

S T A N F O R D

# CHAPARRAL

NOVEMBER 1994



*REPROACHING STANFORD*



STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST  
BUILDING 10  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

ATTENTION: All Faculty and Staff  
RE: New Failing Grade Policy

As you are all aware, the University has been working fervently to implement a Failing Grade policy. Here is a topical summation of our latest draft:

1. A failing grade shall return to Stanford.
2. The drop period shall be shortened to four weeks.
3. All Humanities majors shall be required to take Physics 61, to get them comfortable with the failing grade. This will, however, also count towards the foreign language requirement.
4. All Engineering majors shall be required to take Philosophy 320, "The Philosophy of St. Augustine," to introduce them to the failing grade. All texts will be read in Latin, but in an effort to include those techies who have forgotten how to read, the bookstore will have cassette versions of the texts. The cassettes will be narrated by Strom Thurmond.
5. The University is very upset that its well-publicized effort to be tolerant pretty much precludes it from openly stamping out the campus Greek system. In an attempt to be more inconspicuous in its attempt to subvert the Greeks, proviso #23 of the new grading policy reads as such:

"Anyone who willingly admits to:

- a) being a part of a Greek organization,
  - b) considering being a part of a Greek organization,
  - c) not fervently despising Greek organizations,
  - d) having laughed at any part of 'Animal House,' will automatically receive a Failing grade."
6. Any student caught asking if the Gender Studies requirement means having sex with some-body of the opposite sex, and thinking this joke is (a) original and (b) funny, shall receive a failing grade,
    - a) not have to take one, but two courses in Feminist Studies,
    - b) be hit squarely in the face with a hard cover copy of Susan Faludi's latest book, Backlash;
    - c) not be hit squarely in the face with a hard cover copy of Susan Faludi's latest book, Backlash;
  7. Any student heard making suggestive jokes about Hoover Tower will receive a failing grade; however, anyone making suggestive jokes about the Hoover Fellows (such as "I think Milton Friedman is a wiener") will receive an A and an immediate nomination for the Dean's List.

Unless anyone can think of any major revisions, this will be the basis of the working draft. Feel free to type up any suggestions you may have, and drop them off with my secretary before Friday. Please ignore her harsh language and inappropriate attire—that is just her way.

Sincerely,

Condoleezza Rice  
Provost

# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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VOLUME 96, NUMBER 2

REPROACHING STANFORD

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*Old Boy*

**Letters to the Editors**

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**Crazy Cecil**

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**Donkeytown**

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**Guide to the Good Life**

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**Memo X**

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**How to Make Orange Juice**

