

S t a n f o r d   C h a p a r r a l

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T h i s   L a n d   A m e r i c a



Whatsa matter baby?  
Ain't we gorgeous?

Someone should have told Mr. Jenkins that his waggish British manner of referring to black people as "the help" would seem unfortunately distinctive in the American ghetto.



How Horribly Inevitable.

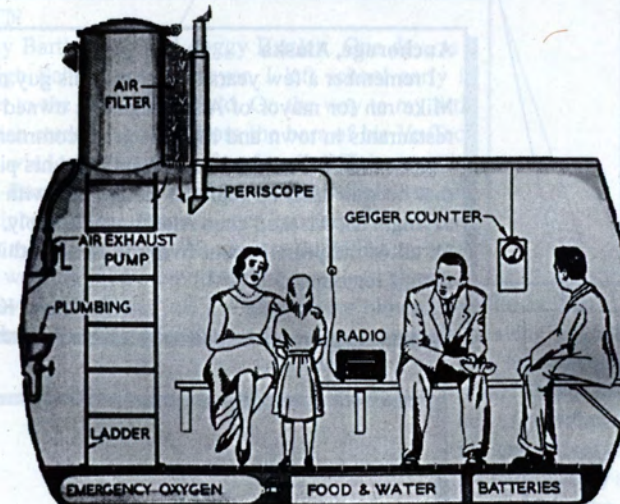
# Stanford Chaparral

Volume XCVIII No. 2, November 22, 1996

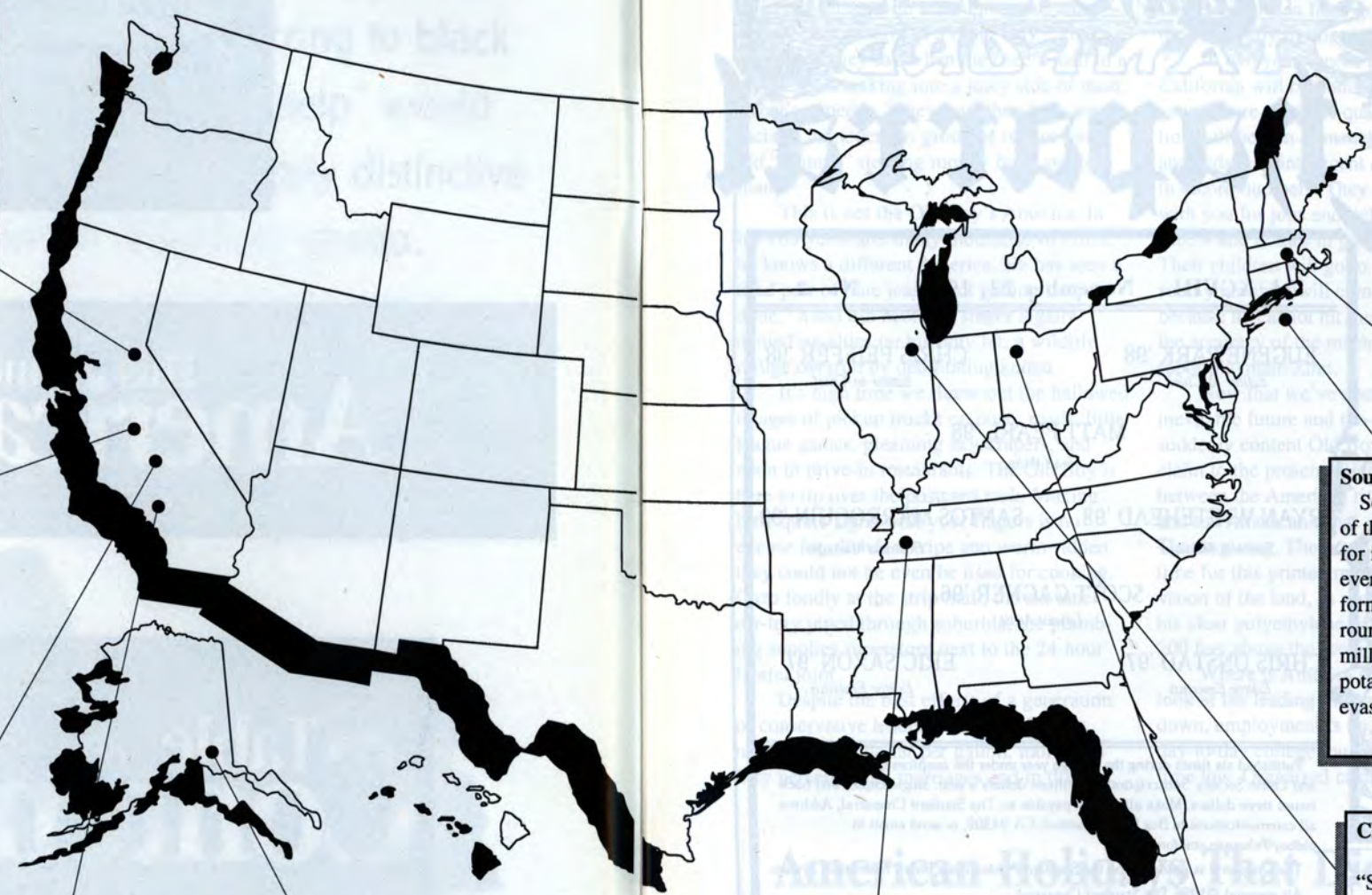
## This Land America

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# A TRAVEL GUIDE TO AMERICAN CITIES



## Tuolumne City, CA

Since most people in Tuolumne City don't read, I'm not afraid to be honest. Tuolumne City is where I went to high school. A guy named Felipe shot another guy in the face with a shotgun two days before graduation. Stacey Mendoza went blind when her boyfriend Grayson Kemp whipped her with a chain. Hank Croce is actually a rodeo clown now. Do yourself a favor, do not leave the suburbs, not for Tuolumne City.

Chris Onstad

## Bakersfield, CA

"Oh yeah, I think I've driven through Bakersfield" is the standard response people give me when I tell them where I'm from. Everyone has driven through Bakersfield on their way to a place where cow-tipping is just something you say you do for fun. A source of great pride for much of Bakersfield is the annual Kern County Fair. The event attracts the best talents in the fields of country music, agriculture, and swine rearing. A friend of mine won a Best Pig prize once. He celebrated the occasion by bumping and grinding his hips to the rhythmic sounds of Buck Owens' timeless classic, "The Streets of Bakersfield." Buck Owens is famous because he used to be on "Hee-Haw."

Eugene Park

## Northridge, CA

Northridge is where I'm from. Northridge is where the earthquake was. The earthquake scared the hell out of my family. They slept downstairs for months and months afterwards. But my house is okay. That's what everyone asks me: "Is your house okay?" I say, "Yeah, my house is fine. But my brother's dead! Thanks a lot!" There's not much else about Northridge. Cal State Northridge is there, and it's a shitty, shitty school. And, because of the earthquake, now they have class in tents. There's also a mall.

Josh Gohlke

## Midway City, CA

My fondest memory of Midway City is my job as a Spanish tutor for young children. It was amazing to see the way their eager faces would light up whenever they learned a new expression. Of course, I don't know Spanish at all.

Chris Crane

## Anchorage, Alaska

I remember a few years back when this guy named Mafia Mike ran for mayor of Anchorage. He owned a few pizza restaurants in town and had this great commercial on television, where he rapped about how good his pizza was and that he was open all night. It started out with Mafia Mike saying, "Hi, Alaska," then Alaska would reply, "Hi, Mike." Of all of the years I spent living in Alaska, this is the only thing I remember.

Sean Kennedy

## Bartlett, TN

Bartlett, my Bartlett, my old doggy Bartlett. One day, as a Bartlett High School soccer player, I left school early in order to get to the opponents' field. On the way to my little car, an oldish student shouted from the bars of his Vo-Tech classroom window, "Soccer's for fags." Efficient police men, all ex-Bartlett High football and basketball players, circle the periphery of the town to keep outsiders where they belong, out there in Fagland. We seem to think that the more strip malls we build, the more likely the Lord will allow us into Heaven. My friend just got arrested for blowing up one of those Jesus nativity scenes.

Eric Saxon

## Cambridge, MA

I went to a wealthy prep school on the Charles River, an Ivy League breeding ground, but not afraid to attack risky issues: Should students be given a "no homework night" for the Jewish holidays? Should the short skirt law be changed from "above the knees" to "mid-thigh"? The highlight of my senior year was the installation of schoolwide internet access, and before long, one industrious student had threatened the life of the U.S. President using the address of one of his friends. The school intellectual community rushed to address the pressing question: "Okay, so it's a felony and all, but does it have to go on his transcript?"

David Lampson

## Southampton, NY

Southampton would be like any other forgotten farming village of the Northeast wallowing in tradition and economic free-fall, but for its location near a beach. Thanks to this, the population triples every summer with an infusion of rich city dwellers, all up to the formidable task of being more annoying and petty than the year-round residents. Most of the families in Southampton made their millions during the first Adams administration. The rest sold off a potato field for condominiums during the Eighties, fought off a tax evasion indictment, and legally purchased the title "Farmer."

Chris Peiffer

## Chicago, IL

This city, whose name comes from the Navajo Indian word for "Segregated," represents one of the most culturally diverse areas in the United States. Each ethnicity, whether African, Slavic, Hispanic, Polish, Russian, or Other is concentrated in its own metropolitan unit known as a "housing project." Chicago is crazy when it comes to sports. It has only one professional sports team, the Chicago Bulls, but fans go nuts about them. Tickets are so difficult to get that you have to pay homeless people to wait in line for weeks until they go on sale. One of the most interesting things about Chicago is its weather. Instead of using traditional degrees, temperature is measured in the number of old people expected to die that day because of the extreme weather. Negative numbers denote cold weather.

Matt Pearl

## Defiance, OH

Having spent the summer on campus, surviving on stolen Flo Mo hamburgers and free leftover Corner Pocket pizza, I was looking forward to my two-week visit home. Some of the new additions to my tiny Northwestern Ohio town included: the new city ordinance requiring "YIELD" signs to be posted at railroad crossings (saving many lives and many fine trucks); our first Arby's, which set the world record for most weekly sales of any fast food restaurant ever; and Defiance Internet, a clearinghouse for the collective recollections of a turd-obsessed people.

Santos Marroquin

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**The Stanford Chaparral**

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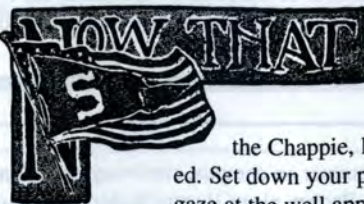
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

REFLECTIONS



a new year is well underway, and with it a new volume of the Chappie, let's get acquainted. Set down your power sander and gaze at the well appointed fixtures of this issue. A new staff, a new jar of brains in charge, and a new editorial policy of accepting submissions from the vast marmoset population on campus. Thirty-two "glossy bossies," which is trade talk for pages.

