

# STANFORD Chaparral

March 1990

\$2.00



## The Environmental Issue

It's not nice to fool around with Mother Nature



*Delicious! Fresh! And Cannable!*



# SOYLENT

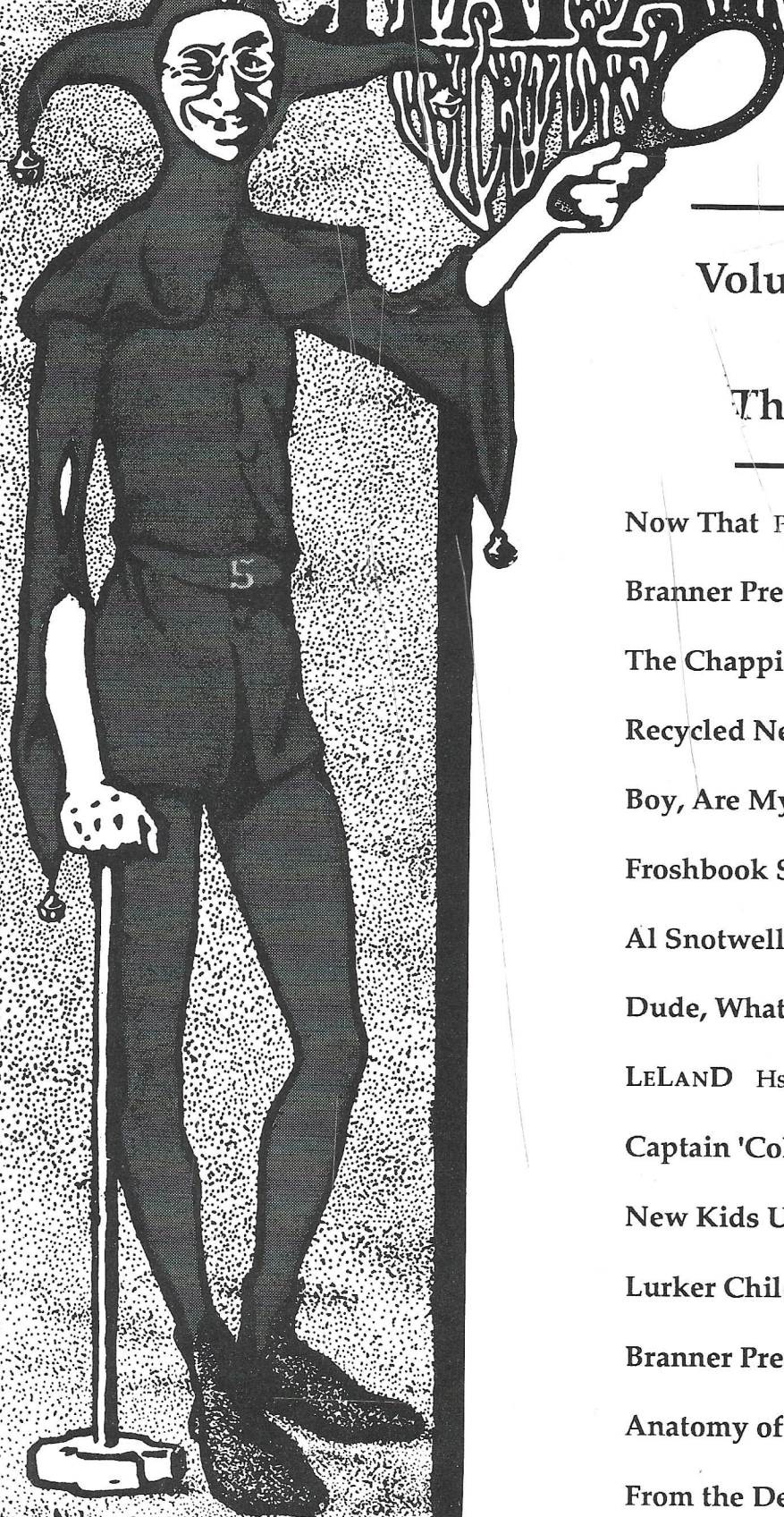
## Greenpieces

*Serves you right!*





# The CHAPARRAL



Bristow Adams.

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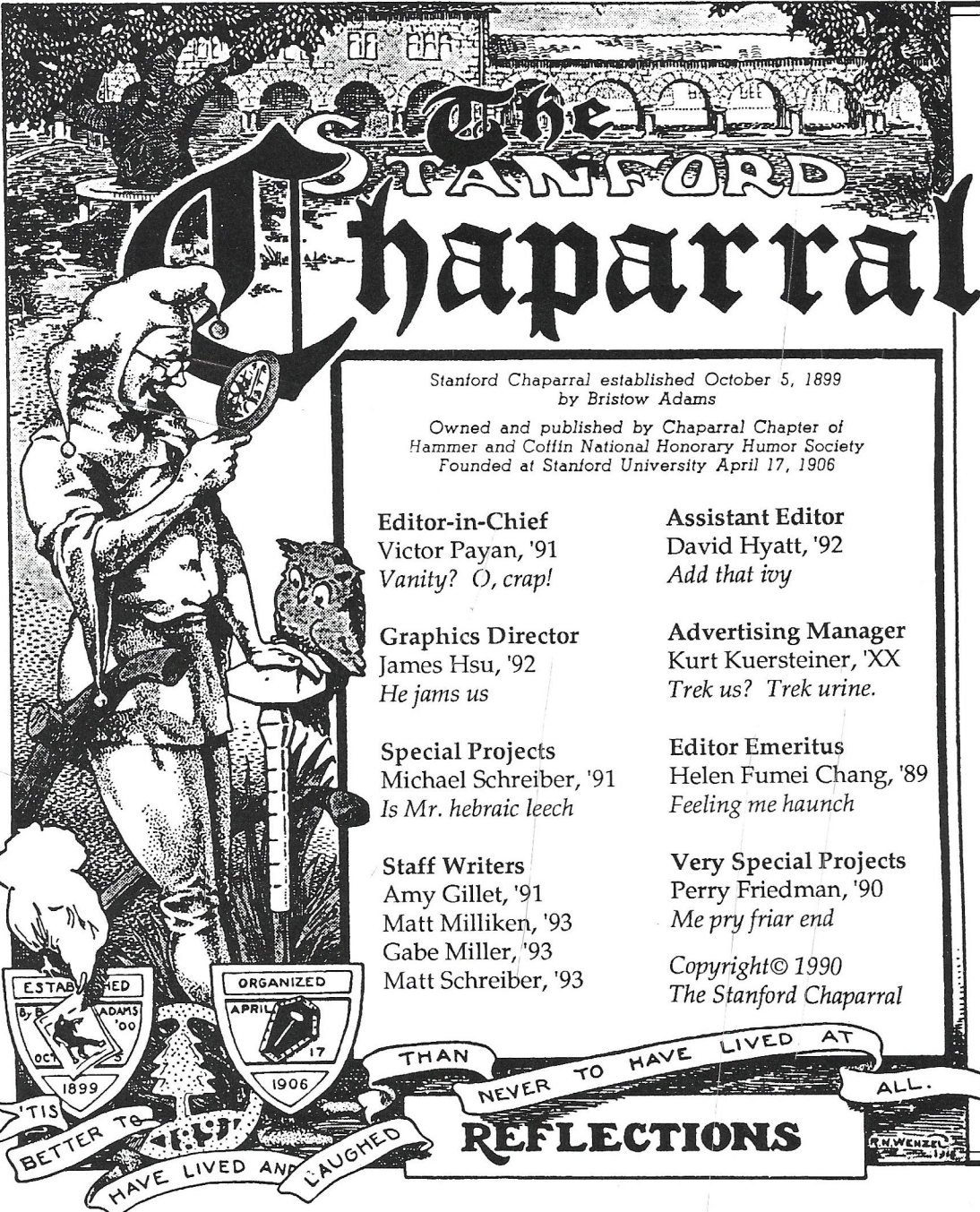
Volume 91, Number 3

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## Chappies

Sean Bennett  
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 by Bristow Adams

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 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society  
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*Vanity? O, crap!*

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*Me pry friar end*

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 The Stanford Chaparral

**REFLECTIONS**

Volume 91, Number 3

NOW THAT I've got your attention, you are probably wondering why we are doing an issue on the environment.

This is the question you should be asking yourself at this point, not the one concerning how long you can sponge off of your parents before you get your own legal practice and leave them behind in some retirement home where the major activities are gathering dust, taking laxatives, and playing kick the can. That is not the question at all. The question that should be on all of our minds is how long can we keep sponging off the earth without putting anything back? How many of us have actually experienced the rapture of planting a tree or breathing on a plant or

saving a whale? When was the last time you saved a whale? See what I mean.

So you may ask me, "What's so funny about the environment? You've gotta be pretty sick to make fun of Mother Nature." Not necessarily. All it takes is a profound sense of oneness with the natural world. For instance, when most people read about an outbreak of malaria or experience an earthquake, they perceive a horrible catastrophe and feel the need to tie up phone lines calling their loved ones in Florida saying, "Did you feel that one? Did you feel that one?" I, on the other hand, reel from the earthquake and say, "Jeezis, the earth sure is a beautiful planet." I say this not because I enjoy having

televisions and lamps leap at me, but because I am reminded of nature's delicacy.

As a working model, the earth is obviously a wonderful place, unlike Mars or Venus or North Dakota. I wouldn't live anywhere else. Even if I had to. And some day soon, sooner than we think, we may in fact have to send out colonies to investigate the possibilities of sustaining life in North Dakota. It is a grim scenario we must avoid at all costs. Future-thinkers have painted the year 2000 as a mechanized world in which man has totally lost touch with nature. Human nature. Mother Nature. All kinds of nature.

Although we aren't buzzing around on jetpacks or digging beets on the moon,



modern society *has* lost touch with nature. Consider some simple examples. Take something as rudimentary as a pen. Here is something that you probably use, lose and throw away several times a month. A simple plastic ball point pen. This unnatural artifact has no place in the ecosystem and will lay in the ground long after you have passed from memory, especially since most of the people you hope will remember you forget about you in two minutes. This ballpoint pen you unleashed is going to lay there with nothing better to do, with nothing to eat it or use it or to decompose it. Think of it. All the plastics we use from tv's to telephones to curlers to cups...Stop and think about all the plastic cups you've used in your life and then imagine them all in your kitchen sink. Imagine you could never get rid of them. Think what they would do to the value of your house. Try explaining them to a serious date. "Sorry, baby, you'll have to excuse the cups. They just won't biodegrade."

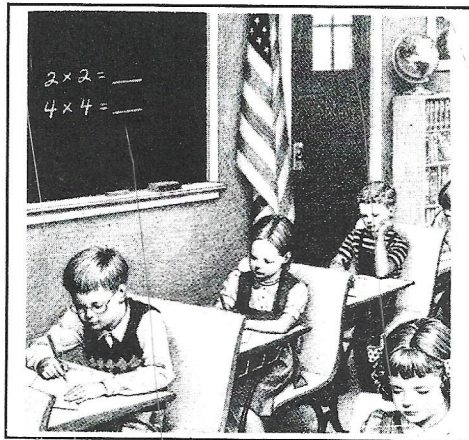
Modern life is so out of touch with nature that our *food* doesn't even biodegrade. Twinkies, for example, will not die. They have such a long shelf-life, they'll be here long after the cockroaches call it quits. And don't think that just because you eat them, they go away. No, sir. They don't digest; they just get chewed up into small pieces and wait. They wait inside you, sponge cakes loaded with preservatives. Ask a boy scout why he can't shit in the woods. Why? All the preservatives we ingest turn our own little Twinkies into the mummy's curse. So, ten years later, when another boy scout steps in the decadent mess, it may still be fresh as the morning doo.

