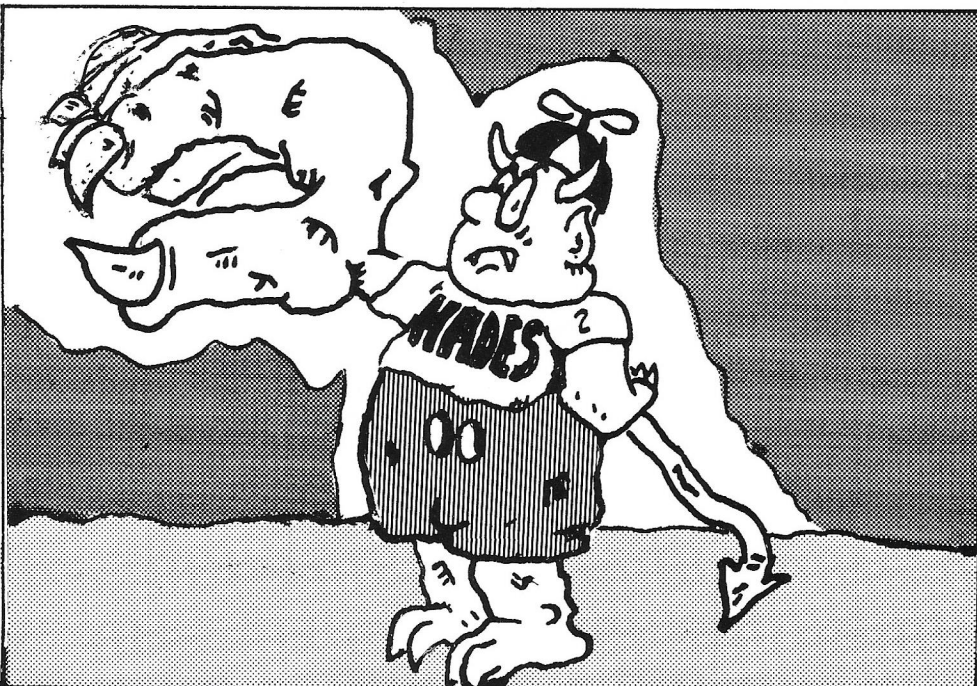
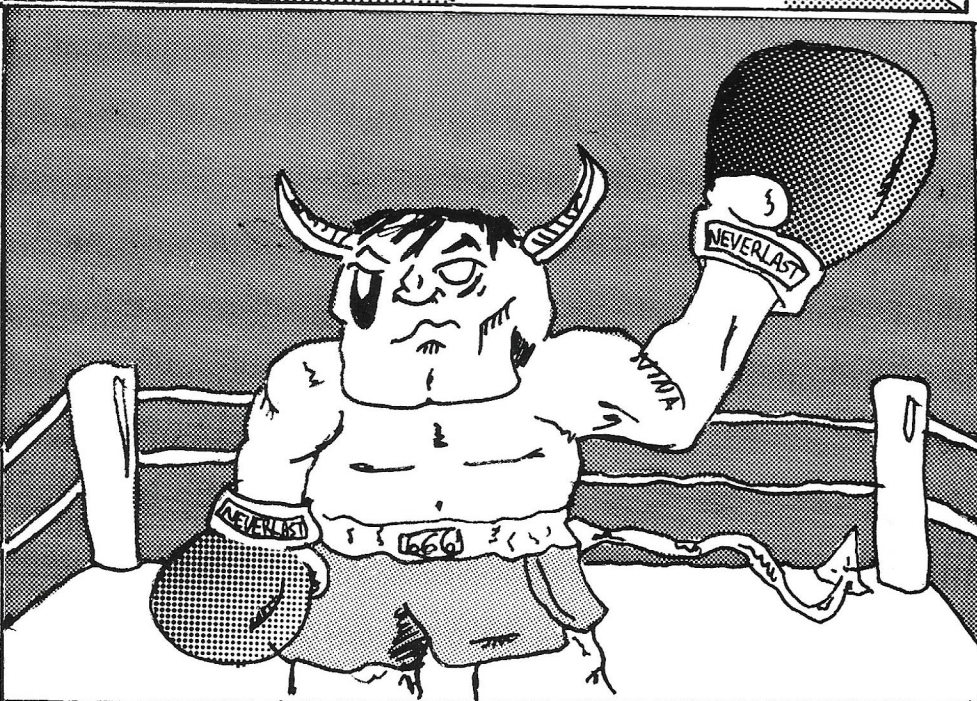
This stocky, muscle-bound insect means business, a king-size creepy-crawly running straight into Jihad with all six legs. Not even the slightest bit fun or friendly, Ant He-Christ is portrayed as the kind of Insatiable Evil Entity that beats you up if you don't immediately recognize his divinity, and if you do recognize his divinity he still beats you up because, hey, he's the anti-christ. Latter sixteenth century monks who believed the coming of the Ant He-Christ to be imminent wore leather-soled boots easily half again as long as their bodies, chanting the short prayer so common in European literature of the period, "Lord, should the Ant He-Christ prove true, pray let me squash't 'neath my shoe." It would be well if we were but half as well prepared as these!

SHANTY CHRIST

A Tumble-Down, makeshift False Savior destined to lead his band of homeless heathens in a merciless rampage o'er earth's wide face, unorganized but unstoppable, lacking for provisions or even a place to stay but Unthinkably Powerful just the same. Crawling from the underground, rising from the street, this wretched Miscreant Messiah intends to bring himself out of the gutter by overtaking the world for the Prince of Lies. Prophecies predict that the Shanty-Christ will be a failed boxer 'with a chip the size of the Red Sea and a shoulder to bear it.' "I'm a contender!" he is said to have whispered to Mohammed. Indeed — with the world his waiting ring.

ANDY CHRIST

My little brother. Mean? You bet.
The Third Plane is Even Scarier!



ANCY CHRIST

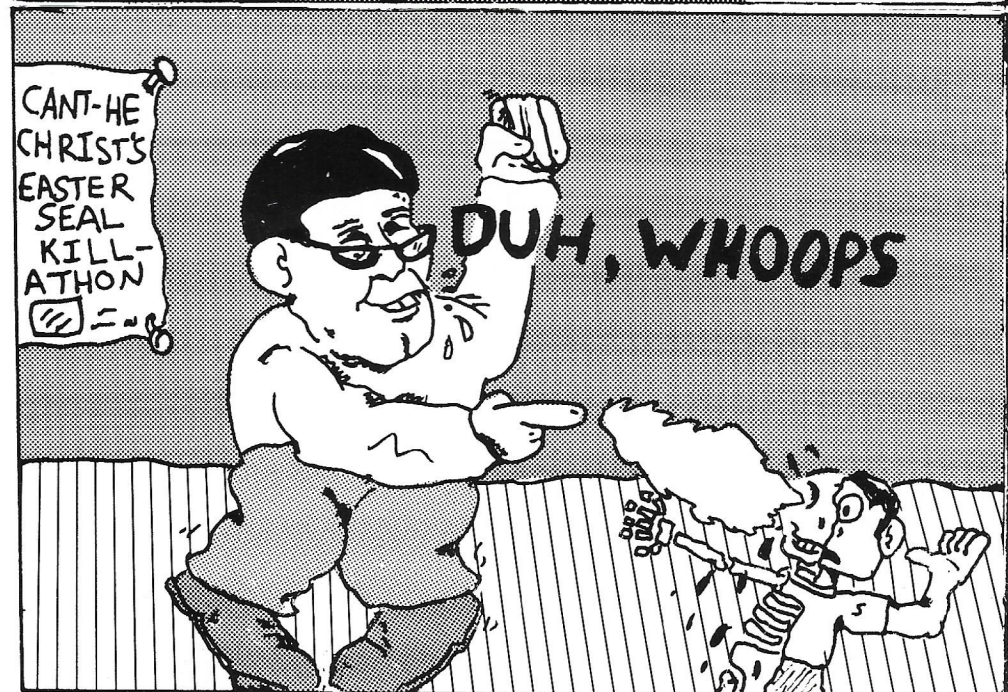
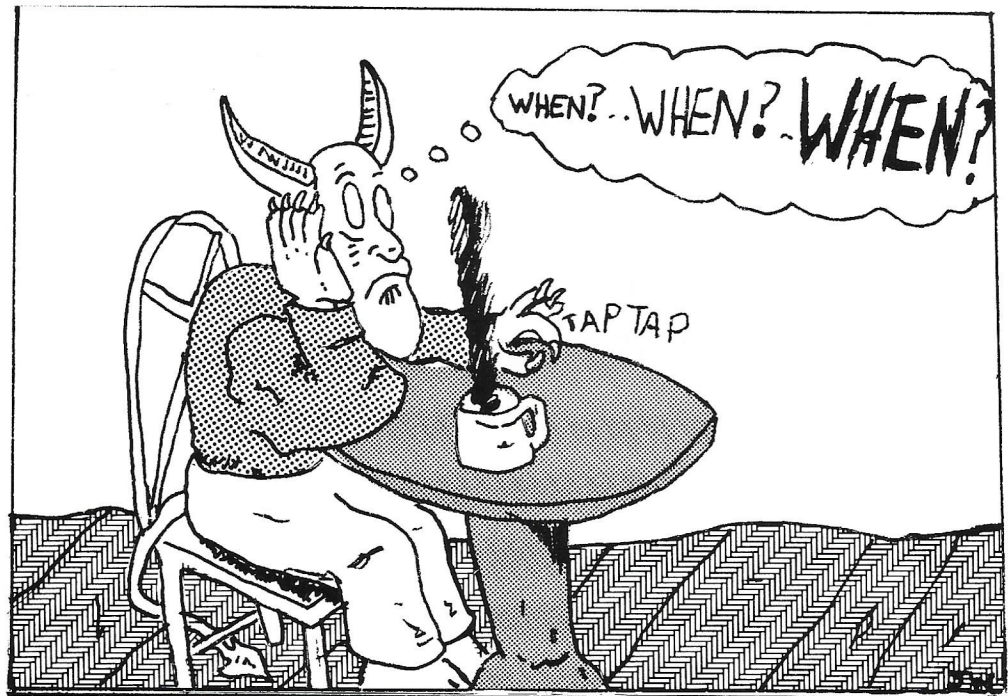
The apocalypse just can't come early enough for this one — he's continually twiddling his thirteen thumbs, wishing the Damn Thing would get The Hell Over With. An easily excited incarnation, the Ancy Christ hangs out in Coffee Houses, quaffing cup after cup, wishing that there was a clock in here and What time is it anyway Hey! Is it time to Damn everyone yet? What? Not yet? Damn.

ANTIC CHRIST

A nutty necromancer with a sense of humor, the Antic Christ is always the first one to whip out the Joy Buzzer or pass around a pack of Garlic gum. He is also the first one to lock all the doors and light the house on fire, enjoying a good-natured chuckle as the guests crisp and die in helpless agony, the flames licking their charred remains into charcoal as their souls fall shrieking to the Black Realm below. Best always to have a previous engagement when crazy ol' Antic Christ is drumming up a party.

CAN'T HE CHRIST

A bumbling Beelzebub that just can't seem to do anything right, the Can't He Christ is continually plagued by chiding followers who are ever questioning any loyalty they still have to this clumsy conqueror. "Can't he pull fire from the skies?" they might ask. "Can't he make a frightening face?" Ancient legends fortell that his surname "shall resemble Loose" and his forename "rhyme with Scary." It is said that those he would destroy he first makes fools, and further that the French are all going to Hell. ☞



GRATED

The Short Life And Fast Times of Chuck E. Cheese

BY TIMOTHY QUIRK

Introduction

"To be bigger than Mickey." This was Chuck E. Cheese's dream. Tragically, he got his wish, only in a manner that even he could not have wished for. Just another rodent superstar while he lived, he became a legend after his death, a death that remains a mysterious and disturbing signpost of our times.

When my editor at the *Post* first suggested a series of articles investigating the rise and fall of everybody's favorite rat, I was reluctant to accept. I'm the last guy to go searching for secrets among the ruins of someone's life. But as I began interviewing friends and relations — those who knew the mammal behind the myth — I realized that Chuck E.'s story was America's story. This book, which grew out of those articles, is not the story of Chuck's death; it is the story of his life. A life we may not want to imitate, but a life we can learn from nonetheless.

1962

It was May tenth, 1962, and the Cheese family was having a discussion. Ten year old Chuckie didn't really know what was going on, but even his naive whiskers could sense the tension. His older brother Camembert, however, knew perfectly well what was happening. And he didn't like it. "I don't like it," Bert said.

Their father, Mr. Cheese, had received an offer. The U.S. government wanted him to work in their research department. It would mean moving from their Chicago sewer to Washington D.C. Every instinct in Mr. Cheese's body told him that this was his chance to finally make a life for his family. Fifteen years before, he and his wife — then pregnant with Bert — had left their home in Albania, scurried up the gangway of the first tanker they found, and journeyed to America. Since then, he had been ashamed of his heritage. As long as Bert could remember, his father had lied whenever an over-inquisitive mouse asked where he was born. "Albuquerque" he would answer in his thick Mediterranean accent. But now — an offer to work for the government of his adopted country! How could he turn it down? His family's hesitance bewildered him.

"Face it dad, we're rats. What can the government want with us?" Bert said cruelly, like the angry adolescent he was.

"Son, son," Mr. Cheese pleaded. "This is our one chance to get out of this stinking sewer. Don't tell me you want to raise your kids here?"

"It's home. All my friends are here," Bert replied. Although her sympathies lay with Bert, Mrs. Cheese said nothing, unwilling to upset her husband. In Albania, rats did as their husbands said.

Bert's objections notwithstanding, the Cheese family pulled up their stakes and travelled to the nation's capitol. At first, even Bert had to admit that life was better. Mr. Cheese's company not only bought them a plush, habitrail brownstone, but all their food as well. Every evening the Cheese family sat around the kitchen table and feasted on the exotic treats their father brought home from the office.

"What have we got tonight?" little Chuck would ask eagerly, hugging his beloved dad.

"Saccharin," his father might say. "Five pounds of it for each of us!"

"Isn't this the life?" Mrs. Cheese beamed. And for a while it seemed like it was.

1970

For two years now, Chuck E. had been dating pretty Judy Longtail, a brown rat he'd gone to highschool with. His mother objected to the relationship because of Judy's color, and this was the beginning of Chuck's estrangement from Mrs. Cheese — a rift that was to last for the next ten years.

Because of Mrs. Cheese's feelings, Judy never spent much time at Chuck's house. But she can still recall what she saw the few times she went over: "It wasn't exactly scary, but it was . . . unsettling. There was just something — strange — about the Cheese family. But then again, that's why I loved Chuck; he was a little strange."

The "strange" sights Judy saw once or twice, Chuck was subjected to every day. His once burly but loveable father was unrecognizable: his fur was falling out in patches and his spine was abnormally curved; there were bulbous

lumps growing from his skull. One critic has attributed the tremendous angst of Chuck E.'s later music to this trying period of his life.

