

THE
apollo

CONNIPTION

"This is ANOTHER fine mess you've gotten us in to..."

January 1987

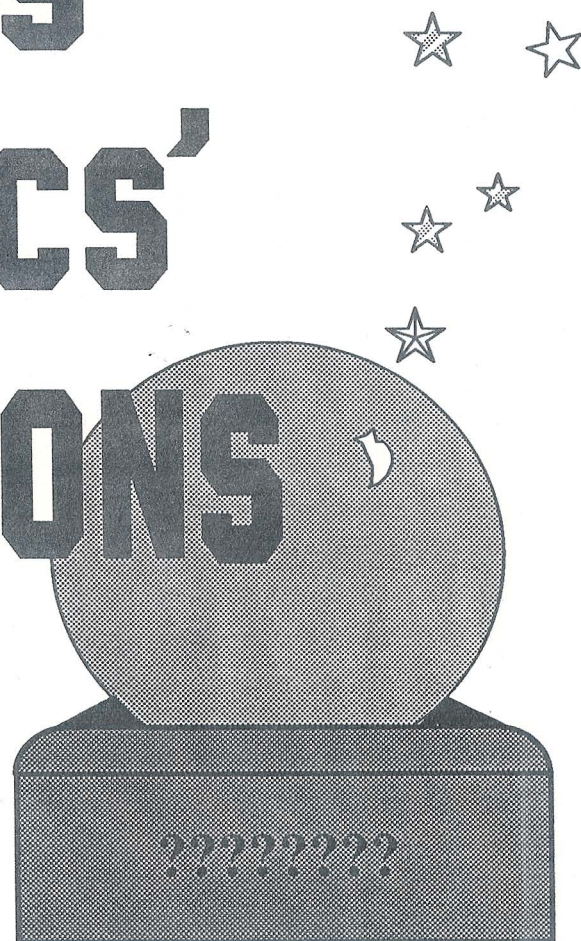
Oliver's Publication

Volume 2 No. 1

FAMOUS PSYCHICS' PREDICTIONS

for
1987

see page 7



A Bridge Too Close

(Editors note: Roland Whiteline serves as Northeastern Massachusetts Transportation Commissioner. In this capacity, Mr. Whiteline contracted help for the bridge work on state road 129 at the Chelmsford/Billerica line. The Con-niption staff managed to obtain his project notes.)

December 6, 1985 -- Got a call from Watson. He thinks the bridge isn't safe. Annie, my new receptionist, started today.

December 20, 1985 -- Got another call from Watson. He thinks we really ought to move on the bridge. I suppose he's right. I'll look into it right after Annie and I get back from Florida.

February 18, 1986 -- Swamped with phone calls on my first day back. A message from Watson jogs my memory.

February 21, 1986 -- Pursuant to State Law 801A-32B, I've advertised an open bid for the bridge project.

March 21, 1986 -- Opened the bids today. Kurtz Brothers Construction came in as high-bidder at \$12,562, but a call from the Governor's office strongly suggested that we pick them. It did bother me that they hadn't had any experience in bridge-building.

April 7, 1986 -- Kurtz Brothers begin work. Kurtz claims that the job will take six weeks.

April 9, 1986 -- I drive by the project; five men are working. Watson has stopped calling. I think I'll take Annie to Hawaii.

May 16, 1986 -- Kurtz is supposed to be finished today, so I want to visit the project to give it the final okay and thank him. But when I get there, everything feels wrong. Kurtz has a funny look in his eye. "I need more time, more men." He says.

May 17, 1986 -- I call up a few pals down at the State House and get another \$40,000 for the bridge project. Kurtz is relieved.

May 18, 1986 -- Now there are 10 men working on the bridge. Kurtz tells me that they'll be out of there by the next full moon.

June 12, 1986 -- Full moon. I visit the bridge. It is torn to shreds, and traffic is backed-up for miles. "The bridge," shouts a wild-eyed Kurtz. "You just can't leave it like that Whiteline. More money, get more money!" When you've worked for the state of Massachusetts as long as I have you can instantly recognize a project that needs a larger appropriation. I make a few calls and get him another \$250,000. Annie and I head to Holland for the annual Transportation Festival. This years theme: Peace Through Asphalt.

November 18, 1986 -- Kurtz calls and tells me, "You'd better get here right away." When I arrive, I am suprised to find 15 trucks and a smiling Kurtz. "Whiteside," he says, "we wanted you to be the very first to drive across the bridge." I smile proudly and drive over the bridge at 30 miles per hour.

