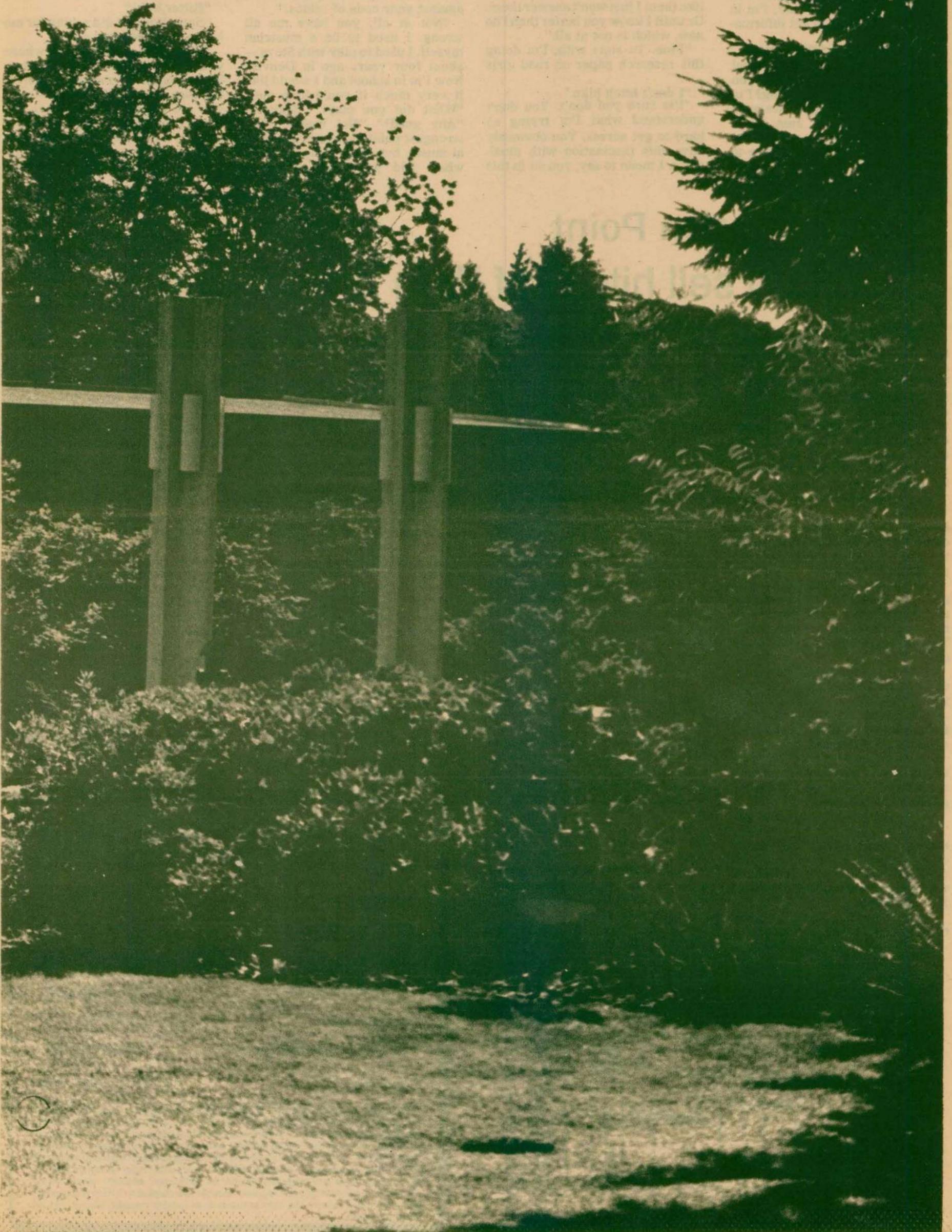


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©

Road Girls: Your money or your wife

Jonathan Blair

"I only want to know what's on your mind. I'm not trying to put moves on you. What would you have me be? Some hard-up greaser trying to molest young girls? It's not that, it's just as I said; I'm in college and I need to get information for a project."