Remember, you are what you eat, and this is no lie. If you eat all-natural foods, you will have a healthy colon and will eventually work your way back into the food chain. If, on the other hand, you load up on artificial substances, preservatives, emulsifiers, the dread yellow no. 5...you may as well call yourself Tut butt. Our old friend, the conqueror worm, will eventually snarf you down, and the early bird will snarf him, and the mountain lion snarfs him, and one thing leading to another, when suddenly taxidermists are out of work. Is this a future we desire? Today, even something as sacred as fat is being artificially produced. Now low-fat fat is something that would make even Twinkie the Kid flinch.

Our estrangement from the natural world is evident in our heroes. Take Michael Jackson, for example. Actually, his whole family. Look at them all. Which one of them

is not made of plastic? It's a wonder that he sweats, because he can't possibly have any pores. Barbies don't sweat. I'll bet I couldn't tell him apart in a Wax Museum. When he dies, they're not going to bury him in a coffin six feet under. No, instead they're going to put him in a Mattel box and sell him to the Japanese.

And the Japanese, now here's a culture that has truly accepted the challenge to destroy the earth. A look at any Japanese industry will show you the meaning of the term "suicide." Granted, Japan's natural resources are limited and they've got to do *something*, but they don't have to do it with such gusto. I mean, if I had to survive by destroying the natural world and creating a brave, new, barren one, I'd at least wince every now and then or become an alcoholic or at least have the common decency to kill myself, which I understand many Japanese



students already do, for all the wrong reasons. Or maybe the right ones.

Now, don't get me wrong. The Japanese aren't the only ones to blame. All you have to do is throw a dart at a spinning globe to find a country that's swinging the grim reaper's scythe. If it isn't acid rain, it's toxic waste. Or chemical weapons. Or simply ordinary everyday citizens going about their ordinary everyday activity of spewing ozone death.

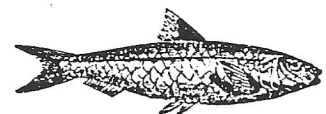
If only we could follow some examples from the animals. Take the Grizzly, for example. Eats to live. Lives to eat. Good philosophy. Grizzlies don't worry about what kind of cave their neighbors are living in or how many fish their neighbor's cub speared, or what part of the forest you came from. The Grizzly is simply interested in living in accordance with Nature's laws. And I honestly believe it's more than just a rational thought or an opposable thumb thing. I am fairly convinced that if the Grizzly were capable of rational thought, it would not

choose a white-collar job in New York. Grizzlies might go ocean fishing, though. But even that's just an extension of the eat to live philosophy, so it's okay.

But how did the frontiersman show his appreciation for this awesome beast? How did he demonstrate his reverence for this most noble being? He killed it, of course. Killed most of them. But it wasn't for fun or for sport or for safety's sake. It was only the manifestation of an inferiority complex. Let's say, for example, that a civilized, well-educated man and a Grizzly both go out to a stream to catch a mess of trout. Naturally, the Grizzly is going to do better. The man is going to grab at the fish and make a few feeble tries to snatch some up in his mouth, but he is doomed to fail. Opposable thumb and all, he will fail. Even if he does manage to catch one, he will still feel one-upped. So what does he do? He gets a gun and shoots the bear. At twenty or thirty yards from behind a tree. Plain and simple. And then he stuffs it and comments on how "natural" it looks. And then he cuts down a bunch of trees, sprays a few aerosol cans into the wind, puts battery acid in a river and then sits down to eat a Twinkie.

It is time, however, to put our collective foot down and to slow down this destructive behavior. It's getting downright dangerous. When leading reseachers start up a pool to see who can predict the year in which the earth becomes uninhabitable, you know it's getting scary. The only reason we have so many oil spills off the coast is that we use so much oil. You may not like to think of it as a drug problem, but it's substance abuse nonetheless. These days, you have to think twice before eating tuna packed in its own natural oils.

You know, though, it's not too late to change our modes of consumption for the sake of the earth. All we have to do is emulate the children, because any child knows that killing whales is uncool and that acid rain is uncool. And any child can at least hint at what extinction means: "It means there are no more dinosaurs." And, as any small child can tell you upon examining a McDonald's fish sandwich, *There's no such thing as a square fish!*







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## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

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# BRANNER PRESENTS YET MORE WEEKS OF FUN

& FUN, FUN, FUN, ANGST, FUN, MIASMA & FUN, FUN,  
CONTENTION, & FUN, FUN, SPAM & FUN, ENNUI,  
FUN, AND STILL MORE FUN.

**Monday, April 9**

**Doug Van Helsing, Special Effects Coordinator, Sid and Marty Krofft Productions**

The technical genius behind the dazzling effects of such hit television shows as *Land of the Lost* and *Sigmund and the Sea Monsters*. Demonstrations of the high-tech tricks and gadgetry used to create *Lost*'s prehistoric world. Special make-up seminar led by Raymond Jimenez, beloved by *Lost* fans for his touching portrayal of *Chaka*, the talking ape-boy.

**Tuesday, April 10**

**Dr. Nathan Lumens, M.D., Stanford Medical Center: Liposuction Demonstration**

The world's premier plastic surgeon demonstrates the latest weight reduction techniques. All attending must wear surgical masks. Free samples!

**Wednesday, April 11**

**Rippo, the Amazing Fart Lighter**

You've tried it yourself, now watch an expert. Demonstration and training seminar. You may remember him from a recent *P.M. Magazine*.

**Thursday, April 12**

**Zamfirmania!**

Not Zamfir, but an incredible simulation. Hear all of your old favorites live. Has agreed to take requests.

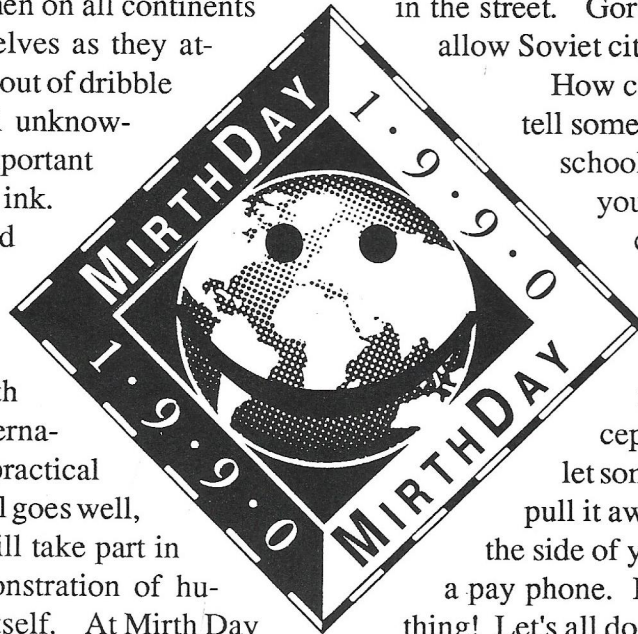
**Friday, April 13**

**Ramadhira, Ex-Guinness Record Holder: Longest Fingernails**

Look, but don't touch, as you meet the man with those amazing curly fingernails that you marvelled at when you bought the new Guinness Book of World Records from the Scholastic Books catalog each year in elementary school. Also on display, Dave Hyatt's fingernail clippings collection. Never before have Ramadhira and Dave's collection been in the same room, making this a night that will go down in fingernail history. If there is one Branner Presents not to miss, this is it.



**I**t will begin at sunrise on April 1, when thousands of joyful children around the world will wake to find horrifying rubber snakes in their beds. Working men and women on all continents will agonizingly burn themselves as they attempt to drink scalding coffee out of dribble mugs. College students will unknowingly take notes in vitally important classes with disappearing ink. Starving refugees in Third World nations will sit down on whoopie cushions for a delicious meal of hot pepper gum and plastic ice cubes with flies in them. It is the first international Mirth Day, a day of practical jokes and nutty hijinx, and if all goes well, at least 150 million people will take part in history's largest global demonstration of humankind's ability to laugh at itself. At Mirth Day 1990 headquarters, organizers are working to coordinate such events as "Insults Across America," a line of over three million obnoxious amateur comedians



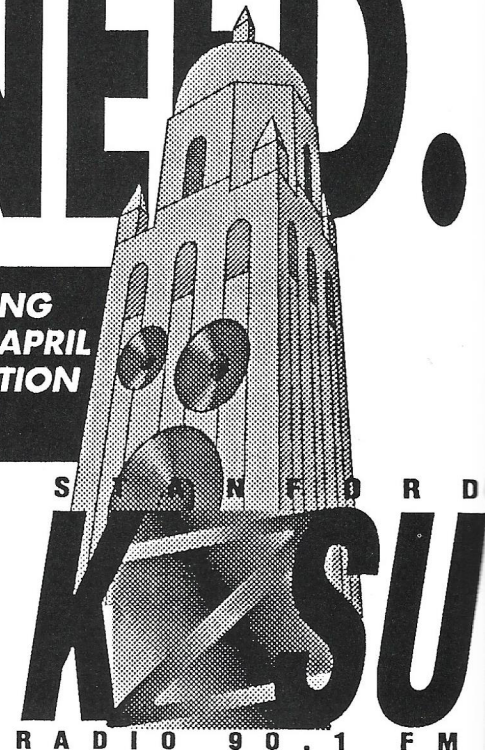
stretching from the Punch Line in New York to the Ceasar's in Vegas. Policemen around the world will load their guns with blanks and fire at random citizens in the street. Gorbachev plans to go so far as to allow Soviet citizens to laugh at his birthmark. How can you make a difference? Go tell some dirty jokes at local elementary schools. Pour dishwashing soap in your dorm's laundry machines, necessitating costly repairs and clean-up. Smear Ben-Gay in your roommate's underwear. Ask someone really ugly out for dinner, and when they accept, laugh in their face. Offer to let someone shake your hand and then pull it away at the last second and brush the side of your head. Crank call 911 from a pay phone. For humanity's sake, do something! Let's all do our best to make it a mirth day to remember.

from the Chaparral Mirth Day Observance Committee  
-dh

# FEEL THE NEED.

**JOIN US AT THE SPRING ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING  
7.30PM HISTORY CORNER ROOM 2, WEDNESDAY 4 APRIL  
SPORTS • NEWS • MUSIC ENGINEERING • PRODUCTION  
PROMOTIONS • DJ's BUSINESS • SPAZZIN'**

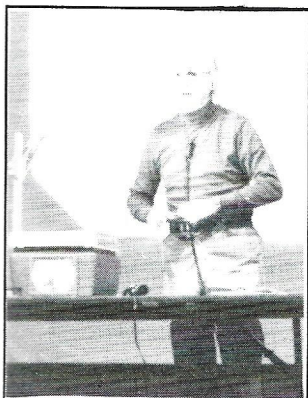
## RADIO AT FAULT 1990





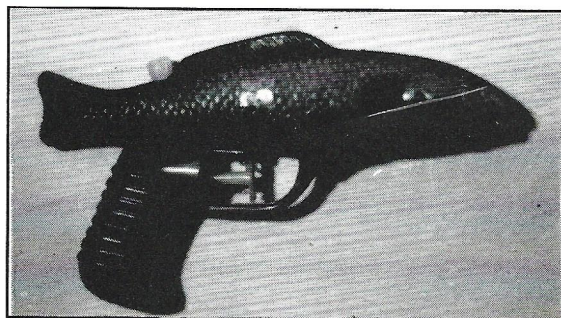
# THE CHAPPIER IMAGE

## Essentials for Campus Living



A. Hickman Turtle-necks

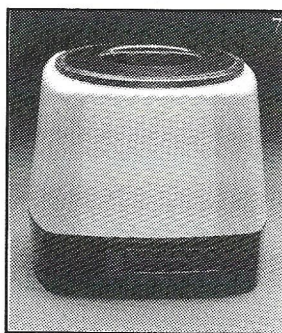
**A.** Now, *you* can have one of Economics professor Bert Hickman's Fashion-Smart Turtle-necks. They're comfortable, yet functional! Specify color: corn-flower, periwinkle, or burnt amber. (Price subject to demand).



