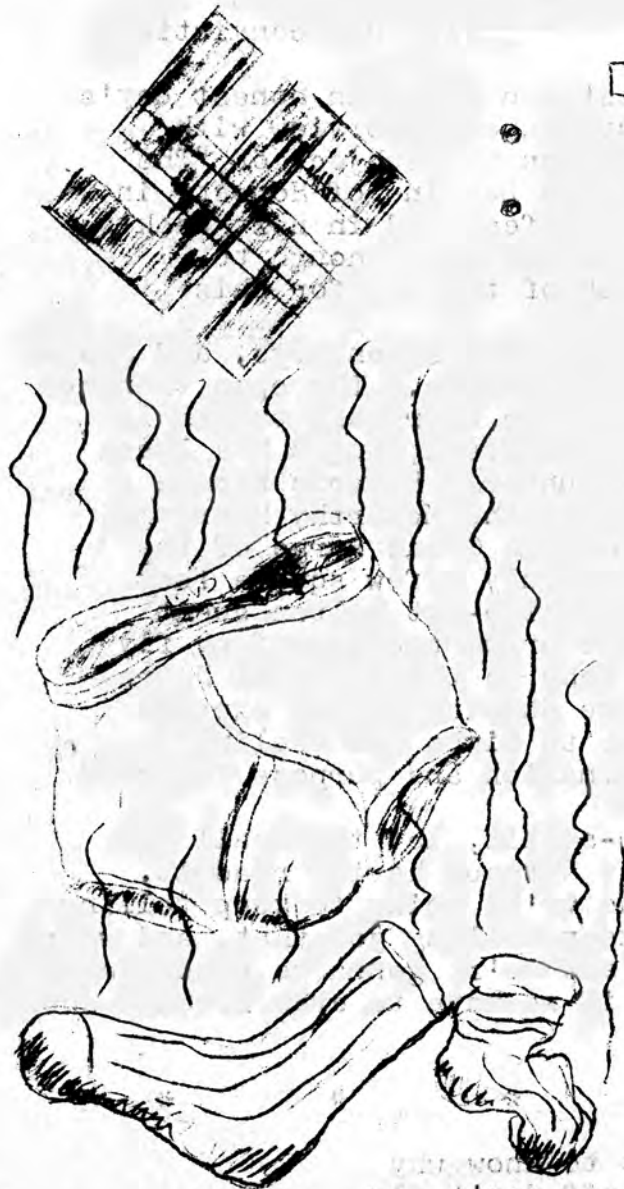


A STANFORD CHAPARRAL PARODY

# THE POMPOUS VOICE 20¢



THIS WE  
CHANGE

THESE  
WE  
DON'T

MILITANT-SENSITIVE-SMELLY

WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT IN SPITE OF YOU JERKS

They said it would be a waste of time to push freedom at Stanford--like being the only junkie at a D.A.R. convention. Harry said it, Bill said it, and Humbaba said it.

That first day outside Tresidder, veins throbbing and nerves tense from the keen anticipation of flaunting AUTHORITY, IT WAS GOOD. They said that we couldn't do it, that we were a bunch of chicken-schnit drugstore pacifists and Monday-morning Roosevelts--they said we wouldn't have the guts to really DO anything. Yet the spirit of rebellion was diffused yet intense like myrrh over the Tigris-Euphrates that day.

Looking out over the vast concrete and macadam desert that is to be "White Memorial Plaza" (Memorial to what? Fifty million bloody dollars.)--a vast wasteland peopled by egotistical bulldozers and narrow-minded trees, one felt the urgent necessity of the task to which our convictions had committed us.

It felt good to see honest men doing an honest day's work, poor dupes. (A three-hour taped interview with Alphonso Frijol, of Castro City, on the subject of "The Existential Rationalization of the Decline of Honesty in the American Proletariat" will be featured in next week's VOICE. (en espanol) Mr. Frijol was kind enough to relinquish his only coffee break of the day for this soul-searching interview).