"I know about your project. 'Didn't Steve tell you about me?? I was coming? Would you rather I paid you or something? I'm on the level — you don't owe me a thing, I know that. Just make believe I'm a doctor or something. I mean, how well do you have to know someone before you would

loosen up to some simple conversation? Do I look like a sniper or something?"

"I'll tell you what — you ask all the questions you want. If I don't like them I just won't answer them. Or until I know you better than I do now, which is not at all."

"Fine. To start with, I'm doing this research paper on road girls . . ."

"I don't hitch-hike." "I'm sure you don't. You don't understand what I'm trying so hard to get across. You obviously have this fascination with musicians. I mean to say, you sit in this

place every night, don't you?"

"Not every night I don't! I just happen to like it here. Why? Are you trying to tell me it isn't healthy or something? Or maybe it's against your code of ethics."

"Not at all; you have me all wrong. I used to be a musician myself. I used to play with Steve — about four years ago in Denver. Now I'm in school and I would like it very much if you'd help me." "What did you play?" "Guitar." "Any good?" "Not really. My strongest points were not my actual music, but other things." "Like what? Did you strip or some-

thing?" "You might say I've had positive reinforcement from sticking my ass out on stage and playing trash loud enough to make these animals dance."

"Bitter, huh?" "Sure. It never did a thing for me in the way you need a job."

"Why is it so wrong to whore yourself? That's what your're doing you know. You've got a whore's complex don't you? I mean — here you are a man and you have the same problems as a prostitute I know. I'll tell you what I told her; There's not too much you can be sure of, not even your sexuality.

Sometimes you must put yourself on a level that will appeal to their basics. If you wanted to be a musician, why didn't you study music? You probably don't really know what you want — that's why you're in school. Hey, I should be interviewing you — sorry."

"No, you're probably right. I just didn't expect you to come on so strong after all this silence and moderation you've been putting me through. Care for a drink or something?"

"Sure, something with sugar." "Did you ever go to college, Glo?"

"No, but I like to read a lot. Right now I'm studying up by reading sports magazines — to appease my little brother. I'm trying something new with him. I'm almost desperate. He's losing touch with us. He has all these fantasies about being great. So I figure if I were able to talk to him on his present level — well, maybe if he trusted me a little more I could surprise him and get in a credible word now and then. I don't see my family that much now that I'm on the road with Steve. I guess I'm just a little bit desperate about reaching my brother. I never could reach my parents."

"Do you think your parents would like Steve?"

"Oh yes, my mother would. She'd try to molest him right away. She just loves young men. And my father — he would have to know what he does. To him everyone has to do something. You know, is being productive his main concern. My sister calls him a work junkie."

"Do you think your parents are happy?"

"Not at all. My pop is out of touch with anything that won't make him a buck. My mom is a serious drinker. She is also bent on spending every dollar my father makes. They argue constantly — about nothing most of the time, just money and crap like that. I think mom is kinda of use to using pop nowadays. For the bucks and for the security she gets from him."

"Do you think you are happier than they are?"

"Sure, I do as I please — in all ways. Whereas my parents are trying to imitate the puppets they see on TV."

"Where do they live?"

"In Twisp, north of Spokane, in a trailer. They sit around there every night and don't even talk. Or they get drunk or play cards with these gophers from the trailer next door. Boy, are they bad."

"Can I get you another drink or something?"

"Sure, another loganberry." "Boy, that stuff must be sweet enough to draw ants." "Yeah, really. . . ." "Let me ask you a really open question."

"Sure." "Do you think you could tell me how you feel about yourself and your friends? Or what's attractive about Steve? Or things like that."

"Well, first off, my tits aren't big enough. I'm too fat and I think I like men too much. I don't have much of an idea what I really want to do with myself. That bothers me sometimes — I just don't want to



Photo by Jonathan Blair

wind up like my father or mother. Don't get me wrong, I love them and all; I just think life owes me more than a fat ass and a dead-end job. I like to be shocked. You can never get bored when things are exploding in your face. I like being in the middle of things."