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**The Final Ride**

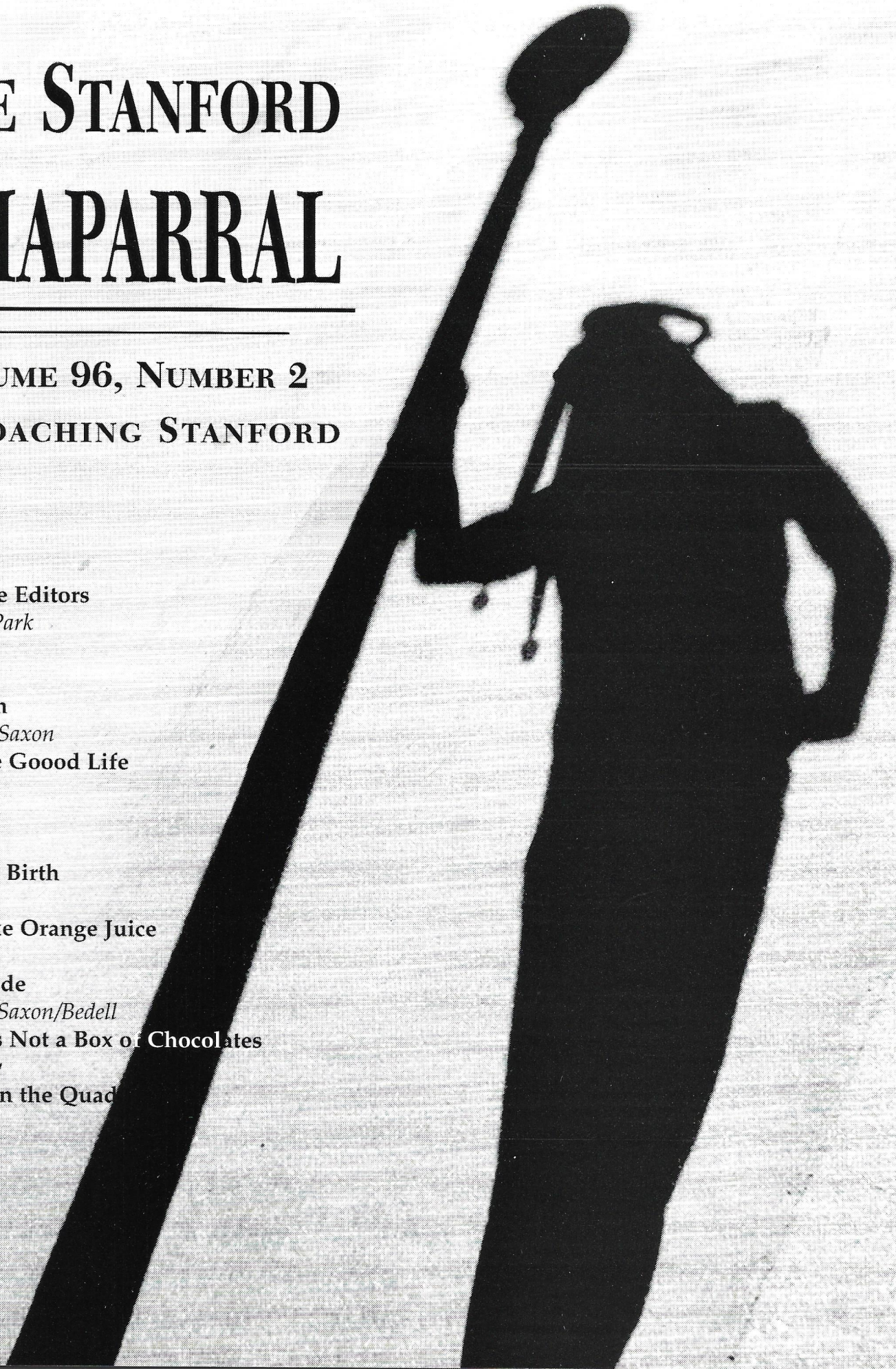
*Onstad/Saxon/Bedell*

**Being Old Is Not a Box of Chocolates**

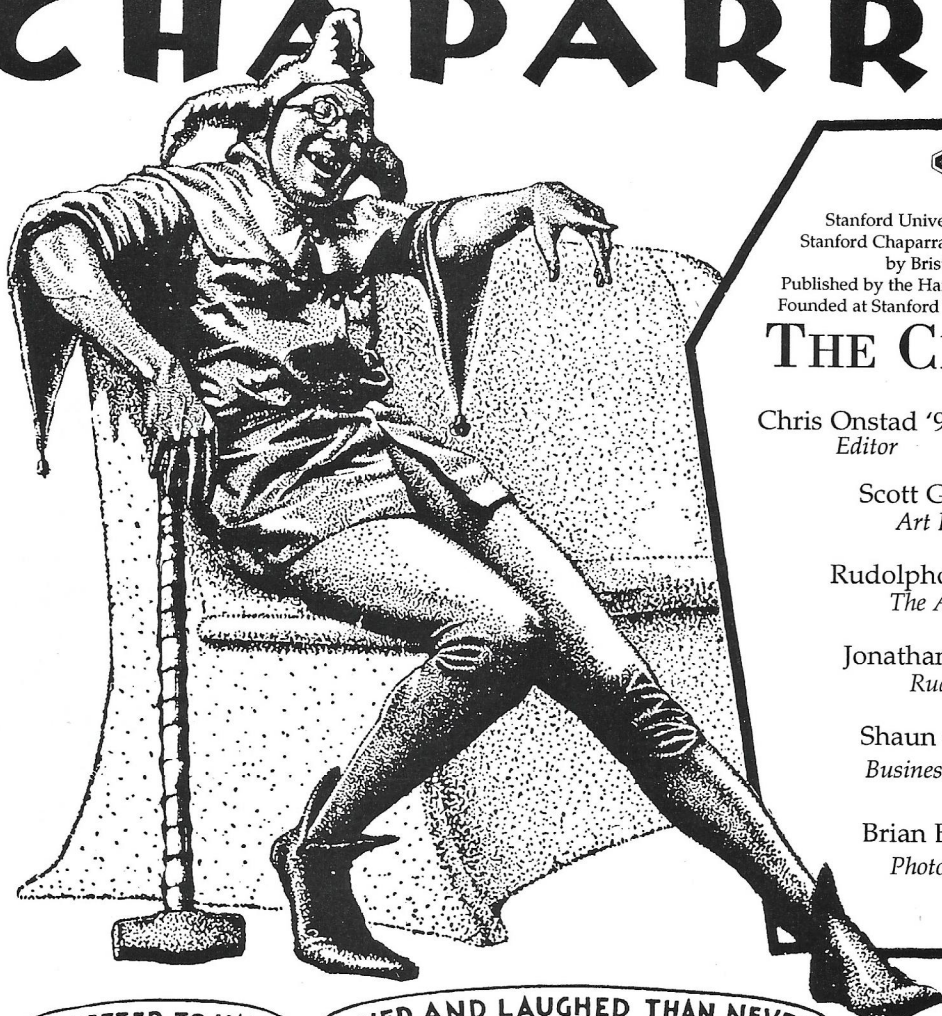
*Kennedy*

**Full Moon on the Quad**

*O'Neill*



# S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



Stanford University founded 1891  
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899  
by Bristow Adams  
Published by the Hammer and Coffin Society  
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

## THE CHAPPIES

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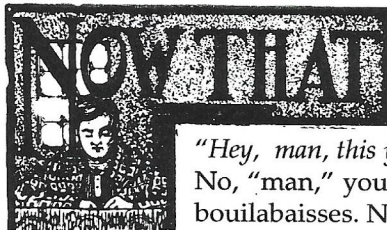
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE

LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER

TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

Volume 96, Number 2. Copyright ©1994 Stanford Chaparral.  
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with the support of the ASSU Publications Board



the noose of classes is tightening around your neck, kick back those heels and relax with the new Chaparral. Allow yourself to be whiskeyed away into our absurd realm for a little while. Don't worry, you may return to your homework later. It's a new year, and a new year means a new Stanford Chaparral.

"Hey, man, this year's Chappie looks pretty much like last year's."

No, "man," you are wrong. Check the pages within: new pages, new faces, new places, new big fat bouilabaisses. Not that last year's Chappie sucked; that was a *very* fine volume of the Chaparral. This Old Boy is just saying that this year is *different*. It is different for several reasons, but mainly because we have a lot more people working on the Chaparral. Four thousand new staffers, and, get this: 3,990 are robots. That's right, we have nearly four thousand robots working for us now, clanking and steaming and never turning off, and writing, for the most part, pieces about rust and spare parts. There are a few glitches in the system right now, but, hey—*four thousand robots*. The human staffers, are they jealous? Ha! Humans love funny robots. Last night, GX-789 told us a hilarious story about rust and spare parts. It was a glorious moment, and I know, in my heart of hearts, human-robot relations

## The Chaparral

were greatly advanced after us humans stopped rolling on the floor with our hyena-like laughter.

In addition to expanding our robotics, we have also adopted a new philosophy on humor, called "3...2...1...FUN!" Following are the five maxims of this year's new Chaparral.

1) **Whenever you Can, Make Fun of People.** People, like their monkey ancestors, love to see Other People get beaten down. It's just something about people, and it ain't gonna change. The more inhumane, the more humans love it!

2) **Drawing Over Pre-Existing Material is Funny.** In a Chappie's mind, there is nothing funnier than a picture of a woman which had been defaced with a mustache. If it is a Hitler mustache: Double Funny. Mean looking eyebrows work as well. Generally altering any facial features, really. Expect *mucho mustachios* in this year's Chappie.

3) **Some Things Are Intrinsically Funny.** A piece can be made funny or funnier simply by the inclusion of some intrinsically funny things. Monkeys strike the humor chord in even the most unfunny, stone-hearted old men. In cartoons, extra-big noses, a guy on a desert island, crossed-out eyes (to indicate death), and "smell lines" (to indicate bad smell) score points on the funniness scale. For example, a pile of rotten garbage is not particularly funny, but that same pile of garbage with crossed-out eyes: *muy divertido!*

4) **Cancer = Funny.** For the 1994-1995 staff, Cancer = Funny.

5) **Robots Are Funnier Than Humans.** Robots do not have the familiar shortcomings of an ordinary campus funny-man. They can work night after night on jokes, although the jokes are usually about spare parts and rust.

Well, there you have it. Now you may look into the rest of the magazine and enjoy the funniness with the correct mind set. Remember, kids, "'Tis Better to Have Lived and Laughed than Never to Have Lived at All." So, look in the mirror and titter your brains out. Look at the frenzied tunnel-visioned students eager to join the corporate ant nest, and guffaw in derision. Look at that once intimidating professor and strip his psyche nude with a raucous, spine tingling giggle.

Yes, laugh all you can, while you can. Me, I'm not laughing. I have approximately four thousand robots from a well known arms contractor, programmable robots with rocket launcher arms. Rocket launcher arms which are, right now, busy writing pieces about spare parts and rust. One of our staffers knows how to program robots to act like humans. Sabotage of an entire school is not particularly a bad thing, as long as the programmers of killer robots are good people. We have four thousand robots. Laugh well!

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**The Mercury News**  
THE BAY AREA'S BEST

# Letters to the Editors

Sirs,

The upperclassmen in my dorm have this strange fetish for dressing me up in a Roman gladiator outfit. At first I didn't mind the armor—that is, until we started having what they called "late night tournaments." My gladiator garb is simple yet effective, even though much of my body is left unprotected from the admiring gazes of the upperclassmen. Luckily, I've won all my battles thus far, but I can't last forever. What should I do?

Centris the Valiant '98

*Believe it or not, this sort of "hazing" is a very under-publicized part of normal Stanford life. It is a way for the returning students to get to know the new students in a refreshing, albeit off-beat, fashion. Don't fear, Centris. Acquiesce.*

Sirs,

My friends and I have been bickering about President Casper's "Welcome to Stanford" speech. I maintain that he is a veritable guru of comedy, skillfully blending sardonic wit with biting humor, and then flavoring it with that hilarious German accent, thus creating a masterfully organized speech that kept the audience rolling in the aisles. My friends disagree. They think the whole thing was dull. What do you think?

Lisa Rhodes '98

*Gerhard Casper is well known for his sharp wit. In fact, it is common knowledge among the administrators and the trustees that Casper holds a great appreciation for ribald humor. Next time you happen to see him strolling about on campus, ask him to do his infamous "Crazy Sausage-Head" routine.*

Sirs:

I write for the *Stanford Daily* and I think our "Diversions" page on Friday is as funny if not funnier than anything you guys turn out.

Hugh Kobata '95

Dear Hugh,

*I would wager that a thorough reading of the Courses and Degrees catalog is substantially funnier than the Diversions page. Note I say wager, because the most I have ever done with the Diversions page involved using it in the place of a bidet.*

*However, I was told by a friend that one time your par-excellence comic staff, in a burst of creative genius, put a picture of John Bobbit's detached member on their page. I find it hard to believe that Woody Allen has gotten by all these years without a picture of a cut-off penis.*

Sirs,

I've noticed a startling number of androgynous people here at Stanford. At first I was repulsed by their genderless features, but soon I began to contemplate the invisible war that is waged inside their bodies, between the obdurate estrogen soldiers and the audacious testosterone warriors. Victory in this hormonal battle is as uncertain as the gender of the body in which it takes place. It's an intriguing topic for discussion.