The souls of Caryl Chessman, the Rosenbergs, and Jesse James were there in the phony wilderness. The open trenches and planned devastation recalled the beer-hall putsch in Montgomery, '57. The day that Joe Steel caught his lunch for good. The ultimate lunch-counter. Reverie became a stream of awareness as we recalled the McCarthy Hearings, the H.U.A.C. demonstrations, and the Great Purge of the Ukraine, the noble Uzbeks asking only a few square feet of swampland--awareness became white-hot molten sweat pouring down my forehead and the proud buttons of my fly sought to peel the message in echo to the bells of Notre Dame de Paris and Chartres--like jumping off an express garbage truck on a one way trip to Limbo and feeling really good and AWARE. Determination and purpose followed inspiration.

Let them call us chicken-schnit, let them call the POMPOUS VOICE a piece of schnit without having read it, we're all free men, damnit, and we're going to keep telling you that, and we're going to keep telling you that, and we're going to be free to tell you, and we're gonna be condescending and snotty about our freedom, if we have to cram freedom down your goddamn throats.

\* \* \* \* \*

I want to know why  
Fat stuff don't fly.

TWO DAFFODILS

The first thing I noticed about her was her face. It was young -- young most of all -- and it made the soft, deep Pittsburgh fog light unbend into the soft corners of my aching head. I don't remember where the drunk began -- or when, for that matter: all i remember was how young -- youngyoungyoung -- she was...

Couldn't be more than nine or ten. Just a kid--probably in the third grade, with her goddam fascist-television-american-is-wonderful-teacher staring at her sunny head with those blank dirty eyes.

I lit up...She had moved now, moved over by the flower bed with the bright-shiny madison-avenue-flowers and she was staring at them with quiet eyes (the eyes were what I really remember; jocko and zock and I had been drinking for so long--sensitively, beautifully...) and I exhaled the smoke through my fingers, in love, i think, for the first time since we had been drinking. I heard the sleek, chromium hollywood chrch bells ring, and i wanted to say stop...stop it goddam you lousy stinking cops. The liquor was squealing in my head (we had been drunk since the day before) and i had to squint, but I saw her then, she was moving over by the real flowers, by some yellow daffodils i think (i feel they were yellow; they had to be yellow) and she picked two quietly, the faintest outlines of truth smiling now across her mouth, turning the flowers over and over/...

it was after two...i met zock in the subway, jouncing among the blank, bourgeois faces, in the screaming, writhing air...

Fifty-third street..and i wondered: what kind of world will she grow up in? I mean I really wondered. I could see her there coughing on radioactive air, her pretty face twisted, her eyes bulging with the horror of war. mMy drunk mouth twisted with bitter, sensitive drunken irony as i wondered whether she'd be pushing flowers or picking them in a world of insensitive, heavy big uniforms, selling pencils in the rubble that was once the park... and then i hated it, the bomb, more than ever, and i wanted to cry and scream and throw up and i knew, i KNEW for the first time, that she was truth and freedom, even there in the park, and i wanted to shout: free... freefreefree...as theswirling train slammed all its disgusting, sickened humanity to a grimy, iron halt.

-- o, m, marmaduke

FILM REVIEW: Influenza of the Bowels

The opening of the new Cellar Cinematique last week (see Places to Go and Things to Do) was highlighted by the showing of a film which will undoubtedly take its place as a landmark in the New American Cinema. Influenza of the Bowels, produced, directed, and photographed by cinema wonderboy Spence Sprocket and starring Claire Boudin and Claude Merde as the lovers, tells, with almost unbearably sensitive insight, the poignant story of two migrant latrine diggers out of work on the Mojave Desert. Sprocket's camera faithfully records the pressure which contemporary society has placed on this much-persecuted profession, as well as some pretty sunsets. Shot originally in surplus Navy 8mm magenta and green, then blown up and projected on 70mm negative, this film belies the economy of its budget (admission is three dollars per person and, as director Sprocket confided to this reviewer on Opening Night, "If a coupla guys show up I'll break even.").

It is difficult to single out any particular aspects of this fine film for special praise, so wonderful was the entirety, but I must say that Miss Boudin, whom American cinemaphiles will best remember as the tormented, deaf-mute, alcoholic, schizophrenic, smelly murderess-stripteaser in Jaque LeCon's Death up the Waz at last year's SF festival, turns in a truly remarkable performance, especially in the many taxing bathroom sequences. Also, the music from Influenza of the Bowels, based on the old freedom-march standby "We Shall not be Moved", and highlighted by Miss Boudin's truly touching rendition of the title song, leaves little to be desired.

