



Low Lights

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REX STROTHER WINS AWARD

After taking a poll of our authors, we have discovered, and this has been checked many times, that Rex Strother is funny. So we, the author of Low-Lights bequeath to him the "LowLights' HUMOR LIKE HUMUS" award. He is also bestowed with the title of "Most Humorous Sophomore This Side Of The Comediroedactyl Iconoclast Brimusoculatriage Homeocontinuum". With this honor comes a great consolation prize; the senior class is opting to buy chimies for his chimney. The principal of HBHS presented Rex with the plaque at his home, which is the only place you can see him these days... Rex's delighted response was, "Gee, this is great as hecky-poo. I really appreciate this plaque. I've had trophies, and certificates, and kudos, and loving cups before, but I've never had a plaque, except on my teeth."

BOSTON REVIEW

The group that has taken the rock world by drizzle has added Long Beach to it's list of victims, literally. They played before a packed house of dilated pupils which still thought that they had bought orchestra seats to a Beatles reunion, at the Long Beach Arena on March 16 and 19. Boston had the crowd on it's feet, but the exits were barred, and chanting with the band. Some chants were, "Where's Ringo?", "Don't Bogart It", and "It seems to be coming from the direction of the stage." Two encores were not enough as the audience whispered out for more. More of what is uncertain, since it couldn't be music; more suggests that there was some to start with. Putting together clear and vibrant guitar with smooth as a pinecone vocals and synthesized distortion, Boston creates a flowing and harmonic melody, which comes awfully close to sounding like an amplified Boeing DC-10 in an echo chamber, doing it's best to land on a runway of Rice Krispies.

The supporting band should have. How they earned the name of "The Outlaws" is not left up to the imagination. This band concentrates on intricate guitar work to carry their selections, which happen to be piano solos, so you can imagine how well they were received. The Outlaws should be commended as the best supporting jest to a top-billed band, which should also be fined.

But, despite the superfluous performance by the Outlaws, Boston stole the show right out from under their bladders. Boston is truly an experience to see, but then so is public execution. Boston, a really great band; a really great album. Too bad that with their stage presence, they have no stage future.

DOMESTIC NEWS

On April 3, the construction of the building site for the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in Warsaw, Poland got under way. As you know, a cancellation or delay of the games was considered when all of Warsaw's unemployed went on strike, refusing to work. This tangle was cleared up after Poland's government decided that the demands were not unreasonable, and increased the striker's wages by 18%, with a 2% cost of living escalation clause, and a 2 week paid vacation.

Today on the steps of the State Capital Building, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Osmond Bono Comaneci Shlesinger released to the press that the State Bisexuality Bill could go either way.

What's red and sits in the corner? A baby counting his toes with a hatchet.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS by Rex Strother

I am now speaking to you from some solitary bench at Wilson High School in the Long Beach Unified School District. I mention that fact, because it sure makes me sound far off. If you are wondering what I am doing here, instead of gracing your presence, it is because you haven't been keeping up. Last issue, when I told of my feelings (popular opinion?) of Mr. Maddelena, it was considered libelous, and I was considered an undesirable element. I was not expelled, and I was not suspended, but "transferred". But, there do not seem to be any conditions for my return. This would mean that I have been expelled, and that is illegal. If you are interested, I will describe WHS (If you are not interested, just hang on, until the person whose shoulder you're reading over turns the page). I will describe it for all of you who are interested, and for those of you who read this because I have become a big name, and of course, those of you who just read through the material so they can get to the cat cartoons.