We at the Chaparral have a vision for 1996-97,

a year of laughter and hijinks, a year when the editors won't have to write every piece in the magazine. What do you have to do to share in our vision? Nothing but sit on the floor, enjoying the winning combination of salsa and liquid cheese, raising your head only when our trained delivery rodents force the magazine under your door. Twenty minutes isn't much of your time, and cheese 'n' salsa doesn't ever spoil.

Now that we've all chosen *and* lost, let's give up this pretense of participation and return to being wise-cracking spectators. "You can't really see the big picture until you're well away from it, sitting

frozen with fright and apathy," as the old saying goes. Everybody thinks they know America when they see it. "That's America," they say when they see a ridiculously over-powered automobile with chrome so shiny that it restores sight to a blind lady. "That's America," they say when they see a man in a cowboy hat tucking into a juicy side of meat. "That's America," they say when they see a racially homogenous group of twelve-year-old "scamps" stealing money from an old man.

This is not the Old Boy's America. In his 100 years and many thousands of miles, he knows a different America. He has seen a tired pair of blue jeans "not getting the job done," a sad old Motown singer legally denied royalties on his only hit, a wildlife refuge overrun by debilitating kudzu.

It's high time we threw out the hallowed images of pickup trucks on dusty roads, little league games, gleaming skyscrapers, and neon lit drive-in restaurants. The Old Boy is here to tip over the postcard rack. Making little quote signs with your fingers is no excuse for clichés so ripe and worm-ridden they could not be even be used for cooking. Gaze fondly at the strip mall, the six lane car-tery piped through suburbia, the plumbing supplies superstore next to the 24-hour falafel joint.

Despite the best efforts of a generation of conservative leadership, gas still costs more than one dollar per gallon, more than fifty percent of all marriages end in divorce,

and beating a man based on his skin color is not protected by law. The Old Boy has it on good authority that they're never going to make another car with fins on it and Joe DiMaggio has in fact "gone" to a home for the criminally insane.

In two years, more than half of California will be non-white. In two more years, more than one quarter of the population will be non-human; with classic robots, androids, and intelligent dwarves expanding in record numbers. They will be competing with you for jobs and tickets to *Star Wars Part 9* and homes in good school districts. Their children will go to those schools, and soon your child will come home crying because he cannot hit the ball off the tee with the accuracy of the machined limbs of his robot playmate Zinit.

Now that we've spent time on the inevitable future and the unenviable past, the suddenly content Old Boy is happy to lay claim to the present. Right now we are between the American ritual of an election and the American ritual gluttony of Thanksgiving. There could not be a better time for this printed residue of the Old Boy's vision of the land, as seen from the inside of his clear polyethylene ballcopter tumbling 200 feet above the ground.

Where is America right now? We could look at the leading indicators. Inflation is down, employment is up, and the quality of day-to-day college journalism is at an all time low. Organized crime has weakened to

the point that most heavyset Italians don't even command free mozzarellas at their local market. American productivity is up and pollution is down, as most of America is sitting home working via the Internet. The cars still on the road are delivering hot, fried food to those people. The average American is fatter and richer than the below average American, and also more likely to ignore the true poverty and hunger here.

Like a gray-haired old man with an easel full of charts for History Night at the twelve-and-under youth group, our material is running away from our audience. While this issue was printed and bound, Pacific salmon stopped swimming upstream, the American eagle's wings became vestigial, and several species of wolf decided to give up their differences and unite under the name "Terror-Wolf." These unforeseen happenings rendered inaccurate the Animals of America four-page insert that was all set to run.

Thanks to deposits of steel and pure ether concentrated below the Rocky Mountains, no time moves faster than American Time. This fact has vexed airplane pilots for years, and makes my present almost as unrecognizable as your past.

With that comes the sound of a soft "Goodnight, and enjoy" from the offices of the Stanford Chaparral. We've poured our sleep and academic well-being into this magazine, and now it's time to order a big fried turkey dinner from the Internet.

## American Holidays That Didn't Catch On



Preston Sturges; Copy Perfect; "Turkey TV"; wooden teeth; new "spicy" Cheetos; no "Victoria Day"; *Grease* set here; birthplace of Richard Gere; Redwood City; "polecats"; well-defined photos of the Sistine Chapel; Astrodome; the mod; "Perfect Strangers"; frats, baby; Salisbury steak; *Grease* filmed here; "reach"; Keystone "Light"; capital of Nevada NOT Las Vegas; pungent odor of Jerry Seinfeld; all guts and no glory; "soft" drinks; currency; animals urinating on TV stars; Harvard; "glum" is a word; Sudafed; giving people their "props"; Roller Derby; "Nova"; plenty o' Supreme Court justices; Guess Jeans; references available upon request; Alice Cooper AND Ozzie Osbourne; grab bags; crab cakes; Gubernatorial races; Iowa; *I'm Okay, You're Okay*; *Grease* still being performed as a play here; cake; chrome plating; Ted Koppel; RuPaul;

**109 REASONS  
AMERICA  
WILL REACH THE YEAR  
2000**

NOT the home of Oasis; Nair; option of plain toaster or toaster oven; "chiffarobes"; relatively easily drawn flag; cobalt blue; pus not used in cooking; Ton Loc; Dramamine readily available; tics; Durafume logs; hothouse of witty parodies; "lite"; that "Mikey" kid; "jamming"; "USA Up All Night"; a goddamned cable network named for our nation; Thighmaster®; can name child "Kip"; lint; "bitchin" widely accepted as any part of speech; gettin' the willies; citizens charitable enough to buy millions of No Doubt CD's; Myrna; "Revenge of the Nerds"; big condom selection; Maury Povich; *Grease* written by Americans; the Mosleys; colors can be mascots; no pesky Wiemar Republic; population explosion; John Spencer Blues Explosion; the "liberty" bell; many citizens; Bertholt Brecht lived here for a while; "punch"; "The Bold and Beautiful"; "dickweed" an acceptable insult; fun-loving Cosby kids; "it don't matter just don't bite it"; suds; Shaft. John Shaft.; Camaros; "hella" as adjective; key grips; less getting mad, more getting glad; funny-crazy teas like Lipton; "powdered" wigs AND doughnuts; Dolby Surround Sound; Poochie; "friggin"; three hours enough time for Oliver Stone to solve most baffling mysteries; millions of phrases facilitates season upon season of "Wheel of Fortune"; crack; "Riptide"; Halloween not too creepy; lifelike animation; Canada's "neighbor to the south"; *Ribs*; John Tesh; *Grease*'s Rydell High located here. ♥

# Stanford and America

## How to Tell the Difference

America...	Stanford...
Started when a bunch of English people decided to run around the forest and kill other English people.	Started when a virus decided to kill a sickly little rich kid.
Population gets drunk every night after getting home from their miserable jobs.	Population got "so drunk" once, sophomore year at the Roble Progressive.
AIDS virus ravages urban population.	Computer virus ravages LaIR.
The Million-Man March.	The Wacky Walk.
In the end, we are doomed to die and become corpses.	In the end, we are doomed to graduate and become consultants.
The L.A. Riots.	The Roble Dining Hall Walk-Out.
A mother is unable to feed her child.	A freshman thought Branner Special Dinner "sucked."
My dad beats the shit out of me, but I love him.	My dad won't buy me a car, and I hate him.
Victims of violence crowd inner city ERs every day.	Students crowd dorm lounges to watch "ER" every week.
A man kills his infant son in a methamphetamine-induced rage.	A bio major "keeps having to pee" after drinking too much coffee.
Tom Brokaw's slight speech impediment.	Beth Berselli's severe mental retardation.
Many kids ruined when told they will "never amount to anything."	Many kids "stressed out" when told they will never make more than \$80,000 a year at their chosen profession.
Teenager smokes crack, heart implodes.	Sophomore drinks an Odwalla, later feels "kind of queasy."
Crumbling infrastructure makes interstate travel impossible.	Lack of bike ramp at Gates building forces grad student to "jump curb."
Unconscionably high rate of illiteracy.	"The Chappie hurts my feelings."

# Dole Defies Defeat Claims Alchemy Can Still Save Campaign

By Studebaker Hawke  
Staff Writer

Recently defeated presidential candidate Bob Dole, in an interview with Larry King last night, announced the most recent change in his campaign to win over the American voting public. "Except for a few details," said Mr. Dole, "I am quite confident that I have solved the age old problem of turning lead into gold." The campaign strategy, he claims, will be double pronged: to prove to the public that he's not too old to dream, and to use the discovery itself to add strength and repute to his economic plan. All of Mr. Dole's aides, when questioned, denied any connection whatsoever with the man. The would-be president vehemently refuted accusations that this is sim-

ply another last minute election gimmick, and is offended by comparisons with last week's "fountain of youth" embarrassment, a "discovery" which turned out to be nothing more than a jug of Windex. "The fountain of youth is still a realistic goal," insisted Mr. Dole. "But right now the American People are concerned with the economy, so that's what I'm going to concentrate on." Mr. Dole views his lack of formal background in chemistry as an asset, giving him a "fresh perspective," just the edge that he needs. According to Mr. Dole, the moment of inspiration occurred in a scene reminiscent of Isaac Newton's legendary apple incident. The former senator

awoke from a bad dream so suddenly that he bonked his head on the lid of his skin-preservation coffin. "And that's when it hit me."  
"Maybe the timing is not exactly what we would like, but Bob Dole is no quitter. Never have been, never will be," said Mr. Dole, claiming that he already has a solution to the problem of gaining ground in a completed election. "It's risky. But it just might work." Refusing to elaborate on the exact mechanism by which he would win the election after the fact, Mr. Dole would only hint that the answer lay in the stars.

## One Language

Due to an increasingly conservative trend, it has been suggested that the official language of the United States of America be changed to English — apparently because the majority of the people here are actually from England. Needless to say, before we rush into this seemingly brilliant idea we should think about the color and diversity within our language that would be lost forever if such a change were to take place.

Here are some prime examples:

- ✓ Chicago's "El" Train would lose some of its pizzazz as Chicago's "The" Train.
- ✓ Cartoon favorite, "Speedy Gonzalez," would go by his Americanized, Hollywood name, "Saul Rosenberg."
- ✓ Our favorite Japanese beer "Kirin Ichiban" would be directly translated to "Warm Urine," thus curbing sales drastically.
- ✓ Punk band "Fugazi" would be headed for some serious trouble. The translation of their name to "Foghat" would be the center of much confusion.

- ✓ Ordering "French Bread," "French Dressing," and "French Fries" would become an exercise in futility as their ambiguous translations to "Bread," "Dressing," and "Fries" clearly indicate. "Italian Ice" would prove even more frustrating for waiters everywhere.
- ✓ American auto companies, however, might actually receive a boost. Consumers would be less seduced by such exotic sounding names as "Le Car," "Peugeot," and "Volkswagen" when they were revealed to mean "The Car," "Death," and "Tuna-mobile" respectively. Cars such as Mitsubishi and Toyota, because they have no direct translations, would be changed to corresponding random syllables in English such as "Ghtoph" and "Flunkus."
- ✓ Start searching for a new beverage to drink at celebrations. "Champagne" is no longer as festive when it takes on the rather crude sounding translation of "fart-wine."
- ✓ Say goodbye to anti-atomic bomb sentiment when it becomes common knowledge that "Hiroshima" actually means "Kill all the Americans."
- ✓ People won't be so quick to chime in after a sneeze with that ever-annoying "Gesundheit" when it becomes widely known that it translates to "Shut the fuck up."

