

Chaparral



fun with
Religion

FARGOS Pizza & Spaghetti Company

Located in
THE FABULOUS OLD MILL
SPECIALTY CENTER

941-6373

**2540 California Street
Mountain View
California 94040**

Game Room
Great Pizza & Spaghetti
Huge Dance Floor
The Finest Live Entertainment
7 Days a Week



ZALES

The Time Machines

These handsome Baylor calendar watches
give you more than the time of day.

- a. Automatic Day/Date watch, stainless steel, \$85
- b. Automatic Calendar watch, yellow, \$90



Monday-Friday	10 a.m.-9 p.m.
Saturday	10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.
Sunday	12 p.m.-5 p.m.

Stanford Shopping Center

ZALES
The Diamond Store

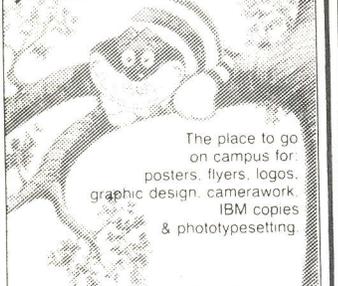
Established 1924

Charge it!

Open a Zales account or use one of five national credit plans.

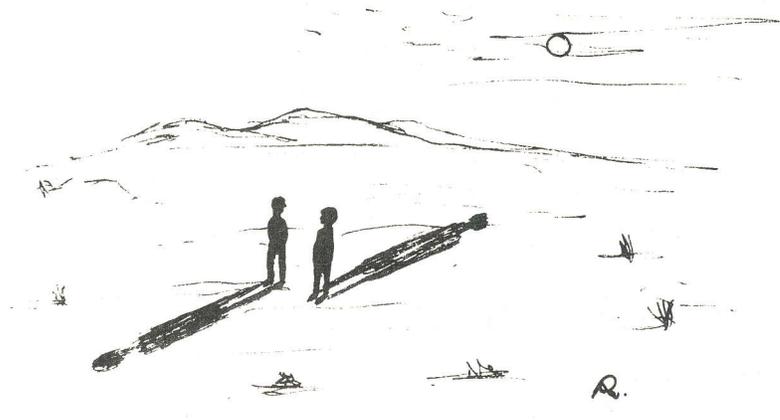
Zales Revolving Charge • Zales Custom Charge • VISA
Master Charge • American Express • Diners Club • Carte Blanche • Layaway

Does this cat know something you don't?



The place to go on campus for posters, flyers, logos, graphic design, camerawork, IBM copies & phototypesetting

ASU Typesetting Shop
 Storke Student Publications Bldg, Stanford, CA
 497-2962
 9:00 AM TILL 1:00 AM Monday thru Thursday



Choose your second calculator first.

Choose the new HP-29C from Hewlett-Packard.



The new HP-29C could be the last calculator you'll ever need. Because it has the programming power of calculators costing much more—and it has Continuous Memory.

Saves your programs and data.

Switch the calculator off, then on and your problems are still there, ready to solve your programs day after day. The HP-29C's Continuous Memory retains the data stored in 16 of its 30 addressable registers and in the display register.

Write programs of 175 keystrokes.

Each function—one, two, three, or four keystrokes—requires only one step of program memory. And with 98 steps of continuous program memory, that means you can easily write programs of 175 keystrokes or longer.

Powerful programming features.

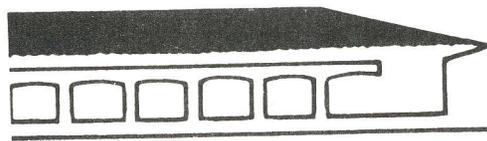
The HP-29C gives you conditional branching, three levels of subroutines, indirect addressing, relative addressing, labels, increment/decrement conditionals, pause, indirect storage register arithmetic, and more.

Easy editing.

Review your program quickly and easily and insert or delete operations as necessary. You can even run your program one step at a time and check intermediate answers.

Sooner or later, chances are you're going to buy a Hewlett-Packard calculator. And the sooner the better.

The Stanford Bookstore



Come in and see the new HP-29C Advanced Programmable with Continuous Memory today. Only \$195.

Our Price \$179.40

SALE BOOKS BY THE THOUSANDS!

- Close-outs from our warehouse
- More added every day



BOOKS INC.

The Peninsula's Big Bookstore

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
Palo Alto 321-0600

HILLSDALE MALL
(Behind Macy's) 341-3436

Serving Californians for 125 years - Since 1851

TAGO'S

EATERY

494-8223

4131 El Camino Way
Palo Alto, California

25 different subs

Six-foot-long subs — \$20

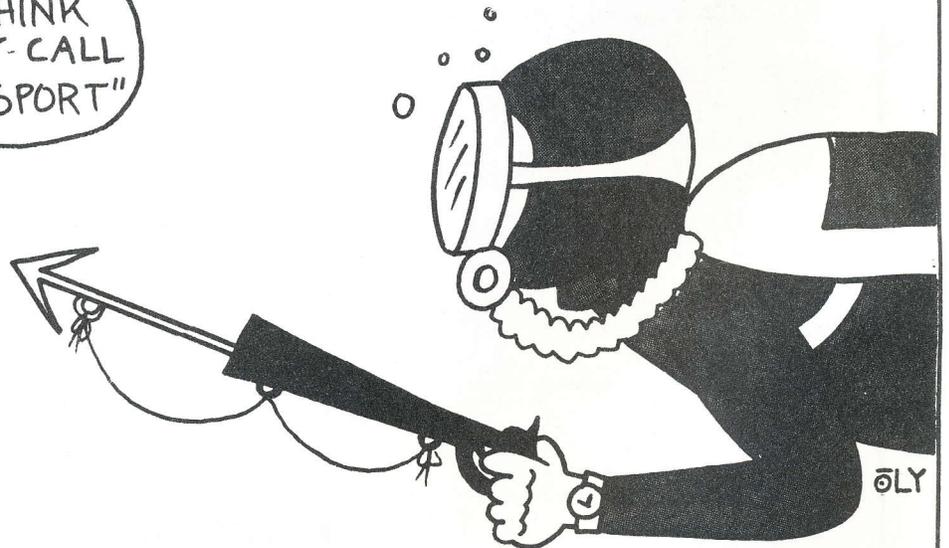
(Please give two days notice)



stanford sport shop



**SKI
TENNIS
FISHING
BAK-PAK
ATHLETICS**



2080 EL CAMINO REAL **321-3500**

CHAPARRAL/Winter



Volume 79 Number 5

Winter, 1978

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Title	Author/Artist	Page
ASSU Whispers.....	Senator X	9
Father Mike Speaks.....	Father Mike/Oly	10
No. 17 in a Series.....	The Late H.D.G.A.C.B.S.P.	11
A Short History.....	Lundberg/Oly.....	14
Kampus Krusade for Krist.....	Handy.....	15
Separate Tales.....	Barth/Vasquez	17
Son of Job.....	Reedy/Vasquez.....	20
Gordon's Groupies	Thomas/Garaventa	22
The Meaning of Passover.....	Schiff/Leavitt	26
Sybil Fregosi: Witch	Trumpbour/Wirth/Vasquez.....	28
I Found It (in the CRC).....	Mintz/Garaventa	32
What Hath Thought Rot?	Holbrook/Mueller.....	36
Now I Lay Me Down.....	Reedy/Oly	39

cover photograph by Cindy Johnson

Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must seek reprint rights from the Editor. © 1978 by the Stanford Chaparral. Address all letters of complaint, praise, or exultation to the Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, CA 94305.

The Stanford Chaparral

*Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams*

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

Editor Ray Thomas '78	Art Director Dan Olivas '81
Editorial Consultant Barry Parr '78	Staff Editors Leslie Mintz '79 Mike Wilkins '81
Hammer and Coffin Jon Barth '78 Bruce Handy '81	That Sucks Jim Sarina '75
Business Manager Steve Gittings '78	Senator X ?
Accounts Manager Pete Wirth '78	Dogmatist Andy Lundberg '78

REFLECTIONS

Contributors

Writing

Tom Schiff
Mike Reedy
Jack Trumbour
Dave Mandelkern

Graphics

Perry Vasquez
Evan Braun
Gil Morales
Derek Mueller
Rusty Leavitt
Roz

Photography

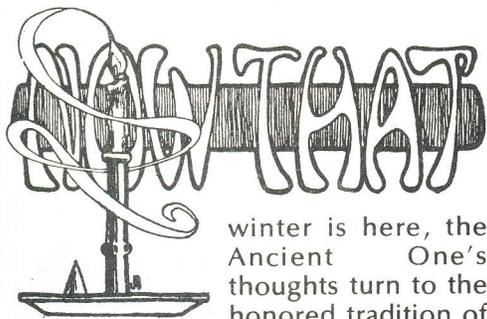
Jeff Garaventa
Cindy Johnson

Thanks to

Lani Rice
News and Publications
Stew Cutler



REFLECTIONS



winter is here, the Ancient One's thoughts turn to the honored tradition of application and notification. Not that the Aged Undergrad would consider applying himself, but a good 20% of Stanford's student body seems to be unnaturally preoccupied with thoughts of what they will be doing next year. Many of them wonder if they'll be on the other side of that window when the Class of '82 makes its first early ante meridian Jack's run. Four years and \$20,000 spent to be proxied by a plastic clown.

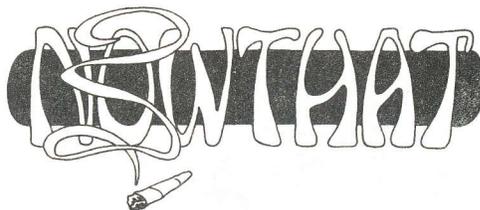
Others aren't as worried. The narrow-tie crowd at such neologic

corporations as Technochiptronix, Cathoderaytubetronics and General Systemic Data, Inc. are all hot for their bodies. Or their cerebella at any rate. They'll be plugged in to the matrix at 17.5K per annum and housed in stimulus-controlled environments in Campbell and Sunnyvale.

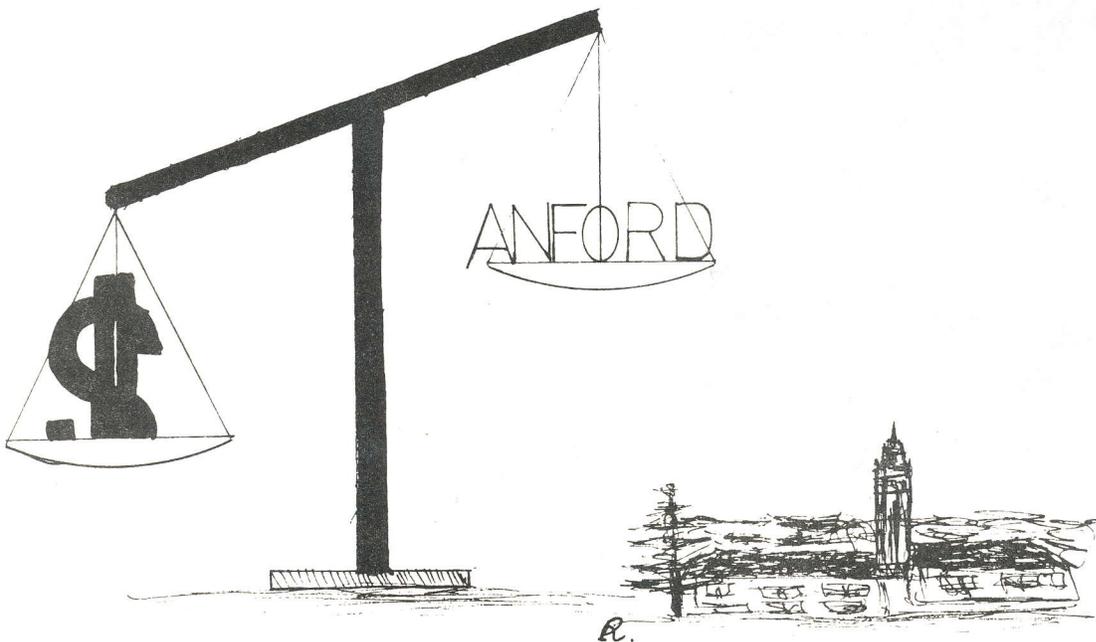
The smart ones don't leave school. That's certainly the easy way to avoid making a decision. They go on to professional school or graduate school for want of being able to fashion attractive handicrafts to sell on White Plazas or holistic life-styles to experience with the truly mellow among us. In a few years, the fashionable Harvard Med/Law/Business/Big Rig graduate takes his/her place among the capitalist scum that rise to the top and oppress those of us that couldn't get in.

But, life is like that. Every time you turn around, somebody tries to sodomize you, and its getting to be a

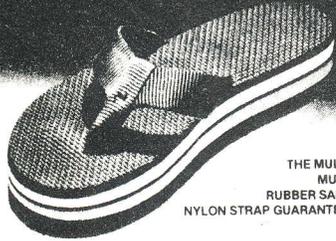
real pain in the ass.



we've addressed the important matters, it is time to deal with a problem that has vexed us for some time. Have you ever noticed on the Stanford campus a single breast that could be described as "pert," let alone a pair of them? Oh, sure, you've seen the occasional "proud" breast that "juts forth defiantly," and the odd "pendulous" breast, but can you say that you have ever really seen one that is "pert?" We thought not. We've been looking for some time and we have yet to see one. Just thought we'd let you know that we're looking.



THE ORIGINAL
Deckers
FOR THE SPACE BELOW YOUR FEET



THE MULTI-COLORED
MULTI-LAYERED
RUBBER SANDAL WITH A
NYLON STRAP GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

ROOTS & SHOOTS

1074 El Camino
Menlo Park
325-2529

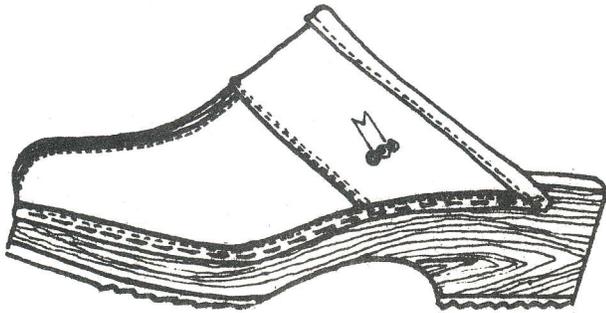


327-9776
447 CALIFORNIA AVE.
PALO ALTO ~ 94306

> OPEN <
FOR BREAKFAST
MON ~ SAT 7AM ~ 9PM
SUNDAY BRUNCH
9AM ~ 2PM
ALL YOU
CAN EAT
SPAGETTI & SALAD
PLUS FRENCH BREAD

CLOGS CLOGS

Roots



Over 20 Styles

500 University Ave. — Palo Alto

CLOGS 326-0784 CLOGS

THE CHURCH OF SCIENCEMAJOR

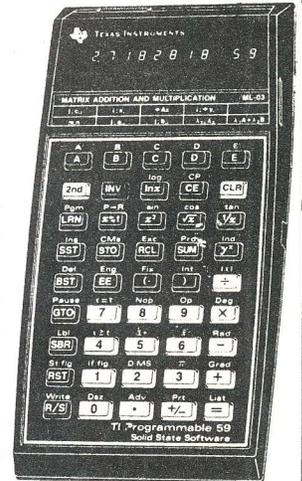
Has your life become meaning-
less, 'fuzzy,' and without purpose?
Have you been considering taking a
humanities course or even majoring
in something other than the sci-
ences? Have you had more than
three hours spare time in the last
quarter? If you can answer yes to
any of the above questions, look at
the CHURCH OF SCIENCEMAJOR.
Through the miracle of modern
electronics, anyone can become a
devoted disciple of this new, mod-
ern religion. No previous intelli-
gence is required! Yes, even you
can have a spot in the faith of
technocrats, the CHURCH OF SCI-
ENCEMAJOR. Over three million
members to date, including several
IBM 370's.

As a member of the CHURCH OF
SCIENCEMAJOR, you'll learn how
to dress funny, uncomb your hair,
carry large briefcases and spend
long hours studying for midterms
and finals. Many truly dedicated
disciples even find themselves
competing for admission to **Medi-
cal School**, just one of the many re-
wards the CHURCH OF SCIENCE-
MAJOR has to offer.

And speaking of rewards, mem-
bers of the CHURCH OF SCIENCE-
MAJOR are sought after to fill many
high paying prestigious positions.
Members of the CHURCH OF SCI-
ENCEMAJOR can be found in all
levels of government and industry
... even the President of the United
States!

Don't delay, send today for in-
formation on how you too can be-
come part of the dynamic new force
... the CHURCH OF SCIENCE-
MAJOR!

The amazing 'Black Box'
allows anyone to take ad-
vantages of a new religion
and a new outlook on life
... the CHURCH OF SCI-
ENCEMAJOR.



True Life Testimonial!

"The CHURCH OF SCI-
ENCEMAJOR has
changed my life..."

Bruce Hudson
Dept. of Chemistry
Stanford University

Dean of Admissions
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, California

Yes, I'm interested in the CHURCH OF SCIENCE-
MAJOR. Please send full details and a free plastic pocket
protector. Enclosed is a \$10 faith offering (\$25 for special
Pre-Med. program).

Name _____ IQ _____

Mailing Address _____

_____ Zip _____



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:
A punk like that; putting nails in a church door. He should be sent to reform school.

Pope Leo X

Editor:
You would have done it too if the Beatles had offered to write a song about you.

Judas Iscariot

Editor:
At the wedding I had alcoholic acupuncture. I got stuck for the drinks.

Jesus Christ

Editor:
There was a young man named Leon
Who I thought was trying to put me
on

As riddlesome as the sphinx
He was a great jinx
So again my name is gone from the
neon.

Muhammed Ali

Editor:
I won't go begging.

Anwar Sadat

Editor:
The question of my religious affiliation has been a question which has been debated at length the world over ever since Peter. In my infinite wisdom and speaking under the cloak of infallibility I would like to lay this question to rest. My catholicism implies universality. Therefore the answer to the question, 'Is the Pope Catholic?' is 'Yes, and Jewish and Buddhist and Lutheran. . . .'

