

CHAPARRAL

VOL. 75 NUMBER 3

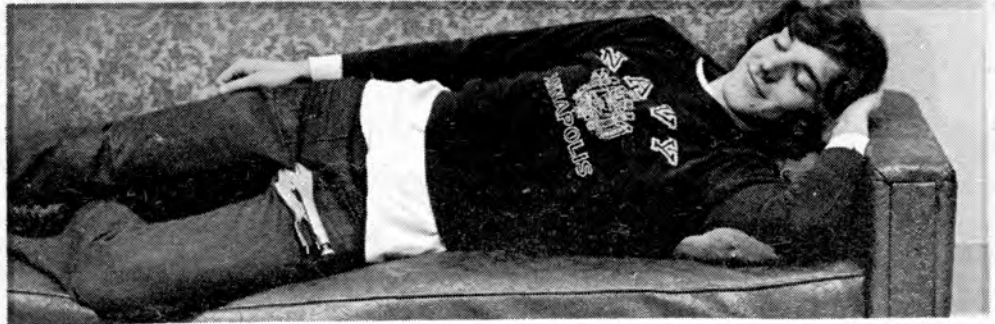
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

FEBRUARY 12, 1975

Chappie Survey

By JIM SARINA

This survey was conducted under double blind conditions; that is, both the interviewer and the interviewee were blindfolded, had their ears plugged, their mouths gagged and their noses plugged. Due to this five people died, and five people became vegetables; 1 banana, 2 zucchinis, a cucumber, and a tomato. Nevertheless we feel that the results are particularly significant largely because we don't know our asses from a hole in the ground.



The man is happy with his Vice-Grips.

	Males	Females	Other
Q1. What would you most like to do on a pleasant Saturday afternoon?			
1. Do a problem set	83.1	0.5	what?
2. Screw around	8.0	15.0	18.0
3. Screw a square	8.0	14.5	12.0
4. Dick Nixon	0.9	0.01	70.0
5. Wash my hair	0.0	70.0	0.0
	100.0	100.0	100.0
Q2. If you had a mind to, would you engage in sexual relations with the interviewer? (Asked of males by females and vice versa.)	Males	Females	Other
1. Yes	103.0	2.5 ¹	98.5
2. No	-4.0	67.5	0.0
3. I don't have a mind	1.0	30.0	1.5
	100.0	100.0	100.0
Q3. Do you prefer a male or female partner?	Males	Females	Other
Yes		No	Maybe
Q4. What's worse than a hand job with a brillo pad?	Males	Females	Carrots
1. A hand job with a vegematic ...	100.0	0.0	103.0
2. A vibrator with no batteries ...	0.0	100.0	0.0
3. This article	100.0	100.0	-3.0
	200.0	200.2	100.0

Q5. If given a choice among the following, which would you prefer?

1. Appear nude in *Hair*
2. Crush dwarfs with pliers
3. Resign
4. Read *Physics Today*
5. Read *Lampoon*
6. Commit suicide

	Males	Females	Prominent Authorities on Etiquette
1. Appear nude in <i>Hair</i>	0.0	26.7	0.0
2. Crush dwarfs with pliers	23.0	3.6	0.0
3. Resign	67.5	8.4	0.0
4. Read <i>Physics Today</i>	14.5	-3.5	0.0
5. Read <i>Lampoon</i>	18.6	-4.5	0.0
6. Commit suicide	0.0	0.0	100.0
	161.9	67.8	100.0

Q6. What are the dimensions of your greatest asset?

	Males	Females	Frank Oliveri
	*	35-22-35=-22	\$27,876.35

Q7. What, in your opinion, is wrong with this article?

1. It's a pile of shit
2. It has no batteries
3. What article?
4. No opinion
5. Too stupid to have an opinion ..

	Males	Females	Chaparral Editors
1. It's a pile of shit	98.3	98.3	100.0
2. It has no batteries	0.0	85.6	100.0
3. What article?	-20.4	-18.3	100.0
4. No opinion	20.5	18.6	100.0
5. Too stupid to have an opinion ..	21.3	20.4	100.0
	139.7	204.6	1000.0

1. Names and addresses available on request from the *Chaparral* for a \$5 mailing and handling (mainly handling) fee.
2. Percentages may exceed 100.00% due to multiple answers and the fact that the *Chaparral* staff can't add or multiply.

*Too small to measure.

Celebs and Love



Pablo Picasso—"Love is having sweet nothings whispered in your ear."

Jean Cocteau—"Love is having your cock in your toe."

Marie Antoinette—"Love is losing your head over somebody."

John D. Rockefeller—"Love is \$."

Henry VIII—"Love is eating."

Vincent Van Gogh—"Love is having your ear."

Sigmund Freud—"Love is a perversion which can only be purified by screwing your mother."

Herbert Hoover—"Love is erecting a tower."

Frank Oliveri—"Whatever John D. says is OK with me."

Marilyn Monroe—"Love is being eaten."

The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

<p>Editors Mike Dornheim Jim Hu</p> <p>Business Walter Kloefkorn Jeff Stoler</p> <p>Contributors Jim Sarina Tom Devine Alex Danel Jim Webster Steve Weiss Barry Parr John Fischer Steve Blasberg Randy Schutt</p>	<p>Production Mike Dornheim Jim Hu Randy Schutt Tom Devine Walter Kloefkorn Jeff Stoler Mark Helfand Pete Wirth Jiri Weiss Bob Wolf</p>
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REFLECTIONS

now that...

Valentine's day is just around the corner, thoughts of love and midterms come to the minds of young and old at Stanford. And so, the *Chaparral* has joined forces with a number of fine midpeninsula merchants to remind you: only two more shopping days left until Valentine's Day! And to get you in the mood for this festival of lovers, the Chappie is proud to present this anthology of Valentine's Day poetry, prose, illustrations and ads. Don't forget to read the ads. And don't forget to tell the advertisers how much you loved their ads in the *Chaparral* and how you'd love to read a lot more ads in the next issue.

Getting back to the issue at hand (get it! GET IT! oh, well . . .), this issue contains the winner of our hotly-contested "Love is . . ." contest. This lucky person will win, amongst other things, a roll of Certs and a tube of Ultra-Brite, not to mention his complimentary *Groin* and record album. As for the rest of you who entered - the *Chaparral* is a humor magazine. Humor. HU-MOR.

Now that the '50s are back, the Chappie is back. We are part of the big conspiracy to make the campus as it was 20 years ago. We note with great pleasure Dean Gibbs' desire to bring back those good old days of the Stanford Elite. SWOPSI and SCIRE sure weren't around then, thank God!! And there was certainly little racial tension - none of those uppity colored folk trying to turn the university around. The new crop of career-oriented freshmen and the popularity of trash like "American Graffiti" are more signs that the fifties are here. So, as a public service to all you squares who yearn to be hipsters, we present a thin slice of the lexicon:

- R.F. - Contrary to popular belief, R.F. does not stand for Rat Fink (as Ed "Big Daddy" Roth would have you believe; he sold out to Revell), it stands for Rat Fuck. To be Rat Fucked is to be screwed.
- Highbrow, Egghead - A reference to intellectual, usually made by idiots. Examples: "He reads all that highbrow literature" or "Look at all the eggheads at SLAC."
- Daddy-o - Same as "man." "Hey, daddy-o," = "Hey, man."
- Cool - cool.
- Hipster, beatnik - Niche in society close to that now occupied by hippies. Hipsters and beatniks drank espresso coffee, lived in pads and played bongo drums.
- Eisenhower - President in the days when men were men and women were women, and you could tell the difference. Pre-military-industrial complex era, hence not a legitimate term for the future.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Chappie,
I think you have a wondrous, great, funny, hilarious magazine. It is unquestionably the best satire available in the English speaking world, possibly the whole known universe. Your jovial, hysterical articles keep me in stitches. What I think you should do is to charge \$1 an issue so people will appreciate it more.
Alexander Solzhynetsin

Sir:
Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me. And anyway, I'm not an asshole. Besides, the *National Lampoon* has already used this trick of writing their own letters to the editor and calling someone an asshole. You guys aren't very original or funny. And they called David Frost an asshole. He's certainly a lot more famous than I am. You guys don't have the balls to call a famous person an asshole - you just pick on a punk reporter for a college newspaper.
Glenn Garvin

Sir:
In perusing this issue I have noticed that you have made several disparaging remarks about assholes (e.g. comparing them to Glenn Garvin). This is a very dangerous area for you to be probing, since many assholes are very sensitive. According to the latest estimates by the United Nations Statistical Office, assholes comprise 80% of the world's population. This is a vast majority which has been scorned, vilified in the press, and discriminated against in the past. Frankly, we've had it up to our sphincters with all this crap. The assholes

of the world are not about to remain docile and complacent while we're kicked, wiped, and sat upon by the rest of the world. It's time to stop farting around; we intend to stand up for our rights.