D. Fish Gun

**D.** Is it a fish? Is it a gun? Don't be silly, it's a **Fish gun!** Great for those especially heavy dorm water fights. Yours for only \$7.28.

**E.** These! Only \$64 in this once-in-a-lifetime offer. Endless list of features; specify regular or deluxe model.



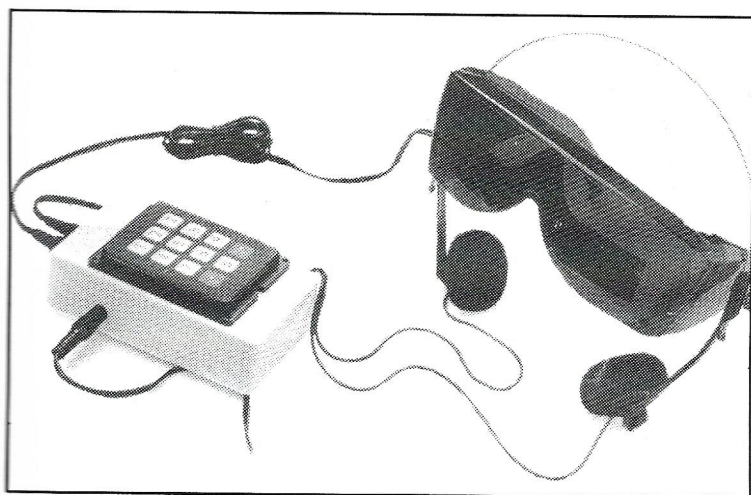
E. These

**B.** Miss the love and affection you used to get at home? This adorable **Boy in a Briefcase** can be yours for just \$124! Do-it-yourself kit comes complete with oodles of hugs and kisses (floppy-eared fuzzy dog \$10.95 extra). Also available: **Adult in an Attaché** and **Sibling in a Steamer Trunk**.



B. Boy in a Briefcase

**C.** Sick of the stressful Stanford environment? Escape from it all with this handy portable **Sensory Alteration/Enhancement Campus Modulator**. Enter your own special dream-campus for a few relaxing minutes each day. Hear comforting messages like, "You have completed all your distribution requirements," "You are not a racist, sexist pig," and "We here at the ASSU have decided to call it quits." A great investment at only \$1,118.



C. Sensory Alteration/Enhancement Campus Modulator



# Recycled News

The Post Holistic Forum of the Environmental Neo-Awareness Society

## Water, Water Everywhere

It's everywhere. In the sinks. In the showers. In the garden hoses. In the air. It's even in you. And each wasted drop, is, simply put, a drop wasted. Each shaved face, *each brushed tooth*, drains our precious reservoirs.

We earth-voyagers have become selfish. Did our ancestors on the African plains take half-hour showers? Did the Sumerians toss a pair of new jeans into a washing machine just to get that stone-washed look? Did Java Man succumb to an overwhelming temptation to flush again when it didn't all go down the first time?

We must adopt a new attitude. It is time for us to return to simpler times. But we must not settle for emulating the era of our African ancestors. We must find our deeper roots. We must regress. We must reverse the process of evolution. We must *devolve*.

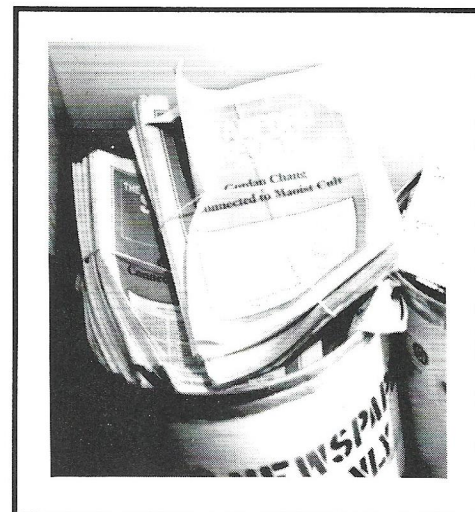
There was once a time when we were at

one with the water. When we interacted with the water, cared for it, respected it, existed within it. When, long ago, we were but the far-off descendants of microscopic organisms — *the good and gentle unicellular organisms whose purer form we have shamelessly abandoned*. It is our destiny to return to this eco-sponsible way of life.

Back then, water was our life. Our blood. Our air. Our ... our *water*.

It was a time free from pollution, Big Macs, and flourocarbons. It was a time of harmony, balance, and spontaneous regeneration.

Let's do our best to return to those happy days. Imagine the tranquility, floating in boggy oceans of spudge for eternity, photosynthesizing and undergoing asexual reproduction. Sometimes it makes us wonder why anyone ever decided to crawl up on the shores and live on land in the first place.



This chilling example of unnecessary tree-killing was captured by staff photographer C. Graham Guldenwein-Chüler (see next page for the full story).

*Recycled News is dedicated to presenting environmentally oriented news in an environmentally sound fashion. Please share this issue with your friends! After all, we're going to have to cooperate to make the thirty issues go around.*

*Also, remember to return the issues to the Recycled News recycling box. As you know, we print each issue on paper recycled from the previous one. Gaia will be eagerly waiting to see you at the collection box on Tuesday as usual. Remember our motto: *Trees are people, too!**

Next month: How to save whales in your own backyard.

### staff



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Fauna Liaison &  
Floral Arrangements



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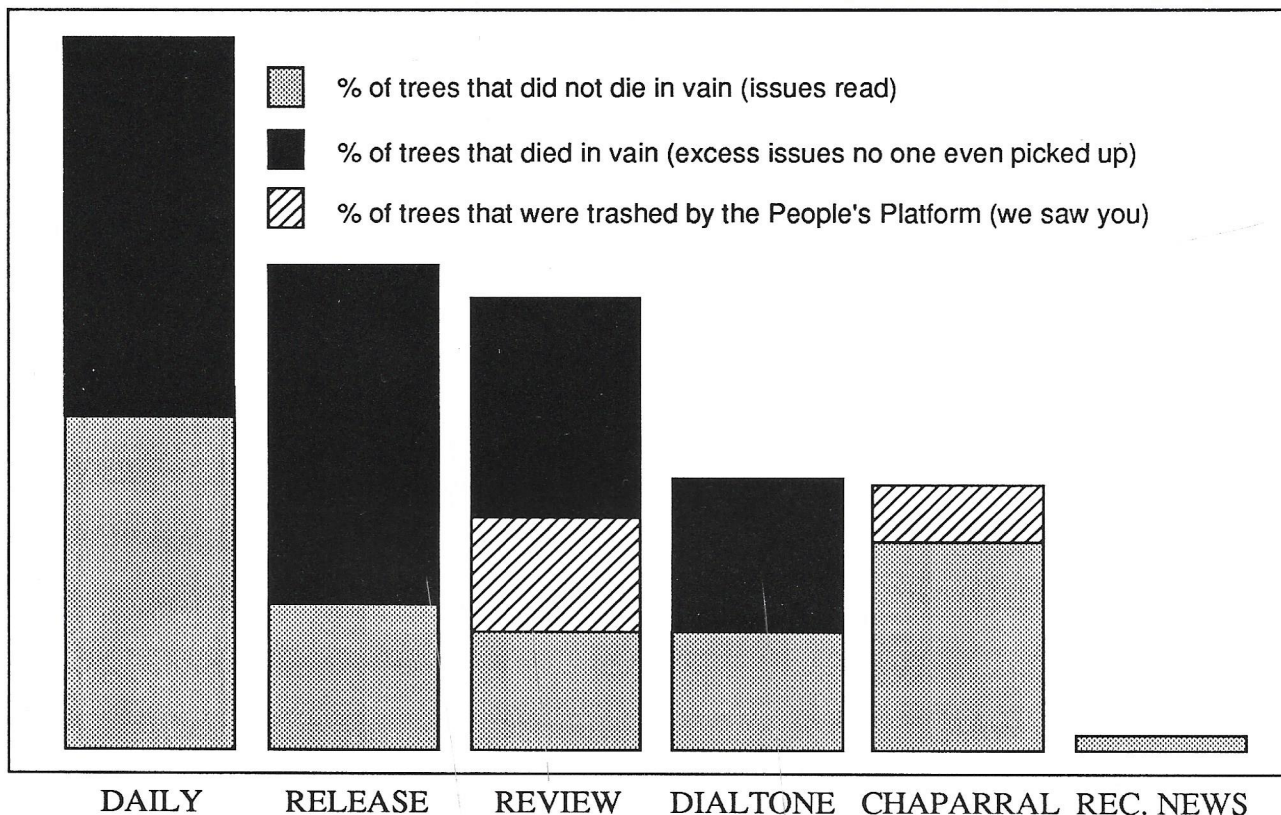


Gaia Skydream  
Coordinator  
Collection Manager



# Arborcidal Tendencies

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RECYCLED NEWS has noticed an alarming trend among student publications. Not only is there a growing arborcidal tendency for quarterlies to step up the slaughter by going weekly, but many student publications are printing vast quantities of unnecessary issues for the sake of inflated circulation numbers and increased advertising revenues. Recyclable, reschmyclable -- it's all sap that shouldn't be spilled in the first place. Boycott the greedy tree-killers. Everybody, slow it down a little. It's not worth it.



RENÉE RUGGERIO  
PARAMUS, N.J.

## anti-environmentalist of the month

Renée, we hope you had a lot of fun with that beautiful hair. We just bet all those dudes at the mall went nuts over it. You probably even got the lead singer of Stryper to look at you during that concert at Nassau Coliseum.

But while you were cruising around in your unemployed 26-year old boyfriend's IROC-Z and whooping it up with those 5,439 cans of hair spray,  $7.64 \times 10^{231}$  moles of ozone molecules were cruelly demolished. Torn apart by the very forces that make your hair so awesomely beautiful. Too bad there won't be anyone around to admire it.

They'll all be dead.

## BIG HAIR KILLS.



# ... and boy, are my arms tired!

.....  
by David Hyatt



"So, we're really going to die," I commented to my old friend Alexandra. The plane continued its descent into Dayton, cruising in for its "unscheduled precautionary mid-flight landing," sailing about as smoothly as a frisbee with a dog still holding on to it in its teeth.

"Yep," she said.

"Any regrets?"

"One. Just one."

"Me too."

"Same one, right?"

I nodded and smiled.

We sat in an understanding silence.

I had an idea. "Let's do it."

"You mean ... us? Now?"

"Sure, no one's looking. And we're gonna die anyway."

Knowing grins spread across our faces. We reached up to turn off the seat lights and to twist off the air conditioners. After making sure no one was looking, we gently moved our hands down toward our seat belts. We quietly unbuckled them, making sure not to snap the cold metal flanges.