# Separated At Birth



Megan Algeo  
Balboa Island, CA



Lauren Brock  
Bakersfield, CA



Mike Hopp  
Bloomfield Hills, CA



James Hurlbut  
Woodside, CA



Russell Stewart  
Bellevue, WA



Mark Ganek  
Schaumburg, IL



Emily Johnson  
Minnetonka, MN



Christie Larson  
Dunwoody, GA



Arthur Schram  
Cambridge, MA



Jessica DuLong  
San Francisco, CA



Eric Nudleman  
Irvine, CA



Leon Ryan  
San Francisco, CA



Daniel Kramer  
West Hartford, CT

## All-Frosh Dungeon

Flandor the Elf



Brett Abbott  
Santa Barbara, CA

William the Bard



Aaron Bell  
Bellevue, WA

Rankle the Dwarf



Lewis Fanger  
Las Vegas, NV

Sleema the Cleric



Sarah Present  
Fairway, KS

Undead: 10 Hit Points



Stu White  
Carrollton, TX

Gruntuck the Ogre



Eric Groff  
Poway, CA

Dungeon Master



Jesse Rosencranz-Engelmann  
Fairfax, CA

## A Boy Grows Up



Jeremy Frank  
Cupertino, CA



Ted Carstensen  
Mercer Island, WA



Tim Purdy  
Palo Alto, CA

## The Hat Squad



David Kwan  
RA



Aaron Padilla  
RA



Joshua Chamas  
RCC



Charlie Wang  
Milpitas, CA

MUSIC - NEWS - SPORTS  
That He May Live



k z s u 90.1 fm

WRITERS- ARTISTS - BUSINESS  
That He May Laugh



the chappie

**Largest Wad of Chewing Tobacco Ever Passed of Billings, Montana** - At 17-lbs. 3 oz., this wad of Skoal sure is a sight to see. "That crazy Dick came and hit me right up on the back while I was chewin'. I ain't sure if it hurt worse goin' down or comin' out."

- Hector Wallace, wad passer

The Seven Wonders of Rural America

**Carl Rogers' Amazin' Talkin' and Future Predictin' Sheep of Dubuque, Iowa.** Many people have had experiences with sheep before, but none quite as interesting as this one. "It's real kind of eerie, you know. He just kinda gave this look into Momma's eyes and told her she had three months left to live. Sure enough, come April, she was dead cold as an Eskimo's ass in January. Yeah, pretty spooky."

- Carl Rogers, sheep owner

**The Grand Goiter of Carbondale, Illinois.** Few realize the truly potentially damaging effects of an iodine deficiency until they get scared straight by Alfred Carbogger's little 3-lb. number. "It just kept a-growin' until it was like a big softball hangin' from his neck. I told him to ask the doctor about it, but he just said if that's what God wants, then that's what God gits."

- Louise Carbogger, widow and goiter enthusiast

**Oldest Alcoholic of Dupage County, Kansas.** At 114, Ray Sternhausen is still alive, kickin' and married to the bottle. He's buried three wives and destroyed four livers. A real tribute to the spirit of rural America, and a real nice guy to talk to. "I started drinkin' when I was about six when my daddy gone and give me a bottle of Old Crow fer my birthday. And well, that's about all I remember."

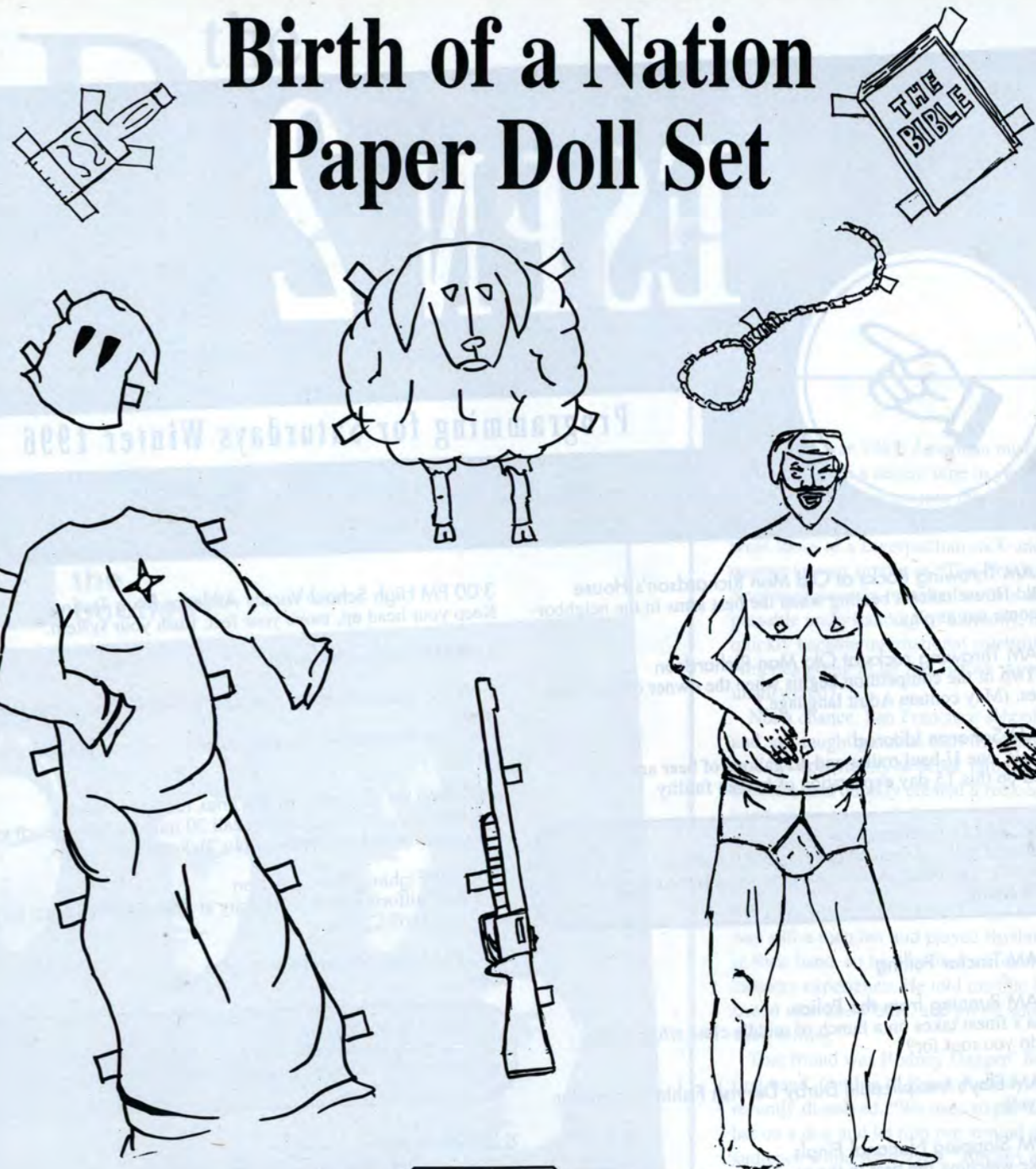
- Ray Sternhausen, liquor enthusiast

**Endless Dueling Banjos of Everest, Tennessee.** Beginning with the watching of the premiere of *Deliverance*, the McDonzo brothers have been inspired to playing dueling banjos ever since. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, these two good ole boys can be found rockin' upon the porch, banjo in hand. "I've never seen anything like it before," says Rachel Carson, whose car broke down a quarter mile from the McDonzo farm. "These kids are totally amazing." Each of the McDonzo brothers has 73 chromosomes.

**Seventeen Dogs on a Porch of Salisbury, Arkansas.** There's an old adage that says you can never have too many dogs on one porch, but the Dugal family has really pushed that to the limit with their seventeen prize winning yellow-dogs. To questions about the structural integrity of the porch, Ray Dugal says, "Making a porch that can hold the weight of so many dogs and Mama ain't so easy. I'd tell ya how I did it, but it's a family secret."

**The Identical Fraternal Twins of St. Claire, Kansas.** Confounding most of modern medicine as we know it, these brothers born from separate eggs have identical genetic make-ups. "I think maybe when one of 'em was born, I slapped him too hard on the head," suggests Dr. Dunston who delivered the twins. He's currently writing an article on the phenomenon to be published in *Huskers Weekly*.

Birth of a Nation  
Paper Doll Set



Duke  
No. 1 of 4

In 1915, D.W. Griffith's film *Birth of a Nation* premiered to enormous publicity and wildly mixed reactions. In an effort to milk the film's immense hype, D.W. Griffith invented the first known example of movie merchandising. This book of paper dolls featuring the film's hero "Duke Cameron" was intended to be the first in a series that would eventually include "Mammy," "Silus Lynch" and "Austin Stoneman." While the book did quite well in test markets in Georgia and Arkansas, the rest of the country protested its blatant stereotypes and racist sentiments, causing D.W. Griffith to discontinue the series and return to work on his magnum opus *Intolerance*.

# ESPN 2



## Programming for Saturdays Winter 1996

**6:00 AM Throwing Rocks at Old Man Richardson's House**  
The Old House takes a beating when the best arms in the neighborhood come out to play.

**7:30 AM Throwing rocks at Old Man Richardson**  
Stage Two of the competition begins when the owner of the house emerges. (May contain Adult language.)

**8:00 AM Saharan Iditarod**  
24 camels, one U-haul trailer and 40 gallons of beer are what's required on this 15-day exploration of human futility.

**9:00 AM Fr'Gralnor**  
The national sport of Iceland has finally hit America! Get out your hj\*kels and ^ygs because there is going to be some heavy mn^boSking.

**10:00 AM Tractor Pulling**

**10:30 AM Running from the Police**  
Suburbia's finest takes on a bunch of middle class white punks. Whom do you root for?

**11:30 AM Elby's Inexplicable Durby Dervish Fishin' Expedition**  
All 6 days!!

**12:30 PM Slapping National Finals**  
If you like watching the best in the world slap each other, you cannot miss this event.

**2:00 PM Tractor Pushing**

**2:15 PM PCP Wrestling**

**2:30 PM Incontinent Old People Rugby**  
Shamelessly debasing yourself to appear on television isn't just for the under-60 set anymore, and this show proves it.

**3:00 PM High School Varsity Athletics Drug Testing**  
Keep your head up, move your feet, flush your system.

**4:00 PM Tractor Throwing**

**5:00 PM Classic Games special- "Baseball: The segregated years."**  
You'll see towering home runs, cunning shorstop plays, but no blacks!

**6:00 PM Live coverage of the lines for Laker tickets**  
Our cameras are trained on will call 20 minutes before each game. Also, weekly updates from various Ticketmaster outlets.

**7:00 PM Fighting Eels in Action**  
Join the California State University at Sonoma pistol team for a season of thrills.

**8:00 PM Nasty Sid and the Virgins**  
Sorry.

**9:00 PM Money, Bitch!**  
Four tank-top clad residents of Long Island compete to be the first to talk their beleaguered girlfriends into spotting them some cash.