We've made great strides in the last few years, and many of our members now hold prominent positions in government, academia, entertainment and art. We also receive great support from the masses (them asses).

You'd better stop slandering assholes or you may soon find yourself without any readers - or writers, for that matter. We are a formidable force to be dealt with. As we tell our members who go out and seek converts (our evangelical assholes), "You've got a lot of material to work with - there's a little asshole in everybody."

Wm. (Billy) Asshole
President, Asshole-American Anti-Defecation League
P.S. For a brief history of the role of the asshole in our world and the universe, read a copy of my autobiography, *I thought I was gazing at the moon, but it was just Uranus.*

Sir:
Don't listen to Billy. It's we dickheads who really have the power. Nixon was a dickhead, you know.

Marty Dickhead
Head Cheese, Dickhead International Caucus and Klatsch

Dear Bro,
If you don't settle your accounts with the ASSU we is gonna kick you out of yo office and convert it into a massage parlor so's we can make lots of bucks. And take that creep Weinstein with you. Right on, bro.
Frank Olivieri

Sir:
No he wasn't Marty. In a court of law it was proved that he was an asshole. In Nixon vs. Anoracle, in which the plaintiff sued for libel, he lost the case when the defendent was able to prove that Nixon fulfilled the legal definition of an asshole - "something that is full of shit and spews it forth regularly."

Billy Asshole
P.S. Behind every great man there's an asshole.

Editor,
We really were trying to make a statement even though we did make "Balance of Terror" and Love and understanding will save mankind and even Vulcans can have separate but equal starships. Someday we may even give most favored empire trade status to the Romulans. But never Klingons. Klingons are icky.
Gene Roddenberry

Sir:
I still think he was a dickhead, Billy. His name was "Dick" and he was head of the country.

And while we're on the subject of world leaders, I hope you realize that "tator" means "head" in Latin. That means that all the dictators in the world are really dickheads.
Marty

Dear Sir,
Tit cock Wop, blow Jew-boy fuck, you know, etc., but it would be wrong.
Richard M. Nixon
Private Citizen

Editor,
candy is dandy.
What's a good word to rhyme with "screw"?
Ogden Nash



Why is this man happy? See ad page 9

Going for it

... a Stanford love story

—by Jim Hu, Jim Sarina, & John Mayer

chapter 1

"Something about the first day of classes always makes me incredibly horny."

Bob threw his book bag into the seat which had been saved for him. He whipped off his poncho, throwing torrents of water onto his roommate, John.

"You bastard! ... I thought we had given up last quarter ..."

"... and the quarter before that, and the quarter before that ..."

"Yup."

Bob fell back in his seat, scanning the room.

"you know, John, I really think all this emphasis on sex is overdone ... I mean, it's so impersonal unless ... I think that love should be ..."

"Oh, bullshit."

"No, really ... I mean that ... and ... um ... and ..."

"And what?"

"I think I just fell in love with a sweater."

chapter 2

"Not again."

"It's love at first sight."

"You mean lust at first sight?"

"Maybe I'll ask her if I can borrow her notes."

"On the first day of class?"

"Well, I'll ask her after class."

"I'll believe that when I see it."

He's right, Bob thought as he passed on the pile of blue cards. I really don't want to make a fool out of myself that badly. The professor had already begun his lecture, and was scribbling equations on the blackboard at breakneck speed.

"What is a girl like you doing in a class like P. Chem?," muttered Bob.

"Sexist!" hissed John.

The lecture was already losing him. Bob moved his center of attention from the sweater below him to the blackboard. Four pages of notes later, he thought he had an idea of what the professor thought the class already knew.

"... All right, the regular lectures will start friday. Turn in your blue cards as you leave."

Bob and John filled out their blue cards as the rest of the class jammed the front of the room. When nearly everyone else had left, they picked up their things and trotted down the aisle to the front. Bob felt a hand on his arm as he tossed his blue card into the cardboard box left for that purpose. He turned around.

It was she. She smiled sheepishly, glanced at the floor, and said, "Could I borrow your notes from today's lecture?"

Bob was feverently hoping that his mouth wasn't open.

"I ran out of ink."

"Oh."

"Write down your phone number and I'll get them back to you as soon as I've xeroxed them."

"Sure ..." Bob fumbled with his book bag and dropped two four-color pens, "Here it is ... the number is 555-0613."

"Thanks."

"... Hey, what's your name?"

"Nita ..."

"I'm Bob ..."

"Listen, I don't know how to thank you ... I've got to run."

Bob watched as she walked briskly out the door.

"Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face," said John.

chapter 3

zip ... whirrrrr

zip ... whirrrrrrrr

zip ... whirrrr

zip ... whirrrrrrr

Ckclunk.

"Hello, is Nita there? ... Oh, hi, Kathy, yeah, this is Bob again ... I'm fine, thanks ... She left a message for me? ... Really? ... She's washing her hair again tonight. Oh ... No, thanks, I wouldn't want to intrude ... Thanks anyway ... No, I'll just get one of my roomies to go instead ... Would you tell her I called? Thanks. Bye."

clunk.

chapters 4-8

repeat chapter 3

chapter 9

Bob watched the dull reflections of red light off the ice cubes in his plastic cup. John perched on top of an armchair, watching the comic gyrations of some freshman females who had only recently been introduced to the properties of "dorm-party/death": the vodka-rum-fruit juice punch.

"This is delicious," giggled one, "... it's my fourth ..."

John gave Bob a knowing look.

Bob replied as usual with his

I - m a y - b e - h o r -
n e y - b u t - I - h a v e -
n ' t - s u n k - t h a t - l o w - y e t - a n d - b e -
s i d e s - I ' m - d e p r e s s e d g l a n c e .

John shrugged.

Light bulbs purloined from fire alarm boxes reflected the somewhat less honorable intentions in the eyes of one of their peers. A slow, pulsating song almost defined the rhythm with which the rogue swayed, clinging to the intoxicated girl. Bob shuddered.

"Down?" said John.

"Grossed out," replied Bob.

Bob crossed over to the bar and mixed himself another gin and tonic.

"When did you ask her to come?"

"This morning."

"Give me a break."

Bob left. He went back to the room, turned on the stereo, and searched through his albums. He settled on Mark-Almond. He put the record on the turntable, turned the output selector to spkrs off, and put on his headsets to shut out the laughter in the halls. He picked out a book, and settled into a comfortable slouch in his chair. The lonely fluorescent tubes of his drafting lamp gave the room an icy cast which spilled out into the hall through the half open door.

He had finished about two sentences in *Death in Venice* and the record was nearly finished with *Tramp and the Young Girl* when he felt a pair of hands on his shoulders. He leaned his head back to see who was there.

"Is this the party?" said Nita, as the headsets fell on her foot.

"No ... it's in the lounge ... do you want to go there?"

"Not really," she smiled, playing absent mindedly with the top button of her blouse.

Bob suddenly knew that this was the right moment to kiss her. She watched calmly as he stood up and started to move toward her. He half closed his eyes as he moved in, her face turning toward his.

"BOB! GUESS WHO JUST CAME IN LOOKING FOR Y...h Jesus," John gulped, "Excuse me." He hurried out the door.

Bob sighed.

"Nice weather we're not having," he mumbled.

Nita laughed and walked to the door.

"Let's go to the party," she said.

chapter 10

"That punch was delicious," giggled Nita. Bob felt a mixture of guilt and delight as she pressed her body against his.