We slid down in our seats, trying not to arouse any suspicion. Our hands fumbled in the dark, nervously twitching as they cautiously explored. Finding a zipper, my hands tried to noiselessly unfasten it. I debated whether it would be quieter to undo it "notch-by-notch" or just to go for one hard and fast tug. Alex was apparently doing her work "notch-by-notch".

The zippers undone, we both reached inside, and, after a little more careful exploring, we each felt what we were looking for.

Our eyes lit in anxious excitement as we each knew that it was finally happening. We repositioned our bodies to make the business a little easier, and we counted together.

"One..." Wow, we were really going to do it. Funny, every time I'm on a plane, I think about it. Too bad I won't be surviving to tell any of my other friends.

"Two..." I was getting nervous. What if we got caught? Isn't this illegal? We were going to crash in Ohio, and I was pretty sure it was illegal there. I remembered that I was going to die anyway, and with a heavy, resolved sigh, counted...


"THREE."

We yanked our inflatable life preservers out from under our seats and hurriedly stuffed them into our carry-ons. As soon as the bags were safely stowed under the seats in front of us, we innocently smiled and nonchalantly gazed around the cabin. We had done it! I was now prepared to die, with no regrets.

The moment would have been quite tranquil if not for the violent shuddering of the plane's body, the panicked barking of the captain over the crackling loudspeakers, the dangling of the face masks and rubber tubes from the ceiling, and the hundred other maniacally screaming passengers. I casually sipped at my V-8 as Alex lit a cigarette.

"Maybe we should put them back?" asked Alex.

"No, they're probably screaming about something else," I decided.

We shrugged and peered out the window. Dayton sure is beautiful at night, especially upside down. 

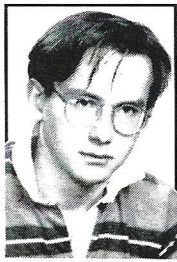


# FROSHBOOK

## SEPARATED AFTER BIRTH?



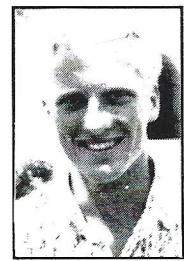
Cedro's Charles Cargill...



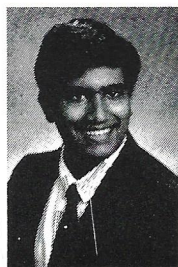
and Faisan's Dave Kryca?



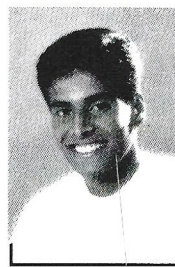
Eucalypto's Chad Miller...



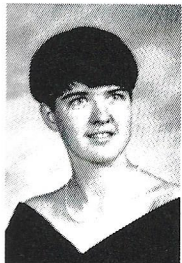
and Trancos RA Mike Novotny?



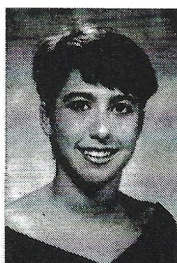
Soto's Srin Kumar...



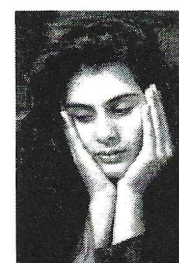
and Alondra's Harit Trivedi?



Branner's Emily Felt...



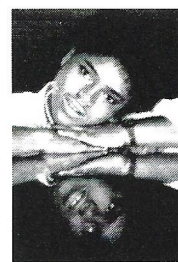
and Eucalypto pool rat Janet Evans?



Alondra's downcast Priya Bhatt...



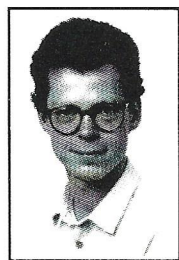
and Otero's pensive Rebekah Gross?



Naranja's Kalinda Ukanwa twins...



and Ujamaa's Cindy and Ydnic Avita?



Cardenal subscriber Hans Stephan Gutzeit...



and President Don Kennedy?



Larkin's Shannon Bogle...



and Dean Jean Fetter?



# Al Snotwell

## and the end of the world

by Victor Payan

All that Al Snotwell had to show for his twenty years as a paperboy was a small black room in the Casa de MacGruder apartments, his pet rooster Lopez, and a jar of moss. Several years ago, Al had the foresight to place a large rock in the jar. Now, it was liberally sprinkled with moss. On warm, steamy evenings he liked to fondle the rock with his ink-stained fingers and rub it against his face while watching Lopez chase cockroaches around the dumpster behind his room.

He would drift into ecstasy and forget his problems. He would even forget about Old Man MacGruder's boys. At thirty-five, they were both still infused with a certain youthful savagery.

Whenever Al came home, weary from a day of delivering the *Periwinkle Gazette*, the two MacGruder boys would saunter out and ask, "Watcha gotz?" They would then pummel him into the ground, bop him on the nose, and gleefully pocket his hard-earned cash. They would also steal his leftover papers -- as they waited eagerly each day for the next installment of "Family Circus" in the comics.

Al hated those boys, Joey and Doug. He hated them more than the lice on Old Man MacGruder's bald head. He hoped that some day God would see the error of their ways and kill them.

One evening Al staggered into his room, fresh from his beating, and he crept into an especially dark corner to relax with his moss.

"Lopez," he said, forgetting to lick the salty blood from his lips. "It's been a

strange day," Al continued. "What did all those people mean when they shouted, 'Al Snotwell, we're all gonna die.' Did they *all* not pay their rent?"

While Al sat there, fingering his prized possession, Lopez stared at the jar. Then at Al. And then at the jar again. He watched that jar like a hawk. Lopez was no birdbrain. *He* had read the morning's front page headline: "End Nigh -- Last Known Bit of Earth's Vegetation Used to Garnish McD.L.T."

Al hadn't read this, though. He didn't read the papers, he just delivered them. What was in them, he felt, was his subscribers' business, and he didn't like sticking his nose into other people's business.

Lopez waited impatiently for Al to open the jar so that he could gouge the man's eyes out and make off with the moss. Instead, Al went outside with the jar, lovingly cradling it beneath his armpit to keep it warm.

Outside, the MacGruder boys were working out their end-of-the-world aggression on their father. The old man looked up and saw Al. "Look! It's Snotwell. Stop him! He owes me rent."

The two boys stopped beating their father and sauntered over to Al, asking, "Watcha gotz?"

He gave them a pathetic whimper, jugged out his chin, swallowed his tongue, and waited for the attack. Several seconds went by and the blows did not come. He opened his eyes and saw that the MacGruder boys were staring at his jar of moss with such wide eyes that you could see the hollows of their heads.

"Gimme the jar, Snotwell," said Joey, "and you won't get hurt." His fingers were

crossed. As unmannered as the MacGruder boys were, they always remembered to cross their fingers when they were lying.

Before Al had a chance to rationally consider the offer, the MacGruder boys were on him. One had his hands on the jar while the other had his hands around Al's neck. Then they traded places, one choking Al and the other choking the jar. Then they choked each other for a while. They kept going until both Al and the jar had stopped breathing. They scurried into their apartment with their booty, and then Joey MacGruder came out and hit Al in the nose.

Dejected, Al returned to his dark little room. There he found a note in Lopez' usual chickenscratch, "Al, your jar of moss is the last bit of vegetation on Earth. I have gone to the authorities to recommend that it be confiscated. P.S. Your feet smell."

Al knew that Lopez had great influence with the authorities; they would always come when Lopez reported to them. They had already made several overtures towards the jar, once going so far as to ask it to the movies. Al thought this time they probably would just take it and then hit him in the nose. Then they would find that he didn't even have the jar, and they would hit him in the nose anyway, and then they would leave. After all, they were the authorities.

Soon a large, black Canadian car pulled into the complex, and Al rolled like a log toward the dumpster in the back, covering



himself with garbage and trying to fit in amongst the cockroaches.

Three neanderthals wearing sunglasses approached his door, knocked, and then went in. When they found no one home, they hit each other on the nose and went away.

From his vantage point behind the dumpster, Al heard strains of the news blasting from the MacGruders' radio.

"...Then it became obvious that conventional solutions like saying 'I'm sorry' and promising to do better in the future were useless. Next, scientists met to see if it was possible to raise even a stalk of corn from a bag of gourmet popping kernels. After weeks of intense research, the scientists concluded that it was in fact impossible and decided that their time would be better spent if they just rented a movie and popped the corn instead..."

The MacGruders listened intently in what would have been a Rockwell-esque pose had the boys not been biting their father on the top of his head. Then Al heard Old Man MacGruder say, "If we rub some of that moss on my head, maybe my hair will grow."

"No, let's torture it. Poppa, bring out your hair oil!"

"But that's the last bit of vegetation on Earth."

"So?"

"I'll get the oil."

Al knew the moment for action had arrived. He tried courageously to smash through the window, but he only managed to flatten his nose against the glass. Lifting the window sill, he leapt in and fell in a heap onto the floor.

"Playtime!" shouted Joey MacGruder.

"Hey, make sure you get the rent before you maim him," said his father.

"I've come for the jar," said Al, apologetically looking at the floor and pointing feebly in its general direction. "It's not yours," he softly mumbled.

The MacGruders laughed.

"Watcha gotz?" asked one, and Al instinctively thrust out his chin. They laughed again.

Steadying his nerves, Al repeated, "I've come for the jar."

"What jar?" said Joey MacGruder as the others erupted into howls of glee.

"The jar of moss," said Al.

Several minutes later as the mossy stone rolled to a stop, Al wiped his brow. Doug MacGruder was writhing on the ground, bile gently spilling into his gall bladder. Al Snotwell knew he had done a good thing. He somehow knew that it had been his duty to save that the moss from the hair oil. He knew that God would not reincarnate him as one of those eyeless fishes at the bottom of the sea. He had saved the last bit of vegetation, and someday, perhaps seventy-five million years from now, the Earth would again be a green planet.

He was glad. But he was glad for other things too. One MacGruder boy was dead, and the other had run. Soon afterward, Old Man MacGruder himself would die, and Joey MacGruder would be sent to prison for molesting a rooster. Many years later, when he himself knew he was about to die, Al Snotwell would go into his special corner for the last time and rub his face in the small carpet of moss which by now had covered his floor. He would for the last time lie in his moss and forget about his problems as the moss accepted him and the two became one.

# PRO

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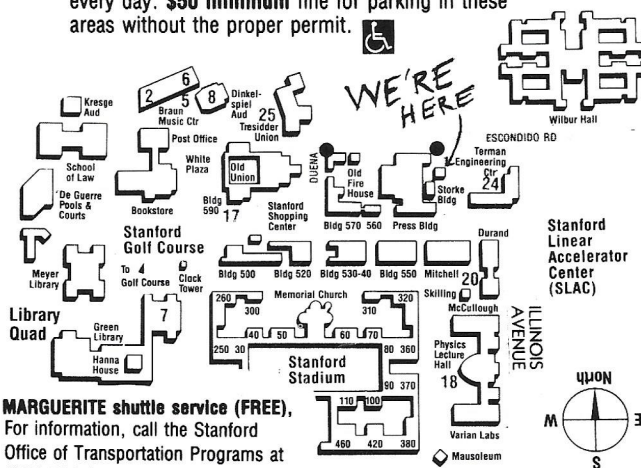
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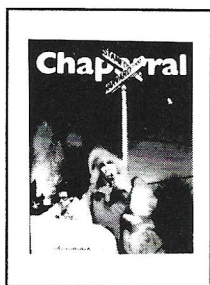
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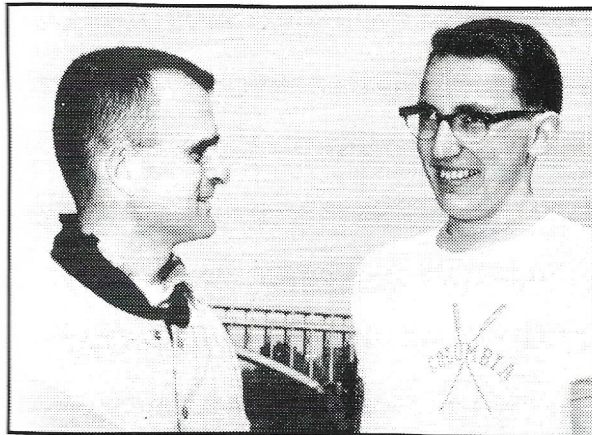


Some rad moves from humor magazines in that fabled land "Beyond El Camino."



photo: Dave McCormick

Columbia *Jester* pulled some choice shots from the family photo albums.



