

Chaparral

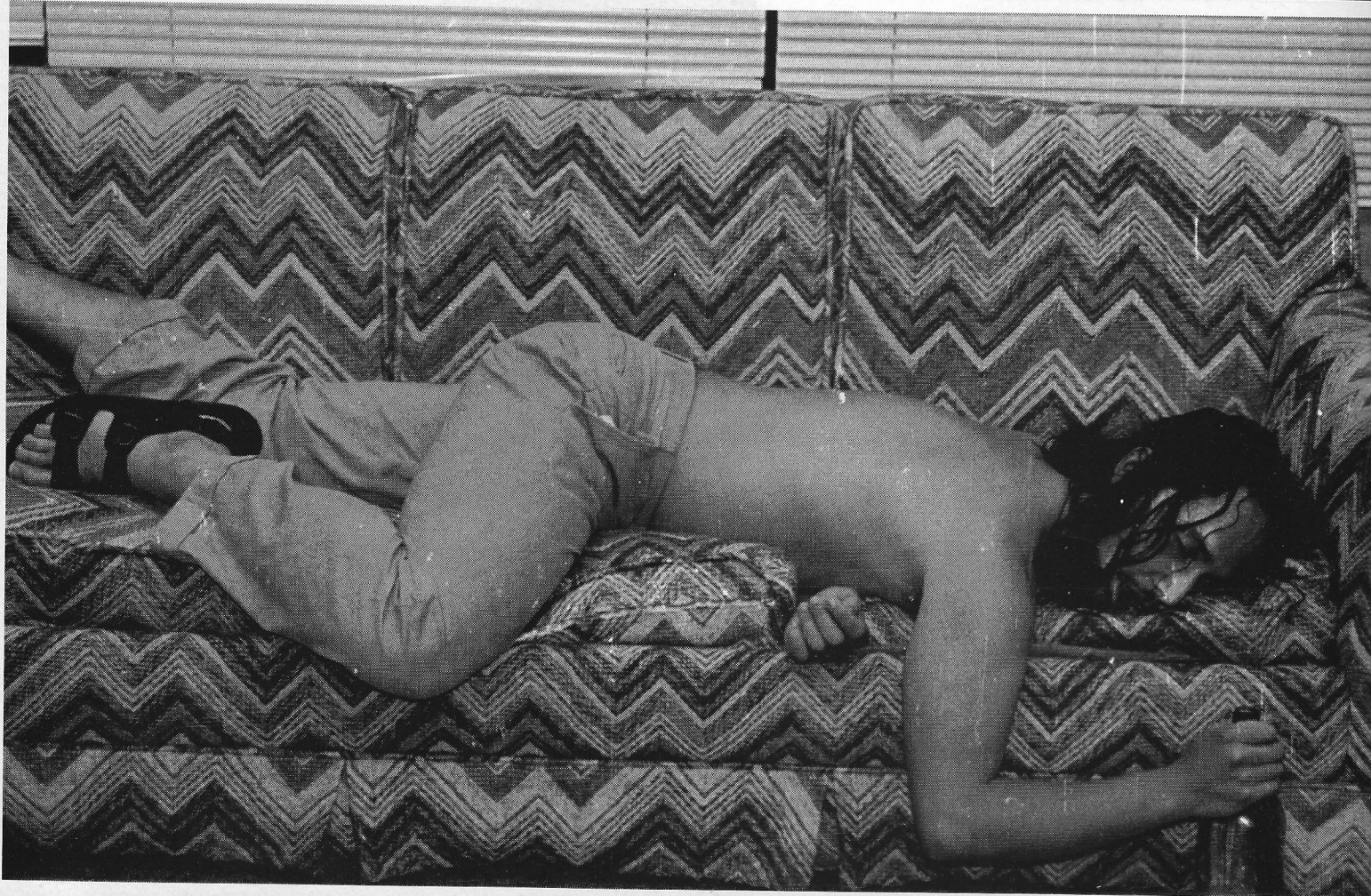
May 1995

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*Human Weakness Number
Volume 96, No. 5*

Jesus



The CHAPARRAL

VOL. 96
No. 5



- 4** Now That
- 6** The Things that Came
To Life
- 7** Dog Psychology
- 8** Going Back to Paly
- 10** Doris Wilson
- 11** Beerdrinker
- 12** I've Got Diplomatic
Immunity
- 13** Timmy's Horrible
Birthday Party
- 14** Crazy Cecil
- 18** Contract On America
- 19** Reflections
- 20** Donkeytown
- 21** Job Interview in the 5th
Dimension
- 22** Hall and Oates
- 23** Monkey Beat
- 24** Girlfriend
- 25** Three Stoned Guys
from the Future
- 26** Storyboards of the
Young Directors
- 28** Old Man Mulroney
- 30** What the Clowns
Learned from Politics
- 31** The Beatles



The Stanford Chaparral

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The Chappies

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The things you keep inside fill our pages. Keep this in mind as you wander through our world. All material ©1995 The Stanford Chaparral. We'll see you next year.



THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT



we are all in the same psychic room, what is that twitching outside on the window ledge? Look out the window before the creature goes away! Look at the squirrel that laughs before you. No, not the laughing black squirrel with red eyes and a shirt on, but the grey squirrel with normal proportions. That's Sammy Squirrel. Why does he laugh at you while he munches on a tasty cracker? He laughs at you because you are a human weakling.

"Whoa, whoa, this is just more crazy stuff. That thing can't be laughing at me. I go to Stanford and I am on the fast track to success. All a squirrel cares about is being squirrely and nervous and storing huge amounts of food in its underground tunnel system. Squirrels are always getting flattened by humans, their squirrel brains dashed on our highways by Japanese and American technology."

That was some true and painful information, but Sammy Squirrel is still laughing at you. Now he is actually pointing and laughing! He thinks it's funny the way

The Chappies would like to thank the following organizations and individuals for making this year the resounding success it might not have been, and for making this issue particularly fine.

- Alumni
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 Sammy the Squirrel
 French People

humans frantically run around and worry about things like losing weight and cleaning swimming pools. He likes when we build fences around our homes and the homes are struck by lightning and burned to the ground. He titters at the prospect of space stations and Mars landings, for he knows that these will never be realized under the impending arrival of Zorgo the Planeteater in 1999. To Sammy, life should be a day to day thing. No future planning is needed, says the squirrel, except storing food for the winter. He has a point. The political economy of the squirrel species is far more efficient than our own.

We must look at the ecology of nature to serve as a yardstick to measure the value of our actions. No other organism kills its own in big dumb wars and no other organism has gas stations that sell seventeen varieties of beef jerky. We must be doing something seriously wrong, right? Before we drown in our own plastic, we have to imitate the animals. To avoid killing ourselves, we have to play the game of Mother Nature instead of our own, to exist as part of the environment instead of trying to create a doomed concrete synthworld of our own. We must return to the wild and imitate the animals. But what animal to imitate?

"Monkeys, of course." Are you sure? Monkeys throw their own feces at hard working people who pay to see them at the zoo. They also turn into complete jerks after they become sexually mature. The chimpanzees who have been on TV are always very young—otherwise, there would be constant complaining from the chimpanzee actors about equal pay and parasite inspection. This is why the sitcom One Thousand Elderly Grumpy Monkeys was a complete failure. Besides, the scientists have experiments which demonstrate that chimpanzees can be made to become addicted to cigarettes and watch prosthetic nipple infomercials for days and days. No, monkeys are just as stupid as humans.

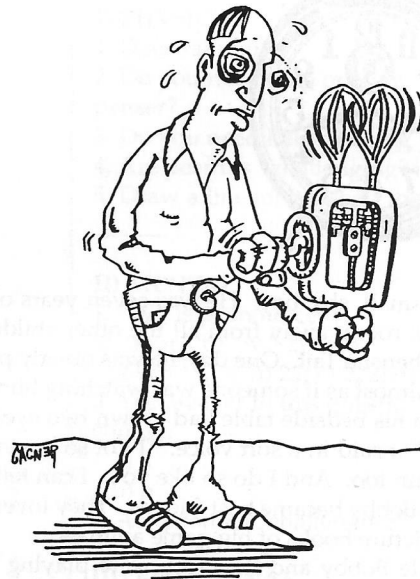
It seems to this Old Boy that the animals to imitate would have to be the roundworms. They burrow through the mud, they do not create computers that spy on other people, they do not threaten the earth with "Wormbombs" pointed at ancient natural resources. The only refuse the worm produces gives back to the Mother Nature in the form of precious nitrogen. But, roundworms won't work either because of humanity's insecurity about imitating a worm. Worms have no charisma, they're "gross" and "do not have any eyes." Well, I feel sorry for the whole human race, then, because the whole big-shot species is going to fall over the evolutionary cliff because they thought they were too cool to imitate worms. I give up. Screw the weak-ass humans.



was not very nice. As humans, we have to stick together, no matter how tunnel-visioned and self-destructive we are. This means we have to stop bickering about little things like money and power. Who cares? Zorgo the Planeteater is coming pretty soon, and even

if the galactic rott claims him, seventy years of life is too short and precious a time to spend trying to get on the air on G. Gordon Liddy's radio show so you can bitch about how much of a pain in the ass it is to wait seven days for a handgun so you can accidentally blow away your kid when you mistake him for a raccoon. So, the Chaparral urges you people: let us all drop our lawsuits and love each other.

"Whoa! Hey Gary, slow down fella! Why don't you go down and vent some of that pent up energy working for the Chappie. Dig?"



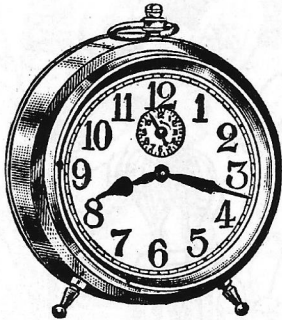
Positions available in advertising, illustration, writing and computer layout. Come by Storke Building 2nd floor Wednesdays, 8:30.

Danziggy



Grandpa Jones has a story for every occasion. He's seen it all, and what he hasn't seen, he makes up. For years, parents have trusted their children with the wisdom of Grandpa Jones. Here we present a classic Grandpa Jones story—

The Things that Came to Life



Bobby was a small, shy, boy. He was seven years old, and liked to play with his toys alone in his room, away from all the other children. His favorite toy was his Fisher-Price Prehensile Tail. One day, he was quietly playing when he had a strange feeling. It was almost as if someone was watching him. He turned around, and saw that the clock on his bedside table had grown two eyes and a mouth on its face.

"Hello Bobby," it said in a soft voice. "I got so bored just being a clock. I want to play and have fun too. And I do so like you. I can tell you the time."

The clock and Bobby became best friends. They loved to sit and play board games, or just look at picture books of big game animals.

One day while Bobby and the clock were playing Romans and Christians from Milton Bradley, he got that strange feeling again. He slowly peered about, and to his surprise saw that the doorknob to his room was shaking. Before his eyes a face emerged on it.

The doorknob spoke in a menacing British accent. "Hello, you little blighter. You have no idea how revolting it is to be a doorknob. All day long, being fondled by you disgusting humans and your clammy hands. All except your mother. I rather like her." He leered disgustingly. "Beware, little Bobby. Something's going to have to change." With that the features disappeared and it went back to being a doorknob.

Bobby was shaken up, but just then his mother came in and told him that his aunt was there to take him to the Junior Aquarium. The Junior Aquarium was Bobby's favorite place in the whole world, and when he got back he went right to bed and forgot about the whole thing. But the next night, after Bobby's father tucked him in, he got a huge cut on his hand as he exited the room. He couldn't understand where it came from.