"Nita, I think you've had enough."

"Awww ... jus' a li'l bit more?"

"No ... no more. Nita, you're really quite snookered."

"Yup!"

How did I let this happen, Bob thought. I shouldn't have kept filling her glass all the time just to make her stay ... Now ...

"I don't think you're in any condition to make it home tonight. You'll have to stay here."

He sat down and she almost fell on top of him.

What was he going to do? What would she think of him in the morning? He knew how he would feel. He hated himself for getting her drunk. He couldn't take advantage of her in this state, no matter how horny he was.

It no longer mattered. She had passed out.

continued on p. 11



TIA MARIA

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The Virtuous Engineer



Slug Wins Contest Crawling Away

The following article is the winning entry of the much-touted Stanford Chaparral "Love Is..." Contest. John M. Fischer, a grad student in philosophy, wrote the article while under the influence of a major disaster. Bizarre though it is, we feel that it expresses the true significance of a love relationship as found among students, while quietly commenting on the realities of life and existence as manifested in chauvinistic society.

As John recalled later, "I felt it go thump, and I knew that I had to put it on paper. The glory of mankind, evolving and progressing; finally becoming something worthwhile. It were at last."

By JOHN M. FISCHER

"It is not an unattractive banana slug," I insist, but my remonstrances cannot diminish the onslaught of my merciless conscience. I turn to an unlikely ally, Sigmund Freud, "A similar consideration applies to sexual intercourse with animals, which is by no means rare, especially among country people, and in which sexual attraction seems to override the barriers of species." Yes, the boundaries demarcating species have always struck me as being an essentially arbitrary, cruel fragmentation.

But my conscience, which is omniscient (albeit not morally perfect) parries in kind, "One would be glad on aesthetic grounds



to be able to ascribe these and other severe aberrations of the sexual instinct to insanity..." This wounds me horribly. One might object to this love on various grounds, but to impugn the aesthetics of it is devastating.

How can I describe that transfixing moment in early January, when, while trudging aimlessly, through the hills of

Woodside, I came across that delicate treasure? It was gently nestled in the mycelium-lush soil under a California Live Oak. That first galvanizing gaze... and all those painful memories uprooted, those timid approaches to meagre women with meagre breasts and stingy smiles and unlovely manners for whom Fred Hargadon is responsible and, I trust, will suffer eternal torments... all of that ugliness transformed into the most delightful awe. That perfect creature, with its sleek, elegant body, oozing that nectar which rendered it tantalizingly viscid, regally ensconced in the frondy soil.

My eyes languidly played on the fat, smeary thing, its viscid, globular trunk quivering slightly in the wind (or was it the excitement of my stare?) My mind - I just couldn't help myself - raced and rioted in its fantasy realm. "I may also remark in passing that it seems to me superfluous for a physician who is writing upon the aberrations of the sexual instincts to seize every opportunity of inserting into the text expressions of his personal repugnance at such revolting things. We are faced by a fact..." I imagined it squirming and wriggling wildly, its belly writhing in frenetic spasms, finally exuding globs of luscious creamy-froth. A great tantalizing fat tube of tooth paste exuding gloriously its blurry gel sans fluoride.

And we were alone. There were no I'm-from-Atherton-my-father's-a-millionaire-I-have-sex-with-a-sequoia-gigantea when-the-Hell's-Angels aren't-on-the-peninsula and-I'm-engaged-to-a-guy-from-the-Harvard-Business-School-and-so-what-can-you-do-for-me-with-your-acne-huh? bitches; gone were the Hello-I'm-sensitive-look-at-my-concerned-committed-floppy-flappy-saggy-breasts-by-choice-I-live-in-Columbae-so-what-if-my-parents-are-from-Tustin? women skulking luridly about; and missing, also, Penelope's suitors, the Howdy-I-was-student-body-president-at-Modesto-High-my-father's-the-biggest-grape-grower-in-the-valley-gee-uh-the-girls-here-are-sure-weird-hah? boys. "Why were you our enemy? Would it not have been better that we should remain friends? Then your blood would not have been split and your head would not have been cut off."

Alone, unencumbered by the shackles and distractions of others, we offered our oblations to Venus, my fluids tumescing

continued on p. 9



In serried rank on serried rank,
As far as eye can see,
They march and groan and piteously moan,
The Horny Hordes of Humanity.

Their banners high against the sky,
They sally forth in panoply.
Their swords upraised they stride unfazed,
Those Horny Hordes of Humanity.

They grovel, they kneel, no shame do they feel,
The revel in depravity.
Did Sodom in her depth e'er see,
Such Horny Hordes of Humanity?

Did Nero's court, deprived of sport,
In fits of lust and vanity,
Presume to match that perverse batch,
The Horny Hordes of Humanity?

In bathroom stalls and dim-lit halls,
They practice such debauchery,
As curl the toes of even those
In the Horny Hordes of Humanity.

In secret holes, with mares and foals,
They reap their joys clandestinely.
No sheep or pig's too small or big
For the Horny Hordes of Humanity.

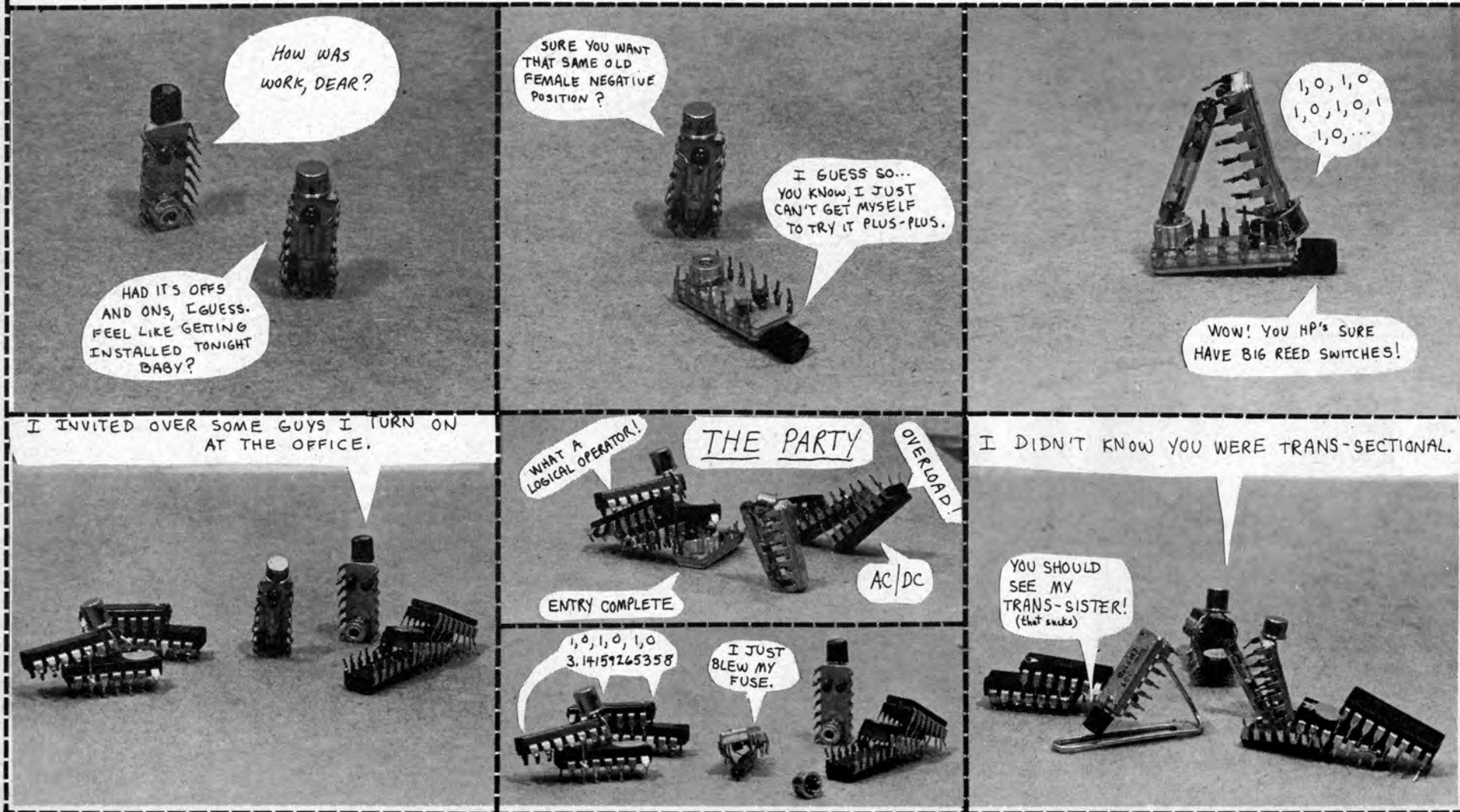
Though straight or gay, how dare you say,
That you alone from this are free?
Can any man escape the van
Of the Horny Hordes of Humanity?