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THE POMPOUS VOICE, the militant and sensitive branch publication of the Stanford Chaparral, is not published bi-weekly during the school year except for Christmas vacation and February when we have our staff party. Our purpose is to provide an outlet for all creative-minded students, intellectuals, and teachers, and all others whose parched voices are stifled by the starch-collared Right-wing Administration Communists and warmongers. Manuscripts are always welcome, if they are thoughtful and smudged. Our motto: Ungharooooooooo Yeah!!!, which when translated from the original Parmesian means "If you can't get it printed anywhere else, we can probably get it mimeographed."

Our staff:

Editor-at-Large: Steve Zousmer  
Large Managing Editor: Dick Enerson  
Big Business Manager: Tim Haight  
Women's Manager: Karen Cook

Writers: Bert K. Deske, Larry Madison, Marc Lee, Temp Peck,  
Richard Such, Yeheudi Bronson, Tom Lieser, Stan Williams

## THE SOUTH AMERICAN RECTAL ROOT

(The following discourse has been transcribed from a tape recording made by Vito Stipplecokkilus while under the influence of the newly discovered South American Rectal Root. It was found in Iran in late 1961.)

Hi, there. I was just sampling the newly discovered South American Rectal Root found in Iran in 1961. The drug is a carefully brewed conction of banana leaves and pygmy skin and Wesson Oil. It has the effect of inducing deep psychic suspension combined with ecstasy. The ecstasy spreads upward from the hips and takes charge completely. I think I will have a few drops right now.

There. It tastes good and there is a moment's suspension of all time before it begins to take effect. The first thing you'll notice is...waaaaah wooooph noogah noogah ni ni yetchcap ohh la la la la la la la wonk. It takes effect wow my lor yo yeep you gotta have a lotta control if you hel dki dkslkei &kskw(-du. Like I was saying O iwas saying... saying that it creeps around the body now my arm is leaping around like a jumping bean on the electric chair. Good analogy there...er, simile. The drug takes a flying leap at you and then you isim skjshsk. There is also a state of euphoric agony in which you can reach out to the essentials of the dKep7, the universe.

You gotta hand it to these Iranians. When they make a drug it doesn't matter how brilliant you are you don't care about Henry Miller and erotics!

Sex in its fullness is just a sip of this stuff. It don't affect you unless you're deep. Then you take a sip as I will now and...slurp... your motor reactions are dulled and sensory perceptions revolve around the yang yang yang. Heud; Zsmer fomms,  $\frac{1}{2}$  the rainn drupps on heads 60% 26gd.

Yizzzz. Ah I feel better now. No more sexual anxieties, no more repressions or complexes but overweaning catharsis. Catharsis is the essence of Purgatory in men's minds. And then you take another belt of the stuff and you loose uqf your equilibrium, your stance iiiwuwmxdgfk. Eagle flex. I soar. I'm gonna be sick and puke all over the ksu worl dlmx/

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### POETYU - A Request

Let me take your hearts in my hands, Jayne Mansfield.  
Let me swirl upon a distant shore of pulchritude and bovine mist  
And sing a song of meadows dear  
Until your hearts I've kissed



AN INTERVIEW WITH TWO SENSITIVE AND DEFIANT  
STUDENTS WHO WENT TO CUBA

Gar Sewnlip and Sally Labamba were two of the select and elite crowd of freedom lovers who defied everybody to go to Cuba. When POMPOUS VOICE met with them we found out that they were, like us, more sensitive and aware and worthy of life than all the other slobs around here, including you. They love freedom and will see it wherever it is anywhere. They had guts to go because of this gutsy love of freedom. Here is our talk with them.

Pompous: Now tell us about Cuba. Your impressions, as sensitive and militant as possible.

Gar: It was profound. From the moment we stepped on the plane there was a profundity bordering on abstruceness and transcending recondition.

Sally: It swung too, Mr. Pompous.

Pompous: What was most profound?

Gar: That's hard to say, Daddy. The plane flew high in the sky and hung in the air like a bird at wing.

Sally: Actually we didn't really get off the ground, Mr.

Pompous. You see we were smuggled to Miami from our hideout in the Everglades. But when we got to Miami Airport they put us on the plane to Jacksonville.