"And they're *sure* your parents weren't even *distant* cousins?"

The Clarkson *Knight* brutally maligned America's most beloved prepubescent cartoon couple.

## The Inquiring Pornographer

Describe your first sexual experience.



Nancy '92 EE  
Sluggo took me dancing  
and then back to his  
house for champagne.  
Then, well... It was a  
very special evening.

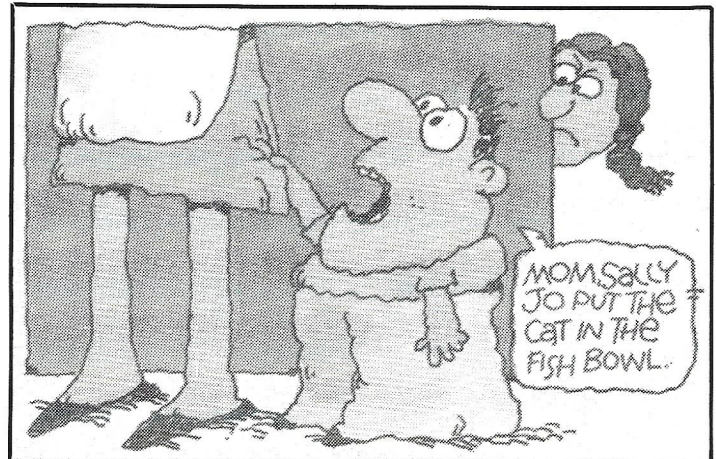


Sluggo '91 Hockey  
You mean with Nancy?  
Oh, it was no big deal.

Meanwhile, Hofstra's *Nonsense* took a trip to the grocery store.



And, of course, *Dynomite* is still experiencing great success with its popular "Bummers" feature.



Don't you hate when your little brother tells everything you do.

Toby Mals, Albuquerque, NM



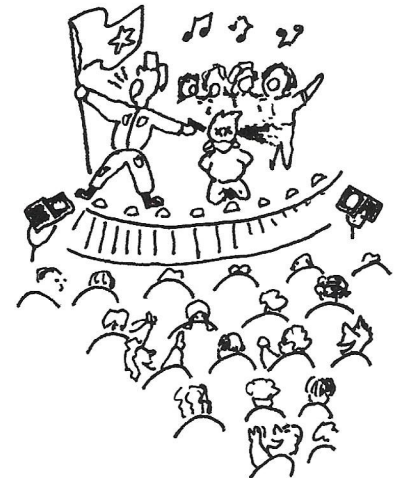




It's a beautiful day as you pass through sun-dappled arches and begin your tour of LELAND. To your left is the *Stanford Audio-animatronics Archive*, where incredibly realistic latex-covered machines jerkily recreate major events in the history of this theme park. It's just like being there! You'll witness the skillful land negotiations with the Ohlone Indians, hear the cracking of whips over the heads of Chinese railroad laborers, and thrill to the tremors of the great quake of 1906. And of course, you'll be able to shout and cheer for Stanford's exhilarating 1942 NCAA basketball victory! *Go Indians, fight, fight, fight!*

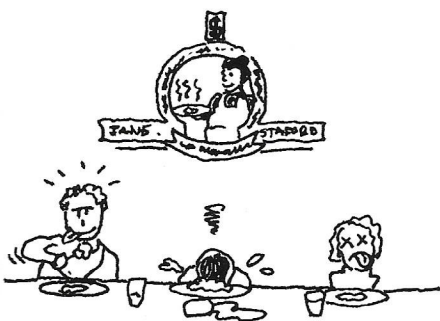


Look over there--what are all those people standing in line for? It looks like the smelly, steamy, subterranean... *Tunnels of Love!* But as you get closer, your expectations painfully unravel. It's just the line for "Fiction Writing" sign-ups. Up ahead you see the protective walls that enclose *It's a Small Multicultural World*. You'll ride a gushing log flume through a scenic landscape crowded with pavilions featuring Asian-American, Afro-American, Chicano, Native American, and other types of American culture. During your visit, you can sample multicultural foods like potstickers, pork chops, and taquitos, all authentically prepared by University Food Service, and you'll be truly moved by the hundreds of puppets chanting in perfect harmony, yet each with a distinct voice! Past the ASSU Senate merry-go-round is *Drive the Golden Spike*: The historic linking of the first transcontinental railroad becomes a fierce test of strength. Do you have what it takes? Break the record set by the old Robber Baron himself! Your nostrils twitch as you stroll past the Claw, savoring the *White Plaza Odorama*, but your reverie is disturbed by a band of pointing Hitachi executives and a Berlin camera crew. "*Was ist das?*" Wow, you want to take a picture of me, the quintessential Stanford student? No problem!" Little do you realize that next week your stupidly grinning face will appear on a West German TV program documenting the inferiority of American higher education. You look at your watch and your stomach knots with hunger. Heck (you're not going to get anything done, anyway), maybe it's time you stopped by Food Service to enjoy



Jane Stanford's Famous Cajun Scrod. *Looks Good? It Is!* A

mouthwatering treat well worth the inflated prices and the hassle of dealing with anal retentive checkers. After a second helping, you pat your swollen belly--better save the turbulent rides for later. Fortunately, right around the corner is the *SCAAN Performance Activist Musical Theater*. Sit back at a comfortable distance to view this multimedia audio-visual hydraulic laser-light extravaganza. You'll wince as the SCAAN troupers pantomime how your tax dollars help oppressive regimes crush Latin American self-determination. At the same time your conscience is soothed by the knowledge that your ASSU fees make this nonpartisan educational experience possible. After all the singing, dancing, and shooting is over, you can look forward to walking out into the bright sunshine with a sigh of forgetful relief and those catchy Marxist/Leninist tunes still ringing in your ears. But watchout! You might be the unlucky individual dragged from the audience for summary execution as a leftist student organizer! *Viva Sandinista!* Mopping the fake blood from your forehead, you feel desensitized enough to attempt the breathtaking *Hoover Tower Free Fall*. You grip the steel bars anxiously and prepare to plunge into an ideological vacuum.



The restraining locks click free, and suddenly



# DISNEYLAND OF THE NORTH?

Match the corresponding elements if you can, then draw your own startling conclusions!

## disneyland attraction

- A. Main Street, U.S.A.
- B. Tomorrowland
- C. Space Mountain
- D. Captain Eo
- E. Haunted House
- F. Star Tours
- G. Jungle Cruise
- H. Splash Mountain
- I. the Disney Channel
- J. Sleeping Beauty's Castle
- K. the Skyway
- L. Bear Country Jamboree
- M. Videopolis
- N. Peoplemover
- O. Main Street Electrical Parade

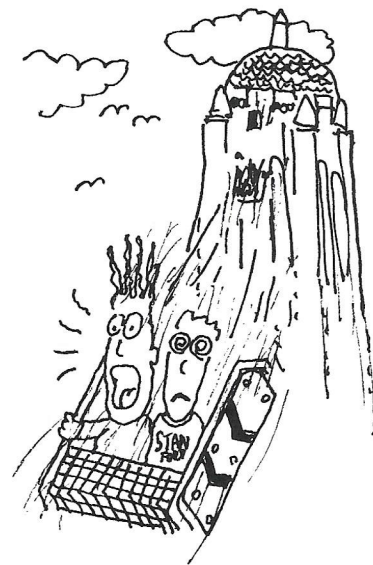
## stanford attraction

- 1. SURE Escort Service
- 2. group showers
- 3. tuition
- 4. Near West Campus
- 5. the Edge
- 6. SLAC
- 7. Palm Drive
- 8. Tuesday Flicks
- 9. a jog through the foothills, alone
- 10. the Knoll
- 11. the AD house
- 12. SUNet
- 13. candlelight vigils
- 14. Fleet Street/Mixed Company/  
Counterpoint/Mendicants/etc.
- 15. the Hoover Institute

Answers: A-7, B-4, C-11, D-8, E-10, F-6, G-9, H-2, I-12, J-15, K-3, L-14, M-5, N-1, O-13.

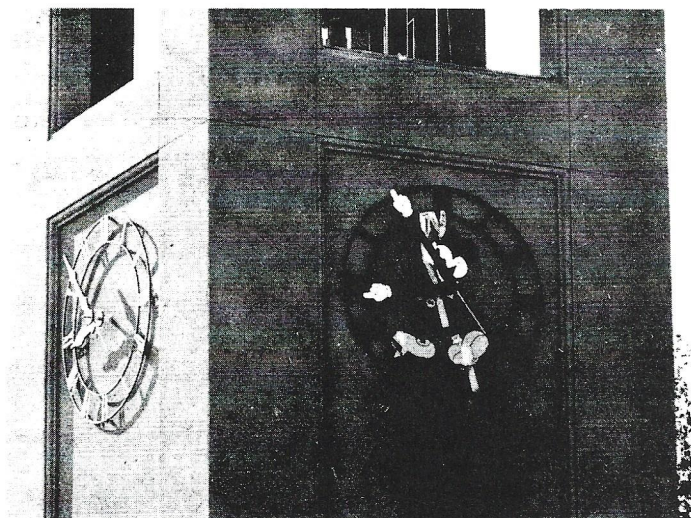


the forces of conservative dogmatism and leftist demagoguery are tugging at your frail, vacillating student mind! Uhhhhh, pulled your right occipital lobe... oh *gosh*, it's the return of Jane's Cajun Scrod! YARF!!! Your heart is palpitating as the ride comes to a stop, and in embarrassment you cover your messy mouth. At least with that extra weight conveniently expelled, you can get in line for something really daring, like the high-velocity *SLAC*. "Hey you, quit pushing!" You strap yourself in and tense for the acceleration. Your head snaps back as the "University Budgetary Pod" takes off. *Whiplash!* Staggering out, you consult your guidebook and find the *Psych Department Labyrinth*, in which the Rodin Sculpture garden has been transformed into a mind-boggling maze of towering hedges topped with painful emotional barbed wire. The tension-reduction capacity of your super-ego is pushed to its limits as you navigate the diabolical paths. Will you be able to resolve your Oedipal complex? A wrong turn and you might face a body-shuddering electric shock! You decide it's a bit too Freudian and move on to *GreekWorld*, where you can sit atop Mount Olympus and look down on the rest of LELAND. Immortality?



*Cool!* But is it real or is it just a myth? Who knows; the sign over the door reads: "Temporarily closed due to social suspension."