-William Butler Eats
1869

I.C. Menagerie

Rated X

By STEVE WEISS AND MARK HELFAND



THE QUAD

reminds you that there is a very limited number of 1975 QUADS available
 Price: \$12.00
 at the Quad office
 or Bookstore Customer Service window

Anyone interested in a position on next year's staff, contact Tim Portwood or Rick Everist at 497-4687 or 497-3604, or come by the Quad office.



THE QUAD

STORKE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS BUILDING

MAKE BIG BUCKS

fools out of yourselves and no

WITH THE STARFORD CHAPARRAL

What can you do on the Chaparral staff?

1. Write
2. Draw
 - A. Cartoons
 - B. Comic strips
 - C. Graphics for articles, covers
3. Take pictures
4. Be in photographs - for this you need to be unconcerned about your image on campus
5. Sell ads
6. Publicity stunts (contests, etc.)
7. Tell other people their creative stuff sucks
8. Research - background for articles, features e.g. looking through old Chappies for feature on 75 years of Chaparral
9. Pranks, such as footprints going up Hoover Tower

INFORMATIONAL MEETING

TUESDAY, February 18,

at 7:30 p.m.

Chaparral office,
 in the Storke Bldg.
 above the Daily.

RELATIONSHIP HAPPENINGS CHART

MALE - FEMALE	FIRST ENCOUNTER	SEX ESTABLISHED	FRIENDSHIP ESTABLISHED
1-1	Ignore each other. No change.	Watch television, no change.	Boring conversation. Each -1.
1-2	Introduced. Each +1, friendship.	Male away on ski trip. No change.	Friendly conversation Each +2.
1-3	Hot first date. Each +6 sex.	Go on a camping trip together. Male falls in love, female isn't sure. M; Condition A, +1 F: Condition B, no change.	A great time at the Roller Derby. M:+2. F:+3.
1-4	Male slips on banana. Female not impressed. No change.	Female slips on banana. Male gets a hard-on. M:+2. F: no change.	Male wins banana eating contest. M:+2, F:+1.
2-1	Boring party. No change.	Male gives female obscene phone call. M:+2. F:-2.	argument. Each -2.
2-2	Car breaks down on way back from party. Each +8, sex.	Female pregnant. Male -4 in both sex and friendship.	Female wins free tickets to Disneyland. Each -5.
2-3	Both love Bachman-Turner Overdrive. Each +2 friendship.	Television breaks down. Each +4.	Television comes back on. No change.
2-4	Male meets female's mother. Male: -3, Female : -1, friendship.	Female wears falsies. F:+3 M:-3.	Intensive back scratching session. Each +4, sex.
3-1	Get drunk on champagne. Each +4 in sex and friendship.	Male discovers falsies. F=-3 M=no change.	Male puts female on pedestal. M=+3, Condition A F=no change.
3-2	Female life of party, male wallflower. F=+2 friendship M=no change.	Female gets tickle fits. M=-2 F=no change.	Go mountain climbing, but female afraid of heights. M=-2, F=-1.
3-3	Male drops book on female's toe. M=-1 friendship F=-3 friendship.	Male hits homerun in pick-up game. Female impressed. Each +8.	Heavy rap to 4 a.m. Each +5.
3-4	Female flips. Male amused. M=+2, sex & friendship F=+4, sex & friendship condition A.	Both get mononucleosis. Each -3.	Fight! Each scores own guilt factor.
4-1	Male seduces female. M=+8 sex, condition B friendship. F=+8 sex.	Female teases, male frustrated F=+2 M=-4.	Female burns asparagus. Each -2.
4-2	Immediate mutual hatred and jealousy. Each -5 in both sex and friendship.	TV dinner by the pool, gee I'm glad I finished school. No change.	Benign neglect. No change.
4-3	Immediate mutual disinterest. No change.	Go to Walt Disney matinee by mistake. Each -4.	Walt Disney cartoons are fun! Each +4.
4-4	Mildly enjoyable evening. Each +1 in both sex & friendship.	Both get the clap. Each =+5, sex. Friendship: score respective guilt factor.	Both hate Bachman-Turner Overdrive. Each +3.

love is...playing

BLL

(Big League Lover)
reg.

Even social failures can play this game! You are a man or a woman on the make for a lover! You have to find someone who can fit your own peculiar needs for both sex and friendship. Choose from a collection of one hundred people picked from all walks of life! Or make up your own personalities! Collect more sex and friendship points to satisfy yourself and beat your opponents!

SPECIAL FEATURES:

- * Latent (and not so latent) homosexuality
- * A WEIRD PLAY chart that brings in the totally unexpected! Discover that your chosen partner for life is a transvestite! Be seduced by your girlfriend's mother and jump off the Golden Gate Bridge!
- * An interaction chart with 16 Relationship Happenings that provide unparalleled ups and downs!
- * Guilt and Happiness ratings!
- * Relationships are unique! A woman may be a dead fish with one man and a dead fish with another!
- * Any number can play!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

Look at the sample cards enclosed here, those of Adolph Oliver Nipple and Sally "Babs" Merrill. Let's say these two, through fate, are thrown together, and you want to see the sparks fly. The action is initiated by two simple rolls of the dice, a roll for each player. Let's say that Adolph rolls an 11 and Babs a 7. Now look at Adolph's card. The dice results from 2 through 12 are listed, with numbers listed next to them, or the words WEIRD PLAY. Also, some may have the letter H followed by another number (these are homosexual inclinations and will not be discussed later).

You will see that next to the number 11 on Adolph's card is the number 2. And next to the 7 on Bab's card is a 3.

Now we go to the Relationship Happenings Chart. In the "Male-2 Female-3" row and under the "First Encounter" column we see:

Both love Bachman-Turner Overdrive.
Each +2 in friendship

At the beginning of a Relationship, all players start with zero sex and friendship points. Here, both players have scored 2 points in friendship, but none yet in sex. Players may continue to play in the "First Encounter" or "Friendship Established" columns, but not yet in "Sex Established."

Let's say they choose "Friendship Established." Adolph rolls, say, a 10 and Babs a 6, giving them results of 3 and 3. For the Relationships Happenings Chart, under "Friendship Established," we see:

Heavy rap to 4 A.M. Each +5.

This gives each player +7 Friendship Points. Each gets an additional +2 Bonus Friendship Points for remaining on the plus side of the ledger for two straight turns.

Let's say they try the "First Encounter" column again. This time rolls of 11 for Adolph and 2 for Babs give us results of 2 and 2 for the Relationship Happenings Chart. The play, as we see, is:

Car breaks down on way back from party.
Each +8 in sex.

Could this be love? Both contestants have 9 friendship points and 8 sex points! Babs only needs 2 more sex points to reach sexual happiness, and only 2 friendship points for a well balanced relationship! But Adolph needs a lot more sex, he has to reach his quota of 23, although his friendship needs have been met. So the couple decides to go for the sex play.

Adolph rolls an 8 giving him a 4 on the Relationship Happenings Chart, and Babs rolls a 5 giving her a 3 on the chart. The result, under the "Sex Established" column is:

Go to a Walt Disney matinee by mistake.
Each -4.

Gee, tough break, kids! Still, you've got 4 sex points left. Should they go for a real "cherry" time, or be content with a pleasant platonic association? Only you can decide! If you choose sex, you face such possibilities as pregnancy, the clap, or obscene phone calls. Friendship is less risky, although even here you might run into boring conversations, fights (which bring the guilt factor in play), and burnt asparagus.