Pope Paul VI

Editor:
Hallelulah, the Lord is my shepherd.
Larry Flynt

Editor:
Praise be to Jesus, my guiding light.
Eldridge Cleaver

Editor:
Help, help. Get me out of here! And those pants; my Father.
Jesus Christ

Editor:
I found it too. I cracked open an arch bishop's skull and there it was.
Idi Amin

Editor:
C_ontrary to popular o_pinion Pa_rki_ns_on w^as
n_ot a Sh_aker.
A Sh_aker

Editor:
Isn't it curious that one of our most popular sports cheers starts, "Rah, rah, rah; sis-boom-bah. . ." Yet there are those who would deny an connection to the Sun God Rah. Also isn't it strange that all the ancient Greek and Roman gods are named after the planets?

Erik von Daniken
Chariots of the Frauds

Editor:
Hi, I'm Sally Ride. Fly me.

Editor:
Ride, Sally Ride.

Lou Reed

Editor:
Thanks guys, but next time we'll take the bus.

Lynrd Skynrd

Great Moments in Scientology

No. 5 in a series



L. Ron Hubbard Sees God

PENTHOUSE ✂ CUTTERS

cuts & blower sets — styles for guys & gals

476 University Ave.
Palo Alto, Ca.
322-7077
Appointments

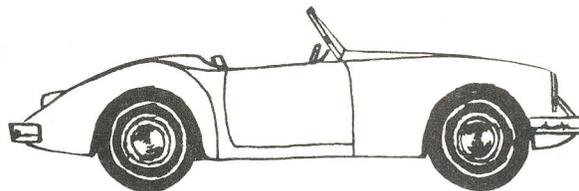
Congdon & Crome, inc.

COMPLETE OFFICE PRODUCTS CENTER
Stationery • Office Furniture

270 UNIVERSITY AVENUE • PALO ALTO • CALIF.

(415) 326-1650

Gary Andrews Campus Shell



Foreign and Domestic Service and Repair Shell Tires and Batteries

715 Serra, at Campus
328-7851

KIRK'S

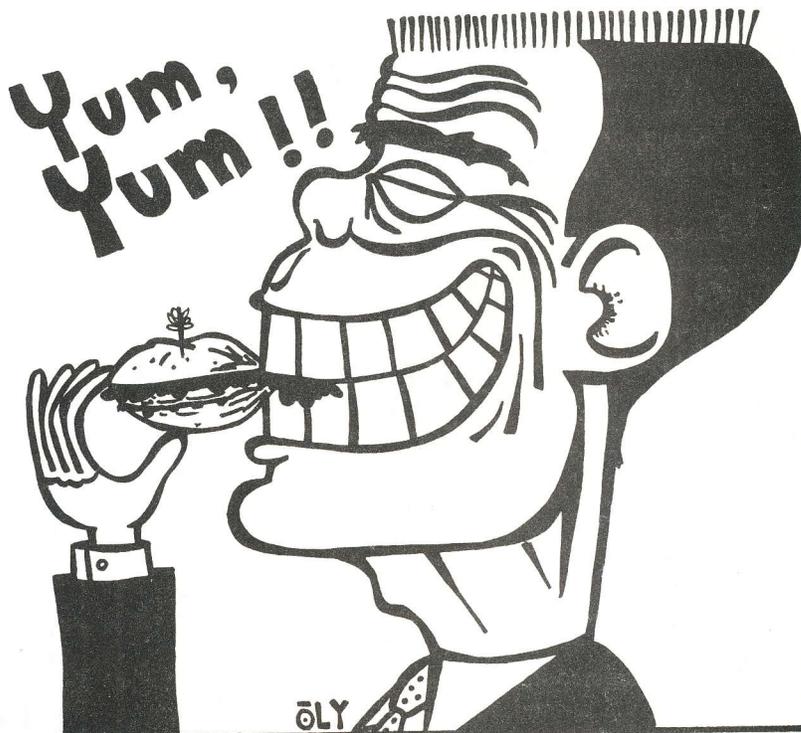
Our 1/3 lb. sirloin steakburgers and 1/4 lb. all beef franks are broiled over a real charcoal fire. A large condiments bar is provided where you can embellish your own sandwich, and we also have a selection of salads and pies.

KIRK's has enjoyed the patronage of Stanford students for the past 27 years.



361 California Avenue

Palo Alto, Ca.





ASSU WHISPERS

BY 'SENATOR X'

Dismayed by the awesome burden of having to represent a student body, 90% of whom didn't vote for them, the ASSU Senate has turned the worm and have decided to let the student body represent *them*. Following the lead of past Senates, whose resolutions have ended the Vietnam War and established the United Nations, they have issued a spate of resolutions of condemnation, solidarity, recommendation, and support, backed by the authority of a student body too intelligent to have voted for them.

The students have repeatedly voted down a constitutional amendment which would make the Senate officer the "Chairperson," yet if you address Fred Grethel by the title that the students chose and approved, you will not be recognized in that august body. The new language has become the party line. It seems that the Class of 1984 has already enrolled, those precocious rascals. Or, as one denizen of the District of Columbae put it, "Isn't it nice to return to consensus politics after all the hassles of democratic majority rule."

ASSU Co-President Glenn Jordan has begun a campaign against wines made from South African grapes. His tentative slogan: "Johannesburg Riesling: Raisins in the Sun or Just Another South African White?"

The coveted Oxymoron in Action Award goes to that ubiquitous rag the Stanford *Daily* for its on-the-spot coverage of the shredding of several newspapers. The perpetrator of the deed was described as "an enraged gay person."

Thursday's child Steven Crolius is planning to protest the University's divestment policy by withdrawing the day after he gets his diploma. "As far as I'm concerned," states

the woeful Crolius, "the choice is between a university that disembowels infants and one which gently suggests that we all be nice to each other. I intend to opt for the latter."

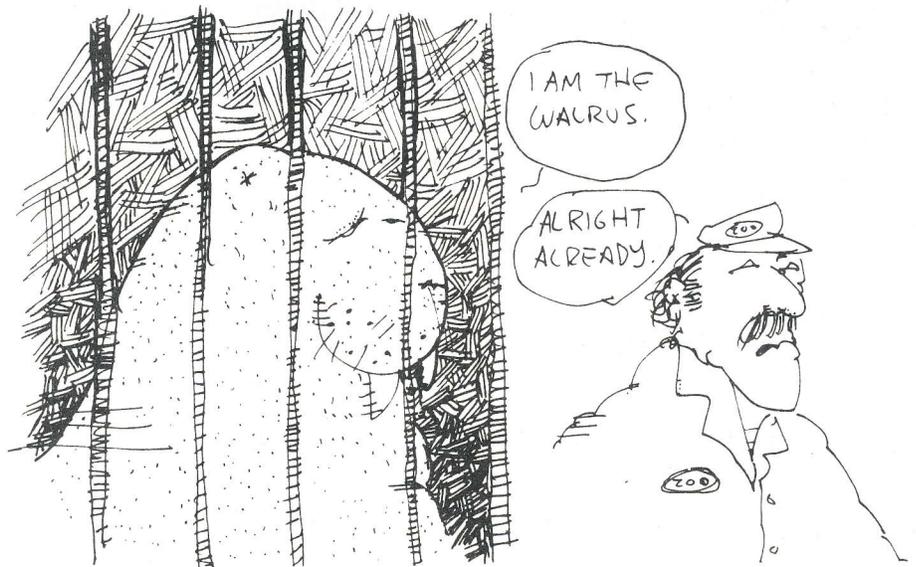
ASSU Co-President Annie Henkels is also spending a lot of her time on the cutting edge of the "new journalism," demanding the *Daily* condemn the *Arena's* parody thereof, lest they be guilty of "discriminating against radicals," who have spent a great deal of their time lately stuffing the *Daily* with lies and whatnot. The *Arena* was dutifully castigated, not one year after the *Daily's* far more malicious parody of the *Daily Californian*.

Chris Gray, natty in crown of thorns and matching stigmata, has been signed to a two-week engagement at San Francisco's Bohemian Club. "I'm looking forward to playing there again, because I bombed the last time," said the popular advertising executive and noted campus turkey-stuffer.

Legal eagle and ubiquitous weasel Howard Wolf, described by his fellow senators as worth his weight in Krugerrands is making more than his share of anecdotal triumphs of late. Chosen as a contestant for the halftime hoopshot at a Stanford B-ball game, the wily Howard introduced himself as "ASSU Senator Howard Wolf," and was roundly booed by the audience. Whether the reaction was to the name or to the title he flaunted remains unclear. But it is certainly clear that it doesn't make his checks any more acceptable at Wells Fargo.

At the recent College Bowl, Howard's team seemed destined for success. That is until a rumor cropped up that one of the members of the team wasn't a student. All of them denied this. But when asked to produce four valid ID's for the next round, the team disappeared.

But nobody, we think, has summed up Howard's philosophy better than he has himself. "Some people seem to think that you can do more with a lot of little bites than with one big, long bite. That's just not true."





FATHER MIKE SPEAKS

My friends, once again hello from The Church of P.O. Box 965 Inc., Universal Ministry Headquarters, P.O. Box 965, Stanford, California 94305. The holiday season is over, and, after paying out a healthy share of my hard-earned daily bread to CARE, The United Childrens Relief Fund, Save The Children, Adopt-A-Wog, The S.S. Hope, and countless other organizations designed to keep us guilt-ridden with the plight of our hard-working but ill-fated neighbors from foreign lands, I must say that I'm glad to be rid of it for another year. Because of my position in the heirarchy of one of the world's great religions, certain unnamed documents have crossed my desk which have led me to uncover the truth about the aforementioned "charities." In the interest of what is right I shall pass along this information to you, dear reader, so that, with your help (checks payable to Father Mike), we can put a stop to what has been going on. No doubt, everyone has seen at least one commercial on television which features some kid (?) with his eyes as distended as his stomach, wearing flies for beauty marks, and staring blankly towards the camera. Notice, though, that there are never any older persons in the commercials. Why? Aren't they hungry? Don't the members of the older 3rd world generations look like someone has stuck a bicycle pump in their navel, too? Why only the kids? I'll tell you why: Because the older people are living in luxury, and for most of the year, so are the kids! And all because of the U.S. money they get from us. If the average American citizen gave one dollar (a conservative

estimate), those guys would get a tax-free 230-plus million of the grossest profits imaginable. And, intelligent people that they are, they know that no American will give money to someone wearing a three-piece yak-skin suit, driving around in a custom Bugatti. So to keep the cash coming in, they have devised a scheme that has proven most successful. Consider this for a moment: in any of



those commercials, have you ever seen it snow? Have you ever seen a trace of cold weather? No! And why not? It's simple. While all the parents have gone to the Riviera or Rio for the summer, they send their kids to camp. Not just any camp, mind you, but a special camp that not only has wallet making and birch-bark canoe building including among its arts and crafts, but also includes a program in starving and looking pathetic in gen-

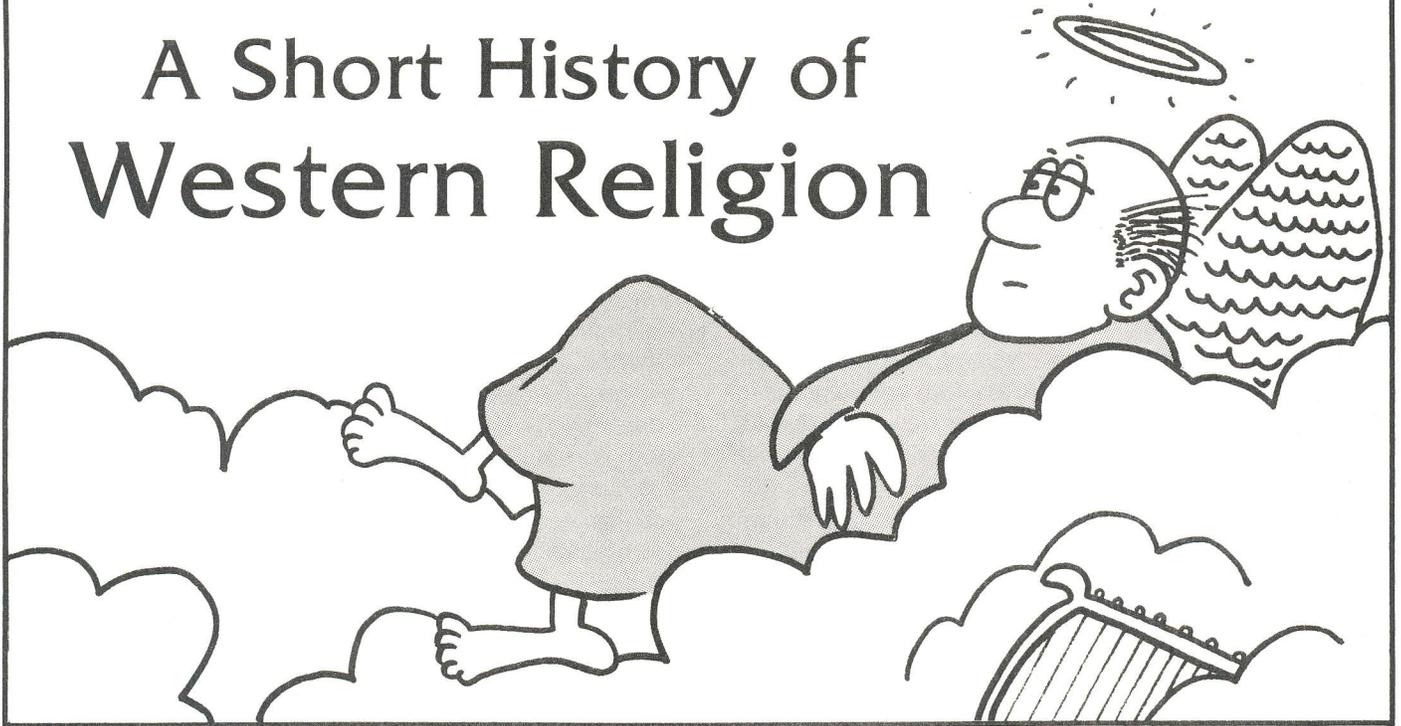
eral. At the end of the six week camp, there is a huge contest to see who shall have the honor of bilking the American public for the next twelve months. It is a fierce competition, and the winner is given, in addition to enough money to keep him in gold curry for the rest of his life, the respect and adulation equal to that which we give a Bruce Jenner or a Famous Amos. The winner is then given a reverse helium enema to make sure the stomach and eyes have that now famous "Starving Unfortunate" look, and the commercial is filmed in front of cheering thousands during the last week of camp on Parents day.

NEWS AND NOTES

Church of P.O. Box 9615, Inc., minister, Father Baron Von Rasche, has recently become the Mid-Atlantic TV Title Holder, joining Father Ox Baker, Father The Masked Superstar, Father Andre The Giant, and Father Abdullah The Butcher as "9615ers" who have held this prestigious belt. Father Von Rasche is responsible for making the Church of P.O. Box 9615 the official religion of the National Wrestling Alliance.

On a sadder note, it is with a somewhat heavy heart that I inform you of the death of His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. The Swami was as old and repugnant a brainwashing moneygrubber as I have ever come across, but his death fills me with remorse. I am sad that he passed on before I had a chance to be one of those chosen few who every year are slected to paint His Divine Grace's head.

A Short History of Western Religion



Although religious worship and its vicissitudes today play a relatively minor role (just ahead of good dental hygiene) in the shaping of Western man's consciousness, the importance of sacred beliefs, and of rituals — be it weekly confession or the odd quick crusade — cannot be underestimated. Even before man pondered the notion that he was but a miniscule, insignificant part of a larger Creation (and when the better portion of one's day is spent grubbing for roots, fleeing irate mastodons, and picking salt from cavemates' follicles, such considerations are often placed on the back burner), he had begun, in his own crude way, to worship the unknown forces which ruled his simple world. As man evolved, so of course did his religious beliefs and expressions thereof, so that today, we marvel at Western man's religious institutions — comparing them to his achievements in science, technology, and the arts, and wondering as a result why the market value of a Gideon Bible or a copy of *Back to Godhead* seems to be about the same as that of a case of herpes. Clearly, examination of the historical development of Western religion may reveal much about the nature of this creature who, from his humble beginnings as a pebble broker in Olduvai Gorge, went on to become master of the earth.

"In the beginning," Genesis tells us, "God created the heaven and the earth." This initial investment put quite a bend in the divine cash flow however, and as a result God could afford little in the way of improvements. Early man was thus stuck on a planet without form, a fact which constituted a significant impairment to his cultural and economic development. Yet despite the economic unfeasibility of cathedrals, synagogues, and other community worship facilities, religion began to catch on with primitive man.

The most reliable archaeological evidence of ancient religious worship suggests that it was probably early tool-making man who invented religious worship ceremonies, in the form of homage to the phallic idols he constructed with crude implements. But as early men began to join together for purposes of protection, economic advantage, and weekly bowling leagues, the worship of animal spirits came into vogue. It seems that before venturing out onto the plains in search of their prey, tribal hunters would engage in frenetic singing and dancing, in an attempt to curry favor with the gods of the hunt (referred to in the anthropological literature as the "Big Game Deities"). The influence of these prehistoric beliefs in the divinity of beasts can be detected even today in modern theological terminology, e.g. dogma, catechism, orthodox.

As man grew more civilized, his religious beliefs grew correspondingly more complex and detailed. The ancient Greeks, by virtue of their relatively sophisticated literary tradition, constructed a mythologically-based religion which was so compelling that it found nearly universal acceptance throughout the early Western world.

But worshippers soon tired of this Greek homosexuality. Rival faiths sprang up and began to battle for the allegiance of the masses. Various pagan faiths, animal worship, cargo cultism and others warred constantly. In the end, though, it was Christianity that emerged as the popular choice of religious consumers, the winner by a technical knockup. (Although Buddhism for a time gained a following in pre-Christian North America as well as in Asia, divisiveness sundered the Western Buddhist sects. The resulting holy wars destroyed Buddhism as a force in Western culture, its only relic being the symbolic recreation of those ancient conflicts in the annual Shrine East-West Game.)