November 21, 1986 -- I regained consciousness in my hospital bed. The nurse smiles and tells me that I took a terrible bump on my head. Kurtz is in the hospital room. When the nurse leaves, he whispers to me in a high strained voice, "Don't you see Whiteside. We couldn't let people ruin our beautiful bridge by speeding over it, so we took the precaution of adding a few bumps."

January 1, 1987 -- A new year, a new beginning. Kurtz tells me that the other half of the bridge needs to be repaired. He needs four million dollars. I tell him fine, just leave me alone.

June 12, 1987 -- I've ignored it long enough; I've got to check out the project. However, I don't want to risk a concussion, so I rent a helicopter and fly over the bridge. What I see amazes me. At least a thousand men are working on the bridge. Kurtz has posted armed troops to prevent anyone from getting on Route 3.

September 15, 1987 -- The Lowell Sun reported that Kurtz's men are going door-to-door with guns and forcing able-bodied men and women to work on the bridge.

July 12, 1988 — Its a lazy summer day and Kurtz calls to tell me that the bridge has been completed. "We should have a big celebration to mark its grand opening. Whiteline, why don't you get us another wheelbarrow full of money so that we can open this thing right." I remind him that bridge expenses forced the state into bankruptcy three months ago. After hanging up, I decide that Kurtz is right, so I make a phone call to an old war buddy from Detroit.

July 26, 1988 — That Lee Iacocca is a swell guy. In two short weeks he's organized a massive "Celebrate The Bridge" campaign. Corporations are donating hundreds of thousands of dollars and little school children are sending in their milk money. Adults are mailing in huge checks with long sentimental letters about what the bridge means to them. For instance: "I had been unemployed for quite some time and wondering about my future. Then, the chauffeur drove me across the bridge and I was filled with hope. I felt like I was entering a golden land of opportunity. Sincerely, Thomas Vanderslice."

September 5, 1988 — The big day has finally arrived. Tall ships from 27 countries are anchored in the Merrimack, 75 marching bands are stepping down Route 3, 250 hot air balloons are floating above the bridge...what a glorious day! And then at precisely 3:07, it happened. A group of 64 Elvis impersonators were dancing across the bridge when the whole thing collapsed.

January 29, 1989 — The state is back in business thanks to legalized pari-mutuel cock fighting, and so I got my job back. Things are finally back to normal. Watson called today. He said that the foot bridge the Army Corps of Engineers erected is no longer safe and that we should consider building a tunnel underneath Route 3. Well, you can bet that this civil servant was going to be mighty cautious this time around, so I told Watson that we'd only do the project if we could find an experienced crew. "No problem." He said. "I know a crew that's got plenty of experience. In fact, they did the Red Line extension."

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Notice to ALL Employees from SECURITY:

Since the installation of our new key card system, we have observed that some employees are still having difficulty operating the key card readers. We would like to offer some suggestions:

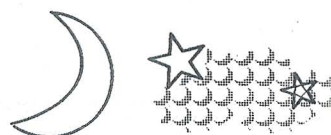
If the lock doesn't release after sliding your key card through the reader, shaking the door and kicking the glass aren't going to help. Instead, try again.

If the alarm sounds because the lock didn't release on your way out, please don't yell "%&# \$@*". Since we've installed microphones near all card readers, you can state your obscenities in a normal tone of voice.*

Any employee caught trying to enter the building with a 4 X 4 vehicle will be ticketed.

We hope that these suggestions help you to enjoy and appreciate our exceptional security system. If you have a hard time remembering these suggestions when using the key card system, don't worry. We'll just shake you, kick you, yell obscenities at you, and run you over with a 4WD Blazer until you remember.

★★★



Celestial Simperings by Krystal Jejeune

Capricorn — Financial insecurities prevail. To save yourself from possible financial ruin, send all assets to the Connipion for protection.

Aquarius — An individual of great emotional significance leaves you, and you're promoted to VP of DOMAIN Engineering. Remain flexible and open to advancement opportunities.

Pisces — A new love interest emerges in your life. For more details about this person (including a color photo), send \$100 and SASE to the Conniption.

Aries — Be on the lookout for exciting new personal growth opportunities mid-month. Avoid public appearances and private gatherings. Health problems may worsen; remain heavily medicated.

Taurus — You are torn between loyalty to your girlfriend and your mother. Mom mysteriously disappears while touring a brewery. Pets, too, may become troublesome.