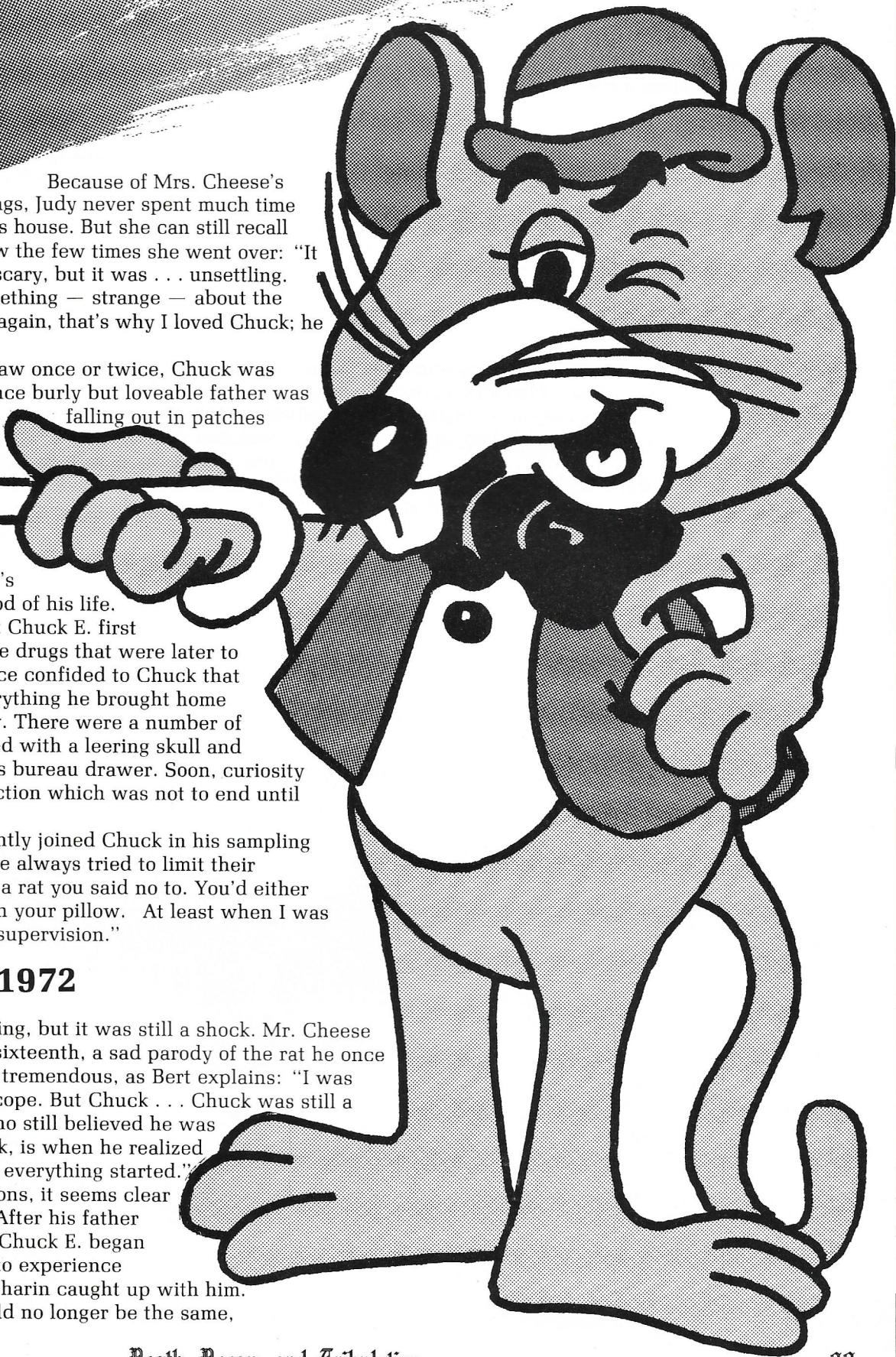
It was around this time that Chuck E. first started experimenting with the drugs that were later to dominate his life. Bert had once confided to Chuck that their father did not share everything he brought home from the office with his family. There were a number of boxes, bags and bottles marked with a leering skull and crossbones hidden away in his bureau drawer. Soon, curiosity led to a gradual spiral of addiction which was not to end until it destroyed him.

While Judy says she frequently joined Chuck in his sampling of these bottles, she claims she always tried to limit their "escapades." "Chuck was not a rat you said no to. You'd either join him or go home and cry on your pillow. At least when I was with him he had some sort of supervision."

1972

They had seen the end coming, but it was still a shock. Mr. Cheese died in his bed on November sixteenth, a sad parody of the rat he once was. The effect on Chuck was tremendous, as Bert explains: "I was almost thirty then, so I could cope. But Chuck . . . Chuck was still a kid, a snotty, credulous kid who still believed he was gonna live forever. That I think, is when he realized he'd be old one day. And then everything started."

If we judge a rat by his actions, it seems clear that Bert is not exaggerating. After his father died, of six different cancers, Chuck E. began living in earnest, as if he had to experience *everything* before all that saccharin caught up with him. Knowing only that his life could no longer be the same,





Chuck E. made the first real decision of his life: it was time to leave.

Accordingly, he threw some shirts into a duffelbag, picked up Judy, and headed south — without so much as a goodbye to his mother.

“Where we going?” Judy asked.

“Orlando,” Chuck said.

“Why?” she asked.

“I’m gonna become a star,” Chuck said, never taking his eyes off the road.

In Orlando he met others like him — young, wild, disillusioned bohemians who travelled the Holiday Inn circuit doing John Denver songs. Chuck was a natural, and his quickly formed band soon made a name for themselves. But, Judy recalls, all the money they made from gigs — was funneled into drugs. Chuck E. had discovered a new expensive, habit: snorting pixie sticks.

1973

It started out like just another Sunday afternoon. The band rehearsed a little, then a few of them decided to go to the movies. Chuck drove Judy and the gang to the theater, and two hours later his life had changed. They saw ‘Ben.’

Peter Prarie Dog, the drummer, wasn’t particularly impressed with the film. But he could see that Chuck was. The lights came up; Chuck E. didn’t move. Was it just the light, or was Chuck . . . crying?

“Come on Chuck, let’s go,” Peter said.

“Sit down man, sit down,” Chuck said, staring at the screen.

“It’s over,” Judy said.

Chuck didn’t want to leave. “Let’s stay.”

“What? Why?” Peter asked.

“I SAID SIT DOWN!!” Chuck yelled. It was obvious that

Chuck had no intention of leaving, and, since he had the car, the others didn’t have much choice but to sit down and watch ‘Ben’ a second time.

When the movie finally ended (again), Chuck showed no signs of moving. Peter had had enough. Chuck’s was a dominant personality, and he often forced everyone else to do what he wanted. Peter was sick of it.

“Are you satisfied?” he said. “Let’s go. Please.”

“Just one more time,” Chuck pleaded, putting on his best baby face. Any other time it would have worked. But not today. Peter was tired, and wanted to go home.

“Really Chuck, this is too stupid,” he said.

“What’s wrong with you?!” Chuck yelled, reacting with characteristic anger. “Sit down and enjoy yourself for god’s sake.”

Judy, torn between her friendship with Pete and her understanding of Chuck’s moods, asked for the car keys. Chuck refused.

“Chuck,” she said, “just let me take everyone else home. I’ll come back and get you when the movie’s over.”

“Shut up, it’s starting,” was all Chuck said. Disgusted, the others left and took a cab from the theater. Judy, containing her anger, stayed by Chuck’s side. They watched the six o’clock show, then the eight, then the ten. Chuck E. missed rehearsal the next day so he could catch the matinee, and he didn’t come home until well after midnight. Judy could see the tell-tale sugar traces on his upper lip. Somebody had been turning him on to pixie sticks.

“Chuck, I’m trying to understand,” Judy said.

Chuck hugged her. “It’s easy,” he said. “That rat showed me something, something about myself. Let’s go.” And with that, Chuck pulled out a suitcase and started packing their few belongings. Judy burst into tears.

“What are you doing?” she cried.

“Don’t you see? There’s nothing for us here. California!

A typical concert crowd.



With fame came temptations Chuck was soon unable to ignore.

Chuck prepares for an encore. An untiring performer, Cheese was known to return to the stage as many as 30 times in a single evening.





That's where Ben made it. That's where we'll make it."

"Just like that?" Judy sniffed. "Just snap your fingers and we leave everything behind for some . . . dream?"

Chuck stopped packing and pulled her toward him. "It's not a dream, baby. It's not. It can happen, I swear. I can make it happen. But only with you at my side. Please?"

Judy was convinced. This was the Chuck she loved. And if she loved him, didn't that mean she should have faith in his dreams? Still . . . "What about the band?" she asked.

"They'll come too. We'll all make it together."

But the band had less faith in Chuck E.'s dreams than Judy did. After all, they had a beginning here, something to build on. They had their name on the Holiday Inn marquee just outside the window to prove it. Throwing all that away because one rat had made it just seemed too risky.

"We're not coming with you," Peter informed him.

Chuck E., perhaps unconsciously replaying his father's role of ten years before, was bewildered by his band's reluctance to follow him. He was hurt, too, so he took it out on his friends.

"Fuck you then!!" he screamed. "You're nothing without me! Who's going to sing? Huh?"

"I am," Pete said calmly.

"YOU?!" Chuck was beside himself. "Well that's just great then. I'll get another band."

Pete was nonplussed. "I don't know, Chuck. It's awfully difficult finding five-foot domesticated animals who can play drums."

"Or bass," said Sandy Seal.

"Or guitar," added Jay Gerbil.

"Maybe so," Chuck said in a menacing whisper. "But I'll find them just the same. And I can tell you this: they'll know what the word loyalty means!"

An hour later, Chuck and Judy were making their way across the country.

1975

Three years later, Chuck's dream seemed as remote as ever. He and Judy were living in a roach-infested one room apartment in East L.A. Chuck couldn't hold a job for more than five days, and Judy was supporting the two of them. She encouraged him all the while, but Chuck's dejection could be contagious. If he could only find a break, just one . . .

Then, one hot summer day, all Chuck's boyish enthusiasm came back with a vengeance. He was in Hollywood, walking down Melrose Avenue. He'd just lost another job, this one as a waiter in a small diner. His spirits were at their lowest ebb in five years, and his body reflected it: his fur was unkempt, and he was grossly overweight.

Then he heard it. He later described the moment as: "magical, definitely a major turning point." Not far off, someone was singing Chuck's favorite song. He couldn't believe his ears. But there it was again:

"I wanna be where the lights are shining on me,"

He followed the voice down a block. It echoed down the street, taunting him at every turn:

"Like a Rhinestone Cowboy,

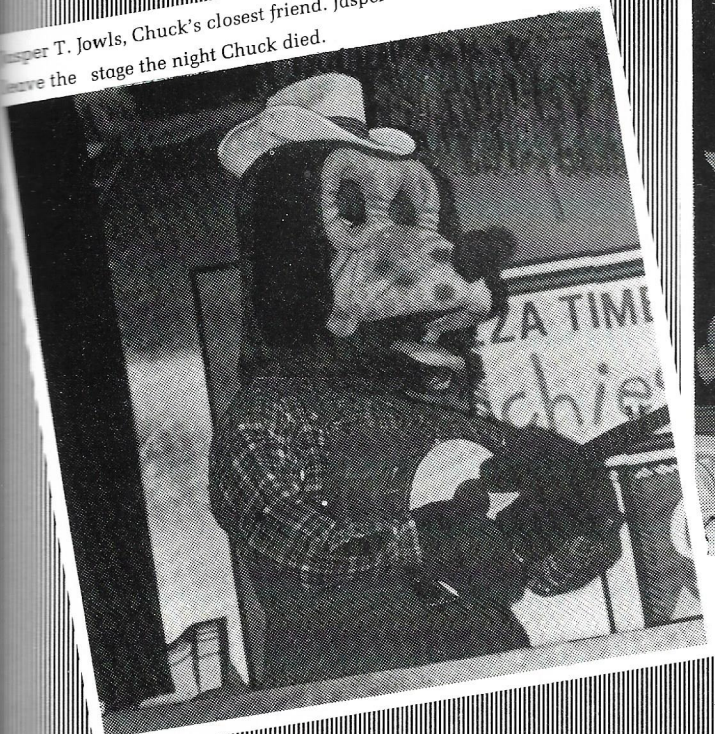
Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled ro-deo."

He turned a corner. It was too good to be true! Standing not three feet in front of him was an enormous purple dog, playing banjo and belting out Glenn Campbell for all he was worth.

"Like a Rhinestone Cowboy," Chuck joined in.

The big purple dog paused and looked at Chuck. Then

Jasper T. Jowls, Chuck's closest friend. Jasper was the last animal to leave the stage the night Chuck died.



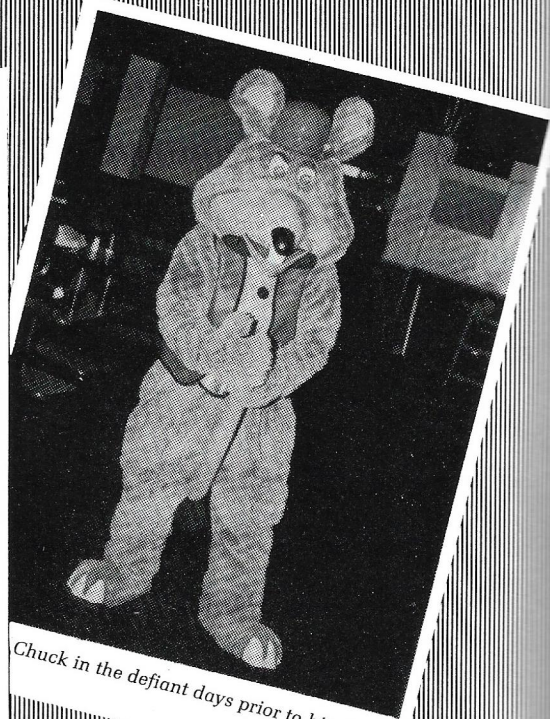
Chuck with an unidentified acquaintance. Near the end, Chuck spent more time with Pixie dealers than he did sleeping.



With Sven Psjordik of the Mall Ratz



One of many such rendezvous Judy was eventually unable to ignore.



Chuck in the defiant days prior to his demise.

his lavender jowls opened up in a wide grin, and the two finished the song together. Chuck had just made his best friend — Jasper T. Jowls.

"I really can't explain the feeling," Jasper says of their first meeting. "Here was, like, a kindred spirit, you know? We had so much in common it was scary: Glenn Campbell, whiskers, fleas. It was almost preordained that we'd hook up."

Jasper introduced Chuck E. to a few friends: Dolly Dimples, who'd previously played Henrietta Hippo on the *New Zoo Revue*, but who'd been playing piano in cocktail lounges ever since her network cancelled the show; Madame Oink, a critically acclaimed, if little known, diva; and, of course, the Warblettes, the three-headed vulture. All were immediately struck with Chuck's wild joyfulness. Says Dolly, "He was just so . . . alive. Ironic, isn't it?"

Before long, the group had formed a band, and started playing local venues. Judy was overjoyed. And when Pizza Time, Inc. first approached them with an offer to become the house band at their newly formed chain of family restaurants, it simply seemed natural. "It wasn't ever a question of too much, too fast," Judy says now. "We had payed our dues. Finally, everything was happening the way Chuck had said it would."

1977

It was only natural that L.A.'s hottest family act should come to the attention of the area's hottest family restaurant corporation; the almost immediate catapult into stardom, however, is not so easily explained. Many have tried to analyze Chuck's appeal. The one-two punch of his well-timed between song banter and his masterful rendition of Glenn Campbell songs certainly deserves credit. But few, least of all Chuck E. himself, thought that this in itself was enough to win the hearts of a fickle public. And yet win their hearts he did. Whatever the reasons, Chuck E. Cheese was a household name by 1977.