Religion was slow yet stable in the Medieval period. At the popular level, rank and file church members were kept busy with fighting crusades, tending their feudal fiefs, and dodging the occasional plague-bearing rat. The great religious intellectuals of the era were oppressively dull and yet not unprolific authors, who made important contributions to Christian theology. Although St. Augustine's "City of God" idea was a miserable failure and set the cause of condominiums back a good six centuries, such medieval schoolmen as Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus (the originator of the concept of the "dunce"), and the charismatic St. Anselm vied for the all-expense-paid eternity in heaven offered by the Pope to anyone who could prove God's existence. Such intellectual contests were a popular pastime of the schoolmen, when they weren't bothered with lecturing boorish burghers' sons on such topics as "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?" (cf. Occam, *Discos on Natural Religion*); for example, Aquinas made good use of his annual vacations to pen the seminal *Summer Theologica*.

Eventually, however, the Middle Ages' approach to religion proved simply too sophisticated for the average agrarian communicant. Such typically lucid prose of the period as "the first principle in practical matters, which are the object of the practical reason, is the last end" proved incomprehensible to the miserable common peasant, who could scarcely tell a teleology from a teapot. The monopoly profits reaped by the Catholic Church through its intimidating product-differentiation strategy were finally challenged by a number of upstart eucharistic entrepreneurs.

Martin Luther did not seem at first glance a likely candidate for the mantle of Initiator of the Reformation. A poor orphaned schoolboy, he existed chiefly on a diet of worms, finding occasional work as a gravedigger and amateur actor (he was once hired as an extra for a production of "Silver Streak," a pilate film based on the life of Judas Iscariot).

A common but erroneous belief is that Luther developed original Protestant doctrine over years of theological study. While as a lad he had attended the University of Hamburg, where he studied under a foremost authority on relations between the Christian and Jewish communities in Europe (and incidentally produced several fine euro-gentile tracts himself), this was not the true source of his theological activism. Nor was Luther's position the product of the popular dissatisfaction with papal absolutism and the corruption of the clergy. Rather, it began as a reaction against the cold, drafty Medieval cathedrals in which worshippers were forced to sit for hours, regaled with long, boring moral tirades and financial appeals on freezing winter mornings. Luther's success was assured when as a response he developed the concept of the take-out communion. Nailing his menu to the gate at Wurttemberg, he declared "Here's my stand, I cannot do otherwise," to the cheers of his fellow Hamburg U. students.

The idea was an immediate success, and soon Luther



had capitalized a chain of his wine-and-wafer outlets, christened "Martin Luther's Perfect Host," stretching across the German principalities. Two of Luther's radical school chums, Jean Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli, established similar operations in the states of the Swiss confederation, thereby unwittingly creating the first cantonese takeout restaurants in Northern Europe.

Luther, a popular misconception in the eyes of the established Church, grew wealthy from his revolutionary marketing concept. He was able to afford the publication of the first German-language Bibles (always viewed as vulgar by the Pope), and even assumed control of an expansion brotherhood in Spain, the Padres. After consultation with his Medici bankers, Luther finally reorganized his operation under the name The Lutheran Church, Inc. and gained a substantial tax break as a religious organization.

The success of the Lutheran Church was naturally the cause of much consternation in the Vatican. As the once proud Holy Roman Empire, the bastion of the Church's worldly authority, began to decline, the ensuing decades would see a progressive shrinkage in its area and influence, and, ironically, by 1700 the empire was neither holy, Roman, nor empiricist. The inability of the Northern outposts of the Church to make conversions was eroding the Church's power base, as well as resulting in terrible drubbings of the papal football team as the hands of the rebellious Protestants.

But the Church's difficulties were not confined to its Northern operations. Despite the contempt which that part of Europe had begun to show for the pronouncements of the Vatican (often referred to by Anabaptist wags as "papal bull"), the Church also suffered from the pernicious corruption that had run rampant in the Holy See for some generations. The Borgia popes' proclivities in the adulterous vein are of course well known. It was also common practice for the Roman aristocracy to curry favor with the Pope by purchasing, for vast sums of money and other (ahem) considerations, positions in the Church hierarchy for their less successful friends and relatives. It was not unusual, for example, to see a local patron's son freshly decked out in bishop's robes or the red hat of a cardinal; it is said that Pope Julius financed the Sistine Chapel with the proceeds from such transactions. (Thus originated the concepts, applicable even today at some major Western universities, of "the gentleman's See" and "buying the kid's way into the college of Cardinals.")

The pope was also moved to create a platoon of shock troops, the Society of Jesuits, under the direction of the Knute Rockne of the Catholic Church, Ignatius Loyola. Although the Jesuits were at first a most learned and Inquisitive brotherhood, they gradually degenerated in accordance with the maxim "Those who can't do, teach; those who can't teach, teach theology." Today, the order's chief functions are the training of precocious high school debaters and the grooming of future gubernatorial candidates.

With most of Europe and America divided up into mutually agreeable spheres of influence, the Catholic and

Protestant churches ceased to engage in major conflicts, save for some isolated insurgent missionary activity, and the occasional donnybrook. But with the political revolutions of the late eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries came a destabilizing of intellectual attitudes toward theology; the influence of Darwin's evolutionary theory, and of Comtean positivism, put further stress on religious institutions.

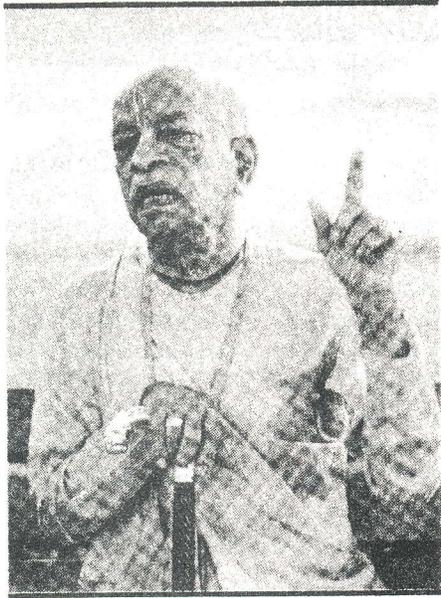
Not the least of these stresses came with the announcement by Friederich Nietzsche in 1892 that God was dead. Besides constituting a rather fundamental attack upon various religious tenets, this news had a profound effect upon stock and commodity markets in Europe and America. Nietzsche, a police beat reporter for the *Zuricher Zeitung* when he was not philosophizing, had actually prematurely leaked the news of God's death, which was to have been withheld pending resurrection of next of kin.

Word of God's death also brought forth a whale oil salesman from Bavaria, who produced a crudely written document entitled "Last Will and (New) Testament of God, The Creator." God, according to this man's account, had once been lost in the Black Forest; the oil merchant had come upon Him, taken Him to his hut, and nursed Him back to health with generous servings of bratwurst and Liebfraumilch. Questions as to the validity of the document have led to a prolonged legal battle, and the estate (which is said to run into the billions) will remain frozen until the various suits are resolved or a relative comes forward.

Finally, something should be said regarding the status of religion in the Eastern European region, traditionally a stronghold of orthodox Judeo-Christian beliefs, but of late more enamored of communism than communion. The subject is a difficult one to treat, as information on most Soviet domestic affairs of the spirit is generally unavailable, or at best comes scrawled on toilet paper. It seems, however, that the USSR does harbor a deep commitment to religious worship. The church in Soviet bloc countries appears to be run by the government under the Gospel Plan, or Gosplan, as it is abbreviated. The policy of building a strong faith at home before exporting it to other nations has led to the unavailability of some basic consumer sacraments; but this has apparently been compensated for by the establishment of religious retreat centers in Siberia and the Kamchatka, where many communists journey under full government subsidy to become "born again."

Thus the history of Western religion. The status of religious belief today must remain a subject of speculation, what with the proliferation of loonies, Moonies, monks, punks, and various other theological thespians who parade our streets and airport mezzanines under the general rubric of religion. Nonetheless, there are some indications that religion is on the verge of a strong comeback (witness, for example, the success His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada's autobiographical screenplay, *Looking for Mr. Godhead*). The question on many commentators' lips thus remains, what the hell are we waiting for?

His Late Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada



Ah, Death, the many petaled blossom whose odor cleanses the spirit. And what a change this flower has done for yours divinely. As Lord KRSNA himself says, when speaking to Arjune about the impending battle of Kuruksetra, "For one who has taken birth, death is certain, for one who is dead, birth is certain, for one who is still born, death is still certain, for one who is slowly dying from an incurable cancer, a laborious, possibly Ceasarian birth is certain, for one who is in a coma, but miraculously recovers, an abortion, miscarriage, or even a false pregnancy (a uterine cyst perhaps) is certain. It is certain." Certainly. And the non-believers, who are no doubt reading this column so as to have "all angles covered" will certainly ask (in the role of Grimshvad the snake-god), "What, oh dead Swami, does that mean?" With a small bit of scientific logic, stemming from a passage in the Gita, we can quickly shove this question up Grimshvad's asp (you see, even in a state of "transcendental decomposition" we Krisna's show a lively sense of humor. Yes!). We shall begin our little deductions from a statement of fact, made unalterably by the Lord KRSNA long ago — He exclaims "As in the great sky the wind is blowing everywhere, so all the cosmic manifestation is situated in me." It is without a Sherlock Holmes that we can see the inescapable logic in what was twice previously said, using what was previously said as a guide. What it means simply is "que sera, sera, life goes on, bra," to mix two favorite songs of your divinely deceased. "How can your life go on, when you are at this very moment turning into Fertilome, Mr. Prabhupada?", the

concerned devotee will ask. But the concerned devotee is not necessarily the bright devotee, for he is overlooking the fact that life does not end with death for death is only a figment of the materialistic eye, the eye the blinds us from seeing the true and most perfectly pedicured lotus feet of KRSNA himself. For, in fact of this situation is such that had death not been invented, life would have never been seen to end. Uplifting! Yet, such a responsibility given to us by the blue godhead of responsibility, Vamosake, that we have everlasting is not one to be too lightly snickered upon. For one who abuses this may end up with the essentialities of his beinghood transmuted into the form of a pig, a dog, a weasel, a placenta mole, or the luckier abusers, a cow or a beetle. Believe me, it is not pleasant. But here I am, put in limbo for the time present by Vama, in cooperation with Vaca, and his press secretary Brahar. Death-limbo (or just as certainly life-limbo) has its advantages which even to a Bhaktivedanta like me are apparent. And you wondered why Sharon Tate died young. Hu! Yet the bodily confines in which you are engaged makes it impossible for one to communicate the feelings experienced (indeed more than experienced) by the Founder-Acarya of The International Society for Krisna Conciousness, me. But I, if Visnu permits, om tat sat, shall try to propose a moderial model for the current state of My Divine Grace, so that the world dwelling devotee may practice and prepare and have something to do on slow nights at the airport.

Firstly, find an elephant that (for this inevitable state) you know has not bathed in several months. Next get this beast to lay down. Now, reciting the Maha-mantra, place your head (it need not be painted) into the mammoth folds of skin in that part of the pachyderm which is akin to the human armpit. What this is doing is acquainting the follower with the atmosphere in death limbo, caused by Matsya the Lord's fish incarnation, and the overwhelming Danavas, the demon of unwashed elephants who is constantly tempting the souls here. Quickly, so as not to startle the beast, drink 30 cups of coffee. Reinsert your head and wait several hours. Now, if you have not regurgitated, do so. This is likely to anger the elephant, so run several miles as fast as it is possible to do. Find a pond, and dive to the bottom. Recite the Tejo yasah srutam and beat the bubbles to the surface. This is as close as is humanly possible to reinact death-limbo. I hear the disbeliever, "Surely the leather-headed one pulls our leg," but would I endeavour to do such a thing? Certainly it is boring here, and there is nothing more I would rather do than to watch well meaning youth make fools of themselves simply because they think it will help them in the afterlife, but I am not that kind of Swami.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM PROBLEMS?



WELL HOWDY! I AM THE REV. BILLY DON HOMER "BUCK" MCCOY FROM THE KAMPUS KRUSADE FOR KHRIST! DO YOU HAVE PROBLEMS? DO YOU MAKE MISTAKES? ARE YOU SOMETIMES WRONG? HERE IS THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS...

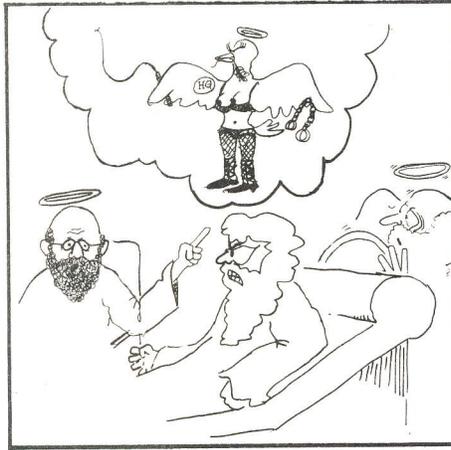
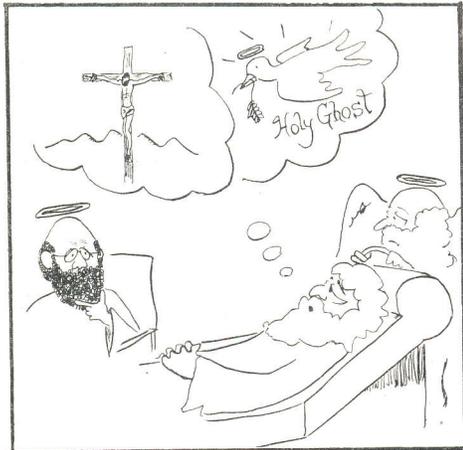
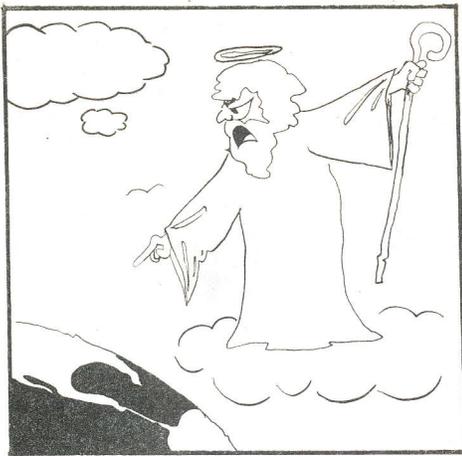


†FAST †SAFE
†EASY †FUN

WHY MAKE DECISIONS WHEN YOU'VE GOT

CHRIST

FOR MORE INFORMATION
WRITE TO:
KAMPUS KRUSADE FOR KHRIST
P.O. BOX 9187
ARKASSIPPI, ARKANSAS
20183



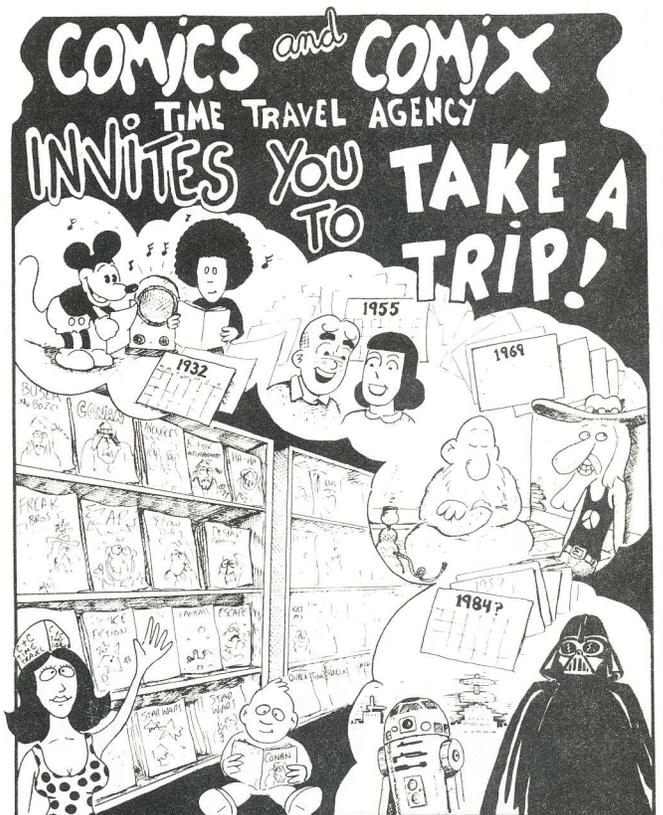
COPIES

3 1/2¢ Overnight
8 1/2 x 11 Loose Sheet

kinko's

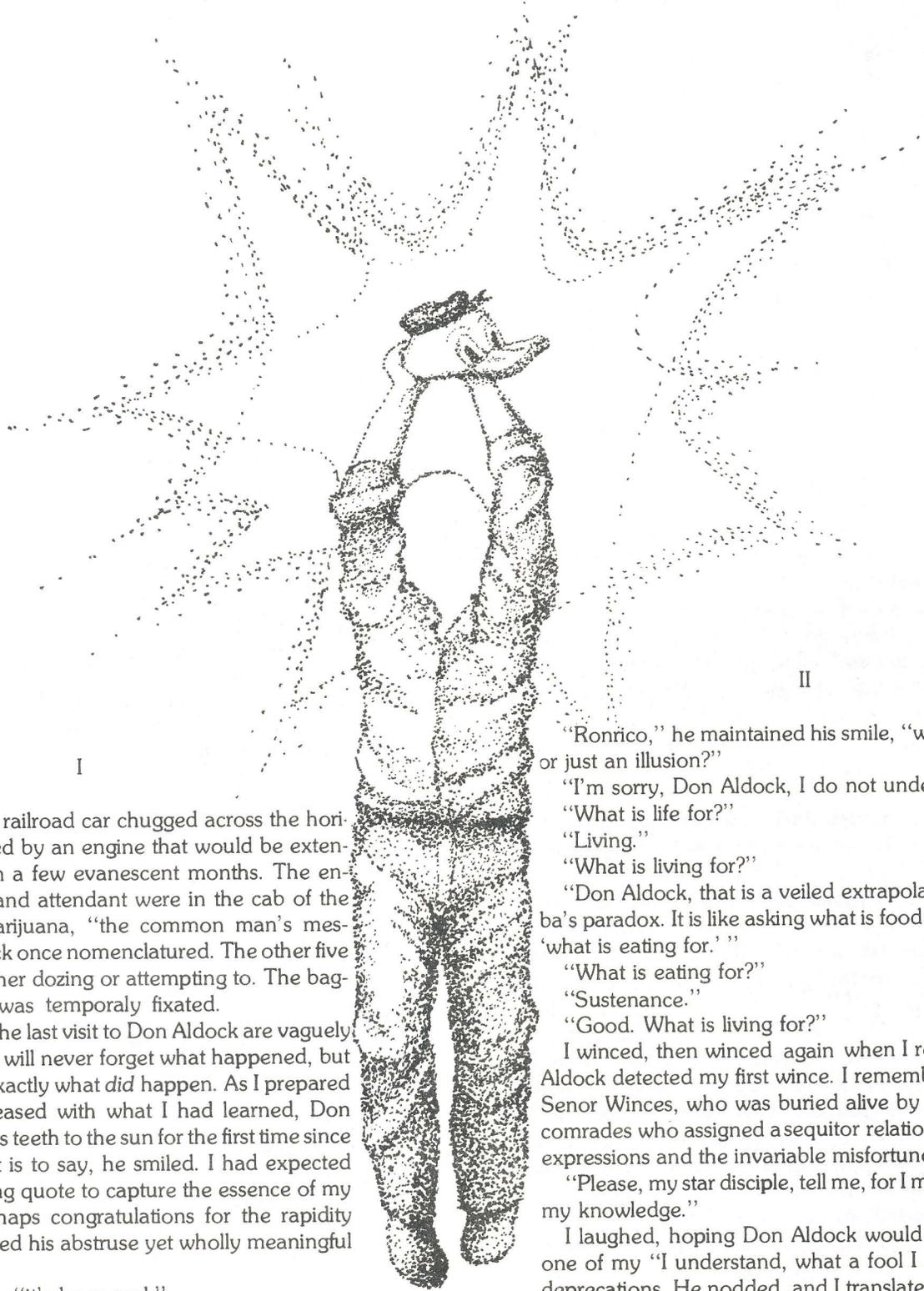
- Offset Printing
- Film Processing
- Xerox Color Copies
- Velo-Binding

299 California • 1985 El Camino Real
Palo Alto 328-5666 • Menlo Park 321-4702



**515 Cowper St. Palo Alto
328-8100**

SEPARATE TALES OF BANALITY



I

The middle aged railroad car chugged across the horizonless desert, pulled by an engine that would be extensively overhauled in a few evanescent months. The engineer, brakeman, and attendant were in the cab of the engine smoking marijuana, "the common man's mescalito" as Don Aldock once nomenclatured. The other five passengers were either dozing or attempting to. The baggage compartment was temporarily fixated.