The next day when Bobby woke up, he got ready to go down to breakfast. But as he put his hand on the doorknob, a huge mouth opened up and bit off three of his fingers. Bobby sunk to the floor, blood streaming from his hand. He was in too much shock to scream, so he just sat there. He began to weep softly, his maimed hand shaking as wrenching sobs wracked his tiny frame. After about twenty minutes he lost consciousness, and slumped over on the floor.

Soon after, the clock began a game of Solitaire Uno.

As Grandpa Jones would have said: "The moral of the story is, you just can't fucking trust inanimate objects."

The Earthman's Guide to Outer Space:

**Information absolutely vital
to the survival of the casual
traveler.**

In outer space, man's best friend is the cat, and dogs always land on their feet.

Everyone can dunk a basketball in outer space. However, it is much, much more difficult to hit a three-pointer on an outdoor court.

There is no air in outer space. This may seem like a hindrance to the average earthling's ability to survive. It is not. You do not need air to breathe.

People have cool names in outer space, like "Lando," "Kenobi," and "the Hut."

God lives in outer space.

In outer space, there is an abacus faster than any of earth's supercomputers.

In outer space no one can hear you scream. Unless, of course, you are right next to someone.

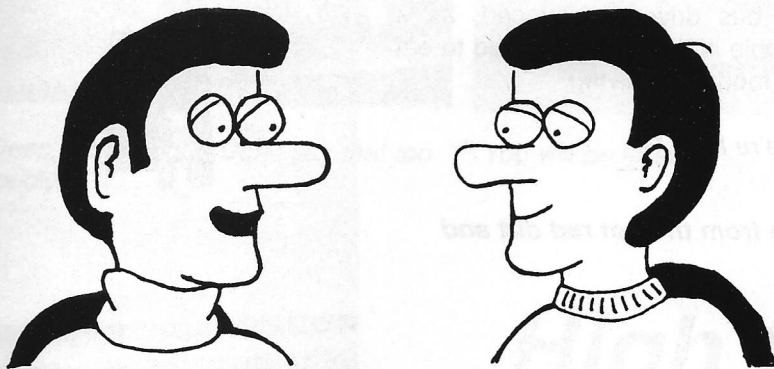
In outer space it is considered poor form to display your genitals unless, of course, you are negotiating peace with the Thraxnarians, who wear no clothes. It is also permissible when ballroom dancing, interviewing for a job, and celebrating a made three-pointer.

In outer space there is a smile on every one's face.

In outer space there are no hangovers, and your liver lasts forever.

In outer space there is no forgiveness.

Outer space is much, much larger than your father's hand.



DOG PSYCHOLOGY

(at the public library)

Jim: Hi, Dan. What are you doing here this early in the morning?

Dan: Oh, hi Jim. Just doing some reading. I'm getting interested in entomology.

Jim: That's the study of bugs, isn't it?

Dan: Yes, it is. It's quite fascinating.

Jim: I'm getting interested in dog psychology, myself.

Dan: You don't say! That's great. (pats Jim on the back) I had no idea.

Jim: Do you know what happens if you lock a dog in a cage, and ring a bell every time you bring him some food?

Dan: He will become hungry every time he hears a bell?

Jim: No, you will be arrested.

DOG PSYCHOLOGY, PART II — AN AWKWARD SITUATION

(in a dark warehouse)

Tony: Where can we hide this body, Fat Louie?

Fat Louie: It'll be light real soon. Better go to the river.

Tony: I forgots my keys!

Fat Louie: You fuck! I curse the day Boss made you my partner.

Tony: Come on, Louie, give me a chance. I gonna get this body to the river for us.

Jim: (falls through wormhole in space-time continuum) ...no, you will be arrested.

Fat Louie: (turns to Tony) *I knew I couldn't trust you, rookie!* (shoots Tony)

Jim: (confused)

Are You...

Weak?

I) PHYSICAL

1. Does rain hurt?
2. Do you need help opening a Pez dispenser?
3. Do you need help opening your eyes?
4. Are peanuts "challenging?"
5. Draw a line longer than this:

II) MENTAL

1. "IV" is pronounced:
 - a) "four," b) "iv," c) "vih"
2. $2+2=$ a) 4; b) 22; c) 222; d) 222222222222
3. The answer to this question is "a." You choose:
 - a) a
 - b) b
4. Are peanuts "challenging?"

III) EMOTIONAL

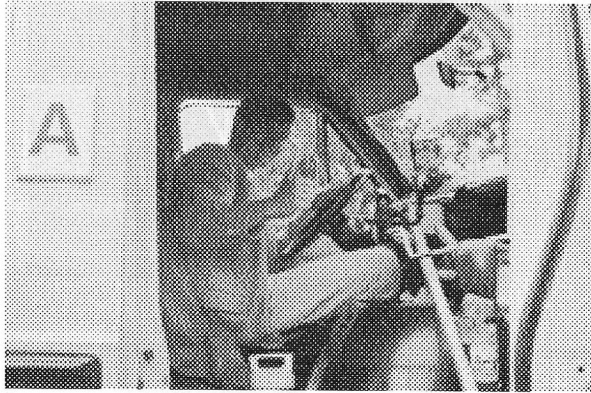
1. Have you bought all of Jimmy Carter's poetry just to boost his hurting self-image?
2. In a restaurant, you order a small salad and are presented with a live dog. You:
 - a) send it back; b) poke it with your fork, then claim you "couldn't eat another bite;" c) eat it to save the chef any embarrassment
3. Are you worthless?
 - a) no
 - b) yes
 - c) Don't care; whatever you say
4. Do naked ankles make you cringe?
5. Does Kenny G "fuck with your head?"
6. Are peanuts "challenging?"

IV) SCORING

Make up a score for yourself. Limit yourself to lower scores if you are a generally weak person.

- 1-35: Weak
 36-98: Pretty Weak
 99-500: Fairly Weak
 501+ : Not quite as weak

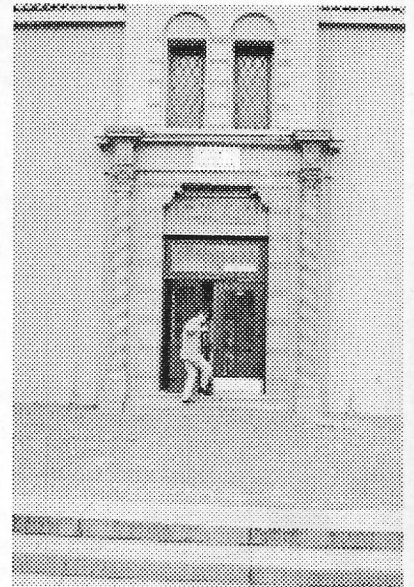
DEEP TERROR High School



"Get on board," said the ferryman as he loaded another batch of twisted bodies into the carriage. He looked just like me!

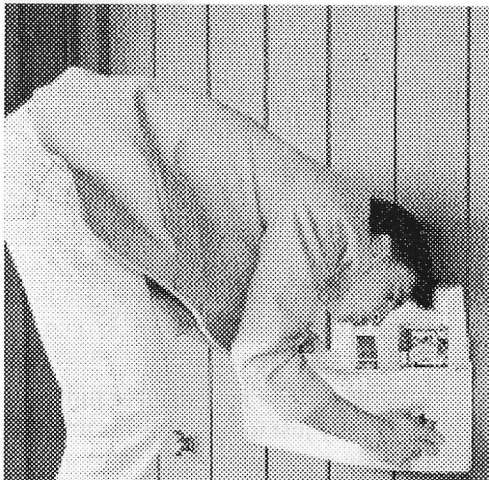
"I've been on this route for eternity," the bus driver announced, as a zombie in the back row tried to eat the food of the living.

"We're here."

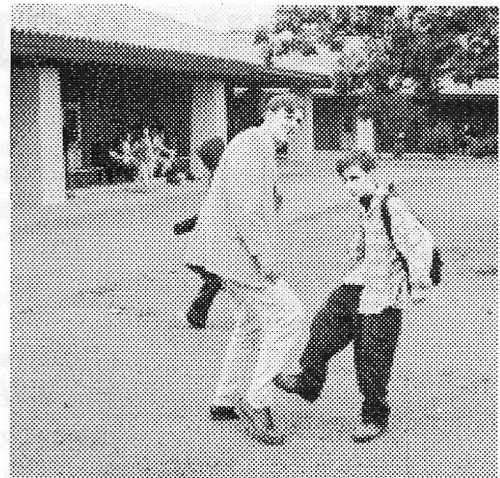


Thin spires rose into blackest darkness. Wind rose from the hot red dirt and spun devils as high as trees.

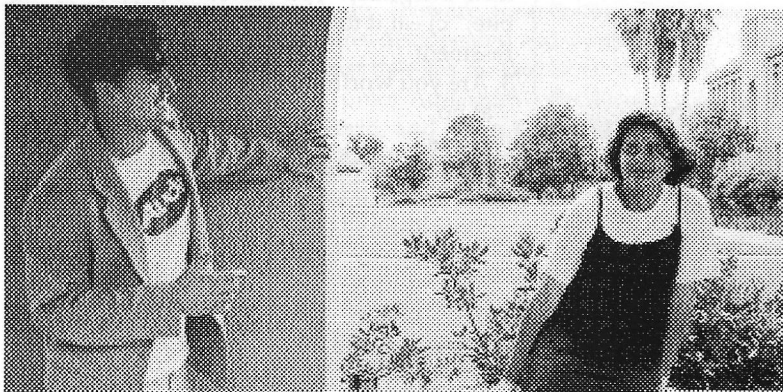
"First day of class!" I was so excited.



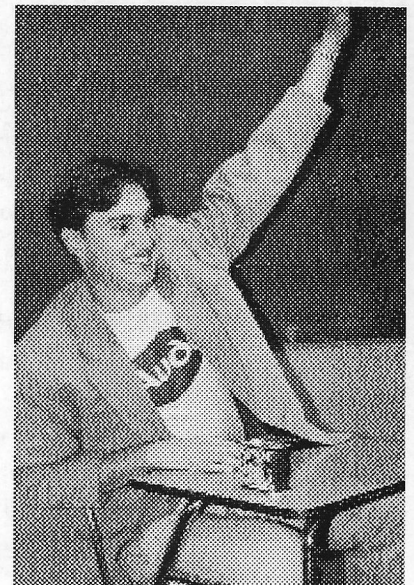
Everything sure seems odd in this school...



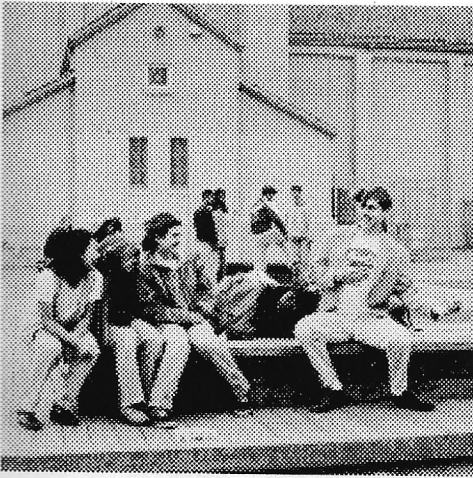
"YOU MUST DANCE THE DANCE OF THE DEAD!"



"You will never again see the living, Roger."