"God! I can't believe how open we are now that we've broken the ice. Just a few minutes ago you were a bitch. You make me laugh. And you're cute too. Steve always manages, doesn't he?"

"Not really; he wasn't my first choice-Fritz was. Steve doesn't owe me anyway. I like him and all, but I still do what I wish."

"Yeah; do you want to take some dirty pictures?"

"Very funny." "Sorry, I guess I thought that loganberry would work faster that it has. But I do have to admit — you're a real prize."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It seems the ones I wanted didn't want me. Then the ones I didn't like swarmed all over me. I was really in love with this guy once. His name was Chris, and boy, did he ring my chimes. Every time I saw him I got chills all over me. I met him in a bar once. A bar of all places! He wasn't the best looking kind of guy, but he had something. When I thought about him, all I could think about was sex. As it turned, out, the relationship was completely physical. I guess that's the type of an affair I need at the time. Right now I couldn't use it at all."

"Say Glo, I've always wanted to know something; what does a guy have to say to a girl to really make her hot for him? Something that will just make you fly home without even thinking. Just for instance, what would I have to say to you if I wanted to give you the chills?"

"Aren't we getting off the track?"

"Yeah, I just thought we could explore this old fantasy of mine. You see, I'd go home with you right this very minute and I shouldn't

because I'm married. My wife wouldn't be too happy to find out that I was involved with another woman."

"Are you one of those guys that tells his wife everything?"

"No, but she would know."

"How?" "I don't know. She's always telling me that she could tell if I was to mess around with someone else. I guess if I wasn't guilty about it, it wouldn't show. But how do I go about not feeling guilty? Should I start a big fight or something? Then go out hating her?"

"Couldn't you try talking it over with her first or something?"

"Never!" "Well then, why not take it a little at a time? Do you have to jump right into bed? Can't you just take it slow? Maybe let the girl know you care for her a little. Maybe that way the lustfulness wouldn't be there and you wouldn't feel so guilty about it."

"Sounds a little extreme, but I'd be willing to try it."

As soon as the band was about to take a break she arose and walked toward the stage to meet the oncoming Steve. I just sat there and started thinking about things. I was here to pry into her life so I could write a this Ethnography, and here we were talking about love and sex. She seemed to know a great deal more than I expected. She had taken complete control over the conversation and my purpose. I wanted to have an affair with her in the worst way, but I also wanted to know why. Could it be as good as she suggested; without

lust? Or is that, indeed, what I'm looking for? Rejection is what I really fear. But at the same time it might be good for me to lose with another woman. Maybe I'd appreciate my a wife a little more that way. But then again, having sex with someone else could show me something I never dreamed possible; something that would

alter my feelings for my wife to an extreme negative. What if this act made everything at home dull and secular?

Could this woman evoke feelings that I didn't have anything at home anyway? Or would it be a terrifying experience that would send me running from home to be a do-gooder for the rest of my life? There's so much at stake here. What do I do if she asks me home with her tonight? Could I refuse?

She returns. . . "Hi, Glo. Want some more wine?"

"Sure, thanks."

"Here you go, enjoy it."

"Thanks. Boy, Steve can sure be an ass sometimes. Musicians — why do I bother?"

"I'm here to find out, remember?"

"Yeah, you said that when we first started out, but now I seem to be giving you marital advice."

"Right — I've just been sitting here thinking about everything you've said and I'm more confused than ever. I mean, is it really worth it, messing around with other women and all? I sure want to, but I wonder why sometimes. That makes me think."

"Think what?" "Well, maybe my wife and I aren't the great lovers we think we are. What would happen to us if I didn't want to make love to her anymore?"

"Boy, what an attitude you have. You've got to do something about the way you think. Don't you get so anything from your wife but sex? Don't you have some sort of friendship with her? Doesn't that friendship mean more than a strange piece of ass?"

"Well yes, sure, but at the same time, I'd go home with you right now if you asked me."