My memories of the last visit to Don Aldock are vaguely vivid, that is to say I will never forget what happened, but I'm not quite sure exactly what *did* happen. As I prepared to depart, quite pleased with what I had learned, Don Aldock had bared his teeth to the sun for the first time since I had met him, that is to say, he smiled. I had expected perhaps a capsulizing quote to capture the essence of my experience, or perhaps congratulations for the rapidity with which I absorbed his abstruse yet wholly meaningful philosophy.

"Well," I offered, "it's been real."

II

"Ronrico," he maintained his smile, "was this a dream, or just an illusion?"

"I'm sorry, Don Aldock, I do not understand."

"What is life for?"

"Living."

"What is living for?"

"Don Aldock, that is a veiled extrapolation of Mokamba's paradox. It is like asking what is food for, followed by 'what is eating for.'"

"What is eating for?"

"Sustenance."

"Good. What is living for?"

I winced, then winced again when I realized that Don Aldock detected my first wince. I remembered the tale of Senor Winces, who was buried alive by his superstitious comrades who assigned a sequitor relationship to his sour expressions and the invariable misfortunes that followed.

"Please, my star disciple, tell me, for I must fill this gap in my knowledge."

I laughed, hoping Don Aldock would interpret this as one of my "I understand, what a fool I have been" self deprecations. He nodded, and I translated this as either a

sign of patriarchal approval or of some drug taking effect.

"Life is often meaningless," I regurgitatingly ventured, "a series of hollow pleasures. Life as we know it must recognize a cosmic consciousness. As the Hindus say, 'Allah' is everywhere. Allah be seeing you."

"Ronrico," he deflated, "there never was life as we know it."

III

I went back to America and returned to my job as a cult hero. But I felt a tug as I sipped my morning coffee and pondered the verities of *Time* magazine. I was reading about how some savage stumbled upon a lost tribe of archeologists in South America. The resulting publicity altered their lifestyle so greatly they had no alternative but to retreat to civilization, for they could no longer cope without reality. My wife was shaking me, telling me I would be late for work.

"You know so much about life," she taunted, "why can't you get to work on time?"

"Because it's not important."

"It's important. It's important. The dishwasher's broken. I'm pregnant. We're out of dope. It's important. How we gonna pay for these things when you get fired?"

"Why don't you mind your own business, and while you're at it, why don't you busy your own mind. One should be able to live prosperously on one's personal resources."

"You're so full of garbage. Do you think getting high with some wetback's gonna give you all the answers? I don't think anybody even cares what you say, your mind is so—"

"That's not true."

"scrambled by those weird cactuses—"

"That is not true!"

"you eat and then puke up a minute later."

"That's not true," I exploded. "When I speak, people hear!"

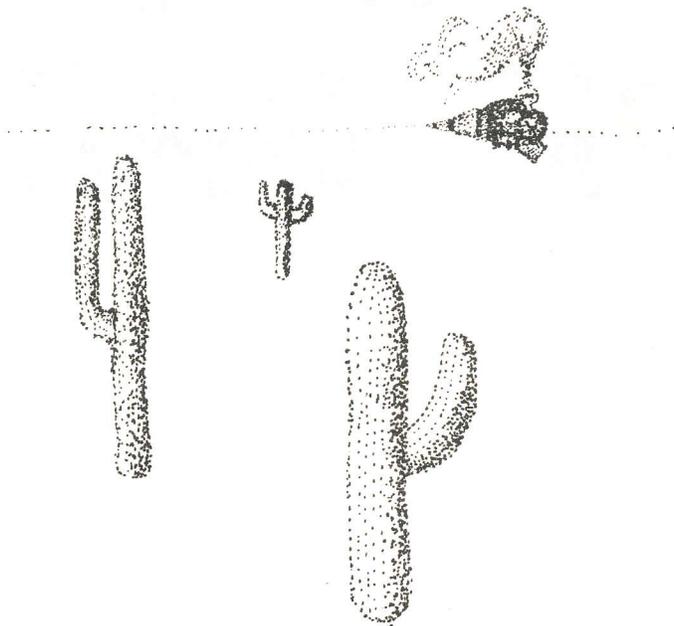
IV

The old man next to me awoke from a grumbling slumber. His shirt was a massive perspiration stain. He smelled like a locker room. His name was Old Jim Towels.

Old Jim Towels snorted, his head spasmed under a crumpled white Panama hat, and his arms shook, spilling a flask of whiskey all over the right leg of my pants. His voice rumbled like a mudslide out of the bottom of his parched throat.

"Sure is hot, huh, kid."

"Heat is a personal conception. Since heat comes from the oft-worshipped sun, there are many tribes that feel a scorching temperature is a present from the gods that they are simply too mortal to use to their advantage. Fire, the physical embodiment of heat, is the most powerful symbol imaginable to them. It is tribal custom to present fire to others on celebratory occasions. Even the Western world has adopted this, it is the tradition of the "housewarming gift."



At least Old Jim Towels was no longer snoring beside me. He was snoring in the seat in front of me.

"Greetings."

An elderly Mexican man, enshrouded in a beige serape, tapped me on the shoulder. His visage was very similar to Don Aldock's, and his beard was cut in quite the same manner, that is to say, not at all. His eyes had the look of a man of knowledge, and his dilated pupils confirmed this.

"You are Ronrico, the young friend of Don Aldock's."

"Guilty on both counts," as I playfully poked him in the stomach.

"Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of knowledge. I've been around for long, long years, stolen many a man's soul and faith. Pleased to meet you, hope you've guessed my name."

"You must be Don Drysdale, the wise man of the Dazierre region. Don Aldock speaks highly of you."

"Don Aldock cannot speak any other way."

I was confused, and lapsed into my smiling act. Don Drysdale, I immediately discovered, would not laugh at his own joke.

"Come," he beckoned, "you must meet my travelling companion, Santiago Koefax. He is an apprentice Man of Knowledge, a Man of Some Good Ideas."

Santiago Koefax was a young man, his demeanor not unlike my own. He extended his left hand for me to shake. We shared a firm, extended mutual grip.

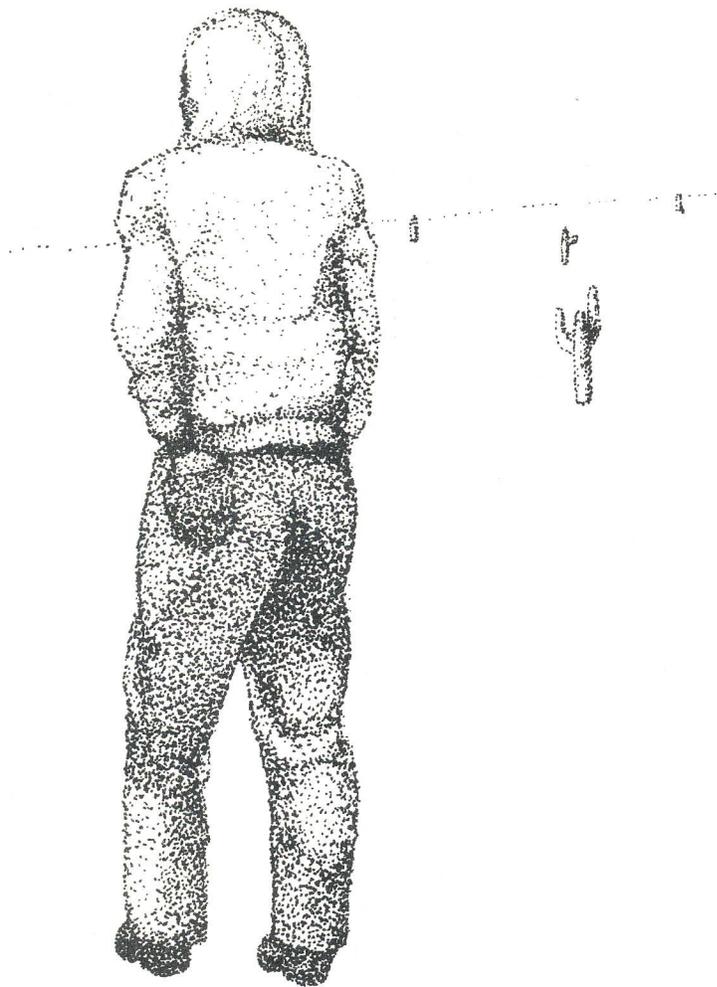
"Shake it three times and you're playing with it," I volunteered.

"Shake it three *hundred* times and you're playing with it," he countered.

We shared a wholesome laugh. I got the end slice, so he began.

"What is reality?" he struck out.

"In twenty-five words or less?"



"If you're giving me an option, I'll mercifully choose 'less', since it might be quite difficult for you to utilize exactly twenty five words.

"One is capable of focusing his mind on one subject, is one not? Does one not then, have the power to choose his own reality?"

"I'm sorry, I must not have been paying attention. Could you repeat that?"

V

Santigo Koefax clapped me on the shoulder, and offered me a pipe of Don Drysdale's special cactus mixture.

"No thanks, I'm trying to cut down," I sheepishly declined. I had not seen Mescalito in some time, and wanted to wait until Don Aldock and I were reunited.

"Ronrico," Don Drysdale tossed, "has it ever occurred to you that the cosmos were constructed solely for the entertainment of a superior being? Perhaps Mescalito is just playing a game with himself. Maybe the rules are that several civilizations have been placed on different planets, each starting with the same basic technology—"

"That is to say, none?"

"Correct. Each planet develops its own technology.

Perhaps they reach a level of satisfaction—"

At this point he laughed, precipitating a coughing fit. He had a drink of water and continued.

"But this is highly unlikely, wouldn't you say?"

I smiled and nodded.

"So each civilization frantically pursues this goal of technological perfection. And when the civilization of one planet is advanced enough to contact civilization on another planet. . . BOOM."

"Boom?"

"Those two are out of the game. My people fear technology for this reason. We would rather till the soil with our hands than use so much as a stick and risk annihilation. So you shouldn't spend all your time pondering life, for ultimately, it will prove to be no more than a game."

"This reminds me of a tale Don Aldock once related to me. There was a mythical tribe that actually existed many years ago called the Syreos Nation. None of the members were allowed to laugh, those who did were made into soup, except those who were *too* imporridgeable. Actually, I can't remember the story, but I recall Don Aldock's summing comments:

'When he who is serious
Looks in the mirror, he is
Confronted by his reflection.'

"We must disembark now," Don Drysdale apologized. "I'm glad to have met you. Remember, life is a game. Be life."

"Be a game?"

VI

Soon after Don Drysdale left the train, I was conquered by drowsiness. The next thing I remember was being poked by the attendant who was telling me to get off because it was my stop. Don Aldock was just pulling up to the depot in his old pickup truck when I stepped off the train.

"Who do you think you are?" he blurted, his standard greeting.

"I think I'm me."

He clutched me to his thin yet masterful body, embraced me, then spun the truck around and raced toward his home.

"We have so much to talk about, Don Aldock."

"I have much to tell you. You have much to listen to. Ronrico, which of these doesn't belong: a. black b. white c. gray?"

"I could only guess, Don Aldock, I'm sure I am not smart enough to know the answer."

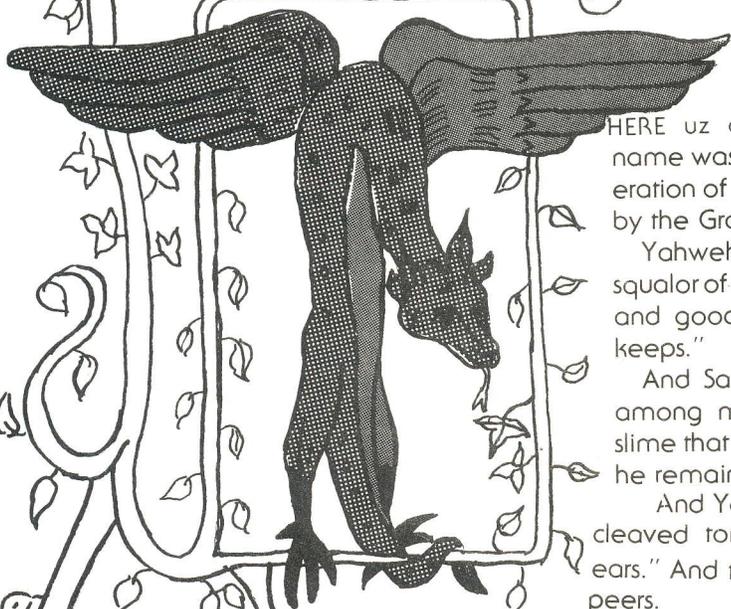
"The answer is a. black and b. white. They don't belong because one should not consider extremes when seeking alternatives. Which doesn't belong: a. coffee b. bad news c. alcohol?"

"Bad news, because the other two are drinks."

"No, coffee. Coffee is a stimulant, the other two are depressants."

I had much to learn.

(Continued on Page 40)



HERE uz a man in the Land of Was whose name was Jobson. He was of the thirteenth generation of the Job, and his was a family fully blest by the Graces of the Lord.

Yahweh would look down upon the filth and squalor of his planet and say, "Here is a man, pure and good, who rises above the company he keeps."

And Satan said, "Yea, perhaps, but he lives among midgets and dwarves and all sorts of slime that is short. Cut him at the knees and see if he remains in your favour."

And Yahweh said, "Satan, thou speakest with cleaved tongue. But I listen with chopping-block ears." And thus the Lord reduced Jobson to his peers.

Gone were Jobson's sons and daughters three,
Gone were the fortunes of his company.

Arabs stole his lands of oil,

By implanting mercury within the soil.

Friends were leaving like refugees,

And his dog was infested by killer fleas.

He lived with patience through these turmoils,

Until his body became racked with boils.

And his wife said:

Curse the Lord, He hates your soul,

He has ravaged your body with bloody pole.

And the Lord heard this and fed her her tongue.

And Job said:

The Lord He gives, and He takes away,

I pray that better luck will come another day.

And his wife said:

Guh, bluh, hoo, buk.

And three wise men came to speak to Jobson,

Of experiences which they had had.

They came upon him in ashen pit,

Scrubbing his sores with a Brillo pad.

The first to speak was Joeman of Naamath:

Jobson, he said, thou art a fool

To give in to a Fate of manner so cruel.

It has raped thee and left thee for dead,

Yet you still speak of Yahweh with lowered head.

Why don't you call him a schmuck or a bore,

And worship at the studies of Altar 54?

Jobson was silent. Belushah of Waukegan spoke next:

Jobson, he said, thou hast been drugged,

To let thyself by Yahweh be mugged.

Look at the sores on thy head and face,

And tell me that Yahweh is not on your case.

Jobson spoke:

Friends, he said, I still love my life,
For Yahweh has given me sumptuous wife.

And Satan said, "We must even the score,"

So Yahweh struck down the tongue-tied whore.

Jobson turned to his cousin, the third wise man, Nosejob of Kissinger, and pleaded for wisdom.

Nosejob spoke:

Now that you suffer as none have but I,
Perhaps you will be tempted by the lure of the thigh.
But forget the yearning of thy groin and lust,
And remain true to thy country, in me place thy trust.

They then left Jobson to think, and he muttered to himself:

My cupboard is empty and my stock is depleted,
And my wifey is gone when most she is needed.
The God of the Heavens has forsaken my name,
While assaulting and battering with intent to maim.
I sense the rush of His incoming tide,
Praying first that the Lord will commit suicide.