His ever-increasing fame was cause for some concern among the other performers at Pizza Time.

The King, the lion who did an Elvis impersonation at the chain, had good reason to be less than pleased with Chuck's popularity. Originally signed to headline at Pizza Time, the King soon found himself relegated to opening the show when it became evident that Chuck was drawing the crowds. The King refused to be interviewed, but his agent, Arty Felin, had few kind words for Chuck. "He was a rat. And a ham, too. Very unprofessional. There's a hierarchy in show business that you simply can't ignore. The King was the star; but Chuck couldn't respect that. He wanted the spotlight for himself. I'm glad he's dead."

Some members of The Beagles, another side-line act, are inclined to agree with Felin's description of Cheese. Paul, one of the singers, remembers his first night at Pizza Time. "The lot of us were nervous, of course. I mean, 'ere was this bloke 'oo was supposed to be a big star. 'E could have been a little nicer to us. I asked 'im wot 'e thought of the set when we were all done, and 'e says right out: 'piece of shit.' Just like that. 'E was a rat all right. But you know wot? I think 'e was jealous."

Jowls, however, always quick to protect the memory of the Chuck he loved, feels that it was the other performers who were jealous. "I'll say it right now: I owe everything to Chuck. If it weren't for him I'd still be on Melrose Avenue, singing for quarters. When someone's that good, that talented, you don't complain. You thank God you're in his band."

But even Jowls concedes that Chuck sometimes used his stardom to make ridiculous demands. At first he just insisted that the pizza be changed. It didn't taste right, he said. "What are those kids gonna think when they find out that Chuck E.'s taste in pizza isn't worth shit?" he said. While Pizza Time's managers may have found the request irritating, they couldn't complain about the money he was bringing in. The pizza was changed.



But they were less willing to change the performance schedule, which they had developed carefully. Chuck wasn't satisfied with Pizza Time's policy of an eight minute set followed by a ten minute break. Chuck thought he wasn't given enough time to work with the audience. "What kind of message can you get across in eight minutes?" he complained to Judy. But the managers wouldn't budge on this one. The eight minute set was necessary for maximum pizza turnover, and, star or no star, Chuck wasn't going to mess with that. Angered, Chuck actually began ending his sets early, walking offstage after just one song, leaving the rest of his band alone to deal with the disappointed crowds. Even Jasper T. Jowls, Chuck's staunchest defender next to Judy, had to admit that Chuck was going too far.

1978

Fame brought new friends, not all of whom Judy approved of. In his desire to be liked, Chuck found it hard to distinguish between his true friends and those who simply used him. Chuck became lavish in his tastes, and spent his money freely, often on gifts for people he had known for two hours. Judy didn't like it.

At the same time, perhaps because his new life brought him into contact with it more often, Chuck's drug use increased alarmingly. "Chuck hated to turn anything down," Judy says, "and when all of a sudden there were a bunch of 'well-meaning' people offering him pixie-sticks every fifteen minutes, well, he got carried away."

In March, Chuck got the surprise of his life. Ben and Willard were in the audience. Chuck couldn't believe it. Here were his two biggest idols coming to see him. Of course, it called for a celebration. Chuck, Ben and Willard jumped in a limo after the show, and didn't come back for three days.

By this time, Judy was used to Chuck's sudden disappearances. But the Pizza Time management was up in arms. Chuck had missed two nights of performing, and they were losing money. But on the third night Chuck walked in to work as though nothing had happened, stepped on stage, and launched into an Anne Murray rave-up. They had to forgive him.

Ben refused to talk to this reporter, but while he declined to comment on what the trio did for three days, Willard did say that Chuck complained incessantly about the 'stifling' conditions at Pizza Time, and that he mentioned several times his plan to vary the set. "He kept asking us what we thought, like he wasn't sure he could do it. Ben told him to go for it, he was an artist. That seemed to make him happy."

That was the only time Chuck saw Ben in person, but the meeting clearly had a lasting effect on Chuck. For months afterwards, Judy says, it was all he could talk about. "And I don't think that's bad," she adds. "Chuck really needed Ben's approval; it did more for him than I could."

Artistically, maybe. But no one now could stop Chuck's growing pixie habit. And no one really wanted to. Even Judy joined him for an occasional toot party. Jowls, too, enjoyed taking drugs with Chuck. "Yeah, we were stoned on stage a lot. But you almost have to be. You don't know what it's like playing to two hundred eight-year olds. It's scary, man. Still, I never realized just how much Chuck

was doing."

And Chuck was doing a lot. Simply snorting pixie sticks was no longer satisfying; two Pizza Time employees report seeing Chuck injecting the dangerous sugar into his tail in the men's room on several occasions. Soon he needed more and more to get the same effect. And that was the beginning of the end.

1979

It was New Year's Eve, and Chuck was tearing up the stage. He had the entire audience clapping along to *Southern Nights*, and Jasper was ripping away on guitar. Everything was perfect.

Then Chuck suddenly stopped. Confused, the band wined down and waited for Chuck's cue. But Chuck didn't move. Worried, Jasper ran over to see if he was alright.

"Chuck, what's the matter?"

"Give me your guitar."

"What?"

"GIVE IT TO ME!!"

Jasper complied. Chuck had never yelled at him before. He didn't even know if Chuck could play the guitar. But he watched as Chuck turned up the distortion and strummed it like a pro.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Chuck E. said in a faraway voice. "I've got a bit of a surprise for you. This is a little something I wrote myself." Then he screamed long and hard, leapt five feet off the ground, and began to sing:

*"Mickey is a skunk,
Chuck E. is a punk,
They went down to the Mudd Club and
they both got drunk."*

Chuck E. collapsed to the stage, bathed in sweat. The stunned audience was utterly silent. Chuck stood up.

"Thank you. Thank you," he said. "This next one is an old tune by the Velvet Underground. Why don't you all sing along?" With a small kick, Chuck started playing *Sweet Jane*, but no one was listening by then. The rest of the band hurriedly left the stage, and those few eight-year olds who remained did so only to boo and throw their plates and glasses at Chuck. When the manager turned the house lights up, Chuck fell to the stage once more, covered with pizza, shaking uncontrollably. "What went wrong?" he whispered.

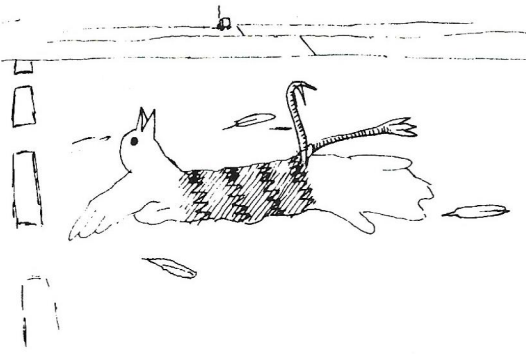
He never got up again.

What did go wrong? So much larger than life during his brief career, he seemed all the smaller as he lay on the stage; a rat from nowhere, no hero, conveying no message but a warning. Was Chuck E. Cheese an artist far ahead of his time, rejected by an audience too young and too full to understand the feelings he tried so desperately to convey? His consistent reliance on already published material doesn't suggest it. Was it the drugs — stick after magical stick, slice upon slice — that dug the rat's shallow grave, senseless addiction his cardboard tombstone? The coroner's report says as much. But why — why wasn't life enough for chuck? Why did his alternatives have to destroy him: Where did Chuck E.'s hope go? And what was the line he had sung so many times . . .

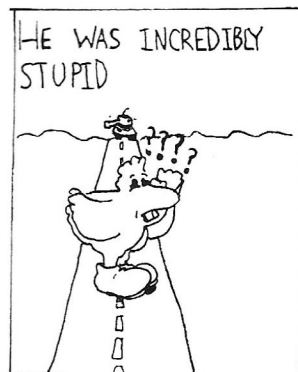
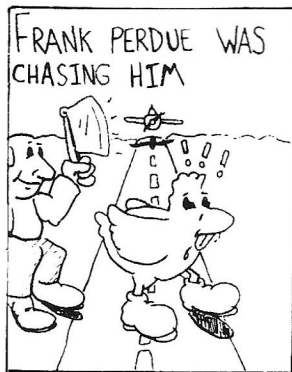
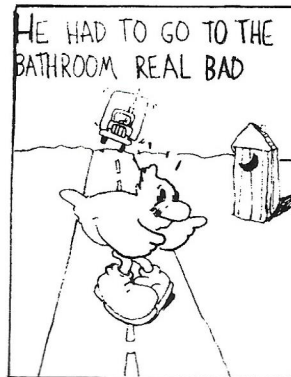
"Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled ro-deo" 



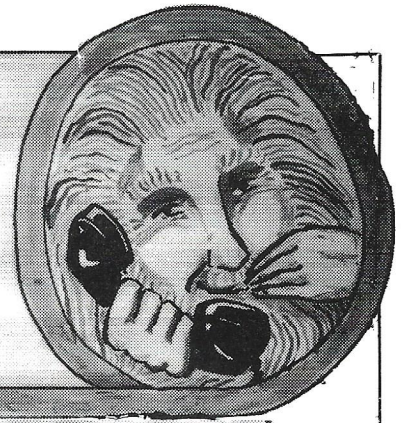
Intriguing Questions



Compelling Answers

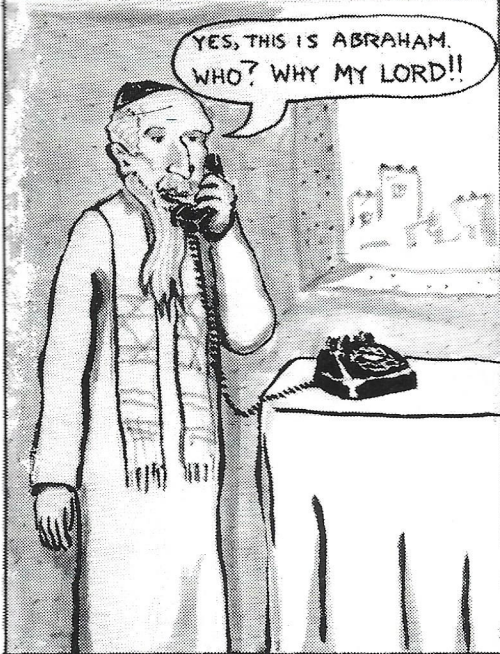


PRANK PHONE CALLS FROM GOD

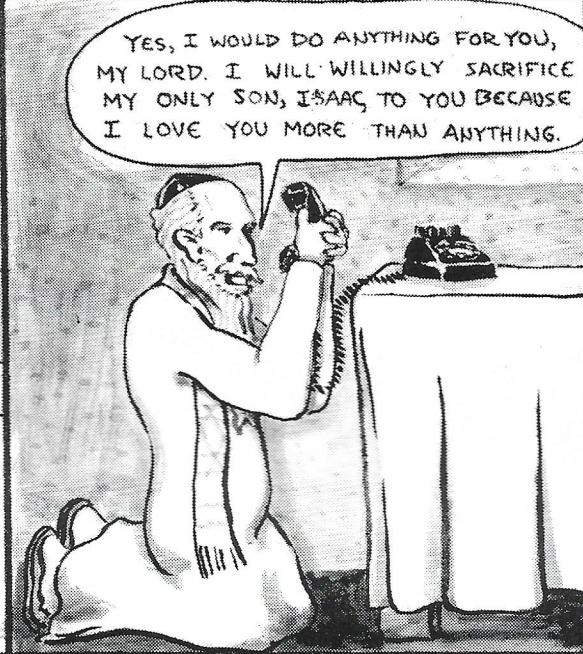


STORY: ANDY FRISCH

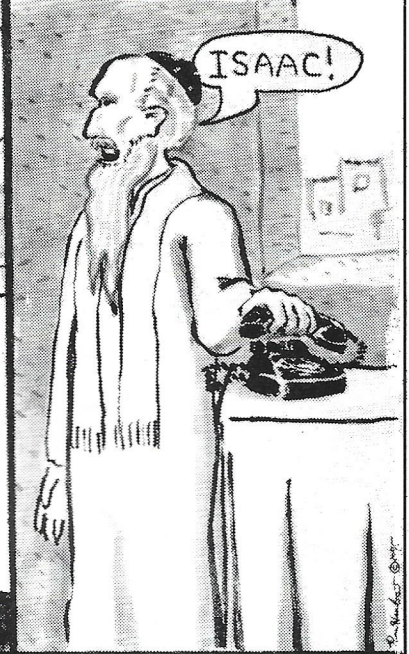
ART: RON HERBST



YES, THIS IS ABRAHAM. WHO? WHY MY LORD!!



YES, I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, MY LORD. I WILL WILLINGLY SACRIFICE MY ONLY SON, ISAAC TO YOU BECAUSE I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING.



ISAAC!



They-be fell for it!

Better call him back.

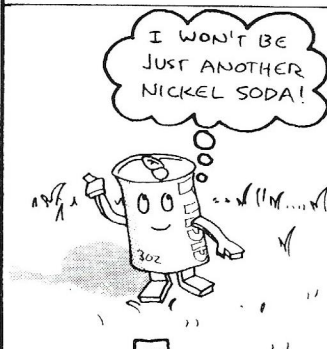
The Sad Story of Mr. PiBB

STORY: QUIRK & COLLINS. ART: HERBST

YES, PIBB HAD HIS DREAMS; DREAMS AS BIG AS HIS HEART, AS WIDE AS HIS EYES.

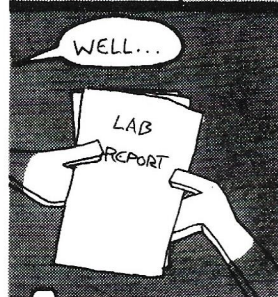
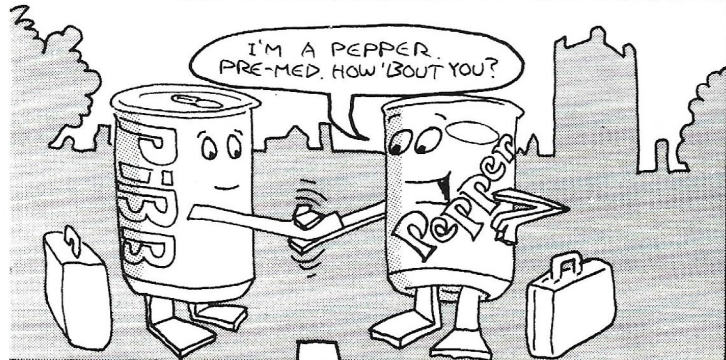
HE GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS. EVERYONE KNEW HE'D MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF.

MR. PIBB'S IS A TALE OF WOE — AN AMERICAN DREAM GONE WRONG.



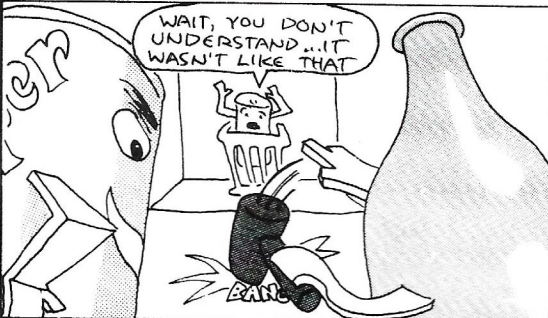
AND SO YOUNG MASTER PIBB JOURNEYED TO HARVARD IN PURSUIT OF AN EDUCATION. HE SHARED A ROOM WITH ANOTHER SHARP YOUNG SOFT DRINK.