"I can't believe it! Look at yourself — it's pure lust with you. You don't even care about your wife. Listen to me for a minute. You're making three major mistakes. First, sex is number one with you and it shouldn't be that way. Anyone can get screwed. I'll take all the friends I can get. Do you know what I'm saying? Second, you are waiting for someone else to ask you! Of all the nerve; you are spoiled prick! Third, how could a girl get serious over a guy whom she met while he was messing around on his wife? Don't you see this as an indicator of what you are? This isn't a quality that a woman looks for in a man — say, couldn't we finish this talk some other time?"

"Sure, see you later. . . ." I finished my drink and walked to the car. As I drove home I was thinking of this things she had said. Boy, what a defensive bitch she had turned out to be. What does she know of my wife anyway? She did convince me of one thing, though; I've got to get the nerve to ask them home. I can't wait for them to ask me. I've got to think of a really good line — one that will make them hot for me.

RobZerrvation Point

Hard sell hits U of W in grand style. . .

Robb Zerr

It was early Saturday morning. I had finally reached my goal; I was accepted to the University of Washington. I don't know whether it was this fact or the fact that I drove right through the south gate without paying that sent a chill down my spine. Anyway, I was there to enroll and it didn't matter who tried to stop me; I was there for more important things.

My appointment was for 9:30 with one of the advisors, Mr. Romero Conklin. When the time came around, Mr. Conklin greeted me and we exchanged a few complimentary phrases;

"Hi there! I'm Romero Conklin and you must be . . . don't tell me. . . uhhhhh! . . . (he glanced at my application). . . Robb Zerr. Tell me Robb what do you like to do?"

"I write for the GRCC newspaper. I do a column entitled, RobZerrvation Point."

"Oh yes, why didn't I make the connection. I read your columns all the time."

I was impressed with his taste and returned his compliment with a modest "Thank you." Then we got down to business.

"Well, old buddy," he spied out, "I just bet you're shopping around for a college. Not just any college, friend, but a college which suits you, yes you to the individual needs of yourself and 35,000 others just like you."

I started to ask a question about the tuition when he interrupted. . . "As the old egyptpan king once

said, my boy, Tut, Tut, all in good time! Let me spell out to you what you want. I bet that you want a mellow college, huh? One with plenty of women, wine, and stuff that goes along with them! Well, we've got that at the U of W and a lot more." He reached for his flip chart of the college's history and started in, "See this? This was our first university. Nothing much. Just a 32 room building in downtown Seattle."

"Now look at us, we're a thriving bureaucracy with a large campus and a Rose Bowl trophy. We can do the same for you!"

I told him that I thought I was thriving already and that my trophy case was full. "I want to see what you've got in the way of a Communications program; I don't care what the ratio of girls is to guys on campus!"

"I can see by your actions that you are no easy push-over and I respect a person for that. So what do you say that we get down to the nitty-gritty of the deal we have to offer you. You say you want a good Communications program. . . that others just can't deliver what you must have! Well, at the U of W, we do!"

He reached for his slide projector and launched into another pitch.

"See this? This is Comm. 137 our intermediate muchkraking course. In it, students learn how to muck-rake intermediately."

For some reason this explanation didn't say anything about the class

so I began to ask about the prerequisites for the class. He went on to the next slide.

"Looky here. Isn't this one of the best slides you've ever set eyes upon? Look at that crispness. How about the clarity and the vertical sweep of the lines. This here is our college newspaper, The Daily. It's a staff of 52, press of blue, of what can that editor do, has anybody seen my pennnnnnn? Anyway, this little beauty has a low work load, a high output for the money, and a high circulation."

"How much is the circulation?" I asked.

"Details! Anyone can dalley in details! It's the concepts my boy, that's what we deal in, the concepts! Now, if you sign up right now, that's right now, I can give you a tremendous deal. Just sign right here on the dotted line for your sham. . . uhh I mean, a chance of a lifetime. And if you act right now, I'll throw in this honest to goodness real life blowup cheerleader doll in the purple and gold of the Huskies."