Before I was allowed to enter the school, there was a number of things to attend to. First, there was the transferring of my front and profile photos, fingerprints, police records, psychological self-determination reports, inkblot results, and oh yes, my grades. Second, I had to get my dress code regulation haircut, and then of all the bad luck, my uniform was too tight, and it had to be let out. The jacket (straight) was somewhat loose and if I tried, I could just scratch my shoulder, that being where my hands were. The trip to school the first day was alright, but not very scenic, "cause I was blindfolded in the trunk, so I wouldn't see the terrible traffic", they said. The school itself is quite an interesting place, if not a little old. I do mean really old. The roof is thatched. That is how old. And the fact that the building is built of mud adobe bricks.*

The student body seems to be very integrated. There were so many blacks, I thought I had walked into an eclipse, and I had to wait until they came out of the shadows, so that I could see something besides their teeth and eyes. It was as if an oil derrick had exploded in the quad (yes, we have one too). They're not bad, and they listen good, and fetch things from your locker real fast, if you promise them a ration of corn meal, salt pork, and molasses. Equal rights is a big issue and they are making big steps, except that the drinking fountains and bathrooms are still marked for "Whites" and "Sambos". We'd have a great black track team, if only they would decide between themselves and quit arguing over who is going to get to throw the javelin.

The library is very spacious, and if the books weren't chained to the shelves, I would feel very trusted. We have most of our Constitutional rights, but they sometimes pay students up to a dollar a day to take some drugs, so that they can record the effects, and we aren't allowed to petition. If you even sign a homework paper, they accuse you of starting a petition, and take away your eating rights for a week, so I sign everything with an "x". It is nice and uncrowded with only three grades, but there is a hush when you ask "what happened to the freshmen?" I hear that when you graduate with honors, they give the white kids 20 dollars and a new suite, and black kids get 40 acres and a mule.

* Excuse me if I write in sentence fragments and with run-on sentences, but the harsh glare from the arc searchlights, on the guard towers, shining in my eyes, makes it hard to hold onto a thought for too long. They also have something here called a televisior, and the guidance counselors are divided into the Ministries of Truth, Plenty, Peace, and Love. The administration is also incorporating a language called NewSpeak, or something like that. I can't explain, 'cause there just aren't words.

You have been tuned into LowLights, Channel No. 5. This is the voice of Evan Copley speaking in writing. Next comes a non-existent, but very real looking piece.

HBHS CCTV BROADCAST TRUSTEE SUPPORT SCANDAL

What had started out as a brilliant, innovative supplement to the school morning announcements and HIGHLIGHTS newspaper, has sent two school employees to County JAIL (I accidentally capitalized this, but you think I did it for effect), and has cast a shadow upon the reputations of all reporters and newscasters related to this school-funded and student-organized project.

Mrs. Hostetler, broadcast director and advisor, and Mr. Erickson, school media video expert and consultant, are now awaiting sentencing behind bars at the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, with bail posted at \$4,000 for each. Major contributing artists and writers for the broadcast, including Lesla Copley, Don Foster, Bill McCants, and Kathy McGraw, all minors with foreknowledge of the crime, are being held for questioning and roughing up, after which, they will be released to their parents. The ring of conspirators was squealed on by Lisa Belsito, who works on the broadcast, but had wanted nothing to do with this "whole rotten, stinking deal." She claims she was forced at water balloon-point to write the copy used, but her cooperation with juvenile officers will definitely show in her favor; in the leniency of the judge.

What all persons are charged with is the noncompliance with a fairly new regulation. These people and many more on the lower rungs of this lawless ladder are accused of having subliminally represented Board of Trustee nominee, Helen Ditte. The method they used to get their point across was that during their weekly broadcast, they would flash on the screen for 1/10 of a second, the name of this candidate. This speed of transmitting was just slow enough to be picked up by the viewer's eyes, but too fast to be registered by the conscious part of the brain. So, what they were in effect practicing, was a form of mass media hypnosis. Any person who has seen that broadcast would suddenly feel himself in favor of Hellen Ditte without knowing the reason why, thinking it was his own idea. This has been declared illegal, along with other forms of subconscious tampering.

When we talked to Mrs. Hostetler about why she choose to take the chance of prosecution and persecution, to attempt this heinous crime, she was quoted as saying, "Well, you must understand that with what I get paid, it's difficult to pay for my own hairpieces, and I was just trying to raise some money for a hair transplant, when these elctions came up. Big Hel (Helen Ditte) promised me some good money for a little job, all in crisp, unmarked, random serial-numbered bills, all small denominations. Well, naturally I was suspicious, but it didn't sound bad, even though I knew it was illegal. Now I'm sorry I ever tried it, and wish I had taken up braless wet t-shirt wrestling instead." Lesla Copley and Kathy McGraw were overheard saying much the same thing.