EVERYTHING WAS FINE FOR A WHILE, BUT THEN, PEPPER STARTED PRESSURING HIS ROOMMATE FOR "ASSISTANCE."



THE RUTHLESS PEPPER REPORTED PIBB TO THE UNIVERSITY JUDICIAL COMMITTEE FOR ALLEGED HONOR CODE VIOLATIONS, CLAIMING PIBB HAD COPIED ALL HIS PAPERS.

A BADLY SHAKEN MR. PIBB WAS EXPELLED IN DISGRACE. HIS ROOMMATE WENT ON TO GET HIS M.D.



AND THEN — BETRAYAL!

BITTER & DEJECTED, MR. PIBB WAS DESTINED TO SPEND HIS LIFE IN HIS SCHEMING ROOMMATE'S SHADOW.



THE (SAD) END

GILLIGAN'S WAKE


by

Jimmy Joyce

riverrun, past Mrs. and Mr. Howell's, from merry ants hut to skip her's ship, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Gil'Gan's Isle end water for miles surround. Firsty Matey Gilligan, Lil Buddy, who started fr' that tropic port o'er board that tinny ship: nor had whether began begetting ruff! ruff! not yet. Though venisoon after the tiny schtick was toast and but four the courage of the fearless crew the minnow would be loast. The storm (babadalhararagharaywotanicedayforthetonrifleskiboomkibaaheek-eekhimomherronntuohhthisisdumbutwathefuckyouarenotreddinganyhowhocho-ordenenthurnuck!) set the table on sure dessert I'll tell you more. The great storm of the oafborn derailed at once the short three hour tour three hour tour so Gil'Gan, erse solid man, and his happy company promptly found thereselves awashed apon said aisle for some extended time purbys.

What clashes here of wills you ask and rightly so, ostrygods gaggin fishygods! So who fecked who you ask and writely sew. Erekkkek Kekkek Wahwah Seesaw Hawhaw Hi paw! What chance cuddlies amongst such motley crew end passengers? What bigamy love seduced bye bye miss american nie my oh my hey jude shuthefuckup. Mary And Ginger lived two gather end much more I say and rightly sew; also thirsty matey Gil'Gand can tand friend did much behind clothes hut doors. Never four getting Mr. Koneybags how well you axe then writely so four he had sew much mun he had bye bye miss four drove my chevy to the levy pie virtue of that wot ever he axed four and got sad requests promptly two. Golf course it follows then that he forgot course marry and gin gerund even skip her iffy had enough diamens. This illussioned now you are and rightly so neveryoumind for still there be that very pillar of allthatiscud, confesser. Alone he lived and alone he played, professor confesser alone he prayed mantis-like for ginger to et him but she was not forthcoming, alas, so neither was he.

Lilmaster Gilligan and the rest ashored with goodly trowels in grasp and always donned in the self-same vetements as yesterweek set then to the creation of all unlikel getgads until twas jes unlike homey. Submarinerbs of condoluminiums and vroom vroom cars with pedal-bikes and even a seers bubbleclean machine for to cleans there self-same garb. Wheretofour art thou electropower? Up ear, inside the confessers hed (oh my words wasn't he the brite one?) to mek yer trek that much greasier. Then bek to his het he wet, alas, missus towel was not for coming. Woe, woe, bercreek poor geek. Even lilmaster gills got puffed by the bi.

Heed! Heed! It may half been no body fault, or it may sometime have been due last weak to bumbling bumlbers all though mostly bone head but he couldna help it wen fat fate sew ordered it that ebbery chance, and were there mini, for escapeades fell flast. The sea quells weakly and so neverthen any hop of relese has been lost oh sob oh shnob purbuysall sniff sniff wavey bi bi all smallenscrackers whack whack handy shanky booble snibblewot yernutstill redding areyouohgud ibetchu feel stupid now thend. 

HOT means House Of Toast !

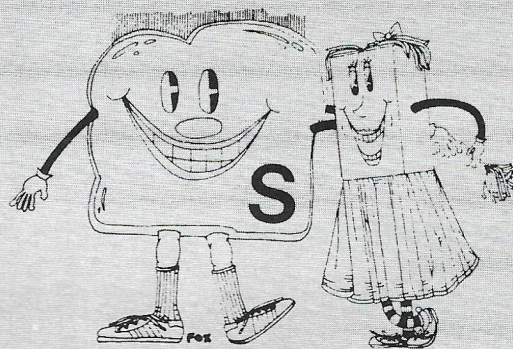
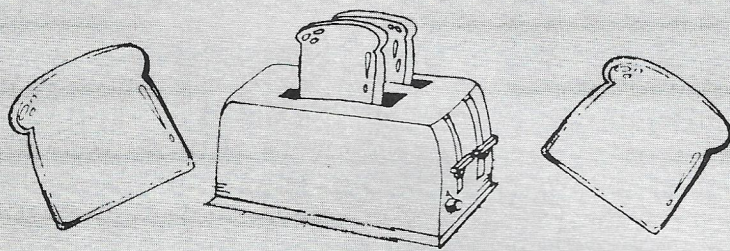
**Andre Jr. is proud to announce the Grand Re-Opening
of the Los Altos House of Toast.**

A Toast! To the finest hot Bread on the West Coast. It is with a justifiable feeling of pride that we announce our return to Los Altos, in the ALL-NEW H.O.T. restuarant, rebuilt on the premises of the former Toast building, which burned down in May of 1979. In the spirit of his father, Andre Jr. prepares each slice carefully and individually. Rich, golden butter is no stranger on the open face of a HOT piece of toast -- and don't forget our specialty slices; cinnamon (baked in to the bread in the Andre's tradition!), jam, and preserves are but a few of our choice toppings.

By The Way...

Planning an evening at home tonight? Let the Houst of Toast bring you a loaf, or even just a slice -- We now Deliver! Just call our Delivery Line during business hours for a crisp plate of toast within forty minutes.

The perfect snack for a "Stay-At-Home" Night!



the Los Altos

HOUSE OF **T**OAST

4032 EL CAMINO REAL, LOS ALTOS

The "Toast" of the Town, open twenty-four hours a day

HOW ME, BILLY DUBOSE, AND AN ABORIGINE KID WE SMUGGLED OUT OF AUSTRALIA HAD A LOT OF FUN THIS SUMMER IN SAN MATEO.

What I Did Last Summer

by Joshua Weinstein

"Oonta, groonta! Oonta groonta!" chanted the little, buck-toothed aborigine kid as he cautiously pressed the tab marked "Fresca" on the soda machine in the lobby of the San Mateo Motel 6.

"CLICK . . . WHRRRRRRRRR . . . KACHUNK!!!"

The can of Fresca suddenly lurched out of the machine, which must have scared the little aborigine shitless, because he ran all the way from the lobby to the middle of the

parking lot, screaming "Gronka! Gronka! Gronka!" and waving his hands in the air.

It was at least ten minutes before we could calm the kid down.

"Hey, let's take the kid to the San Mateo Mall!" exclaimed Billy DuBose as he shoved the still hyperventilating aborigine into the backseat of our '69 Dodge Dart.

"That place'll confuse the shit out of him!"

So off we drove to the Mall and boy, were we psyched! We had just gotten back from Australia last week with the aborigine, whom we decided to call "Gruntfart," cause

he grunted and farted a whole bunch and, besides, we figured that since he didn't speak any English, he could never know how disgustingly rude his name really was. Anyway, we had been visiting Billy's Great Aunt in the Australian outback for a couple of weeks, and we were bored out of our skulls. So one day we decided to borrow his aunt's kick-ass land-rover and go tear-assing all over the outback, a thousand mile wasteland of sand, dead bushes, and occasional aborigine villages.

It was in one of these aborigine villages, about 50 miles from Billy's

aunt's cottage, that we found Gruntfart. He was just sitting there in front of a dried-mud shack, grunting and farting, and playing with a bunch of twigs. Now, we figured, would this kid rather spend the rest of his life playing in the dirt, or would he rather go tear-assing around the outback in a land-rover with two really cool eighth-graders like me and Billy DuBose? So we grabbed him.

Luckily, Billy's aunt didn't seem to mind having a hungry, half-naked aborigine running around her house, although she did occasionally say things like, "Tell the little bugger to get out of the sink," and "Doesn't the little Hulabaloo know that candles aren't for eating?" We had a lot of fun with Gruntfart during our last week in Australia, playing games like "The Person Who Doesn't Speak English has to Drink a Cup of Mud," "Aborigines Will Eat Anything, Even Lawn Furniture." and "Gruntfart vs. The Electric Razor," but soon, it was time for us to go back to the States. We really didn't want to leave him in Australia and, besides, it would be pretty hard explaining to his family why he had been missing for a week, and why there were ragged bald spots all over his head. So we figured "What the heck? If sleazy foreigners can smuggle drugs and stolen jewelry out of countries like they do on T. V., me and Billy could certainly smuggle out a small, grunting and farting aborigine."

It wasn't that hard to do, either. We just gave him one of those really tall cans of strong Australian beer out of Billy's aunt's cabinet and, once he'd passed out, we just shoved him into a garment bag. The customs agents weren't even suspicious, even though he had begun to snore pretty loudly by the time we got to the airport.

"You haven't put that little smelly urchin into my garment bag, have you?" smiled Billy's aunt as we boarded the plane.

"Yeah!!!" we both screamed, but I don't think she really cared. She was probably glad to have him out of her house, anyway.

Once we got back to the states, we didn't think it would be too cool to make Gruntfart run around in that yellow diaper he wore back in Australia, so we let him wear a pair of Billy's dad's Bermuda shorts and

one of Billy's Def Leppard T-shirts. We even played some Def Leppard for Gruntfart and he did this real wild dance on his knees and kept pointing at Billy's poster of Pia Zadora. Billy and me figured that Def Leppard would make a ton of money if they were to go on a tour of the Australian outback.

Anyway, the fun really started on the way to the San Mateo mall. Gruntfart had been sticking his head out of the open rear window and grunting when this big fat guy in a Lincoln Continental pulled up beside us.

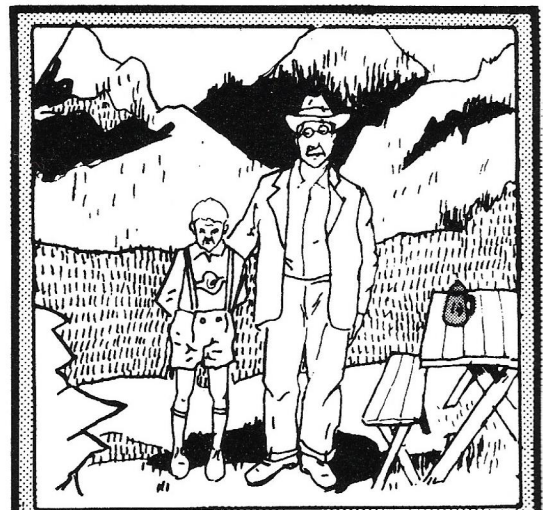
"Hey kid," he yelled at me, "why don't you keep your dog inside the car!! Har, har, har!!" At that, Gruntfart took out this little blowdart tube he had brought from Australia and blew a dart right into the guy's eye. The continental ran off the road and must have hit a wall or something 'cause there was lots of smoke. We just kept driving, though, cause we figured that, if the guy lived, the highway patrol would never believe his story anyway.

Once we got to the mall, Gruntfart was pretty calm, at least until we passed by See's Candy Shoppe, and then he went totally apeshit. I figure that all the chocolate must've reminded him of the dust and dirt of the Outback. Anyway, he ran into the store, leaped onto the counter, and began knocking over all the vats of melted chocolate. Whatta mess! Billy and I tried to explain to the head lady that Gruntfart was our epileptic brother and that we were real sorry, but she was too busy bawling, so we left.

Later, we bought Gruntfart, who was still covered with chocolate and jelly, a Perry Como's Christmas in Mexico record, which he threw off a third floor balcony into a fountain. Though Gruntfart also did a lot of other cool stuff, like peeing on the walls of the glass elevator and throwing his boomerang in the roller rink, we figured that by then the mall cops would really be after us, so we ran out of the mall, shoved Gruntfart into the trunk, and drove to my house, where we locked him in the refrigerator for half an hour to see if the chocolate would harden. Nope.

Next week, me and Billy are going to take Gruntfart to the San Francisco Museum of Art.

I can't wait!!



Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road
Portola Valley

THE FRIENDLY GHOST

Casper

WELL, BUMBIE, I WASN'T ALWAYS A GHOST! I USED TO BE...

TELL US HOW YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS BECAME GHOSTS!

TELL US A STORY, CASPER!

YES! OH DO, CASPER!



STORY: MIKE COLLINS + JOSH WEINSTEIN ART: RON FERNANDEZ

CASPER

THE HORRIBLY REVOLTING BUT FRIENDLY ROTTING CORPSE

"IT ALL BEGAN, OR ENDED, THE DAY SPOOKY AND I WENT DOWN TO THE TRACKS TO PLAY CONDUCTOR..."

YOU STAND ON THE TRACKS AND MAKE A SOUND LIKE A TRAIN!

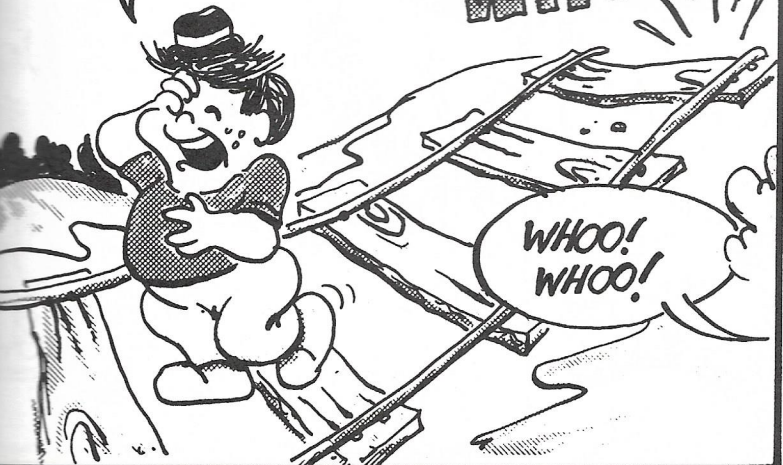
WHOO! WHOO!



HEY! THAT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD! HA, HA!

WHOO! WHOO!

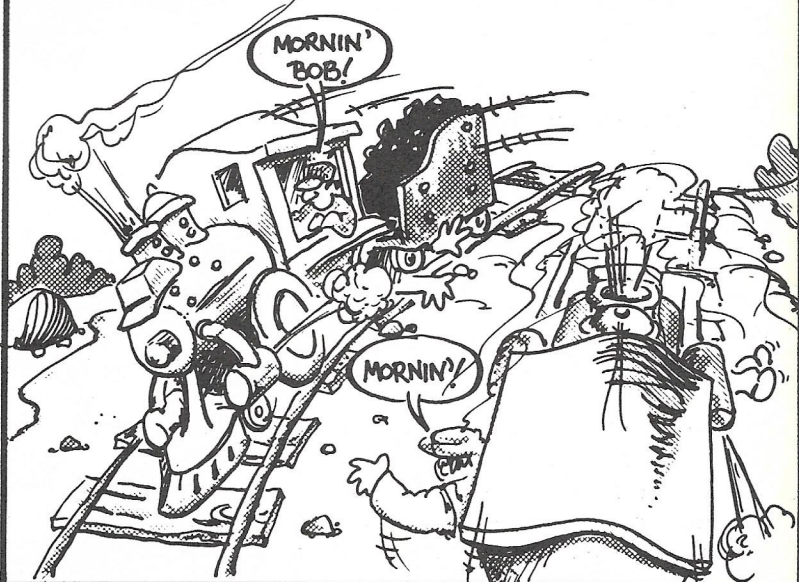
WHOO! WHOO!