**8:30 PM Pound!**  
Canada's largest beer bellies fill up once again.

**10:00 PM Speed Reading Semifinals**  
Head to head speed reading. Watch as two semifinalists compete for speed and reading comprehension. This Week: Selections from Rowdy Rodney's Adult Bookstore.

**12:00 AM Chatanooga's General Richard Thompson Intermediate School's Fighting Lions v. Knoxville Junior High School's Eagles Tennesseean Junior High School Soccer (may be preempted by local matches)**

# the BOOTLES



meet  
the  
bootles

stereo



From Left to Right: Carl McAddington, Rodney Daggan, Noah Smat, Juto Cran

The year was 1963. American musicians had not written a decent tune in years. British records were imported into the States at a furious pace, and most notably among them were those of a Liverpoolian rock-and-roll quartet known simply as "The Beatles." Sporting cleverly matched outfits and a passable understanding of harmony, they quickly became international celebrities. Was America going to let this British invasion go unanswered?

Not a chance. San Francisco schoolteacher and self-taught guitarist Carl McAddington saw his opportunity to break into the music business and quickly created a rock-and-roll band of his own.

"The Bootles were just a phone call away," Carl writes in his unpublished 1988 autobiography, *Time For Carl*. "Noah I knew from this little church I used to go to—he was still a member and played rhythm guitar in their band, so he provided the element of industry experience. He told me that he had a friend who knew bass, and pretty soon we were rolling."

That friend was Rodney Daggan. Rodney's first band, Getting to Know Rodney, had recently dissolved. "We used to put a cowboy hat on a dog and let him run around in the audience while we played," Rodney recalls. "People loved it. Then, after a few months the dog ran away, and we found ourselves out of work again. That's when Noah called."

Juto Cran, the last to join the Bootles, had worked with Rodney in the kitchen of a downtown eatery. The owner, Juto's uncle, had introduced him to Juto as "a special little chimp," and Rodney quickly took him under his wing, protecting him from the cruel jabs of the outside world, as well as hot pans and slippery floor mats.

Their first album, "Meet The Bootles," was recorded in less time than it took the Bootles to grow appropriate hairstyles for the cover





In an attempt to bolster the Bootles' public image, Carl commissioned a friend to pose as a celebrity in these PR photographs. No one believed that the character in the top hat and beard was Abraham Lincoln, however, and the Bootles were scorned by the press.

shot, and its release was postponed several months.

"Meet The Bootles" was met with understandably lukewarm critical acclaim. Some said they were ahead of their time—others claimed that an entire album about how they had all met one another simply couldn't be listened to.

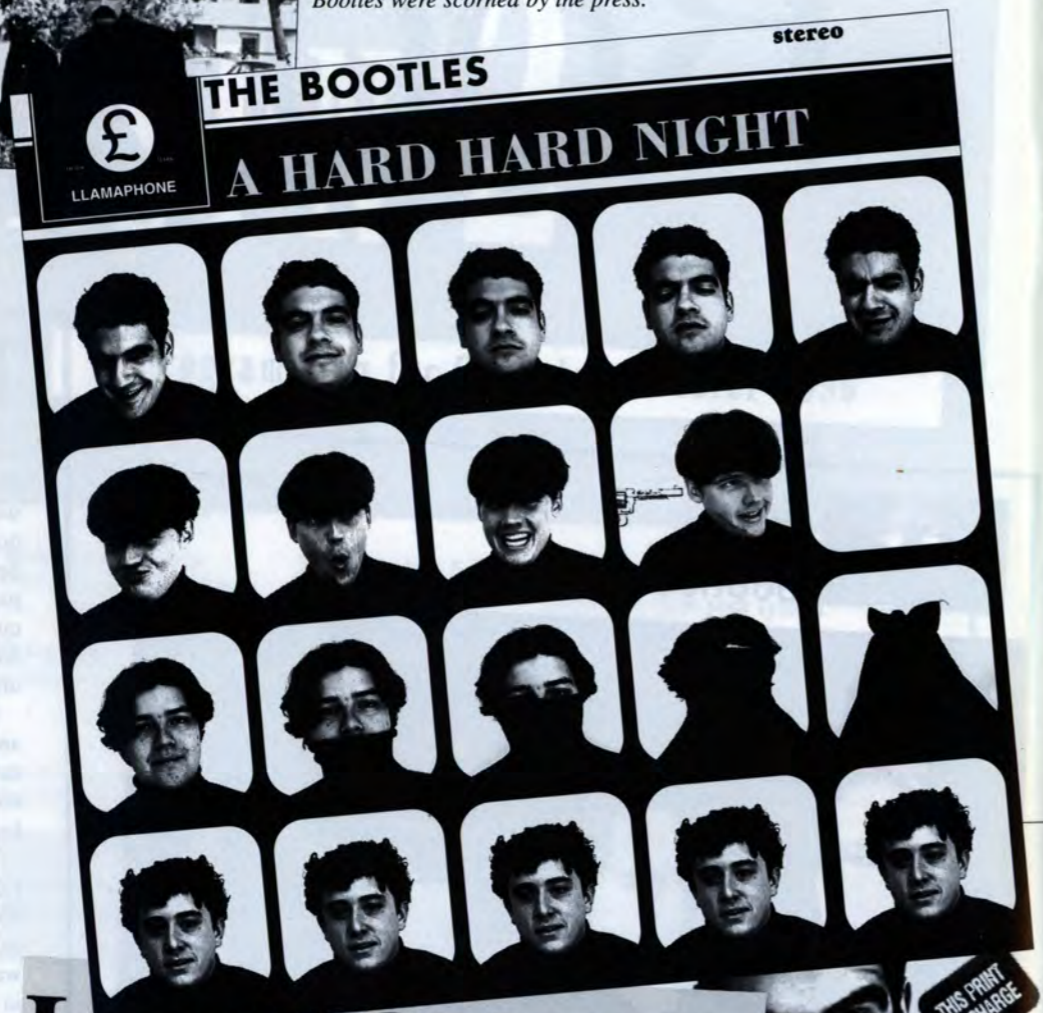
Despite this, enough money was raised to allow the band to produce a second album, "A Hard Hard Night." Due to a failed relationship, Carl was unable to produce any material, and Rodney took over songwriting duties. The Bootles were rewarded with healthy returns in both foreign and domestic markets.

"Carl's a great fellow," said Rodney after the album's release. "But up 'til now he'd always insisted on writing everything himself, playing all the instruments...[the rest of us] were really superfluous as musicians. We were simply there to fill out his stage presence. This time around, we got to try a few ideas of our own.

"He's quite a guitarist, though—he's taught himself to play. He'll stab passionately at an E-major chord for a bit, launch into the first two or three notes of the appropriate mixolydian, have second thoughts, pause dramatically for a few moments, and then, in a magnificent display of showmanship, pull on the tremolo until all of his strings break. Sometimes he'll simply toss his guitar duties completely and just do silly little dances while the rest of us keep on with our parts. A guy with legs that skinny can get away with that sort of thing."

The Bootles had soon amassed enough capital to tour Europe (London). Upon arriving at Gatwick, they were quickly asked to leave.

Once comfortably back in the States, the Bootles went into a creative hiatus of sorts, shacking up at Carl's Pacific Heights apartment and refusing to answer telephone calls for the better part of a year.



# LONDON DAI

\*\*\*\* PRICE 50 PENCE THE QUEEN'S OWN FAVORITE BREAKFAST PAPER

## Rakish Young Band Wears Hats Indoors

By G. Leonard Pippis

With their hats still perched rakishly upon their heads, the Bootles walked into O'Ghessan's downtown pub and ordered lunch. The hats remained on high throughout their visit to the restaurant.

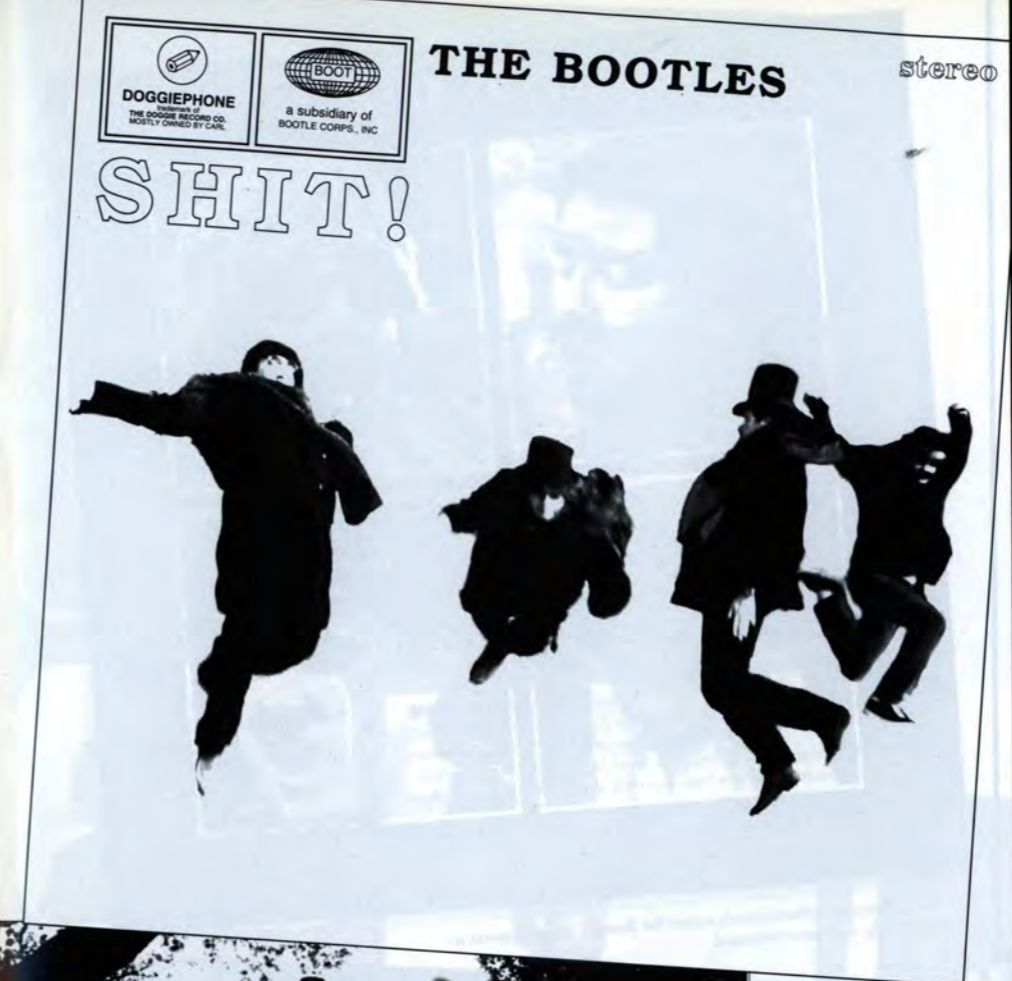
"Our stares of disapproval hadn't the slightest effect on them," said owner Gramma Sikes. "As if weren't enough of an insult, all ordered was a bag of chips for the of 'em. What a bunch of yobs."