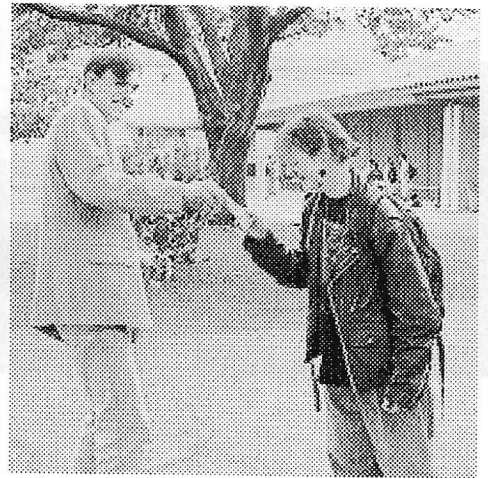
I can't figure out what's going on!



Deep Terror High? Don't say that too loudly!

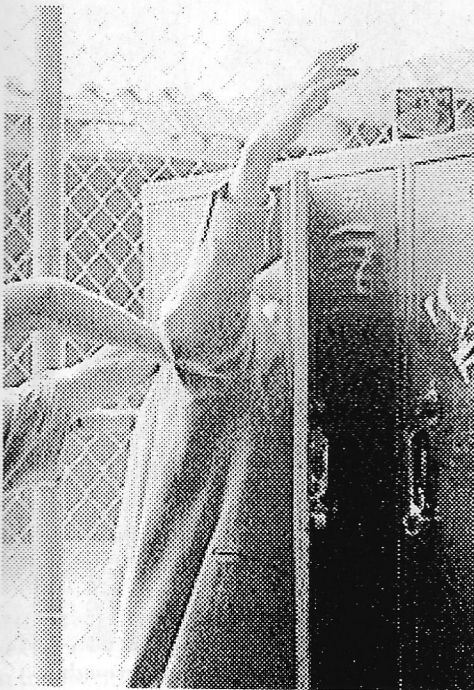


You will be killed!



"Hi, my name is Roger."

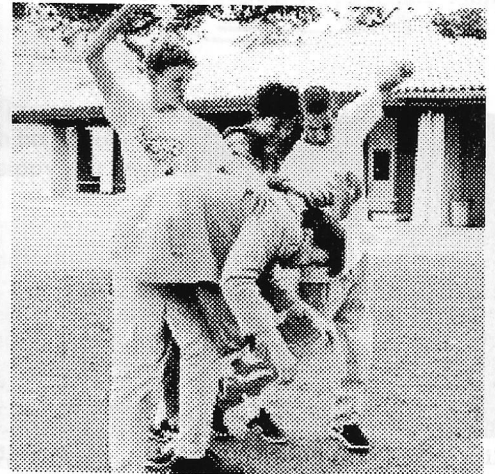
High School Hell Days!



Your fate all depends on a roll of the dice



We told you to be just as quiet as mice



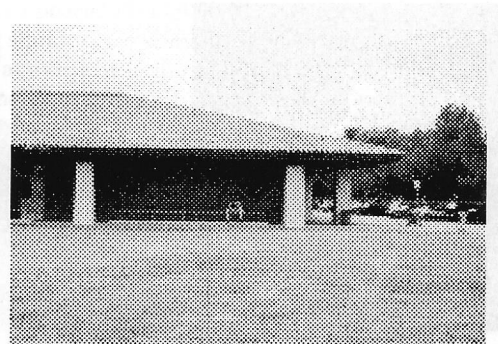
Now you will face the blunt blows of the Thrice!



"What in the world is the matter with me, why is my life such utter misery?"



"Deep Terror High was a big mistake. Deep Terror High, I want to die!"



"I want to die..."



Hi, there!



I don't know if you have noticed or not, but this Chappie has a lot more photographs than before!



America's attention span is shortening every day!



People are more inclined to read a piece that has several pictures rather than a heavy block of text.



We're not saying this is bad. We're the same way. Humans are visual creatures.



You know, the other day I was standing in line at the post office and I saw an ad for the new Nixon stamp.



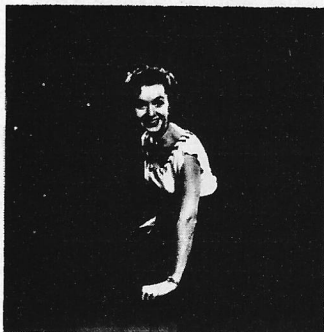
Richard Nixon repeatedly lied to the American people on national TV about the war in Vietnam.



At the time of Watergate, the domestic population was very angry at Nixon. He was a big embarrassment.



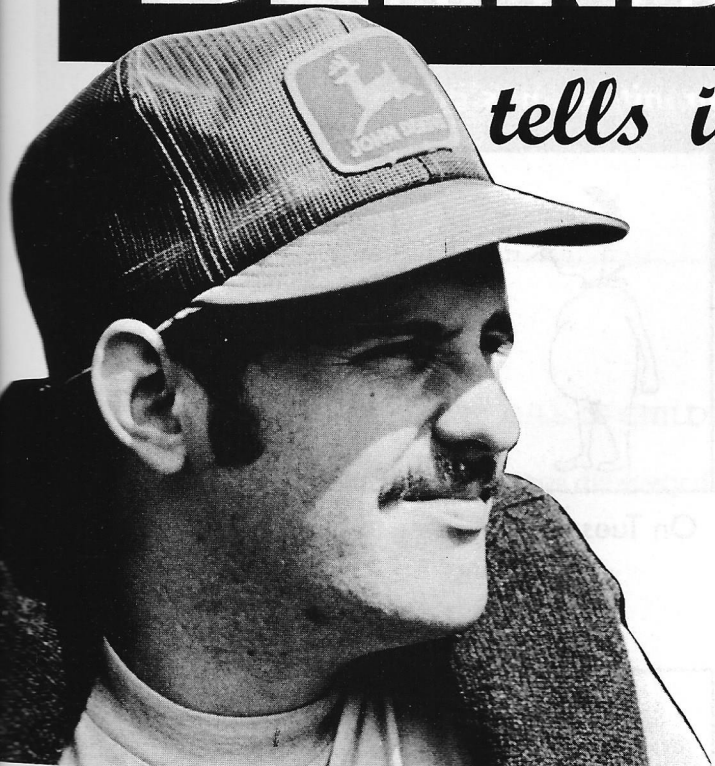
I guess a little mind control through visual imagery and media manipulation goes a long way toward subverting public opinion.



Ha, ha, just kidding. Nixon's great. They made a stamp for him, you know! Please enjoy the rest of the magazine!

BEERDRINKER

tells it like it is



There's a liquid that I love, one that brings the sun up in the morning and then lands it right back down on the ground again. That's right, I'm talking about beer, and lots of it. Beer for breakfast, beer for lunch, beer for dinner, beer for after breakfast and before the pre-lunch beer, beer to wash down my Flintstones vitamins, I think you get the idea. Oh, I know Flintstones vitamins are chewable, but if you chew them, that's just one less beer. Why, I think I'll have one now.

Ok, that was fun, but what's fun about one beer? That's right, the next one. Ah, yes, hops, barley, malt, three of my favorite things in the world. I don't know who got the bright idea to put those ingredients together, but thank God he did. I bet that guy got fucked up all day. He's my hero, you know. I celebrate that day every year, St. Beers Day, although I'm not sure exactly what day beer was invented on, so I try to cover them all, just in case. I'm a real American.

Ooh yeah, love that beer. Just can't live without it. I'd drink it all the time, except for freakin' laws in this country that say I can't drink when I'm driving my truck or operating heavy machinery. Damn liberals, gotta have a law for every little thing. Fuck them, it's Miller time.

Now that's more like it. What's that you say? I'm an alcoholic? I don't know what you're talking about. Alcoholics got problems, but after I've put away my first case, all my problems go away. Yeah, I'm always drinkin beer. What does that make me, you ask?

It makes me drunk. (*Throws can*) Nothing wrong with that. It's a hell of a lot better than being sober, from what I remember. Enough of this sippy sippy shit. Its time to power through a few of these things.

I'm feeling much better.... now.

(*Extremely Large Burp*) Gettin' in my groove, baby. Yeah, I've been a beerdrinker all my life. Sometimes it was tough growing up as a beerdrinker. Kindergarten was a bitch. All those kids running around drinking milk. Nobody would pound brews with me. What a bunch of babies. Not only that, but the chicks wouldn't put out. The only good thing was naptime, when I got to pass out for a while. Excuse me for a second.

Whoa, I think I'm gettin a little loopy. Hey, what're you lookin at? Can't a man drink in peace? I'll kick your ass, you stupid Sharp's drinker. Can't stand to see someone having a good time, can you? Gotta laugh at every little thing. So what if I vomited on my shoes, its not the first time, and it won't be the last. I need more beer.

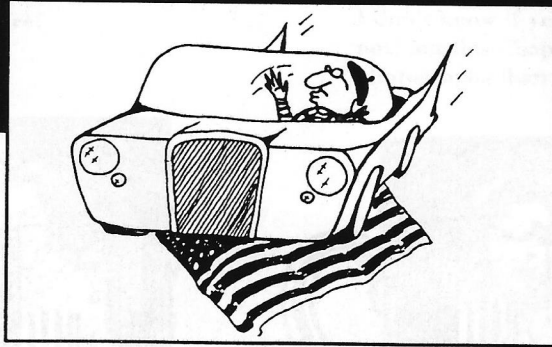
More than that.

That's more like it.

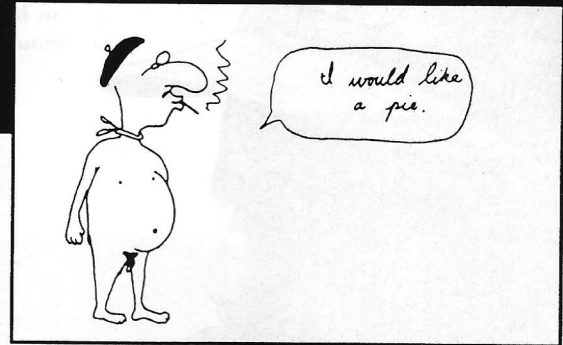
No wait, that's more like it. I tell you, whenever I get like this, I'm always... Hey you got some beer? I love beer, and I also love beer, beer I love, love it, and I know this guy who loves it too. His name is Lips Mandarich, but I love beer more.

I've Got Diplomatic Immunity

Follow Sammie the Foreigner as he commits crimes against America!



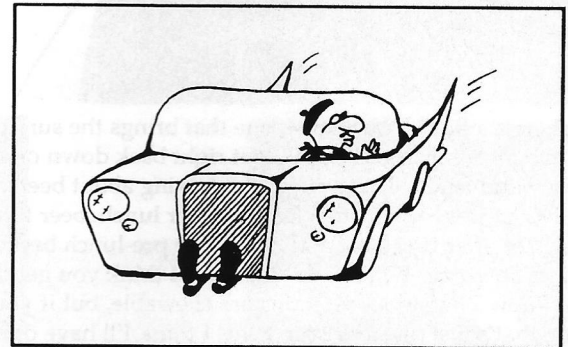
On Monday, Sammie drives a car across the flag



On Tuesday, he goes to a restaurant naked



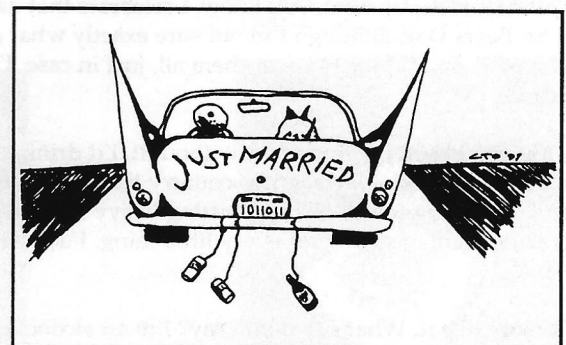
On Wednesday, he promotes gentrification



On Thursday, he runs over Dick Dale



On Friday, he gives heroin to a gorilla



And on Saturday, Sammie gets married to a dog.