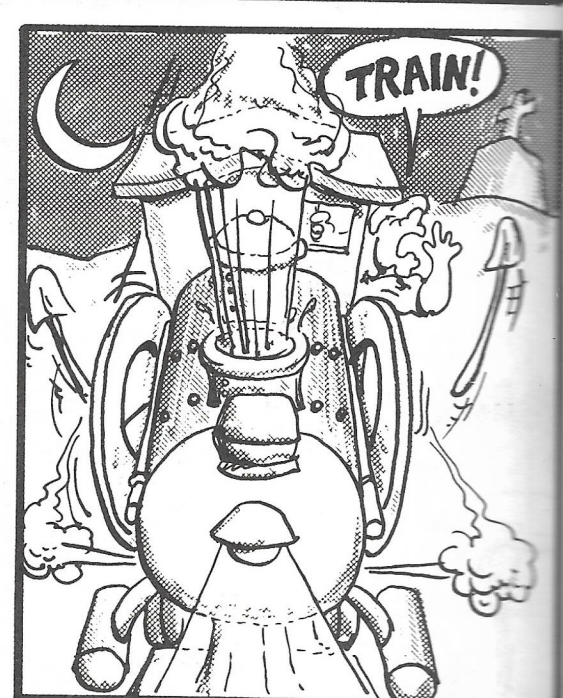
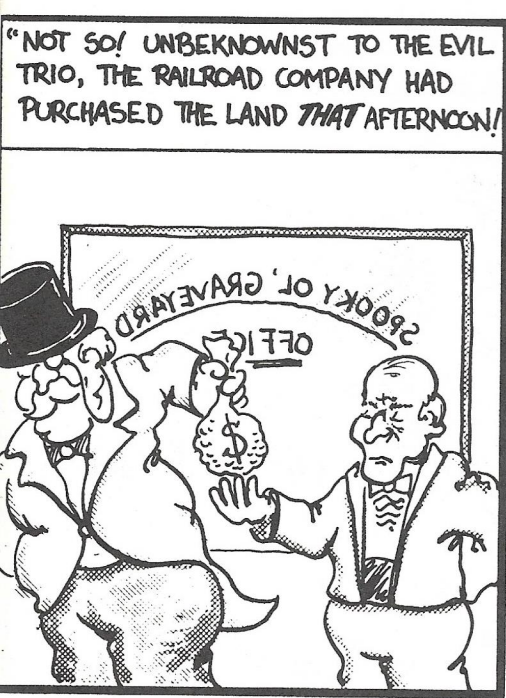
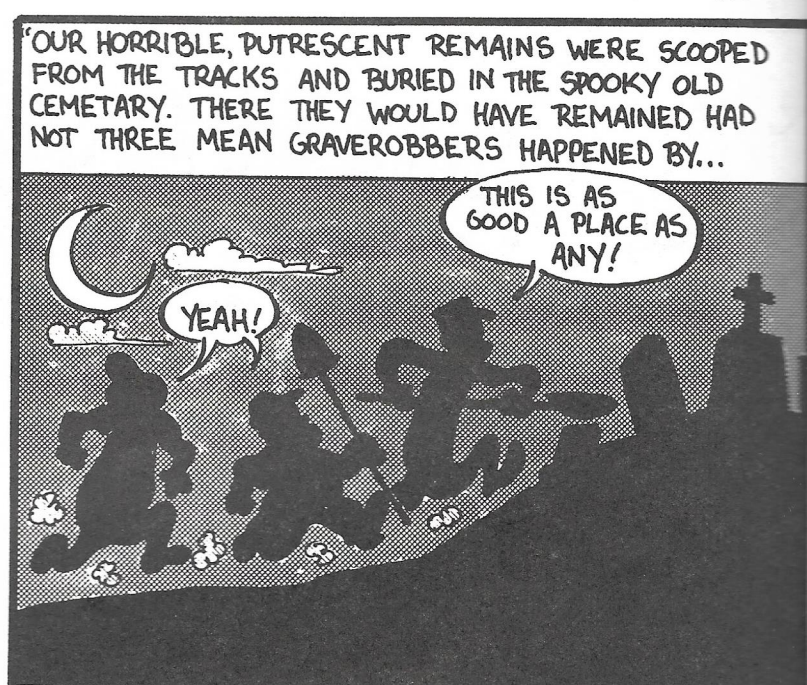
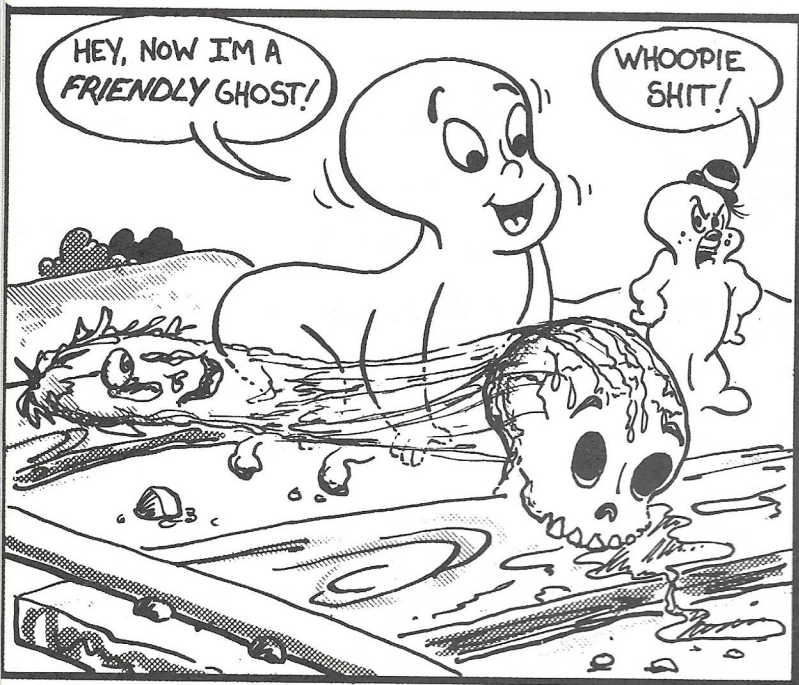
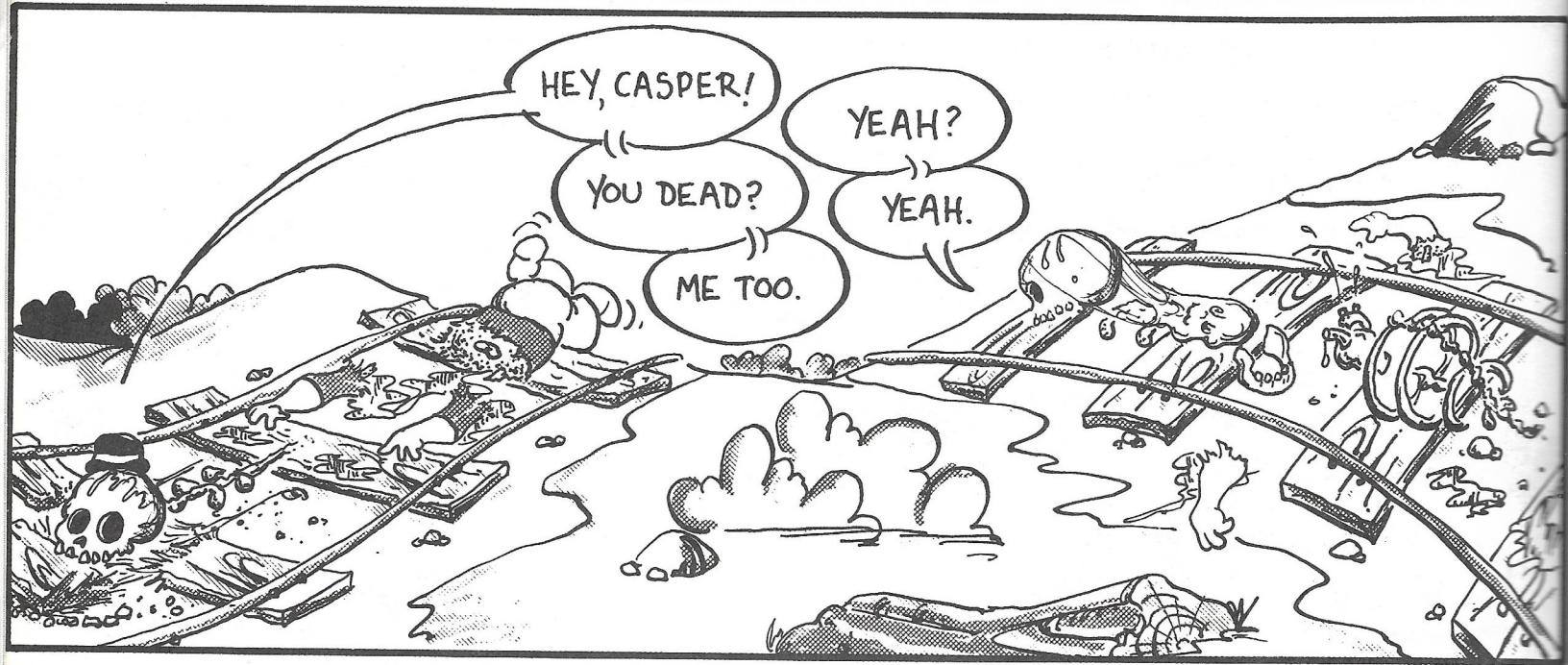


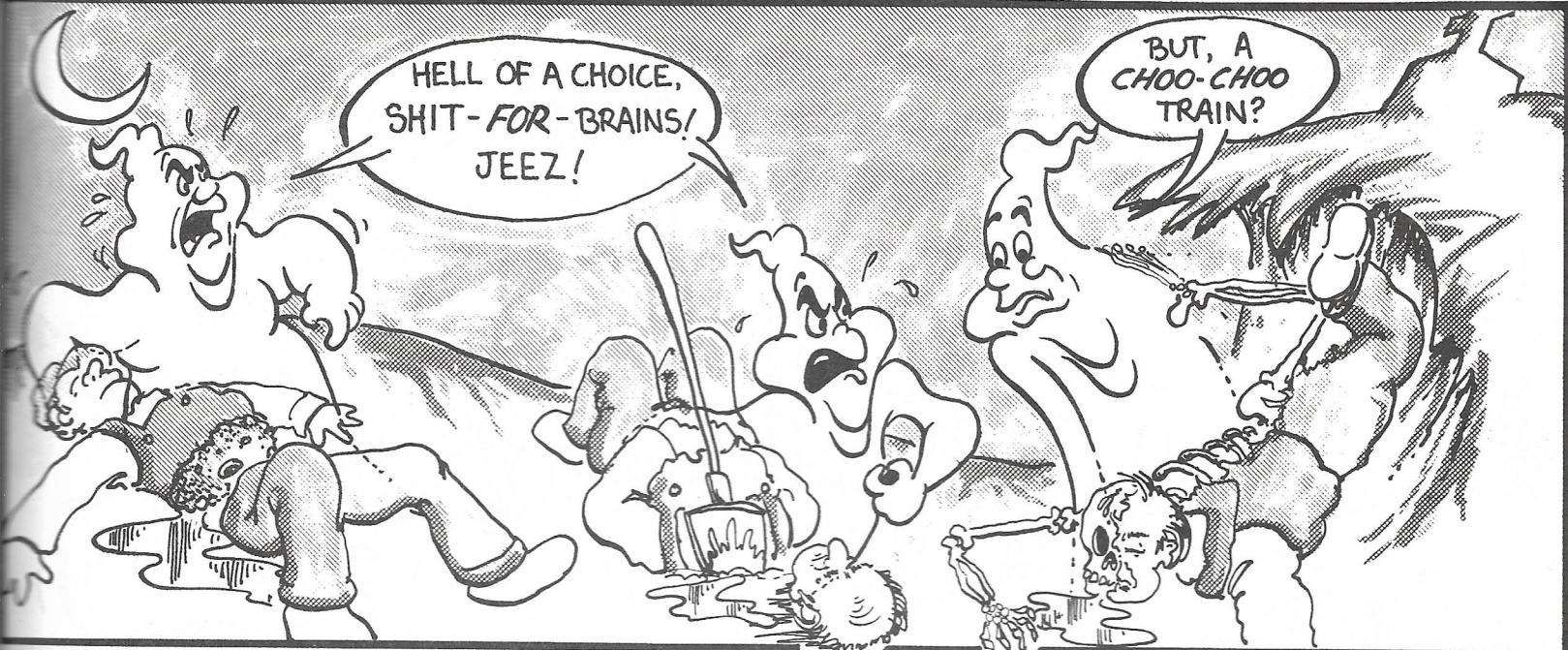
"SPOOKY SURE WAS MEAN, BUT NONE TOO SMART! HE FORGOT TRAINS RUN BOTH WAYS, JUST LIKE TRACKS..."

MORNIN' BOB!

MORNIN'!

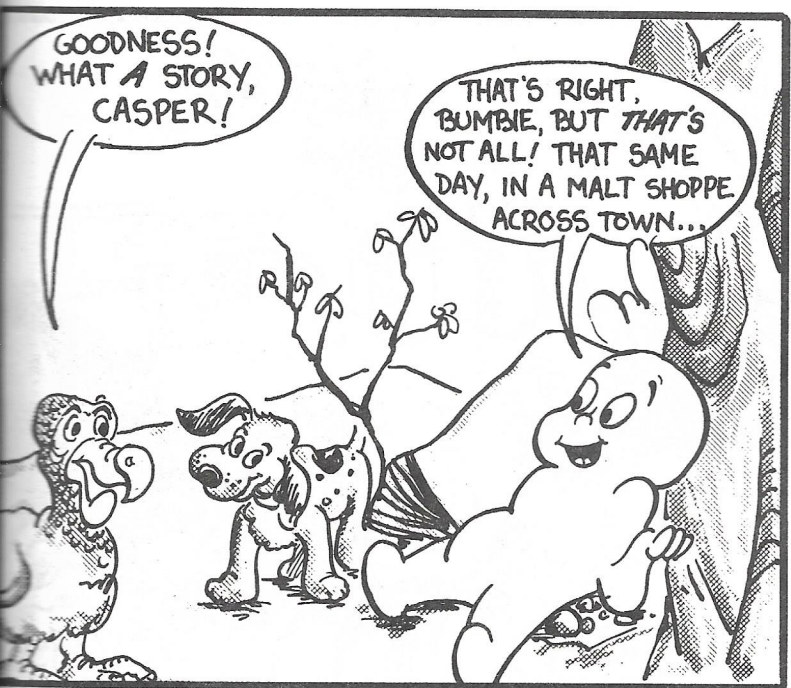






HELL OF A CHOICE,
SHIT-FOR-BRAINS!
JEEZ!

BUT, A
CHOO-CHOO
TRAIN?



GOODNESS!
WHAT A STORY,
CASPER!

THAT'S RIGHT,
BUMBIE, BUT *THAT'S*
NOT ALL! THAT SAME
DAY, IN A MALT SHOPPE
ACROSS TOWN...