At the end of the day, you feel tired but happy. Carrying fond memories that you'll cherish for the rest of your life, you turn away from LELAND with tears in your eyes. You take the exit that leads to the well-worn path of the *Stanford Tuition Hike* up to the Dish and discover that, oddly, every step you take gets lighter. Ecstatic, you break into joyful song. And as you top the hillcrest and stare directly at the colors of the bursting fireworks in the starry night sky, burning the spectacle into your retinas for days, something mysterious, unexplainable, and profound tells you that, next time, you'll bring along the kids.





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# Captain 'Cology

by Gabe Miller

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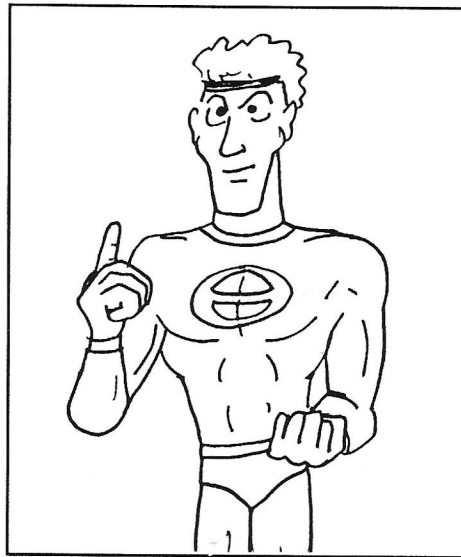
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There are times when a society becomes so apathetic and its resources so grossly abused, that one thinker among them must explode in a fit of righteous anger, slapping society in its collective face. The protagonist of our story, however, is a guy named Captain 'Cology, and he was not quite this kind of environmental vigilante. Well, he was known to get angry, and occasionally did a bit of face-slapping, but he was not exactly a thinker. Rather, he was a man of traction. He had really great shoes.

One day, while our Captain 'Cology was explaining to some misguided youths why he had dropped the "E" in his name for the sake of alliteration, he suddenly smelled a factory a thousand miles away belching filth into the sky. Being an environmental super-hero, as well as a man of traction, Captain 'Cology sprinted for about a block and jumped into the air. Midleap, he remembered that he had not been endowed with the power of flight, and he quickly fell to the ground, hurting himself severely. The misguided crowd laughed and spat upon Captain 'Cology, cursing at him and pantsing him.

Undaunted, Captain 'Cology pressed on. Actually, he pressed "ON", the power button on his portable pollution-powered aeroscooter, and in the wink of an eye, he was

there. But where was there? Maybe he shouldn't have been winking, because he had greatly overshot the factory and had crashed his scooter in a bizarre section of the Amazon rain forest. In this neck of the rain forest lived several near-extinct species of animals which had developed a means of biochemically producing fluoro-



carbons. They breathed these noxious fumes at their would-be predators in lethal amounts.

"Egad!" the brave biodegradable beater-of-bad-guys thought, "an ecological conun-

drum! I must either massacre these gentle but genetically jostled gerbils (actually they didn't even resemble gerbils but Captain 'Cology often sacrificed meaning for the sake of alliteration), a definite moral and ecological no-no, or their ferociously fluorocarbonic fumes will fricasee the fozone!...er, ozone."

Captain 'Cology sat down to rest on a nearby child. The Cap'n was really confused. He was really tired. He was really heavy! "Ouch!" whelped the poor young 'un.

"Sorry, son," said the Captain, and he gave the young boy a hefty kick to help him forget his previous troubles. He then tried to think, but he gave up. But, being no quitter, as well as being the hero of this story, he suddenly shouted out with an inspired "AHA!!" He began to implement his new plan. He gathered all the chewing gum that animals in the rain forest had stuck onto the trees and, and he made a really really big gumwad. It was a heaping load of gum, but not quite enough for his purposes. "Well, this is a bit big but barely big benough bo -- Whoa! I better be careful with that alliteration stuff! I need a lot more gum."

Curiously, a plane carrying a huge shipload of chewing gum flew overhead, and it was blaring a very loud horn, so that even the



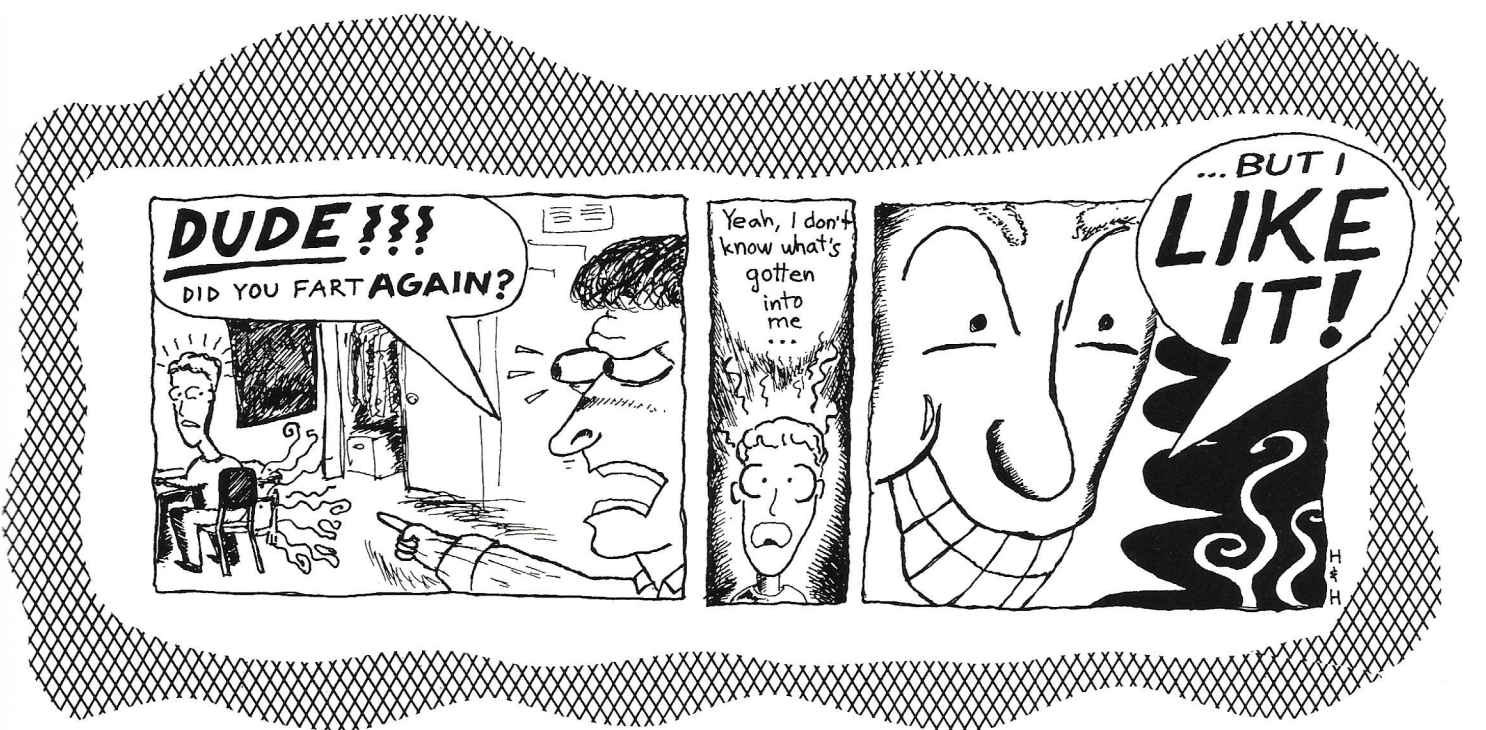
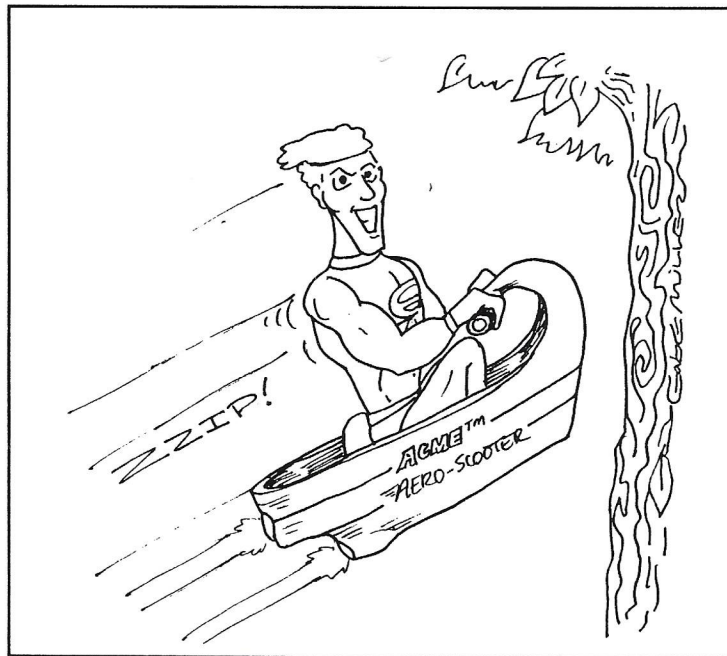
clueless Captain 'Cology could not help but notice. Without thinking twice (or actually even once) our stalwart, staunch, stable, sturdy stud picked up a rock and heaved it with numerous newtons of force at the plane. The rock missed, but the plane cooperated by exploding anyway, showering our hero with its payload of gum. He rejoiced and congratulated himself in sign language as he gathered up the gum.

Since they don't ship chewing gum pre-chewed (or at least not yet), Captain 'Cology had to chew each piece as he picked it up. When he had finished chewing, his jaw muscle was so overdeveloped that he looked really really funny. Ha!! You can't beat a big, dumb-looking jaw for sure-fire laffs. Anyway, Captain 'Cology, complete with his big dumb goofy jaw, (Haha!) tied a really handy really, really, really big rubber band to two tall towering trees. He then grabbed the quite impressive gumwad and placed it on the center of the rubber band. Holding the band, he turned around and began to run. He kept going until the rubber band was about to break, and then he let it go, sending the gumwad rocketing through space at relativistic speeds. It passed right through the azone, bzone,

czone... all the way to the ozone itself, where it went "Splat!" covering the entire portion which could potentially have been damaged by the animals' biofluorocarbonescence. (Wow! That's word's so impressive, there's no need for alliteration!) Satisfied with a job well done, Captain 'Cology sat down on the airplane pilot's smoldering body and took a well-deserved rest.

Eventually, Captain 'Cology got back to wherever the story was supposed to have started, where some stupid kids continued giving him a hard time about his name. They submitted such abuses as, "Captain College, how can I get into Chico State?" "Captain Cosmology, how is the universe constructed?" "Captain Collage, help me with my art project!" "Nice jaw!!" They danced with great revelry, teasing him and laughing and such, so he killed them, leaving the limp children in a nutrient-poor field to biodegrade (but it will take at least ten years for the tykes

to be digested by any small mammals which might unknowingly gnaw at them, As he left the scene, he muttered, "A small sacrifice for the environment."