It looks like a pretty good deal I thought to myself. Just think, a low pressure college, plenty of classes to choose from, and an inflatable cheerleader to boot. Who could offer me more?

I asked for the contract to sign. I gave it a quick glance to make sure I wasn't signing my life or first born away, and eased my pen down to the dotted line.

Just before the stroke started, my mind wavered back to my two years at Green River. I thought of the fun I had had in class' the Current, the parking hassles, and the friends I had left. Before I realized it, I was already in my car and heading for Green River.

I stormed up to the registration window and begged for forgiveness for even thinking of another college. They accepted my plea for mercy. I registered and headed for the cashier's window. The lady behind the counter smiled and said, "Where's your \$102? You cannot be processed without paying, so fork it over buster!"

God, it's nice to be back where I'm appreciated.

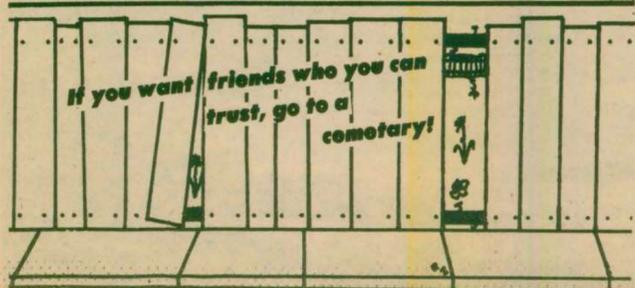
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Words of Wisdom Wall



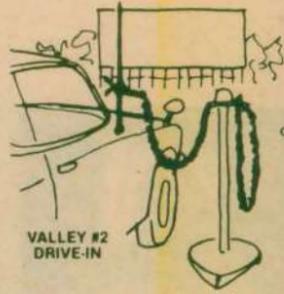
Star Wars Outdoors

Robb Zerr

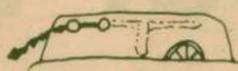
When my fiancee first asked me if to take her to the drive-in to see Star Wars, I must admit that I didn't expect much. Not that I didn't want to see the movie for the sixth time, I was just afraid it would be terrible without the Dolby Stereo and wide screen.

By the time we reached the Valley Drive-In #2, I had talked myself out of the fact that Star Wars may be a good outdoor movie. I told myself that it was pointless to hunt for a working speaker because once I had found one, it would short out shortly after the titles. Boy was I in for a pleasant surprise.

Valley 2 is equipped with a system which does away with the old box speaker. In its place at each stall is a little wire with a suction cup and clip attached to it. Instructions issued as you enter the theater, tell you to attach the clip to your car antenna and tune the AM radio to 650. In the absence of an antenna, the suction cup can be placed on the windshield to yield the same result.



TRY OUR NEW RADIO SOUND SYSTEM
 CLIP CONNECTOR TO YOUR ANTENNA
 OR PUT SUCTION CUP ON YOUR WINDSHIELD
 LEAVE YOUR ACCESSORY POWER ON
 TURN YOUR AM CAR RADIO TO 650
 NOTE: CAR BATTERY IN NORMAL CONDITION WILL NOT BE AFFECTED.



eine-fi
 INTERNATIONAL
 AUTORADIO DRIVE-IN SOUND

This radio system, when used with my standard Ford radio yields some great sound. Although it lacked the Dolby quality, the sound was clear, crisp, and concise. An added bonus is that stereo buffs can adjust the bass/treble to their own particular tastes.

Another impression I had prior to the movie was that the use of such a large screen would destroy the special effects and that the fidelity of the color would be ruined. My worries were quelled, however, soon after the picture got under way.

The lighting for the first fifteen minutes was poor because the light left from the sunset competed with the movie screen for the eyes. As a result, the scene between the Jawas and R2-D2 was barely discernable. This was only temporary thank goodness, for as the light diminished, the special effects became nothing short of stupendous.

The first time the effects are brought to life by the big screen is when the Millennium Falcon escapes from Mos Eisley space port and makes the jump to hyperspace.

