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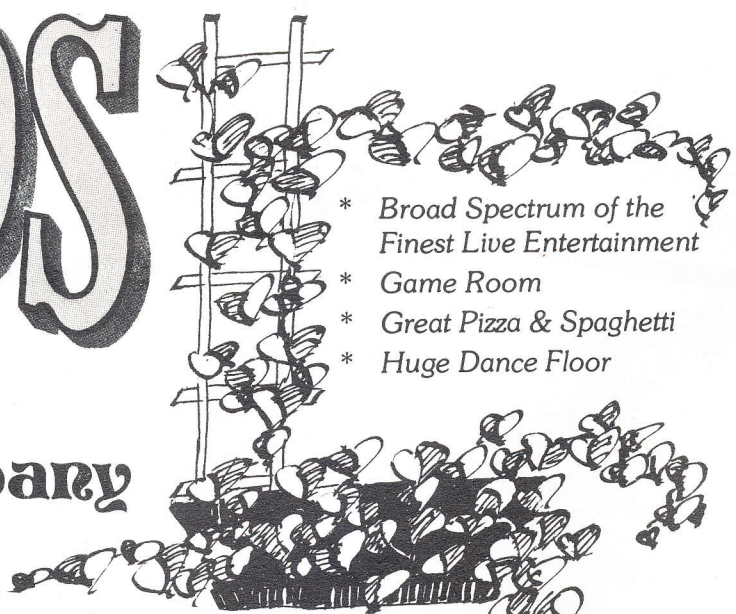
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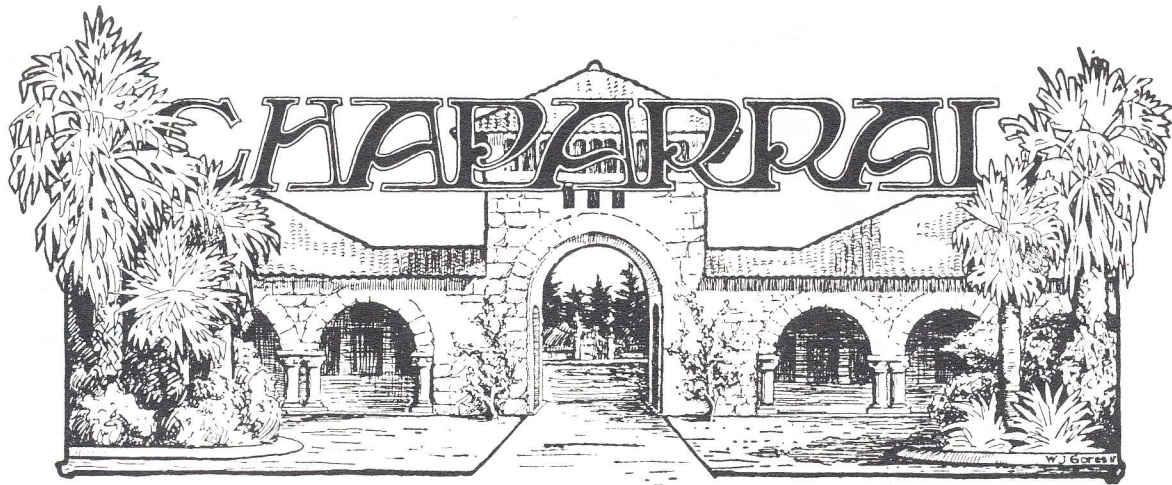
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The Stanford Chaparral

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by Bristow Adams*

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BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

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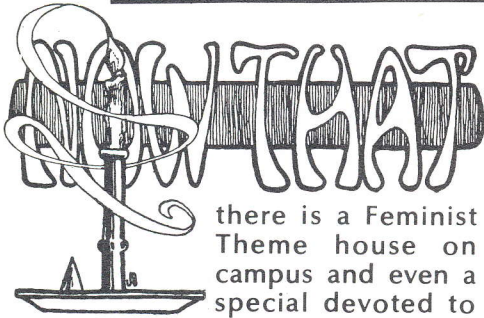
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Thanks to:

Jennifer for her Fabulous Moped



REFLECTIONS



there is a Feminist Theme house on campus and even a special devoted to the female of the species, the Old Boy has received a heavier than usual barrage from the self-appointed guardians of Stanford's Collective Conscientiousness. The Old Boy has been vehemently assailed as being a vicious and incorrigible sexist.

It was suggested that his attitude was partially due to the absence of women on the staff of his hated magazine. Surely this might have been an astute point had not Truth been otherwise. It is rarely noted that the Bifocaled Buffoon included among his writers, photographers, artists, and business people, a considerable number of affable humans who answer the general description of modern women. Since he had long been amused by the mish-mash of misinformation which is often gospel to the gullible, the Old One merely attributed such ignorance to the characteristic confusion which troubles most adolescents.

He was then told that it was indicative of a sexist bent to lampoon wo-

men. It seems when poking fun at Stanford's all and sundry that it is somehow improper to include its female population. This struck the Old Boy as somewhat discriminatory or at least inconsistent with modern notions of equality, feminine or otherwise.

It was explained there were some things which are too serious to be laughed at and that the inclusion of such things in humor betrayed an unsympathetic attitude that should be discouraged. This line of reasoning sounded familiar to the Ancient One and after applying his far-reaching memory to the task he recalled that such sentiments about humor and its literary relations around the 20's in Russia and during the next decade in Germany. But he couldn't in all fairness bring these considerations to the attention of his detractors; after all, it was before their time.

It was then the Old Boy realized the cast aspersions were not mere intellectual quibbles, but serious indictments whose roots were grounded in the core of emotion. He realized this after perusing an item in that most progressive of journals, the Stanford Daily. He shrewdly read beyond its calumnious caterwauling to the fact that it was written by a man. How could he be so blind! The concerned women of the campus were obvi-

ously so unnerved by the Chaparral, so distraught by its shocking chauvinism that they were unable to express their injured feelings, and had to appeal to a (liberated) man for assistance. It was then he who boldly leapt to the defense of the beleaguered beauties and reprimanded that bad, bad Chappie.

Such a display of knightly courage and virtue in this day and time deeply moved the Old Boy. Such an art was worthy of the highest ideals of medieval chivalry and the hallowed tradition of succoring the weak in distress. It was to change his whole outlook and make a new man person of him.

The conversion of the Geriatric Jester was both immediate and complete. In an enlightened fury tossed out all sexist publications in the office. *Scientific American* was the first to go, followed by *Time*, *T.V. Guide* and a comic book Bible. He then cancelled our subscription to the *Chronicle* and began an issue exchange with *Ms.* He even ordered one influential staffer to take up residence in Androgyny House.

It is finished. The sexist days are over. The Old Boy announces he is no longer afraid of Virginia Woolf. And he now admits with a gleeful pride that he finds Anais Nin more enjoyable than Playboy.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:
Just like you to know that we're changing the name of the Administration softball team to the Amins to more accurately reflect the makeup of the team. We're also bringing in a hot new African player name of Idi. Boy, are we going to slaughter them. It'll be a massacre and Idi will just kill you.

Jimmy Carter
The White House

Editor:
President Carter just appointed me batting instructor to the White House softball team. Seems I'm supposed to teach the finer points of batsmanship to some hot new prospect. I hope he goes in for my aggressive type of play.

Evil Kneivil

Editor:
As usual I have another major problem on my hands. There can be no leeway accepted. Not even for six million dollars. As Lucifer was; so too, will this fallen angel be cast out.

Charlie

Editor:
For a while I did aestivate
Till my time grew very late
And though; for toil I am no craver
It was still much to close a shaver.
Muhammed Ali

Editor:
Three! Five! Two and a half! Get out of the way everyone! I'm hitting the golfball! This golfing is tough work. I'd rather go back to Presidenting. There was something I could do. As far as the Canal question goes I think they make great hats. A clean and well-lit country.

Gerald "Jerry" Ford

Editor:
I am again following in my great father's footsteps by using civil disobedience to accentuate and highlight a national injustice. The laws against political favoritism and influence mongering are totally unjust to those of us who won free elections.

Indira Ghandi

Editor:
"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal

subject to MCAT scores and GPA . . ." and "Fourscore and seven years ago our forefathers brought to these shores a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that medicine for the white man and by the white man shall not perish from this earth."

Bakke's Improbable History

Editor:
With only four scores in seven years Lincoln must not have been much of a ladies man. Seriously though Ted, "your" problem is really her problem. If she was a real woman she'd let you hack her up with a broadsword as a means of expressing your affection. Hack in there, Ted, you'll find the right one.