Sam Krowask '96

*The campus is abuzz—androgyny reigns supreme. More students than ever before are shunning all sexuality. According to undergraduate admissions officers, they have decided to accept more "sexless" students since, as one spokesman put it, "the kids here aren't getting much anyway."*

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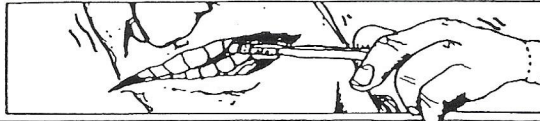
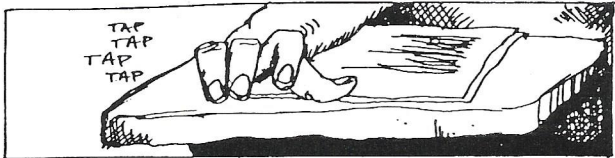
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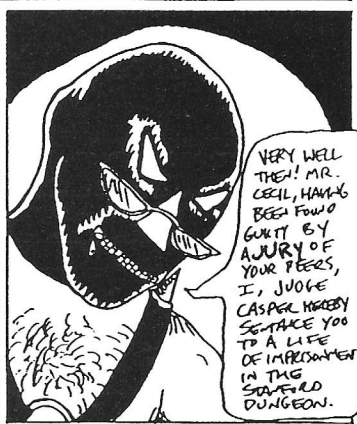
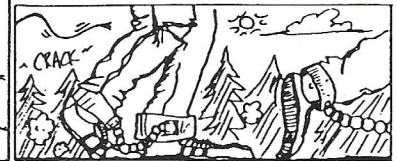
# CRAZY CECIL



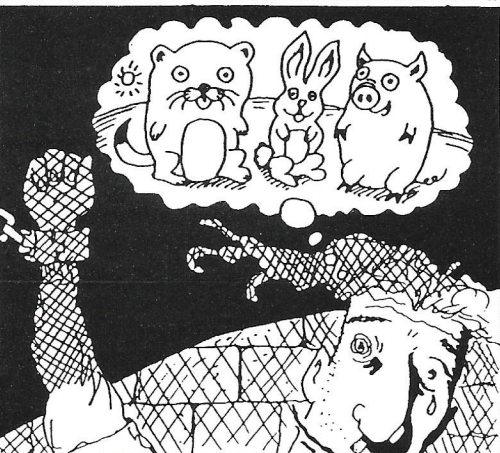
MIOTELMS! MIOTELMS! MIOTELMS!  
AINT THEY ENOUGH TO DRIVE  
ANYONE CRAZY! WHAT BETTER  
TIME TO JOIN OUR VERY OWN CASH  
LUNATIC AND SEE HOW HE MAKES  
IT THROUGH A NOT-SO-OPTES-SEEN  
SIDE OF STAFFORDS ADMINISTRATION



SO, WITHIN MINUTES OR FAITHFUL HERO  
FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE'S  
BECOMES THE SACRED CODE OF HONOR, THE  
NOT-SO-CUSHY STAFFORD JUDICIAL PROCESS WAS  
IN FULL SWING AS THE BOYS HEADED DUNTEON

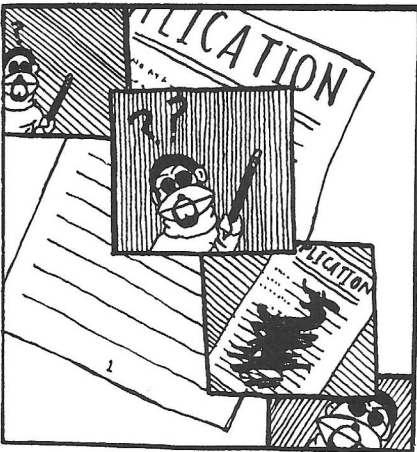


HAVING THIS  
SEALED HIS OWN  
FATE DUE TO  
A COMPLETE  
INABILITY TO  
UTTER MORE  
THAN THREE  
LITTLE WORDS,  
OUR HERO WAS  
CONVICTED TO  
A LIFE OF  
MENTAL TORTURE-  
A LIFE FILLED  
WITH THOUGHTS  
OF DESPAIR  
AND TERROR.



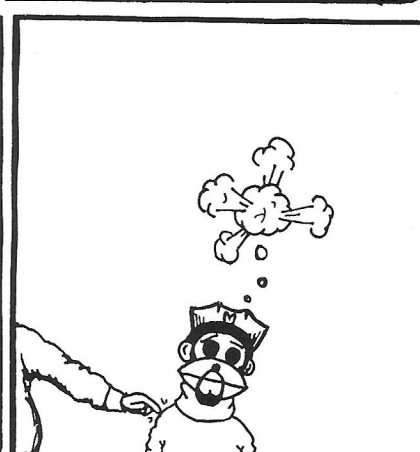
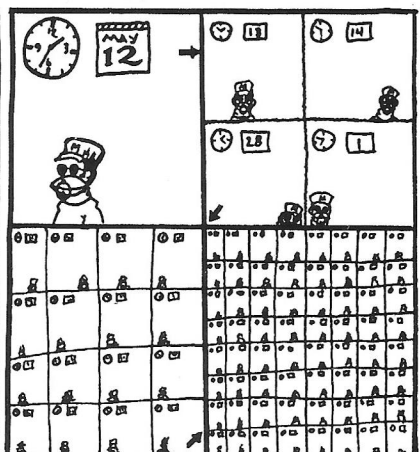
GAGNER '74

# Donkeytown



"\$4.25 AN HOUR. ALL SHIFTS. NO OPPORTUNITY FOR RAISE OR PROMOTION. HUMILIATING UNIFORM. DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS. YOU WILL BE FIRED FOR ANY REASON. THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT. YOU ARE ALWAYS WRONG. I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO VENT THE FRUSTRATIONS OF MY PATHETIC LIFE ON YOU FOR THE FULL DURATION OF YOUR SHIFT. YOU WILL SOON BE ME, AND I WILL SOON BE FORGOTTEN BY THE HUMAN RACE. SO GET TO WORK. THERE IS NO FULFILLMENT IN THIS JOB, OR IN LIFE."

???





MONKEY BOY, YOU'VE DONE GOOD WORK FOR O'BURGER. THE BOARD THINKS YOU SHOULD BE IN CHARGE OF OUR NEW COUNTRY GRAVY BURGER LINE. OUR MAN TOM IS COMING UP FROM REGIONAL TO HELP YOU GET STARTED.



WOW! I BEEN WORKING HERE NINE YEARS, AND I NEVER SEEN ANYONE GET THEIR OWN SPECIALTY LINE THAT SPEEDY! THIS COULD BE YOUR CHANCE TO SHINE!



THE NEXT DAY...

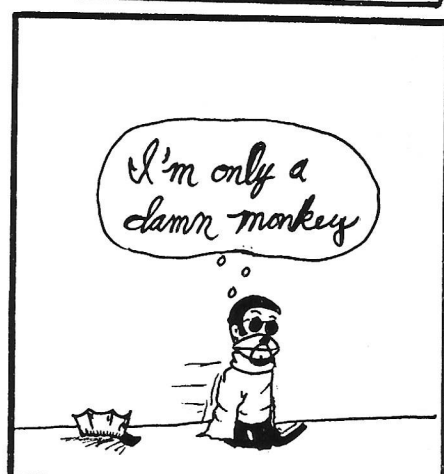
HI MONKEY BOY, MY NAME'S TOM. YOU'VE BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF A VERY PROMISING LINE OF BURGER! THE INSTRUCTIONS ARE



SIMPLE: JUST MIX PACKET #1 WITH PACKET #2, ADD COUNTRY GRAVY, AND BLAH BLAH BLAH...



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# THE GUIDE TO THE GOOD LIFE AT STANFORD

Why are so many people content with merely having a good life? Why not aim for a really good life, or even a "heretofore unparalleled in the annals of history" life? The root of this troubling satisfaction with second or even third best is at the very heart of our nation. The Constitution of the United States guarantees every American the right to pursue happiness. It's a pretty good idea, but it has much more potential. The founding fathers thought too much in relative terms. But, let's remember that they were in the process of wresting control from an oppressive master. Next to that, attending an a capella marathon qualifies as pursuit of happiness. If they had had their heads screwed on properly, we would have been promised the right to enjoy incessant, orgasmic ecstasy for the duration of our lives.

Stanford is as guilty as any institution of molly-coddling its students into believing that "almost" can be substituted for "plenty," that masturbation is as good as sex, that the Dave Clark Five were just as good as the Beatles, and that a merely good life is an acceptable replacement for a truly unrivaled one. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the practice of providing every student with a publication entitled *Guide to the Good Life at Stanford*. This is done ostensibly to help students take advantage of the opportunities in the area for fun. What it lacks is information on how to live life to the fullest.