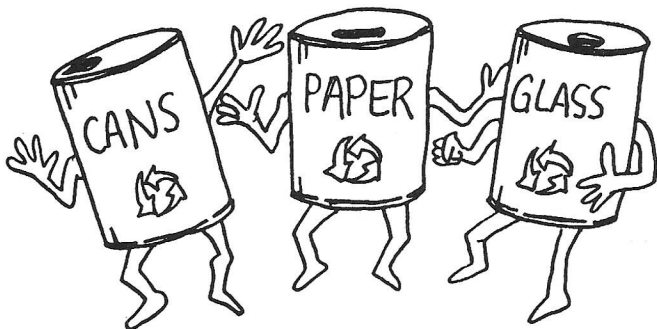








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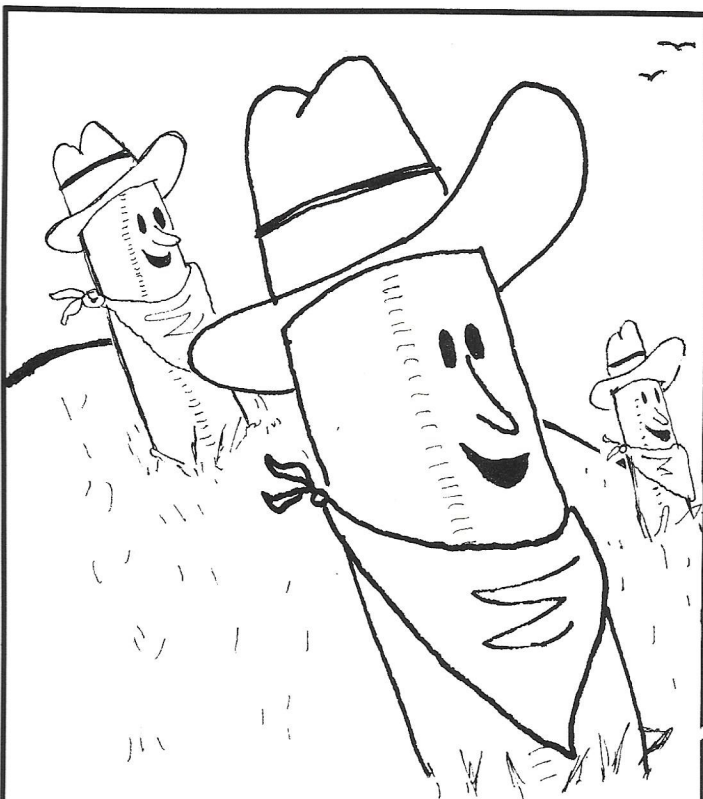
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## National Council on Alcoholism

Information and Referral

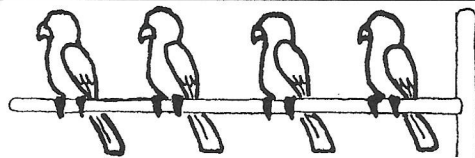
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267-5802



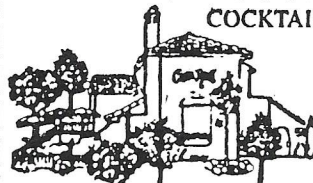
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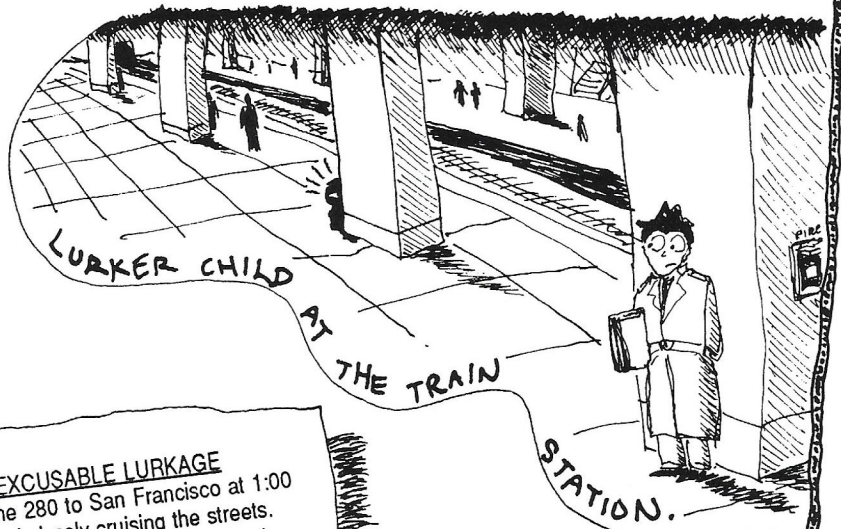
# LURKER



# CHILD

**lurk:** a) [v.] to ~; (Y'know, like, ... lurk.); e.g. "Let's go to the Creamery and ~." Usu. with sinister or mischievous implications. b) [n.] one who ~s; e.g. "What a ~." c) ~age [n.] the manifestation and being of ~ing; e.g. "Major ~age, dude!" d) [syn.] to loiter, hang out, bum around, etc.

**lurker:** a) [n.] one who lurks, esp. in a sinister manner; e.g. "Dude, check out that ~ by the door." b) [adj.] of or befitting a lurker; e.g. "What a ~ dude/squirrel/dog/etc."

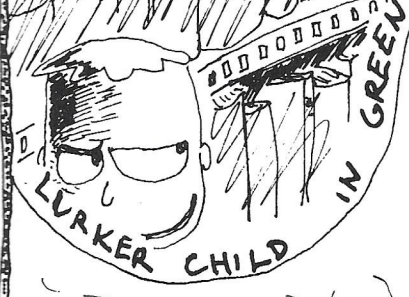


**INEXCUSABLE LURKAGE**

- Taking the 280 to San Francisco at 1:00 a.m. and aimlessly cruising the streets.
- Standing by the keg at a party not at your house and pumping the keg for strangers.
- Looking up SUBJECT: SEX on Socrates during a study break at Green library.
- Any lurkage executed in a fast-food joint, while wearing a long black coat, or while smoking. [Double lurkage points for smokers wearing long black coats.]

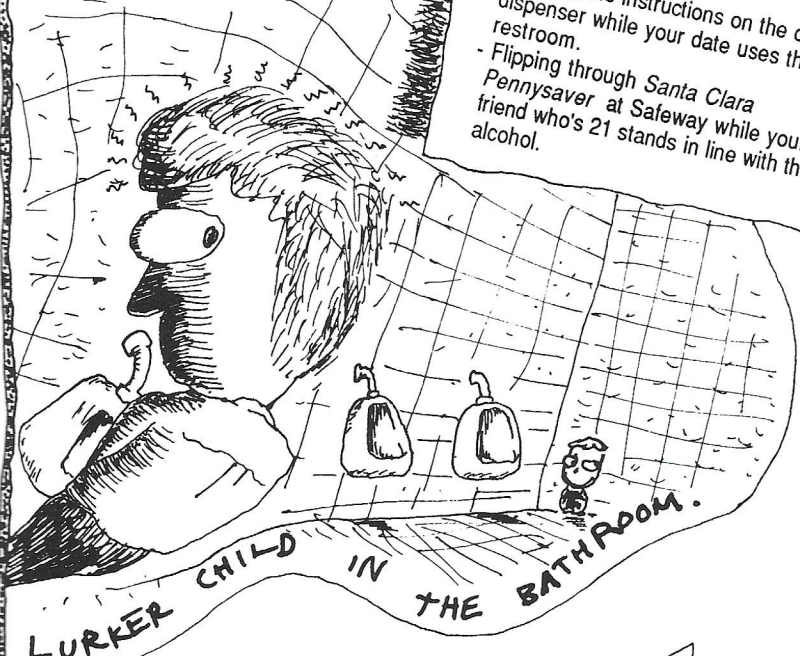






**EXCUSABLE LURKAGE**

- Pretending to read flyers on hallway walls so you don't have to get in the cattle-stall shower with someone else.
- Scrutinizing the blank tapes while waiting for the cashier at Tower to get off the phone.
- Reading the instructions on the condom dispenser while your date uses the restroom.
- Flipping through *Santa Clara Pennysaver* at Safeway while your friend who's 21 stands in line with the alcohol.



**HISTORICAL NOTES**

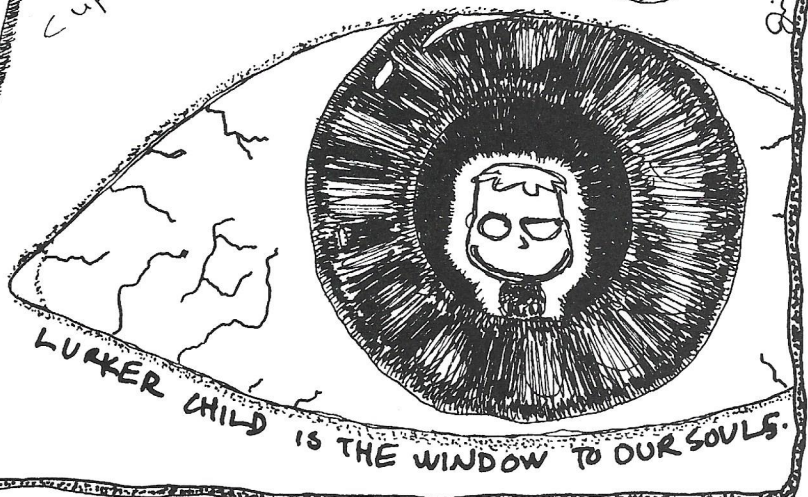
The use of the English word *lurk* has a long and venerable history dating back to ancient times. It originated in the Roman Empire, where the verb *lurkere* was used to describe those lower elements who wandered beneath the bleachers at the Circus Maximus between races. Caesar exported the word to Britain, where the Celts used *luerkher* to describe the act of pointlessly hanging out at giant stone monuments erected expressly for that purpose. During the Middle Ages, lurkage was a major feature of medieval life, with lurker dudes and wenches in every town square. Locke's *Second Treatise on Lurkage* embodied a lifetime of empty thought accumulated while lurking, while Rossini's *The Lurker of Seville* glorified the Renaissance of lurker culture. Lurking gradually came to signify a way of life common to all peoples and continents. After the Great Depression, more people in America appreciated the dreary reality of lurkage. Recently Bret Easton Ellis' *Less Than Zero* depicted the terrible effects of excessive lurkage. Today, everyone lurks in his or her own lurk-fashion.

**SOME HAPPY ALTERNATIVES!**

- Shopping at The Gap.
- Sitting in the front row and asking questions during lecture.
- Owning more than three major credit cards.
- Parties where you really, really enjoy talking to people you don't really like.
- Riding a Honda scooter.



Cup o' beer





# The Contraceptive Information Center

Cowell Student Health Center  
2nd floor, room 221  
606 Campus Drive

- Free and confidential information for men and women on birth control, STDs, reproductive health care, pregnancy testing, and more from trained peer counselors

- Condoms and sponges sold at cost

- Diaphragm clinics

- Referrals, as needed

Monday - Friday, 12 - 5 p.m.

723-4870

# Cowell Contraceptive Sales

Condoms, sponges, foam, diaphragms\* and contraceptive jelly, oral contraceptives\*, and cervical caps\*

Conveniently located on the first floor of Cowell Student Health, opposite the lab

Reasonable prices

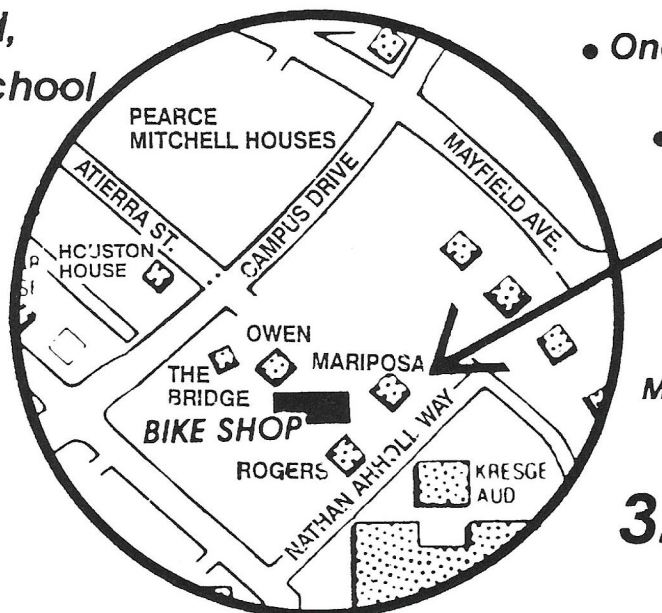
See the Daily for hours or call 723-4843

\* Must see a Cowell practitioner for prescription

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Saturday 9-3

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& FUN, FUN, FUN, ANGST, FUN, DISCORD & FUN, FUN,  
EUPEPSIA & FUN, FUN, SPAM & FUN, ENNUI, & FUN.