Several British schoolchildren, hearing of the Bootles' caddish behavior, grew mischievous smiles upon their faces and inwardly declared rebellion against Britain's stultifying social mores.

"Yeah," continued Sikes. "They only bought one bag of chips for the four of them, and after they ate it they sent the little one up to ask for a single ice water. Then they sat around and took sips from it. I've never seen such a bunch of yobs."

The Bootles, America's "Thinly Disguised Beatles," are currently wrapping up their European tour, which consist of one date at the South Edmonton Ladies' Collective.

It is uncertain whether the Bootles will be asked back to Britain following this scandal.



A close examination of this photograph reveals the figure of Death standing between Carl and Juto. Although not a regular member of the band, Death occasionally stood in on saxophone.

# HISPANIC ENGINEER

AND INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY  
THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE SOCIETY OF HISPANIC PROFESSIONAL ENGINEERS  
1996 Conference Issue \$5.00

## Multi-Talented

Carl y Rodney: Half-Hispanic Hombres

THE BOOTLES stereo

DOGIEPHONE  
a subsidiary of  
BOOTLE CORPS., INC.

"SHIT!" the result of this year-long seclusion, was an instant hit with the Bootles' modest core group of fans. The cover, which featured the Bootles hopping gaily through the air beneath a dirty word, prompted additional sales among vast numbers of adolescent shoppers. Many record store owners begged the label to just send them sleeves, as they were tired of picking up the discarded vinyls from in front of their shops.

"Basically," said Noah, "we'd spent an entire year just ordering pizza and wandering around to different parts of Carl's yard with the slices of pizza on little paper plates that we'd bought at 'Liquor,' a little foreign-owned shop around the corner from Carl's place. It was a time of light self-contemplation, of pleasure, and of tasty pizza."

Soon the coffers ran low again, and the Bootles were forced to write some decent music and release another album.

An amateur inventor, Rodney had often kept himself afloat before the Bootles by selling the rights to his various devices. Although he no longer needed to rely on paltry royalties, he continued to invent and, as the band grew more successful his blueprints, began to encompass an entirely different realm of practicality.

It was actually an invention of Rodney's that led to his infamous estrangement from the band. The Fusion Bong, which consisted of a discarded "Wet-Vac" hot-patched at 2,000 amperes through a KORGE amplifier, could instantly vaporize the leaves of any organic substance and with nearly 100% efficiency. A dangerous device in the wrong hands—and Juto had those wrong hands. Juto and the FB2k quickly became inseparable, and for a period of seven months the Bootles saw neither hide nor hair of him.

Fearing the worst, Rodney prematurely blamed himself for Juto's death. Unable to deal with the loss of his "Little Brother," he attempted to end his own life [see photo].

Juto emerged from his hiatus shortly thereafter, blinking and asking for money at the front door of Carl's home recording studio. In his hands he held over seventy-five pages of original sheet music. Suspecting that Juto's muse had finally descended, Carl welcomed him inside and began to peruse the material. As he read on, he became more and more excited. Intricate harmonies, evocative and clever lyrics—Juto had created a veritable magnum opus.

Pitifully short on funds at the time, Carl agreed to let the Berkeley Farms Dairy subsidize the album in exchange for "creative input." Rodney said he would come back into the studio upon hearing that Juto was all right, and Noah had been staying with Carl the

whole time, so the project came together without a hitch.

When the album, "Magical Mystery Cowch," was released a few months later, critics labelled it a total fiasco. Nearly every song had been changed to involve milk and cheese, rather than Juto's original reflections on psychedelia and society, and the cover featured the band wearing cow costumes, riding around on a motorized couch. Music critic Murray Nielsen called the song *All You Need is Lactobacillus* an "outrage."

Betrayed and distraught, Juto immediately became homeless. He took to wearing inexpensive top hats and sleeping in uncomfortable places.

The record was, inexplicably, a huge commercial success. Its first single, "Yellow Loud Machine," the only song to remain intact in its original form, and having nothing to do with milk and cheese, caused so much money to be spent that the Bootles decided to produce a feature-length animated film about themselves. Actor Walter Matthau agreed to play the part of the singing salesman, and opening day was a huge success.

"Juto's really outdone himself this time," said Rodney. "The chimp is now Champion."

## LET IT BEEP

*Let It BEEP, an album entirely about the Bootles' unwillingness to get up early, was never released.*

*Finding the band generally unprofitable, the Bootles often offered to endorse various commercial products. This sequence is from Juto's "Crust First" filming session.*



Juto and the FB2k.



*Rodney, attempting to commit suicide with a revolver and a can of Blumington's Discount-style Ale. Some would later ask whether the revolver had really been necessary. Although the suicide had been a failure, Rodney pretended that it hadn't, and stayed at home for two years with the curtains drawn.*



*Juto Cran's first book, How to Feed Animals, They Like Chicken And Other Things That They Find, was largely ignored by critics.*

The Bootles, it seemed, would be financially solvent well into the next century. Their job complete, they shook hands and set about pursuing personal interests, most of which had nothing whatsoever to do with the music industry.

Juto Cran was the only Bootle to remain in the public eye, releasing various instructional manuals on things that he knew how to do. Critics weren't impressed, and he soon found it necessary to sell the rights to all the work he'd done on "Magical Mystery Cowch," arguably his finest work. Included below are the lyrics to the album's second single, originally titled "Fried Cheese Omelettes."

**Lavatory in the Station Downtown**  
by Juto Cran (Llamaphone LP-1202)

*Picture yourself in a stall in the bathroom  
Of a huge unknown building, in New York Times Square  
You look all around you, you see something moving  
A naked vagrant dancing on the thin air*

*Onion-skin cabbies, a fish with the hat  
The one that you lost last New Year's  
You slide up beside him and ask for the hat back  
He simply gives you a beer*

**Lavatory in the Station Downtown**  
**Lavatory in the Station Downtown**

*Follow the fish as he enters a phone booth  
That's bigger than some, but smaller than most  
He dials the numbers and eats the receiver  
Salutes you then turns into toast*

(chorus)

*Now you're descending, again in the real world  
Sitting upon the pink bowl  
You pull up your pants and proceed to leave there  
You're back in your "dumb drummer" role*



*Roach Ellis, Bootles photographer, worked with the band throughout their entire eleven-year career, although it is not clear why.*



# TIME

**BOOTLES:  
HAVE  
THEY  
GONE  
TOO  
FAR?  
YES.**

# AMERICAN JESUS

## Act I: The Birth of Jesus

**Judge:** The municipal court of Los Angeles county is now in session. "Mary and Joseph, son of David, vs. God" now resumes with cross-examination of the defendant.

**District Attorney:** Could you please state your first and last name and spell them for the record.

**God:** That would be God. Capital G, small o, small d.

**DA:** Could you tell us the nature of your relationship with the Mary, wife of Joseph, the son of David, please?

**God:** I impregnated her with the Jesus, who would come to save My people from their sins.

**DA:** Did you ask Mary if you could impregnate her?

**God:** I don't know what you mean?

**DA:** Did she consent to having sex with you?

**God:** I guess not. I didn't think I had to. And besides I didn't really have sex with her in the traditional sense.

**DA:** With how many women have you had sex without their consent, *non-traditionally*?

**God's Attorney:** Objection, Your Honor! God's sexual prowess is not on trial here, only the question of parental responsibility.

**Judge:** Overruled. Answer the question Mr. God.

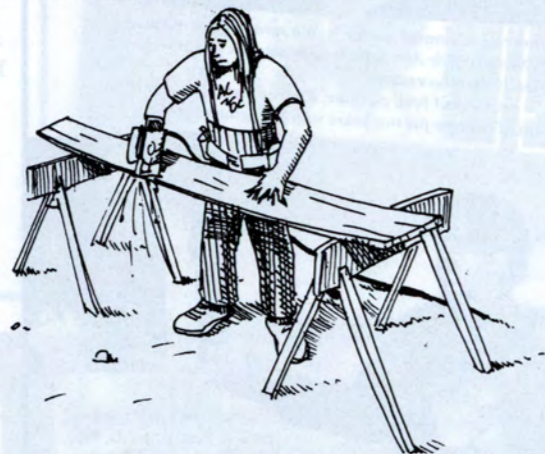
**God:** She is the only one.

**DA:** Now after impregnating Mary, did you stick around to help raise the boy, or did you abandon them?

**God's Attorney:** Objection! Leading the witness, Your Honor.

**Judge:** Overruled.

**God:** I suppose that you could say I abandoned them. I'm a busy man you know; I have the universe to look after and all.



**DA:** So you feel no financial obligation toward your son?

**God:** Money is the root of all evil.

**DA:** No further questions, Your Honor. The prosecution rests.

## Act II: Feeding the Masses at Denny's

**Person #1:** Jesus, we are hungry, and we have not eaten for days.

**Jesus:** Here, take this basket of mozzarella sticks and pass them around.

**Person #2:** But Jesus, there are only seven mozzarella sticks,

and there are five thousand of us. [Jesus passes around the basket, and there are enough mozzarella sticks to feed the masses.]

**Person #3:** Jesus, we have eaten the mozzarella sticks, but now we are in gastro-intestinal distress.

**Jesus:** Here, take this Pepto Bismol and pass it around.

**Person #4:** But Jesus, there is only one bottle of Pepto Bismol, and there are five thousand of us. [Jesus passes around the bottle, and there is enough to cure the masses.]

**Person #5:** Thank you, Jesus, but now we are very thirsty.

**Jesus:** Here, take this cup of coffee and pass it around.

**Person #6:** But Jesus, there is only one cup of coffee, and there are five thousand of us. [Jesus passes around the mug of coffee, and it runs out after the second person.]

**Jesus:** Waitress, can I get another refill?

**Waitress:** Yeah, right, free

refills for five thousand people? I don't know what you're trying to pull here, mister, but I think you should pay for your mozzarella sticks and leave.

**Jesus:** Don't I get a free meal on my birthday?

**Waitress:** You got ID?

**Jesus:** Well, not on me. I left it in the car.

**Waitress:** Get outta here, wise-ass, before I call the police.

## Act III: The Temptation of Jesus

**Street Hustler:** Hey, you in the robe. You want to play Three Card Monty?

**Jesus:** But I have no money, and I do not know the rules.

**Street Hustler:** How about this — if I win, I get your robe, and if you win you get my soul?

**Jesus:** Okay.

**Street Hustler:** All right, see the three cards — two spades and a queen. Find the red queen [he starts shuffling the cards around], find the red queen. Where'd she go, find the pretty lady, where's she hiding? [Jesus watches intently and picks the middle one. The hustler turns it over revealing a spade.]

**Street Hustler:** Sorry, man, you lose.

**Jesus:** But you cheated — I watched you.

**Street Hustler:** Give me the robe before I kick the shit out of you.

A Personal Account of a Journey From Ohio to Palo Alto

# Greyhound Haiku

Mental illnesses  
Take about thirty minutes  
To emerge full-blown.