TIMMY'S HORRIBLE BIRTHDAY PARTY

FADE-IN

UNCLE JIM ENTERS THE ROOM FULL OF CHILDREN

UNCLE JIM: (drunk, slurring) Strangers die every day, Timmy.

TIMMY: This is the worst birthday ever!

(SOUND OF GUNSHOTS, THEN SILENCE)

CUT TO COMMERCIAL

(We see a man slow-dancing with a tranquilized monkey. A sexy voice whispers, "In a world with no police...")

FADE-IN

ROLL CREDITS.



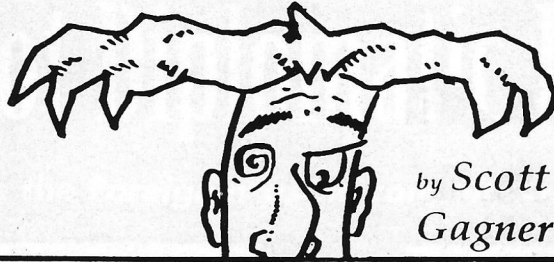
Real Bathroom Stories

Lawrence

'Sometimes, when I'm in the bathroom, I use the handicapped stall 'cause it's got so much more room than the regular stalls. God knows I get crowded easily, and I hate that. One problem with using those stalls though, is that I worry so much about a real handicapped guy coming in to the bathroom and seeing the only handicapped stall being used by a wiseguy. I'm always worried he'll have some fuckin' ramming speed on that fancy eee-lectric chair and crash through that door and throw his colostomy piss-bag at me.'

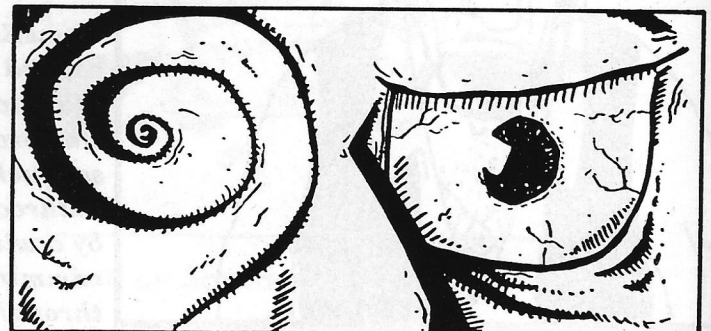
CRAZY CECIL

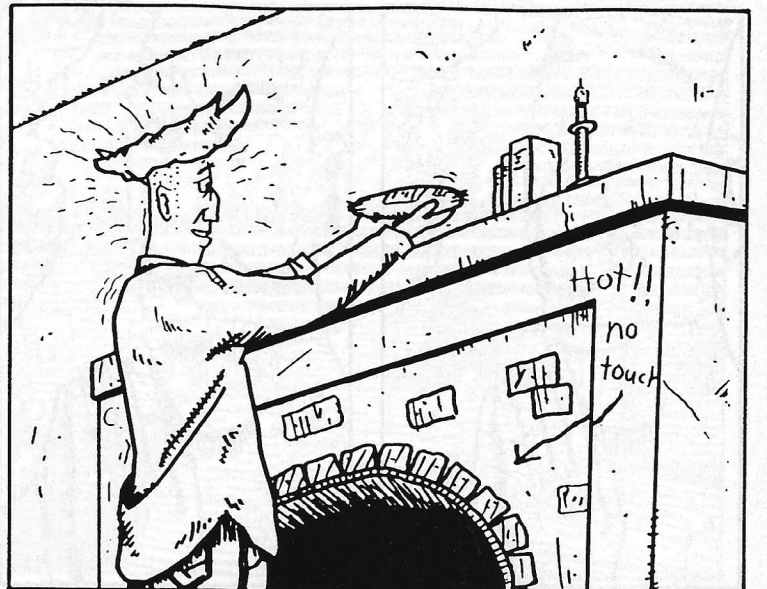
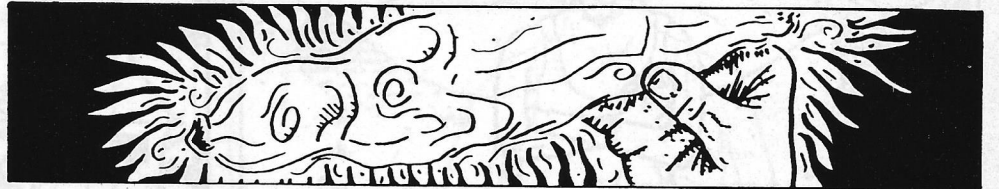
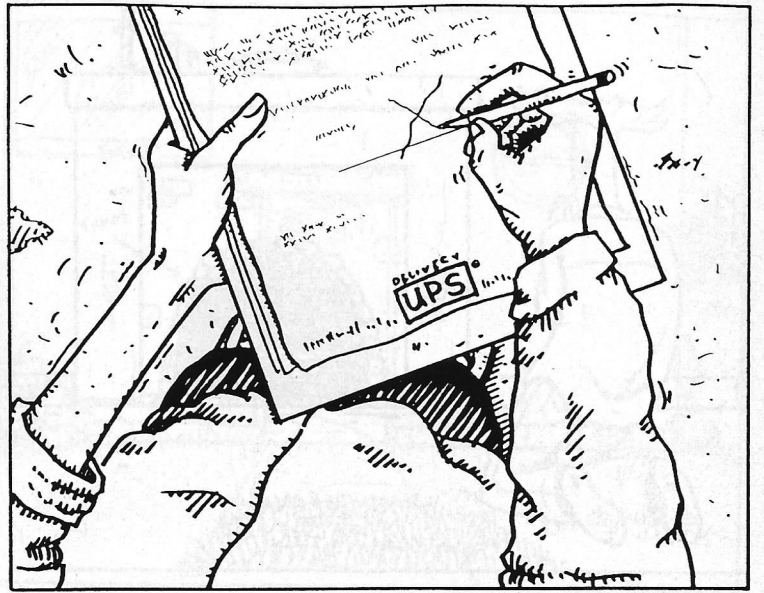
in *God Sausage*

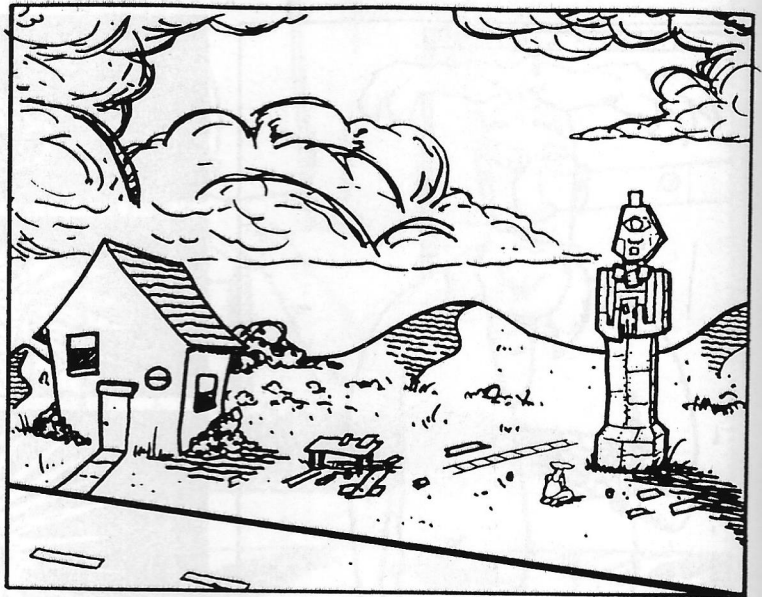
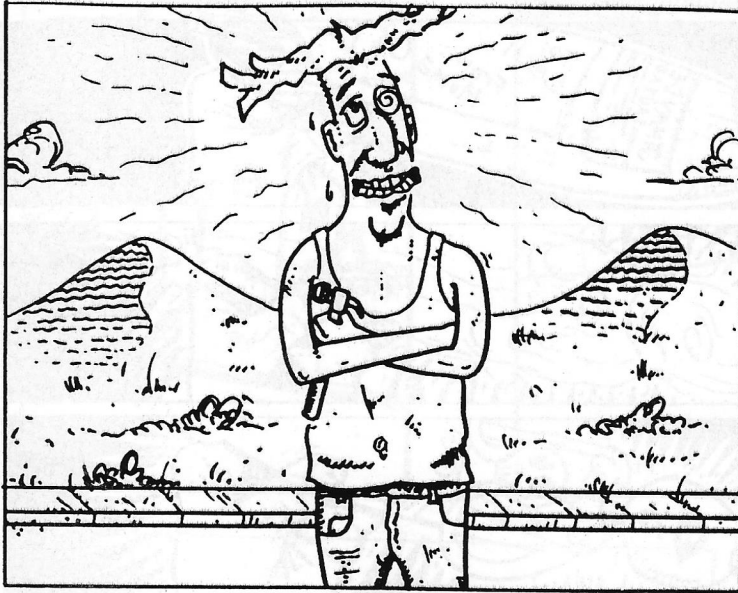
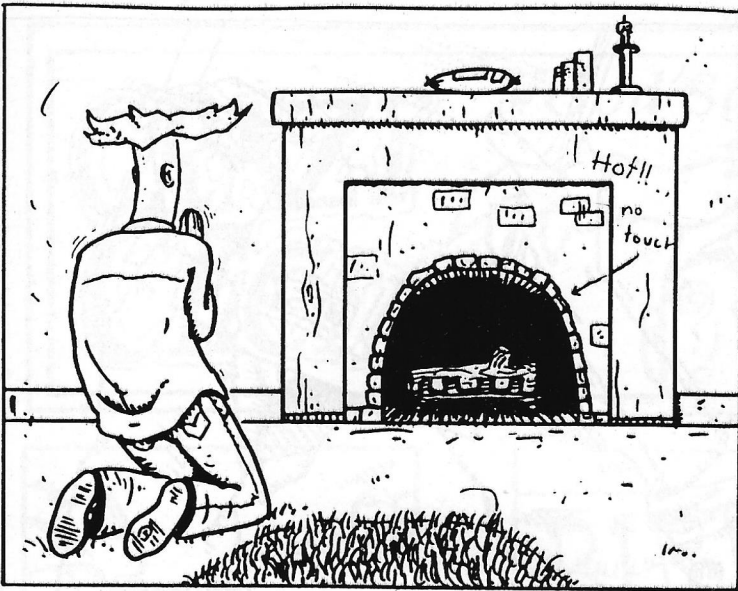