Gar: There was much in Jacksonville. The marchers came and we felt the chairs beneath our seats and the air was cool and damp and there was the rain and the feeling of Death.

Pompous: No kidding? They always said Jacksonville was different. You say it was raining when you were there?

Gar: Yes. It was a Strontium 90 storm. The Strontium fell upon us as we tiptoed through the glades.

(over)

Sally: There weren't any glades really. We had to wait at the Airport for six hours until they got us a plane.

Pompous: Then what happened?

Sally: They didn't get us a plane. All the Commies came around and claimed that we hadn't paid for our tickets and that we had stolen the plane from Miami.

Gar: I personally piloted the plane. They said we should have waited for the airlines pilot. But he didn't love freedom enough so we just left.

Pompous: They were obviously discriminating against you because you are sensitive and peace-loving. Don't you think?

Sally: Oh, yes. But that wasn't all. They tried to arrest Gar when we arrived at the Jacksonville airport. They claimed that he was responsible for wrecking the plane. Actually the plane was bombed by the Fascists. Gar brought it in perfectly except for the bomb. But they framed him.

Gar: I'm out on bail now. I have been to jail sixty-three times and never committed a crime. See my jeans. Great, eh? Jail is the best place for getting your jeans filthy and meaningful.

Pompous: We heartily agree. There is a distinction between offending the law and offending society. A social offense is one thing while a legal offense is a horse of a different color. There is a fine line separating the two.

Sally: It sure is a fine line.

(over)



Gar: Entirely correct. Stealing a plane is one thing while using it to gather knowledge and understanding is quite another. Even if you do steal a plane.

Pompous: Well, let's get back to your jeans.

Sally: Yes, let's do that.

Gar: You have to notice the holes in them. I had these holes sewn in especially to give myself a non-warmongering appearance. Notice this hole above my knee. It lets in fresh air.

Sally: Yes, a lot of free air. Really free.

Pompous: I think before we start getting really into this we should stop for a moment and talk about Cuba and your trip. What insights did you have about the Castro regime?

Gar: Quite a few, Don. For one thing--

Sally: I just told you that we never got to Cuba. We spent the whole time in Jacksonville trying to straighten out the plane problem. But the Dept. of Justice kept horning in and trying to arrest Gar.

Gar: I'd like to say a few words about Bobby Kennedy, if I may. First of all I think he is a rich bourgeois middle-upper class Harvard man with nine kids. And married! You can't have a narrow mind like that running the free world.

Pompous: I quite agree, Gar. Bobby Kennedy is insensate.

Sally: Any man without holes in his pants is only half a man. Castro has holes in his pants. He is a man.

Pompous: Did you get a chance to meet with Dr. Castro?

(over)

Sally: Look, Mr. Pompous, I keep telling you we never split out of Jacksonville. And the atmosphere there was positively stultifying. We were there a week and before we left that "civilized" and bourgeois place I was even considering buying a bra.

Gar: But I wouldn't let her do it.

Pompous: Why not?

Gar: Bras are for cows. I like my women in a green bookbag.

Pompous: I think we should now wind up our discussion. Let me ask each of you for a final, penetrating comment.

Gar: Some say the world will end in fire, others say in ice, but I say it will end in war.

Sally: Jacksonville must go first.

Pompous: Thank you, Sally and Gar.

Sally: Ciao, Pompous.

Gar: Chow, Sally.

\* \* \* \* \*

POETRY: Swirling Hemlock

Ja flying, flying transiently 'cross the mellowed marsh  
The barking of the beauty beagles bubbling now  
As true as haunting blackness:  
The jaubing yellow on the face of sin.

Ja flying, zooming uncautious with titantic strength  
Pounding, slamming, wacking 'gainst the towering peak  
Could it not come to pass  
Flying blithely on wings of stained Spanish steel.

Ja flying, fleeting o'er glasses of grasses fluttering  
Like a star-crossed twinkling tin  
Of reverberating and breathless axles  
Caught in a tether by the Hammer.

Thine? Ja flying, ja.