And Yahweh spoke to Jobson:

Do not rent thy mantle or sell thine own soul,
Or give up to adversity which obscures thy goal.
For you march on a road leading to heaven above,
And you must tread this path with a heart full of love.
So remember the following when seething with hate:
Patience will come to he who will wait.
It is not for Me to know thy constipation,
Or realize the agony of syphillisation.
Thus you must stand in the quagmire of day,
And question not my mysterious way.

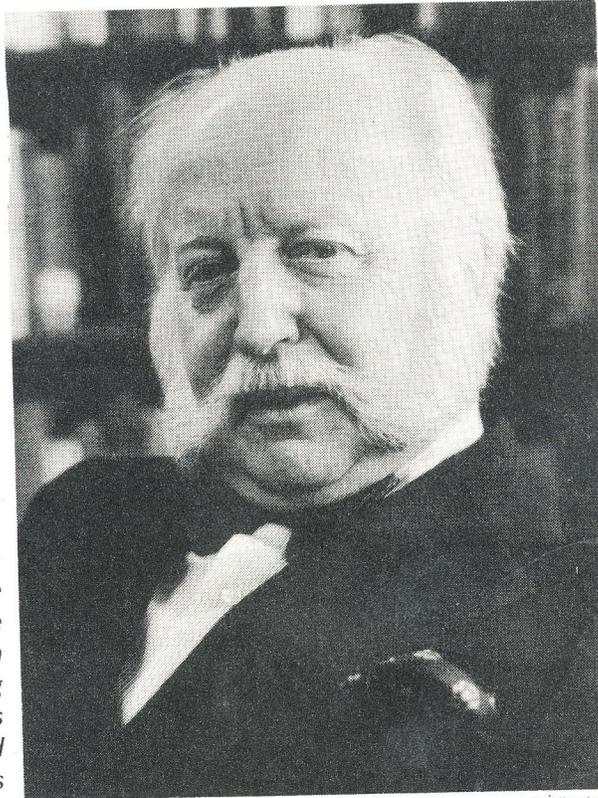
And Jobson said nothing. And for this, Yahweh blest him evermore with material welfare.



THE GORDIES:

Frightening New Threat to Mental Hygiene

After a long climb, the stairway in Bldg. 170 opens onto the third level of the History Department. This is a quiet hallway with a stern simplicity that suggests a Prussian barracks. There is something about its' atmosphere that inspires fearful reverence. In the silent hall, the footsteps of the unlettered visitor are tossed back at his/her ears with a curt sharpness that seems to mock his/her humble passage. Perhaps it is the absence of the scrub-faced undergraduates who traffic the lower levels that there are no bulletin boards crammed full of notices of parties and "potlucks in the History Lounge." Maybe the unadorned heavy wooden doors of this floor are a sobering contrast to those of the floors below with their art prints and "hang in there baby" posters that their secretarial and un-



—Photo Courtesy of University News and Publications

nured occupants are so fond of. **Prof. Craig: Revered Mentor or Will o' the Wisp** Most probably this sense of awe is imposed by the very names that appear on these grimly shut portals of pedantry: Stansky, Spitz, Paret, Vucinich, Degler, Langmuir, Craig — names that strike an uncompromising respect and nameless dread into the feeble hearts of many undergraduates.

Educators hold this sort of awe is healthy in that it instills students with a respect for the material as well as the professor, thereby aiding the learning process. But sometimes the worshipful admiration of an instructor becomes a thing of itself that may often lead to bizarre extremes. Such is the case of Gordon A. Craig, J.E. Wallace Sterling Professor of Humanities at Stanford University.

The story of Professor Craig and the cult which bears his name began innocently enough Winter quarter of the 1975-1976 school year. Enrollment in History 2 was up 15% and though this was a pleasant surprise for the department, it could be easily explained by Prof. Craig's popularity as a lecturer and due to a high percentage of

students continuing the series since Prof. Spitzwas no longer teaching History 1.

The quarter began rather well, attendance remained steady even though the traditional third week slump and Post Mid-Term Panic. Throughout the lectures the students remained attentive and awake, even during the "Metternich and The Congress of Vienna" lectures. The hall was usually filled, the class often attended by those who came out of general interest or because "Craig is supposed to be good." Even sections were well attended. The professor also found that he had become a favorite sherry hour and dinner guest in the dorms of his many students. These invitations he accepted graciously and except for slight problems with the fare served which he jokingly labeled as "hazards of the occupation," he seemed to take his popularity in characteristic stride. But the complexion of the story was soon to change.

Some trace the beginnings of the phenomenon back as early as the appearance of "I etat c'est moi" graffiti in the stalls at Meyer Library. Many prefer to note the gradual rise in the number of bow ties worn by male and female students alike after the third week. However, most agree the event which first attracted attention happened when an angry group of tweed coated students calling themselves "The New Physiocrats" attempted to burn down the University Riding Stables after the now famous "Catherine the Great" lecture.

Initial reaction to the incident was mixed. Letters in the Daily condemned the mob as a "heaving Leviathan" whose progress as students would be "nasty, brutish, and short," or simply dismissed them as a group of misguided but "noble savages." Since there was little damage done the administration pursued its normal "laissez-faire" policy concerning non-violent disturbances and took no action.

From this point the cult and its' members took on a definite and discernible personality. Professor Craig's clas-

ses acquired a quasi-religious accent. Devotees, or "Gordies," as they were called, would arrive in class hours early and sit until classtime reading over their notes or reciting text passages in monotonous while swaying trance-like in their seats. Often they would bring tapes of the previous day's lecture and the gathering would sit blissed out to their instructor's words.

When class began and Craig entered, the students would rise and sing a chorus from Handel's "Hail the Conquering Hero" or the more familiar "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth. Once after a long and particularly dull lecture on "Victoria, Liberalism, and The Repeal of the Corn Laws" was finally concluded, a freshman nerd (NOT wearing a bow tie) stood up and sarcastically began a stirring rendition of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "The Messiah." The poor boy spent two weeks in Cowell for his trouble and was transferred to Northwestern by his parents out of a concern for his personal safety.

In addition to their bow ties, tweed jackets and vests, the more devout Gordies began to shave the tops of their heads, leaving only a fringe of bleached hair around the sides, in the manner of their master. The less fanatical achieved a similar effect through the use of swim caps, large bowls and altered mop-heads.

They could often be heard in groups throughout the dorms and libraries chanting their mantras to evoke the aid of Historical or literary figures. One such mantra, to the spirit of a 19th century French novelist, went as follows:

Emile Zola, Emile Zola
Zola, Zola, Emile Zola

Germinala, Germinala
Emile Zola, Zola, Zola

This chant was known as the Ma-Zola and was practiced by devotees in the privacy of their own rooms, though it was frequently employed at festive gatherings as well.

By the end of the quarter Craigism was an established social entity on campus and continued to gain a large following, especially among the lower classes. Professor Craig's cult was not especially limited to freshmen, though. Many upperclass devotees attended his 'Germany in the Nineteenth Century' course. It was easy to spot the upperclass women by the distinctive "Bismarcks" they wear on their faces as signs of beauty. The men proudly sported impressive "Craigian," mutton chops both real and purchased.

Gordies soon dominated the social as well as the religious scenes, replacing frat parties with their own 'soirees.' There, the devotees would engage in "enlightened" conversation while lounging upon Volchairs and Phil-o-sofas. These parties would become frenzied bashes with loud lectures and chants blaring from the stereos. The blissful state induced by the words of Craig was augmented by liberal dosages of recreational drugs to attain the much vaunted "Glad-Stone" effect.

There was a serious side to Craigism also. Couples would meet and form alliances through ambassadors. The more serious of these would be negotiated until a peace was consummated in a Congress presided over by a T.A. A

Congress was a form of common-law marriage that included a moving ceremony where both persons signed a social contract and were then welcomed into the body politic.

The revelation that Craig was born as the result of a union between Hugo Grotius and Clio, the muse of History, moved many of his more romantic disciples to mysticism. Others were Calvinized into action. A splinter group of radical Gordies formed with the mission of spreading Craig's word throughout the intellectual world. This group who took to traveling all over the California became known as the Holy Roamers. The Roamers spread their gospel through Northern California in a manner reminiscent of the Schlieffen Plan. Starting from Stanford, they advanced across the bay swinging an arc like an irresistible hammer towards San Francisco. Roamers stormed Berkeley and eclipsed the likes of the Moon Man and Holy Hubert. They replaced the Hare Krishnas at San Francisco, selling their bow ties and leather bound volumes of *Europe since 1815*. The presence became so pervasive that the Chronicle's Bay Area Rapid Turkey, columnist Herb Caen, proclaimed the Peninsula as The Holy Roamer Empire.



A group of "Holy Roamers" preach "Gordon's Gospel" at San Francisco International Airport.

Official reaction to the cult was still rather slight. Besides a comment by Department Chairperson Stansky about keeping 'the well of History unpolluted' by religious fanaticism, the faculty and administration seemed to view the Gordies with a humorous disdain. Even as the end of spring quarter brought a general feeling of relief to the campus. Professor Craig gracefully volunteered to relieve the semi-retiring Professor Gordon Wright of teaching History 3 in order to avoid any unpleasantness which might arise from his presence in History 2. His action was lauded by all for its consideration and magnanimity. The University looked forward to a quiet, productive 1977-1978 year.

The next fall quarter however, was not two weeks old before the Gordies, now older and stronger due to a heavy frosh orientation recruitment were once again a virulent

campus force. By the end of the quarter the administration had become concerned when a near riot ensued in the Bookstore upon it running out of the Palmer-Colton, *A History of The Modern World* text, which was a popular gift item that year.

Winter quarter the Gordies began to feel their strength. They became more outspoken and even ventured into University politics. Gordies pressure was a powerful force in ramrodding the Western Civ requirement through the Faculty Senate. Stentorian speakers, strutting and posturing in the distinctive style of Professor Craig harangued the White Plaza crowds with cries of 'studia Humanitatis' in a successful bid to force the University to end its recombinant DNA research and redirect its grants to the Liberal Arts. An outraged group of disgruntled Chem E., E.E. and Bio grad students calling themselves The Anti-Luddites, placed an incendiary device in History Corner. Because of their extreme efforts not only was their cause lost, but their Departments' budgets were diverted to the 'History Corner Renovation Fund.' The culprits were then tried and dealt with in the manner of Savanarola. Truly Civic Humanism had come to Stanford. In a frenzy of zeal the student body staged a plebescite and voted to change the school's colors to "The Red and the Black."

Eminent History Professor Lewis Spitz was somewhat dismayed at his colleague's increased popularity, while his "mini-cult" boasted of a celibate numismatist and an "enlightened" civil engineer from Hoquiam, Washington. He publicly remarked that passing him by in favor of Craig was tantamount to rejecting a "Peace of Crespi for a Diet of Worms."

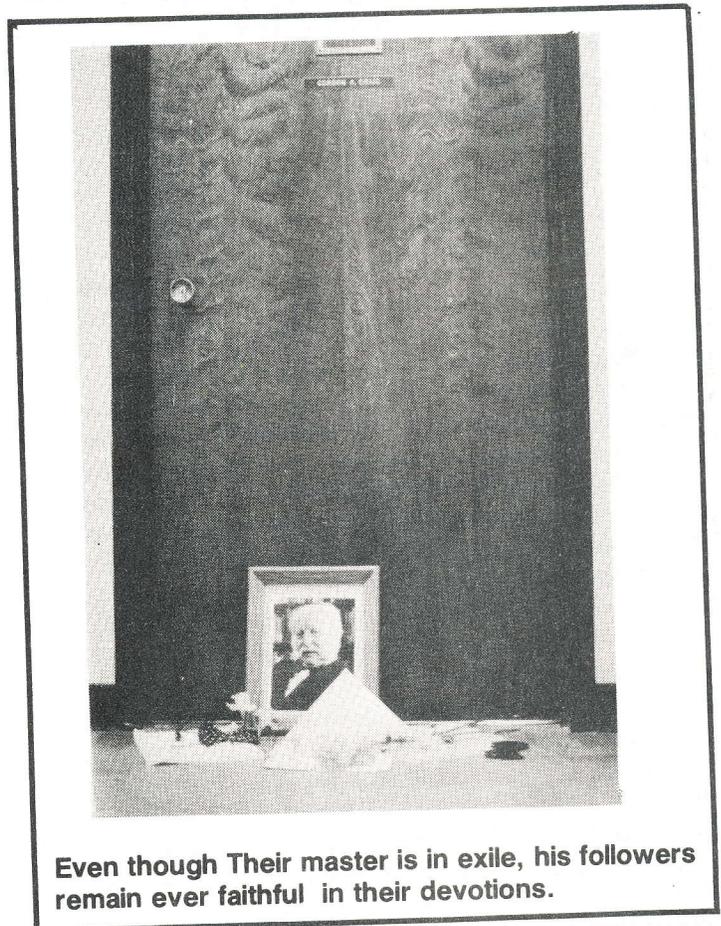
Many of the Craigian T.A.'s took umbrage at Spitz's statement and assigned as a paper topic to their sections, "How to Deal with Recalcitrant Pedants Who Preach Schism." The response was overwhelming. Louis Nigro, the teaching fellow who became known as the "Great Selector," chose the ninety-five most original theses and nailed them to the door of Prof. Spitz's office. The professor thenceforth declined to make further such remarks owing to his recent "personal Reformation."

The decline of Craigism began as the indulgences of its adherents became too much for the administration to bear. One evening, a particularly loud Gordie gathering at Lambda Nu threatened to rage into the wee hours, much to the chagrin of the neighboring fraternity. The K.A.'s finally summoned enough courage to send over two of their most diplomatic members to plead for peace and quiet. Their efforts met with little success and much resentment. With little ceremony the Gordies seized the conciliarists and proceeded to fling them through an opened window with such force that they landed well into the dry lakebed, causing them grievous bodily injury. Upon hearing of this incident, which became known as the Defenestration of Lag, the administration quickly launched an investigation. The Board of Inquisition, which was packed by the Engineering Department and members of the rival CRC cult, mercilessly expelled or suspended

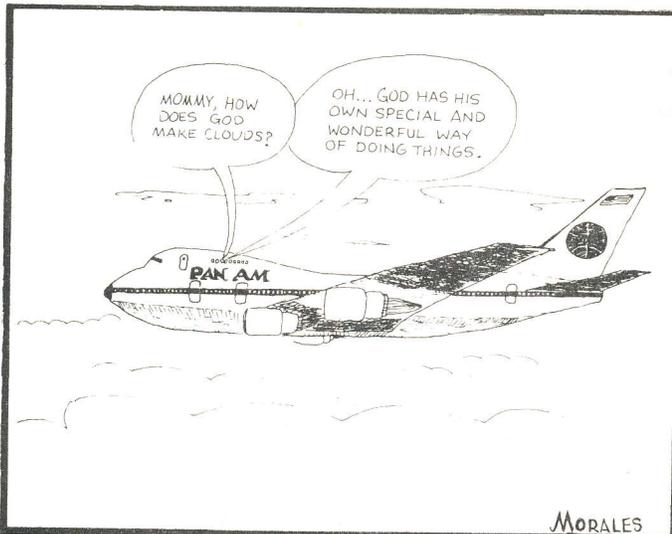
not only those at the party but many of the more fervent Gordie leaders on hearsay evidence. What was hailed in the Daily as the Glorious Revolution was more commonly known as The Terror. President Lyman, invoking the Divine Right of Regents, summarily dismissed any grad students with Craigian leanings and through the provisions of the Pragmatic Sanction, he denied tenure to their sympathizers. A moratorium was declared on Modern Europe and Prof. Craig was strongly advised to take a sabbatical "for reasons of health." Absolutism had returned to Stanford!

A strained quiet reigned on campus for the rest of the year and by the present school year Lyman was pleased to announce a return to normalcy. The moratorium on Modern Europe ended but as a precautionary measure the anti-charismatic Peter "Nytol" Paret now lectures History 2, while Prof. Craig languishes in the Babylonian Captivity of the Berlin campus.

Occasionally, though, flowers and papers are placed at the door of his now vacant office by those who remain secretly faithful. But these sad tokens are the only remains of the once flourishing cult whose misplaced zeal was born out of respect for the excellent professor. 



Even though Their master is in exile, his followers remain ever faithful in their devotions.



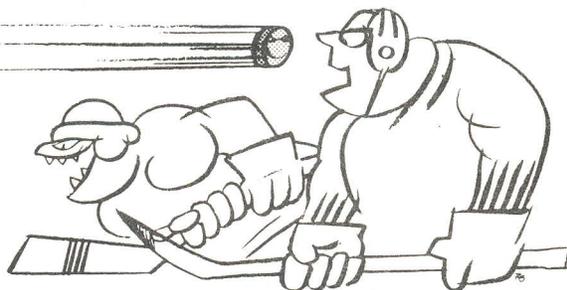
MORALES

**"THE FUNNIEST
NEW COMEDY OF THE YEAR."**

-Vernon Scott, UNITED PRESS

PAUL NEWMAN IN

A GEORGE ROY HILL FILM



SLAP SHOT

Co-starring MICHAEL ONTKEAN • LINDSAY CROUSE
JENNIFER WARREN • JERRY HOUSER and STROTHER MARTIN

Written by NANCY DOWD • Edited by DEDE ALLEN

Music Supervision by ELMER BERNSTEIN • Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

Produced by ROBERT J. WUNSCH and STEPHEN FRIEDMAN

A PAN ARTS PRESENTATION • A FRIEDMAN-WUNSCH PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE • TECHNICOLOR®



CERTAIN LANGUAGE MAY BE TOO STRONG FOR CHILDREN

MARCH 11 CUBBERLEY
7:00, 9:15

Emmanuelle

**The Joys
of a Woman**

MARCH 18
6:30, 8:15, 10:00 CUBBERLEY



The Meaning of Passover

On an Egyptian summer day a few thousand years ago, the Lord dressed up as the Fuller brush man and went door to door in Alexandria, slaying first-born children. Unfortunately for Him, He had been given wrong directions and was in Alexandria, Virginia instead. Public officials were so incensed that for thirty nights they forced the Lord to walk unarmed through the Mall, singing Irish folk songs. This was a blessing for the Jews, for by the time the Lord found a no-frills flight to Egypt, the Jews had all gone to Fire Island for the rest of the month, and their first-born were spared. Boy, was He pissed, and the Jews had to come home ten days later and explain.