<p>Jefferson "Salty" DOGG occupation: hair specialist (M) age: 13 ht: 5-8 wt: 92</p> <p>2: 2 3: 4 4: WEIRD PLAY 5: 4 6: H-3 7: H-1 8: H-4 9: H-2 10: 1 11: WEIRD PLAY 12: 3</p> <p>Guilt: 0 Happiness: Sex: 31 Friendship: 2</p> <p>Unique Features: Once sex reaches +8, maximum loss is -1 per roll.</p>	<p>Sally "Babs" MERRILL occupation: airline stewardess (F) age: 26 ht: 5-5 wt: 119</p> <p>2: 4 3: WEIRD PLAY 4: 3 5: 3 6: 3 7: 3 8: 1 9: 2 10: 1 11: 4 12: 4</p> <p>Guilt: -2 Happiness: Sex: 10 Friendship: 11</p> <p>Unique Features: Partner's sex happiness rating is increased by +7 points.</p>																				
<p>Adolph Oliver NIPPLE occupation: gourmet cook (M) age: 33 ht: 6-2 wt: 231</p> <p>2: WEIRD PLAY 3: H-2 4: 1 5: 4 6: 1 7: 3 8: 4 9: 4 10: 3 11: 2 12: 4</p> <p>Guilt: -2 Happiness: Sex: 23 Friendship: 8</p> <p>Unique Features: Once sex reaches +8, minimum gain is +4, maximum loss -2 per roll.</p>	<p>Ramona Darlene SCHUTT occupation: librarian age: 22 ht: 5-6 wt: 105</p> <p>2: 1 3: 3 4: 2 5: 1 - 4* 6: 1 - 4* 7: 2 - 4* 8: 2 9: 2 10: 4 11: 3 12: WEIRD PLAY</p> <p>Guilt: -7 Happiness: Sex: 2 Friendship: 35</p> <p>Unique features: Use *value once sex is established.</p>																				
<p>WEIRD PLAY</p> <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 15%;">Dice Total</th> <th style="width: 85%;">Play</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>2,3</td> <td>Mother of female seduces male. Female: no change. Male: +8 sex, guilt factor x 2 for friendship.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>4</td> <td>Female turns out to be transvestite. Female: no change, Male: -5 in sex and friendship.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>5</td> <td>Despondent male jumps off Golden Gate Bridge. Male eliminated from game. Female no change unless sex or friendship has been established in which case -10 in both.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>6</td> <td>Female crashes male's car. Each -5 in friendship.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>7</td> <td>Male is famous rock star in disguise. Female +6 in sex and friendship. Male: +6 in sex, no change in friendship.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>8</td> <td>Female fired from job. Female -4 in sex and friendship. Male no change.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>9</td> <td>Female swallows sleeping pills. Same as roll of 5 above, only sexes reversed.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>10</td> <td>Male impotent. Male -10 in sex and friendship. Female no change.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>11,12</td> <td>Male inherits fortune. Male +10 in sex, -5 in friendship. Female -5 in sex. +10 in friendship.</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>		Dice Total	Play	2,3	Mother of female seduces male. Female: no change. Male: +8 sex, guilt factor x 2 for friendship.	4	Female turns out to be transvestite. Female: no change, Male: -5 in sex and friendship.	5	Despondent male jumps off Golden Gate Bridge. Male eliminated from game. Female no change unless sex or friendship has been established in which case -10 in both.	6	Female crashes male's car. Each -5 in friendship.	7	Male is famous rock star in disguise. Female +6 in sex and friendship. Male: +6 in sex, no change in friendship.	8	Female fired from job. Female -4 in sex and friendship. Male no change.	9	Female swallows sleeping pills. Same as roll of 5 above, only sexes reversed.	10	Male impotent. Male -10 in sex and friendship. Female no change.	11,12	Male inherits fortune. Male +10 in sex, -5 in friendship. Female -5 in sex. +10 in friendship.
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<p>CONDITION A</p> <p>This person scores +6 if the other person responds positively on the next turn. If response is negative, score is -6. If no change, score is -2. If next turn is a repeat of condition A, this person scores -2.</p>																					
<p>CONDITION B</p> <p>This person scores +3 if he or she responds positively on next turn (instead of listed score). If response is negative, then he or she scores his or her guilt factor. If next turn is a repeat of condition B, double guilt factor.</p>																					

CZECH MATE

By NEIL N. THOMAS

A boring haze hung over the city of Prague in Czechoslovakia. It was not the type of day you would expect for such a fortuitous meeting. "Such a fortuitous meeting" just happens to mean that Jan Dkazhis (pronounced as the first two words in line 194 of *Julius Caesar*) met the girl of his dreams, Ariola Kyucek.

"What a cute chick," thought Jan when he spotted her one day on his way to lunch. "Not a bad Czech, either, though her tits do bounce. I can overlook that," he thought, and raised his gaze to catch her eye. Surprisingly enough, she smiled sweetly at him.

"What a handsome young man," she thought. "I wonder if he likes me. With my luck, though, he's probably already engaged."

Jan glanced down at her hands. He didn't spot a ring. "So she's not married yet. She must be attached, though."

All this he thought before he'd even come within 10 feet of her. They were walking towards one another, although this had not been their initial intent (since they weren't even acquainted). This all changed, of course, once they caught sight of each other, though they couldn't let on their new objective. What if somebody saw them — who didn't know either of them! They couldn't make fools of themselves in public by letting their true feelings show.

About five feet before their paths would have crossed, she suddenly cut in front of him and sat down on a bench facing out towards the street. This was not done without casting a discreet glance in his direction.

"Is he going to stop?" Ariola wondered as she adjusted her legs and smoothed her skirt.

He certainly did, although he had to act casual by looking in an abstract direction as he walked slowly and deliberately to the lamppost next to her bench.

Apparently, he hadn't even noticed that she'd sat down there.

"What the hell can I say to her that won't sound commonplace? Why can't I be quick on my wits? I wish I could be suave and sophisticated like those guys uptown," Jan thought, because he always saw them talking to the pretty girls on the street. He didn't realize, however, that the girls were none too impressed by their boring, inane, and oft-vulgar remarks. The girls merely smiled to get rid of the budding young bureaucrats, who would only leave once their egos had been given a snack.

"She'll probably get up and leave before I can think of anything to say," Jan thought haplessly.

"When is he going to say something to me? Doesn't he even notice me?" Ariola thought, arching her back and adjusting herself on the seat for the second time in as many minutes. She had already thought of something which would ignite a good conversation. (She had a flair for words.) However, she knew just as well as he, that girls were *not* supposed to make the initial overtures. She didn't want to seem eager to talk — though, of course, she was. Eagerness in females is interpreted as being *much* too forward. And you never know who might be watching you in a public place — why there was a derelict not more than half a block away, who was probably taking notes!

So Ariola held her tongue, and waited anxiously for the young man to say something. After all, it was considered healthy for a young man to make a pass.

"What's the matter, isn't he healthy?" she lamented.

"I'm starving," he thought, trying to lean casually against the post. Jan Dkazhis

is leaning, hungry. Look! And she *did*. But he *still* didn't ask her to have lunch with him. However, he did ask, "Are you waiting for your bus?"

"I don't even have a bus," she replied forlornly, not even realizing that she was being clever.

"Shot down again," Jan thought, all set to pack it in.

"I just have 15 minutes left on my lunch break, and I didn't feel like going back to the stuffy office yet," Ariola hastened to add, having noticed that the poor fellow looked dejected. She crossed her legs at the thigh, the way ladies are supposed to.

Suddenly, Jan's hopes perked up again. "Do you come here often?" he inquired.

"I go to different parts of the city. I like to look at the people," she said, meaning she was hoping to make the acquaintance of a fine young man in a fancy suit — that is, one who would suit her fancy.

"This one has nice Belgian pants," she thought, noticing the outstanding crochet. She unconsciously clasped her hands over her knee and began to rock her leg slowly back and forth, as if trying to put her foot to sleep.

"What kind of people do you like to look at? Like that derelict over there?"

"Not really. I look for nice people."