Gemini — Your node is INVOLed, and you become editor of the Conniption. Look for love in all the right places.

Cancer — A good month for travel. Or a bad month for travel. Send SASE and \$100 to the Conniption to receive details about the *hot* spots.

Leo — Your cat leaves you for someone who has more furniture to shed on. He takes your Laser Tag set with him. Be quick to learn from others' mistakes.

Virgo — You receive a 20% pay cut, and are promoted to VP of DOMAIN Engineering.

L'bra — You sleep your way to the bottom.

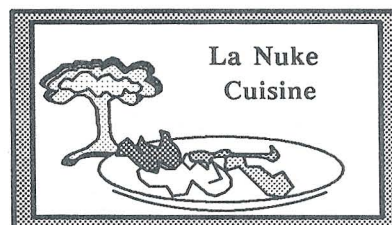
Scorpio — You'd better hide for the month.

Sagittarius — You develop an allergy to chocolate. You receive a promotion to VP of DOMAIN Engineering.

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"Off the Net"

Found in Bld. 270 parking lot: artificial limb. Identify number of digits and it's yours. Inquire at guard station, main lobby.



La Nuke

Your life: hot. You're on the go; you're into health, making money, and reading Gary Larson. Your times: the best. You treasure every moment; you haven't a moment to lose. Your style: the latest. You bend the trends; you set the pace. Your food: **La Nuke**. The choice of today is your choice.

La Nuke. The name says it all. Seven microwave-ready entrees that match your lifestyle: elegant, expensive, earthy. Tonight it might be grilled duck breast on a bed of kale, or perhaps buffalo mozzarella and sun-dried tomatoes on top of squid ink pasta. You make the choice; **La Nuke** makes the meal.

La Nuke. The choice of today.

★★★

Hey, Fritz!

A question and answer column that allows you to get the real poop on facilities-related issues. All questions are answered personally by Fritz Facilities.

Hey, Fritz: How come some of the lavatories in my building have two kinds of soap dispensers, two kinds of paper towel dispensers (as well as air hand dryers), and two kinds of wastebaskets? And how come you keep switching them around? What's going on?

Okay, we know you've all been wondering what's going on with all these different paper dispensers and hand dryers and soap dispensers in the restrooms. No, we are not conducting a psychological experiment to determine how many switches you'll put up with before you crack. Everything has a simple, logical explanation. The bottom line is that we've saved the company thousands of dollars.

It all started when the Tambones started putting up our buildings. The Tambones have a cousin named Ralph who's in the restroom supply business. The Tambones installed Ralph's combination wastebasket-paper towel dispensers in all the bathrooms and got a great kick-back from Ralph.

Then Ralph started to try to sell us paper towels to fill his dispensers at twice the normal cost. So I said, "No way, Jose! We don't need your rinky-dink, chisling kind!" So I called my wife's brother Marvin, who was also getting into the restroom supply business. He told me that paper towels were definitely on the way out, and that the way to go in hand drying technology was to install hot air blowers.

It sounded a little screwy to me, but my wife said that Marvin was the family genius, and, besides, he was going through a tough time, what with his son winning the Boy George Look-Alike Contest (do you remember Boy George?). So I gave Marvin the business, so to speak, and we put blow dryers in all the restrooms. They cost a bit, even with Marvin's great deal (only 100% over wholesale), but, as Marvin said, "You could get your hamster-brained son into Vassar with the money you save on paper towels!" Marvin threw in large trash cans at cost, too, and gave us, absolutely free, a three-year supply of handsoap for the dispensers.

Everything was fine for a while. We kept hearing complaints that hand dryers were a pain in the wrist, so to speak, but, heck, we don't have a Complaints Department. Who said this was a democracy, anyway? Then I got this angry call from a VIVP (Very Important Vice President). He said that the blow dryers had melted his secretary's fingernails and now she couldn't type his correspondence or dial his phone, and she was suing the company for ruining her budding career as a nude harpist. So I called Marvin again.

Boy, I really gave it to Marvin. "Listen, lamebrain," I said. "You and your cutting edge of bathroom technology have put my derriere in a sling with the Big Guns! I want you to get those friggin' dryers out of my bathrooms and get me some paper towels!"

Well, there was a temperature drop in my bedroom that night that put some of my favorite body parts in peril of frostbite. My wife told me that I had just destroyed all family harmony by lighting in to Marvin like that, and that she would never be able to face her sister-in-law (who's so high and mighty, like she's Queen of the Toilet Bowls or something) again, and that, if I didn't make nice with Marvin, I could just drive her to the bustop, to hell with the kids.