Larry Flynt
The Hustler Adviser

Editor:
My next big hit will be *Star CPA's*. It's a comedy about my two Jewish accountants laughing all the way to the bank. Woody Allen and Mel Brooks will be the stars.

George Lucas





ASSU WHISPERS

BY 'SENATOR X'

ASSU Senate is still buzzing over this year's preelection poster war. It wasn't known who distributed the pro-SOC posters until a rough draft of the poster was discovered with such egregious blunders in spelling as "pwogwethive." The libelous poster was immediately taken to noted egregious blunderer and radical quizmaster Chris Gray. Gray has racked up an impressive record of repressive progressivism and carefully investigated inuendo.

When asked about the source of his information, Gray waxed enthusiastic, "Reality is a tool of the reactionary elite that control this country. It is only by creating our own truth that the oppressed of the world can attain their freedom."

Jacob Young, editor of noted reactionary rag *The Stanford Daily*, declined to comment, but continued to illegally stuff unauthorized leaflets down Gray's throat. Doug Bandow,

once informed of the *Daily's* status as a spokespaper of reaction, immediately resigned as editor of the *Arena* and offered to write "Bug Me" for the remainder of the year.

Regarding his less recent attacks on that sexist "humor" magazine, the *Chaparral*, Gray said, "Personally, I have nothing against virgins, after all, my mother is one."

Dan "the best Leader on the Stanford Campus Today" Livingston continues to deny.

Moderate moderater Glenn Jordan plans no further debates on the Bakke case. "I've already made up my mind," he claims.

"Hello, my name is Dan Liv — I mean John Hart," claims noted campus clone Kevin Childress.

ASSU Senator Steven Buckley remains puzzled.

So does J.J. Chao, but he didn't remain a senator. The plucky oriental claims that he will run again next year, on the platform of turning Wilbur Hall into eight three-lane bowling alleys.

Who's going to break the news to top vote-getter Tom McCormack that ASSU Senate does not "allocate a budget of 1.6 million dollars," but only of 1.5 thousand. Who's going to break the news to the 999 morons that voted for him.

Perennial candidate Rob Docters is planning to go coterminal so he can compete in the 1979 ASSU Senate elections. Running on the platform of free lobotomies at Cowell, he figures that it can only increase his constituency.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHRIST GRAY



Flashier than Glitter

More Electric than Punk

PASADENA



Nerds on the Move...

Rock and roll is off the critical list.

In the wake of President Carter's proposed ban on Punk Rock music, which sent shock waves reverberating throughout the music industry and record company lobbyists scurrying like frightened rabbits through Washington's corridors of power, American rock music found itself in perhaps its most uncertain period since the tragic cancellation of "The Monkees." But in this dark hour — and where but from out of the asphalt deserts of Southern California, which spawned rock legends like the Beach Boys, the Byrds, and the Eagles — has emerged a new order, in the image of a five-man band called Pasadena.

Its origins are if anything still more anachronistic than those of The Ramones and their punkish ilk — a strong claim, yet one that sustains itself under close analysis. For this group hails the dawn of a new era, the opening of incredible new musical vistas. Put away your switchblades and sneakers, take up your slipsticks and semi-log paper. Nerd Rock is here to stay.

When *Rolling Stone* first assigned me to cover Pasadena's maiden voyage into live performance at Los Angeles' 20,000-seat Forum five weeks ago, I was, to say the very least, skeptical: not only about the possibility of rescuing popular music from the forces of nihilism, but more especially of the ability of this group of performers in particular to come anywhere near realizing that possibility. Although aware that Pasadena enjoyed some local popularity on the strength of their first album iponymously entitled *Pasadena*, the prospect of sitting through two hours of alleged hard rock performed by a gaggle of Cal Tech engineers — yes, *engineers* — was something that less than thrilled me. I resigned myself early to trying to appear attentive, if not coherent, while savoring the effects of a gram of Venezuela's finest. The best laid plans. . .

With their entrance alone, Pasadena served notice that a new era of mass music had arrived. One by one, the members of the group materialized on stage via hologram (beaming down onto the darkened stage in a fashion obviously intended to recall the halcyon days of "Star Trek"). The only clue to their arrival was the glow of HP-25s flashing out a silent 07734 of greeting.

Leader Ivan B. Morris then stepped boldly into the single white spot and announced "H-h-h-ellllo, w-w-we're gglad to uh b-be here." The crowd, a sellout weeks in advance, was set momentarily off its guard — only to be blasted back into consciousness by the thundering opening riffs of Pasadena's *de facto* theme "Tropic of Calculus." Morris, strapping on a Wang-600 programmable in the fashion of Edgar Winter, led the band through the intricate binary phrasing and quadratic signature-changes that characterize most of Pasadena's material, and then into a soulful rendition of their slow number "Infinitely Closer (but not quite equal)."

In addition to leader Morris, Pasadena consists of two other electrical engineers, I.C. "Chip" Hardwayer on lead guitar and T.I. Sirkitz on bass, junior math sciences major "Kinky Jim" Descartes on rhythm guitar and mini-compiler, and the group's second-generation bionic android drummer HAL. (Sirkitz explains: "We needed a drummer who could really rock out to match our playing, but none of the Tech crowd could handle it. Yet we didn't want any dirty hippie morons in the band, so we got HAL

together on a grant from NASA. We even got course credit for him.")

This night's performance was dominated by the masterful keystrokes of Morris, who clearly bears the charismatic burden of this oppressively dull group of individuals. All told Pasadena worked its way through eleven of its most prime numbers in virtually flawless style, rather a surprise since a band's first outing of this sort is usually characterized by quite problematic sets. The musicians had clearly done their homework for the occasion — which, I suppose, should come as less of a surprise than the resort to so weak a pun.



Most of the evening was devoted to material from *Pasadena*. The group did, however, reveal two new rather curious numbers cast in ballad form: "Up the Axis," which I would have supposed to be some sort of neo-Fascist tract perhaps in the vein of the early Blue Oyster Cult, but which lost me after the first line ("Inflection point's coming! There's no turning back! Pack up your transforms! And jump in the back"); and "Cro Memnon," apparently a humorous treatment of the situation of a hypothetical cadre of prehistoric cavemen thrust into the modern intellectual world.

Extra credit must be given the group for its spirited encore rendition of one of its earliest tunes, "Dot Product of the Working Class," which sent the crowd into a frenzy of screaming and dancing in the aisles. It was the perfect frenetic finale to an evening of rock that can only be described as awesome.

It was impossible for any soul in attendance that evening to but believe that from thence forward the name Pasadena would be synonymous with rock and roll. And it soon became impossible for the rest of the music world. For Pasadena washed over the land like a tidal wave: Californians packed away their overplayed Jackson Browne; Midwesterners crawled out of the stupor of their Creedence Clearwater Revival reminiscences; the East turned Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger, Graham Parker and the rest back out into the streets. Rock's fifth generation, born of frustration and panic in an uncertain age, was come.

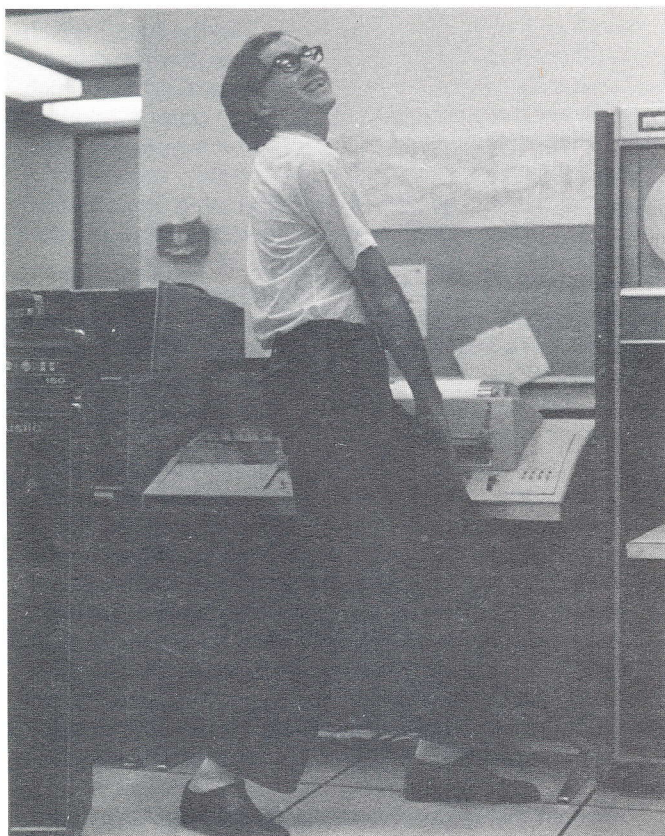
Unlike so many other sensations, Pasadena's meteoric rise has left even the fire-breathing media machine of Warner Brothers Records — one of the most feared corps of publicity storm troopers in the industry — in the dust.