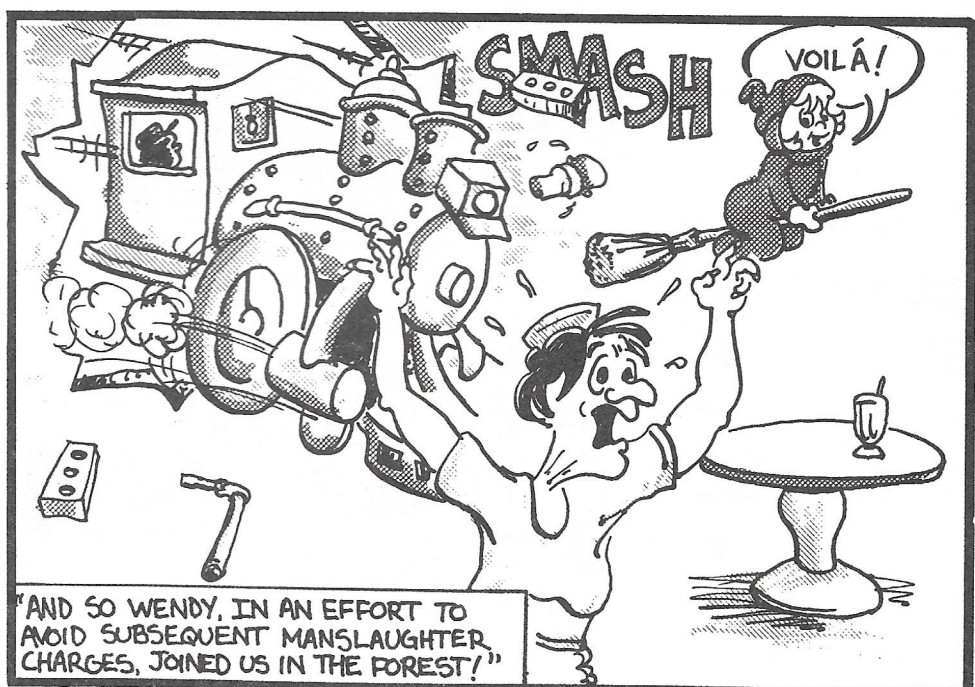


EXCUSE ME, MISS
BUT I AM HOT! COULD
I HAVE A FROSTY
MALTED, PLEASE?

PEOPLE IN
HELL WANT ICE WATER
AND THAT'S EXACTLY
WHERE YOU ARE
GOING, WITCH!



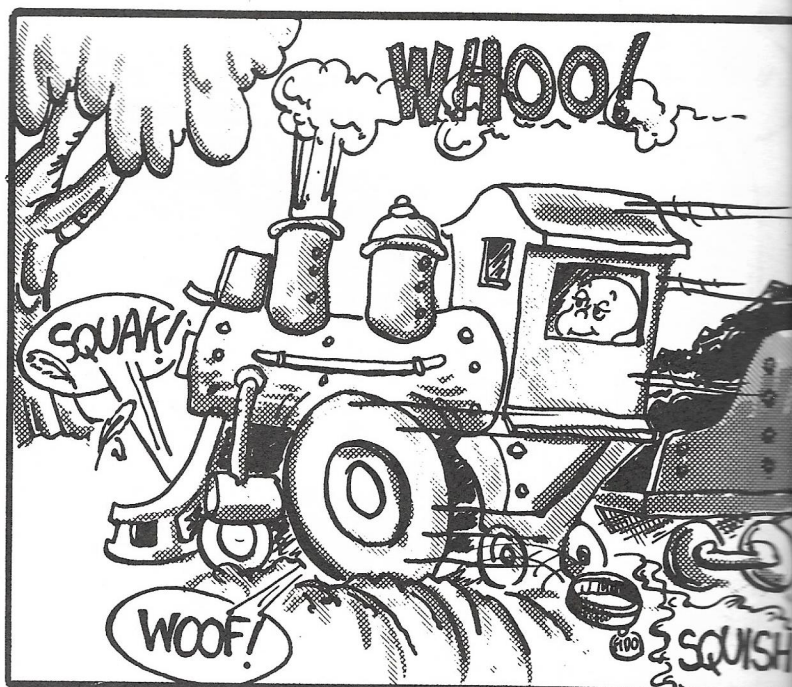
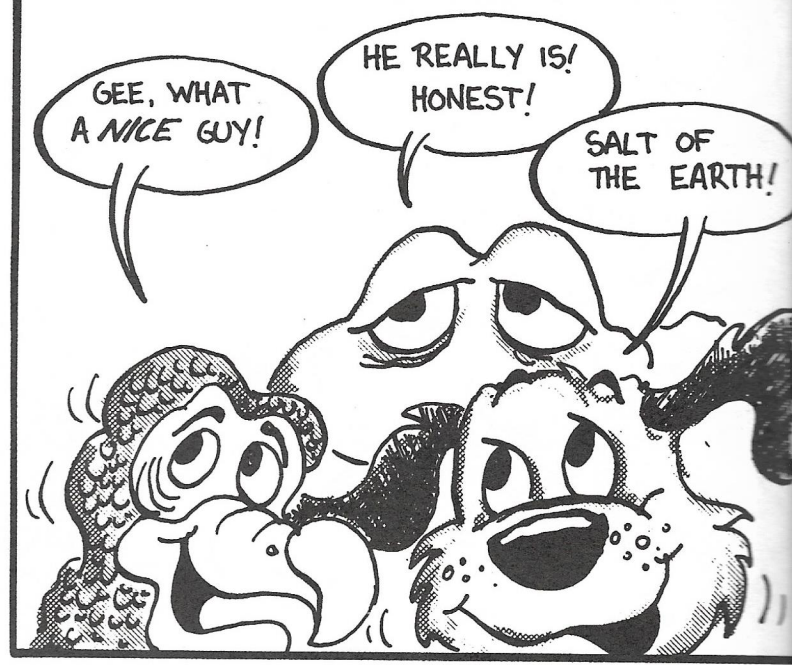
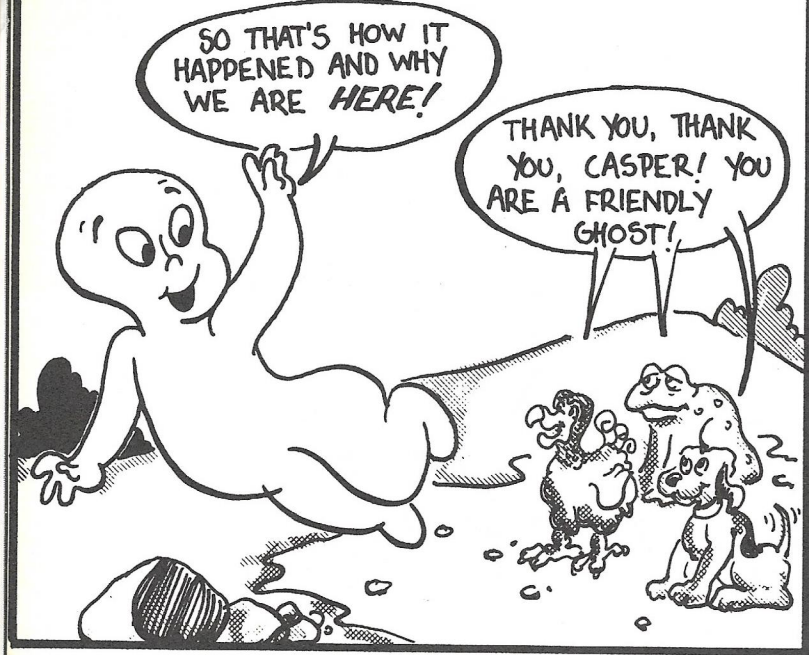
HEH, HEH! I'LL
JUST USE A LITTLE
MAGIC HERE AND
THERE...



SMASH

VOILÁ!

"AND SO WENDY, IN AN EFFORT TO
AVOID SUBSEQUENT MANSLAUGHTER
CHARGES, JOINED US IN THE FOREST!"





SPIKE TALKS NUCLEAR WAR

JAMES A. LUSAN

HI, MY NAME IS SPIKEY, AN' DIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF DOSE SEMI-HUMOROUS, OBNOXIOUS TALKS I'LL HAVE WHERE WE DISCUSS RELEVANT SOCIAL ISSUES AN' ALL DAT CRAP.

COITUS COULDN'T MAKE IT HERE TODAY. MY REGULAR CO-HOST IS STILL IN BED NOW RECOVERATIN' FROM DA EFFECTS OF A BOTTLE OF MAD-DOG 20-20. SHIT, DAT WAS SOME PARTY LAST NIGHT. I ALMOST DIDN'T SURVIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT. ANYWAY, WHENEVER COITUS CAN'T MAKE IT, MY GOOD FRIEND, BABY TEDDY, STEPS IN AS CO-HOST.

HI, KIDS!

HEY, MAN, WE AIN'T SPEAKIN' TO KIDS HERE... WE'RE SPEAKIN' TO AN INTELLIGENT, AFFLUENT, COLLEGE-TYPE AUDIENCE HERE. DON'T PATRONIZE DEM BY CALLIN' DEM KIDS, YA SMEG!

OWW!

WELL, FOLKS, SINCE DIS IS DA DEATH, DECAY, AN' TRIBULATION ISSUE AN' SINCE DA NEW EDITOR WANTS OUR LITTLE DISCUSSIONS HERE TO RELATE MORE TO DA THEME AN' SINCE DERE IS SO MUCH DEATH AN' DECAY IN DA WORLD, WE THOUGHT, WHAT THE HELL, DIS COULD BE A COOL-ASS TOPIC.

I THOUGHT AN APPROPRIATE TOPIC FOR DEATH AN' DECAY WOULD BE NUCLEAR WAR. AFTER ALL, IF AN ATOMIC BOMB BLEW UP IN YOUR FACE, I WOULD THINK DAT DERE WOULD BE A BIT OF DEATH AN' DECAY, DON'T YOU? ANYWAY, TEDDY, WHADDAYA THINK OF A BILATERAL ARMS REDUCTION?

YA DUMBSHIT! I WAS REFERRIN' TO NUCLEAR ARMS!

YA BETTER GET OUT YOUR CREDIT CARDS 'CUZ YOU'RE REALLY GONNA GET A CHARGE OUTTA DA AWESOME TOPIC WE PICKED.

NO WAY, MAN, MY ARMS ARE A PERFECT LENGTH.

WELL, I KNEW DAT! I WAS JUS' KIDDIN' AROUND! I THOUGHT DIS WAS S'POSED TO BE A COMEDY SEGMENT, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

LISTEN, BUDDY, DERE'S NO COMEDY WHERE OUR WORLD'S FUTURE IS AT STAKE! Y'KNOW, I WUZ JUST THINKIN' ABOUT DIS NUCLEAR SHIT AN' I WISH THEY'D LEARN TO USE ALL DIS SCIENTIFIC TECHNOLOGY TOWARD GOOD THINGS LIKE ALCOHOL. REMEMBER A WHILE BACK WHEN DERE WAS TALK OF DA INVENTION OF DA NEUTRON MARTINI?

OKAY, LET'S STOP WIT' DA OLD JOKES HERE AN' MOVE ONTO DA SOCIAL CONCERNS. NOW, WHADDAYA THINK ABOUT DIS 'STAR WARS' THING? I THINK IT SUCKS PRETTY BAD.

YOU'RE A MENTAL PIECE OF BUBBLEGUM, MAN. I'LL GIVE YA ONE MORE CHANCE HERE. WHAT'D YA THINK ABOUT DA SALT TALKS? YA THINK DEY DID ANY GOOD?

A WHAT?

A NEUTRON MARTINI! YOU GET BOMBED BUT YOU'RE STILL STANDIN'!

I'VE HEARD DAT ONE BEFORE SOMEWHERE.

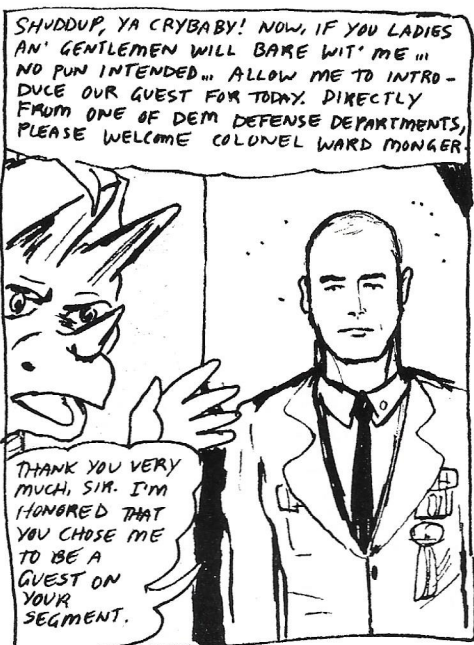
HEY, BUD, I HAPPEN TO THINK DAT "STAR WARS" WAS ONE OF DA GREATEST MOVIES EVER MADE!

WELL, YEAH, I THINK DEY HELPED PEOPLE TO BECOME MORE AWARE OF THEIR BLOOD PRESSURE. PERSONALLY, I DON'T USE SALT.



I HATE PLAYIN' DA STRAIGHT MAN, ESPECIALLY WHEN MY LOVELY ASSISTANT HERE CAN'T EVEN MAKE A GODDAMN JOKE WORK!

WAHH!



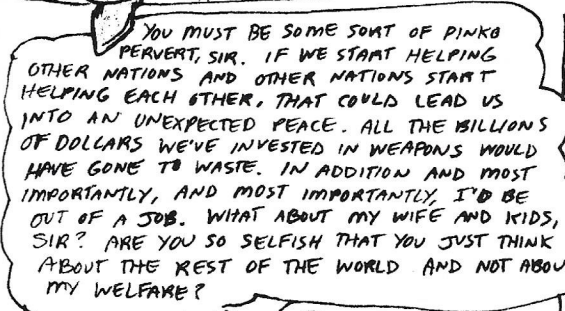
SHUDDUP, YA CRYBABY! NOW, IF YOU LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN WILL BAKE WIT' ME IN NO PUN INTENDED... ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE OUR GUEST FOR TODAY, DIRECTLY FROM ONE OF DEM DEFENSE DEPARTMENTS, PLEASE WELCOME COLONEL WARD MONGER.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR. I'M HONORED THAT YOU CHOSE ME TO BE A GUEST ON YOUR SEGMENT.

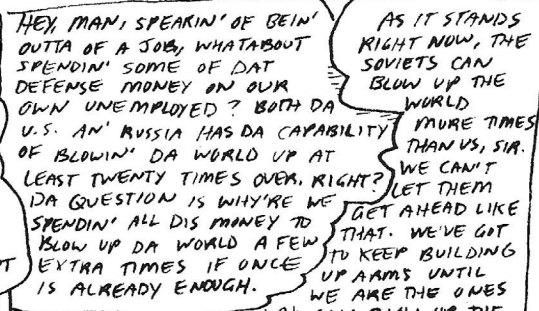


HEY, DA THREE HUNDRED SMACKERS WE LAID ON YA WASN'T SUCH A BAD DETERRENT, EITHER, HUH?

SPEAKIN' OF DETERRENTS, DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH NUCLEAR DETERRENTS IN DIS COUNTRY ALREADY? I MEAN, EACH YEAR WE'RE SPENDIN' UNTOLD BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON DEFENSE. DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH WEAPONS ALREADY? I MEAN, WHY NOT SPEND DA BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON SOME OF DEM STARVIN' PEOPLE IN ETHIOPIA?