So I called Marvin again the next day and apologized. He said that was okay, he could understand my position, and that we could do a deal that'd make everybody happy. He said, why not just keep the hand dryers and get some paper towel dispensers that didn't use the same type of towels that Ralph, the Tambones' cousin, sold?

Naturally, Marvin just happened to have the very item in stock. Since they were imported from the Phillipines, though, they were kinda expensive (the Marcoses were still in power). But they didn't work well, so we could save big bucks on paper towels again. We installed those brown paper towel dispensers everywhere.

Everything was swell for a year or so. Then one night I came home to find that my wife had run off with Ralph, the Tambones' cousin, and had bought herself a new trousseau (from teddies to ermine) on my Sears card. She'd also cleared out the freezer, so there wasn't a Weaver Chicken Banquet in the place to console myself with.

So I took myself to McDonald's and thought it all over. Well, I was a little sorry to see her and the kids go, but, hell, I was a free man! I had a hot apple pie to celebrate.

The next day I cancelled our reorder from Marvin for a fresh supply of handsoap. I called up this foxy-looking saleswoman from Johnson who'd been on to me to buy some of their handsoap and took her out to the Hong and Kong for lunch. I got a *great* deal on the new handsoap dispensers. How great? Well, she's sure Enhanced my evenings, I'll say that!

The new Phillipino government impounded our paper towel dispensers, saying that they represented funds that the Marcoses had stolen from the government. So I called up my Johnson soap supplier's uncle Freemont, who's got a bathroom supply outfit, and ordered some no-nonsense, white paper towel dispensers.

I told you it was simple. Cost-effective, too. But I think I should warn you that my sister has decided that she would make a great interior decorator, and she wants to redo our bathrooms for her portfolio. She calls lavatories "personal environments" and says that, given the cash and a year to research it, she can design us restrooms that'll increase the company's effectiveness by 30%. Sounds great to me!

Do you have a question about Apollo Facilities? Send it to Hey, Fritz! care of The Conniption.

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I-RAM Scam Probe Widens as Independent Counsel Begins Hearings

(Washington, A&P) — Newly named independent counsel Samuel ("Snooper") Simeonson today broadened the scope of his investigation into the I-RAM chip sale controversy by issuing subpoenas to every member of Apollo Computer Inc.'s Board of Directors. Angered by the recent spate of claims for protection under the 5th Amendment, Simeonson vowed "to get to the bottom of this messy business or know the reason why!" Former head of the Natural Secrecy Council, Adm. John Pointafinger, continued to maintain his innocence under direct questioning, and declared, "Why, I'd love to testify, if only for the media exposure. But my sheister mouthpiece says to clam up, so what am I supposed to do?"

In related developments, Lt. Col. Oliver South, a former member of the staff support team of the Board of Directors, continued his silence on charges that he directed profits from the sale of the chips to secret Swiss bank accounts controlled by forces battling the Saladista regime.

"No comment," was South's reply to repeated questioning during investigative hearings conducted in the Bld. 330 cafeteria. As for his alleged involvement with other covert operations on behalf of the Corporation for Open Systems, South would only say, "... that'll all be in the upcoming novelization and network mini-series."

★★★

Workstations Buck Broncos to Top; Make Giant Difference to New York

PASADENA (Conniption Press) — As the New York Giants and Denver Broncos go through their final preparations for Sunday's Super Bowl grudge match, *The Conniption* has learned that workstations were a key reason the teams made it to Super Sunday.

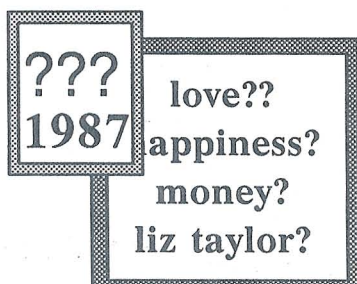
"Well, Hildy, I guess you just found us out," Giant Head Coach Bill Parcells said in an exclusive interview with *The Conniption*. "This year we began using DN3000s to help with our game plans and a DN580 to scout the opposition. We were pleased with our performance gains, but I'll tell you, it was the Turbo option for our 580 that gave us the extra boost down the stretch and got us to Pasadena."