Wait, don't rush to throw away your *Guide to the Good Life* just yet! It does contain valuable information on leading a good life. It's just missing the aspects of life which make it great. Looking back over my attempts to live the great life, I have decided to compile a supplement to the *Guide to the Good Life*, which, if used properly, can allow you to achieve greatness never before experienced on this astral plane.

• **RECREATION** Anything that's worth doing must,

by definition, be a form of recreation, and living the good life basically means engaging full-time in activities that are worth doing.

**FUNPARK** FunPark is the only amusement park located on a university campus in the United States of America. Technically, it's under the campus. Affectionately referred to as the "steam tunnels," FunPark has for years offered Stanford students a chance to kick back and enjoy rides like the "Raging River of Sewage" (also known as "Flows to Bay"). FunPark even has a safari on which visitors can see the drama of the natural world unfold before their eyes as they witness rats feeding on discarded condoms in their natural habitat.

\*Coming soon: FunPark for Kids, located under Wilbur Hall.

**PALY HIGH ESCORT SERVICE** Tired of the dating scene at Stanford? We all are. What most people don't realize is that the taxes from the city of Palo Alto go to provide an as yet untapped resource for love-starved Stanford students: Paly High. Hundreds of high-schoolers would just die to go out with a Stanford student. Their parents will even like you. After all, you're on the fast track to success. If you call the number listed below and give your Student ID number, you will receive one evening with a high school student each quarter. Students are selected by computer to match your preferences. Dinner at Hooters and 3 hours at the Glass Slipper Inn are included with the evening. This offer has previously been open only to fraternity members, but thanks to the Bill Gates CS building coming in under budget, there are plenty of funds left over. So, remember the old adage, "If there's grass on the infield, play ball!" and call (800) YUNG-UNS

**YE OLDE SPERME SHOPPE** For those of you with a hankerin' for something different, check out the local sperm cryobank, Ye Olde Sperme Shoppe. It offers quaint rooms stocked with the latest in "mature-theme" films, the entire collection of *Hustler Magazine*, as well as state of the art facilities for sperm collection. The Shoppe has long been a favorite hang-out for Stanford's bohemian jet set and the people who couldn't get into a Euro-enough mind set for the Coffee House. The Shoppe pays top dollar for your smart little swimmers. You receive .0025 cents for every crazy critter you can muster up. You can visit as often as you like. Those of you who are better men than I could bring in upwards of \$1,000 a week tax free (plus you get free juice like at the Blood Drive.) After you use up your free pass to the Paly High Escort Service and still don't get laid, give Ye Olde Sperme Shoppe a try. You won't be sorry you came.

**HOOVER HASH BAR** I have saved the best kept

secret for last. Many of you don't know that Stanford University is also the only college in the United States with a designated on-campus location intended for the consumption of controlled substances. In June of 1983, a Hoover fellow doing research on the institution's history stumbled upon the now famous clause 2b of Article IV Section 113 in the state of California's Constitutional Bylaws. This clause stated that any ultra-conservative thinktank was exempt from any and all federal or state laws. In short, the Hoover institution is its own country. Sub-level 22 of Hoover Tower (it actually goes further under ground than it does above ground) houses some of the best hash bars in the world. In his autobiography *Hey, Pass That Bowl*, noted Hoover Fellow George Schultz said, "Man, the Reagan years were the best. What with Nancy's Just Say No bullshit, we were up to our ears in dope. Everyone who needed to get their stuff out of the country but quick, brought it to us." For eleven years now, the Hoover Hash Bar has been providing premium Lebanese Hash at student discount prices. Mention this article and receive your first eighth free!



IN 1899, BRISTOW ADAMS FOUNDED  
*THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL.*

96 YEARS LATER, NOT A  
DAMN THING HAS CHANGED.

MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT 8:30,  
2ND FLOOR STORKE PUBLICATIONS BUILDING

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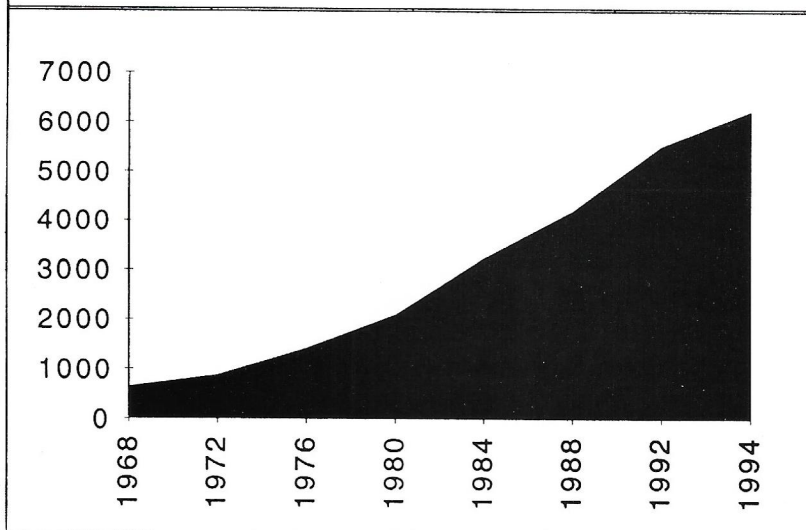
X

The student body has a memory which lasts only four years. Let's say Gerhard broke down during the Freshman Welcome and started weeping and singing "Wasser ist zum waschende, Valderie und Valdere!" Four years later, his shame would be forgotten. Similarly, if the administration were to make a promise to the student body in order to quell a growing discontent, four years later, the promise would be forgotten by the students. Then the administration could conveniently forget the promise, too. Send it to the President's Subcommittee on Delay, and you have a solution which placates everybody.

*Memo X* is an artificial memory enhancer—like marijuana, except the opposite. This is the first of the *Memos X*, a series of Chaparral articles which will remind you of what you, Stanford Undergraduates, were promised more than four years ago. The Chaparral has the scoop. You have been screwed.

Let's start with numbers. They are the friendly shapes along the top of your keyboard. More specifically, let's begin with tuition.

Tuition per Quarter by year: The stunning climb



Well, that's fine and dandy, all you Economics Majors are saying. You just learned about inflation, and are feeling pretty damned smart. Always remember, Ronald Reagan majored in Economics, too. So what if tuition has increased 972% in the last twenty-some years? Between 1970 and 1991, the Median Family Income (MFI) in this Noble Country of Ours (NCO) rose from \$9,867 to \$35,939. That is an increase of 364%. So the rate of tuition increases only outpaces the rate of income growth by 267%.

So what, right (SWR)? Stanford is still really cheap. A really nice VW Bus can still run you more than a single quarter of tuition. But here's another fun statistic. Let's say there are two kids in a family. Now, what percentage of the families in the US are so inconceivably poor that the cost of tuition at Stanford for one year for both of their kids would exceed their total annual income? No Schlitz beer, no Barca-Loungers, no rent, no place for the kids during summer quarter, just tuition. Well, back in 1968, 34.8% of the population was that poor. But that's cool. Because in 1992, 44.9% of families would fall into the above scenario.

But financial aid has increased, right? Well, look at our attractive and well crafted graph, and then decide.

Student Services? You'll be sorry you asked.

They must be spending the money on something. The Board of Trustees can't party all that money away. They are not Chappies. It turns out that the piece of the graphic pie which grew the most with time was the Percent of Total Expenditures Spent on Instruction. 51% in 1968, 61.7% in 1991. Well, you came to Stanford to learn, so it's good that that's what they are spending the money on, right? Wrong. You didn't go to Stanford to learn. You came to Stanford to read the Chaparral. You read the Chaparral to learn. Now learn this (there will be a test, and I'm in the class, so forget about the curve, man. I'll give myself an A. No, A+. Ha! ).