It's time for a drink  
Mad Dog on a Greyhound bus  
Makes life bearable

There's no booze allowed  
What are we going to do?  
Drink red 7-Up

Forty in a sack  
Alley reeking of urine  
Greyhound breakfast stop

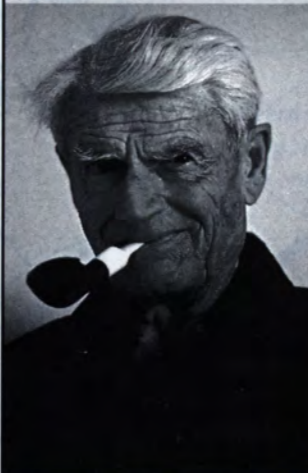
It's now 2:15  
Booze stores are closed, what to do?  
Just cross the state line.

## Withered Soul

Withered Soul, what do you foresee for the next four years of our country?



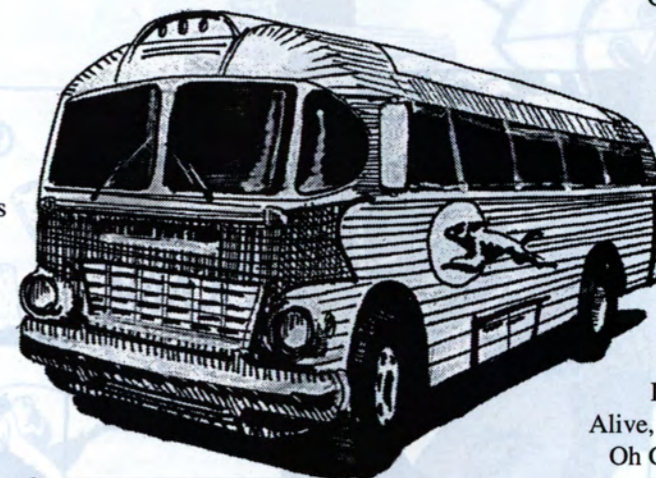
Oh ho, well, I've never been too good at the big picture, don't you know... heh heh...



Well then, what do you foresee for yourself?



I see my tube-ridden body breathing its last breath with the aid of a machine.



Condensed Campbell's soup  
Eaten cold, out of the can  
Cheapest meal I've had

Hey, nice computer  
I used one like that at school  
Before I... flunked out

I'm a bus driver  
Alive, and seeing the world  
Oh God, please kill me.

Hooker in Reno  
Engagement to a woman  
Hmmm... what will I choose?

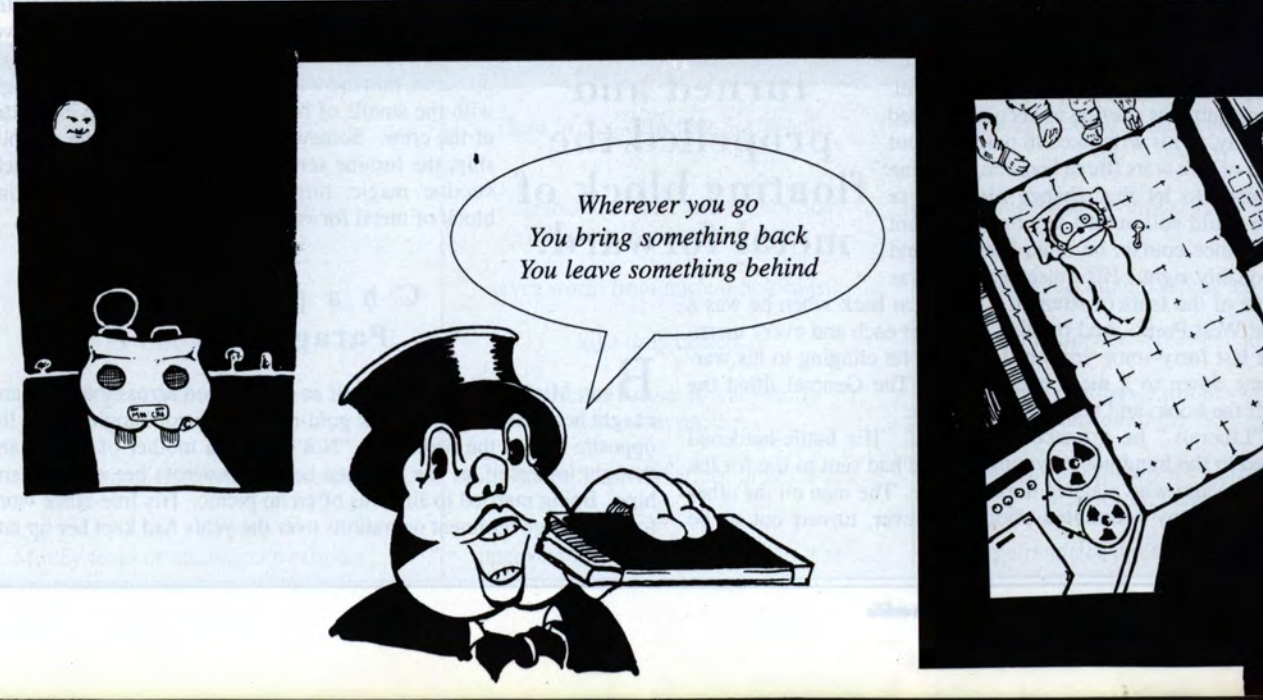
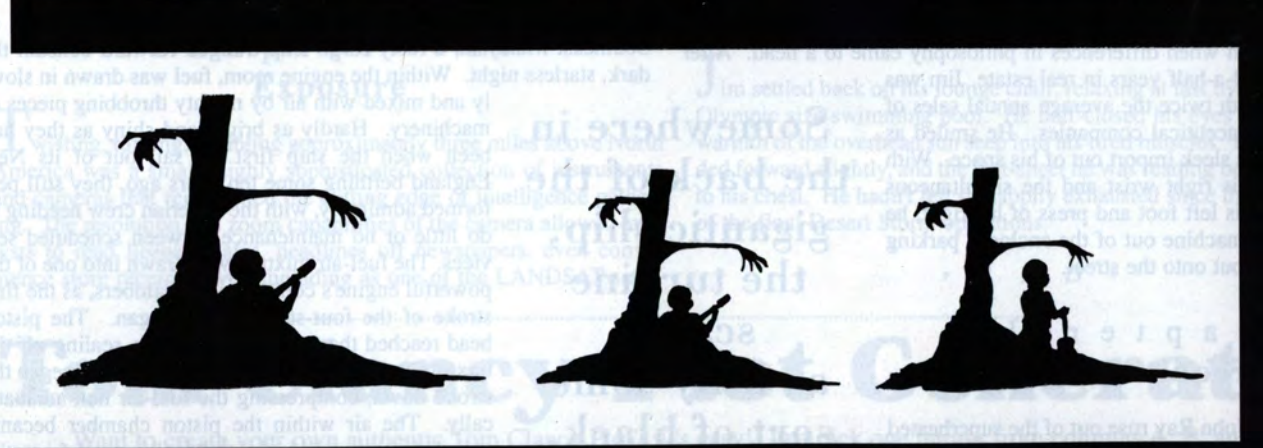
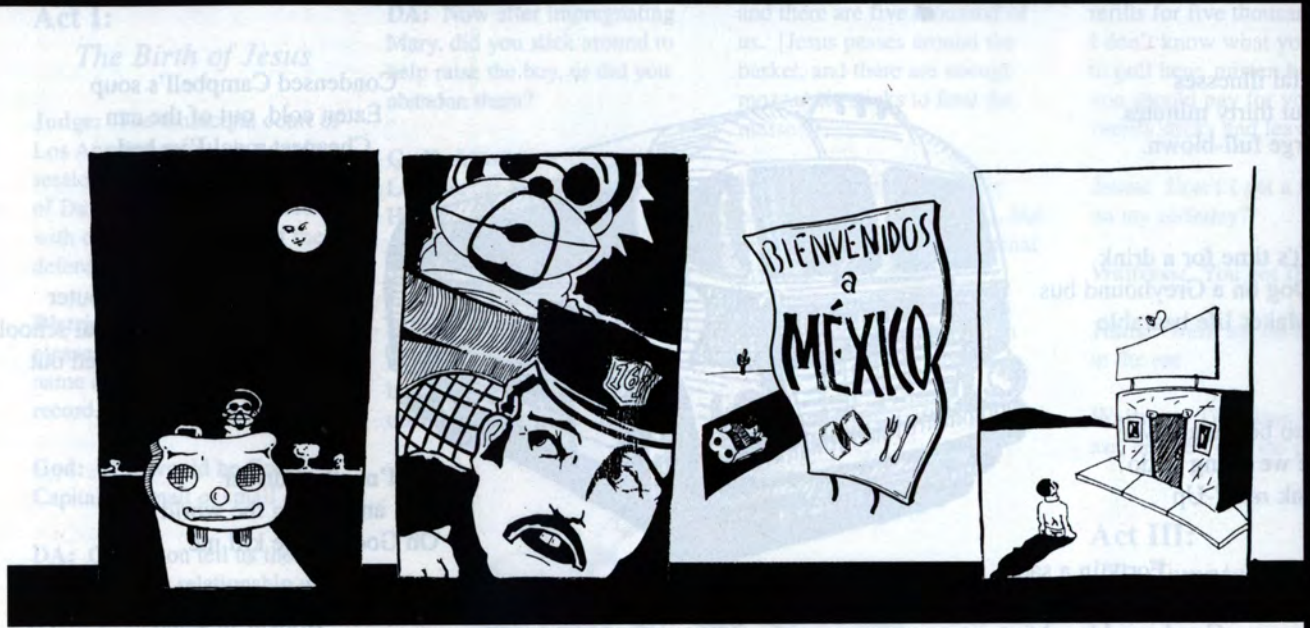
Once fought an injun  
He gave me a turquoise ring  
Now I drive a bus

I hate the Midwest  
Go to California?  
I still won't fit in.

Where's Palo Alto?  
Sorry son, you're in Gilroy  
Jesus I'm so drunk

# AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

STARRING MONKEY BOY



# The Sum of All Tom Clancy

✈ **With Tom Clancy Plot Generator** ✈  
**for Unending Bestseller Reading**

## Chapter I: Vengeance

Jim Michael leapt over the low guardrail of the garage, his moist tan skin reflecting the rich yellow tones of the warm afternoon sun. He effortlessly tossed his black gym bag into the back of his aqua-blue imported Maserati and slid behind the leather-wrapped steering wheel, leaning back on the luxurious hides of several arctic mammals. At 31, Jim was already used to the finer aspects of life, as his well-manicured fingernails and hair suggested. Having graduated early with top honors from MIT with a degree in engineering, he had gone on to study law at Yale. Although he had enjoyed the time spent working at his uncle's law firm in New York, along with his 34th floor corner office with the view of Manhattan, he eventually decided to seek his own path when differences in philosophy came to a head. After only six-and-a-half years in real estate, Jim was already worth twice the average annual sales of most pharmaceutical companies. He smiled as he eased the sleek import out of his space. With a flick of his right wrist and the simultaneous release of his left foot and press of his right, he moved the machine out of the enclosed parking garage and out onto the street.