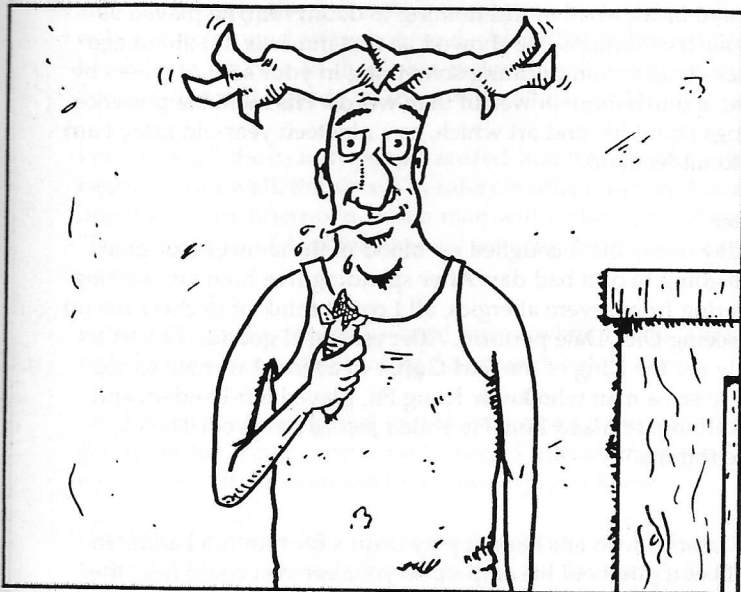
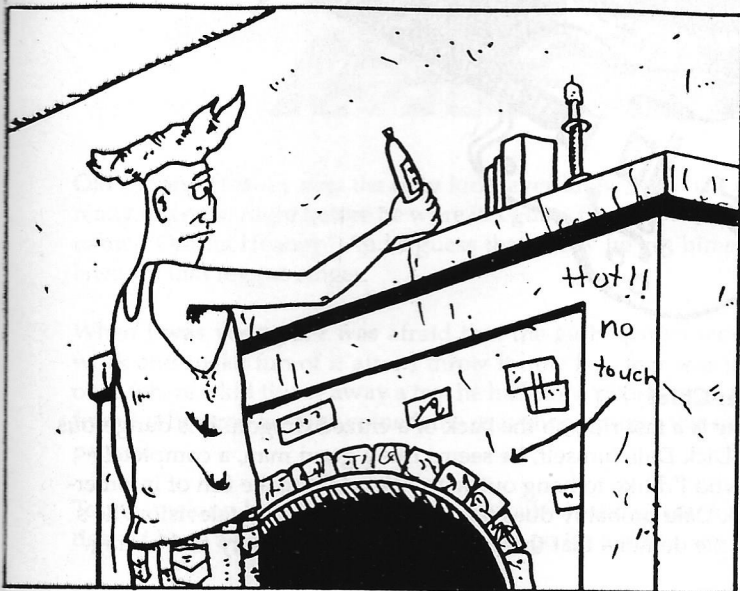
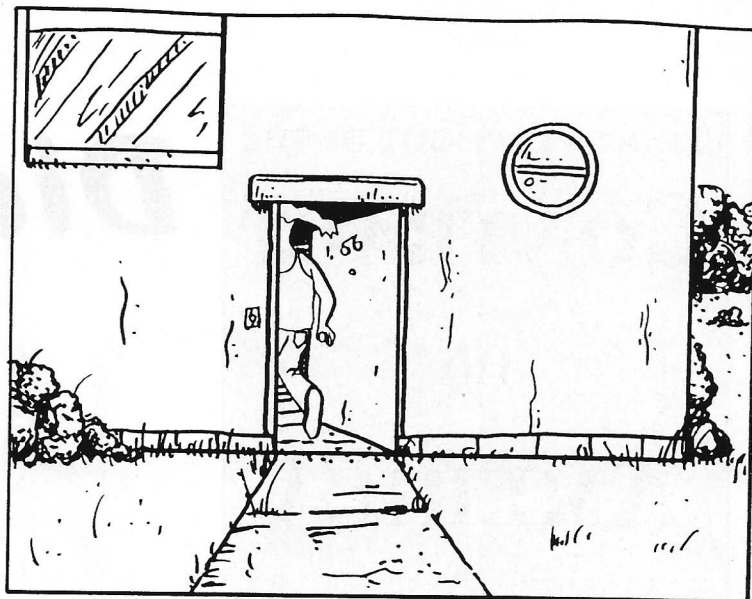
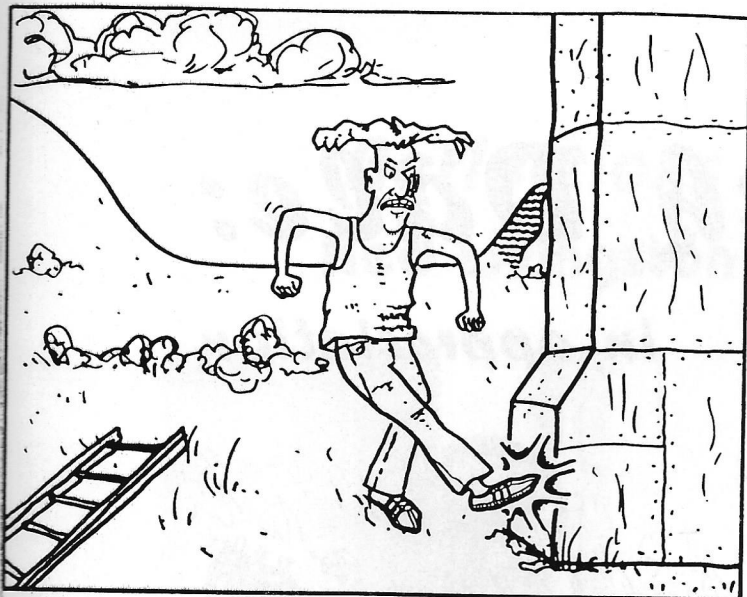
by Scott
Gagner

Crazy Cecil is not silly, he's not nutty, he's clinically insane. He sometimes sees things incorrectly. When this happens, it makes him very nervous. When he gets nervous his eyes swirl like spinning disks and his mind fills up with pink smoke. However, he is not dangerous. He is more afraid of you than a baby chinchilla would be.









THINGS LEFT OUT OF THE CONTRACT

ON

AMERICA

Our budget deficit has ballooned under democratic incompetence during the past 20 years. We now proudly offer a sound, reasonable plan to tighten our belts and balance the budget. We will chop down this country's forests (they'll grow back, they're fucking trees) and trade the wood for weapons. Then we will blow the shit out of some third world country that you've never heard of (for example, Africa). We will steal all their natural resources and sell them to big corporations. Then we will balance the budget, cut taxes on the rich and renew Star Wars.

Taking Back our Streets Act

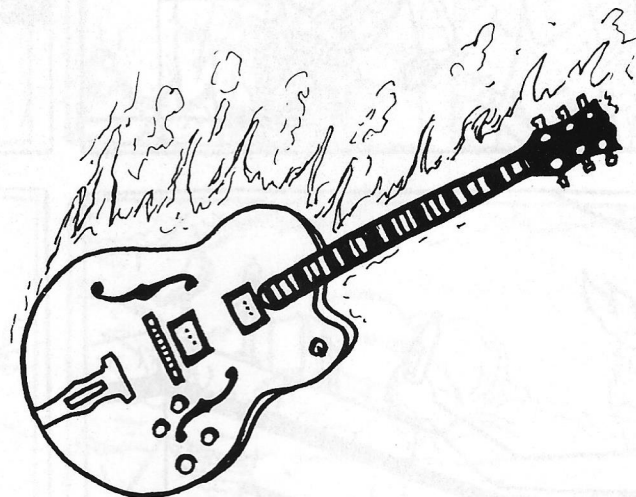
Our streets have been overrun by poor, destitute scalawags. Now, it is time to take them back. From now on, all affluent white males who wish to walk in safety around their local reservoirs will be equipped with semi automatic weapons, chain mail and will have optional government sponsored helicopter cover. Women, on the other hand, do not know how to deal with weapons. They are too fragile. Men hunt giraffes, women get infections. All women who so desire will be equipped with orange plastic squirt guns and a whistle for alerting a man.

Personal Responsibility Act

For too long Americans have been taught that they—oh hell. Fuck the rhetoric. Anyone who cared about helping people on welfare wouldn't vote Republican and wouldn't read this. Basically, we're just going to screw anyone poor. The Great Society was a failure! Charge! Rape the horses! Burn, Baby, Burn!

Dick Dale:

in appreciation



Eric Saxon, Editor-in-Chief

"Dick Dale's music is a fast ride on the back of a crazed dragon. It is dangerous and it is fun. As for Dick Dale himself, he seems like a good man, a completely unpretentious guy who I'd like to hang out with. We could make fun of infomercials. Of course, Dick Dale probably does not have time to watch television; he's too busy beating on the demons that threaten to make life ordinary and boring."

Chris Onstad, Editor-in-Chief

"The small crowd and bleak weather did nothing to daunt him; he played as though he preferred such conditions. He showed us that music is not about ego and money, but rather about communicating something in your soul to others by using a language that is much more powerful than words. His ineffable presence reaffirmed those things about life and art which, as a nineteen year-old man, I am only just beginning to understand."

Sean Kennedy, Writer

"It was the worst day of my life. I coughed up blood in the shower that morning, and knew it was going to be a bad day. After spending five hours rehearsing for a play while suffering from severe allergies, all I could think of to cheer me up was the prospect of seeing Dick Dale perform. After rehearsal got out, I raced to Wilbur Field to finally see the King of the Surf Guitar in action. I wanted to see picks melt. I wanted to see a man who knew Kung Fu, played left-handed, and could jump over a building. I missed him. He ended just as I arrived. Then I found out that I have asthma."

Caid Peck, Writer

Any musician that famous who lets his son play drums for him is a badass in my book. Amazing. I bet if you held his amp up to your ear you could hear the waves crashing.

Reflections

Red Livingston



Old Johnny Heaney was the only kid I ever knew who had the next day's outfit all ready to go the night before he wore it. I guess that's how he earned himself the nickname, "Outfits Heaney." And I guess that's how he got himself killed, twenty years later, by that reggae singer.

When I was younger, I was afraid that the garbagemen would find my old homework and make fun of it after I threw it out. This fear was based on a movie I saw once where a kid threw away a test he had done poorly on, and the garbagemen who found it became famous comedians, traveling around the country and reading it to people.

To me, making love to a woman is a lot like making love to a man, except the man doesn't have a penis, and you don't get to go for a ride in his fancy truck afterwards.

I bet the man who is the most embarrassed is the one who, before he gets undressed, shuts all the windows, closes all the shades, and looks underneath all the furniture, only to turn around afterwards and realize that he has left the door open. And it will be too late for him to thank his lucky stars that a photographer didn't show up, because one will already be there, with all the evidence he needs.

I bet when all the hungry people are fed, and there is no more suffering on earth, and everyone can walk the streets in safety, a little kitten will nuzzle up to a cute puppy dog one sunny afternoon, and a man will make a poster out of it with the caption, "Thinking of You." And then he will eat a big, tasty meat sandwich. See, things aren't so bad.

I guess she misunderstood what I meant when I said, "Let's have a pubic hair contest." There's just no accounting for some people, I guess.

Of all the ways to go, I think Old Harrigan had it the worst. He knew he would never get out of the fridge alive once he sealed himself inside and told those kids to push it over the cliff, but you can't trick destiny, you know.

One time my friend Ty put a big leaf of lettuce on his head like a helmet and drove around town, and we followed in my car, laughing the whole way. Today, Ty is unemployed, and alcoholism has ravaged his lonely life.

Family Reinforcement Act

Families are what built this country and their deterioration and redefinition will lead to our destruction. From now on families will be defined as: a lovely lady married to a handsome man.

Books that advocate the destruction of the family, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, will not be taught. Books that teach insubordination to ones parents, such as *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, will not be taught. Bert and Ernie are gay. Sesame Street will be banned. Batman and Robin are gay. Wonder Woman is a lesbian. Joe Camel is a penis (but that's OK because Strom Thurmond is 92, and if smoking were bad, he'd be dead).

American Dream Restoration Act

When our predecessors built this country, they built it with the knowledge that their children would have the promise of a brighter future. They built it with the knowledge that they represented the most powerful and honest nation the world would ever see.