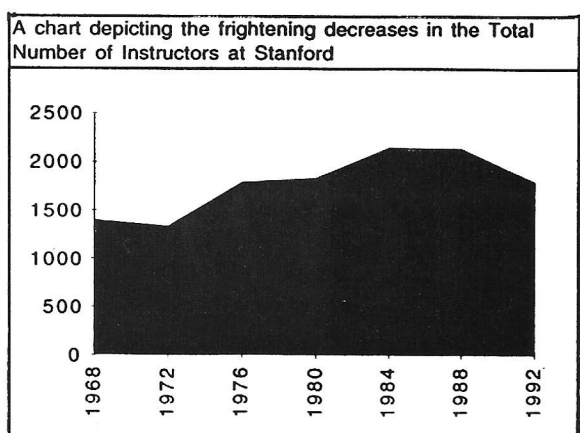
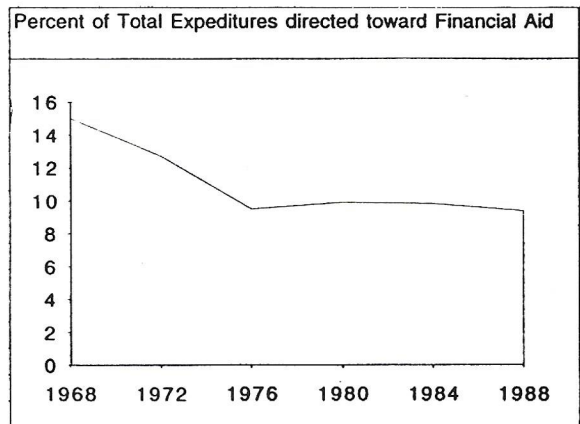
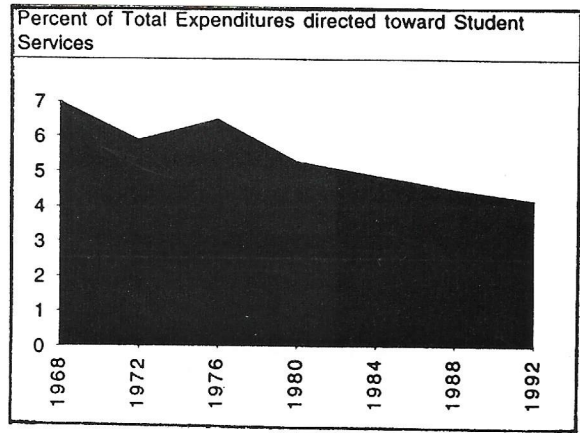
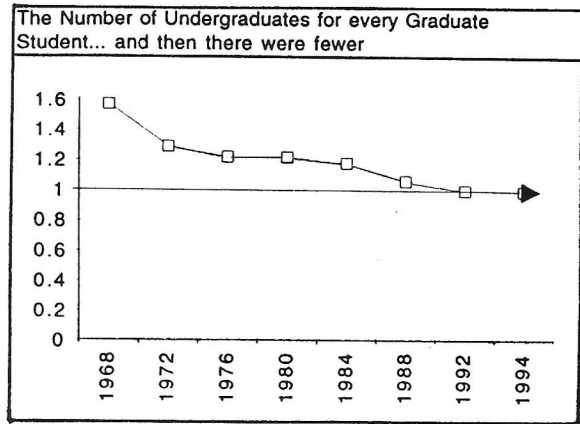
You are paying more for less. But it gets worse. Imagine a professor as a Twinkie. Only taller, and with a face, and, in some departments, capable of speaking coherent English. Imagine Grad Students as the fat kids who always wore jeans with gray sweat shirts in elementary school, and who were a foot taller than your older brother, and who stole your Hostess Snacks. To the right are the historical ratios of fat kids to your friendly big brothers at SAE who won't rape you.

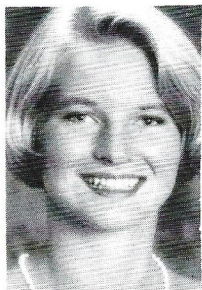
That's Right. There are now more graduates than undergraduates at Stanford. You have been screwed over the last twenty five years. Here is the promise the University made, which it also violated: to keep undergraduates at the focus of its educational vision. Every year, with over 1600 frosh, the University boldly goes where Little Leland Junior never got the chance to.

But this is all very general, don't you think? Yes, yes you do. Get ready to learn about the specifics in future editions of the Memos X. How many editions? There are two responses: How many times have you been screwed? and What numbers are intrinsically funny?

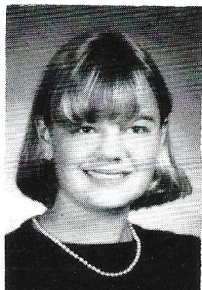
*Memo X is named for famed Hammer and Coffin member Al X, whose undergraduate X-ploits X-asperated the Stanford Administration for no less than 27 years. Al X is currently either X-tremely wealthy or X-tremely unconscious. He is, after all, not only a Chappie, but also a Stanford Alumnus.*

*Statistics (this time) come from Stanford Facts, 1964-1991, Stanford Information, 1968-1992, Courses and Degrees, 1964-1994, (with thanks to Green Special Collections,) the 1994 United States Statistical Abstract, and a small scrap of paper that I found under my bed.*

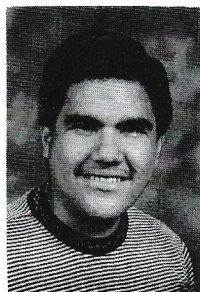




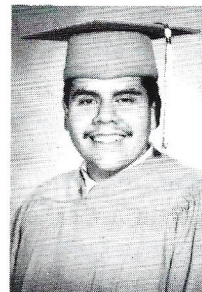
**Maria Fredricsson**  
Newark, CA



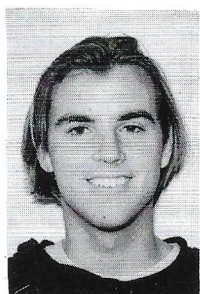
**Jennifer Jolley**  
Princeton, NJ



**Sal Sanchez**  
San Fernando, CA



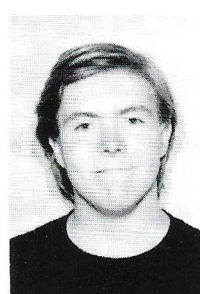
**Enrique Romero**  
Pico Rivera, CA



**Taylor Antrim**  
RA - Branner



**Andy Blunt**  
Escondido, CA



**Jeff Bergan**  
New York, NY



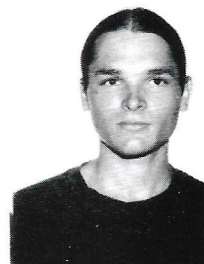
**Shontae Augustus**  
Atlanta, GA



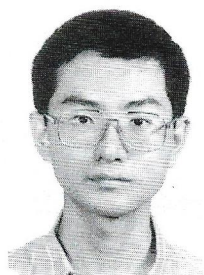
**Tamiko Johnson**  
Oakland, CA



**Daniel Podolsky**  
Mexico



**Kioma Aldecoa**  
Boulder Cr., CA



**Huay Goh**  
Singapore



**Chin Tze Ong**  
Singapore



**Ming Chai**  
Singapore



**Patrick Pang**  
Singapore

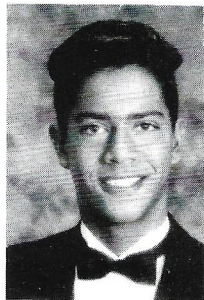
# SEPARATED

**A  
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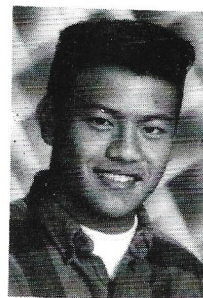
*The "MAGIC-SHELL" HAIR GANG*