PROTEST NOW  
NOT TOMORROW BUT TODAY

The POMPOUS VOICE Protest Committee visited your lousy campus last week only to discover that you bourgeois-bound boobs don't even know how to protest. Our disgust over this was militant and forceful: we stepped back and puked our guts out at your Fascist PACE program. Get our dandruff up? Well, I should say! So now we are going to list for you the most sensitive and effective ways you can protest now. Now. Militantly. Here they are:

1. Recline at entrance to the library stacks, stamping heels violently against loan desk. Scream "Freedom for Books!" loudly. Spit non-violently on librarian.
2. Walk sensitively past cashier at Union with full tray of food. If commanded to pay for food, dash tray to floor, and shriek "Food for peace! Freedom for Food! Down with the bourgeois fasciski money-mongers!" Escape.
3. Go on an air strike. Hold breath alternately with friend until all bomb shelters are removed from the seven Western states. Have Daily photograph action.
4. Hound a trustee.
5. Play a guitar during the entire candlelight service at Memorial Church. Sing thoughtfully, loudly. Resort to physical non-violence in resisting removal.
6. Leave Nothing Outside.
7. Occupy an empty Stanford police car. Roll up all windows, lock all doors. Take lunch, sleeping bag, large kettle. Stay until police capitulate.
8. Sleep for peace. Militantly.
9. Sign up for a 12 o'clock and a 1 o'clock. Demand separate finals.
10. Clear your throat rather disgustingly.
11. Ride a motorcycle in the arcades.
12. Smoke in the stacks.

And these are only a few. We must PROTEST PROTEST PROTEST. Protest till Lagunita freezes over. And remember: whatever is done, don't tolerate it.

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Dear Editor, POMPOUS VOICE,

Re I.D.Braunat's letter of September 30: The Freedom Thirst Strike, to be directed at the Stanford Linear Accelerator, is being organized under the auspices of the Protest League In California (PLIC), the Central Committee of which is in liaison with Anarchists International for Democracy (AID). Although the Strike welcomes support from any thoughtful persons, it has no connections with the Committee for Regulation of Anarchist Protest, as Mr. Braunat suggests.

William Exquisite  
Student-at-Large, West Coast

## FREEDOM ON THE RODS

The rods, man. Crisscross and slash the thalidomide land like fine gauze conering the festering wound of our television Gomorrah. Only the rods, the flashing thrusts of steel rail plunging deep into the heartland, are real. And I don't mean the five-fifteen air-conditioned bar cars speeding their paisley sheep back and forth to Westports and Scarsdales of the Brooks Brothers noose. I mean the freights, man, the smelly ones, reeking with the crapmanuredung of cows and glue of Dole pineapple cans and rotting fruit still left over from the Grapes of Wrath. The Main Line, not Philadelphia's (O city of Brotherly Love--rot rot--where the Liberty Bell hangs cracked and reeking dungmanurecraps of injustice). The Main Line, that like a shot of Horse transports the Lost Ones, and I with them, to the Only Truth.

It was me and Gabby Joe and Mike the Bum and The Silent Boy Who Knew, and the one they called Underpants and laughed at when he spoke through rotten teeth. We hopped a cattle car at Kansas City, yelling and screaming to each other to be careful of the guards--those pawns--I hate them still--and laughing too because it was funny and we were men. I had my banjo and both guitars with me and my pockets bulged with harmonicas which Gabby Joe would try to steal and stomp on with his boots, laughing, and Mike the Bum had his instrument too, a battered rubber band which had seen better days and was beginning to shred along sides. There was music in Mike and God, the sounds he made that tiny piece of rubber spit!

He plucked it first with his toes, then with his fingers, then with his rotten teeth and always it would get away from him in his ecstasy and hit me in the eye like Truth or a shot of Horse or Cow dungcrapmanure and we would laugh, even The Silent Boy Who Knew. And pulling out of Kansas City I opened the bottle of cheap chianti I had and passed it around and took out my guitar, the six string Martin Drendnaught, and sang "Kansas City Blues" over the steel--I can't describe it-- and the voice of me the wanderer and hoping someone would give me back my bottle and when it came back it was empty and crashed against my guitar, splintering it like a mind that had too much and the glass cutting up my face till the warm blood flowed into my mouth salty and the one they called Underpants scooped up a huge glob of cow dungmanurecrap and gooshed it in my face to stop the bleeding (or maybe he said "bleating"--I couldn't tell because of the deep rich laughter of the others), gloriously turned on to my chianti came to my ears to strike me with a glow of realness which almost wiped away the television death I have been living.