Despite a PR blitzkreig launched by WB as soon as the group began to take hold, Pasadena was in and out of the record shops before the band hit the glossy covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People*, its platinum status assured well within the confines of its first month of release.

What then of Pasadena the artists?

Morris sits at the keyboard of his Hewlett-Packard 2100 synthesizer in Pasadena's new Bakersfield studio. Apart from the solitary platinum disc adorning the back of the door, every surface floor-to-ceiling is covered with the familiar green-and-white candystriping of computer print-out, the tonal permutations for a song on which Morris is currently working. "Before all this, we were just very normal American college students. We'd study ten or twelve hours a day for our six courses. On weekends we'd get rowdy, maybe have a beer between the five of us — well, the four of us since HAL doesn't like to drink — and go into town to get heat up. But then came the music. . ."

The roots of Pasadena's music run in a myriad of directions. The influence of late-50's rock shines through frequently. The influence of Clapton, Townshend, and Hendrix comes through with crystal clarity in many places, although Pasadena's distinctive sound borrows freely from Einstein, Lobachevsky, and Shockley as well, making for an unusual blend of driving, powerful guitars and rather relativistic, transitory, and by all means non-formulaic lyrics. For instance, the second verse of the group's monster hit "Take It to the Limit, $X \rightarrow \infty$ " (it reached number one simultaneously in the US and Great Britain), "I can integrate by parts, sure, but babe you know! That there's just no holding back when I reach my local maximum,"



Pasadena's guiding light, Irving Morris, displays his mastery of the IBM 370 console.

combines a sensitivity for the persistence of man's Platonic soul in the modern age with a gut-level hook that is as basic as those found in "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" or "Layla."

Nonetheless the curiosity of a group of straight-arrow short-hairs from a pointy-headed bastion such as Cal Tech accomplishing what Pasadena has bears close examination. If we marvel at the rise of the Beatles, the Bay City Rollers, and the Sex Pistols, we should marvel all the more at the aberration of Pasadena. In the words of Possibly Corrupt Record Executive Clive Davis, "They're a real bunch of fuckin' dwids, sure, but they sure sell records . . . who'd you say you were with?"



Pasadena "gets into it." From left: Sirkitz, Morris, Hardwayer, HAL, Descartes.

I asked the group what role their academic orientation had played, and will play, in their musical development. "Well, I guess it was T.I.," relates Morris, "who figured that if we wanted to fulfill our humanities distribution requirement at Tech, we'd better branch out from EE and math for awhile. You're probably aware that Cal Tech's primary goal is turning out well-rounded students above all else. So T.I. built his bass in the circuits lab that night and we all followed suit."

Morris can still recall his first instrument, a Texas Instruments SR-50 played through a modified Touch-Tone phone. "I still pull that thing out and carry it around on my belt every now and then — I guess it's good to remember your roots," he muses.

From pocket calculators and late nights in the library, the black-shot, white-socked bunch moved on to bigger game. "Once we threw together a Blue Box, hooked it up to the comp center's IBM 370/198, and jammed long-distance with some grad students at MIT." Tom Scholz, founder of the highly successful band Boston (who stopped recording shortly after a fantastically successful debut album to take faculty positions at Dartmouth and Harvard), is said to have participated in some of these early sessions. After a period of experimentation with exotic electronics, Pasadena settled on the combination of conventional acoustic input and computer-generated synthesized output that is the basis of their style today. In Morris' words, "Much as I'd prefer to go out there and just sit down at a terminal, let's face it, the dirty freaks in the crowd want to see some vestiges of decadent rock and roll. I wish they'd stop making so much damned noise, though — it's really quite annoying." Despite their expressed antipathy toward standard rock 'n' roll stage gimmicks, the group has

apparently been caught up in the spirit of live performance, and are now toying with the idea of resurrecting the art of equipment-smashing in the fashion of the Who and others. "I can't say exactly what we're planning," Sirkitz adds, "but we're still trying to figure out how to handle the fallout problems."

The road to the top wasn't strewn with easy successes alone, however. "At first we had some problems fitting rehearsal time into our schedules. We finally had to start going to bed at ten-thirty instead of nine and knock five minutes off all our meals." Another sort of problem wasn't solved so easily. "At first," says Morris, now reloading the line printer, "we had all sorts of strange equipment failures and software screwups." Pasadena would arrive at the studio (actually a little-used corner of the Tech philosophy library) only to find the line voltage jumped to 220, guitar strings filed through, soda pop spilled on teletypes. On one occasion there was evidence that someone had opened HAL's drums and coughed into them. "Finally," Morris continues, "we discovered that the pre-med who was writing most of our charts at the time was sabotaging us. We had to get rid of him, of course; but in the long run it was just as well. We used to spend hours just pleading with him to tell us the right chords to a song — he wouldn't believe that we weren't trying to get into med school too."

From there, the band began making demo tapes, first on the Cal Tech computers and then on a time-sharing basis in LA. "Our music was becoming constricted, it needed room to grow, the kind of room you can't find when every geek in the school is playing Star Trek or Battleship on the system," Hardwayer comments. "The profs at Tech were getting uptight about our use of the machines, and they didn't dig on the fact that we were making music instead of taking first derivatives or something. But I guess all artists are misunderstood before their work is accepted." Pasadena was out of the Cal Tech labs and into the studio for good when Warners signed them to a two-year contract for the proverbial undisclosed sum. "Who'd have ever thought we'd be making as much as Reggie Jackson," exclaims HAL, whose authors clearly didn't fail to provide him with a sense of humor.

Despite their commercial success, the group balks violently at the suggestion that they renounce their heritage.



They don't care what people say—rock 'n' roll is here to stay.

"We started out as engineers, and we owe our success to what we learned bent over CRCs and calculators. There's no reason to start wearing normal shoes or leaving our shirt collars unbuttoned just because we can easily afford to," says leader Morris as the rest of the group nod their assent. Indeed, if there is one facet of Pasadena the rock sensation that still grates on at least this reporter's nerves, it's seeing the major force in popular music today take to the stage with their pocket protectors still in place.

Yet perhaps it is in this very respect that Pasadena remains one of a certain other rather successful crew of brash rockers. For with sales of Pasadena calculator covers, horn rimmed glasses, and mechanical pencils breaking all records for such admittedly peripheral and moronic memorabilia, it is hard to forget the ascendancy of four lads from Liverpool with a veritable oil slick of wigs, caps, lunch pails and the like following in their wake. A decade and a half later, the pointy-toed Beatle Boot has its perfect analog in the Pasadena-inspired renaissance of the wing tip. If the impact of such residual novelties is any indicator of a group's potential impact upon the world of music, the boring sprawl of the band's namesake city may soon become Rock's new Camelot.

A good deal of the realization of these visions will depend upon the ability of the group's second album, *Blue Book*, to sustain the incredible momentum already working in Pasadena's favor. The group has been recording continuously for weeks, under tight security, at the Bakersfield studio and on location at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center in Palo Alto. "We like working at SLAC because the people there are really our own kind," says Morris, although one suspects the group's manager, Hansel N. Tyceurod (formerly with Bruce Springsteen and John Lennon, among others) probably chose the cite because of the virtual impossibility of the group's discovering the allures of the opposite sex anywhere in the immediate vicinity. One can hardly disagree with such a strategy, however: why alter a successful formula by introducing even the most discrete random variables?

Blue Book will be released too late to be considered for this year's Grammy awards. But already there is talk not only of the double-platinum status which seems virtually certain, but also of sweeping the annual National Science Foundation awards. While Morris and Tyceurod have been adamant in their refusal to discuss the new disc, they did offer a few tidbits to ponder until the album appears on the shelves (target date for release is July 1): every cut on the album will run to precisely 4.00 minutes in length, and even more mysteriously the disc will have no "B" side. No amount of coaxing would elicit further explanation, so apparently Pasadena in their wisdom are planning some major surprises in their forthcoming works.

Pasadena then is the shape of music today. Whether popular music will once again step out of the studio and onto the sidewalks to influence the very fiber of our culture as it did in the late 60's (although one can imagine the problems cropping up when the nation's universities are unable to cope with an explosive influx of aspiring scientific musicians), whether Pasadena is indeed the herald of a new Golden Age for American and Western society in general, is a question to be best answered by the passage of the years. As that most formidable critic preps his notes, we can only sit back and watch Pasadena become the sine of the times.