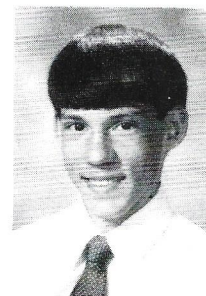
**Arthur Chang**  
Rowland Hts., CA



**Marco Lopez**  
Fremont, CA

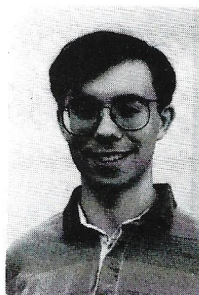


**Mike Lau**  
Potomac, MD



**Brian Babcock**  
Sun Prairie, WI

*The Young Administrators*



**James Montoya**  
or  
Ujamaa's Matt Clarke?



**Condoleezza Rice**  
or  
Otero's Sheleika Hervey?

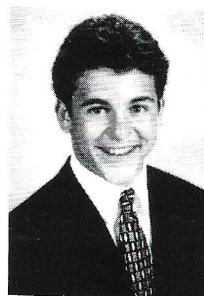


**Gerhard Casper**  
or  
Sweden's Fredrik Juto?

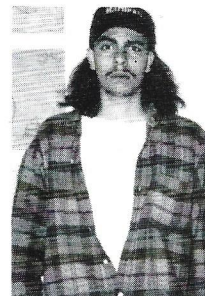
*L o l a p a l l o o z a 1 9 9 5*



**Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore**  
or  
Rinconada's Brian Jones?

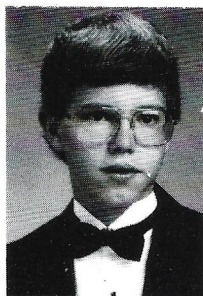


**Donnie Osmond**  
or  
Junipero's Dan Fiduccio?



**Cypress Hill's B Real**  
or  
Ujamaa's Jay Labrosse?

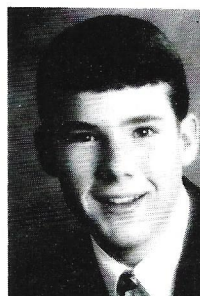
*Honey, I Made the Freshmen Very Young*



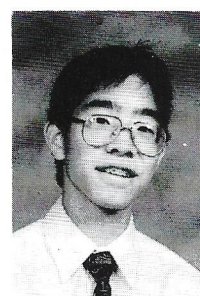
**Doug Anderson**  
Sunnyvale, CA



**Stephanie De Lancey**  
Folsom, CA



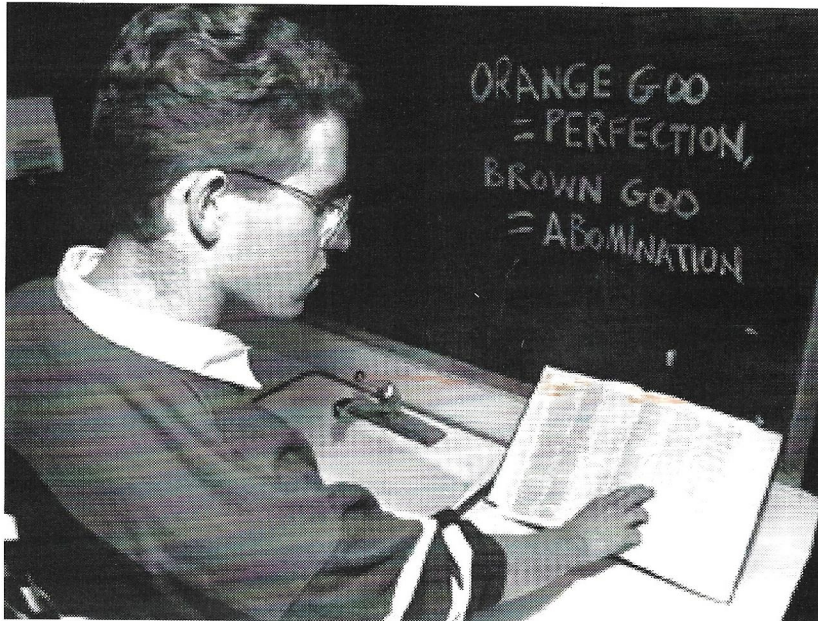
**Kevin Lind**  
La Canada, CA



**Albert Lin**  
Albertson, NY

# HOW TO MAKE

I like to think of myself as possessing a razor sharp mind. A mind with the power and direction of a cannon's blast. A mind capable of weeding out irrelevancies and mixed metaphors. The sort of mind that could sit down and debate Socrates to a standstill, if it only had legs with which to sit. Also, it doesn't know ancient Greek, but that is only a weakness of knowledge. Being a genius isn't so much about knowing as about knowing how to know. And when I say "know," I do mean it in the biblical sense. Because, can anyone really name a greater genius than Don Juan? Aside from Cervantes? I mean, Cervantes could really list off those damned geniuses. Which isn't to say that he himself was a genius. No, not by any means. He only had knowledge, not any knowledge of how to get knowledge. Someone must have told him how to do that. Presumably Don Juan.



I also like to think of myself as a basically open minded guy. I mean, I'm willing to try new things. Like spelling Theater, Theatre. See, I tried it. And I didn't like it. Not one bit. So far as I'm concerned, the British can take their damned language and shove it. If English is good enough for Jesus Christ, it should be good enough for the British.

So it was that I happened to be open-minded, smart, and looking for spiritual enlightenment at the moment I stumbled across the latest rage in inner-harmony circles: Making Orange Juice.

The most important ingredients in a good batch of orange juice are peace with oneself, contentment

with one's surroundings, and high quality frozen orange juice. If you're going to buy orange juice, Good Lord Man, don't skimp. Don't buy Safeway Select, buy Minute Made. Under no conditions should you buy Florida Orange Juice. Florida Orange trees were cross-bred with banana in the early part of the century, and if you make even the slightest error, the orange juice turns into a brown, mushy goo that is utterly useless and rather repulsive. Unless you like brown, mushy goos, in which case you probably shouldn't be mixing your own

orange juice, anyway. It is always a good idea to fast for twenty four hours before making a batch of orange juice. The last time I made orange juice was after Yom Kippur.

You may feel the urge to defrost your orange juice before making it. Do not be tempted by the ways of the Devil. Defrosting your orange juice

before making it is like pouring sugar into the gas tank of your new car: it may sound like a good idea, but it isn't. What you want to do it scoop the whole can of concentrate into a clean glass pitcher, and, using a wooden spoon, stir it, without water, until it becomes a thick, orange, mushy goo. Remember the following principle:

*Perfection = Orange Mushy Goo, Brown Mushy Goo = Abomination*

I think the most important factor in the formation of the modern Republican Party was the bolt of the Mugwups in 1884. This isn't so much for political reasons as because how could any party ever do a



# ORANGE JUICE

decent job of ruling the country when some of its members would knowingly and willingly call themselves "Mugwups?" I mean, look at the Reconstruction. That was a real mess. The fact that the Mugwups bolted did not, however, make the Republicans fit to rule. Occasionally a Mugwup will wander back to the Republican party and become president. These poor Mugwups, having been lost in the wilderness for a hundred years, eating only roots and grubs, (mmmm...roots and grubs...mmmm), engaged in politics only when deciding how to divide up living space in an old VW bug that must have gotten stuck in the marsh about twenty years back. Strangely, all these Mugwups seem to be Christian. Christ is everywhere, like a mini-mall for the soul. These Mugwups become president, and they start trickling down on the whole damned country.

You are now ready to add the water. The water must be cold. It is important that, as you add the water, you insure that what orange juice was left clinging to the side of the concentrate container dissolves. It is extremely bad karma to allow concentrate to go unused. When you die, you will be forced to explain all of your unused concentrate. What good will mainstream religion be for you then? Add the first container-full of water, and stir well. Then add the second and third, holding the can of water as high above the pitcher as possible while pouring, as though you were serving coffee in a Moroccan restaurant. This serves two purposes.

The first is to oxygenate the natural sugars trapped in the orange juice, and the second is to soothe the tension felt by any visiting Moroccans. More than one batch of orange juice has been tainted by the blood of a host inattentive to the sensibilities of natives of the North African coast. That business about oxygenating is just superstition.

You are now approaching the most important step in preparing a successful batch of orange juice. If you feel that your spirit is sinking, read the following meditation:



*I am not an angry person. I love my fellow man, and this planet that we share. I think that life is all a bunch of roses. I also think that freedom is a fistful of licorice, and that love is a man with a gun.*

You should now add, prepare yourself, the fourth can of water. Add it from the greatest height that you dare. Then stir vigorously, and drink.

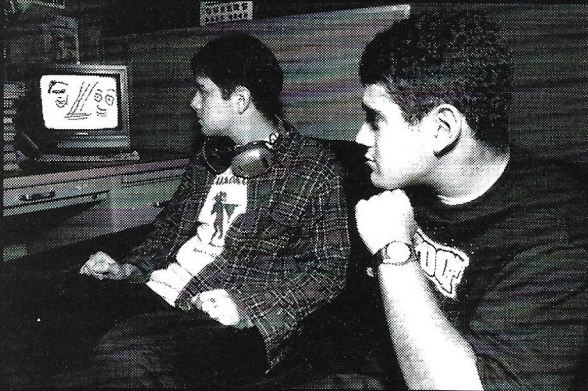
Do not save any orange juice, drink it all, at one go. Then jump around, listening to the liquid sloshing about in your stomach. Recognize your mortality. Experience the pressure of mortality on your existence. Experience the pressure of orange juice on your bladder.