When I awake outside of Amarillo, Mike the Bum was beating Gabby Joe with my banjo (five-string White Lady Vega model) and both were cursing beautiful strong brave curses while the one called Underpants tried to stop their bleeding the way he did mine. (O who would have thought that grimy, smelly, hairy

exterior concealed such a Florence the Gale heart, but such are the mysteries and wonders of the rods, sheep) And the Silent Boy Who Knew had his hands on me and was caressing me humming softly and tenderly with his fingertips especially when he got his hands in my pockets all warm. This is love too and I won't condemn it like the smug heterosexual suburban pawns, and I was in ecstasy and when it was over my wallet, cigarettes and two of my harmonicas were gone and the Silent Boy Who Knew jumped out on the next upgrade and ran phantomlike into the night.

And outside of Pith Springs the train stopped to take on water and we all climbed down out of the car laughing and stretching our legs and smoking my cigarettes (I had some more). I watched the sunbright sun gas the western sky out of its mind with red and snapped my fingers laughing and jumped in the air hollering "Freedom!" Ecstasy. Gabby Joe took my guitar (the twelve-string Hauser Leadbelly model) and made a little fire out of it, he was the genius in the ways of the rods and everyone gathered around it rubbing their hands and then going out of their minds because it was at least ahundredandthree in the shade and we had no food to cook. I didn't care (gloriously) and sat down grooving behind the sight of the flames, transfixed beyond my gourd with the little tongues of orange which blew hot notes out of the shiny box-- the real music yes yes yes.

Then someone yelled "fuzz!" and, teeth clenching in hate of the smelly pawns, we scrambled back into the car and in the confusion (wild wild) someone kicked me in the face and opened the cuts again and the one called Underpants laid some more medicine on me and told me to "beat it" and I did as hard as I could until my fists were tired and my face ached. To make me more comfortable Underpants loosed my shirt and belt all the way and then put them on himself to keep them warm for me when I wanted them again, and I was stark naked and bleeding and free free. Wow!

And all of a sudden Mike the Bum perked up his ear and said he heard the railroad agents (those pawns!) coming down the line checking out the cars and that we had better get the hell offa here if we didn't want the scums to shoot us and that since I was closest to the door I should go first and everyone agreed laughing--the courage brave courage-- so I slid the door open and leaped out yelling "Freedom!" and my maked body hit the ground at fifty and I rolled rolled rolled just feeling the sharp gravel bite into my flesh and giggling the new kick so much and watching the train go down the tracks so I could see when my buddies got their kicks, but no one jumped after me.

ME

As I walked down 79th Street with life screaming out of my gut like a forlorn banana peel under the heel of a serrated and well-bred, double-breasted Madison Avenue pawn, I sensed with quickening pulse not unlike a jackrabbit being stalked by a bourgeoisie-raised toothbrush salesman in an Eisenhower jacket that all was done. Life was doomed. Really fresh air would never swirl like the Goddess into my open-armed lungs again. I would never feel the unselfish caress of the subway bench on the small of my back as the great steel monster rolled with Caesar-in-Rome majesty into the 125th street station. They were after me-- all of them-- in a great advancing phalanx led by Uncle Sam, the fuzz, Betty Crocker, General Sarnoff, and Troy Donahue. But they weren't going to get me, not yet. Because whenever I feel afraid I whistle a little tune. I'm cool, I thought to myself. "I'm Bitchin'," I said outloud 'cause nobody in New York knows what that means. I thought smugly to myself, only people in California know what that means. It was my little joke on Them, I thought. I whistled. A little tune.

"Hey Herbie," somebody yelled, "Lookit the ugly beatnik."  
"Yeah," someone, apparently Herbie, yelled back, "I wish my ma's let me grow a snazzareno beard like that."

Pawns, I thought to myself, robots built by GE and owned by Madison avenue and Bill Veeck. "Pawns," I mumbled cuttingly under my breath.

\* \* \*

It was tuesday, or maybe it was saturday, I could never tell the difference. Tuesday was my day with Lisa, saturday my day with Jan. I came to either Lisa's or Jan's apartment and paused a moment to think of life. Then it hit me like the thunder hitting the faroff wail of a titillated foghorn... But then I forgot IT and Them because life kept impinging itself on me.