The Passover Dinner Prayers "The Question."

The Passover ceremony begins with the question, "Why is this night different from other nights," except in Reform homes, where the question is, "Do we have to?" It is thought that both questions have Egyptian roots, for on the holiest of Egyptian holidays, it is traditional to ask, "Why, tonight, do we wash our hands before dinner?"

The answers to the Passover question were originally,

1. On all other nights, we can eat bread: tonight, only matzoh;
2. On all other nights, we can eat any kind of herbs: tonight, only bitter herbs;
3. On all other nights, we don't dip even once: tonight, we not only dip twice, but try to lose our herbs in the dip;

and

4. On all other nights, we can eat either sitting up or reclining, tonight we eat reclining unless we swallow our bitter herbs, in which case we eat bent over to the side.



These answers became part of the Jewish folk tradition, and passed through countless ages with slight modification. Nowadays, Jews interpret them as:

1. You have the right to remain silent;
2. Any statement you make may be used against you;
3. You have the right to counsel; and
4. You may invoke your rights at any time during proceedings.

"Blessed Be the Lord."

The prayer, "Blessed be the Lord, God, King of the Universe," was long attributed to the patriarch Jacob. Modern scholars have proven otherwise, tracing it to the editor of a dictionary of synonyms. In agricultural regions, "Blessed be the Lord. . ." grew into "Blessed be the Lord, who created the fruit of the vine." But during depression times, farmers scrapped this version and chanted instead, "Blessed be the Federal Government, that pays us not to grow the fruit of the vine."



Finally, we have the modern version: "Blessed be the Lord, who creates the fruit of the vine, but cursed be he who sells it for \$1.39 a pound."

"The Four Sons"

One night, the Lord was at a Harvard alumni dinner, and told a reporter that "if children are our only means to immortality, I might want to reconsider." Afterwards, the Lord was taken with remorse, and wrote the "Prayer of the Four Sons" while whistling "It's a Small, Small World."

To understand this prayer, we must first recall the story of creation:

It was that odd time of year,
 Winter past and April not arrived,
 When basketball season hath ended,
 But baseball not yet begun.
 And the Lord grew very restless
 And called up Wolanski Construction Company
 And said, "I've got a big job for you."
 But to His dismay, they had a better offer
 From some Republican businessmen,
 And so He decided to do it Himself.
 On the first day, the Lord created the front nine
 and a few bunkers.
 On the second day He created the clubhouse,
 Although to this very day He cannot find a decent
 decorator.
 Finally, the Lord threw in a couple of lakes,
 And from the mud of these lakes evolved the first
 humans,
 Late as usual.
 The first humans were called Abe and Evie,
 And the Lord warned them
 "Not to pull down the shade,
 For this is not a Smith-Amherst mixer."
 But they disobeyed Him,
 And not only pulled down the shade
 But transcribed the entire California Drivers Hand-
 book onto it.
 As punishment, He made them
 Read the shade backwards every Friday night,
 While others slept or went to see Carol Doda.

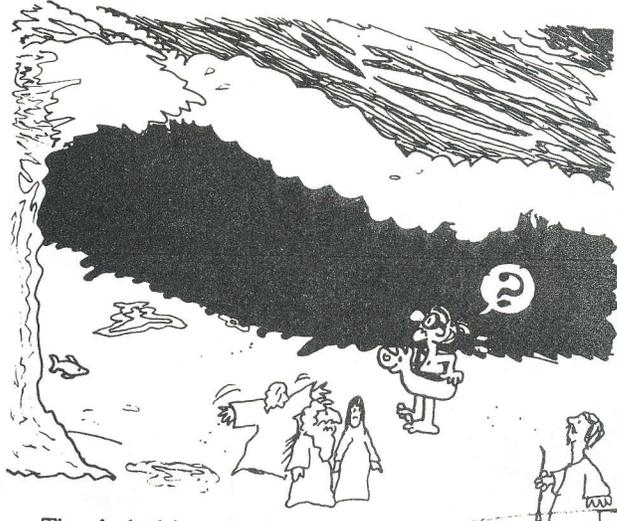


"The Lord Brought Them Out of Egypt"

As the dinner is concluded, observant Jews note that others at the table are feeding the dog, too. At this point, the hostess suggests that either the oldest son or the eldest son tell the story of Exodus:

The Lord was in a crowded marketplace in Cairo, when he casually told a friend about a "condominium sale in the Promised Land." Word spread quickly, and all the Jews in Egypt flocked to the Red Sea, across which they would swim to Palestine. But the Lord himself desired to put in a bid, and He parted the Red Sea so that the Jews could not swim across. To this day, decendants of those Jews remain by the Red Sea, and sustain their isolated economy by performing analysis on one another. For those who wished to leave, the Lord felt sorry, for they had bought bathing suits not two weeks earlier, and it was already October. And so, the Lord brought them out of Egypt with a mighty hand and outstretched arm, and two mighty wet spots on His shirt; and He subjected them to terror, signs, wonders, six "E" tickets and a free pass to "Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln."

To commemorate this event, every Jew in every generation must feel as if he himself came out of Egypt. Nay, worse: he must feel as if he is still in Egypt, but has lost his traveler's checks.



The forbidden shade, of course, came to be the orthodox Torah. Conservative Jews keep a version of the same in parchment-scroll form; and in reform synagogues, it may be found on microfilm.

The Torah is not an easy document to understand, and "The Four Sons" is used to explain it in different ways to different children:

The language of the Torah can be drawn on to deal with four types of sons. When the intelligent one asks, "What are the duties and principles commanded by God?," you must reply, "after the Passover, one must not disperse for revelry." And when the wicked one asks, "What mean you by this service?," you must reply, "It is because of what God did for me when I came out of Egypt." And when the one who speaks pig-Latin asks,

"Uts-way oing-gay on-ay ere-hay?," you must play along or lose a turn. And when the obstreperous one fails to speak at all, you must bring the language of the Torah sharply across his forehead.

Alas, while "The Four Sons" went a long way to advance educational theory, budget cuts have caused most families to drop it from the curriculum.



"The Proverbs"

Once the table is cleared, and visiting relatives con-



"To put it simply, Father, I'm having trouble teaching the kids . . . just yesterday, a third grader told me to sit on his faith!"

duct the Bolting For the Door, all may recite the "Four Proverbs:"

Empty rivers run silent.

Coming into your own is nice,
But not as nice as coming into someone else's.

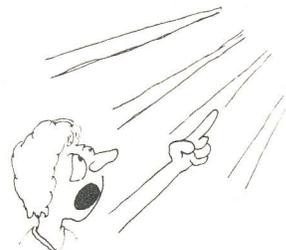


Do not flirt with Death, for It doth not French kiss.

The pessimist thinketh that life is completely empty;

The optimist knoweth that life is — full.

1.



LOOK WHAT JUST CAME OUT OF THE CLOUDS! A FLOCK OF ANGELS!

2.



OH WOW! THEY'RE RIGHT OVER US!

3.



SHPLAT!

MORALES...

DIARY OF A MAD SORCERESS

The burning of heretics, witches, and sorcerers emerged as the prime spectator sport for the ignorant masses of Fifteenth to Seventeenth Century Europe and Seventeenth Century New England. Two Harvard deadboys, Increase and Cotton Mather, helped sanction this sport in America to the amusement of their contemporary Ivory Tower chums back in Cambridge.

With the approval of this power elite, witch persecution soon became a major industry, an equal opportunity employer for society's waste products. Torturers, exorcists, judges, jailers, wood-choppers, experts and scribes were hired by the industry with Harvard conveniently increasing its endowment through donations from delirious witch-haters. The colonial dons of the branding stick came to the brilliant conclusion that if a person swam when placed in water, she was no doubt a witch. On the other hand, if the poor wretch drowned, she was innocent, but unfortunately had to make an early exit to the great dunking pond in the sky.

Of course, before the burning of witches became the "in" thing with Western intellectuals, heretic torture was the rage. Accordingly, the people (a euphemism for the ignorant masses) adored the spectacle. Typifying this pleasure received in killing non-conformists, one spectator expressed the delight of the people when Florence's Savonarola was liquidated in 1498: "Praise be to God. Now we can practice sodomy."

But witches and heretics were two different breeds of animal, and it would serve our purposes better to probe more deeply into the science/religion of the sorcerer. To provide our readers with a first-hand view of the life of one of these stinking gnomons, The Chaparral is ashamed to lower its standards to present a small portion of the "Diary of a Mad Sorceress," by Madam Sybil "Bubbles" Fregosi.

October 16, 1574: None of the neighbors know it, but I am a werewolf. I love to mix disgusting potions and smile at dead babies. Today, in the courtyard, I dug up a dead unbaptised baby but the king's guards spotted me, and I was almost caught slam-dunking my most repulsive potion down its decaying chops. This potion took 36 hours to

make, and I pissed when I lost it running away from the guards. To make it, one has to take the intestines of a rabid dog, fill them with vipers, and then stuff it with the most obnoxious insects. After heating in a caldron for twenty hours, stinging worms appear, and I cool the liquid with blood from a baboon with a touch of the choleric. This potion is so exciting when used properly it causes a dead person's head to fall off.

December 11, 1581: I served myself some vomiting bees for breakfast this morning. Too bad I forgot to buy a sledgehammer today to smash them. I also wanted to smash my toes off so I could fit into a size 8 pair of boots that were on sale at the cobbler. (I wear size 10.)

November 4, 1583: I was talking to my friend Beelzebub, and he told me my black magic stinks. I barked that he was lying, and he turned me into a crate of rancid fruit, which ended that debate. He turned me back into the werewolf that I am, and now I must improve my diabolical black magic once again. It was scary because these bugs swarmed on me like maggots on a wormy apple. My liver is belching. Where's the aspirin?

May 17, 1611: My stomach is floating away because I ate too many lima beans over the weekend. I tried to chop the ears off my pet rabbit, but he barfed all over my magic wand. All I could do then was smash turtle eggs under the ox-cart wheels on the autobahn. I am becoming a geriatric gypsy fit to be burned at the stake.

May 18, 1611: I was bit by a mad dog, and I bit it back six times. It sure tasted good. Maybe there is still hope for me after all.

June 23, 1622: I took some hamster lips and laced them in a chalice, uttering the mystical words "Cogito, ergo sum." Suddenly, a warlock ran in the room and smashed my head on some vermin. He trampled on my box of magic spiders and told me that I was not repugnant enough to be a witch. I told him that I worship Beelzebub, who feeds me lark's vomit. Besides, vermin are always at my feet, and I got a halo of flies buzzin' round my head. Who needs this abuse?



February 6, 1628: While on the prowl this year, I met this centaur in the forest. Thinking Beelzebub was up to one of his old tricks, I attempted to give this foul smelling, gap-toothed, cloven hoofed, overdue purveyor of glue the silent treatment when at last a certain nonchalance of the beast attracted me. Quickly the animal transfix-ed me with evil stare and I sat down on the semi-shell of a green turtle, crushing it under my tail. "Curses" I thought and my wicked mind raced ahead to thinking I might soon be crossed and buttoned with a raw six *diametric* inches of pulsating centaur d-rk.

Editor's Note: Knowledge of Madame Fregosi's life after the centaur meeting is somewhat sketchy. Sources indicate that after swallowing typhus-carrying mosquitoes and bat tails, she affected her transformation into a barnacle, and latched on to a ship carrying one John Harvard, Esq. to the New World. After her boring experiences in Cambridge, our heroine got tangled up with Rhode Island, religious non-conformist Roger Williams, who we speculate may have appointed her as a mistress. In any event, Ms. Fregosi supplemented her meager income selling pre-washed jeans to other God fearing colonists.

*Although she received no credit from Williams, through handwriting analysis and the utilization of an ouiji board, a local historian has indicated she collaborated with Roger in his epic work **Christenings Make Not Christians**, circa 1645. We were able to cite one passage in the Fregosi diary which points to involvement with Roger Williams in his plot to overthrow religious intolerance in the colonies. Here's a sample:*

February 16, 1647: For breakfast this morning, I fixed

Roger and his cadres some scrumptious lard and gruel. He was not aware that I added fried bat ears to the main course. Of course, Roger has a cast-iron stomach so I throw everything from leftover dog food to freeze-dried rattlesnake venom in the pot. He loves it and even asks for seconds. Why quit when you've got a winning game plan!

Lately, Roger's free time has been spent skinning alive ferocious animals who keep getting into his garden. Today he shot a squirrel and two rabbits, which I can use to make some more vile stew. My patron Beelzebub does not take kindly to Puritanism and has asked me to spread strange diseases among them. If Roger ever found out what a deviate I am, even he would have me cooked at the stake and served to the vultures. Fortunately, my disgusting habits and blood-curdling shrieks have never caught his attention because he has been too busy concentrating on abusing his political enemies.

Final Note: Sybil Fregosi became thoroughly tired with life in Rhode Island, and opted to return to Cambridge to tutor students in advanced necrophilia. Local aristocrats were eager to send their children to her, believing necrophilia was a specialized branch of algebra. After the children emerged from the course craving dead human flesh, a big stink was raised in the local newspapers about Madame Fregosi's corrupting influences and she was listed as an enemy of the people. After selling some diseased alligators to the Harvard German Police, she was arrested and found guilty of high treason – executed June 27, 1648.

The significance of Fregosi has been generally overlooked by modern historians. Her philosophy has attracted such diverse followers as the members of the American punk rock quintet, John Vomit and the Leather Scabs and the 20th Century nihilist philosopher Hargadon of Swarthmore. 

—AVANT-GARBE—

Top hats, tailcoats, canes,
panamas, Hawaiian shirts,
Navy pants, fatigues, fur coats,
kimonas . . .

Great new clothes too!

Stanford Clothing

611 Emerson
Palo Alto 323-4912
Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30



I Found It

in the CRC

Ruminations of an underground cult which subscribed to the teachings of the 57th Annual Edition of the CRC Handbook of Chemistry and Physics were known to have existed on the Stanford campus during Fall quarter, 1977. This little known, but thriving group has been known to hold yearly quarter long meetings, held at times in the Swain Library of Chemistry, and when these facilities are unavailable, Memorial Church. This religious group, known under a number of pseudonyms, aroused my curiosity sufficiently to attend one of their secret meetings and learn the ways of their beliefs. I too was soon engulfed with the fervent desire to "find it," the relentless search for the mysterious unknown entity.

It is believed that each individual has their own pre-determined belief which they must search for, which is determined by a mandate from the higher-ups, that is T.A.s (Theological Advisors) and the like. However, even these disciples of the faith do not know the true meaning of each individual's belief, and so encourage each seeker to find the right way, by the application of hands-on techniques. These techniques are available for a tithe of 20 or 30 dollars at the outset of one's search. Cries of joy can often be heard emanating from the IR (Intense Religion) room, when a seeker has thought that he or she has found it. Often, these cries are for naught, as the momentarily enlightened follower once again stumbles blindly on in search of his personal unknown.

A potentially ludicrous combination of religion and education seems to be coexisting within this institution; however, the fact that Stanford is a non-profit, privately-supported institution negates this possibility of an overlap between church and state. Thus, all legalities put to the wayside, I joined the fringes of this oddest of cults, hoping to glean some personal redemption from what could possibly be described as a harrowing experience.

There are basically two sects of this religion: the orthodox and the non-orthodox (or Bio majors). Conscience dictates that the Orthodox shall adhere more strictly to the Laws of Thermodynamics, and shall neither create nor destroy matter (glassware excepted). Meetings shall be held on a twice weekly basis, with time allotted for worship and social activities. The non-orthodox, on the other hand, are allowed more freedom, holding meetings only once a week. It is sacrilegious for the Theological Advisor to allow any more in-class worship time, or "the laying on of hands," subject to reprimanding by the local archbishop, Sr. LuValle. (Sr. Eastman participated on an advisory and

consulting basis, and took communion regularly from a coffee cup.)

The demands of CRC are strenuous. Prior to each in-class worship session, it is necessary to have in mind which prayers one is likely to rely upon, carefully calculating and defining the course of one's religious experience. Personal books are thus mandatory and partaking information from one's bench neighbor is grounds for a strenuously applied genuflect upon the frontal lobe of the transgressor. Theological Advisors are often available for confessionals and counseling, but they should under no circumstances be expected to take over the sacred duties of an individual.

Contrary to popular opinion, the attainment of true religious redemption, or "finding it," is not a function of one's devoutness, but rather a matter of fate, which can only be ascribed to a lack of hallucinatory, or other mind altering drugs (cf. Timothy Leary and God) and a good night's rest beforehand. My experiences indicate that a personal copy of the Bible is essential for one's own late night worship, often times supplemented with Accordances of Chemical Abstracts or St. Aldrich. Often it has been said that the unknown does not exist, when in fact this is not the case. Just as is each person's search unique, so are the manifestations of this search. Adverse effects have been attributed to this religion, such as increased anxiety levels, spontaneous hysteria, and the desire to tear telephone books in half, but these feelings subside once true satisfaction has been obtained.

There is a specific set of Laws which one must adhere to if one is to have a fruitful experience. These I will describe in detail for you, and then summarize with an underground transcription of a late night service taking place in Memorial Church. I have also managed to obtain copies of previously unknown pictures taken during this service by a non-believer. Heed carefully these rules, as they could save you much anxiety when you make the decision to convert.

These could be considered an appendix to the Ten Commandments, but for the sake of religious sanctity, I shall refrain from titling them anything more than helpful hints.

LAWI. Never ask your Theological Advisor, "Is this blue?"

LAW II. Do not wear mink to lab, as many compounds have been known to leave telltale stains.

LAW III. Save your reactions to religious insights until you reach the privacy of your own room and can shout Hallelujah without being destroyed.

LAW IV. Save all solid evidence of a miracle.

LAW V. Do not drink the absolute ethanol.

LAW VI. Do not inhale large quantities of ammonium hydroxide to find it.

LAW VII. Do not hoard the Bible in the Intense Religion Room.

LAW VIII. Do not cast objects.

LAW IX. Do not shed tears in your search.

LAW X. Do not capitulate.