YOU MUST BE SOME SORT OF PINKO PERVERT, SIR. IF WE START HELPING OTHER NATIONS AND OTHER NATIONS START HELPING EACH OTHER, THAT COULD LEAD US INTO AN UNEXPECTED PEACE. ALL THE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS WE'VE INVESTED IN WEAPONS WOULD HAVE GONE TO WASTE. IN ADDITION AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, I'D BE OUT OF A JOB. WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE AND KIDS, SIR? ARE YOU SO SELFISH THAT YOU JUST THINK ABOUT THE REST OF THE WORLD AND NOT ABOUT MY WELFARE?



HEY, MAN, SPEAKIN' OF BEIN' OUTTA OF A JOB, WHATABOUT SPENDIN' SOME OF DAT DEFENSE MONEEY ON OUR OWN UNEMPLOYED? BOTH DA U.S. AN' RUSSIA HAS DA CAPABILITY OF BLOWIN' DA WORLD UP AT LEAST TWENTY TIMES OVER, RIGHT? DA QUESTION IS WHY'RE WE SPENDIN' ALL DIS MONEY TO BLOW UP DA WORLD A FEW EXTRA TIMES IF ONCE IS ALREADY ENOUGH.

AS IT STANDS RIGHT NOW, THE SOVIETS CAN BLOW UP THE WORLD FIVE TIMES MORE TIMES THAN US, SIR. WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AHEAD LIKE THAT. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP BUILDING UP ARMS UNTIL WE ARE THE ONES WHO CAN BLOW UP THE WORLD MORE TIMES.



WE MUST DESTROY THE SOVIETS! AND IF A THIRD WORLD WAR IS THE WAY TO DO IT, THEN BY GOD, IT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO LADY LIBERTY TO LAUNCH THOSE MISSILES!

KRASH



I'M SORRY.



GOOD DAY, SIR.



UH... WELL, AFTER DAT INSIGHTFUL PRESENTATION, ALL I CAN SAY IS DAT WE'VE RAISED A LOTTA QUESTIONS BUT WE HAVEN'T ANSWERED MANY.

WELL, I'VE GOT AN ANSWER, MISTER.



I THINK IT'S TIME WE START PULLIN' TOGETHER AN' WORKIN' TOGETHER. WE MUST LEARN TO LOVE OUR FELLOW MAN, AN--



OH! MY SPINAL CORD!



"Mommy! Is it okay if Jeffy chopped P.J. to bits and pieces with an ax?"

\$200 CASH REWARD

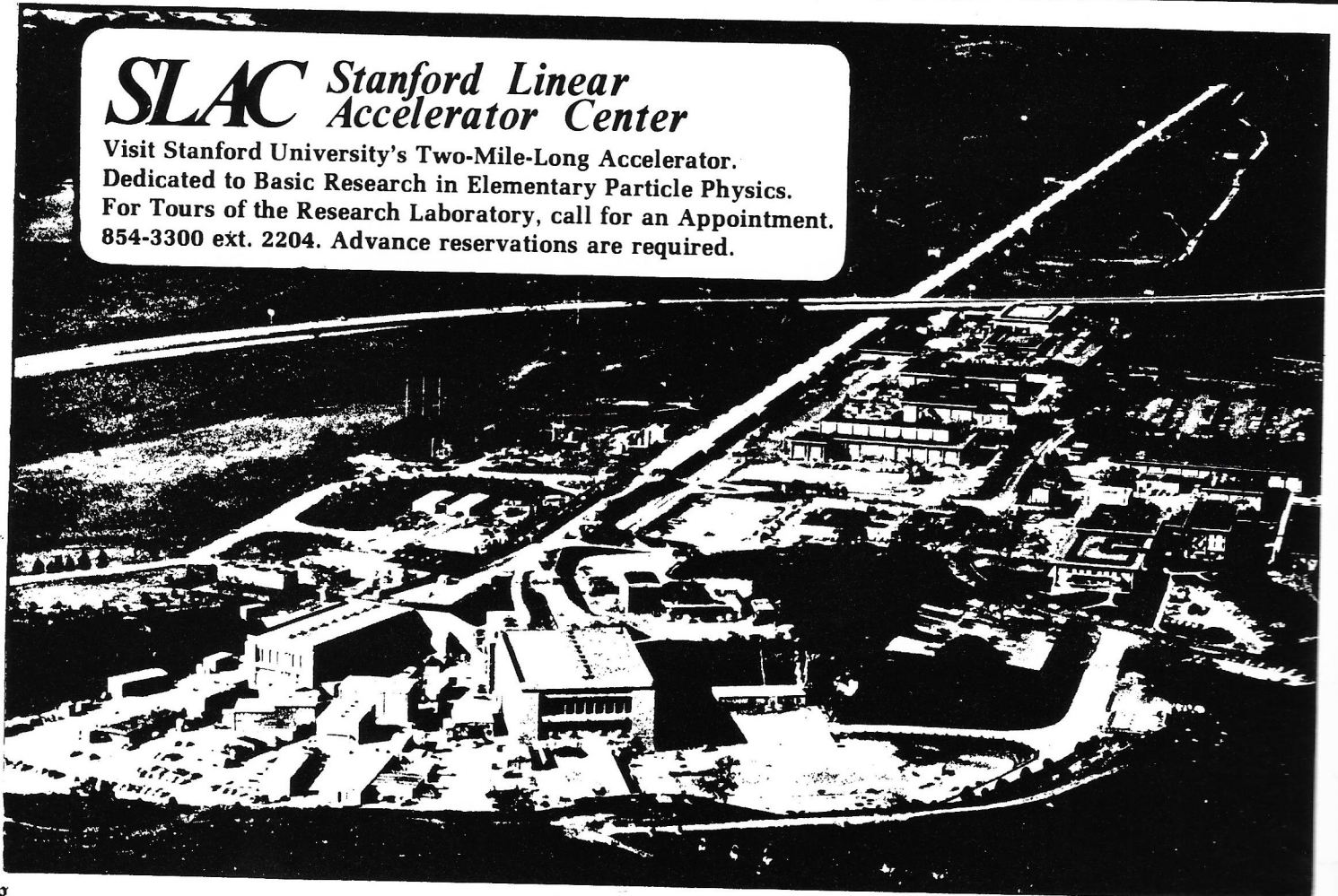
for return of the hammer



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Oh Great Publisher of Manuscripts, Sonnets, and Poems of Considerable Length
 Destined to One Day Be Hallowed and Revered by All and Sundry.~
 Hi! My name is Dante. Dante Alighieri. I've sketched out a little something.
 I think you might be interested in. It's got meter, morals, and a message~
 I call it

DANTE'S PRETTY HOT PLACE

*Through Me the way to the Woful City -
 Through Me the Way to Eternal Pain
 Through Me the Way Among the Lost People
 Justice moved My Maker on High,
 Divine Power made Me and Supreme Wisdom,
 and Primal Love;
 Before Me Nothing was Created, But Eternal
 Things and I Endure Forever
 Abandon Every Hope Ye That Enter
 This Better to Have Lived and Laughed
 Than Moved to Have Lived at All.*



I paused to read these ominous words as we passed beneath that leering marquee, the flashing harbinger of our journey through the wretched realm beyond. And as soon as we stood within those dismal Gates of Heck I saw an enormous, blackened plane (sp?) stretching farther than vision would permit (or reason allow) into the growing and gathering darkness.

We came first to a deep and pretty frightening river, and when I asked, my guide informed me that this was the River Styx, nearly the most frightening and horrible of all the Earth's waters; and the Damned were gathered there weeping and wiping their ^{clutching fingers} ~~clutching fingers~~ against their tattered garments. A makeshift ferry, which lacked even for comfortable seating or adequate ventilation deck space, was berthed at the near side of that black ribbon of fecal waters, and before it stood a gaunt and weathered ferryman with a long, bony face, holding a ~~frightening~~ hideous hole punch; and at

the Unfortunates passed him - led by a barely defragitable they could hope but little to sidestep - he tore violent holes into the tickets they clutched, and it seemed unlikely that they would find their return portions usable. As my wise companion urged me forward, the ferryman Sharon halted our passage with a thin, cloth-wrapped arm. "No living man shall pass!" he shrieked rather convincingly, and he made to push off from the shore. "Wait!" called my guide, his voice resounding in the cavern like the peeling of quite a few nice chimes - "It is fated that my companion shall pass unto the Pretty Hot regions that lie beyond the Fwyge. His stay shall be but brief."

And hearing these words, Sharon allowed us aboard, and though the ensuing voyage could not have taken more time than the falling of one hundred grains through the hour glass, it seemed to my troubled mind that, oh, easily one hundred - and one-quarter or perhaps even five-score and thirty might have passed before we felt the opposite shore beneath the hull of the flimsy and potentially dangerous craft.



We could not help but follow the harrowing masses that pressed us in from all sides and at last we came to an ~~enormous~~ ~~massive~~ ~~big~~ hall - quite entirely larger than most places I have seen or heard mention of; and a giant Otter of frightful hideous demeanor was holding court. The sinners approached the towering, be-whiskered behemoth, each in their turn, and confessed to him their most grievous sins.

The Unkept, The Ill-Mannered, The Forgetful, The Faithless, Sarcastic, Talkative, The Unreliable, and the Pretentious.

Each in their turn revealed their dark confessions: and the weeping and gnashing of those around us... more than once (~~or twice~~ ~~even~~) made it rather difficult to hear a word of it, loud as ^{they} were. And when they had bared their souls, the towering Otter cast them, each to their level, with a simple single throng of his giant tail - half again as long as his body and specially designed for swimming and quick ~~maneuvering~~ ~~maneuvering~~ ~~maneuvering~~ maneuvering (sp?) in frigid waters. My guide urged that we dally not, and I could not feign to protest when he led us to a dark, descending stair.

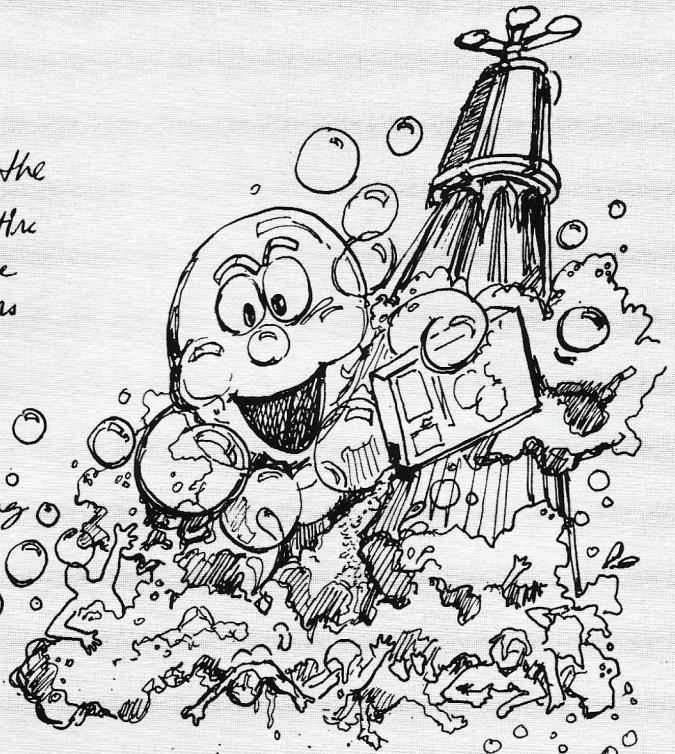


The Level of the Unwashed.

Soon we reached the First Level - that of the Unbathed and the Unkept; and it struck me that the entire level appeared to be a giant, swirling tub. And the guilty unclean bobbed and glubbed in its tepid waters choked a milky white with soaps unknown to me, or covered at its edge, covered in everlasting (and hardly attractive) filth and muck.

Without fail, these last would before long slip on the slickened surface and tumble headlong in the bubbling pink Hell-brew. "Pray look to the very middle of this cleansing cauldron," motioned my guide. And as my gaze followed his pointing finger, I could see but barely a giant, bleated Bable at the tiled pit's center, towering over above the sinners and other bubbles. "O wise Master," I whispered, my fear magnified by the distance and mystery of this ballous fiend, "Has this apparition a name? Tell me, what can this horror be called?" A churring sudsing cacaphony filled the dense air, choking my words as I spoke.

"It is He-Who's-Name-Shell-Not-Be-Boiled-By-Speech" replied my guide. And I thought him truly wise as we sojourned downwards.



The Level of the Ill-Mannered.

Before we had traversed even half the path between the last Level and the next, a sound of vile weeping and loud cursing assaulted us, and from where I stood I could see the sinners below me gathered in a thousand queues or more, each composed of at least that many souls. And at the head of each line, a well-dressed Demon was dispensing gifts of taste and quality: hedge-trimmers, lawn jockeys, wooden duck cigar holders, monogrammed napkin holders - an array far too vast to enumerate here. Each sinner, then, waited endlessly in their chosen line, eager to obtain their well-crafted products. Yet, just as each made it to the head of the line, a frightening hideous but dextrous Rude Imp would elbow them out of line, cutting in front and claiming the coveted goods for themselves, without so much as a second glance or a How-do-you-do - And the unfortunate sinner, had no recourse but to return to the end of the line and hope for better luck next time, a wish which the gentle reader might well predict, was each time broken and renewed. "Such is the fate of the ill-mannered," responded my guide to a question I had pondered but not yet asked.

"No mercy or kindness is shown to those who talked too loudly in restaurants during their brief tenure on Earth, nor those who left gum beneath their desks, spit on the sidewalk, made left-hand turns without waiting for oncoming traffic to go first or... "and here he paused and ^{it soon seemed} grinned a bit as he concluded "or cut in line." And with only a last glance at the pool cue holders and tea cozies we moved on.



The Level of the Tasteless.

Ah Fate! Was not the level we had just departed most accursed, yet without a misshapen counterpart below? The twisted stone that formed each of the previous Levels in a shadowy spiral of black and crimson grey began to brighten, and for a moment I thought it bode well - but quickly my senses related that revulsion was the only proper response in this realm. As we progressed, the darkness turned to shades of green, pink, and orange (no subtle orange was this, but a glaring orange-of-many-lands), lavenders, puce, pimento and ochre, in cruel combinations no discriminating soul could endure. Were not these shades repulsive enough alone - but arranged in grisley swirls, plaids and checks! Patterns gayered the stone walls at demonic angles in combinations of purely evil origin. The sinners were dressed in a manner no less pleasing than their surroundings, and in no way matching. "The Tasteless find their Eternal Home herein" allowed my good guide, seeming to convert his gaze from the accursed decor. The caution: in his glance made me for the first time examine our own garments: Black velvet festooned with clever frescos and icons in bright fluorescent acrylic. Surely we were safe here.

All throughout the garrulous arena, slaving fiends were serving goods from convenient points all across the giant hall - Slurpies, Shushes, thin meat sandwiches, fried ^{not gutted} ~~tooth~~ and O! the cries of horror as the luckless sinners were given not these things their slovenly sensibilities suggested, but in their stead, such offerings as freshly baked croissants, or a delicately prepared pate or an elegant aperitif. Aghast, the Tasteless would stumble from vendor to vendor in search of consoling items - lava lamps, bowling shoes, argyle socks - but each was foiled at every station, for all these were offered only to be transformed into simple, finely crafted items. As we turned to depart, it seemed to me the gaze of my guide lit briefly on a dazzling array of mood rings in the midst of an moaning mob, and it was with an extra sense of urgency that we took our leave.

The Level of the Talkative.