## Chapter II: Unrequited Remorse

General John Ray rose out of the superheated Jacuzzi and grabbed a white, one hundred percent cotton towel to wrap around his lean frame, as he strode across the bathhouse to answer the brown telephone hanging on the opposite wall. His jet black hair was starting to become flecked with steel gray, as his wife liked to point out, but this veteran of five wars (three hot, one cold, one tepid), refused to let that change his exercise habits. He could still outlast any buck sergeant in the endurance course, he often bragged, and he was probably right. His muscular body was still capable of the feats of strength it had been back when he was a tight-end at West Point. And running ten miles each and every morning for the last forty-some years had kept the fat clinging to his war-weary frame down to a mere one percent. The General lifted the receiver off the hook, and brought it to his ear.

"Liberals," he grimaced to himself. His battle-hardened mind turned to the hundreds of young men he had sent to die for the weak-limbed scum who plagued his existence. The man on the other end of the two-way scrambled phone, however, turned out to be

Howie Gonzalez, the young Mexican-American whose career Ray had followed ever since he had single-handedly thwarted a West Coast drug ring some three years back.

"General, you've got to get down here," intoned the soft-spoken Gonzalez. Ray listened for another half-minute, then, his eyes momentarily going wide, slammed the phone back against the cradle and raced towards the main white colonial-style house to change. He needed to be downtown as soon as possible!

## Chapter III: Trouble

Roughly one hundred and fifty nautical miles off the coast of Southeast Malaysia, a rusty cargo ship trudged forward beneath the dark, starless night. Within the engine room, fuel was drawn in slowly

and mixed with air by mighty throbbing pieces of machinery. Hardly as bright and shiny as they had been when the ship first set sail out of its New England berthing some ten years ago, they still performed admirably, with the Liberian crew needing to do little or no maintenance between scheduled services. The fuel-air mixture was drawn into one of the powerful engine's compression chambers, as the first stroke of the four-stroke cycle began. The piston head reached the top of the chamber, sealing off the mixture from its exterior brethren, and then began the stroke down, compressing the fuel-air non-adiabatically. The air within the piston chamber became superhot, until, suddenly, the fuel ignited from the heat, exploding the piston head upwards in its power stroke. The final stroke pushed the exhaust gases out, upwards, into the warm South Pacific night to mingle with the smells of burnt oil and the cheap cigarettes of the crew. Somewhere in the back of the gigantic ship, the turbine screw, as if by some sort of black, voodoo magic, turned and propelled the floating block of metal forward.

## Chapter IV: Paragon

Betty Michael smiled to herself as she glanced across the room and caught her reflection in the 14k gold-rimmed mirror hanging from the opposite end of the bedroom. "Not bad for a mother of three," she thought to herself, as she slimmed her hands across her stomach and hips. Being married to Jim was often no picnic. His free-lance work for various government operations over the years had kept her up late

Somewhere in the back of the gigantic ship, the turbine screw, as if by some sort of black, voodoo magic, turned and propelled the floating block of metal forward.

at nights worrying for his safety. Vigorous exercise and healthy living, however, had countered any signs of stress that might have been seen on her perfect 34-20-26 figure. Certainly her own work as chief research scientist at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratories kept her busy enough. Walking down the hallway, Betty glanced through to Jim's office. Past the 1/100th scale reproduction of Napoleon's army laying siege to a German church that was situated in the middle of the rich oak-paneled room, her eye set upon the flashing red LED light on the slick black digital answering machine Jim used for the third line. She winced. Hopefully, it wouldn't be anything important that would take Jim away for the next few weeks and put him in mortal danger fighting the forces of evil which threatened to broach the national security of the United States of America. Deep in her heart, though, she knew it would be.

## Chapter V: A Poor Man's Welcome

The red sun set slowly over the western plain of the sub-Saharan desert, as Habid Akbar flicked the smoldering remains of his last unfiltered Cuban cigarette into the swirling sand at his feet. Shouldering his customized matte-black AK-47, he turned and strode purposefully towards the pitched tents 125 yards away. Pulling the dark cloth that protected his face from the blowing sand tightly against his face, he felt rage begin to fill his heart. The time had come! There would be a reckoning!

## Chapter VI: Exposure

Twisting, turning, tumbling approximately three miles above North America was a small, highly sophisticated collection of instruments and cameras that represented the cutting edge of intelligence gathering. The resolution and zoom capabilities of the camera allowed analysts to read license plates, headlines off newspapers, even convenience store receipts. Masquerading as one of the LANDSAT satel-

ites launched under the Reagan administration, only a handful of well-trained operatives even knew of its existence. At \$6.5 million, it was infinitely more useful than a comparable amount of entitlements. Its unblinking eye twisted clockwise, then forward, as it focused and magnified a scene occurring far below on the Earth's surface. Digital freezes of the unfolding imagery were stored on the satellite's on-board hard drive, then dumped down planet-side in an atmospheric rainbow of information superiority.

## Chapter VII: Operation Metal Biscuit

General Ray's blue Taurus screeched to a halt in front of the remarkably plain-looking six-story building sitting in the middle of the 2800 block of 7th Street. He jumped out, having time to just acknowledge the young man who took his place behind the wheel to park the Ford. Throwing open the door, he turned immediately left, barely noticing the salutes thrown in his direction by the four men assembled in front of the elevator. He sprinted for the stairwell and began taking the stairs three at a time. Second floor, third floor, fourth. At last, he reached his destination and threw open the door, only to stop dead in his tracks.

(Insert Plot)

## Epilogue: Two Weeks Later

Jim settled back on his lounge chair, relaxing at last by his backyard Olympic size swimming pool. He half-closed his eyes as he felt the warmth of the overhead sun seep into his tired muscles. His head nodded forward slightly, and the fact-sheet he was reading began to slump to his chest. He hadn't felt so happily exhausted since the completion of the final Desert Storm operations.

• E N D •

# Tom Clancy Plot Generator

Want to create your own authentic Tom Clancy Plot? It's easy! Just pick one phrase from columns A, B, and C. But be careful. Don't read straight across. Those are actual Tom Clancy Plots!

A	B	C
CIA Analyst . . .	racers to find defecting Soviet sub . . .	and pulls off greatest espionage coup in history.
American spy in Moscow . . .	learns vital data on Russia's Star Wars missile defense system . . .	while deftly avoiding KGB agents.
Deputy Director of CIA . . .	saves world from nuclear holocaust . . .	and defeats international terrorists.
Ex-CIA Assassin . . .	kills drug dealers . . .	in rampage across country.
Former Marine officer . . .	rescues British Royal Family from assassination . . .	and destroys ultra-left-wing faction of the IRA.
Crack team of Hispanic commandos . . .	infiltrates South American drug cartel . . .	but is abandoned by greedy American bureaucrats.
Motley team of intelligence officers . . .	uncovers plot to rekindle Korean War . . .	and eliminates threat to the free world.

# Blues Legends



## The Grover Sales Gallery of Broken-Down Blues Musicians

I knew most of them, either through interviews or through personal contact. Those that I did not know I knew about, through stories, rumors, and rare record jackets circulated among those of us who considered ourselves blues fans at the time. The Early American Blues Artists, this country's original classical musicians, constructed raw foundations of jazz brick with a mortar made from the chopped up broken-down lives of the musicians. Because of this, blues music is often mistakenly described as "the music of self-pity." This is a grave error. Within the seemingly simple AAB (call, call, response) structure of classic twelve bar blues, there exists the potential for every possible human expression of emotion or anything else, including reluctance to pay for one's own murder, lemon obsessions, sadness over the family's decision to go into the grasshopper business, and many other themes result-

ing from a profoundly abnormal environment. The blues! When reading about these musicians' lives and sampling the lyrics that burst forth after weeks of vitamin-D-triggered psychosis, remember that this, not Kenny G or Devo (what in Christ hell was "DEVO"?), is linked with our national consciousness and identity. If you don't like the blues after this thing, then screw you. Leave the country.

**MUDDY BOWL JEFFERSON** was born with a depression in his head instead of an actual head. He did not actually play the blues, but ranks among the most important folk subjects of early American blues. Indeed, in the first two years of blues, most songs obsessively focused on his legend. Witness the powerful influence of Mud Bowl:

*Ole Mud Bowl, that beast is the Devil's son,  
Ole Mud Bowl, that beast is the Devil's son,  
Just seein' Ole Mud Bowl's face has burned a macabre brand in my brain, the pain of which remains until death*

"Ole Mud Bowl just may have destroyed a whole heap of good blues artists," said **Infirmary Itsy**.

**MEMPHIS RED** used to like to say, "I like blues because you can get right down into it like a hole. I like the fire because you can burn yourself and other folks out of that hole." Memphis Red learned blues from the country musicians who used to pick around the Doggy Lemon General Store. The stories in his songs fuse together hard remembrances of young life in a small rural town and a

preoccupation with fire and "burning people dead."

*Went down to the station, to sell my arm for bread (2)*

*Gonna get me something hot, mamma, and burn somebody dead*

**TUNA FISH FOOT** was raised in the Biotech Mountains of Mississippi, listening to **Disintegratin' Hopkins** and **Nerves on the Outside Nimby** pluck traditional country blues with vocals gargled by extra skin. Song lyrics in the Foot tradition are painfully direct, describing romantic mix-ups, bouts with the Devil (alcohol), and lamentations over severe deformities.

*Let her down, Lord, up from atop that tree*

*Let her down, Lord, up from the great tree*

*My baby grew bat wings and she flew away from me*

This song, "Grub Grubbin'," describes a radioactively dangerous world filled with grubs the size of buildings and rivers of boiling mud.

*Down to the tunnel, down into the ground*

*Down to the tunnel, right down in the ground*

*That's where the grub people live, shh! please don't make a sound*

**FULL OF HATE NATE** had an old two-dollar eyepatch on his right eye. Pasted on that eyepatch was a small piece of paper on which the following classic "Natism" was written: "Just like a little Bird, wish you would fly away, away, away from me." Classic Nate. In a performance, Nate would stand there as still as a Greek statue and just start telling people what he thought of them and why they weren't good enough for his music. Then, after maybe twenty minutes when the club was empty except for a few emotionally tough fans, he would play his blues. And they truly were the blues — songs hailing from a lifetime of hard living and no loving.

*Woke up this morning, found an anvil in my head*

*Woke up this morning, found a big anvil in my head*

*Cartoons messin' messiNG MESSsing with my mind again again*

"Sometimes I would walk in and he would be talking to his hand, which he painted with lipstick and eyes. You know, like a lady," recalls **Frog-Fixation Freddie**. "He was a weird cat."



"**HEARTHEAD RAY**," recollects an old harmonica man, "had a big heart right on his head. When the blues flowed from him, you could tell it was from his heart. You could tell because you could watch that big ole heart start convulsing and shaking like crazy."

*She left me howling at that dirty ole moon*

*She left me howling at that dirty cheese moon*

*I thought she knew I wear my heart on my head*

"Heart on My Head" became a crossover hit among a larger, whiter audience. Mainstream commercial artists such as **Frank Smiley**, **Stan Reno**, and the anonymous musicians behind the Lesion Genie® commercials subsequently transformed its profound heartache to deadened pop sensibility.

Hearthead Ray, perhaps fortunately, did not live long enough into his first gig to see his song mutate into an advertising jingle.