The stars speeding by the cockpit gives the viewer the impression that the ship flies right into the sky behind the screen which, on the night I was there, was star filled also.

This effect is even more exemplified during the battle scene. The X-wing fighters and TIE fighters seem to leave and enter the screen at will. This effect is also evident when one of the Imperial cruisers enters the top of the screen at the beginning of the movie. Nothing short of superb.

The only complaint that I would have about the movie at the Valley was the early starting time which affected the film's brilliance at first, and the occasional train that wandered by the theater.

Star Wars starts at dusk at the Valley 2 with the gates opening at 8 pm. Admission is \$2.75 for adults.

If you want to see an enjoyable movie in a most enjoyable environment, see Star Wars on a clear night! It's worth it.

PERSISTING IN HIS BATTLE AGAINST OBSENIETY AND UNCLEANNELINESS WHEREVER HE ENVISIONED IT:
CAPT. GUILT
 MIND POLICE

WE TAKE YOU NOW TO AN AVERAGE DAY FOR OUR HERO, CAPT. GUILT: WHOSE DAILY DUTIES OFTEN INCLUDE:
 REMOVING INSIDIOUS PHALIC SYMBOLS

SPREADING CRUDE OIL ON THE BEACHES TO DISCOURAGE NUDE SUNBATHING

NEGOTIATING WITH TOY COMPANY EXECUTIVES TO MAKE CLOTHES ON DOLLS UNREMOVABLE!
 THE MORALITY OF OUR CHILDREN IS AT STAKE!
 I'LL BET YOUR WIFE WORRIES TOO!
 DON'T YOU CARE YOU'RE CORRUPTING AMERICA'S YOUTH?
 OH OF COURSE YOU DON'T!! YOU WITH YOUR WIDE TIES AND BLOW DRIED HAIR! COMMUNISTS!

AND OF COURSE, DISTRIBUTING COUNTER-SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE.
 PURITY PAMPHLETS
 TAKE ONE OR DIE! AND HAVE A NICE DAY!
 DANGER
 SUBVERSIVE PORN
 TRUTH THAT LEADS TO INSANITY
 WOMAN PLACE IS IN THE HOME

LATER, CAPT. GUILT CONFRONTS A DEPT. STORE MANAGER:
 DON'T YOU REALIZE WOMEN MIGHT SEE THAT?!

WAIT! MY LUST-O-METER® HAS DETECTED INIQUITY AND UNWHOLESOMENESS IN ANOTHER COMIC STRIP!
 HONK!

I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT!

SO, LITTLE MAN, WE MEET AGAIN, YES?
 NO! SHOJO, YOU WRETCHED FIENDESS!
 I SHALL DESTROY YOU NOW BEFORE YOU SPREAD!
 MIGHTIEST CHILD ON EARTH!
 BY STEVE KLOPFSTEIN

I THINK NOT, NOT WHEN YOU LEARN I HAVE KIDNAPPED YOUR FATHER AND BROTHERS AND THE HONORABLE PRESIDENT OF OUR HUMBLE NATION! YOU WILL NEVER SEE THEM ALIVE IF YOU HARM MYSELF!

LAST TIME, IT WAS MY MOTHER AND SISTERS! YOU SWINE! DID THAT STOP ME? NO! I WILL KILL AND MAIM YOU!

NO! YOU WILL NOT! NOT WHEN I ALSO HOLD THIS!
 NOW YOU'LL SURRENDER TO ME!

my TEDDY BEAR?

AH HA! GOTCHA! RUNNING AROUND SEMI NAKED IN A COLLEGIATE COMIC STRIP!
 FOOM!

HERE, PUT ON THESE CLOTHES, FOR DECENCY'S SAKE!

REMEMBER, KIDS! NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES!

WE'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS TIME TO THANK ANYONE WE MAY HAVE OFFENDED.

BY THE WAY, FEEL FREE TO USE THIS SPACE ANYWAY YOU SEE FIT! SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIENDS AND SAY "SEE, I'M A BIG TIME CARTOONIST 'SO WHAT!"