A Jug of Wine and Thou



Heavy oaken doors, laboriously wrought centuries ago, tower impassively shut. Their faces, scrupulously sculpted by artisans, whose own great-grandsons have long lain dead, were lightly touched by the prelate as his other hand worked the gilt latch. The doors slowly swung open to reveal His Holiness the Pope ensconced in his flowing ceremonial robes. The prelate pronounced the traditional commencement of the papal audience, and announced the humble supplicant, the Cat-in-the-Hat.

The Cat came to him on a skate.
The Cat said, "How is it being celibate?
Would not life be rosier
If you were holding something
Other than your crosier?"
The Cat skated around the room.
He skated on one hand,
He skated on his head,
While the Pope sat quiet, turning red.

The pontiff leaned forward to peruse this unusual guest. From his elevated throne, he spoke, his voice possessing a tone curiously similar to that with which he addressed ladies' guilds and foreign emissaries. "Surely, my brother, you realize that each of us must preserve the sanctity of that mission entrusted to our care," he said. "Some are to be spiritual leaders and therefore must maintain a separation from the flesh while others find fulfillment of their divine duties by bringing fruit to that natural design of the human race: procreation."

The Cat-in-the-Hat stopped and sat.
 From his head, he pulled his hat.
 From his hat he pulled a knife, a fork and a plate.
 He tied a napkin around his neck.
 "Go, bring some food," he said,
 "Go, prelate, go.
 Let's eat our fill now, Pope
 For, all these people being born, I fear,
 There soon will not be room
 For both you and me, here."

Clasping his ringed hands together with such an intensity as to make his knuckles white, the Pope gave no indication of accepting the festive invitation. His eyes revealed a muddled confusion as the room began to reel. When his eyes finally settled on the speechless prelate, his mind cleared, phrases began to compose themselves in his head, and he spoke to the Cat with a rather more severe tongue. "There exists an absolutely certain method for preventing overpopulation. If abstinency, an action sanctioned by not only its piety but also its sensibility, were more widely practiced this problem would never plague us."



"If married couples refrain from sex
 How should they spend their time?"
 Said the Cat, "And how would they flex
 Those muscles that nature has primed?"
 "Should unwed couples reduce
 The population rate by staying chaste?"
 Said the Cat as he replaced his hat.
 "No," he smiled, "For, then, they would marry in
 haste."

The Cat strode across the floor.
 He turned and bowed and smiled once more.
 Then the Cat with no more words
 Disappeared through the door.

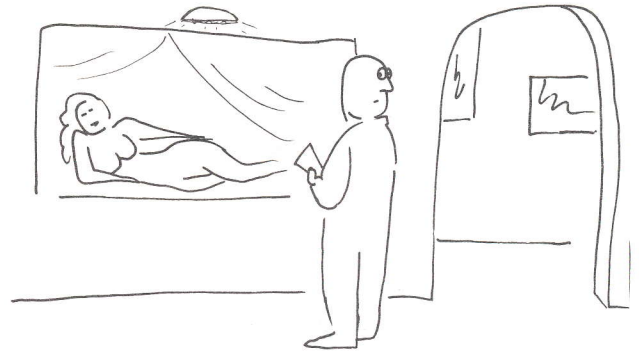
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3.)



"Cleverly plotted, fast-moving sequel, quicker and more consistently funny!"

-The Washington Post

"New spy-jinks caper is even madder than its predecessor!"

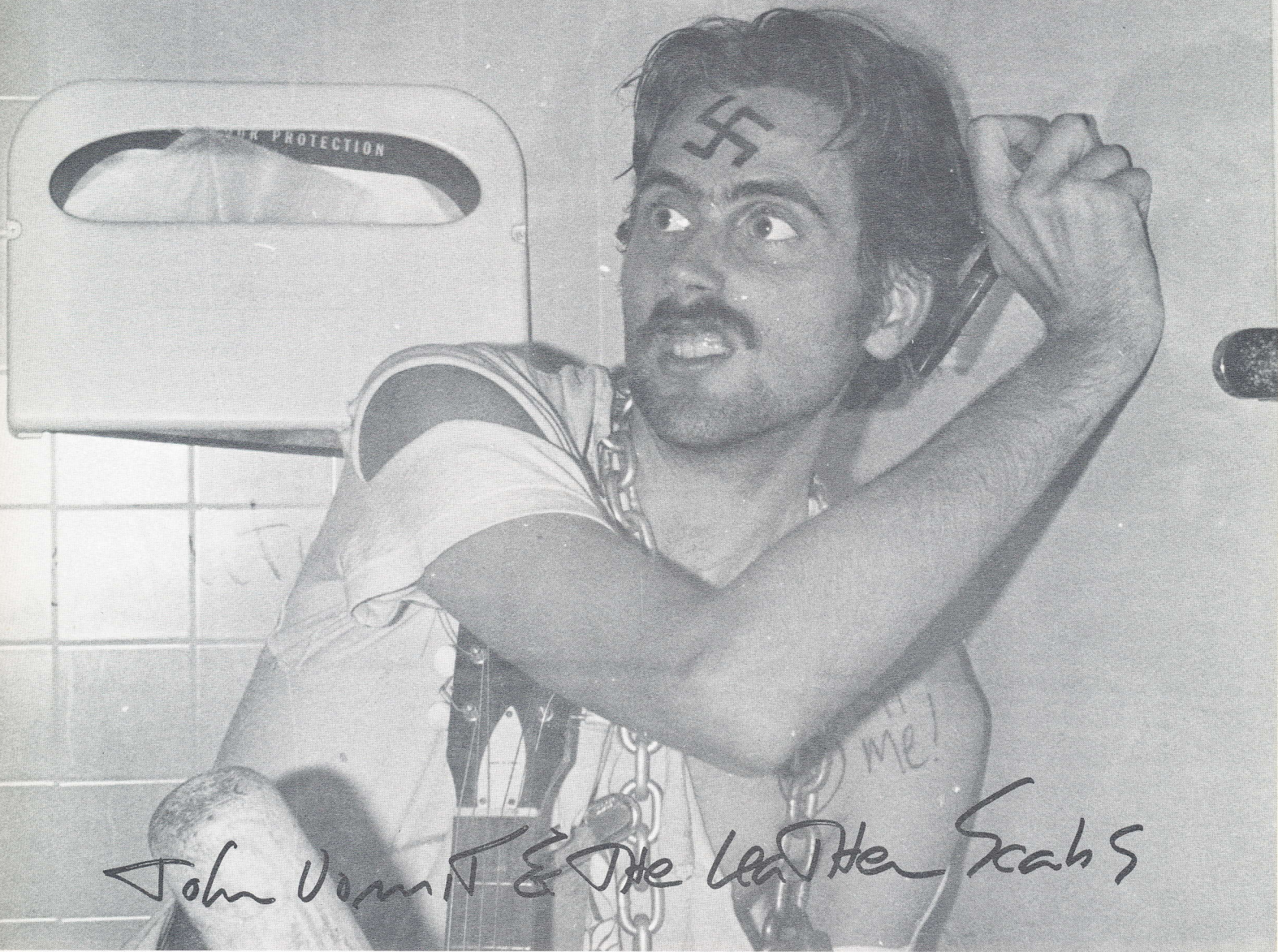
-Boston Herald American

**THE
RETURN OF THE
TALL BLOND MAN
WITH
ONE BLACK SHOE**

**Cubberley Aud.
Sat., Nov. 12
7:00, 8:30, 10:00**



Kill my
Parents!



John Vornit & The Leather Scabs

Chaparral Grammy Prevue

JOHN VOMIT AND THE LEATHER SCABS

Side 1

I Suck (3:08)
Life (:35)
History of Punk Rock
Series No. 1 (4:11)
Geriatric Gypsies (3:53)
David, Karen and Gary (2:21)

Side 2

Where's the Aspirin (2:30)
Life (refrain) (19:47)

Geriatric Gypsies

Here they come
swarming through the streets
Like maggots on an apple

Wheezing and coughing blood
rotting filthy around the edges
Yeah, here they come
The Geriatric Gypsies

Safety pins through eight folds of wrinkle
Their wheelchairs ripped and rusted
hearing aids smeared with pig guts
dripping off the cord
bald heads painted orange
mesh stockings intertwined
with varicose veins
and overflowing with eighty years of fat

The young punks scatter
and give way to the quivering oldies
they're in town for action
they're gonna raise a little hell!
They have feelings too.

At nine, they get tired and retreat
back into the hills
While those no longer living
drop in the street on the way back

And out come the dogs to roll in the dead

It's ten o'clock and where are your grandparents?
Is that them stuck to the fur of those dalmations?

Life

The night is long
The day is short
Life's just a pigsty
Snort, snort, snort.