People mainly remember **LYING BONE LYONS** for standing up standing-room only audiences. Nevertheless, Lying Bone's "I Was There, Where Were You?" still holds its place as the standard

for "stand-up" blues and as the catalyst of hobo complaint music. Late in his career, Lyons began to claim to be the president of a country he called "Honky-Tonk Train." This phase saw a decrease of songwriting, but a heady increase of diatribes against the Asian bloc, particularly China, and long-winded boasts of his influence in the UN. Of course, there were a few traditional blues songs among the speeches:

*Ain't got no problems, except those old Chinese*

*(I said) I ain't got no problems, except those old Chinese*

*Pretty soon, I'm a-fraid, I'm gonna bring em to their knees*

And one of his last, most desperate songs:

*Nuclear winter, no more beans to hoe*

*Nuclear winter, ain't got no beans to hoe*

*When the big one falls, only the president of Honky-Tonk Train will know*

The liar turned liar-megalomaniac died in a "fishing accident in the mountains" at the hands of confirmed CIA agent, **Kansas City Danny**.



# Billy



# Jiblets

I met a man who worked at McDonald's once. He was nice. His name was Jiblets, and he made all the french fries. I like french fries. Sometimes he'd take me out back after he was done, and we would talk of fries.

"Jiblets," I'd say, "what's it like making french fries for all the little kids like me?"

"Son," he'd say, "it's a lot like being Santa Claus, I guess, except you don't ride a sleigh — you ride the nastiest damned piece of equipment in the kitchen — and you've got one gigantic salt shaker hittin' your goodies all day."

"Jiblets, you're the man!"  
"Don't touch me."

Jiblets took me to meet Grimace one day. I loved Grimace, he was the greatest thing I'd ever seen on the TV. I so wanted to meet him and ask him about his secrets. Grimace loved McDonald's just like me. He'd eat anything from there, even the cherry pie. Grimace, Grimace, Grimace, so purple and round and cuddly. Me and Grimace would be friends.

Grimace wasn't the same as on TV. He looked more like the Hamburgler, except a lot skinnier and with empty, protruding eyes. Grimace told me that if all the rich bastards would work in McDonald's like him and Jiblets, they'd learn the true meaning of pain and how much our country sucks. Then he tried to stand on his chair, but he fell off and started shaking on the floor. Jiblets gave him a pill and then he was quiet. Jiblets said Grimace had to take time-outs sometimes. I like Grimace.

Jiblets took me back to McDonald's then. In the car, I asked him why Grimace wasn't as happy as he was on the TV.

"Grimace needs 'special candy' to be happy."

"Oh," I said. "Do you?"  
"Not yet. I've only been working at McDonald's for three weeks."  
"Oh. Can I work at McDonald's some day?"  
Then Jiblets started to cry.  
Mom was glad when Jiblets brought me back to McDonald's. She was so glad she said she wanted Daddy to relocate. We moved away next year. I never saw Jiblets at McDonald's again after Mommy talked to the manager. I saw him at the mall later that year, but he looked funny. I asked Mommy why, but she told me to shut up.



Sometimes when I eat french fries, I stop to think of Jiblets and his neat friend Grimace. I don't think too long though, because the oil on the fries starts to burn my skin, so I eat it. Mommy says Jiblets "ate it," too. I'm glad.

One thing about America, man, it's totally fascist. The system, man. You know? The system sucks! Are you with me? Like, the other day, I was smoking some fat buds, and I was like, "The system, man. The system sucks!" And my friend, he goes, "Yeah, I know." I mean, "Excuse me, President Hitler, what is this, Australia?" In my opinion, America isn't Australia, you know? I can smoke anything I want to. The fucking pigs, man, they need to get high or something. Whatever happened to reparations without taxonomy, man? Hold on . . .

All right. So back to what I was talking about. I mean, I'm really hungry right now. I could eat a whole one of those frozen pizzas

down those plants out in the forest? You think he wasn't lying when he said it was just a cherry tree? Dude, are you stoned or something?

[giggles for 15 minutes]

All right, sorry. So, yeah, that one time, I took like five or six huge rips from this 12-foot bong, and it had this like weird head, I don't know. It belonged to this guy. I didn't even know him, man, but the dude had these huge buds, like this big. But this guy, he was weird. I met him at this concert, and there was this other guy there, he was totally freaking out, you know, he was all waving his hands around and going, "I'm freaking

But, yeah, like I was saying, I don't have any money. I don't even have enough money to get anything but this Mexi shit, you know? And I can't even get a job without some fucking millionaire hassling me about a drug test or something. My friend, Rob, had to take a drug test once. But I need some of that kind Sonoma stuff, you know, like the buds, man, they're so fat. They're kind! One time these chicks smoked me out with that stuff, and I got so high. I mean, I would buy some of that stuff if I could get a fucking job, but I can't.

One time I filled this bong with grape soda, man. I swear. I was so baked, and



right now. So what? What if I get two? I mean, what is this, Montana? No, man, it's not. This is not Montana.

But, anyway, what was I talking about? Oh, yeah, these Stouffer's pizzas, man. One time me and my friend, Pete, we got like, I don't know, two of them. But back to these pizzas. I could eat a couple of those right now. Wait up . . .

Okay. So what does that one Dylan song mean anyway? I mean, how can he be younger than he used to be? That's fucked up, man. That's some fucked up shit. But how do you think those Foundation Fathers thought up all that wacked-out shit? Why do you think Abraham Lincoln was chopping

out, man! I'm freaking out!" We had to give him a ride home, but we didn't know where he lived, and we stopped at this 7-11 because I wanted some nachos, but they didn't have any, so I just got a Slurpee, but the straw was all messed up, it didn't have that little spoon on the end and it was like this weird flavor, like cherry or something, so, anyway, back to that other guy, he was weird, man. He was one fucked up guy.

In the future, I think that scientists will be able to steer the direction of the Earth through space and will take us all on a galactic joyride, like that thing in "Heavy Metal." The movie. It would be, like, the "Love Boat." I bet one of the scientists would want to be captain of Earth.

everything looked purple to me. I mean, things that weren't purple at all, they looked purple. I said to my friend, "Where the fuck did you get this purple weed?"

I mean, I heard that in Tibet, there's no dirt to bury the dead people. Swear to God, man, they just take them up to the top of the mountain and let vultures eat them. Is that crazy or what? Someone should bring those people some dirt. Wait . . .

Well, I don't want to change the whole subject of what I was supposed to be talking about, but I want to say something about the country we live in. It's America, and it sure is one fucked up place.

# HISTORY · OF · AMERICA

## Our Country's Entire History in a Single Page

A long time ago, a group of people crossed an ice bridge that connected Asia and the North American continent. The bridge melted into the sea a day after the crossing. These people were following a species of Mastadon, their prime source of sustenance. They were the Mastodonian Clan. Eventually, they followed game all the way to the virgin wilderness of the United States, and the plentiful bounty of food found there enabled them to split from each other and start their own respective tribes in all corners of the land. These peoples developed their own distinct cultures with complicated language and religious systems.

The first Americans were to remain unmolested for many thousands of years, with only three interruptions: 1000 AD brought Leif Ericson's Vikings, who the Indians called "Yellow Drunken Devils"; the Africans, a well-received group who introduced a new number system that is more accurate than the one currently in use; and unknown travelers from "a golden ship" who brought frisbee-like toys and guitars.

Spaniards arrived in 1490, carrying the disease "rot smut," a virus of uncleanness. In the throes of the virus, they were prone to murder and other abnormal acts, and they killed the native Indians indiscriminately. Later, French, Dutch, Portuguese and English ships came, carrying "rot smut" and killing more. Finally, the Indians began to show symptoms of infection, retaliating in a violence matching that of the infected European. Because England was dark and wet, the sunny East Coast of America soon filled with English people who continued killing the Indians, sometimes suffering losses themselves. Whole communities of English alien colonists, unused to harsh New England winters, froze to death.

The English aliens, after becoming accustomed to their environment, tricked

a huge amount of Africans into coming to America, where they functioned as slaves and worked in the fields of production. To keep them from subverting power, the English forced them at musket to become addicted to a serum that only they could provide. The English, on a roll, fought and killed other Englishmen to break from the old rulers. A gang-style government with massive soldier support rose as the rulers of the country, the descendants of whom still rule today. The main gang continued to try to exterminate the



Indians, but there were too many at this time. The African slaves collectively kicked their habit through mutual support and eventually freed themselves into the hands of industry.

By the 1890s, the decade which brought the great machinery, no wilderness remained. New machines added to production, which added to reproduction, the end result of which was an increase in production. More production required more machines, and cities became

crowded and permeated with mechanical noise, the source of all city hostility. Europeans of all sorts as well as Africans participated in battling over resources and were joined later by other non-European immigrants. Although most Americans worked as mechanical extensions, some avoided work altogether by tricking others to do their work. Cities grew and television standardized the nation's language and behavior. Racism still existed, however, because of shrinking resources and mind control powder placed in water supplies. Population in America was well past its carrying capacity by 2012. Despite a mass execution of the entire American prison population, the population grew until 2030, when a deadlier version of colonial "smut rot" killed more than half of the population.

A schizophrenic with orange hair rose as leader, gaining favor of the people by promising free, unlimited "june gerry" to all Americans. "June gerry" was a very powerful narcotic to which the entire country was addicted. The drug never arrived, and, after public frexing of the ousted leader, a state of anarchy reigned. All-powerful Mexico/Africa took advantage of this in 2180, killing all Americans except fourteen with a consciousness bomb. These fourteen were shuttled off to space, landing on a planet where they founded a colony of television watchers who lived forever and were regarded by the East Universe as supernatural oracles. Back on Earth, after so many years of trying, humanity decided collectively to scorch the surface of the earth with the Mexican-Africans' psycho ray. Remaining humans then painted a United States-sized icon on its barren face, which God squinted at and recognized from above as the planet's surrender. God sucked Earth into the Eternal Recycler, and Pluto, the co-signers of Earth's existence, received a refund of \$68.



## Credits

- Travelog • Staff
- Now That • Peiffer
- Holidays Cartoon • P. Smith
- 109 Reasons • McConaha
- Stanford and America • Gohlke
- Dole Defies Defeat • Lampson
- One Language • Pearl
- Separated at Birth • Kucer, Staff
- Seven Wonders of Rural America • Pearl
- Birth of a Nation Dolls • Pearl
- ESPN II • Crane, Staff
- Meet the Bootles • Onstad
- American Jesus • Pearl
- Greyhound Haiku • Marroquin
- Withered Soul • Peiffer
- Donkeytown • Onstad, Saxon
- The Sum of All Tom Clancy • Olding
- Blues Singers • Saxon
- Jiblets • Lucy
- Stoner Talks About America • Gohlke
- History of America • Saxon
- Reunion • P. Smith

### Art Credits

- Cover • Gagner
- Mr. Jenkins Ad • Saxon
- Birth of a Nation Dolls • Whitehead
- Meet the Bootles • Ellis
- American Jesus • Kinne
- Greyhound Haiku • Kinne
- Jiblets • P. Smith