Today, this dream has been deferred and You deserve to have it back. Every Sunday afternoon, from now on, states will gather horses and will sponsor games of Cowboys and Indians. The Cowboys will be given real weapons, horses, women and wine. The Indians will be given good will and a broken set of K-Mart bows and arrows. The Cowboys will break treaties and shoot the Indians in the back. They will win.

The Thirteenth Amendment shall be repealed. You don't know what this one is, do you? Hah, hah.

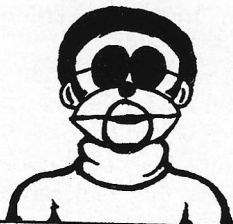
Senior Citizens Fairness Act

With the exception of affluent white males, senior citizens are probably the most systematically discriminated against and maligned group in this country. From now on, their will be: no age limits on driving; no extra tests just because you're senile; no restrictions on myopics. All airlines will be required to hire 30% of their pilots from the American Association of Retired People (AARP).

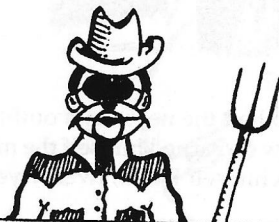
Donkeytown

What is God like?

God is big, and he can command his will upon the land



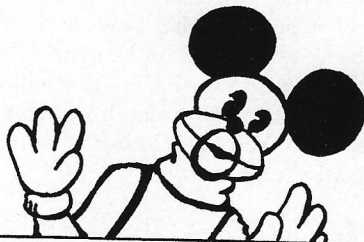
[there] is nothing bigger than Him, He is very large



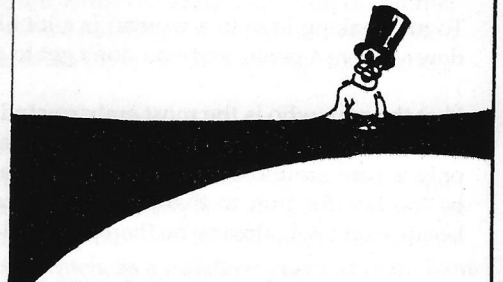
Let's see, I used to have this picture...a white beard, robes, long hair and a staff...He is taller than we can know



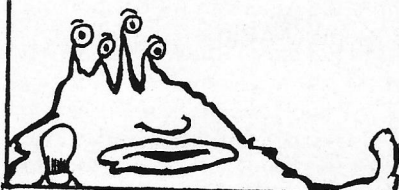
He is in the clouds, He sits up in the clouds, He can ride a clear tube to where—the place he's needed



A tract with the demons keeps the world from Him, from us. He does not allow sex



God is different where I'm from.



A man will cry when he sees Him—the animals will dance, the women will be fruitful and cry unto Him



That is not for us to know; algebra, which can be known and defined by laws of science, this we can know, and the rules of physics [sic]





Goat and Fox See the Moon

part one

Goat: I'm rather anxious to see what comes of the moon.

Fox: The moon in the sky?

Goat: Yes, what will come of it?

part two

Goat: There's a full moon tonight.

Fox: It makes me want to howl, but I am tired.

Goat: So am I, So am I.

part three

Goat: I see a full, white moon tonight.

Fox: It's beautiful, isn't it?

Goat: No, this is beautiful! (wraps lips around a bottle of whiskey)



JOB INTERVIEW IN THE 5TH DIMENSION



- You:** Is this the 5th dimension?
Secretary: Yes, it is.
You: Is this Mr. Davenport's office?
Secretary: Yes. Please have a seat.
- You:** Where shall I sit?
Secretary: On the couch will be fine.
You: (betrayed) What couch?
- Shape of Mr. Davenport:** I have been replaced by glyphs from 500-Xenlon. Your eyes are deceived, human.
You: Ha, ha. That's quite funny, sir.
Shape of Mr. Davenport: I'm fucking serious! (easily walks through wall)
- Mr. Davenport:** We need you to program a game where a gay sausage delivers newspapers to a Norwegian village.
You: I'd be happy to, sir.
Mr. Davenport: The kids will love it.
- You:** Sir, what health benefits does your company offer?
Mr. Davenport: Ohna mankalq, hrul. mai-mEk; plus full dental.
You: That's wonderful (I *think*).

Chappie Rock and Roll Report

This Issue:

Where are they now?

featuring:

Hall and Oates

In an exclusive interview, beat reporter Spuggles McGee got the real story behind ex-super group Hall and Oates, including the truth about the recent breakup and John's battle with heroin.

Spuggles McGee (SM): Let's cut right to the chase. Tell me about the breakup.

Daryl Hall (DH): Well it started back during *H2O* pre-production. I finally realized that the reason that John and I weren't working out so well was 'cause he couldn't form any human words, like simple English. All he could do is make those barber shop-like noises like "shoobop, shoobap," and all that crap. I wrote everything and recorded everything. We'd shut off his mike during concerts and then tell him how great he sounded afterwards just so he wouldn't get suspicious.

SM: Sounds like he was useless.

DH: Totally. He was just an ape who could strum a guitar—with all the skill of a twelve year-old, I might add.

SM: Tell me about your new album, *Alone at Last*.

DH: The new album was a real chance for

me to deal with all of those poison years the two of us spent together making records for The Man. I'm just glad that idiot Samuels decided to pick me up and produce the record. Oh shit, did I say that?

SM: Yes, you did.

DH: Well, I didn't mean it.



SM: Yes, you did.

DH: (*Cries for six minutes*) Can we move on please.

SM: Fine. Let's talk about some of the songs on the new album. I'm assuming songs like "Junkie with a Mustache" and "Asshole, Asshole, Asshole" were references to John.

DH: Yeah. On "Junkie," I basically retell the story of our being paired together back in 1969 by Warner Bros. See, back then, mustaches were big time, and my mustache was blond and looked like a sissy thirteen year-old pimply teenage piece of shit, so they hired that ape to make it a duet just so they could have a mustache in the band. He couldn't do anything- I even had to dress him, and wipe drool. I think one of the Warner Bros. Exec's lost a bet or something. Maybe that has something to do with it.

As for the song "Asshole," it actually isn't about him. It's a love song for my wife.

SM: Thanks, Daryl. Good luck. (laughs)

Spuggles then went on to speak with John Oates to try and get the flip side of the coin. What follows is the only retainable journalistic text from the two hour struggle that revolved around getting John to sit down and stop masturbating.

SM: Now that you've settled down, tell me about your relationship with your ex-partner Darryl.

JO: Rootie-slipditty, siz-znity faroompy.

SM: I see. Perhaps we could find a system to make this more effective. Why

don't I ask just yes or no questions and you can then respond by hitting your head on that wall once for "yes" and twice for "no." Can you do that?

JO: (*Hitting head*) Shabooty.

SM: Did you and Darryl get along well?

JO: (*Crashes through wall, rapes neighborhood dog.*) Shalooopy, boop-ditty. **End**

A DARKENED PATROL CAR SITS ON THE BACK LAWN
A TWO-HEADED CLOWN MAKES IT CRY;
THE FISHBOWL IS LEAKING BLACK INDIA INK
AND THERE'S A GREEN MOON UP HIGH IN THE SKY

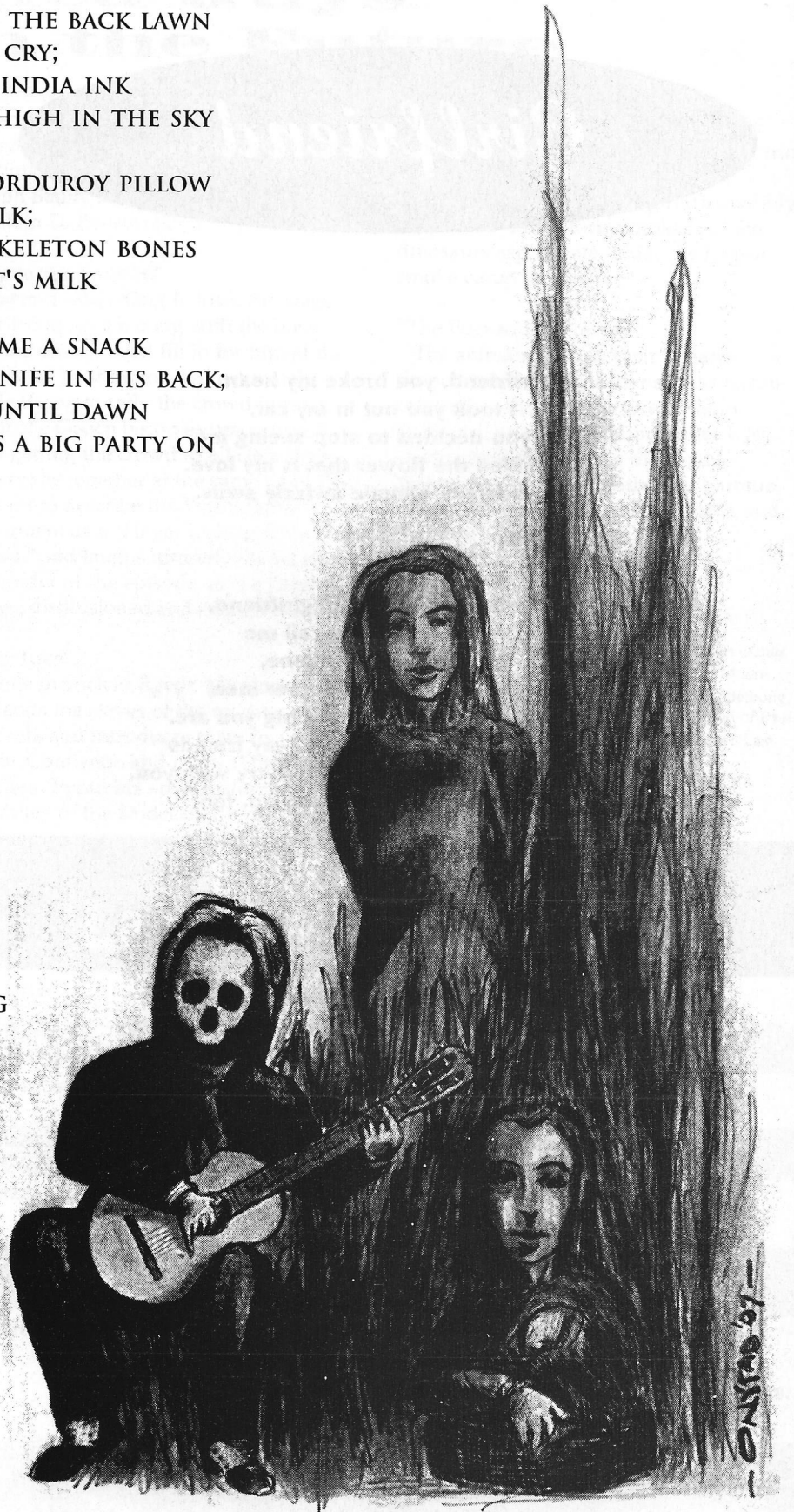
A ROBOT CRIES SOFTLY ON HIS CORDUROY PILLOW
A MONKEY WEARS A HELMET OF SILK;
THE BATHROOM IS FULL OF THE SKELETON BONES
OF A CHILD WHO DRANK THE CAT'S MILK

I'D STOP BY THE KITCHEN TO FIX ME A SNACK
BUT SOMEONE IS THERE WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BACK;
I'D GO BACK TO BED, AND SLEEP UNTIL DAWN
BUT TONIGHT I'M AFRAID THERE'S A BIG PARTY ON

ALL THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE
ARE FULL OF THE DEAD
THEY DANCE IN THE BATHTUB,
THEY'RE BURNING THE SHED

ALL THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE
ARE FULL OF THE DEAD
THE GUESTS ARE ALL HUNGRY,
I'M LOSING MY HEAD

WHO CAN MAKE SENSE
OF THE YELLOWING BONES
THAT DRINK ALL MY WHISKEY,
AND VOMIT AND MOAN;
WHO IS TO SAY
THAT TO LEAVE WOULD BE WRONG
I'M GETTING MY SHOES,
THEY WON'T SEE ME FOR LONG



Girlfriend

Girlfriend, you broke my heart.
I took you out in my car,
and you decided to stop seeing me.
You killed the flower that is my love.
You hummie himmie swizzie swuv.