Life (Refrain)

SNORT, SNORT, SNORT
SNORT, SNORT, SNORT
SNORT, SNORT, SNORT
SNORT, SNORT, SNORT
SNORT, SNORT, SNORT

Where's The Aspirin

My head hurts
My stomach aches
My back is stiff
There is no future for me
I don't feel too good.

(screams)

My nose runs
My feet smell
Am I built upside-down?
Aw, what the hell
I don't feel up to par.

(screams)

I can't get a job
I live in a communal iron lung
My girlfriend looks like Renee Richards
I'm going to shoot myself in the head
I must be catching a cold.

(screams)

I have to eat my own vomit just to stay alive
People spit on me and laugh
Why go on, hope is gone
Bury me, let me rot
I feel a little punk
(long, low scream)

I Suck

I'm a punk
And I stink
Call me nasty
I'm a fink
If you see me
Tough luck
I'm a punk
And I suck.
(scream)

God almighty
he's gone
We're without him
all along
Thought's turn to
a fast buck
I'm a punk
And I suck.

Chorus:

He's a punk
And he sucks
He's a punk
(lead) I'm a punk
And he sucks
(lead) And I suck

Tire chains are
our friends
We've got wounds that
never mend
You can call me
a schmuck
'Cause I'm a punk
And I suck
(screams from the chorus)

We kill each other
for kicks
We beat up puppies
with sticks
Intercourse with
a duck
We're punks
And we suck.

John Vomit — Vocals, Moans, Screams, Burp (in Where's the Aspirin)
"Pus" Grime — Lead Guitar, axe sounds (in History of Punk Rock)
Urine Sample — Bass, blood curdling shrieks (whenever he wants)

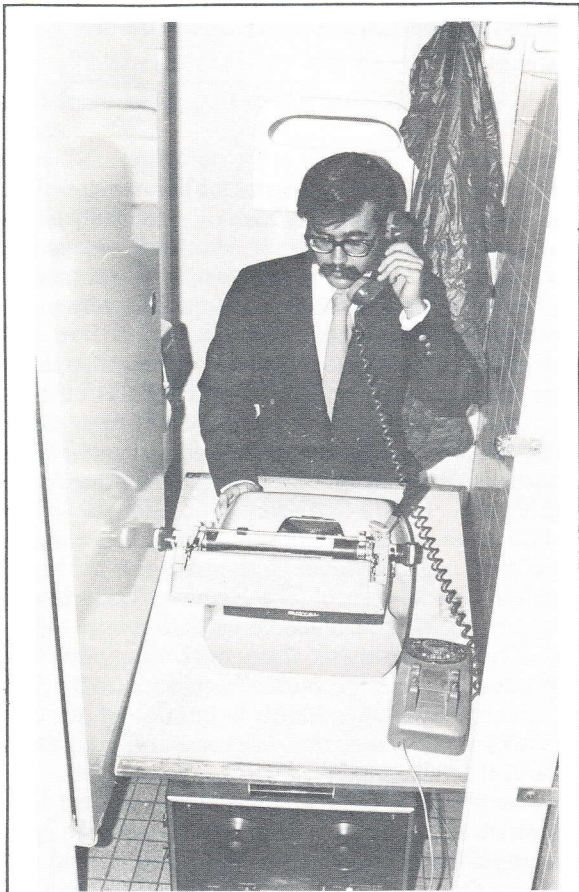
Dusty Phlem — Drums, barking (in Geriatric Gypsies)
PRODUCED BY: M. Petigo

We don't want to thank no one. We mean it man!

How I became a Journalistic Success Story by Stopping the CIA

Recently, the enterprising young business staff of *The Stanford Daily* sold us a filing cabinet for \$3.59 and a six pack of warm Coors. The Chaparral was certainly delighted to participate in a transaction which worked to the mutual benefit of the parties involved, but to our astonishment, the cabinet was not emptied of its revealing contents: empty Gallo wine bottles, peanut shells, some compromising photographs of an ex-Daily editoress with a

chimpanzee, and a reporter's personal account of how he "blew the lid off the MK-ULTRA file." After perusing the Daily journalist's MK-ULTRA narrative on how he and his fellow staffers once again proved to be the great guardians of the public trust, The Chaparral decided to release the manuscript to our readers in hopes of encouraging other budding Woodward and Bernstein's to pursue their calling with the publication par excellence



Alleged CIA agent in his office at third floor restroom of Meyer Undergraduate Library.

It was another boring day, as repetitive as a dripping faucet. I was just praying, hoping for an assignment from my editor, Jack Roddy. Roddy was a hardened veteran of the journalism rat race, a man with a no nonsense approach to business. If he gave me the chance, I would prove to the rest of the newspaper's automatons that I was truly worthy of the big time.

Oh, I had had so many dreams of success. On our staff, there is Laurie Motzabowa, the girl whose hip movements distract me from my work all the time. She was Miss Teenage America two years ago. Wow, Laurie once winked at me. If I only could get the one big story, she would be proud of me, and we might make it together.

All of a sudden, Editor Jack Roddy thundered out: "Farrott, come into my office." "Oh, boy, here's my big chance," I said, but no one listened because they all were staring at Laurie as usual. "Look Farrott, I want you to interview Professor Vince Cosity, coach of the IM soccer team for the Terman Engineering Building." The editor loosened his tie and rolled up his sleeves as more sweat poured from his brow. Whenever he did this, I knew he expected results. "You get the story, you get it good," he ordered. "We'll give you a byline, banner headline, and maybe place it on the cover."

I was psyched. This was my chance to get lucky with Laurie. I hustled out to interview Coach Cosity.

I barged in his office and started the questions. "Do engineering majors really play soccer?" I asked. His answer: "Yes." I then said, "But I thought EE majors were nerds — is it actually possible?" At the same moment, I spotted it. Between the books and papers clustered upon

Professor Cosity's desk was a document labeled "CIA Top Secret — MK-ULTRA file." I continued with, "What is the MK-ULTRA project?" The prof evaded the question: "No comment." I knew something was up, but I had to stay cool. "How many goals did your goalie score last year?" I finished, knowing that I must soon leave to unravel the mystery of this Top Secret project. Yes, I was going after bigger game.

I ran back to the offices of Editor Jack Roddy, telling him that I found out Dr. Vince Cosity was involved in a top secret CIA project. I was so excited I nearly forgot to tell him about the other thing I knew. "Holy dog crap, what's more, two EE majors admitted to me that the CIA has a secret office at Stanford. They said it was located in the third floor bathroom of Meyer Undergraduate Library, the middle stall to be specific." Roddy then authorized me to wiretap the toilet.

"Listen Farrott, you get this story, you get it good. We won't sit on this one. I'll burn their asses with a hard-hitting editorial."

Now I was truly psyched. But I had to find a way to wiretap the toilet at Meyer. I dressed up as a toilet repairman to look inconspicuous. People looked at me funny when they saw me with all the wires, wire-cutters, and assorted tools, but the job had to be done. After wrestling with the toilet for two hours, I had successfully bugged it. This brand of sewer journalism was more exciting than anything those paper shufflers back at the Daily's offices were doing.

After four days of intensive listening and continued investigation, I pieced the story together. I brought it down to Jack Roddy, who, naturally, read it: "This is dynamite! Stop the presses! Tear out the front page! I'm going to have to really burn their asses with a biting editorial this time," he exclaimed.

Here was my no-holds barred story on the CIA and MK-ULTRA project. (The Washington Post would be proud of me.):

STANFORD DAILY BLOWS LID OFF MK-ULTRA FILE

After an arduous four day dragnet, The Daily has learned of CIA foul play in administering secret on campus drug-behavior modification tests. Through the incorporation of journalistic skulduggery on the par of the celebrated Watergate "dirty tricks squad," we have been able to surface the details of a CIA measure to prevent the spread of the unorthodox sociology doctrines of Haley Morris, a junior sociology major from Squankum Village, New Jersey.

Despite having a slight b.o. problem because his religion barred the use of external deodorants, Morris was said to be a "well-meaning" character by his former roommate Irwin Swisher, an EE major from Puget Sound, Washington. Nevertheless, Swisher added that Morris happened to be bitter over hostility received from his fellow students and he finally addressed a letter to Richard Lyman, our intrepid university president. Morris told Swisher that it was simply imperative that Lyman knew his views. The Stanford Daily was sent a copy of the same memorandum.

The letter . . .

Richard Lyman
623 Mirada Avenue
Stanford, Ca. 94305

Haley Morris
461 Ocean Boulevard
Stanford, Ca. 94305

Dear President Lyman,

While sociologists concentrate on other disruptive social phenomenon such as what precipitated the 1973 West Coast toilet paper shortage, they have failed to bring to the public's attention the fact that clubs are rapidly replacing the family unit as the essential common denominator in American society. No longer does the average schnook in the street aspire to "keep up with the Joneses or the Smiths," but instead would rather follow the norms set by such awe-inspiring organizations as the Elks or the Ladies Auxiliary of Fire Company No. 263.