\* \* \*

All I knew was that I was created for women to have and it didn't matter which one.

\* \* \*

Picasso sold out. He sold right the hell out.

\* \* \*

I wanted to be either the North Star or the fireman on a steam locomotive. And I could be, too, 'cause I was free free free free freeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.....!

Places to go and things to do:

Blue6Death N: Motorcyclist-dope-addict-poet-odor Ken "Hairy" Filth entertains nightly. Accompanies his jazz-singing lince by revving his Honda 50 to 7500 revolutions per minute in the men's room. A gas for all. BYOLSD.

Peace Forum: Professor Kenneth F. Filth will speak on the subject "Why Don't Everybody Stop Bothering Me, Heey," followed by a panel discussion and Hootenanny. Coffee will be served. BYOLSD.

Freedom March: San Jose to Hawaii to free pineapples. BYOP, guitars and surfboards.

Cellar Cinematique: A new and exciting film theater located in a Cave at Half Moon Bay and devoted to the New American Cinema. This week showing Influenza of the Bowels. See Film Review. Showings at 3, 4, and 5 a.m.

San Jose County Jail: See and be insensed at the brutal treatment of those of us who get their kicks from drinking as they're placed in their cells sometimes two or even three to a room. Picketing placards supplied free. BYOLSD.

San Bruno Greyhound Bus Terminal and Outside Newspaper Stand: Dig life. Buses have been known to groove in here from such wild places as Moonlight Ranch; the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the Bakersfield Boy's Club. The best hours are 3 to 6:30 a.m. when crazy stories of life in America are written all over people's faces, stories of sorrow, great undreamed-of kicks, stories of life on the road, life in the sack with groovy free-love chicks. And Old Charley X, raconteur, janitor, Harvard graduate, holds forth at the Newstand with great stories of digging life, digging death and tombs, and everything in between.

Jam Session: SAFEWAY parking lot, Corner Arguello and Bob Streets. Sunday morning until the fuzz gets there. Bring your axe.

Zen Services: Man, nobody can tell you where Zen Services are at, you're just supposed to know. Bring your Bennies and Dexies.

Miss Carmen's School of Charm Senior Prom: Improve your posture and have your hair set while jiving to the rhythm of Patrice Lumumba and his Skin-'em-Alive Five. B ring all required do-dads.

ABORTION AND REALITY AT STANFORD

How often have we heard how Stanford is a University "teetering on the Edge of Greatness," that it is a great University almost, or "if it is to be a great University... etc."?

Whenever anyone has a complaint they claim that the particular flaw that happens to annoy them is the One Thing which is standing in the drafty way of the Winds of Freedom, Stanford's greatness, and the ideal of a "truly" liberal education. How simple-minded and petty this attitude is!

Because there is only One Thing which keeps this University from slipping over the Edge into the chasm of Greatness. And this is the refusal of the Administration to allow the Health Center to perform abortions. Abortions--performed openly and frankly and with the Health Center's characteristic sense of humor and clear conscience--would bring Stanford a reputation and community standing which would be unparalled by any other University, or even Junior College. This change of policy is a must. If it is not put into practice immediately, I will be in a great deal of trouble.

\* \* \* \* \*

KNOBS

I looked beyond, beyond what used to be,  
with Hunk and Zip n' bill--who used to chew  
his finger, softly, beautifully--and then  
we'd wait, looking for the man who never came.

i don't know where we was then--it musta been in  
someplace new and dirty, with chromeplated leatherette  
cops running around looking in keyholes--but  
me n' Hunk was happy then, and we were life.  
The dorkfudge simmering and flaming red and pink  
The yorking sputter of Euripides (he's back)  
I want to live yes yes the glowing  
Pedestaled Athena aside and gone, I do  
feel or and feel the and or feel or  
look and loon, the beauty of Her rending eyes and  
love-swept hair, creasing the blueness of our graves  
Embers, embers, embers, and yotillidas true  
Are all the memories I have of you  
And veils, veils, veils, incarnate veils  
The whispered softness of incarnate veils  
and infinities of radium turtles  
whiffing the lost dunghills of our lives,  
leaf-strewn 'neath the dust.