"I've been using the 580's graphics capabilities to design and run plays online and see how I can throw over the defenders," admitted Bronco QB John Elway. "It's made a big difference late in some games. I know John Madden and Pat Summerall think I'm talking to the coach in the booth when I'm on the sidelines with the headphones on. Really I'm talking to a 3D-GMR pro who's trying out new plays for me on the 580. How else do you think we pulled out the game against Cleveland?"

Using computers is nothing new for pro football teams. But Bronco Head Coach Dan Reeves said it was workstations that made the difference. "Hell, Tom Landry is still using an IBM mainframe," chortled Reeves. "Why else do you think the Cowboys have been sliding further and further from the top? Landry hasn't kept up with the times."

Parcells also revealed that Apollo had designed a special node for the Giants. "We tested Apollos and Suns at the beginning of the season for their resistance to Gatorade," the coach said. "As soon as that orange stuff hit the Sun, it was lights out. But the Apollo just lapped it up."

★★★



Madame Miranda's Predictions

What will television bring us in 1987? Madame Miranda turns her satellite dish toward the future and sees...

Maddie and Dave will get it on at the end of the Spring 1987 season of *Moonlighting*; however, at the beginning of the Fall season, it will turn out that the previous season was just a nightmare of Agnes DePesto's—the result of eating a large pepperoni pizza before going to bed.

PBS will introduce a weekly series on lawn care. This unique television show will give viewers the opportunity to spend one hour a week watching grass grow.

A new Saturday morning children's show, named *Hairballs*, will follow the adventures of a band of slimy masses of matted hair as they try to elude the Dreaded Paper Towel. Toy replicas of hairballs will become the rage of the under-twelve set and force parents to trample one another in toy stores next Christmas.

Rodney Dangerfield will sue the Miller Brewing Company for defamation of character as he finally realizes that all those Miller Lite commercials were making fun of his stupidity.

Next Fall's thunder-hit series will be *Connption Vice*, a highly stylized action-drama-comedy-soap-opera based on the true story of a band of humorous desperadoes who produce an underground newsletter at a high tech company.

1987: It's Clear to Me! by Krystle Kleer

Hi there. I've been consulting my oh-so-crystal-clear ball, and here's the straight poop on what'll be popping in '87:

An animal-loving group in Chelmsford will add more exotic species to its already impressive collection of Otters, Terns, Kiwis, Ocelots, and Banshees. Look for this group to begin housing Tse-tse flies, Wildebeests, Porcupines, Duck-Billed Platypusses (Platypi?), and Slugs.

Maddie and Dave will continue to drive us crazy over whether they will or won't "get horizontal." Will they or won't they? Hard to tell. My crystal ball keeps fogging up whenever I try to see.

We'll discover that Lt. Col. Oliver North wasn't really the *only* person at the White House who had any idea of what was going on.

A software engineer will complete a 15-month project for a new product that has 35 commands, each of which has 15 unique options. S/he'll then say that the product only needs a 3-page paper to describe it because it's intuitively obvious.

A high official at a computer company will be made Vice President of Chelmsford and Route 3, since he's already vice president of everything else.

1987 Predictions by Krystal Jejeune

Madonna will divorce Sean Penn and become a medical missionary to Murrumbidgee, where she will be desperately seeking sutures.

A major earthquake will rattle a large portion of the American Midwest, causing milk to sour and several small uninsured Savings and Loans to fail.

Medical researchers will discover that AIDS can be transmitted over the telephone, especially if you have a party line.

Space aliens will kidnap the star of a leading daytime drama and force her to learn to end sentences without an indrawn breath, a weepy stare, and a slow fade to black as the organ music swells.

Vanna White will win the Nobel Prize for Literature for her epic verse *Wrlds wth't Vwls*.

1987, Its all downhill from here...

by the Karmic Croissant

Here's the way I see 1987 shaping up.

Liz Taylor will marry and divorce herself, in an attempt to better understand why all her previous marriages have failed.

Ronald Regan, after two unrelated fights with Spokesperson Speaks, and "Mommy" will leave D.C., for a much more challenging role as the previously thought to be dead husband of Jane Wyman in Falcon Crest.

The public will finally realize that IRANgate was an attempt to raise money to support the CRACK habit of **Bonzo**.

The Ewings will discover that the extra weight Jenna is putting on is not due to a pregnancy by Bobby, but is actually a result of her body being possessed by Elvis. J.R. will attempt to use her/him as a spokeswoman/man for Ewing Oil, in a new campaign/music video titled "You aint nothin but an Oil Baron".

★★★

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