We see parents are shocked to find that "their Johnny," (who by the way can neither read nor write), looks up to the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan for paternal guidance; and while wives are heartbroken when Johnny becomes another one of society's dregs, the mother is, of course, too busy throwing Tupperware parties for local womens' clubs.

In spite of denials by many academicians, this social revolution has been fostered by the admissions policies of many of our more hallowed learning institutions including Stanford, Harvard, and the University of Kentucky near Chattanooga. This revelation may cause our very own Fred Hargadon to upchuck even though he assures us he takes all reports with "a grain of salt."

Dr. Lyman, I am personally begging you to ban the ASSU, YAF, YSA, GAA, CIA, and the rest of the whole alphabet of absurd organizations that parade around the campus, distracting students from academics, and furthermore, threatening to uproot the very fabric of American society. Your cooperation would be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Haley Morris

Unfortunately for Haley Morris, we later learned the letter was never received by Dr. Lyman. A fairly unreliable source, living in a frat close to the Stanford Prexy's residence, reported that it was intercepted by a reputed CIA agent, who without permission would occasionally snatch and sift through Dr. Lyman's mail.

We received our first break when this reporter spotted a document saying "CIA Top Secret — MK-ULTRA file" on the desk of Engineering Professor Vince Cosity. Cosity refused to talk, but two EE majors spilled the beans when we threatened to accuse them of violating the honor code. They reported to us that a CIA agent, who often spoke with Cosity, had headquarters in the third floor bathroom in one of the toilet stalls of Meyer Undergraduate Library. In the continuing dedication of The Stanford Daily toward "your right to know," we placed a wiretap on the toilet.

In one of his conversations, the agent brought up Haley Morris, muttering about the student's aversion to the CIA: "We will have to invite this Morris lad to one of our drug experiments so that he may truly see the wonderous deeds of the Central Intelligence Agency."

In a similar time frame, Haley Morris was trudging down to the cafeteria at Stern Hall, where he was served a spam and eggs breakfast. (This was his fifth straight meal with spam as part of the main course. In his diary, Morris noted: Marie Antoinette said 'Let them eat cake.' The Stanford food service, 'Let them eat spam.'") Needless to say, Haley felt lethargic.

As he left the cafeteria, Morris was approached by a man in a grey flannel suit. "Come with me to my office," he was quoted by Swisher. Morris appeared to be in a practical stupor from the meal so he gladly followed the mysterious character.

We picked up their conversation on the third floor at Meyer. Morris was evidently shocked that the man took him to a toilet stall. "Say kid, you are Haley . . . Haley Morris?" "Yeah man, well what the hell do you want?" growled Morris. The man in the grey flannel suit then identified himself as a CIA agent, continuing: "We have heard that you have some misconceptions about what the



The body of Haley Morris is discovered

CIA does. I'd like you to get involved in one of my pet projects. . . ."

The CIA agent then got to the point: "Let me stop fiddle fartin' around. We'd like you to join our top secret MK-ULTRA Club. You get the chance to try — without any risk involved — new wonder drugs, LSD, and, of course, plenty of booze. Plus we pay you!"

Like most college students, Morris was scrapping for bucks and he would enjoy getting high the safe way. Afterall, this was being administered by the U.S. Government and nothing could possibly go wrong.

After a two hour meeting with the strange agent, Morris emerged, last seen screaming at the top of his lungs: "I am Haley the Magnificent. Obey me at once!"

EPILOGUE:

Haley Morris plunged 160 feet to his death off the Hoover Tower. The autopsy report showed that he was tripping out on LSD at the time. His sister, Hortense Morris, told us: "Haley was a good guy, loved children, changed his socks regularly, and ate only 100% beef hamburgers." When asked to comment after The Daily revealed the true account behind Morris' death, a CIA official denied involvement, calling the article "a shoddy piece of journalism."

JOHN FARROTT

Gee, my story was the greatest. Jack Roddy then burned their asses with this editorial:

DAILY EDITORIAL: MK-ULTRA — 'NEVER AGAIN'

We did it again. Thanks to the Stanford Daily staff led by the gutsy investigative journalism of Johnny Farrott, Stanford University has once again been made safe for democracy.


Yes, the CIA assures us that the MK-ULTRA project has long since been abandoned. Anthony Lapham, General Counsel of the United States Central Intelligence Agency, admits that his organization just "recently located" the "undiscovered documents" proving that MK-ULTRA was on our campus only during the 50s and 60s.

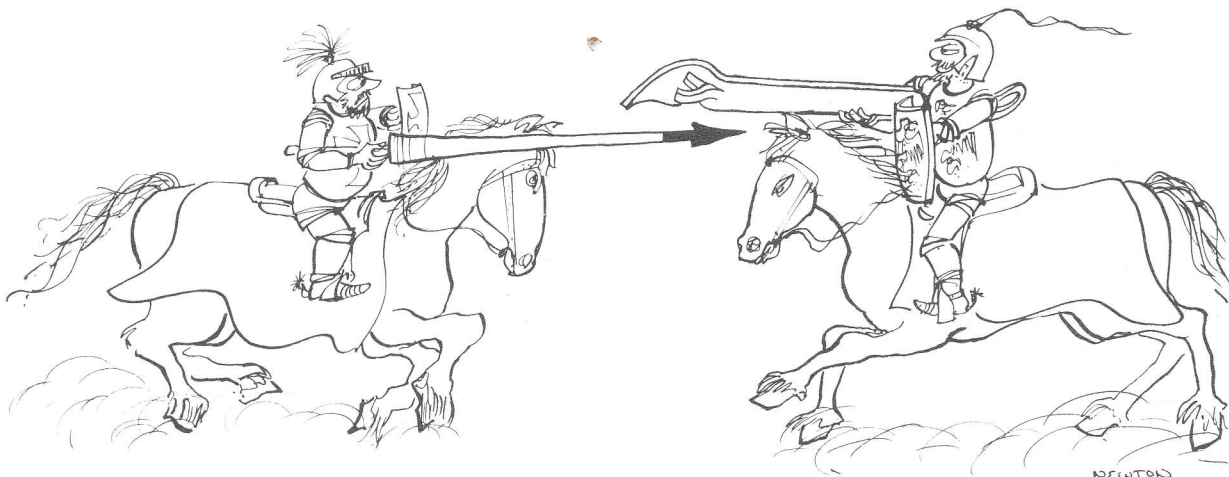
Can we expect in 1990, the CIA will suddenly dig up documents showing that similar shenanigans are occurring at this very moment at Stanford? One does not know what to expect next from the bungling CIA, who historically have progressed to just greater blundering. The U-2 episode, the Bay of Pigs invasion, and even Watergate are prime examples of their ineptitude.

In spite of this, The Daily would like to take this opportunity to endorse further CIA drug testing on college campuses. Most people who have had the opportunity to participate agree that it is relaxing and refreshing. After weighing both sides of the controversy objectively, we are sure you will see things our way.

JACK RODDY

This journalism episode was over, it was on to greater adventures for me. I, John Farrott, was now a campus big shot. I knew Laurie would just be desperate to go out with me now. I decided to take the bold, macho approach — reflective of my new image. I took the initiative, approaching Laurie: "Laurie, I want you. I have to know: Are you wild under the sheets?"

She frowned, slapped me across the face, never speaking to me again, and presumably living happily ever after. I couldn't worry about it; I knew I was too good for her anyway. I had to finish my story on IM soccer. 



CHiMPs

California Highway Mo-ped Patrol



As guardian of the public trust, Ned Mertz stands, ever watchful for violations of California Safety Code (revised 1975), ever ready to use the power invested in him by God and the Department of Motor Vehicles. This is but one of the thousands of adventures in the life of Ned Mertz, CHiMP.



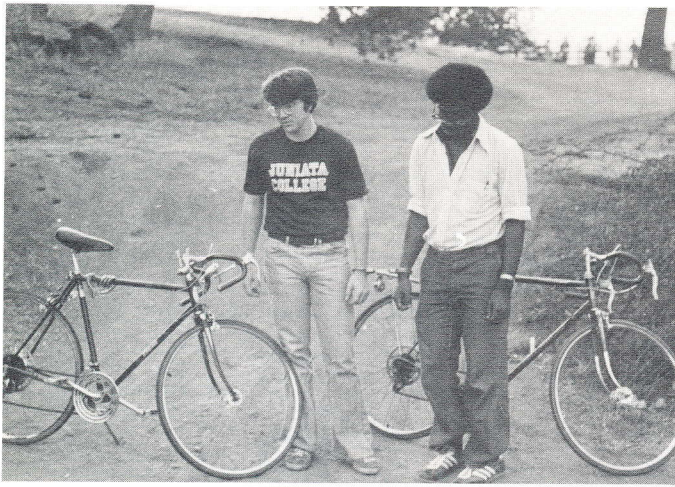
It was early evening as Ned made his rounds. Things were quiet but some sixth sense told him to be especially vigilant. Then, across the way he noticed a horrid violation of C.P.C. rl. 104,

“Those two punks are driving down the LEFT side of the road!”