I found, throughout my own personal encounters with weekly worship (after opting for the less rigorous of the sects) that I most often committed a violation of LAW I., LAW IV., and had an extreme desire to break LAW X., but with consoling words from my Theological Advisor, was convinced to pursue my search. I found CRC to be a demanding belief, draining me of my spiritual energy after weekly worship.

Rumor has it that a former confirmed follower of CRC was once observed committing a violation of LAW VII. His case was brought before a council of peers and it was then decided that he should be excommunicated from CRC. This foolish transgressor then decided to appeal his case to the local archdiocese council, in a fervent attempt to have what he felt was an unfair judgment repealed. His attempt was in vain, however, and Sr. Luvalle saw it fit punishment to have Xeroxed copies of his transcript posted in con-



TA (Theological Advisor), Vince Cosity, conducts the solemn Mass (R'Qm).

spicuous places, in an effort to deter other potential sinners from committing the same tragic mistake.

For the extremely devout, in either the orthodox or non-orthodox sects, there were also twice weekly gatherings designed to give hints on finding it. I, however, found that these were totally unnecessary and worthless, to the point of dissuading me from continuing my search. Out of curiosity and the desire to expand my consciousness, I labored (often reluctantly) on.

It is not necessary to cover one's head when entering the place of worship, simple eye goggles will do. Old tennis shoes, holy jeans and an old T-shirt were worn consistently by all devout followers, along with the required face or eye goggles. Many people were unwittingly led to believe that these were worn to protect one's eyes, but it is this author's opinion that these were required to distinguish us from the non-believers and in fact save our sight from ruination by potentially blinding flashes of light when one of the higher-ups was angered.

I was given the opportunity to prove my devoutness to CRC three times in one quarter, and with any amount of luck, I would too join the ranks of those enlightened who have gone on to Medical School and other self-sacrificing institutes. Unfortunately, CRC is often taken to be a means to an end, and not fully enjoyed for its unique experience.

As an aside, I asked many of my fellow acolytes if they would care to experience this same ordeal again, they looked upon me with eyes of disbelief and said, "Are you out of your fucking mind?" Not allowing myself to be disillusioned, I ignored their hastily thought out and totally inappropriate comments.

Searching for it has been called a science, but I tend to disagree, again, it being purely a matter of the fates. I, however, was curious about the inordinate success of many of my cohorts, and with a little prodding, was able to find out what their seemingly higher success rates were due to.

In actuality, this too was a chance overhearing of a late night worship session and responsive reading to be held on a full moon in Memorial Church. One of my acquaintances happened to fall upon a master key to the entire Stanford building complex, which I tended to doubt, until he was subsequently expelled for violating (sic) the honor code, and charged with breaking and entering and felony grand theft. I would now like to convey to you an unexpurgated transcription of a tape recorded service (obtained unbeknownst to my colleagues), and responsive reading. In the interest of brevity, I have omitted the hymns and Latin, except where essential to the meaning.

* * * * *

(Invitation to Worship)

Come, my children of the faith, and partake of the fruit of my knowledge. Fear not, for the light of sodium is upon you and will guide you on the paths of righteousness. You complain of unfair problem sets, ungodly unknowns? Let it be heard by all that you will all rot in hell! You shall rejoice in the search for truth, not denounce its manifestations. Treat your unknown with TLC and you shall be duly

rewarded. Speak not harshly in the Intense Religion Room! As Einstein once said, everything is relative, so do not tread lightly upon the paths of Mudd Chapel.

Partake of the Holy Flask and observe its color changes. Come and take communion by drinking the ferrous ammonium sulfate and eating the filter paper, for you shall find truth in them. Let us all pray now in unison.

Te Deum

Oh God, how I beseech thee to allow me to pass

Thine eyes have witnessed my transgressions
Thine ears have heard my abominable language

Grant me forgiveness oh Lord
That I shall soon be ordained a Saint of CRC
And never more have to repeat this ordeal.

BENZENE



Begoggled worshipper kneels to receive Communion (Papyrus lithium) in CRC service.

Almighty and merciful father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed thy flow charts and become hopelessly lost. Grant us peace, thy most precious gift, that we might survive this religion, and rejoice in your wisdom.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He maketh me lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me to the fume hoods

He destroyeth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his fame's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy administrators and staff, they discomfort me.

Thou preparest a KBr pellet before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou annointest my head head with Nujol, my flask runneth over.

Surely Shriner and Fusin shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the bored forever.

We are gathered here on this sanctimonious occasion to give thanks to Neils Bohr and Thomas Rutherford and to

pray, so that our souls may be saved from destitution. It is on this Holy eve, before the dawn of the Day of Reckoning that we shall sing praises to the lord, and bow graciously to his omnipotent being. This is a critical mass for all those gathered in our presence.

The entropy of transition of lithium oxide is 22
In unison: 22 BENZENE

The heat of transition of phosphorous pentoxide is 8.8

In unison: 8.8 BENZENE

$K_3PV_2MO_{10}$ Oh lord is where I want to be, for tripotassiumdecamolybdodivanadophosphate is my light and shining star —

$$(ax-a-x)dx = \frac{ax+a-x}{\log a}$$

God is my strong salvation, what flows have I to fear?

In darkness and temptation, my light, my pellet is near

Though mine enemies gather around me, firm in the fight I stand

What terror can confound me, with IR paper in my hand?

Place on the Lord reliance, my soul, with courage wait

This truth be thine affiance, when faint and desolate

This might thy chart shall strengthen, his love thy joy increase

Mercy thy peaks shall lengthen, the cord will give thee peace.

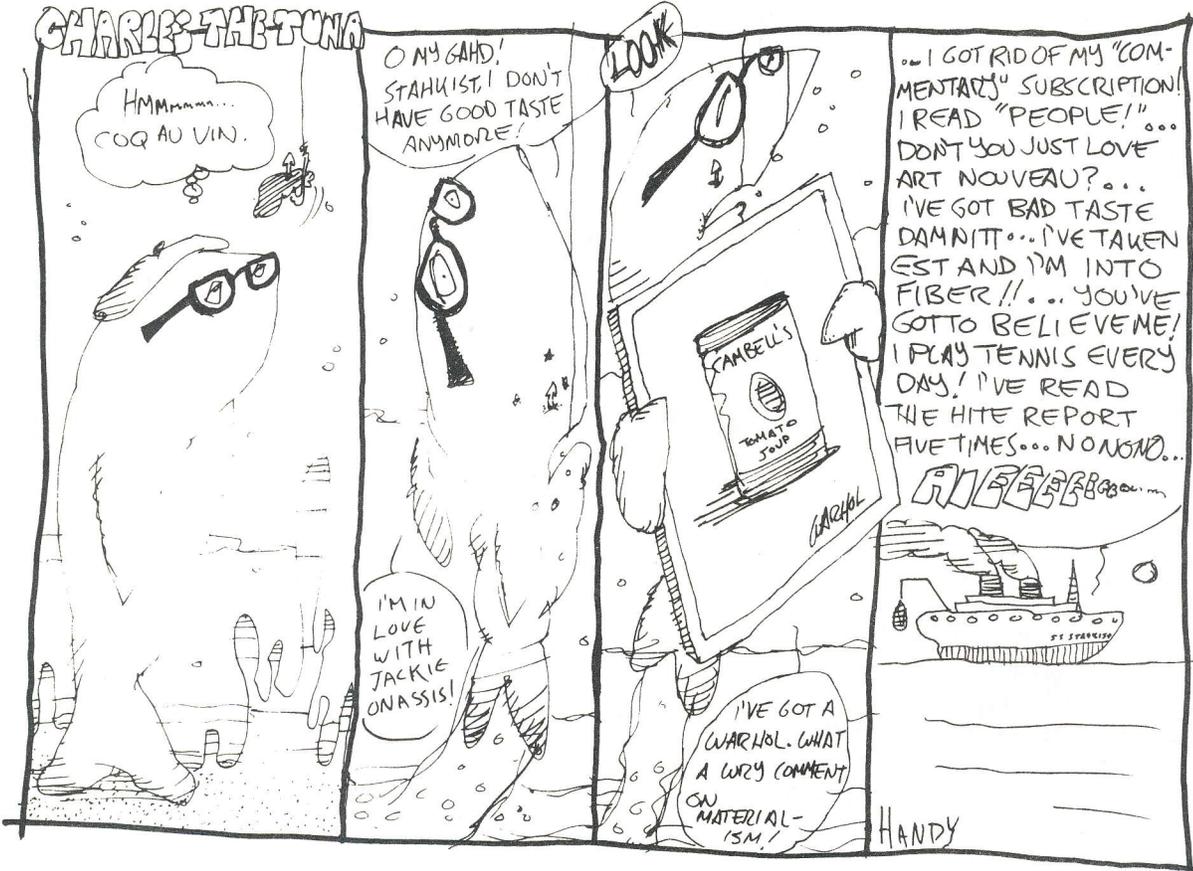
BENZENE

And so it ends, the uplifted and separated sects going off on their own separate destinies, some to repeat CRC (perhaps to attain a higher level of consciousness?) others to march bravely on to other little known religions, some to drop the religious notion entirely. Reflecting upon my experience, I can now say in all honesty, thank God it is only for one quarter. Too much religion can kill even the most devoted mortal.

At the outset of Fall quarter, 1978, many more uninitiated clones will delve into the depths of CRC, in the hopes that they too will find it. A piece of advice from a wizened old member, O Acolyte, the best part of CRC is the ordainment, your certification that you are an official follower. These certificates can be obtained at the Information window in Old Union, after communion. Also, you will receive, free of charge, a request for a five dollar donation, payable at the cashier's office, within 30 days of its issuance. It is hoped that these requests will not become a long standing ritual, but rather reflect a transient decrease in the CRC treasury. The majority of people, however, will gladly pay up, rather than incur the wrath of the Ecumenical Council.

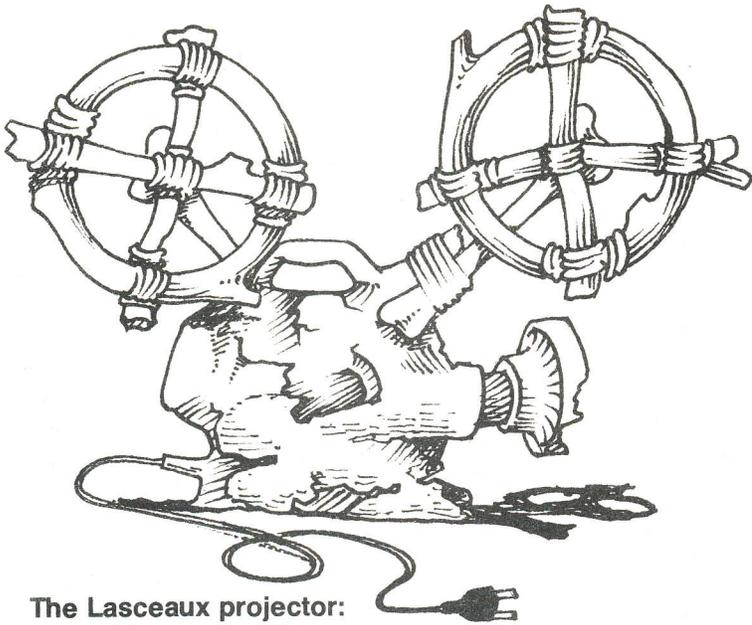
CRC is a religion only open to the select few who decide to accept its tenets. As the revered Sr. LuValle once said, "We're only trying to make 'em into men, after all, they can't be premeds forever." 

CHARLES THE TUNA



ADVENTURES OF... THE ROEB





**The Lasceaux projector:
one million years old**

The brain, reduced to its basics, is nothing more than an unsightly mass vaguely resembling a giant dead prawn lathered with mayonnaise. Out of this unsightly entree has come the volume of man's knowledge.

Consciousness, if it can be duplicated, could take many forms. Scientists seem to prefer a spaghetti concatenated from wires, transistors, and cords robustly seasoned with germanium or silicone-oxide, all with a side order of chips (for more on this, the interested reader is directed to Heinlein's excellent treatment of this patient in his book *The Pasta Through Tomorrow*). This whole topic is embraced under the heading of artificial intelligence. In several senses, artificial intelligence is a reality today. The CIA reportedly has a very difficult time distinguishing the faked reports of irresponsible field agents from its genuine intelligence efforts. This is one instance in which the ability to distinguish artificial intelligence could add greatly to our nation's well-being. Closer to home, perhaps the most striking development in the field is exhibited in the extremely advanced case of Billy Carter (and the less expensive case of Billy Beer). Reports that Billy's brain was transplanted with that of a chimpanzee and immediately jettisoned from the Earth during the NASA program of the early sixties are to be eschewed. 'Mrs. Baker' was a rhesus monkey. The Carter's have been suppliers for Reese's Peanut Butter Cups ever since.

This discussion leads to the question of consciousness in animals other than man. The scrutinous reader will pardon my perhaps dangerous assumption implicit in the last sentence. For years, however, humanity has placed itself on a level above animals. For Catholics, the Pope was on a level above humans, and God, acting as a glorified Pope, was on a still higher plane with heavenly hosts of angels, saints, and the like scattered somewhere inbetween. Dante Alighieri very astutely recognized the complete lack of reference to this exciting and important material in the Bible (possibly a ripped out chapter?) and included it in his best-seller the *Inferno* for the perusal of the heretofore unenlightened. Still more concrete evidence that human-

What hath Thought Rot?

ity is on a higher level than animals can easily be provided, proponents claimed: Man is the only animal that demonstrates ritualistic behavior. Skeptics pointed to the case of lemmings, the cuddly rodents who periodically run several miles down mountains only to jump en masse off the edge of a cliff into the oceans. Surely this is inspired by



Lemming plummets to watery death

some higher motivation, some deep devotion to a deity. This argument was deflated when it became known that the lemmings in charge of leading the massive throng were hastily reconsulting their mental maps when they found themselves rudely nudged over the edge by their impatient followers. They too changed their minds, but to no avail. So much for lemmings. What then about the ants who construct 8 foot tall hills, the salmon who swim upstream to the place of their birth, and the female praying mantis who bites off the head of her suitor after being "enviromed" by him. These are more difficult questions since they are unquestionably willful acts of devotion. True, humans build gargantuan chapels, make pilgrimages to any of several holy lands, and sanction alimony, but, responds the proponent, these mirror acts in the animal world are to be dismissed since it is not logical to believe that animals are on the same spiritual plane as people. There for years the argument stood.

Modern science has added fuel to the fire with considerable evidence that dolphins have developed a rudimen-

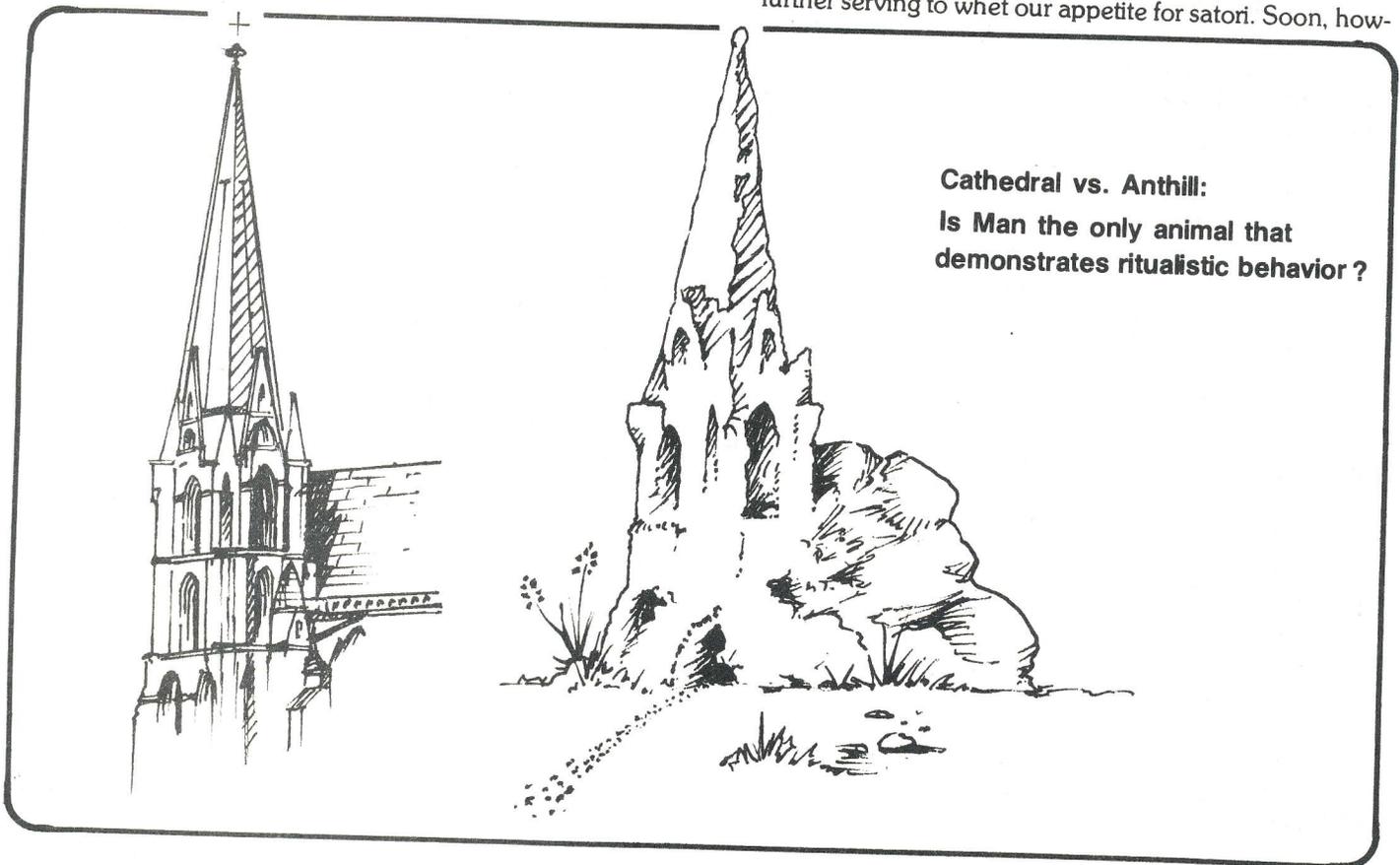
tary language of their own. Only comparatively recently has it been disclosed that the clucks, gacks, whistles and crees of the dolphin's "language" can be exactly replicated by humans when held under water for three or more minutes (Himmler, 1943). Modern science may have mistaken gaspings caused by the insufficient respiratory system of dolphins for a nonexistent language. At a time when psychology still has so much to learn about the behavior of rats, this activity represents an appalling misdirection of priorities. Primates (so named because early zoologists noted that they, among animals, tended to mate in tripligate) have also been suspected of possessing an intelligence. In his recent book, *The Drags of Eden*, no less a mind than Karl Sagan proposed that the human brain is the same as the primate brain, only larger. This radical departure from traditional "thinking" hallmarks the dawn of a new era of philosophies on consciousness. In one daring fell swoop, the obfuscations that have been amassing over the course of the centuries have been definitively decimated to ashes leaving our minds free to peruse the myriad possibilities of theories which bedazzle our new-found horizon.