"I'm a nice person," Jan thought, but didn't say for fear of seeming brash. "Well, have you *met* any so far?" he actually said, playing with the change in his pocket.

"You're the only one," she thought, but decided to be coy instead. "Just a few."

His heart sank and his hopes were dashed. "Aw hell," he thought, "even if I impress her as being a nice person, I'll just be one of many. She probably has lots of guys coming up and talking to her."

Before an awkward silence could set in he blurted out, "I haven't met many nice people here."

"Well, he's honest," she thought, "but what does he mean by that? Doesn't he like me? . . . I guess not — he hasn't even sat down next to me on this big, empty bench. He's the first guy who ever talked to me who wasn't a pervert or a degenerate. They all sat down next to me."

"Well, sometimes people are nice, but you just can't tell right away," she said, hoping to lead him to realize that she was nice and worth pursuing, even if he didn't think so now.

"She's trying to tell me nicely that I'm not making a great impression — but she's going to give me the benefit of the doubt. So what do I do now? I was going to sit down, but I guess I better not. I can't stand being so awkward. And my feet sure are tired." So he remained leaning against the pole, although he did fidget a bit. An uneasy silence ensued.

"Should I ask for her name and address?" he thought, trying to come up with something to say that would get to the heart of the matter before she gave up on him.

Isn't he even going to ask me for my address? Maybe he doesn't have a pencil, and he's afraid he'll forget it. I know I have one in here somewhere." Ariola began to rummage through her purse "just in case" — and also to give her something to do during the strained silence. She didn't want to accidentally look him in the eye.

"Too late," he thought disconsolately. "She's already so bored with me that she's pretending I'm not even here. She probably hopes that I'll go away before she looks up again. There's not much else I can do, either."

"I guess you've got to be going back to work now. It's been almost 15 minutes," he said, although it hadn't.

Ariola looked up and smiled expectantly. "Now he's going to ask me where I work."

"Look at that — she's glad that I've given her an excuse to get out of this uncomfortable situation."

Her smile faded when he said nothing. She busied herself with getting her purse all together, and smoothing her skirts, and then she stood up slowly and stretched her limbs, and searched the bench to make sure she hadn't left anything behind, and actually just trying to give him ample opportunity to ask her name and address. She became apprehensive when she ran out of things to do and he still hadn't said anything.

"I guess I'm just not what he's looking for. I might as well go. He's probably embarrassed to be seen with me." She turned and started to walk away.

"Well . . . have a nice day at work," he said rather stiltedly. He was dying to know where she worked, but refrained from asking.

"Thank you. Goodbye," she replied somewhat sadly, and walked slowly down the street. "Well, maybe he'll be here tomorrow," she tried to console herself, although she knew he wouldn't.

Jan was also disappointed with the outcome of their encounter, but he consoled himself in a different way. "Well, at least I didn't make a complete fool of myself by making an obvious pass at her and getting rejected." This rationalization afforded him only slight relief, and he, too, was sad as he turned to walk back to his office.

SQUASH!

He stepped in a load of dog crap and lived shabbily ever after. . . .



Big Fatty Presents: Sensuous Supper

Nothing spoils a romantic evening like a growling stomach, and no one knows this better than Big Fatty. "If I had a nickel for every time I've been kicked out of bed for eating crackers, ice cream, or crepe suzette flambe with Grand Marnier, I'd have at least ten cents," he is fond of saying.

Ideally, the sensuous host or hostess should plan intimate meals to provide balanced nutrition, satisfy the hunger reflex until the next morning, and plant suggestive thoughts in the mind of the prospective partner. Big Fatty's plan for erotic eating starts off with cocktails and

the sensuous salad pictured above.

Start off your romantic repast by serving delicious and nutritious screwdrivers and bloody Marys. Follow with the salad, hot rolls and butter, and coq au vin or pigs in a blanket. Melon balls make an ideal dessert.

Satyricon Salad with very French Dressing
Split bagels and spread on a bed of fresh lettuce. Arrange whole cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots, zucchini, pineapple rings stuffed olives, and hard boiled eggs in a risqué but tasteful manner. Use dressing liberally.

Very French Dressing

oil
honey
brown sugar (that's why you dance so good)
eggs
rosemary, sweet basil, cayenne, dill, freshly ground black pepper
thyme, garlic
Mix oil and honey in a plastic bag. Beat eggs until stiff, then fold in honey-oil mixture, brown sugar, and spices. Make it as spicy as you like. ☞

A Victorian Diary

By JIM WEBSTER

3:15 A.M.

A most meritorious day. Miss Rathbun has proved to be solicitous toward my advances. We were sitting on her front porch this evening, I rapturing on metaphors for the moon between pronouncements from Miss Rathbun's digestive tract. Whereupon a praying mantis suddenly appeared, hanging down from the drainpipe and peering down on us. "Tell me, Miss Rathbun," said I, "do you think that mantis hanging there is bent on devout thoughts while he prays, or is he really thinking about us?" Miss Rathbun let out a most dreadful scream and fled back into her parents' house.

I found her in the kitchen, nibbling nervously on her veil. Naturally I tried to impress upon her that praying mantises are quite harmless creatures, except the female ones to the males of their own species. This seemed to perk her up a bit, so I went on to explain how, in the midst of sexual intercourse, a female praying mantis will bite off the head of the poor male, the resulting death spasms providing the impetus for the consummation of their rather brief - well, I was going to say marriage, but Miss Rathbun interjected for me. "One night stand!" she cried with glee.

This put me at an absolute loss for words. While I stood there by her mother's frying pan collection, Miss Rathbun came up to me, looked me squarely in the eye, and asked me if I'd ever considered making love to her.

But before I could frame an answer to this audacious question, she laughed and began tiptoeing in circles, as though the idea itself had, in effect, taken her by the arm and started promenading her about the room.

Drastic action was called for. Thinking

quickly, I filled a tumbler full of cold water and threw it in her face. "Darling!" I cried, grabbing her by the arms. "Are you all right?"

Her eyelids shut and she swayed a little. It suddenly occurred to me that she had fainted, for she slumped to the floor and lay there quite motionless for several minutes. Getting a bit tired of this, I decided that it would be sensible to help her come to her senses. I slapped her gently on her beautifully wraithlike cheeks (drawn up, as I am fond of telling myself, like those of a hungry urchin) and dripped cold water down her smoothly chiseled nostrils. I even pulled back her eyelids, yet she remained unyielding in her prostrate state.

She won't do there to lie on the floor, I told myself. So I gathered her delicate body under my arm and carried her into the parlor, where I most carefully lay her on a couch, and propped her head up with a pillow. And because she appeared so sweet to me, so vision-like, I gathered a bunch of orchids from a nearby grand piano and scattered them over her frame so gravely embalmed with faint.

To my utter surprise, she picked up a blossom and began licking it with her tongue, murmuring and breathing heavily. And then she began biting the stamen and pistil! "Miss Rathbun!" I cried. "Are you well?"

"Yes, quite," she replied, as she opened her milky blue eyes into mine. "I felt faint for a moment. My, what a lovely dream I had."

"Oh, what was that?" I said, trying to sound polite. I relish my own dreams, of course, but other people's dreams quite bore me.

"I dreamt that I twisted your head off, and you enjoyed it."

Could it be? Was she serious, or merely toying with the idea?

"Miss Rathbun," I said, "do you realize the enormity of such an idea? Do you comprehend, madam, what you just said to me?"

"You enjoyed it!" she shrieked, kicking her legs high, revealing her thighs and . . . private parts in a most disgraceful manner.

"Miss Rathbun," I said, perhaps you should go to bed now; it's been a very pleasant evening, and I thank you from my, the bottom of my heart. Now I . . ."


"Hey," she said, "You want to see my etchings?"

"You know *perfectly well* that you don't etch, Miss Rathbun. Now I really believe it is time for me to go. You aren't feeling well."

She refused the offer of my hand, and stood up herself. I feared for a moment that she was angry with me (although why I cannot imagine) but she suddenly turned around and, lifting her eyebrow like the carved sweep of a dolphin's back glancing out of the waves, she tossed a smile to me.