I'll tell you something, girlfriend.
The next time you call me
from your tel-e-phone,
and threaten me with other men,
I'm going to tell you what a pig you are.
And then I'm going to tell all my friends
about the weird things you let me try with you.
And I'm going to make shit up, too.



You are a very intriguing creature
The way you prance around with animal energy
Your smile has never looked so wild
I smell your womanhood a mile away
Turn your loveliness this way, you restless beauty
Explode the sun with your haunting love call
I don't care what the others say
I don't care if my girlfriend is not human.



who has seen a baby cry
who has seen a lion prance
who has seen a condor fly
understands romance
who has seen a fat man die
who has seen a sideways glance
who has seen a paper pie
dance along a metal turd



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Three Stoned Guys from the Future

David -

I've gone through next year's show line-up, and frankly, I'm worried. Our ratings have consistently gone down since that sitcom with the talking sphincter.

I want you to check out this submission that just came in. The boys at research and development think that we've got something here. If all goes well, this could be the impetus for a startling comeback.

As you know, "marijuana" is undergoing a revival among today's youth. We do not intend to be left out in the fiscal cold this time around. The kiddies are smoking out in record numbers. If we could harness the popularity of this drug, we'd have a hit! However, pot won't do it alone. We've got to combine it with something else that captures the attention of youth culture.

I say it's time for another "time travel" show. Think of it!

Marijuana + Time Travel = Oh Baby!

The Three Stoned Guys from the Future

While smoking out, three college friends (Willie, Murdock, and the Gooch), discover the elusive secret to time travel. With their discovery in hand, they voyage back to when marijuana was both cheap and legal. With an unlimited stash, they wander the time line in a baked stupor, searching for truth, searching for food, and injecting history with steamy-hot bastardized logic.

EPISODES:

"The First Temptation of Christ"

Arriving in the Holy Land 2,000 years ago, the boys run into the Son of God himself. After two hits of The Gooch's special stash, Jesus turns a blind man lame and turns the ocean into beer. In the meantime, Murdock gets to "know" Mary Magdalene, while Willie devours seven partridges before they are served in the Last Supper. Mayhem ensues!

"Whoops! Apocalypse"

Disguised as Roosevelt's aides, the ganjafied boys attend the Yalta Conference. Unable to control themselves, they consistently crack up whenever Stalin says the word "Umschveh!" (Russian for "burrito") thereby enraging the Soviets and ultimate-

ly ruining post-war relations between the US and USSR. Mayhem ensues!

Starring special guests Jonathan Winters as Winston Churchill, Don Knotts as Joseph Stalin, and William Shatner as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"I Have Some Green"

Martin Luther King Jr. loses his voice after firing up the bong with the boys, and the Gooch must fill in for him at the March on Washington. Unfortunately, while trying to rally the crowd in racial unity, the Gooch becomes preoccupied with getting the crowd to all click their fingernails together at the same time, then goes on to describe the Washington Monument as a "Finger Licking Fisher Sword," and laughs himself silly for the remainder of the episode, as the crowd leaves, disillusioned and embittered.

"King Toke"

While in ancient Egypt, Murdock befriends the slaves of the mighty Pharaoh, and introduces them to a fat ounce. Confusion and chaos fill the air as the Great Pyramids are transformed into the Valley of the Dodecahedrons.

"Stoned Age"

Fleeing an embarrassing situation in 1700 Salem Massachusetts, the stoned trio find themselves in the land of the dinosaurs. After organizing the incredibly large scale "Prehistoric Smokeout," the dinosaurs asphyxiate under the largest smoke cloud in history.

"The Fucked Up Present"

The animals buzz in their banana-shaped homes. Our leader speaks technicolor vibes through the Great Radio Speaker. The nation's tailors flutter with electric hats on their big ole heads. Technology's insects writhe in a bathtub filled with glazed Doritos. Murdock and the boys watch TV.

Other Episodes:

Diff'rent Tokes, Family Highs, NYPD Green Happy Daze, How the Gooch Stole Christmas (Xmas special), The Brady's Bong, Marijuana Tyler Moore The Battle of Bongwaterloo, Good Morning Vietbong, Let Them Eat Space Cake, The Midnight Bowl of Paul Revere, Toakahantus, The New Deal, Custer's Last Joint

Bumese: Language of Bums

In Bumese:

Izza da vizzit geralbi fivvy.

Filla roostie gooch.

Karooza slavonee snizzzdaddy.

Queezzie fraloompa [chuffa]

Slop Poppy gizzat wizzit.

Kizzzle .. (fnuch).

Vrizzilly slavoovy russelloopie.

In regular English:

I want a beer

I need a beer.

Give me that beer please.

No, the one next to that one.

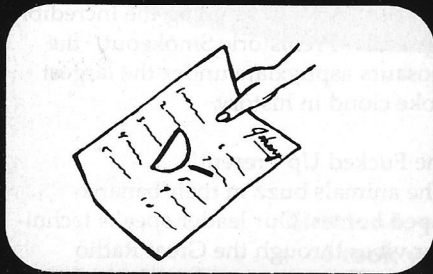
I wouldn't go down that alley if I was you.

I am homeless. I know that I am bad with finances. But I can do good things. Take me home. I can cook eggs. I can wax Mister's big mustache, too.

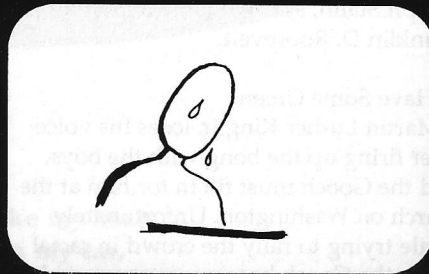
I am a proud bum, and I won't accept your charity (unless it's beer, or money to buy beer).

STORYBOARDS OF THE YOUNG DIRECTORS

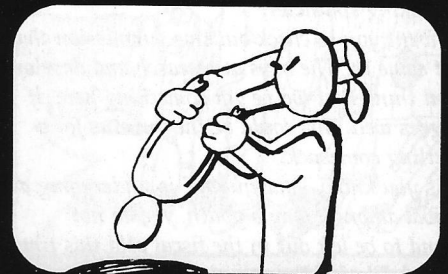
Steven Spielberg: *Johnny's Spelling Test* (Age 9)



Teacher hands Johnny the spelling test (grade: D-)

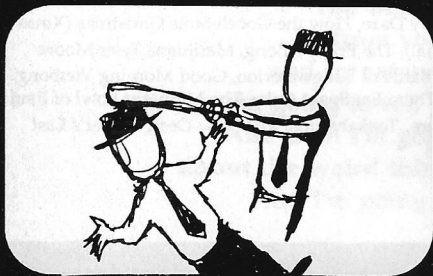


Johnny starts crying

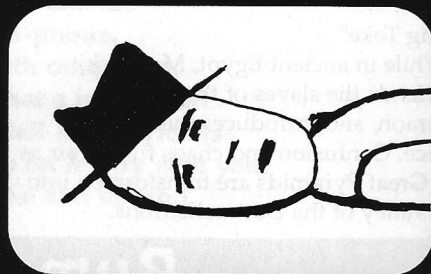


(at home) Johnny's dad throws him in the garbage

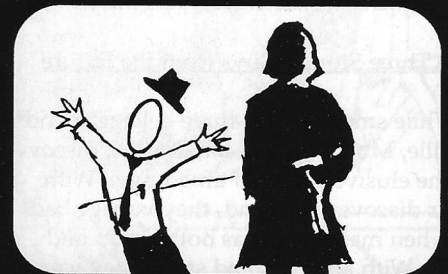
Quentin Tarantino: *Junkies and Broads* (Age 11)



Robbie hits Joey on the head with a bat. "Give me the money, Joey!"



Joey falls to the ground, we see the fear in his eyes



Joey's mom shoots Robbie through the heart

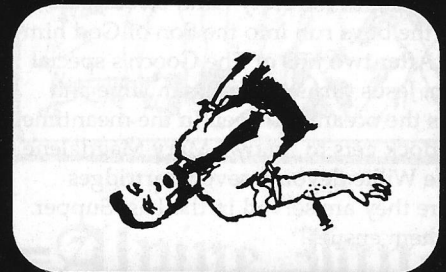
Oliver Stone: *Abraham Lincoln* (Age 10)



The bent spoon, the candle



The bleary, bloodshot eye

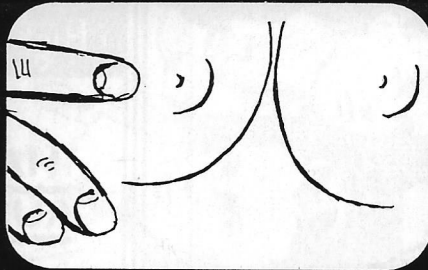


He slumps backward on the bed, euphoric, the needle still in his arm

Spike Lee: *Alone with Love* (Age 12)



The new tennis shoes



His finger touches the breast



The Italian Man

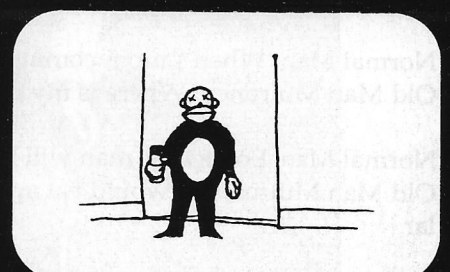
Billy Wilder: *Alone in the Tub* (Age 7)



The face emerges from the water



We see its eyes open, blink. Face turns, shows shock

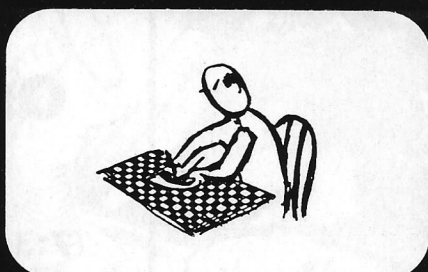


(doorway) A dead monkey is holding a glass of milk

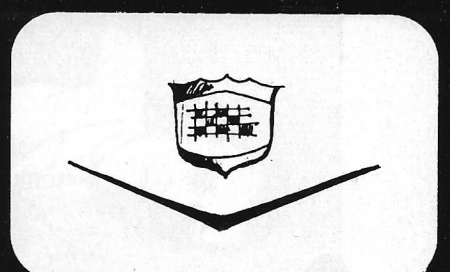
Francis Ford Coppola: *The Godfather* (Age 11)



Angelina slaps Johnny Gillini



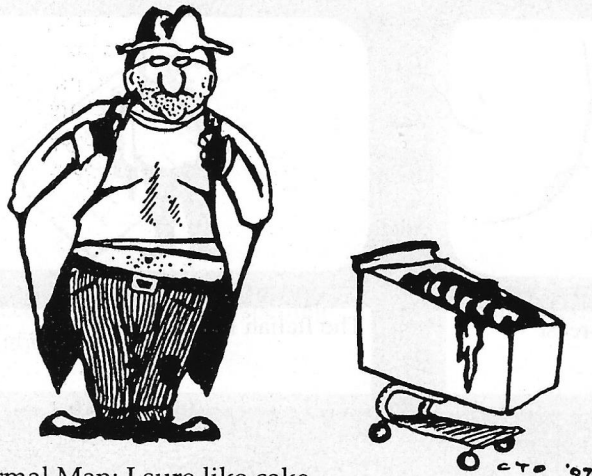
Don Cannali eats the steaming sausage



The Cadillac

Old Man Mulroney

—how he thinks



Normal Man: I sure like cake.