## Week Two



Monday, April 16  
"Game Day"

Brett Tuttlebreath, games designer, Milton Bradley, Co.  
Meet the brains behind "Hungry Hungry Hippos."



Tuesday, April 17

**Our very own talented Alvin Fitzimmons, Branner Freshman**

The Amazing Alvin will bite Wint-o-Green Lifesavers in a dark closet, let you play with his double-jointed thumbs, and rub balloons on his head and stick them to the ceiling.

Wednesday, April 18

**Doug Van Helsing, Special-Effects Coordinator, Sid and Marty Krofft Productions**

Back from week one by popular demand.

Thursday, April 19

**Charo, professional entertainer and folk historian**

Regular guest-star on *The Love Boat*, *Hollywood Squares*, and *Murder, She Wrote* will entertain us with folk songs from her quaint, endearing homeland of Guacamole. A night of Cuchi-Cuchi!

Friday, April 20

**DEBATE -- Kennell Jackson vs. Kennell Jackson**

Resolved: I should wear my blue slacks with my orange turtleneck. Or how about just my orange turtleneck? Branner's lovable RF takes on both sides of yet another pressing issue of our time. Or maybe the shorts?



# The Anatomy of a LOTS Pick-Up or, A Day in the Life of L.Leland

Stanford Macbeth, TOPS-20 Monitor 7(21017)-4

Welcome to Macbeth, the Academic Information Resources (AIR) TOPS-20 system.

@find

Username	Personal Name	Idle	Subsys	Tty	System	Terminal	Location
ADOT	John Doe		CRIME	65	Macbeth	Internet:	Location
BORN2RUN	Rick Casares	4	BBOARD	68	Macbeth	Internet:	Wrigley
BSTL	Farmer Brown		MM	59	Macbeth	Internet:	BAAAAA
JANE	Jane		EXEC	70	Macbeth	Roble-Net80+161#	
ZENON	Zenon Kuc	*:**	EXEC	62	Macbeth	AIR	Dail-in

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

nice username.^Z

@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:52PM

thanks. my parents will be glad to know you approve. by the way, who are you?

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

oh, i'm just your fairy godmother. where do you live?^Z

@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:53PM

roble.. and you?

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

i live in mirrielees. hey, you have a nice froshbook picture.

what do you like to do?^Z

@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:54PM

i like horses. wait, i don't even know you

who are you... how did you know i was a frosh? why don't you log on?

@

@l.leland

Password:

Job 1 on TTY52 17-Feb-90 6:54PM

Previous LOGIN: 17-Feb-90 5:56PM

You have mail from 3dfl&deathena.mit.edu at 6:45PM

@a

[Starting]

AYENBF: add J.JANE

AYENBF: exit

[Writing you a new binfile ... OK]

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

Hi, my name's Leland. Horses? sounds kinky...^Z

@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:55PM

gross! I meant riding them.

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

So did i... :- ) I think that would be interesting...^Z

@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:55PM

I could have guessed. It'd probably more interesting than you'll ever know...

On the other hand, there IS a first time for everything... :- )

@send j.jane

Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):

Tell me about it! I'm still waiting...^Z



@J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:56PM  
 Hell, who knows, someday your luck might change... ;-)  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL^Z):  
 Hey, has anyone ever told you you've got a great baud? (ha)^Z  
 @J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 6:58PM  
 what? i don't get it. wait, do you know my friend Louise?  
 she's here in the cluster and she says that you were, like, trying to hit  
 on her last week.  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 must have been a different Leland. What are you doing tonight?^Z  
 @J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 7:01PM  
 Must have been. I'm gonna go with some friends to a party at Toyon  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 i've got a really nice balcony attached to my room  
 maybe you could come over after the party?  
 it's great for champagne... moonlight ... stars... ^Z  
 @Not logged in, TTY56, 17-Feb-90 7:02PM  
 Hey, leland, what's up?  
 @send 56  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 Hold off a sec... i think i got a good one. (tty70 -- and she's MINE)^Z  
 @sys j.jane  
 28 70 SEND J.JANE (Roble-Net80+161#)  
 @J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 7:06PM  
 sounds nice, but i can't.. i mean, i'm going to the party  
 with all of my friends and i can't really shaft them  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 oh, shaft THIS. come on, where's your spirit of adventure? get crazy for once.^Z  
 @J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 7:06PM  
 my spirit of adventure is right where it belongs. i really gotta go now...  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 no, wait, don't go yet. are you going to flicks on sunday?^Z  
 @J.JANE, TTY70, 17-Feb-90 7:06PM  
 nice 'talking' to you...  
 @send j.jane  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 I'll send you some mail. feel free to drop by after the party...^Z  
 ?User is not logged in, use MAIL  
 %Failing message written to SENDS.FAILED  
 @[ANWBFB: J.JANE has logged out from tty70]  
 @bboard  
 @find  

Username	Personal Name	Idle	Subsys	Tty	System	Terminal	Location
ESQUIRE	Daddy Warbucks		CHAT	71	Macbeth	Internet:	[36.66.0.123]
LELAND	Leland		FINO	52	Macbeth	AIR	Dail-in
IONLYONTUE	O_  _ _  (_ (_ >-	10	EXEC	64	Macbeth	Internet:	BackInBlack
HUGGUMS	Jennifer Seikedy		EXEC	57	Macbeth	Roble-Net80+160#	
ZENON	Zenon Kuc	**	EXEC	62	Macbeth	AIR	Dail-in

 @send h.huggums  
 Message (end with ESCAPE or CTRL/Z):  
 nice username.^Z

by s.sweetcakes@macbeth



# FROM THE DESK OF X-TV

**X-TV MEETING**  
 FEBRUARY 29, 1990  
 7:30 OLD FIRETRUCK HOUSE  
 TO BE DISCUSSED: IDEAS FOR NEW  
 GAME SHOW -- WEAR YOUR THINKING CAPS!

← I can't make the meeting -- I have to do crew for my dorm's production of "Starlight Express."  
 - D

## X-TV MINUTES

Feb 29, 1990 (cont.)

til the bleeding was stopped. Next, proposals for new gameshows to replace "Love Links" were presented:

- 1) **Stanford's Favorite Totally Hidden Candid Video**  
 Builds on the success of last year's housing draw show. Pilot: hidden cameras in the Safe Sex Shop allow viewers to watch friends purchase defective spring-loaded birth control devices under the guise of confidentiality.
- 2) **Hate Links**  
 Students win dates with campus figures like Mr. Webb, the foothills rapist, and whoever decides that we won't have Lake Lag this year.
- 3) **Lost in Stanford's Double Dare Finders Keepers Funhouse**  
 Pilot episode: "We've hidden one gram of contraband substances in this row house. You have one minute to find it before the police arrive -- Ready? Go!"
- 4) **The Wide, Wild and Wacky World of Silly Stanford Sports**  
 Viewers watch students play pool, "Cyberball," and the mini-basketball foul shooting game at the Tresider Recreation Center.

### Audience Profile: X-TV

Research Survey Conducted by  
 Adams & Bristow  
 Media Consultants San Mateo, CA

#### Demographic Profile:

The typical X-TV watcher defies categorization. Most frequently, X-TV watchers include non-English speaking food service workers, caged dorm pets, and children of Resident Fellows.

### X-TV MEMORANDUM

Re: New Show!

We're gonna go with **Stanford Gladiators**.  
 Now accepting applications for hosts!

LOOKS LIKE  
 WE'VE GOT  
 A REAL WINNER! →

Kev Wi



#### Theater Experience:

- Chorus member, Gaieties '88.
- Onondaga County Summer Stock Youth Theater, summer 1987. Played "guy in rear stage left" in "Lil' Abner."
- High School Forensics Team

#### Other Stanford Activities:

- Branner Student Food Service Representative, 1988-89.

**Why I want to host "Stanford Gladiators":**  
 People tell me that I am pretty funny. But, like I always say,

looks aren't everything!



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WHENEVER/CALL FOR DIRECTIONS/OK?

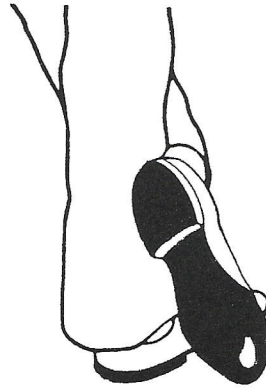
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209 1st Street  
Los Altos, 941-0143



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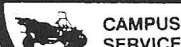
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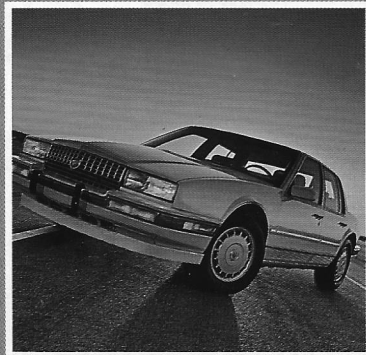


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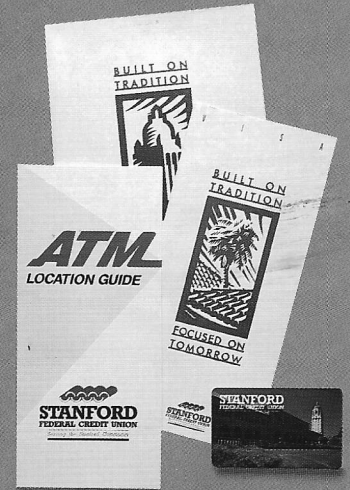
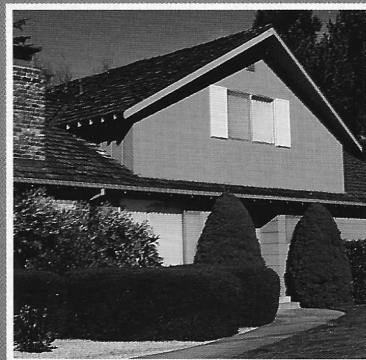


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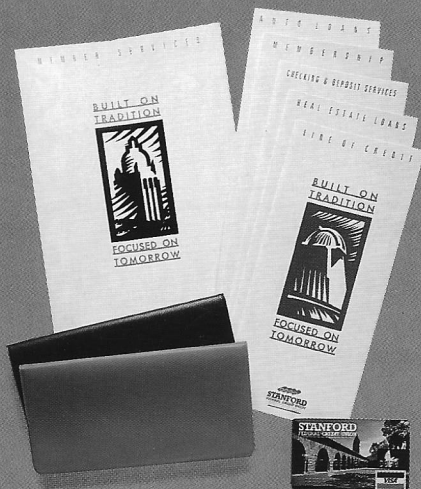


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