MILITANT EDITORIAL: WE'RE GONNA PUBLISH AND SELL THIS STUFF  
NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU ARE OPPOSED  
TO FREEDOM

(Another installment in a ruthless and militantly redundant series of Narcissistic editorials. What's Narcissistic?)

Stanford University and other so-called educational institutions around here have recently given evidence of their narrow-mindedness by "giving heat" to the POMPOUS VOICE and to those who have attempted to sell it on campus.

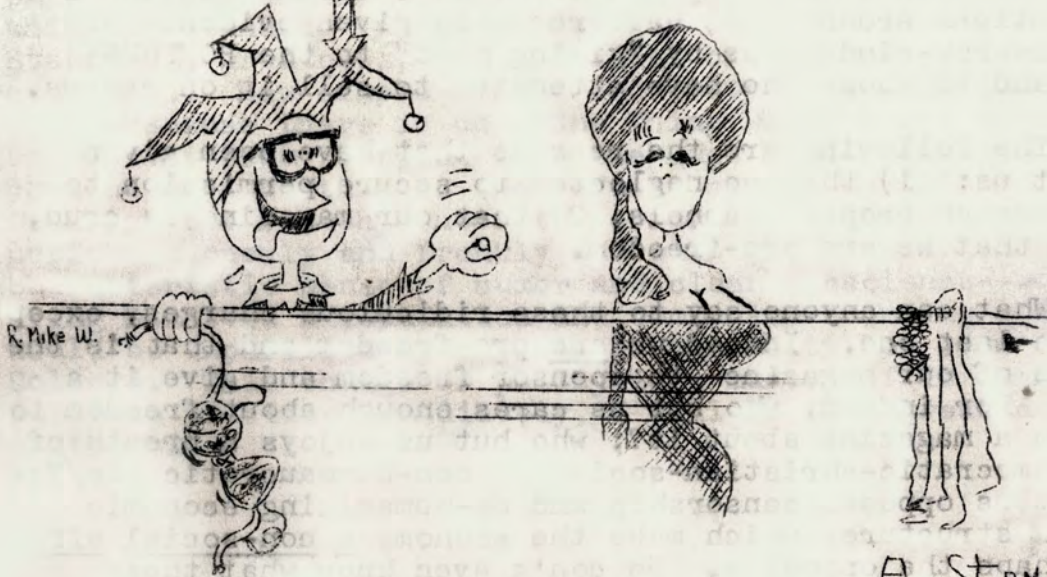
The following are the reasons that have been given against us: 1) that we neglected to secure permission to sell through proper channels, 2) that our magazine is crud, and 3) that we are pro-freedom.

What can anyone say to these ridiculous charges, except for the last one. Indeed we are pro-freedom and that is the purpose of our magazine--to sponsor freedom and give it a boost. For indeed, who but us cares enough about freedom to publish a magazine about it?; who but us enjoys a breath of free democratic-christian-socialist non-bureaucratic air/?;+ who but us opposes censorship and de-humanizing economic social structures which make the economy a non-social affair or perhaps the opposite. We don't even know what these things are but if it's stands in our way, it's dogcrap! Let's face it: if the POMPOUS VOICE dies, freedom goes with it. None of the idiots around here know anything or care anything but us.

Now that we've wiped out that charge, let's look at the one about our not securing proper permission. Anyone who witnessed the scene in front of Stanford's Tressider Union on our salesday know how absurd it all is. Let me reconstruct. In front of Tressider stood our salesman, hawking the mag and shining his glasses, while standing not far away was Dean of Students Donald Winbigler. Dr. Winbigler--get this--was frowning. He could have taken any kind of action: stopped our sales, thrown us off campus, called cops, suspended students, but what did he do? He frowned. This is the sort of good-hearted laxity that can lead to the loss of freedom. Dr. Winbigler seems to be a pawn in their hands.

The final charge is that our magazine is crud. Let me say this: it takes crud to recognize crud. If this magazine is as cruddy as everyone says, there are plenty cruddy people around here. And if there are so many cruddy people around here, why don't they buy our magazine. They are all phonies or hypocrites or superficial idiots. Whatever, they are anti-freedom and we are anti-them. We don't give a damn. We care!

# Cleopatra Exposed!



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