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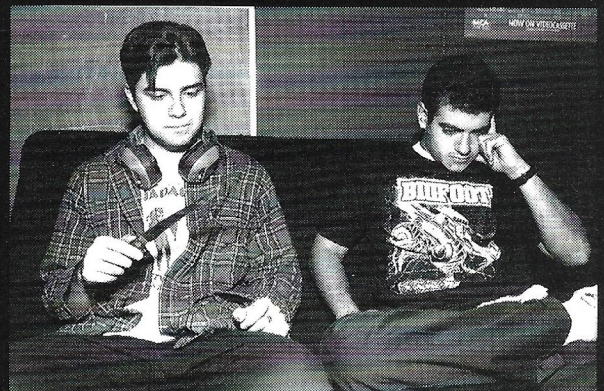
*Rudolph Delson regularly writes informative articles in a style that we, the bell wethers of American intellectual life, somewhat grudgingly admit makes the vignettes into worthless trash.*

# The Final Ride

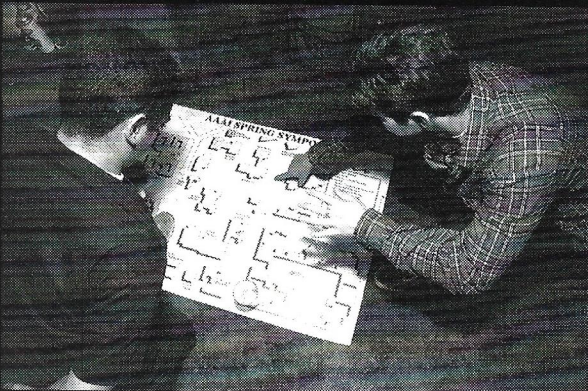
## Part One...



The Alien's voice interrupted our favorite re-run of *Bosom Buddies*. He said we had twenty minutes to live.



There's not much to do but wait when the Lord's call comes. We weren't going to die sitting around like cattle, though.



We had twenty minutes to discover the Truth, what it all means. Twenty minutes...



For the Final Ride.

## Part Two...

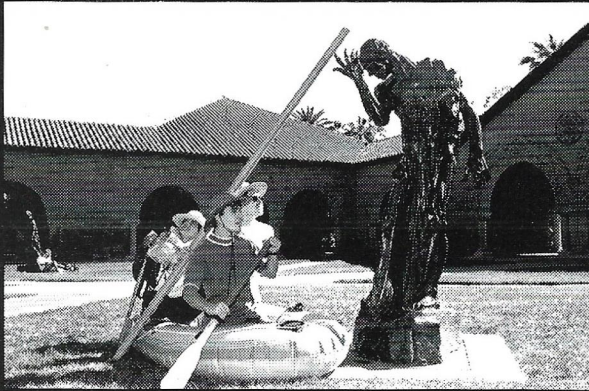


Robby Stevens was an enigma, but he knew the oars better than anyone. He would guide us in our search for the Truth.

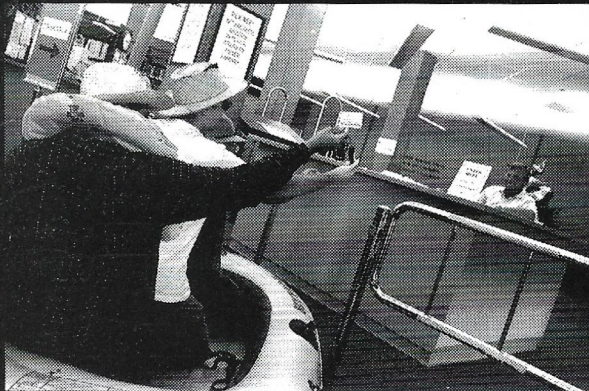
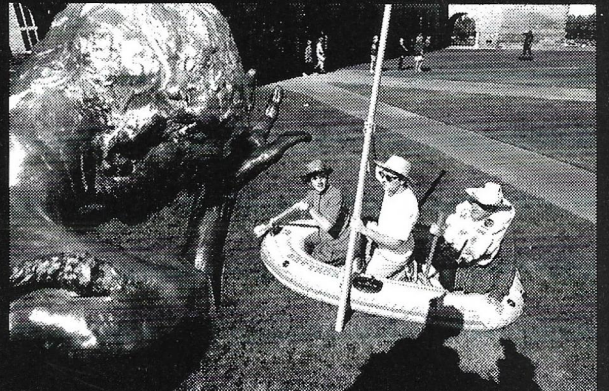


We set out on our search. The streets were deserted, except for the lone looters. Where was the Truth?

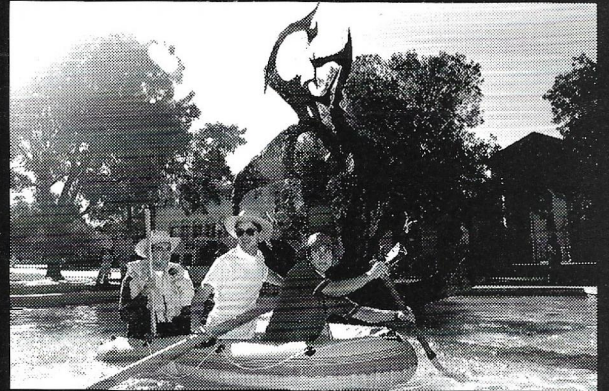
T h e F i n a l R i d e



Our culture's greatest achievements had no answers.



Earth's 900 million year history revealed nothing but banal, inconclusive facts.



We had to look elsewhere.

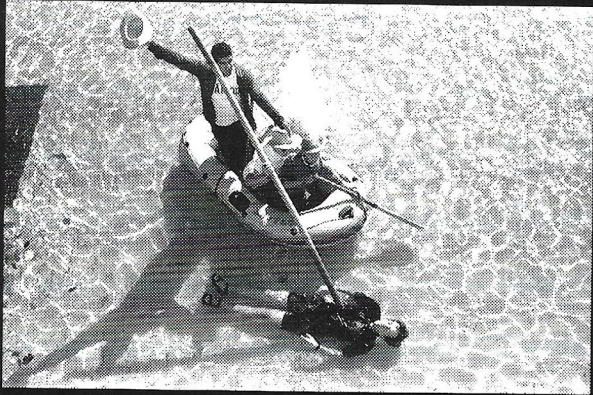


We scooted right along.



Unfamiliar Alien weaponry rained down upon our Earth at 3:34 pm.

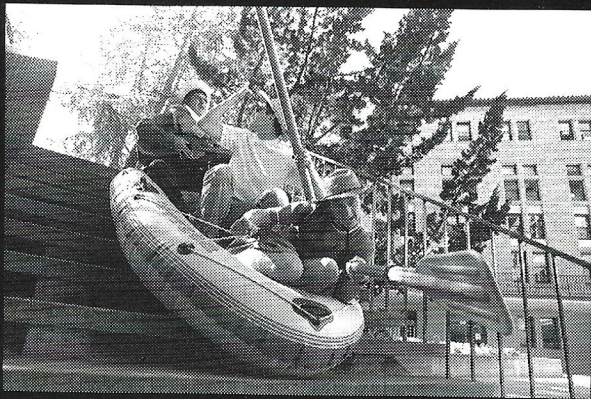
*T h e F i n a l R i d e*



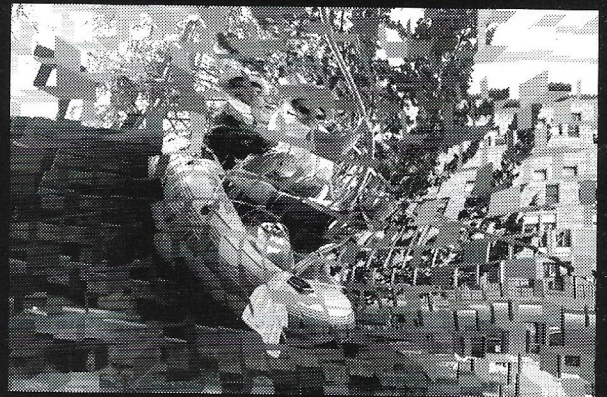
Bodies fell from the sky as space dust and bombs blocked the sun.



It was time. Chaos piled upon disorder as everything became nothing, and nothing became everything.



We saw the Truth.