"Good night, John," she said, and as I fumbled out the door, out onto the pathway that meanders away from her porch, she tossed me, wretched me, an orchid.


And that orchid remains in my left hand now, as with my right hand I scribble these words down, underneath the full moon, underneath the window of Miss Rathbun's bedroom.

Tonight, for the first time, I feel the possibility of loving her. 

continued from p. 3
into her earthly cistern, the glorious slug lolling lovingly. "The translation of a purely psychical excitation into physical terms depends on the concurrence of so many favourable conditions . . . that an impulsion towards the discharge of an unconscious excitation will so far as possible make use of any channel for discharge. . ."

And there, so quintessentially close to euphoria, I cried. It would elude me, I knew it. The precious slug would disappear into the dark slime, burrowing under the thick black roots of the forest. The evanescence of ecstasy spoils even the most exquisite moments.

*"She dwells with Beauty -
Beauty that must die;
Aye, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled melancholy has her
sovereign shrine."*

I turned away and scurried further along the trail, before the slug itself could initiate the inevitable travail; I whispered goodbye and stole one last, tear-filtered glance at that beautiful, smeary, blurry thing which I had so loved. So, my conscience and you, Sigmund Freud, with your twisted aesthetics, I parry with my soul. I hereby proclaim the exquisite joys of unrequited love, the triumph of Conqueror Banana Slug. Satiety is the vice of life. 

PICK UP CALL GIRLS!

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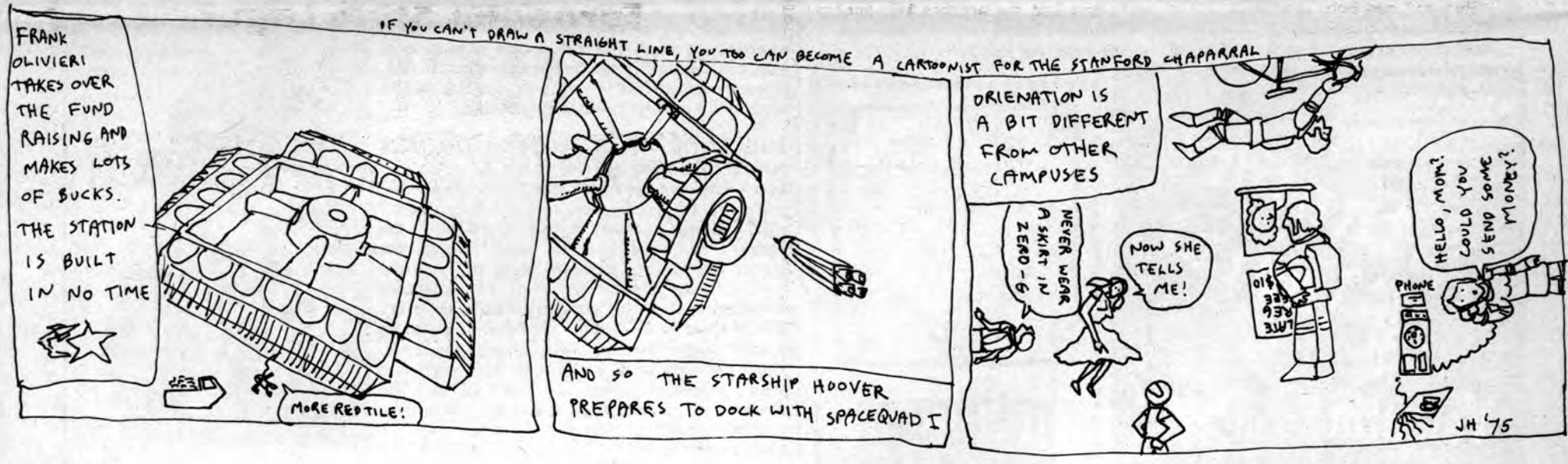
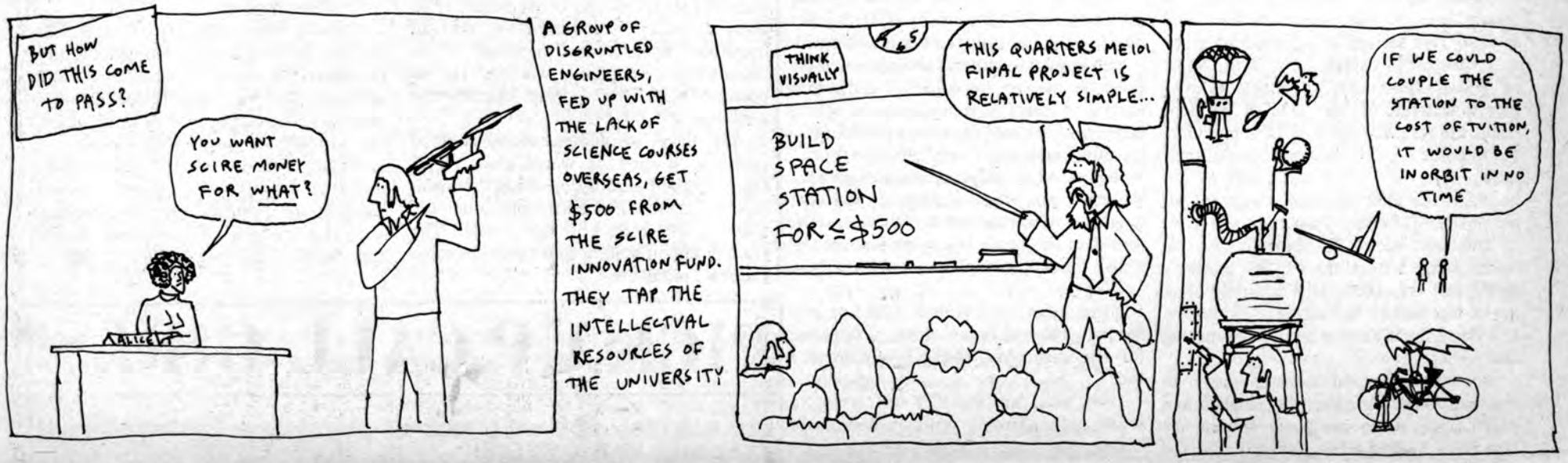
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NEXT: MEETING THE NATIVES!

Personals

Duckie — We've got a great thing going (814 days so far) and I love every minute of it. You're the SUNSHINE of my life! (T.Y.C.O.) Happy Valentine's Day — Pibbet.

Waldo Fargsworth is alive and horny in the Branner broom closet.

Alice, I long to crush your fragile body under my steaming loins. — Dean Gibbs.

Horny PhD. candidate seeks partner for sex and ???, due to lack of options in zero-sum market. Have good track record, as fiscally responsible. Like MAD magazine. Willing to kiss, but am slimy. Flabby, pimpley-faced, and balding, but not a Credit risk. Call Mason at 555-8888.

FOUND: One psi particle. Describe it to us and we'll return it. 4.1 BeV at SLAC.

Tangerine and white from Spain/I'm killing myself, Madelaine! Madelaine! — Tristan.

Wanted: B-girls. Yearbook photographer seeks females with GPA 3.0 or higher. Phone 327-3186.

Wanted: C-girls. Chaparral photographer, can't afford B-girls. Inquire anywhere or call 325-3349.

STOP! Open your billfolds and look. For if you have one or more dollar bills with serial numbers between G37303679D and G93142718F you have already WON prizes! Send your winning dollars right now to Chaparral Dollar Contest, Storke Bldg., Stanford, Calif. 94305.

LOSE UNWANTED HORNIENESS IN SECONDS! Call Dr. Mayer's Horniness Reducing Clinic: 555-0613. Bring your own bricks.

Get bad grades while making up stupid fake personals. Chaparral Staff wants you!

S.—You're the greatest and so are your jackboots. love, M.

Peninsula Creamery

For the Richest
Milkshake in Town
It's
Peninsula Creamery

Hamilton at Emerson Palo Alto 323-3175

continued from p. 3

He half dragged, half carried her to his room, dropping her on the bed. She woke up as he was taking off her shoes, and bent over him licking the back of his neck. He pushed her under the covers and disentangled himself from her arms. She passed out again.