"Well, look who's come to pay us a visit! Uh, if it isn't Dante Allerghini - and don't you look sporty in that robe! Now who's your pal here - something of a stiff, ~~isn't~~ isn't he, hmmm! How's it going? Do you live here or just visiting - live, LIVE - ho! as if any of us 'live' here! That's rich, ain't it? Yes! So isn't this a place! Quite so, I mean, you know, it's Heck. Here we are. Can't leave. Well that's the way it goes, right? Isn't it warm - I'm sure toasty. Do you have -"

It talked and talked without stopping or even pausing, a human in the form of a bloated food, the mouth dwarfing the small formless body as it endlessly flapped and gabbled. At first it seemed the twisted speaker was conversing with my companion and myself, but it eventually became clear that it addressed no one in particular, as did a thousand others across

the immense plain. "Tell me, oh truest companion" I asked, listening to everything and hearing nothing. "Though I perceive the use of these frightsome giant mouths on these wretched souls, why ears of equal size?" Indeed, elephantine ears rolled off their heads and gathered in piles at their feet. "Such is their fate" was the response, "Their sin is their punishment."

"Ah!" I cried, "Their lot, then, is to listen to one another for all eternity!?"

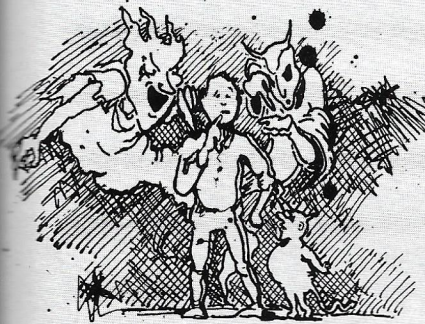
"And to themselves" added my guide, as we walked silently on.



The Level of the Forgetful

If the noise of the bulgeons of the ill-mannered and tasteless was loud, that of the level we now entered was deafening, a mad hurricane of voices, each scolding and reprimanding without tiring until the last dawn of eternity: "It's a half-past!" "They're under the bed - right ~~where~~ where you left them!" "Guess what yesterday was?" "Hell - that's where!" and a host of other retorts ad infinitum. As we descended into the level, I saw the Darned adorned in a fantastic array of garments - socks long unwashed and never matched, flies unbuttoned, shirts wrinkled - untucked, unhemmed trousers with torn knees and holey pockets. These souls were motionless, held in an immobile stupor as they tried in vain to recall their location, their destination, its reason or anything else of consequence, oblivious to the chattering rejoinders of their unremitting tormentors. While I knew without asking what the nature of these souls sin, it occurred to me to inquire of my Host as to a matter of great import. But as I opened my mouth to speak, it seemed to have slipped my mind. I did not recall the matter until we left - for as we were about to pass out of that wretched realm I heard, by luck (or by design) a chortling demon voice rising above the awful din - "Don't you know - there are no privies in Hell!"

This was a ~~frightening~~ frightening thing, and I shuddered as we passed.



The Level of the Unreliable

- Uh, ah, Missed this one - ~~Sony!~~

The Level of the Sarcastic

"Yeah, this is Great!" bellowed a loud voice, and turning, I saw that it belonged to a hapless sinner wrapp'd in a monk's garb, bubbling in a cauldron of boiling oil. I stopped, and motioned for my guide. "Just as pleasant as can be! Whose shall I thank for this honor," the friar continued, "Whose hand might I shake?!" "Indeed!" screamed another, a woman slowly being eaten by a pack of coal-black, red-eyed beasts. "They asked me, they did... 'What'll it be, dear? A never-ending afterlife on some balmy tropical island or perhaps you'd rather... we let a savage pack of rabid hounds eat you alive at great and painful length? Well, you know me, I said OOOH, Yes! Let's take a guided tour to Heck's own kennels - let's play human Milkbones! I just loooove these little barking beasties. Red Rover, Red Rover, send Cerebus over!" I stood transfixed as the dogs paused not, their feasting unceasing as his facetious soliloquy (sp?) continued. "Such NICE doggies! Please, DO bite a bit harder -" she finished, a maddened hound pulling off her jaw with a single snap of its drooling mandibles. "Wouldn't miss this for the world," chimed another, and as I turned toward him, I noticed for the first time that the entire arena was filled with innumerable dictionary of tortures, each sustained for eternity by these jering, spittling minions of a great dark demon - facetious. Standing as tall as three elephants, Facetious observed each sentence and took pleasure in its fulfillment. And horrible as their fortunes were and would be til the very end of time, not a sinner amongst them would surrender so much as an honest scream or a heartfelt gasp of agony. Was it beyond them? Beneath them? Their darkly sarcastic lord Facetious stood forever above them - his laugh echoing on the towering stone walls. My companion motioned us onward. "Nice place," I quipped, dryly. "Watch thine ass," rejoined my guide.



The Level of the Pretentious

O Dood Old Muse, move my tongue
To speak of that which next made itself
Known to us - Ya, Muse, hold my hand in thine
And grab onto my pen and write this down for me, O Muse.
For I hath written down rather a good bit
Quite without your assistance.

Thank-you-very-much-all-the-same, Oh Muse; Musey.
Pray allow that I might be nothing more than the fountain
For your own Great Wisdom, which seems to be pretty damn scarce
if you ask me -

Muse-Face, are you listening?

I bet you aren't.

Oh hell, I'll write it myself.

A thick smoke-filled this new depth, obscuring our vision until we were nearly upon the sinners of this realm; and as our eyes adjusted, it became clear that the entire level had been designed to resemble an enormous huge stage wrought from the very rock of Heck itself, and a single Giant Devil sat alone before it, smoking a chimney. The sinners all lined this platform as far as vision permitted. Each held an object - a duck, or a dummy, a banjo, as they anxiously awaited their audience. The one at the front of the line was speaking as we neared came near. "So he says, 'it's a knick-knack Paddywhack, give the frog a loan!'" He punctuated this punchline with a shuffling two-step and a quick bow. The words were overcome by the silence and died in the darkness. A ghostly rimshot echoed in the distance - too late to save them. The sinner pulled nervously at his bagels. "You've, ah, heard that one?" he coughed. The Giant cleared back and nodded. The condemned soul was sweating. "The ostrich and the nun - have you heard that one?"

The demon nodded silently.

"The dwarf lost in the girls' school? The three accountants and the Shetland Pony?"
With two more nods the demon snapped his log-like fingers and a single spotlight flooded the stage. The doomed auditor was unable to escape from its blinding circle. "The traveling salesman and the haunted farmhouse?" he cried in desperation - but already began to melt into the thick air. "No!" he cried "No! Not again!" and then he was gone, leaving only silence. - "Next!" called the beast in its horrible voice, and another hopeful took the stage. An arsenal of vendable balloons tumbled out of his arms as he adjusted his cockscout hat.

"Oh Great Master," I whispered, and I trembled as I spoke. "What is the fate of such as these?"
Pray, speak so that I might know!

A thin smile parted my companion's lips. "They must serve on the staff of the Harvard Lampoon," he replied. and I could not conceal my horror and revulsion.

"Pity has no place here," he chided, and it was not without difficulty that I left that horrid stage - and its terrible secret - far behind me.

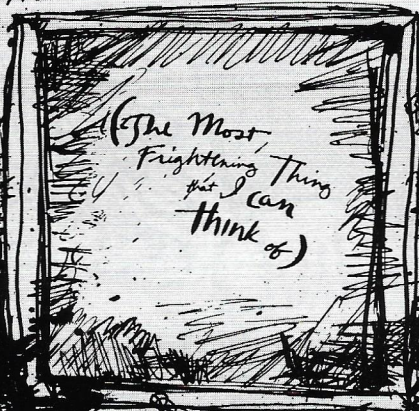
OH NO! HERE IT COMES

The Unspeakably Frightening HORRIBLE

END!

A great cold ~~and~~ bad wind announced our arrival in that wretched lowest realm toward which we had travelled all this while. I travelled not without difficulty, I might add, for quite a stretch. And then ~~there~~ **THERE** we were. **There!**

Right **There**. The worst place of all. Ifo, the most horrible thing I can think of was standing **Right there** in front of us. (Really, entirely **Bad**) I tremble even to think of its immense Rudeness. It's ~~Monolithic~~ Monolithic ~~Stagnant~~ Stagnant Meanness, it's altogether gut-wrenching horribleness!



Just take my word
for it -
O gentle Reader!
This was no
anti-climax, no
comforting cop-out!
No! It was
Bad!!

The End

* Dan C -

I've got to tell you Danny, a lot of the boys down at publishing are really excited about this. As you know, we publish only Manuscripts, Comes, and Poems of Considerable Length Destined to One Day Be Hallowed and Revered by All and Sundry, and frankly, we think you've got something here - something hot. Just the same, there are a few things we'd like you to work on - About that title - It just doesn't grab me, Dan. We're thinking something along the lines of "The Pyre" or "The Blaze" or "The Very Hot Place Indeed." Something with punch. And the sins... I don't know, Dan, but it seems to me as though you could do better (or worse!) than "People who talk too loudly in Restaurants," and "The Sarcasmic," etc. We're thinking along the lines of "Gluttony" and "Simony," and so forth. Think about it. The length. It's a little short for the Greatest Masterpiece of Italian Literature. The marketing people are talking about a Trilogy, expanding it into three separate but intertwined volumes. It's all the rage.

It's going to be Big, Dan. BIG! Get back to me ASAP. (with corrections noted). I see a Renaissance coming.

Allerghini.
Michaelangelo Colonna
Firenze

Clitus^(Hi!) the ~~Fetus~~ NEWBORN

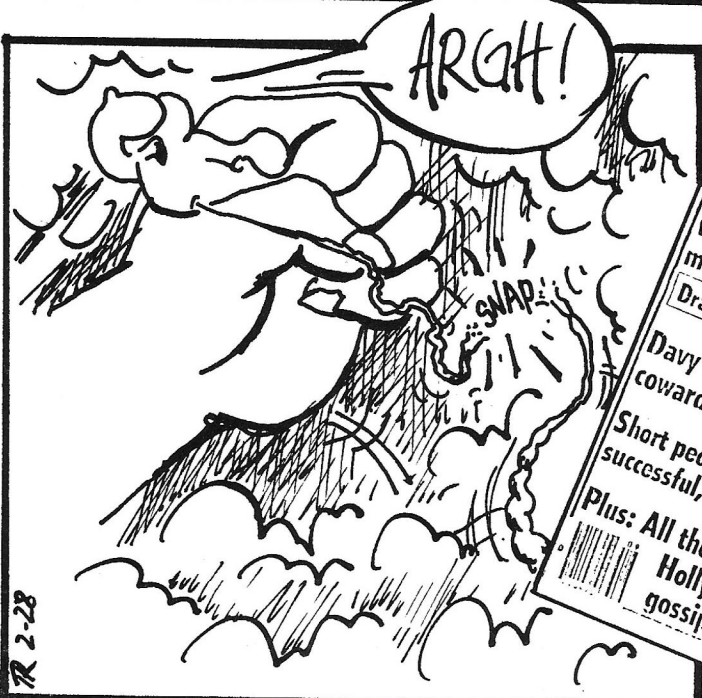
WANDA JACKSON, IN SPITE OF DOCTORS' WARNINGS, INGESTED TOO MANY TOXIC CHEMICALS AND HER SOON TO BE BORN CHILD CLITUS WAS ENDOWED WITH SENTIENCY AND POWERS OF

ASTRAL PROJECTION...

IN HIS CORPOREAL BODY, CLITUS SLEEPS IN THE WOMB...



... WHEN ...



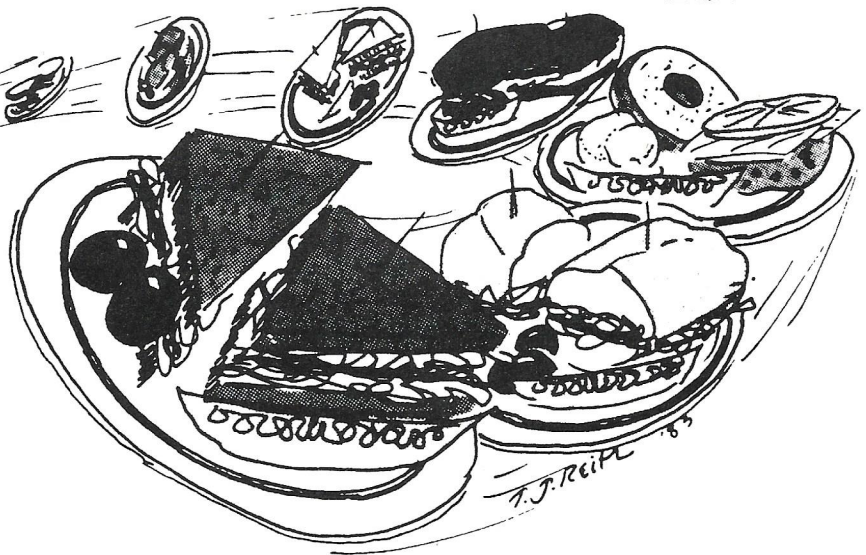
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THE COFFEE HOUSE ANNOUNCES

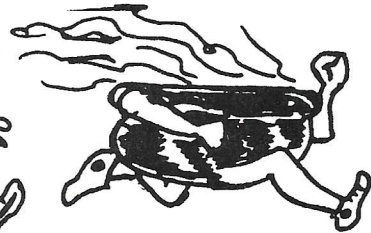
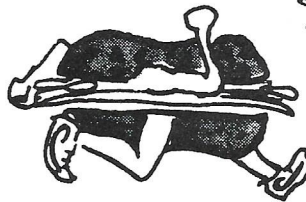
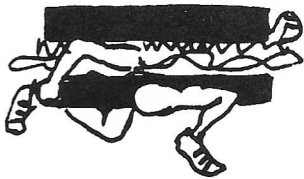
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QUICK FIX Monday-Friday, 11:30 am-1:30 pm

COFFEE HOUSE

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union



The Stanford Charity

Carnival

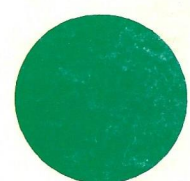
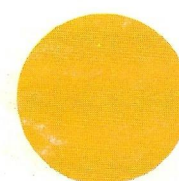
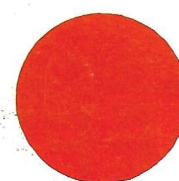
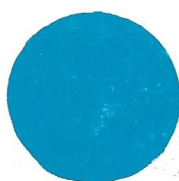
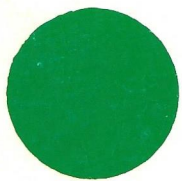
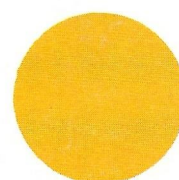
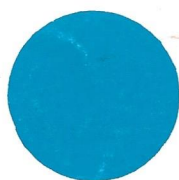
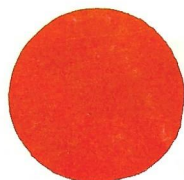
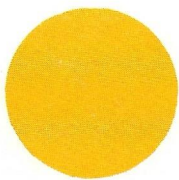
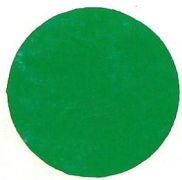
Benefitting the Children's Hospital
at Stanford

RETURNS...

April 20th

Wilbur Field

9-4



If you're interested in joining in the fun call Pete Sidebottom (322-1643) or Jason Bland (323-7021).
Or come to an organizational meeting Thursday, April 4th, Toyon Lounge, 7:00p.m.