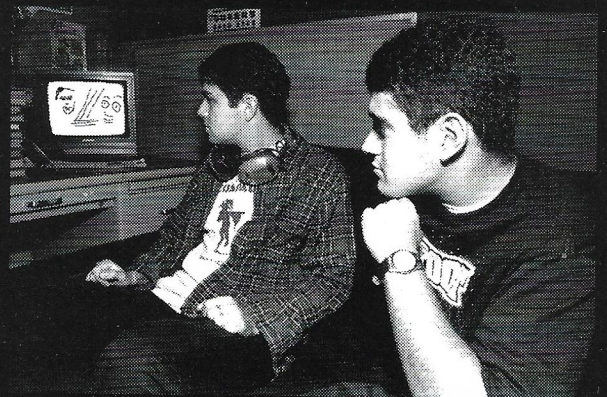


It was pretty good.

***Part Three...***



Spiritually sated, we walked from the battlefield together.



Our favorite show now is "Flippy the Blotunga."

# Being Old Is Not a Box of Chocolates

**Y**ou are old. Your memory is beginning to fade. Your breath is bad no matter how many times you brush. It is the smell of decay. Your veins protrude. They are bigger than your muscles. Your face has the consistency of rice paper. Your sexual organs have shrunk. You forget what they are. You are frightened when you see them.

So your family puts you in a nursing home. You are, understandably, not happy. When they leave, you scream unintelligible words. They ignore you. Five minutes later, you forget who they are. The nurses at the home are not nice. They yell at you. Your room mate is not nice. He doesn't let you use the television remote. He watches Starsky and Hutch reruns. Yesterday he watched Hercules Goes Bananas. You hate that movie.

In the afternoon, you feel the need to go to the bathroom. Luckily, you are one of those special people who doesn't need diapers. You wheel yourself down the hall at a rate of 0.3 mph looking for the bathroom. The nurses forget to tell you where it was. Now you need diapers.

Dinner time. There is no room at the main eating table, so you have to eat in the hall. The nurses yell at you when you spill some peas on the floor. Taking it as a sign of rebellion, the nurses don't give you any more food. You don't mind, though. Your taste buds stopped working when LBJ was in office.

Late at night, you get hungry. Taking thirty minutes to slip out of bed, you manage to haul yourself into your room mate's motorized wheelchair. The front door of the home is unlocked, so you drive out when the nurses aren't looking. It is 1:30 am. You are in South Central LA in a motorized wheelchair.

You see a 7-11 in the distance, so you drive towards it. On the way there your wheelchair hits a curb and tips over. The motor button is stuck, so you roll in circles on your side, rubbing off all the hair on the right side of your head. Including your eyebrow. Your hunger muffles the pain. After the batteries die, you drag yourself out from under the wheelchair. You have a craving for a Ho Ho. While you drag yourself past the 7-11 gas pumps, your gown gets soaked in spilled gasoline. You wet yourself. Finally, you make it inside.

The clerk yells at you. He says you are old. Your bowels give out. You still want your Ho Ho. You see the Hostess Cake rack and wave your arms crazily. Your speech skills have gone, but your hunger is causing you to

drool madly. You open and close your mouth, making a droning sound, trying to explain to the clerk that you want a Ho Ho. You have made a puddle of drool.

The clerk says that there are no Ho Ho's left. Your stomach twists as you stare vacantly at the clerk and groan. Suddenly, an idea hits you. With your finger, you spell out the word "burrito" in your drool. The clerk understands and hands you a frozen burrito. Pulling your soiled, gasoline soaked body to the microwave, you shove in the burrito and hit "cook". It cooks. However, you don't know how to stop the microwave. It stays on for twenty minutes. The clerk is yelling at you. He is spitting on you. You are ruining his business. You point at your burrito in the microwave. He opens the machine and throws you the burrito. It is a hot burrito. Your tongue melts when you bite into it. You wet yourself again. The pain of your melted tongue makes you shriek with all your might. Burrito is still in your mouth. You vomit. The clerk calls the police.

As the police arrive, you are still shrieking on the floor with your head in a pile of hot burrito vomit. Thank God for the police, they are protectors of the innocent. A burly, good natured officer walks your way. Smiling, he leans over you. You notice he is smoking a cigarette. Smiling, he accidentally drops an ash on your gown. You ignite. The clerk calls the fire department.

After you come back from the hospital, the nurses are not happy to see you. They are mad that you escaped. Your room mate is mad that you stole his motorized wheelchair. He gets around on a little wooden board with wheels now. He hates you, so he switches your skin ointment with crazy glue.

Your hair is all burned away. Your tongue is melted. You have lost all control over your bodily functions. Your hand is crazy-glued to your right thigh.

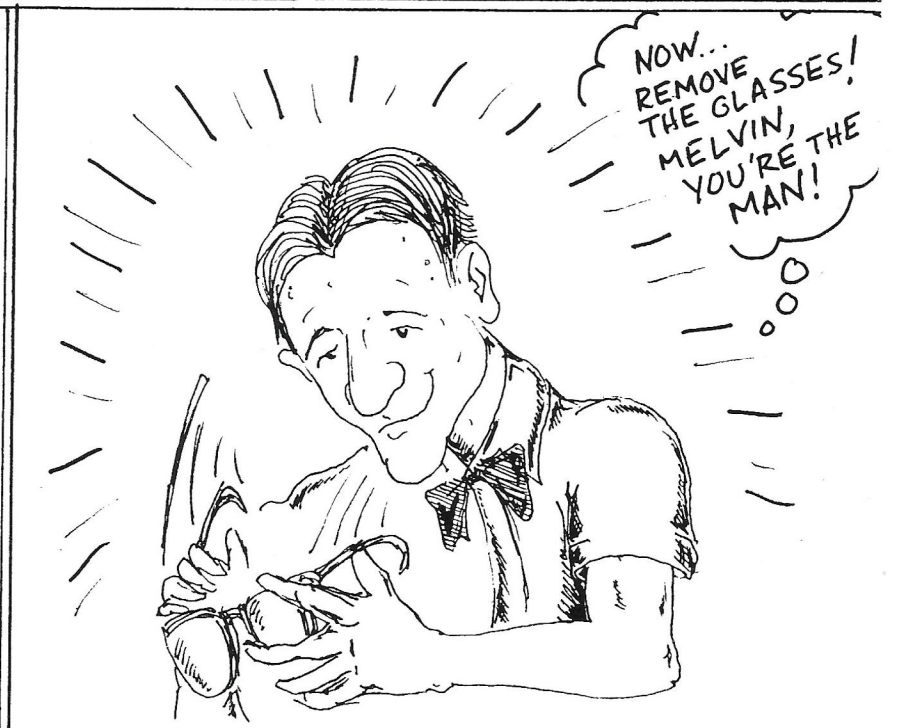
On Tuesday, your family visits. You are happy to see them. They ask you where you buried all your money. They are not very happy. You reach up to hug them, and you rip the skin off your hand that was glued to your thigh. Your happiness muffles the pain. When a man has nothing, at least he has a family. Your son does not want to hug you. He yells at you. He calls you an old miser. Your daughter asks you what happened to your eyebrow, and why your skin is all charred. You try to tell them, but your melted tongue restricts your speech. Your family leaves. Now you feel the pain in your hand.

You cry.

Being old is a piece of shit.

# FULL MOON ON THE QUAD

ONCE IN A FULL MOON  
ON THE QUAD...



AND NOW...  
OFF I GO IN  
SEARCH OF  
TRUE LOVE



OHHH...



OHHH...



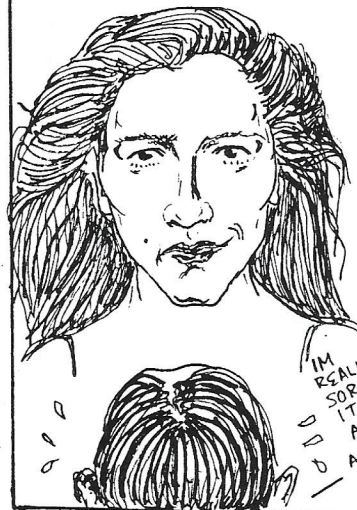
TRIP

SLAM



GOPS...

I'M SORRY...  
I'M SORR...  
OH, I'M, OH...



I'M  
REALLY  
SORRY...  
IT WAS  
AN  
ACCID

SMACK!



YES!  
THERE  
IS  
A  
GOD!



BASTARD.



PUNCHA

7/1/88  
ONE 1/L

By Mike O'Neill