He gazed longingly at her sleeping form, considered briefly claiming drunkenness himself, and took his sleeping bag out of the closet.

chapter 11

When Nita awoke her head was pounding, she was in a strange bed, and there was a huge blue catapillar on the floor before her. The catapillar grunted, rolled over and said.

"Good morning, do you plan on washing your hair tomorrow night?"

Nita groaned, "I don't think it will last that long."

"Would you like to go to the flicks with me?" said the catapillar.

Nita climbed out of bed and pulled on her shoes. She leaned over and kissed the catapillar on the nose.

"You're sweet," she said, and started to leave.

"Is that a yes?"

She nodded, smiling, and left.

Bob was flying. His heart pounded in anticipation.

"I wonder what the flick is?" he said aloud to himself.

"Texas chain saw massacre," came John's voice from the other room.

chapter 12

"Nothing like a nice romantic evening at the flicks," said John.

"Shut up," said Bob.

"Don't cut yourself shaving!"

Bob glared at John as he put on his med school interview best.

There's no hope, he thought as he crossed White Plaza. The night was clear and cold. When he reached her room he spent several minutes debating whether to knock or just go home. He knocked.

Kathy opened the door and said that Nita wasn't quite ready yet as she was drying her hair. A few minutes later Nita appeared.

"Oh, Jesus," said Bob.

"Did you say something, Bob?"

"No, nothing."

Bob was stunned. She looks good enough to eat, he thought, but I can't say that.

"You look delicious," he said.

"What?"

Bob blushed. Nita smiled up at him and gave his hand a squeeze. Bob fell into a fit of violent coughing. Her eyes sparkled. The scent of her perfume intoxicated him. Her hair fell in soft ringlets framing her angelic face. Her hair was incredibly clean.

She must like me... didn't she say I... and didn't she... no, that doesn't mean anything... she's just... If I...

Hold it! This is ridiculous. I'm a senior at Stanford. If I can't...

chapter 13

"Well, how did it go?"

"Don't ask."

"That bad?"

"You wouldn't believe..."

"Try me."

Bob sighed.

"All right. I went to her room and everything was fine. She was looking incredibly good. We went to the flicks and I bought her a coke and some popcorn..."

Bob's voice trailed off.

"Well?"

"OK. You take the coke and the

popcorn and be Nita. I'll be me and show you what happened. Sit down here next to me."

After a while, John began to fidget.

"Well?"

"Don't rush me!"

"What do you mean, 'don't rush me'?"

"We just watched the movie for a few minutes."

"A few minutes?"

"Well, an hour and a half."

"An hour and a half! I'm surprised she didn't fall asleep."

"If you're not going to be serious, we don't have to talk about it."

"All right. What happened then?"

"I decided to make my move. I moved my hand over like this."

"You stuck your hand in her coke?"

"Well not exactly."

"What, exactly?"

"I stuck my hand in her coke."

"Oh. What did she say?"

"She said, 'you stuck your hand in my coke.'"

John grimaced.

"What did you do then?"

"We sat and watched the movie for a while."

"With your hand in her coke?"

"I didn't want her to think I was putting a move on her or something."

"Well, Don Juan, how did you get your hand out of her coke?"

"If you don't want to be serious..."

"Who, me? I've never been so serious in my life. Cross my heart... Scout's honor."

"John..."

"OK, OK. What did you do then?"

"I took my hand out of her coke."

"Good move."

"Not really."

"?"

"I knocked the popcorn into her lap."

"When?"

"When I was taking my hand out of her coke."

"Oh, God."

"So then I moved my left foot over here and my right hand over here while she was brushing the popcorn out of her lap. You know what I was after?"

"A job as Nixon's secretary?"

"Then I moved my hand across her shoulders."

"Yes."

"And then she kind of turned toward me..."

"Yes!"

"And then our eyes met."

"And then?..."

"Some damn freshman in the balcony yelled, 'Go for it!' and I banged my knee on the arm rest."

"Ouch."

"And then the movie ended... but I walked her home."

"I hope so."

"That's when I stepped in the mud puddle."

"Jesus! What else happened?"

"Nothing much. I took her home and she kissed me good night."

"That's good."

"I don't know... it wasn't that kind of a kiss."

chapter 14

Bob put down the phone.

"Nita?" asked John.

"She's washing her hair again."

John shrugged.

"I wonder if there are any girls around Stanford who're bald," said Bob.

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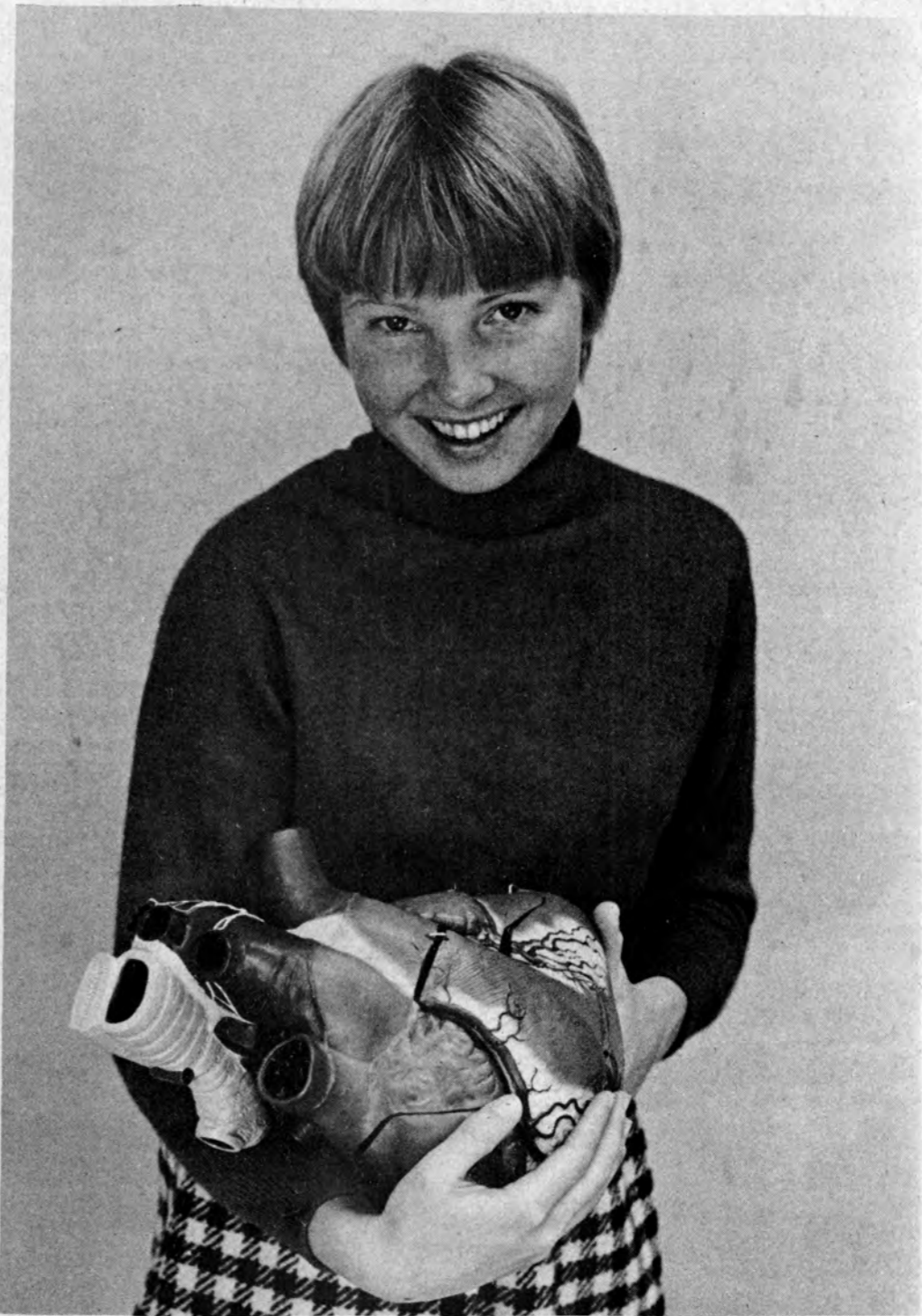
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