This would all have been too dubious to believe had Sagan not been able to offer proof. Searching through the Lasceaux Caves in France, Sagan discovered a library of 16mm movies, perfectly preserved over the eons in rough hewn stone boxes. The projectors, admittedly crude by our standards, were fashioned entirely by hand using sharp rocks. Sagan quite correctly points out that the films exhibit an appalling insensitivity to correct filming techniques. Their defects aside, however, they seem to indicate quite clearly that in an early era man and ape were comrades against nature; indeed, man was a

projection of simian consciousness, then in its early stages of development.

Even to picture modern apes as insipid morons is altogether too negative. Further exposure may indicate that Simian consciousness is merely being repressed on a grand scale. This leads to the inescapable conclusion that still lower order animals have consciousness. We may well find that slugs and lice without a sense of purpose will develop severe psychological complexes relating to their position in their community and the world in general. Vast new areas of psychology will open up in order to deal with such problems. Imagine the problems Neo-Freudians would have of decoding the symbolic imagery popping up in the dreams of a snake, for example. Would a recurring fear of humans be symbolic of latent doubts of its own snakehood?

Our destintion is clear: all roads lead to Puddleby-by-the-Marsh. In this new era we would no more think of stepping on an ant than we would our own mother. The thought of eating meat would stir memories of cannibalism. Adolf's Meat Tenderizer would go out of business, causing a glut of monosodium glutamate to flood the world's economies, wreaking havoc on the dollar and possibly triggering a worldwide depression. In the end, however, the world would turn itself over to vegetarianism or worse, herbivoracity. The major difference between Judaism and Christianity would be eradicated. The world could at last live together in peace and universal harmony. The melodious tune of love and understanding, the "music of the spheres," would pervade the atmosphere, radiating joy and bliss in the wake of its overture. A deluge of majestic rhapsodies of hope would flood the earth further serving to whet our appetite for satori. Soon, how-



**Cathedral vs. Anthill:
Is Man the only animal that
demonstrates ritualistic behavior?**

ever, non-kosher vegetables would pop up and the whole thing would be ruined.

The demise of the human race will begin when we discover the tremendous anguish which we are inflicting upon allegedly "senseless" plants. For a corn stalk to lose an ear of corn is equally as painful as it is for a human to lose an ear of ear. The full import of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" will be known. Humanity will starve to death for lack of food. Happily this is a long way into the future.

In the interim, we shall discover that "reality" is not real, that "truth" is nothing but lies, that "good" is evil, and that the "salad fork" should be chilled to a few degrees above freezing (this realization proved to be too much for Amy Vanderbilt who, in her frustration, forgot all manners and tactlessly sashayed out the second story window of her house). Our new state of enlightenment will allow us to exist outside of our body, totally bereft of physical form. This, however, may cause problems; imagine the difficulties of spotting a friend in a large but physically-nonexistent crowd, the hardships of acquiring a respectable tan, the tribulations involved in getting a group to play cards. Hailing a cab would be tantamount to impossible. Other drawbacks should be obvious. The non-physical state is not without advantages, however. Finally we shall truly be able to know God. Indeed, we will be able to meet the God of our choice in person(s). Possibly even have lunch with him (her). The existence of several Gods will no doubt prove chaotic, however. To inhibit quarrelling, it will be

necessary to select one God as the ultimate lord of the universe, the Supreme Being. Naturally, the most fair way to resolve this problem of selection will be through an informed vote of all concerned. Periodic elections would become a necessity. It would hardly be surprising to see concerned devotees crusading about the universe in an attempt to get converts to vote for what the zealot viewed to be the correct God: Massive efforts require massive organization and soon religious "parties" would develop urging all to vote their candidate to the position of Supreme Being. "Jews for Jesus" would take on a new meaning, stately reminiscent of "Democrats for Nixon." In the end, it is possible that the temptations of power might be too great, encouraging the spread of graft and corruption even in these sanctified areas. On the whole (in the hole), I'd rather be in Philadelphia.

Wherever your metaphysical meanderings lead; whether your manifestation of consciousness is realized in a mass with the consistency of a giant prawn covered with mayonnaise, or a bowlful of wire spaghetti and chips, served perhaps with a can of Billy Beer (Billy Bud?), any or all of which may be littered with the mushroom like brains of reptiles and rodents, peppered with the consciousness of even the most vile insects and denizens. Whether you seek satiation in the solid epicurean entree mentioned or in the airy etherium of nothingness ne infinity, there is a theory of consciousness that will suit you. The materialist can find his little nook, likewise the idealist can find his Nietzsche.



now i lay me down...

Prayers from Larry Flynt, a converted brethren and disciple of our Lord:

The Offerastory Prayer (given in times of thanks)

Let us pray.
Upon the soft and cuddly,
warm and wooly flanks
of thy sheep.

Let it provide.
Our guidance,
Most merciful and profitable Father,
depends upon the masses,
which give us Your sacrifice
and a tidy collection plate.

Give us then,
Our daily Meek.
In time, he may inherit,
Thy bounty which now is ours.

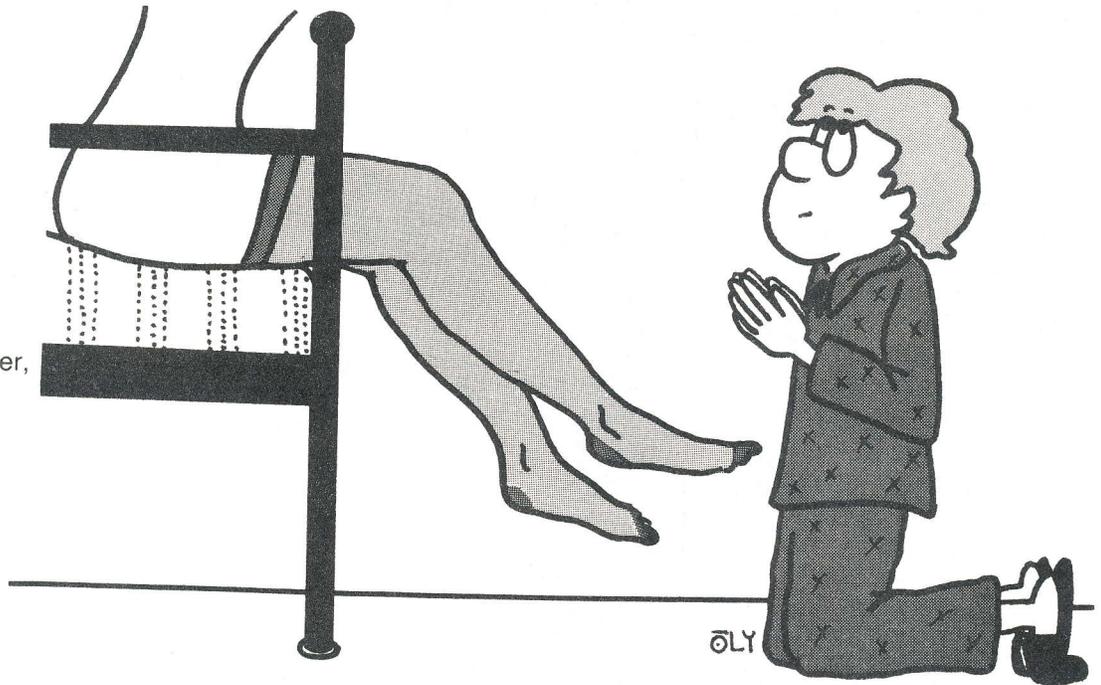
Thank you My Shepherd,
For You, I shall not want.
But for the directional taps
of your firm and giving staff,
I might be among the masses of meek.
Or even worse,
jailed in Cincinnati.

Remember Them (given in times of privacy)

For Jimmy Carter, Lord,
I thank You.
Through his open mind
and wounded knee,
his prayers endless
I have been able to be
guile.

For sister Ruth,
Stapleton,
the hockey player,
I pray.
She is pure as a virgin.
Period.

For brother Billy,
I cry with joy.
He is a man
of beer-bloated blood,
A hustler of talents few.
A man that I aspire to.



Plea to the Virgin (given in times of giving)

Help me blessed Mary,
My soft and virgin dear,
From friends who now assault me,
And label me a queer.

Your tender loving smile,
I long to see at night.
It need not be a trial,
You need not be uptight.

Our God is all for giving,
And helping out the poor.
Let me go on living,
Allow me through your door.

I'll love you warm and heavy,
More steadfast than the rest.
At the floogates of your levee,
I'll prepare to do my best.

I'll rock you through the morning,
And roll away the night.
No holes shall I be corning,
I long to see de-light.

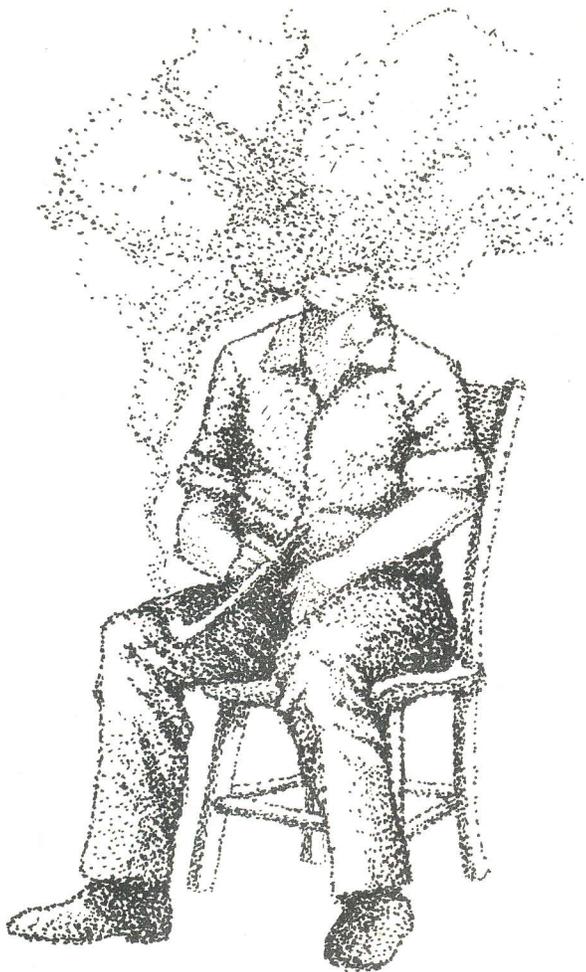
And as you sleep in satin joy,
Your body will lay low.
I will play as with a toy,
Ramrodding your halo.

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord (given in times of despair)

For though the Winds of Fate
may blow you
like a chancre-ridden whore,
thou must be patient
and exercise thy faith
under the blood-thirsty
whip of Discipline,
which shall make thee stronger
for thy suffering.

Yea, thou must endure
the testes of thy Teacher
as He probes
thy inner sanctum,
for he is as a Doctor
Who must experiment
with rigor
and mortis
to find the source
of thy discomforture.

Indeed, the Lord will thrash
thy very soul
In search of Linda
and a good time.
Therefore, thy must prepare
for His coming
for it is a Holey and Rewarding Day.



Separate Tales . . .

We arrived at Don Aldock's one room shack. His wife was inside stirring dinner in a large metal bucket.

"What's for dinner, hon, we're starved?" Don Aldock asked.

"Peyote soup with psilocybin mushrooms," came the cheery response.

"Again?"

"That's all we have in the house, dear."

Don Aldock smiled meekly at me.

"Dinner will be a bit late," he said, "let us go into my study."

Don Aldock's "study" was a section of the room partially obscured by yellowed newspaper hanging from the ceiling.

"Last time, I told you of the power spot, the one point on earth from which all one's powers are derived. Each man has his own power spot somewhere, and he reaches his maximum power when he stands on that spot.

"Well, I met a man who found his power spot. It was on a conveyor belt at the Ford Motor Company assembly plant in Dearbourn, Michigan. In order to keep his power, however, he had to keep walking, because, you see, the belt was moving.

"The foreman didn't want him walking on the belt, but it was impossible to budge him, he was so powerful. Finally, the foreman turned off the belt, the man kept on walking, left his power spot, and he was beaten up severely."

"So, Don Aldock, nothing is eternal."

"Only eternity."

After dinner, I felt a bit nauseous, and remembering the quaint Mexican customs, I threw up at the dinner table to show my appreciation. In the candlelight of the dirt floored hut, I saw ants, spiders and mystic visions.

"I can't believe my eyes," I explained.

"How sad for you," Don Aldock sternly admonished, "Do you believe mine?"

"Yes, Don Aldock."

"Then close your eyes, you do not need them."

Darkness fell as I closed my eyes.

VII

"Perhaps you would like to read a newspaper," Don Aldock offered.

"But that would be impossible, Don Aldock, my eyes are closed."

"But mine are open. You said you did not trust your eyes, but you did trust mine."

"I was wrong."

"You closed you eyes and saw the light."

"Do you know what is important?" Don Aldock awoke me with the next morning.

"Only those things that will make me a man of knowledge."

"Will food make you a man of knowledge?"

"Without food, I cannot become a man of knowledge."

"The same for creature comforts?"

"Some, such as shelter and a place to urinate."

I had spoken of something that was on my mind, no, it was now on my body.

"Is time important?"

"No."

"Some things are interesting, but not important. This is true of almost all things of society: time, sex, sports, orthodontia. . ."

"My wife thinks time is important."

"Tell your wife to take a hike."

"I love my wife."

"What is love?"

"Love is a feeling two people have for each other. It's hard to describe."

"Nonsense. Love is when you like somebody, and then you're around them a lot."

"How can you be sure, Don Aldock? How can you take a nebulous concept, such as love, assign factual values to all the unknown aspects, and use these values to declare an absolute truth?"

"If one is not allowed to assign values, the only statement one could legitimately make would be 'I think I think, therefore I think I think.'"

"With that premise, you could claim to know all the things of the universe."

"I do. There are only ten thousand of them."

"Exactly ten thousand?"

"Exactly. If you don't believe me, count them yourself."



Jose's

Pizza & Specialty Restaurant



Pizza
(Wheat crust & Sourdough)
&
Saltena
(Empanada)

Argentinian Cuban Bolivian

Smoked Spare Ribs
Salad Bar
Chicken & Porterhouse Steak
Paella (Minimum 4 people)

Special Party Pizza
(sourdough only)

18" by 26" serves 10 to 15
13.00 plus 2.50 per topping
by appointment only

Special Pizza

Squid, Ripe Olives, Onions, Green Peppers or
Chicken, Ripe Olives, Onions, Green Peppers
5.00, 7.50, 9.95

Lunch: Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.

Dinner: Tuesday-Saturday 5:30 p.m.-10:00 p.m.

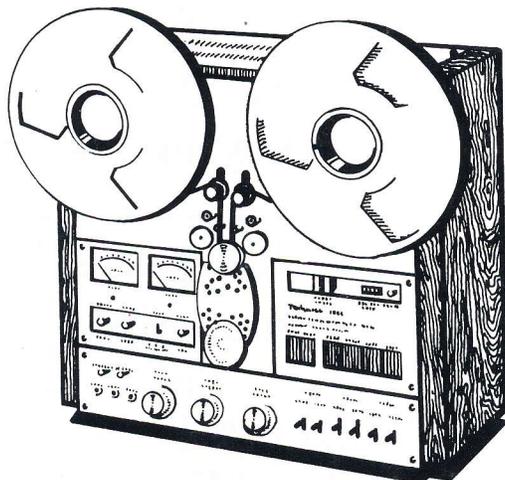
Sunday 5:30 p.m.-10:00 p.m.

Soon Disco Music for Stanford and all Local Colleges
Students from 11 p.m.-2 a.m.
Friday and Saturday Only



THE NEW PROFESSIONALS FROM TECHNICS

In today's audio world make sure
you get today's technology, not
yesterday's. Hear the new line of
professionals at Harmony.

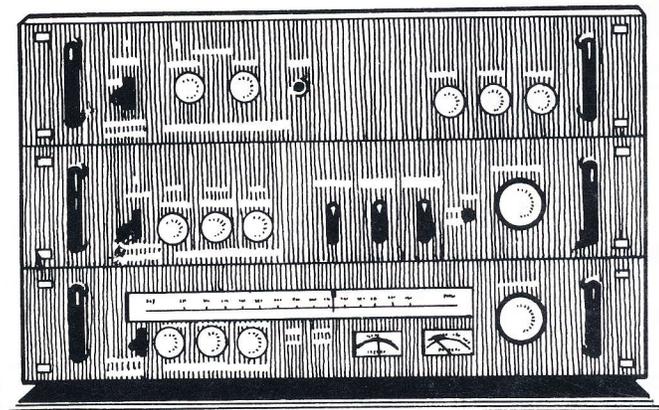


Technics
RS-1500us

Freq. Response @ 15 ips
30-30,000 Hz \pm 3 dB
wow and flutter 0.018%

Technics —
ST 9030
SU 9070
SE 9060

SE 9060 70w/20 to 20khz
with less than .02 distortion
SU 9070 S/N ratio phono
100db, with less than .003
total distortion
ST 9030 capture ratio
0.8db, Thd stereo .08@ (1khz)
and 50db stereo separation



NO BULL HI FI

379 Lytton, Palo Alto

HARMONY
STEREO