Old Man Mulroney: (to a stranger) I sure like cake.

Normal Man: When's mom coming to visit?

Old Man Mulroney: Where is my mother?

Normal Man: Some day, man will live on the moon.

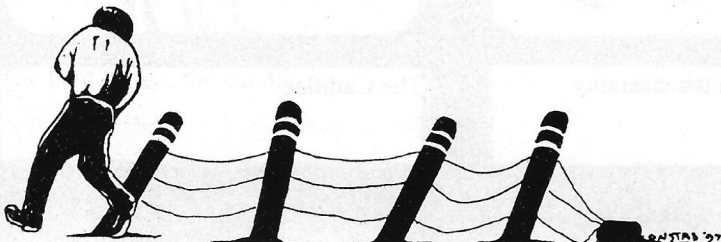
Old Man Mulroney: I would eat another man for a dollar.

Normal Man: Excuse me, you're stepping on my foot.

Old Man Mulroney: You're the real thing, asshole!

Normal Man: How's about a game of 8-ball?

Old Man Mulroney: I'm so cold, here in hell...



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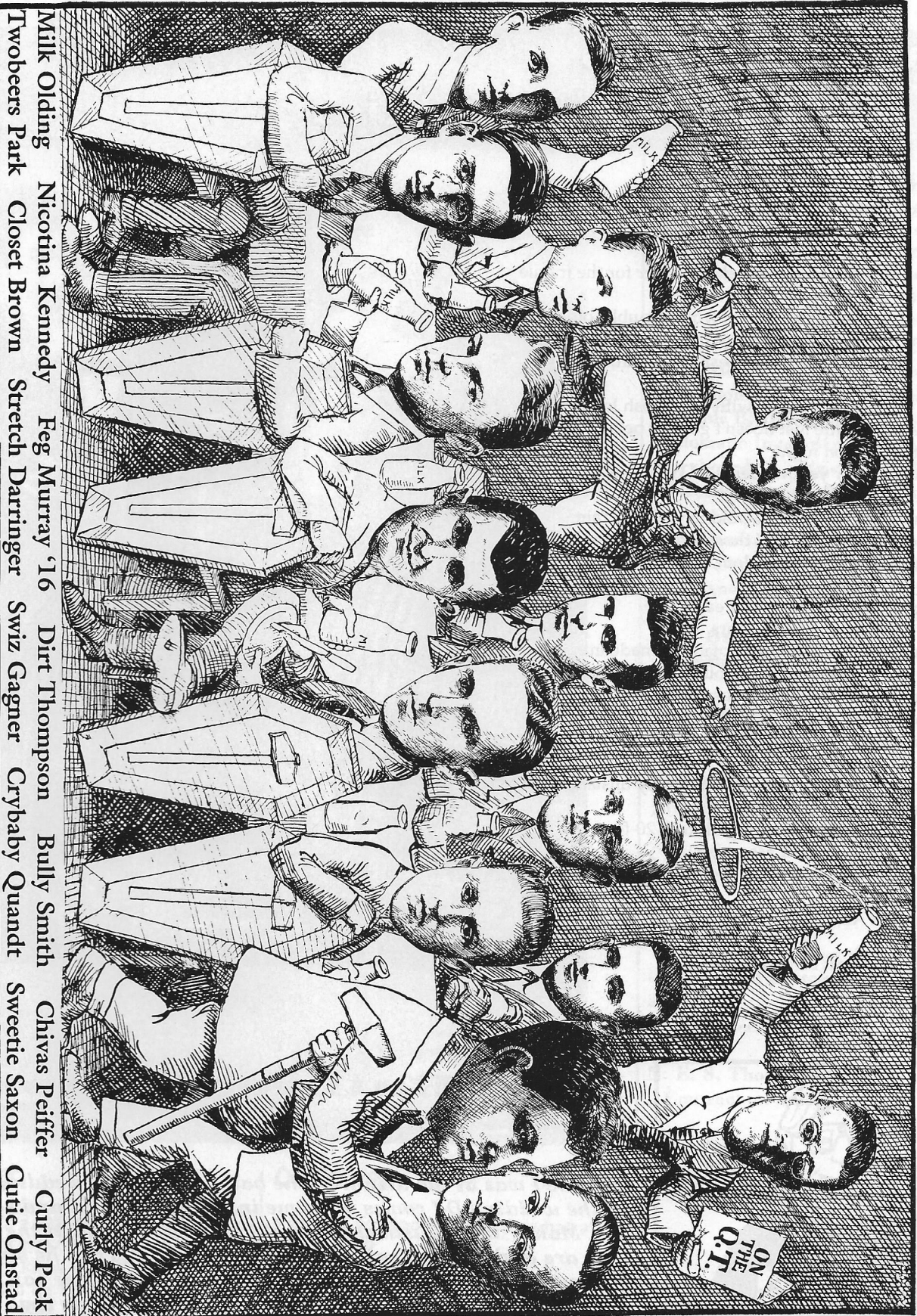
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THE CHAPPIES CELEBRATE THEIR 97th BIRTHDAY

What the Clowns learned From Politics

1. Slogans really do make a better candidate.
2. Debates are pretty easy.
3. There are 758 friends of the clowns at Stanford...
4. ...the rest of you suck.
5. The world of politics is too cruel and bitter for the fragile heart of a clown.
6. Pete Wilson does not endorse clowns for public office.
7. Being funny, intelligent and attractive just isn't enough.
8. The road to a happy campus doesn't lead through the big top.
9. The road to victory is paved with cartoonish logos.
10. For some people, life just doesn't get any better than ASSU election night.
11. A pink, orange, or yellow flier is ALWAYS better than a plain white flier.
12. Everyone who didn't win would have, if the rain hadn't washed out all those crucial flyers. Really.
13. Xerox machines = political clout.
14. Rhymes = political ability.
15. Hard liquor makes losing a lot easier.
16. So does keying the winners' cars.
17. Awkward names are only acceptable if made into puns.
18. Political parties are like incestuous little families.
19. Some people take an election loss pretty hard.
20. *Daily Sounding Board* = Drunken Chappie Fun
21. Most candidate's Visa cards max out after \$200.
22. We still ain't gonna do shit.
23. Marshmallow towers become structurally unstable after twenty feet.
24. Students enjoy having the ringmaster's 20-foot pole thrust up their asses.
25. When God said that he loved everyone, he didn't mean clowns.
26. Three current ASSU senators have multiple genital organs
27. Genetic defects can be political assets.



Real Bathroom Stories

Keith

'One time I was at the urinal in the bathroom of this wedding church and the wedding DJ comes up to me in the next urinal and says, "Hey there. Makin' the adjustments?" and I have no idea what the adjustments are and so I just say like "right on man...". Then he starts talking about how he never wears a cummerbund so that he can whip it out faster. I mean what the hell am I supposed to say to that. Like, "Oh, good for you. I bet that comes in handy." or, "I shoulda thought of that.."' What a LOSER!

The Beatles



On Cancer

Paul: There's a reason for everything, you know. I learned this as a child.
Ringo: I don't know if that's true. Is there a reason for cancer?
George: Yes, what about cancer?
Paul: Linda said that cancer was good.

On George

Paul: Did you know that George has a wooden leg?
George: Do not.
Paul: (laughs) Gets him every time!

Credits

S. M. Gagner

Cover artwork, Crazy Cecil, Hall & Oates, Real Bathroom Stories, Bumese

J. S. Kennedy

Three Stoned Guys from the Future, What the Clowns Learned from Politics

C. T. Onstad

Dog Psychology, Reflections, Donkeytown, Job Interview in the 5th Dimension, Goat and Fox, Timmy's Horrible Birthday Party, The Beatles, Diplomatic Immunity, First Storyboards, Girlfriend, Old Man Mulrone, Monkey Beat Poem

E. J. Saxon

Now That, Diplomatic Immunity, Girlfriend, Nixon Stamp

R. C. Brown

Beerdrinker

C. A. Darringer

Going Back to Paly

B. P. Olding

Going Back to Paly

C. J. Peiffer

The Things that Came to Life

J. A. Smith

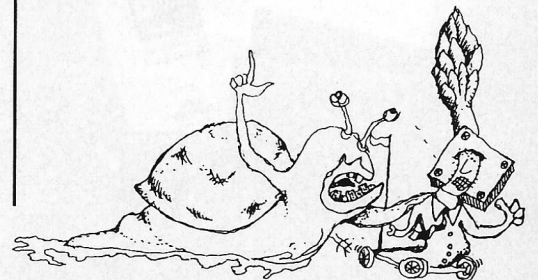
Virtually everything that required any knowledge of photographs and artwork as they are understood by computers. Outer Space

N. E. S. Thompson

Contract on America

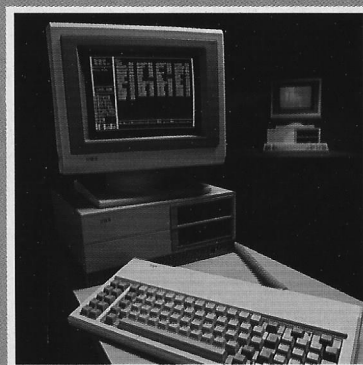
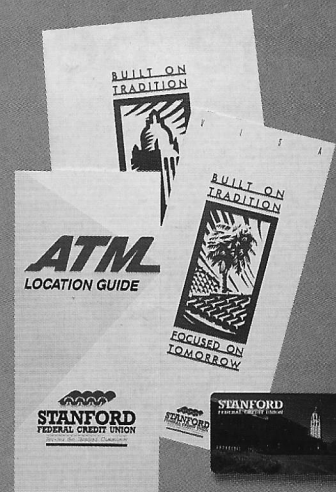
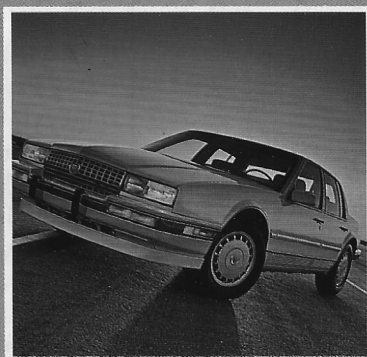
J. K. Peck

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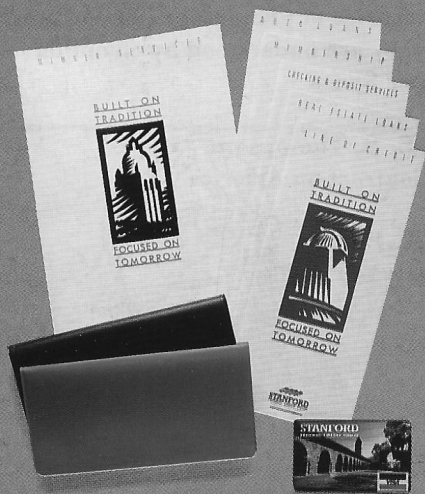


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