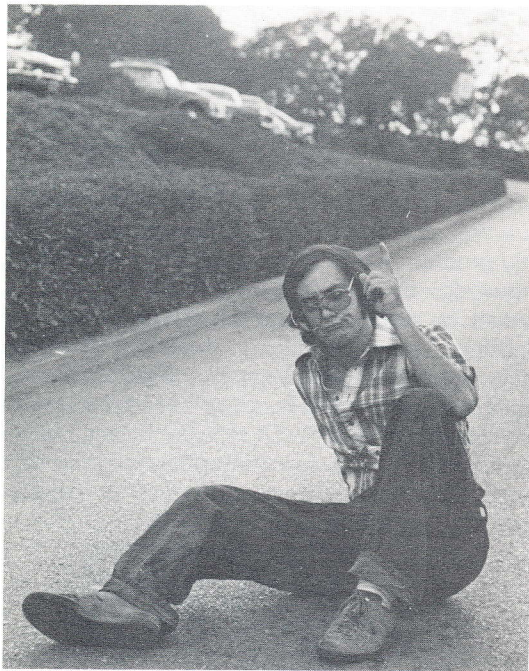


“Say boys, don’t you know you’re committing a crime against the State of California by driving on the left side of the road. And what’s worse, you’re endangering the lives of yourselves and of those around you!”

“HA, HA, HA!”

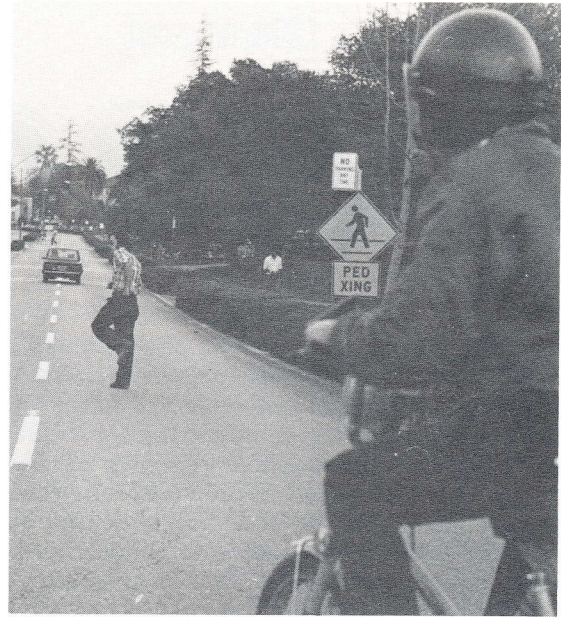


SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT!



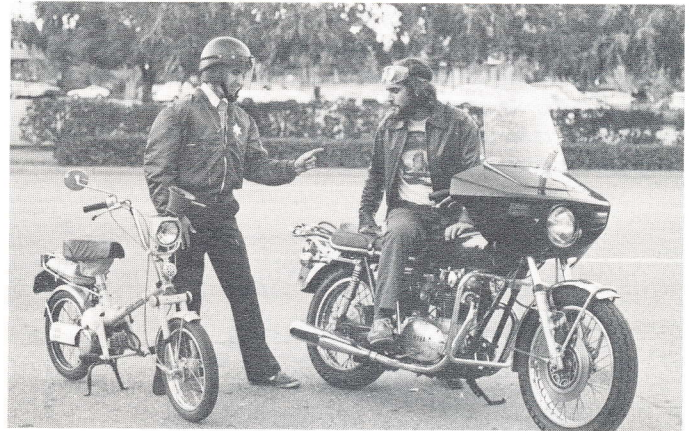
"Listen jaywalking is a crime against man and nature. If I wasn't in such a hurry I might have run you in, not over. Let this be a warning to you. Drive carefully."

"Gosh, thanks officer Mertz!"



Although Ned was proud that lives had been averted, he had no sooner hopped aboard his Moped when he spied in the distance . . . could it be . . . yes . . . That fool was attempting to cycle with a broken reflector. "I better do double 15's to stop him before he does something crazy."

"Oh-oh, a jaywalker."



"Hold on there. Haven't you read your bicycle handbook. "A broken reflector spells only trouble, get it fixed on the double."



stereotypes

Somewhere between the time the first freshman sets foot on campus and the last senior departs, an interesting phenom occurs. Faster than toadstools on a dewey morn, the ubiquitous stereo system sprouts in the dorm room of thousands. For those coming from a distance somewhat closer than Afghanistan, high fidelity music is a necessity for successful dorm life. The wet-eared newcomer soon learns that the Quad isn't just a place on campus, but is his roommate's idea of great sound. Taste in consumer electronics has played a more important role in our lives than many realize. As Fred Hargadon, Dean of Admissions, says; "One of our most difficult decisions is how to turn down so many well qualified stereo owners. We realize that anyone can buy a 500 watt amplifier, so applicants with widely diverse systems, rather than any one particular brand name are selected." To the regret of many, the average student fails to realize the potentially devastating effects of such a radical admissions policy. This haphazard collection of mechanized music can result in earth tremors, homicide, or even students transferring to Cal. We've all heard the old adage "Nine out of ten California stereos are normal, but the tenth one goes to Stanford." To survey the havoc Fred's handiwork has foisted on the University community this year, the following collection of typical examples is proudly presented.



The first Stereo Type recognized on campus was Bill deLuxe. Bill spent the first four days of Freshman Orientation moving in his equipment and the next three days setting it up. However, lest one think that Bill buys for quantity and not quality, he keeps the price tags on all his equipment. Bill's roommate hasn't been seen for two weeks and it is speculated that he fell into a woofer. All the better for Bill, as the extra space gives him room for the latest granite-based equalizer and his \$17,000 walnut record rack complete with twin disc preeners, washer/dryer, automatic dust filter and plastic bagger. After spending his life's savings on his equipment, Bill has no cash left for records. Thus he is forced to play his lone Beatles tape over and over again, but with rare high fidelity indeed.

DO I PLAY FRISBEE?
IS SOME SORT OF
WOOD-WIND, OR
SOMETHING ???

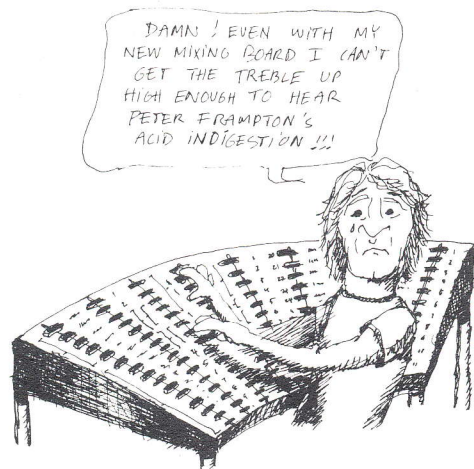


Ludwig von Frosh is another new arrival to metropolitan Stanford. Ludwig is a music major, and in addition to playing forty-three different virtuoso instruments, is an expert on classical music. Be it symphonies by Schubert or divertimentos by Dvorak, Ludwig knows them all. The only problem is that Ludwig refuses to keep his expansive knowledge to himself. Whether singing mazurkas in the shower or playing Gregorian chants at all hours of the morning, Ludwig is quick to point out the finer points of music to anyone within earshot. Nary a Picardy third escapes the sharp ear of Ludwig, but his incessant chatter is distracting to the point of homicide. In fact, Ludwig's fellow music lovers have been attempting to spike his food with strychnine, but Food Service dinners have had a neutralizing effect on the poison.

DOES THAT FOB SAY
PORSCHE, OR PONTIAC?



Next in our catalog is Sylvia Variety. Sylvia is best noted for her record collection of records. According to Guinness, she buys two of every new release; one to play, the other to keep as a spare. Her rather expensive habit has forced her to hock her stereo, leaving her with lots of records but no place to play them. Sylvia has taken her plea to many of the recording studios which she almost single handedly supports, but alas, it was to no avail. Sylvia keeps on the look-out for frat guys with Porsche keys hanging out of their pockets that might buy her a stereo if she's nice to them. It's easy to spot Sylvia around campus. She's the one pushing the shopping cart full of records to the UGLY listening room.