LOWLIGHTS is a publication by Rex Strother, and it takes a long time, brother, so you had better learn to respect me, instead of calling me lat at night, making me get out of bed, just to have you hang up as soon as I say Hello. All these ideas are made up, not unlike New York's State Treasury Holdings, and any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

Next week, we look into the reason that people often mistake the meaning of words like "penal" and "fluctuate".

THIS IS A SERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HAS BEEN PAID FOR, which
is more than I can say for you! Don't turn and look around~!
That's Right! I mean you!



STUART-----
-----DAUTRICH

A.S.B. PRESIDENT

"I CARE !"

Ed. Note - We don't. I do not necessarily support this person, but did it only for the green money. I love it, I like to run my fingers through it, and paper my wall with xeroxed copies, and make little hats and bowties with it. Oh, I got carried away. Last time I got carried away, it was by men all in white, with the biggest butterfly nets that you have ever seen.

THE STROTHER MEMOIRS

March 15 - My mother drinks Cafe Vienna the true Italian way; by putting the grounds right in her mouth and then pouring in boiling water. I saw two men force another one to commit suicide. My brother shot his age on the SeaCliff Golf Course. How well he did on the other 17 holes, he didn't say. My teeth itch. I got in a real vicious fight yesterday, but I won. I snapped my stomach into some guy's knee and hit another in the fist with my face. My girlfriends is dead. They picked her up on the street, running around. Her owners did not pick her up within 8 days, so they gassed her. I feel as frustrated as a flasher who put his trenchcoat on backwards.

FIRST, a word from our sponsor:

Hi, Marge, Wow your house looks clean and I'm always surprised when you make a new stained glass window for the corner church. But, how can you let your children eat that?

But Harriet, that's --new-- NAPALM peanut butter, by Ralston Purina. And you know, if Purina makes it, it's got to be good for you. Just look at all their commercials on TV showing them feeding their food to rats, cockroaches, and ducks, and oxen, and yaks. Of course, I've never had a chance to try those varieties of their product, but I put my faith in NAPALM.

Okay, maybe, but I wouldn't let my kids eat that funny blue peanut butter!

Harriet, that's the idea. It's repulsive and it has high concentrations of starch and cholesterol. So, if they hate it, they eat less, and have less chance of dying from hardening of the arteries or coronary thrombosis before they can even pronounce it.

NAPALM peanut butter - It never fails to stick to the roof of your mouth. The only peanut butter endorsed by the Lebanese Olympic Team.

Are you cut out to be a surgeon? Dole is a Ford-letter word.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIRs,

You know why they don't make any Farrah-Fawcett Majors stamps? Because everyone would lick the wrong side!

Jaime Sommers
Ojai there

I hear your school has been having some trouble with "SlowLights". I know what you mean, I can't even go out driving without running into some traffic signal that won't cooperate and impedes my journey. What? You mean it's not "Slow", It's "Low"?... Oh, never mind.

Emily Littela
NBC Mail Room

Take my life, please.

Gary Gillmore
Hotel Bristol ashtray

I'm not as sweet as all that!

Indira Candy
Chocolate Mountain

What am I to do if President Carter recalls and bans nuclear arms?

Oscar Goldman
The man without
a spin-off.

Neither drinking nor motion-sickness pills make me act the way I do.

Dram Amin Dada
Some tax shelter
In Uganda

Why do people constantly mistake me for some guy, Paul? To a woman, this is very distressing. Also, people want to kiss my ring, and ask me where are my robes? They're in the bathroom, where everyone's are!

Carmelita Pope
Pamana, TVland

I went over to my window, I opened it, then I threw myself out of it. Now I'm in Hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore!

Peter Finch
Pearly Gates, Infinity

You probably think it gets bigger if I tell a lie. Well, it doesn't.

Barbra Streisand
Gepetto's Workshop
Streets, San Francisco

Well, you know how it is. We jews always were good with money.

Yitzhak Rabin
Philadelphia & toast
Lox of luck

CAT SHOES



WHITTLING A CAT