Ted Conehead is another oft-seen Stereo Type. Ted is a perfectionist and refuses to listen to any album unless conditions are ideal. Ted has redone his room in basic Armstrong acoustical tile. He has three equalizers, noise suppressors, parastatic disc preeners and anti-static carpeting to assure the highest fidelity. Unfortunately, Ted isn't satisfied with mere human listening standards. With an impressive array of test equipment, he strives for the lowest distortion the greatest sensitivity and the most separation. Ted knows next to nothing about music, but is the West's leading authority on tape bias. No one has ever heard Ted play a song straight through as he is always stopping the music to twiddle with the controls. Ted's personal favorite is the Three Minute Symphony, although he's only heard the first two and a half minutes.



Another frequently encountered type is the local stereo literature buff, exemplified by Tom Gonzo, who subscribes to Stereo Review, Audio Reports, Consumer Reports, High Fidelity, Popular Fidelity, Popular Electronics, True Sound, Record Review, Rolling Stone and Evelyn Woods' speed reading course. Tom can supply complete manufacturer's specifications for the last twenty-five years, along with current retail prices of any piece of equipment, and any dealer selling it within five hundred miles. Tom can also supply major league batting averages, but prefers to talk about the harmonic distortion present in the organ at Yankee Stadium. Tom's only drawback is the equipment he himself owns, a \$49.95 K-MART special one piece AM-FM Stereo Record Player with built in Eight-track player, available this week on special at participating stores. Although a fine system, Tom insists on hiding it behind voluminous stacks of full color catalogs of the latest stereo and quadrasonic goodies.



Mary Watts is the last Type to be covered in this article. Mary has an AM-FM Multiplex 8 track cassette equipped VW with turntables in the trunk and foldout speakers for mobile music. Mary's car can be heard for blocks, and she's especially popular when she's cruising during midterms and finals week. Mary also has headphones with built in AM-FM receivers which she wears to class and a high fidelity ten-speed for times when her car is low on gas. Mary's latest hobby is skate-boarding, which she pursues on a quadrasonic equipped board. A confirmed radio junkie, her favorite sayings include such biggies as "Far Out, Here's a real hit," and the ever popular "Don't slam the car door, the speaker will fall off."



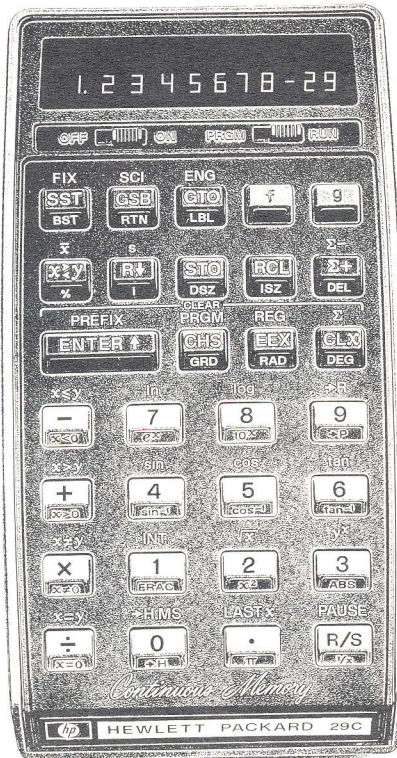
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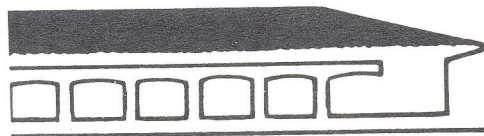
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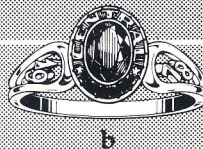
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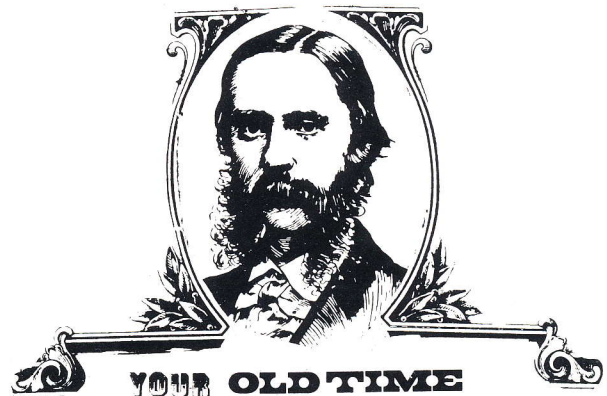
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2275 El Camino Real Palo Alto 326-6522

It is near twilight and people are filtering into the restaurant for dinner. Jose is standing behind the counter, having just rung up an order on the cash register. He is talking to a customer in animated tones and his face is a massive grin. The customer grins back and says something to Jose. Jose chuckles and slaps the back of the customer good-naturedly. Just like they were old friends. The prosperous smell of cooking food wafts around the restaurant and plays on the nose. It is a good smell, the right smell of Cuban-style pizzas and hamburgers. Jose says something to the customer in parting, and both laugh again. Jose then walks over to the kitchen and starts to work. His large, muscular arms glisten under the lights as he goes about his work. He looks momentarily over his restaurant and his eyes are hawk-like and proud. This is his restaurant — Jose's Pizza and Salteneria. It has taken awhile, but he recalls the day when he had forty dollars to his name. The odyssey to Palo Alto has been a long one and Jose has loved every minute of it. His odyssey is the story of a hard-working man who would never quit, not even when the odds were stacked against him.

In 1959, Jose paid a hundred dollars to leave his native Cuba. This left him forty dollars in his pocket, but Jose didn't mind too much — Fidel Castro had overthrown Batista, replacing a corrupt regime with the cool and calculating machinery of communism. Cuba was not a place for a young man with ideas and goals.

Jose joined the army and spent the next 4 years there; the last 2 of which he was training in the kitchen as a cook. While stationed in Heidelberg, Germany, he met his wife. In 1965 after leaving the army he moved to the Palo Alto area where he soon landed a job in a large automobile manufacturing plant. His plan at this time was to become an electronic engineer and took correspondence school on his own time. Shortly after, he left his job and became a trainee at an electronics company in the Bay Area. At the same time he was a part-time door to door salesman. He soon realized that he enjoyed dealing with people. Lastly he became a life insurance salesman. This job being Jose's stepping stone to his present restaurant business — since the insurance company was next to a little store (where Jose would go to buy cokes) which he later bought to start the former Jose's Pizza Restaurant. Jose made it succeed by working 15 hours a day, reading books about cooking, creating his own recipes, loving to cook for the people that he served. One day a man from Bolivia asked Jose to make 300 Saltenas for the Bolivian Independence celebration. Saltenas, also known as Empanada, the national dish of Bolivia, is a meat or chicken pie baked with a blend of olives, peas, potatoes, eggs, and raisins. Jose agreed, and to this day still serves a variety of Saltenas including his own recipe of lamb saltena cooked in beer, and cheese saltena for the vegetarians. Jose's original restaurant was small; it had only a capacity of 40 people. After 6 years his lease was up and he was forced to move to the current location. In October of 1975 on the last day in his old place, Jose gave an open house — free food and drinks to the loyal customers.

Jose's reputation as the only wheat-germ pizza, which he called the "Cuban," started in 1972. Not too long ago Jose came up with a new idea and shortly after started serving the present hot item — Sour-Dough (white crust) pizza. Jose's pizza sauce is carefully and lovingly prepared by Jose himself and then allowed to simmer for 7 to 8 hours.

Besides pizza and pizza sauce, Jose makes what he also calls the "Cuban" hamburger with special wheat buns; Cuban style roast beef and pork sandwiches; and for dessert, the traditional plan (egg custard) & Arroz con leche (rice pudding). Jose also offers a variety of his original milk-shakes: papaya, banana & mango. The restaurant has a fairly extensive wine & beer list. Jose is not a man to cut corners, as he says himself, "if you try for the mediocre, you'll only get the worst."

The new restaurant is presently located at 2275 El Camino Real in Palo Alto. Jose is a great host. The tables are always smooth and polished, the carpet looks fresh and newly shampooed, and the restrooms are spotless. Jose would have it no other way. He is a proud man; the restaurant is a reflection of himself. But he does not stop there . . . he still works long hours striving to do better for what he loves and for the people he loves . . . the long odyssey has just begun.

NOTE: Jose thanks the many people who help him but especially to Harlan of Harlan's Bakery on California Ave. in Palo Alto, who helped develop his unique crust pizza in 1972. By Tom Portwood and Ana Gonzales (Reprinted from The Suburban American Newspaper — February 9, 1977).